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The life and writings of  
George Washington Doane ..











THE  
LIFE AND WRITINGS  
OF  
GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE,  
D.D. LL.D.,

FOR TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS  
BISHOP OF NEW JERSEY.

CONTAINING HIS  
POETICAL WORKS, SERMONS, AND MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS;

WITH  
A MEMOIR,  
BY HIS SON,  
WILLIAM CROSWELL DOANE.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.  
VOL. IV.

NEW YORK:  
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY,  
443 & 445 BROADWAY.  
LONDON: 16 LITTLE BRITAIN.  
1861.



THE

EDUCATIONAL WRITINGS, AND ORATIONS,

OF

GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE,

D. D. LL. D.,

BISHOP OF NEW JERSEY;

PRESIDENT OF BURLINGTON COLLEGE, AND RECTOR OF ST. MARY'S HALL.

EDITED BY HIS SON,

WILLIAM CROSWELL DOANE.

"They that be teachers shall shine as the brightness of the firmament."—DAN. XII. 3 (marginal reading.)

NEW YORK :  
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY,  
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1861.

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TO  
MY FATHER'S FAITHFUL FELLOW-LABOURERS,  
IN THE GREAT WORK OF CHRISTIAN EDUCATION;  
AND TO THE SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF HIS LOVE,  
WHO HAVE GONE OUT FROM THE TWIN HOMES OF  
BURLINGTON COLLEGE, AND ST. MARY'S HALL;  
AND TO  
THE CHILDREN THAT STILL LINGER THERE,  
AND SHALL BE, TO THE LATEST GENERATION, GATHERED  
WITHIN THOSE SACRED FOLDS:

*This Volume,*  
WHICH CONTAINS THE RECORD OF THEIR PORTION  
OF THE LABOURS OF HIS LONG LIFE,  
IS INSCRIBED,  
AS THE LEGACY OF HIS LONGER LOVE.





## P R E F A C E.

---

THE contents of this volume need no preface. They set forth in writing, what is impressed in the characters of faithful men and earnest women, over all our land, the thoroughness and reality of my father's plans of education. "While most among us are *dreaming* about 'Christian nurture,' and quietly building castles in the air," writes an English Reviewer, "Bishop Doane is awake and hard at work. There is an earnestness of zeal, a fearlessness of determination, a disregard of popular whims, a comprehensiveness of plan, a straightforward, undeviating fidelity of execution in the Bishop's purpose, which, with God's blessing, will not be in vain." They have had God's blessing. They have not been in vain. Though the author of them has "dug" his "grave under the foundations of a College;" and that grave now "holds the dust of him whom God employed to found St. Mary's Hall."

The two sides of my father's life presented here, were most prominent in his character: the Scholar and the Teacher, and the Patriot; the Christian Scholar and Teacher, and the Christian Patriot; throwing into all these relations, the sacredness and the authority of his Episcopal office. I have only added to the writings that illustrate this, one or two of his memorial sermons, as proofs of the appreciative earnestness of his love, and of his power as a portrait-painter.

It occurs to me, to remind those who may be struck with

a want of uniformity in punctuation throughout this volume, that many years elapsed between the earlier and later writings; —years, during which, my father's critical work as a teacher, developed and systematized his own peculiar and thorough system of pointing; and I have left them, as I found them in his MSS., or in the printed copies, corrected by himself.

BURLINGTON, *October 1, A. D. 1860.*

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\* Reprinted only in part.

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# I.

## THE BACCALAUREATE ADDRESS,

AT THE

\* FIRST ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT OF BURLINGTON COLLEGE.

---

A CHRISTIAN COLLEGE; A BULWARK OF THE CHURCH; A STRONG-  
HOLD FOR THE RIGHTS AND LIBERTIES OF MAN.

TO-DAY, our newly-founded College takes the water-level. For four years, it has been, slowly, rising, toward the surface. You can see it, now, and feel it, and stand on it; and be certain, that it has foundations. If they be not laid upon the Rock of Ages; if Jesus Christ be not its chief corner-stone; if it be not a bulwark of the Church; if it be not a stronghold, for the rights, and liberties of men; then, no matter what it may have cost; no matter whose blood may have been mingled with the mortar: may it perish, and the very place of it be lost!

I. *This is a religious College.* It owes its being to the clear, and strong, conviction, that Education is a divine thing. It is from God. It is of God. It is for God. Whence can the authority, to educate a human

\* St. Michael and All Angels, A. D. 1850.

soul proceed, if not from God? How can the means, to educate a human soul, be obtained, if not of God? What can be the motive, to educate a human soul, if not for God? Is not the soul of man the in-breathing of the Godhead? Can less than God discern it? Can less than God control it? Can less than God provide for it? As the water is, forever, struggling, towards its source, must not the healthful tendency of the human soul be, ever, upward, toward its God? Must not the play of all its pulses be in sympathy with Him. And, can it rest, until it mingles with its source?

II. *This is a Christian College.* It has to deal with an immortal nature, fallen. It contemplates its redemption, first. Then, its renewal, in the Divine Image. Then, its re-union with God. Its stand-point is the Cross. The channel of its influences is the Church. Its agent is the Holy Spirit. Its rule is God's most holy Word. Its fountains, for the spiritual life, are the holy Sacraments. Its atmosphere is holy prayer.

III. *This College aims to be a Bulwark of the Church.* It knows no other way to Jesus Christ. It knows that there is no salvation, but in Him. It proposes no controversy. It engages in no rivalry. It is a CHURCH COLLEGE. It teaches the faith of the Church. It submits to the ministry of the Church. It is ordered by the discipline of the Church. It rejoices in the worship of the Church. It asks no questions, of the children, that are brought to it. It, simply, takes them; and

teaches them, as it has, itself, been taught, the truth, as it is in Jesus: and, devoutly, seeks to fit them for the Church, in heaven, by the divine nurture, and holy admonition, of the Church, on earth.

IV. *This College is to be a Stronghold, for the Rights, and Liberties, of Man.* It is a nursery, for young Americans. It stands upon the Magna Charta of the Constitution. It, annually, commemorates, as its two secular festivals, the birthday of the National Independence, and the birth-day of the Father of his country. In the true spirit of the one, and the beautiful example of the other, it finds, at once, the principles and pattern of the true freeman. The rights of man, which it maintains, are those which appertain to him, as the redeemed of God. The liberty, which it inculcates, is the liberty, which dwells with duty.

For the attainment of the ends proposed, in the foundation of this College, its reliance, under God, is upon thorough scholarship, strict discipline, and daily devotion.

i. *In Scholarship, its claims are broad and high.* It sweeps the circle of sound learning. It admits of no alternatives, and of no option. It sets a standard up, and holds to it. It does not venture to array itself against the experience of generations and of centuries. It holds to thorough training, in the ancient languages, in the exact sciences, in the several departments of physical research, and in the realm of intellectual investigation. At the same time, it meets the case of men, as they now are, by opening the doors of all the living languages,

which commerce, or which literature, commends, for practical acquirement ; and brings all talents and attainments within the reach of daily use, by their continual adaptation to the practices of popular assemblies, and to the exigencies of common life. It requires, in all its elementary provisions, the strict exactness of the most efficient drill ; and, in its higher ranges, gives the widest scope for all the fulness, and for all the freedom, which the utmost reach of fancy can attempt. To combine the thoroughly scholastic, with the entirely practical, is, in a single word, its clear and constant aim.

ii. *It shrinks not from the full avowal of the Ancient Discipline.* It has no favour for the modern theories of self-government in children. It has as little for the hazardous experiment of admitting infancy and inexperience to what is called " a knowledge of the world." It counts on seclusion, and serenity, as the appropriate atmosphere for childhood, and for youth. It holds to the primitive practice in the moral training of the young. With these convictions it isolates its pupils from the world. It closes to them the avenues of temptation, and the opportunities for extravagance. And, it relies on years, and study, and a wholesome atmosphere, and holy influences, and virtuous examples, to establish, in them, the habit of sobriety, and self-control ; and, with the principles of grace, to arm and to accomplish them, as soldiers of the Cross, to endure the hardness of the warfare of the world.

iii. *And, chiefly, it relies, for the attainment of its Ends, upon continual Prayer, and the Blessing pledged to*



*Worship.* All human means are ineffectual. The seed, however freely sown; the soil, however tilled and cultivated, yield nothing, if the sun withhold his shining, and the rains refuse to fall. The grace of God, assured to prayer, and promised in the sacraments, alone, can reach the heart; and soften it, in penitence, or lift it up, in piety. In vain, Paul plants. In vain, Apollos waters. It is God, alone, that can bestow the increase.

It will be seen, at once, that, to carry out the plans, and to attain the ends, proposed, there must be human elements and influences, proportioned to the enterprise. The College needs pecuniary aid; it requires efficient men; it relies upon the confidence of parents.

1. To furnish grounds, adapted to our purposes, in beauty, as in magnitude; to supply buildings, for use, for taste, and for devotion; to provide the teachers, and the instruments, for thorough, high, extensive, teaching, must, of course, be far beyond the reach of ordinary academic income. *Endowments are demanded, to do justice to the case.* Provision should be made, for an increased, and still increasing, patronage. Foundations, broad and deep, should now be laid, to be built up, by grateful generations, in the years to come; and be an honour to the State, and a blessing to the land. Four years have never done so much, for any College. It is for those, whom God has made trustees, for Him, of His unbounded treasures, to determine, if the points, thus reached, shall be secured; and the toil, and self-denial, and self-sacrifice, encountered, in their attainment, be made the sources of perennial blessings.

2. *A Work, like this, so large, so constant, and so comprehensive, requires strong-handed and warm-hearted Men.* It cannot be task-work. It must enlist the soul. No salary can pay the watching, and the labour, which are thus required. The loving heart makes its own over-payment. While the Great Teacher was on earth, He had no place where to lay His head. And the Apostles went, upon their errand, of instruction, and salvation, without a scrip, or shoes. Men, of the mould of the Apostles; men, that follow them, as they did Christ, are needed for our work. Such men are hard to find. We have to thank God, for some such; and to pray to Him, for more.

3. *The perfect Confidence of Parents is of indispensable Necessity to such a College.* To be what it proposes, it must come into their place. They must confide in it. They must sustain it. They must co-operate with it. Failing in this, they waste their own responsibility, while they defeat and deaden ours. We undertake no half-devotion, and we are contented with no half-reliance. We ask the unreserve of confidence, as but the just equivalent for unreserve of effort.

For four years, we have pursued, with constancy, and carefulness, the path of earnest duty. God's favour has been with us. And, to-day, He crowns us with His blessing. Shall I be pardoned, if, merging, for a moment, the President, in the man, I express the feelings, which now burst my heart, in David's touching words: "He that now goeth on his way, weeping, and beareth forth good seed, shall, doubtless, come again, with joy,

and bring his sheaves with him." To the gracious God, by Whom the tears, that fell, in secret, were all noted, be the glory of these golden sheaves !

Beloved Children, whom we bring, to-day, with melting heart, for God to own and bless, you are the first fruits, as we trust, of annual harvests, which shall wave and ripen here, till seed-time shall return to earth, no more. Fondly, and fervently, do we commend you to the gracious favour of the God, from Whom all goodness comes. Passing, to-day, the line which terminates your pupilage, may you be filled, with all the graces, and enriched, with all the gifts, of perfect men in Jesus Christ. May you go out, into the world, strong in His strength, to conquer in His Cross ; and, faithful through your lives, and joyful in your death, may you be crowned, for conquests, not your own, through the unbounded and immortal riches of redeeming love ! God of the spirits of all flesh, by whom Thy servant has been honoured to suffer, for Thy name, accept the cheerful sacrifice ; and, for the dear sake of Thy beloved, suffering, Son, return it, in the gracious dew of countless and eternal blessings, upon these dear children ; upon all who shall succeed them here ; upon this Christian College ; and upon Thy Holy Church, the Spouse and purchase of His perfect and perpetual love : and, unto Thee, with Him, and the divine and Holy Spirit, shall be given, through everlasting ages, the honour, and the glory, and the praise.

## II.

### THE BACCALAUREATE ADDRESS,

AT THE

\* SECOND ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT OF BURLINGTON COLLEGE.

---

THE DEVELOPEMENT OF THE PRACTICAL, IN SUBORDINATION TO THE  
SPIRITUAL ; THE TRUE END OF ACADEMIC EDUCATION.

Two prejudices prevail, which greatly hinder the just estimate of Academic Education. That it is not practical ; and, that it involves the risk of virtue. I set myself against them, both. I deny, that they are, at all, inherent, in the case. THE DEVELOPEMENT OF THE PRACTICAL, IN SUBORDINATION TO THE SPIRITUAL, IS THE TRUE IDEA OF ACADEMIC EDUCATION. I do not say, that the Practical has not been overlooked, in many systems ; which have claimed the name. I do not say, that morals have not often been corrupted, and many souls been lost ; in places, where its name is set. But, I maintain that it has been, from the abuse ; not, from the use. I

\* St. Michael and All Angels, A. D. 1851.

maintain, that, in every real place of education ; in every grove, that does not prostitute the, well-nigh sacred, name, of Academus, the Practical must be developed ; and must be subordinated to the Spiritual.

I. THE PRACTICAL MUST BE DEVELOPED. Man was created, for it. Was he not made, in His image, of whom the Son hath said, in these sublimest words, " My Father worketh, hitherto ? " Was he not put, in that fair garden, to dress it, and to keep it ? And, when the curse had fallen, on the race, for sin, was it not prefaced, with these words, " In the sweat of thy face, thou shalt eat bread ? " Man was created, for the Practical. And, that cannot be his true training, by which the Practical is not developed. It piled the Pyramids. It built the Coliseum. It found the Apollo Belvidere, in that rough block of Parian marble. It created Hamlet, Ariel, Cordelia. There is nothing, that it has not done. There is nothing that it cannot do.

*The Practical must be developed.* Man was not made for sloth and inactivity ; for ease and luxury, however harmless, or however elegant. Look at his hands, adapted, equally, to wield the pencil ; to guide the plough ; to hold the helm, when storms bring down the skies. Look at his chest, that swells, to meet the shock of battle ; or to burst oppression's yoke. Look at his eye, to flash the fires of genius ; or to frown the tyrant, from his throne. Look at his brow, the dome of loftiest thoughts, of tenderest imaginings, of deepest, most indomitable, determinations. Is there an element, that the

Practical, in man, has not made subject? Enthralled the air, to waft his ships. Harnessed the steam, to drag his cars. And tamed the lightning, to convey his messages.

*The Practical must be developed.* It cannot be, by any training of the hands. It cannot be, by any outward energy, or skill. It cannot be, through any mere material influences or agents. When Franklin brought the flash down, from the cloud, was it the kite and cord and key, that did it? When Davy went down, with burning lamp, into the fire-damp of the Cornish mines; and made that "dreadful trade," secure, was it the virtue of that woven web of wire? And, when Daguerre had dipped his pencil, in the sun, and made the light paint its own pictures, with a flash, was it the burnished plate, that won the triumph? The Practical is inward and invisible. Newton's sagacious forecast, of the laws of gravity, needed the falling apple, only, for an illustration. The teeming brain of Watt found, in the simmering kettle, by the fire, but the occasion of the triumph, that has well-nigh banished war, from all the earth. And, "the world-seeking Genoese" had first created, in his own great heart, the Continent, he went to seek; and found.

*The Practical must be developed.* It is the office of true education, to develope it. All education is development. It creates nothing. It supplies nothing. It but brings out the hidden power, and disentangles it, and gives it freedom; and the electric spark, that it has waked, shall flash, from pole to pole; astonish earth;

and flood the heavens, with light. What it achieved, in Galileo! What it dared, in Milton! What it did, in Shakspeare! "Exhausted worlds; and, then, imagined new."

The education, by which the Practical, in man, may be developed, must be thorough, must be complete, must be liberal.

1. *It must be thorough.* It must begin, from the beginning. It must lay foundations. It must build, upon them. The Lord hath told us, what a house would be, upon the sand. It could fare no better, with the education, that neglects the fundamentals. There can be no solidity, no certainty, no safety, no security. As if one leaned, upon a broken reed; or stepped, upon a dislocated foot. It is the great defect of education, that it is not thorough. The elements are not secured. The results can never be satisfactory. Men will not give the time. They do not know, that it would be time economized. Besides, with whatever use of time, in after stages, the issue must be insecure, and unsatisfactory. As if one should build a pyramid, on piles. To have the work to do, again, the next half century. As, when our ships of war have been constructed, of green timber; and been broken up, within a dozen years. Time, taken, in the beginning, is time saved, in the end. Go, but so far. But, go so far, with certainty. A year, devoted to the elements, will be seven years, secured to the results. Would you avoid daily mortification, would you avoid habitual self-distrust, would you avoid continual disappointment—I appeal,

with perfect confidence, to those about me, whose sad experience, I describe—lay, deep and strong, the elementary foundations, in the work of education. No matter, if you never rise, above the surface of the ground. What is done, has been done. Done, to stand. Done, to stand upon. You may build on it, hereafter; it may be. At any rate, what has been done, you have. As, with the Cyclopean builders. The stones were rough. The work was rude. But they were massive, and well laid. And their magnificence remains; and will, while any thing of man's remains.

2. *It must be complete.* Who, could make any thing of half an arch? Or, of three quarters? Or, nine tenths? Would it bear any thing? Would it stand, alone? Would it be an arch? The mind is various, in its powers. The man is diverse in his faculties. Their true developement is in their perfect equilibrium. Only so, do they sustain and strengthen one another. Only so, do they display the beauty of their just proportions. There never was a greater sham than, what is called, “a partial course,” in education. As if a torso were a statue. As if two legs, and half an arm, would make a man. That was a good old figure, which our fathers used; the Cyclopædia: the circle of the sciences. Could any one take pleasure, in a semi-circle? Or, in any segment? And, what can satisfy the mind, like the full-rounded orb; the only perfect figure? The taste; the memory; the judgment; the fancy; the imagination; the reasoning powers: these, and, still more than these, combine, to make the man.



And, to educate a part of them, and not the rest, is to produce a monster. There have been striking things accomplished, so; no doubt. As men, with double joints, do feats of strength. And portraits have been painted, with the mouth, or with the feet. But these are rare exceptions. They are anomalous and monstrous. They may surprise; but cannot satisfy. They are deficient, in the elements of value. In harmony. In naturalness. And, in availability. They set no precedent. And they supply no pattern. They are for avoidance; not for imitation. They tempt displeasure. They suggest disgust. The real education educates the man, in all his faculties and powers. Develops him, proportionally. And, makes its issues practical and permanent. It never might attempt a flying machine, or a perpetual motion. It has accomplished a telescope, a steam engine, a power press. It might not find admission, with the Malachite and Porphyry, which Russia sent, to the great London exhibition. But, if the broadest field were to be reaped, within the briefest time; or, if the empire of the seas were to be successfully contested, it would be heard from: and the world would feel it.

3. *And, finally, it must be liberal.* Man is not all material. He has a mouth, not only, but a mind. There are higher pleasures than the sense can measure. There are satisfactions far beyond the appetite. The creations of the pencil; the witcheries of music; the rapture of poetry: these charm the fancy, enthrall the feelings, lap the spirit in Elysium. They vindicate

the immaterial in man ; and indicate the immortal. They open a new world, with richer spoils, than that which Christopher Columbus gave, to Leon and Castile ; the world of the imagination. They find an El Dorado, such as Cortez never dreamed of. They wing their way, up to “the highest heaven of invention.” They bring down, and set, among our household gods, the immortal forms of Homer, Plato, Pindar, Æschylus ; of Spenser, Shakspeare, Dante, Milton, Schiller, Wordsworth. These, the true masters of mankind. The Poets, that is to say, the Makers, among men. Pre-eminent, in Poetry : and, so, pre-eminently Practical.

II. And to complete the true idea of education, the utmost triumphs of THE PRACTICAL MUST BE SUBORDINATED, TO THE SPIRITUAL. All that is practical might perish. Homer might not have been. Shakspeare might be forgotten. The soul, which God breathed into the clay, which He had moulded into human form ; and, which the Son of God took human form, that He might redeem, regenerate, and reinstate, it, in its primal glory, must still exist ; might still exult, in the delights of conscious virtue ; might imp its pinions, for the flight, which is to bear it, to the bosom of its God. “For which cause,” in the fervent language of the rapt Apostle, “we faint not ; but, though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed, day by day. For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory ; while we look,

not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal." \*

Beloved Children, who are to leave my hearth and heart, to-day, in the five years, that have, now, flitted by us, like the shadows, on the mountain, it has been "my heart's desire, and prayer to God," to realize, in you, that, which I have, thus shadowed, rather, than have sketched, of the true idea of education. It is for you to prove, in the rough world, in which you now must enter, how far the Practical has been developed, in you. The Judgment-day will show, how far the Practical has been subordinated to the Spiritual. If you have justified our ends and aims, in your behalf, you will go forth, as MEN. And, if our prayers, for you, are answered, you will be accepted at the last, through the dear purchase of the Cross, as MEN OF JESUS CHRIST.

Go forth, I bid you, in the name of God as MEN. As men, to dare. As men, to do. As men, to bear. Men, for society. Men, for your country. Men, for the Church. So, shall you stand, at last, before the world of men and angels, as the men of Jesus Christ.

i. *Go forth, as Men, to dare.* Ours is a stirring age. The Crusades did but crawl, in the comparison. No age has won such triumphs. By no age, such trophies been set up. The plot of the great drama of our nature

\* 2 Corinthians iv. 16-18.

thickens, as it runs. It hastens to the consummation. Years do the work of ages. And the hour-glass measures days. See, how the tides of commerce set, and swell, and surge, from shore to shore. See, how the lightning flash of science flames the sky, from pole to pole. See, how the nations of the world are rushing into mutual incorporation, with each other, with a speed, which steam, now, fails to satisfy. See, how the virgin West, bares her full bosom, like the Roman Daughter, to refresh and re-invigorate the worn and wasted East. It is an age of enterprise; intense, indomitable, unintermitting. And, you, that are to mix in it, must mix in it as men, that dare. That dare to trust yourselves, like Cassius, accoutred, as you are, to its tremendous torrent. And, if the will of God be so, to turn against the cataract; and

“ buffet it,  
With lusty sinews; throwing it aside,  
And stemming it, with hearts of controversy.”

ii. *Go forth, as Men, to do.* The hive of human nature has cast out its drones. The air is vocal, with the hum of action: like a clover field, in June. The time has come, of which the Prophet spake: “Many shall run to and fro; and knowledge shall be increased.” You cannot stand still, if you would. They that do nothing, will be swept away; like the dry branches, when the equinox is up. You may select your work; but, work, you must. Agriculture. Commerce. Manufactures. Letters. Science. The healing art, with its continual charities. The noble and ennobling

practice of the Law; when noble spirits practise it. The infinite and inexhaustible demands of education. The Pastoral, or the Missionary, Cross. Choose, as God's providence determines you. And, in His strength, go forth to do; as in His eye, upon His world, and with His heaven above you, nearer than the sky.

iii. *And, go forth, as Men, to bear.* There is no Crown without a Cross. The badge of our humanity is suffering. It will encounter you sometime, somewhere, somehow. Be not afraid to meet it. Be not averse to bear it. It is the trial of your spirit. The Damascus blade, that cleaves the iron helmet, has been thrust, red-hot, among the ice. That "old unwedgeable, and gnarled oak," was hardened, by the tempests, of a thousand winters. The willow, that stands bending to the breeze, will do for baskets; but has no place, in a ship. "Vincit qui patitur." Only, by suffering, can we conquer. The bloodiest Cross achieves the brightest Crown.

iv. *Men, for Society.* Be foremost, in all acts and influences, for good. Live, ever, by the Law of Love. Make the wide world, your neighbourhood. Hold every man your brother, that your heart can comfort, or your hand can help. Be, everywhere, the good Samaritans, among your kind, for sufferers, and sinners. And, in the utter and un pitying sacrifice of self, follow His footsteps, and reflect His beauty, and attain His blessing, "Who went, about, doing good."

v. *Men, for your Country.* Not men of any party. Not, men, exclusively, of any State. Men of the

whole Republic. Men of the Constitution. Men of this Union, now and forever, one and indivisible. No fierce fanaticism of private prejudice. No idle phantom of a "higher law;" which, like the wild-fire of the bog, is never found, and never felt. No reckless disregard of national obligations, here; or social rights, and social claims, abroad. But, that pure patriotism, which concentrates, on country, the love of human kind: not to love these, the less, because it must love that, the more; but, that the focal heat, which it enkindles, on the hearth of home, and feeds, and fans, and cherishes, may shed its cheering light and soothing warmth, on all the world; and draw the nations, to each other, in one brotherhood of love.

vi. *Mén, of the Church of Jesus Christ*, purchased with His blood: and to be guarded, if need be, in its pure faith and holy worship, by the shedding of your own. The Church, which the Apostles planted. The Church, for which the martyrs suffered. The Church, in which your fathers worshipped. The Church, in which your infancy was cradled. The Church, in which your vows of manhood have been paid. The Church, in which your tottering age may find its earthly rest; and wait, in it, for heaven. The Church, whose sacred dust shall consecrate our dust; and, in whose blessed shadow, we shall hope to wake, upon the Resurrection morning; and, through the purchase of the Cross, and cleansing of its blood, stand up, the men of Jesus Christ.

“The King a seat hath, there prepared,  
High, on eternal base upreared,  
For His eternal Son :  
His palaces with joy abound ;  
His saints, by Him, with glory crown’d,  
Attend and share His throne.

“Mother of cities ! o’er thy head,  
Bright peace, with healing wings outspread,  
For evermore shall dwell ;  
Let me, blest seat ! my name behold,  
Among thy citizens enroll’d,  
And bid the world farewell !”

### III.

## THE BACCALAUREATE ADDRESS,

AT THE

\* THIRD ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT OF BURLINGTON COLLEGE.

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#### MANNERS MAKYTH MAN.

“MANNERS MAKYTH MAN.” There was a Bishop, that was filled and fired, with a desire to benefit his kind. He was of poor parentage. His opportunities of education had been small and few. But, he had faithfully improved his gifts. And he attained to great, and well-deserved, influence; the greatest, and the best deserved. He was not without its surest tokens, in a wicked world; malicious and vindictive enemies. But, he escaped their clutches. And he outlived most of them. He was not only Bishop of a large and powerful diocese; but Lord High Chancellor of England; and, for a long period, scarcely second to the King, in influence, with the State. Yet, his noblest memorials are the two Colleges, which he founded and endowed, at Winchester, and at Oxford; and the Cathedral, which he rebuilt at Winchester. It was not till he had

\* St. Michael and All Angels, A. D. 1852.



earned it, that he used a coat of arms. And, when he did, the motto was, "*Manners makyth man.*" It was a teaching text. And his life was its best commentary. It is WILLIAM of WYKEHAM, Lord Bishop of Winchester, of whom I have been speaking.

I have taken his motto, for my theme, to-day, "*Manners makyth man.*" A theme, in its whole extent, too wide for any one occasion. Especially, for this; which, into a few hours, crowds so much. Burke takes his pitch from it, and gives some notion of its volume, in these few sentences, from his first letter, "on a Regicide Peace." "Manners are of more importance than laws. Upon them, in a great measure, the laws depend. The law touches us, but, here and there; and, now and then. Manners are what vex or soothe, corrupt or purify, exalt or debase, barbarize or refine us, by a constant, steady, uniform, insensible, operation; like that of the air, we breathe in. They give their whole form and colour, to our lives. According to their quality, they aid morals, they supply them, or they totally destroy them." And, in another place, with a still wider range. "Men are not tied, to one another, by papers and seals. They are led to associate, by resemblances, by conformities, by sympathies. It is with nations, as with individuals. Nothing is so strong a tie of amity, between nation and nation, as correspondence in laws, customs, manners, and habits of life. They have more than the force of treaties, in themselves. They are obligations written in the heart. They approximate men to men, without their knowledge; and sometimes, without their

intentions. The secret, unseen, but irrefragable, bond of habitual intercourse, holds them together; when their perverse and litigious nature, sets them to equivocate, scuffle and fight, even about the terms of their written obligations.”

It needs but moderate acquaintance with mankind, to know, that this is so. But for the Spartan manners, three hundred men would not have held Thermopylæ. Not till the largesses and games of their designing tyrants could sway the manners of the people, that were once Republicans, was the old Roman heart entirely eaten out; till they became, what one, aptly, calls them, “Italians of Rome.” And, to come nearer home, and see ourselves in truth’s unflattering mirror, how have the men of this republic changed, with their manners: until the Adamses, the Hancocks, the Franklins, and the Putnams are as rarely reproduced, as their stern virtues, their straight-forward speech, and all their old, rude, rough, and racy, ways. The question, once, was, “Is he honest, is he capable, is he faithful to the Constitution?” The question, now, is, “Can he be elected?” The Constitution contemplates, for the President of these United States, the man, whom all the people, by their special representatives, in their separate councils, held in every State—held, on the same day, through them all, that none may know the chosen of another, till its choice is made,—freely and spontaneously choose. The practice is, to elect one of the two, whom two Conventions, unknown to the Constitution, and altogether irresponsible, may succeed in beating, screwing, moulding, lick-

ing, into that shape, which they shall deem, the most available. Truly, the crucible, in all its ranges, through alchemy and chemistry, turns out no stranger transformations, than are wrought, by manners. And, on what a scale! The morals of a people; the freedom of a nation; the wealth, the power, the grandeur, the existence, of a State!

But, I must circumscribe my range. I am to deal with individuals, now. This is the civil birth-day of fourteen young men. To-day, they leave the shade of academic groves, to bear and brave the heat of open day. They drop the College, to assume the manly, gown. We have all seen, how well and gracefully they wore the one; and we all know, how they came to wear it, so. It is of infinitely more moment, that they wear the other, gracefully and well: and, what is now said, as their Alma Mater's parting words, must tend to that result. It may be, that, as before, so, now, reluctant nature will recalcitrate. That, as they chafed and fretted, at the \* discipline, which, now, they bless, that brought them on, thus far, successfully; so, they may chafe and fret at that, which is to curb them, now. But, it must still, be so. It is stern nature's unrelenting law.

“Qui cupit optatam cursu contingere metam  
Multa tulit fecitque puer.”

\* O Philotheus, you cannot enough thank God, for the order of the place you live in, where there is so much care taken, to make you a good Christian, as well as a good scholar; where you go so frequently to prayers, every day in the Chapel, and in the School; and sing hymns and psalms to God, so frequently in your chamber, and in the Chapel, and in the Hall; so that you are, in a manner, brought up, in a perpetuity of prayer.—*Bishop KEN, to a Winchester Scholar.*

i. "MANNERS MAKYTH MAN." *He is not such, by birth.* Human, he is ; and, so, potentially, a man. But, that is all. Look at it, this way ; and, then, that way ; and, then, this way, again : as often, as you please. It, still, is true. A wise man has been, oftentimes, the father of a fool. A good man, of a knave. A brave man, of a coward. The blood came down : but, not the man, in it. He bore his father's name : but, that was all. Just as he took the name of man, by being born of human parents. I do not say, that it is often so. I do not think it is. That it is, ever, meets the whole case. It will be of little use, to know the exception, when too late to cure it. It is enough to know, birth does not make the man. It is of the first importance, that it be known, in time.

ii. "MANNERS MAKYTH MAN." *He is not such, by intellectual gifts.* Devils have these, in larger store, than men. Yet, they are devils, still. And men, with natural endowments, "but a little lower than the angels," have let them waste, and rust, and rot ; or, even worse have turned them to such awful uses, that they seemed to be incarnate devils. And, so, in their degree, through all the lower ranges of worthlessness and wickedness. Nor does the improvement of his intellectual gifts, yet, make the man. When Bacon uttered that celebrated aphorism, "Knowledge is power," he obviously meant to leave it, as it were, in blank : that, so, the nature of the knowledge might decide the uses of the power. For, so, in fact, it is. There is a knowledge, which is a curse ; as truly as a knowledge, which is a blessing. A

“knowledge, which causeth to err;” and a knowledge, “which maketh wise unto salvation.” The knowledge, of no account; but, in that to which it leads. And, yet, the medium, to us, through which, evil comes. As the fruit of “the tree of knowledge of good and evil” was that, “whose taste brought death into the world, and all our woe.”

iii. “MANNERS MAKYTH MAN.” *He is not such, by circumstances.* Tacitus finely says, “Res, stultorum magister.” It is over fools, that circumstances get the mastery. A truth, too fine, for common minds to catch. Yet, if it be not so, there is an end of human freedom. For circumstances is but a longer word, for fate; and, one less invidious, for necessity. We are but atoms in the atmosphere of space. And Plato, Dante, Shakspeare, have but to whirl, in vortices, forever. Who will believe it, that looks practically, upon life? Who will believe that Cæsar crossed the Rubicon, under the force of circumstances? Or Napoleon marshalled the field of Waterloo? Or Wellington won it, without Blucher? Or Washington achieved that midnight ferry, through the freezing Delaware? Or Jackson piled the cotton bags, that saved New Orleans? Or Clay conceived the Compromise, that has secured the Union? Men, that are men, make their own circumstances. In all, we reverently own an over-ruling God. A God, Who made us, and Who owns us, free. Whom we dethrone, when we imply, that circumstances make a man. They cannot even make a circumstance.

“MANNERS MAKYTH MAN.” It might be freely ren-

dered, *a man is, as he behaves*. It is not, who his father was. It is not, what his talents and attainments are. It is not, what he is, in circumstances. These are all accidents: not, of the essence. It is the way he *has* himself. It is his behaviour. "MANNERS MAKYTH MAN."

1. *He is a man, that bears himself with gentleness.* The vulgar notion is not so. Noise is, with some, an argument for greatness. As when the English troops first landed, the Chinese thought to frighten them, by hideous roarings, as they rolled down hill. But greatest things are stillest. The sun illuminates the world, in silence. The planetary orbs revolve, in silence. The giant oak grows up, in silence. The thoughts, that kindle nations, glow in silence. The equipoise of real greatness holds itself, in perfect silence. The truest man will be the most a woman; in serenity, in gentleness, in tenderness, in lovingness. No violence. No roughness. No severity. So ready to forgive. So willing to forbear. So able to endure. As the Apostle, in that speaking picture of a man: "Let all bitterness and wrath and anger and clamour and evil speaking, be put away from you, with all malice; and be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God, for Christ's sake, hath forgiven you."

2. *He is a man, that bears himself with cordialness.* It is a world in a word. And that world, the heart. As if it were heartliness, or heartfulness. A little more, even, than the good old, heartiness, which has come down to us from our whole-hearted forefathers. A man

of reserves. A man of affectations. An artificial man. A superficial man. These have but to be heard of, to be hated. And, yet, in the world, they have a place. Nay, in the world, they have had sway. The Chesterfields, the Buckinghams, the Richelieus, the Cromwells. But, not with men. With fanatics, perhaps. Certainly, with courtiers. Sycophants, in either case. But, not with men. Men ask a heart. And they must feel it. And, when they do, their own beats, with it. And, when the heart-swell rises, in a nation, or a people, that are wronged, or that see wrong, or that forecast wrong; it were easier to stand against the deepest ground-swell that was ever moved, in the blue deepness of the multitudinous sea. There is but one born ruler, whom all men love to own. It is the heart-man. And his sway is boundless as the atmosphere: for it is felt as little; and extends as far.

3. *He is a man, that bears himself with manliness.* There are words, that cannot be explained. As there are acts and ways, which speak to every heart. It is because the race sprung from one Hand; and took the imprint of its Prototype. And, so, there linger, in it, instincts of the true and real and eternal, which are never false, and never fail. The rudest tribes quail, at the presence of a man; as no ferocious beast can stand the human eye. And they who have unmade themselves, in the unworthy tamperings of the political arena, or, in the heartless round of fashionable folly and frivolity, still recognize and feel and own a man.

- “Is there, for honest poverty,  
 That hangs his head, and a’ that ?  
 The coward slave, we pass him by ;  
 We dare be poor, for a’ that.”
- “The rank is but the guinea-stamp :  
 The man’s the gowd, for a’ that.”
- “A king can mak’ a belted knight,  
 A Marquis, Duke, and a’ that ;  
 But an honest man’s aboon his might :  
 Guid faith, he mauna fa’ that.”
- “The pith of sense and pride o’ worth  
 Are higher ranks, than a’ that.”
- “Then, let us pray, that come it may,  
 As come it will, for a’ that ;  
 That sense and worth, o’er all the earth,  
 May bear the ’gree, for a’ that.  
 For a’ that, and a’ that,  
 Its coming yet, for a’ that,  
 That man to man, the world a’ o’er,  
 Shall brothers be, for a’ that.” \*

Beloved children of my house and of my heart, I send you out, to-day, in God’s name, to your parts and duties, in the world, with the inestimable patrimony of these indomitable principles. You have been nurtured in them, here. You have lived and grown, upon them. You are men, by them. “MANNERS MAKYTH MAN.” Year after year have I pursued you, with love’s keenest eye. They know not love, who tell us, she is blind. A fond, false, faithless love, that fawns and flatters, to deceive and to betray, may feign a blindness, which it does not feel.



But, there is no vision like the heart's, that truly loves. None, that can see so far the very creeping shadow of a fault or failing, that, but, may be. And it is due to you to say, that on such scrutiny, as only love can institute,—in some of you, beginning, almost, from your birth; in all of you, continued, through a period of three, four, five, six or seven years—I commit you, with a perfect confidence in you, God being your helper, to the changing chances of the world. Go on, from this day, in the gentleness, the cordialness, the manliness, which, to your Alma Mater's prayers, the God of grace has granted you; and the world shall take account of you, as men. You shall be seen, as men, in the broad open light of truth and honour. You shall be felt, as men, in the resistless unction of sincerity and earnestness. You shall be owned, as men, in your deep footprints on the adamant of immortality; and, better far than that, in the sympathy, the confidence, the affection, the devotion, of all true and loving hearts. That must needs be a saddened heart, that sends, in one day, fourteen sons, into "the bivouac of life." But, what a proud and happy father, to have fourteen such, to send. Go: and the Lord be with you!

IV.  
THE BACCALAUREATE ADDRESS,

AT THE

\* FOURTH ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT OF BURLINGTON COLLEGE.

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THE RIPE SCHOLAR.

“He was a scholar, and a ripe, and good, one.” I never heard or read these words, without a strong sensation of approval and delight. Next to the spiritual graces, on which Heaven depends; and the domestic blessings, by which life seems cheated of the curse; to win, what they describe, was my first thought, for years.

But that is personal and past. And, now, “the sere and yellow leaf,” on which my life has fallen, finds its best compensation in the attempt to realize, in others, what I might not be, myself.

“He was a scholar, and a ripe, and good, one.” they are a part of that inimitable summing up of Cardinal Wolsey’s character, which Shakspeare puts into the mouth of Griffith, gentleman Usher to Queen Catharine. They suggest the theme of what I mean to say, to-day.

\* St. Michael and All Angels, A. D. 1853.

## THE RIPE SCHOLAR :

WHAT IT IS ;

HOW IT COMES ;

WHAT COMES OF IT.

*What it is to be a ripe scholar*, we shall readily perceive, if we pursue, and trust, the figure. We fail to get the use of language, by our unwillingness to follow it. Who has not schoolday memories of his father's orchard? How, when the flower-bud had opened, and the blossom set, and the small green bullet grown, and flushed, and mellowed, in the sun, till all its juices were concocted into nectar, and all the air was fragrant with its smell, the full ripe apple fixed his truant eye, and melted, in his eager mouth. It was the joy of moments : but the memory of years. What a contrast, with the acrid hardness of the unripe fruit ! And how unlike the tastelessness of the poor lingerer, upon the boughs ! In the fruit, alike, and in the scholar, "time and the hour" have done their work. It was a noble nature. It was subjected to all kindly influences. It was developed. It matured. It mellowed. The rough in it was softened. The hard in it grew genial. The harsh was mild. The Virgilian epithet is *mitia* : "mitia poma." And the whole essence was subdued and sweetened, till it melted, in the mouth ; or, on the heart.

*A ripe scholar !* What an aroma, in the phrase ! How it suggests the honeyed cluster ! How it breathes of the rare-ripe peach ! And how its flavour lingers, when all theirs is gone ! And how it lives in the memory ! And, how, when it has delighted its own

generation, it goes down, to after ages, to be the sandal-wood of immortality. The multitude of men confound a pedant, with a scholar. As well expect a pear, in a persimmon. The one, rough, rugged, repulsive. The other, sweet, liquid, luscious. There is a vulgar prejudice against much learning. Festus had a touch of it, when he charged madness, as its consequence, upon St. Paul. But, your half-learned are in far more danger. The men of balanced minds, the men of equable discourse, the men whose faculties and functions are in tune, are they, in whom a full and accurate scholarship has set its harmonies. How the ripe scholarship of Shakspeare breathes through all the wondrous world of his creation! How it paints the pictured page of Spenser! And how it weaves its cloth of gold, from Milton's magic web. And, yet, it is not magnitude, so much as mastery, of learning, that marks the ripeness of the scholar. The ripe scholar is sure of what he has. Sure, that he has it; and sure, that he can use it. And it grows, by use. And, as it grows, is more available, for use. The men that have most widely ruled, in human hearts, have oftentimes been such, by their mere skilful use of but a stop, or two, in the great instrument of human speech. As Addison, and Goldsmith, and our ripest, mellowest, Irving, whose simple flute-notes thrill the heart-strings, through; and have made hearts and hearthstones vocal with delight, which more ambitious strains could never find.

*How does it come, then, this ripe scholarship?* Not as a natural gift. Genius may. Eloquence may. "The

vision and the faculty divine" of the true poet may. A great mechanical developement, or a great military. But, not ripe scholarship. There must be time. There must be opportunity, found or made. There must be interest. There must be earnestness. There must be care. There must be culture. There must be thought. There must be study.

" Exemplaria Græca,  
Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna."

Above all, and before all, must be the love of it. And the love of it will find, or make the rest. But it must be young love, first love, heart love. It was the first spring shower, that left the snow-wreath of the cherry bloom, behind it, on the trees. And the coy blush of the peach blossom was but started by the dalliance of the earliest zephyr. A cold and sullen spring is fatal to the fruit. And the mind, that is not early wooed to the pursuits of scholarship, will find small favour with the Nine. And, oh, what overpayment, in their early, ardent, love! What rescue from the slavery of sense! What reservation of the powers of mind, for their best uses! What redemption of the time, from loss, and waste, and worse! What communion, with the wise and good, of every age, and every land! What high pursuits! What pure delights! What rich attainments! And what treasured recollections! Happiest of boys, is he, who, earliest, yields himself to these serene attractions of the mind: and, in the love of letters, finds his earliest love. And happiest, they, of

parents, who are wise enough to know, that, far before all wealth, all station, all that men regard as getting forward in the world, is such a taste, and its indulgence, for their child.

*And what comes of this ripe scholarship?* In its possessor, an intense delight, that deepens every day. To him, the world of language opens all its stores, with Californian prodigality. Not a dust, that has not gold in it. And diamonds, more than words. To him, no language can be dead. He multiplies himself, in them. In every new one, that he masters, he is a man, the more. And the more numerous the tributaries, that he makes, all the more music, to his ear, all the more magic, to his heart, the native tongue, in which his mother taught him how to pray. The ripe scholar may not be a teacher, by profession. And, yet, he teaches, everywhere, and every one. And no one dreams, the while, that he is teaching. They seem only thinking, with him. He may not be an author. But his trifles will be treasures. And his letters, such as might have dropped from Cicero's, or Evelyn's, or Arnold's. And, as to what the world calls working men, and has relied on most implicitly, to do her work, and not been disappointed in it; when the chiefest of them, in their several departments and vocations, have been summoned, how many of them betray the flavour of the ripest, mellowest, scholarship! A Wolfe and a Wellesley, in arms. A Davy and a Humboldt, in science. A Reynolds and an Alston, in art. A Lyndhurst and a Coleridge, at the bar. A Pitt and a Peel, in the Senate

House. Not second, to the very first of all of them, our Choate, our Everett, our Webster !

Beloved children, the hour, that comes to every loving heart, has come, at last, to ours. Before its sands are all run out, a few brief words become our parting, and should crown our love. The sacred bond, of teacher and of pupil, which so long has held us, has been made more sacred, by the Providential orderings, which our relation has involved. It is as much my pleasure, as it is dutiful to you, to say, that never, for one moment, have you failed me, in what loving fathers count upon, from loving children. Nor, in the contemplation of your progress, in all liberal arts, and every manly virtue, has the first shadow of regret, for all the past, fallen on my heart. These are strong words, to say. But I have weighed them well. And here, deliberately pronounce them, in the face of God and man.

Beloved children, you have well and faithfully fulfilled the expectations of your Alma Mater. She sends you from her, with a full and fervent blessing. Go to be comforts to your homes ; the servants of your country ; the benefactors of your kind. Be men. Be free men. Be free men of the Union. If you fail here, you must disown her lineage. You must disavow her womb. To be a slave, to be a traitor, to be the agent or the lover, of disunion, you must forget that you were nurtured at her bosom ; and deny that you were folded in her arms.

Beloved children, you go out, to-day, from the serene and sacred shadow of the Altar of the Cross. Go, from

it, in its confidence, and with its consecration. It is the single hope of sinners. It is the only stay of men. Bow your young hearts, before it, as you stand upon the threshold of a world, which is to try your inmost souls. Plead, for the sins and follies of your youth, the pardon of its blood. Plead, for the infirmity and inexperience of your youth, the succours of its grace. Then, rise, and go upon your way. Go, to be conquerors, of the world, and of yourselves. The young men of the Cross of Jesus Christ.



## V.

### THE BACCALAUREATE ADDRESS,

AT THE

\* FIFTH ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT OF BURLINGTON COLLEGE.

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#### EDUCATION A DIVINE THING.

EDUCATION IS A DIVINE THING. It is the rescue and restoration of an immortal, fallen, nature. It contemplates its redemption, first; then, its renewal, in the divine image; then, its re-union with God. Its standpoint is the Cross. The channel of its influence is the Church. Its agent is the Holy Spirit. EDUCATION IS, thus, A DIVINE THING. It is *from* God. It is *through* God. It is *for* God.

*The authority*, to educate a human soul, must come *from* GOD.

*The means*, to educate a human soul, must come *through* GOD.

*The motive*, to educate a human soul is, that it may be fitted, *for* GOD.

\* St. Michael and All Angels, A. D. 1854.

The establishment and application of these three propositions will occupy our present thoughts. On them, as on an arch of living rock, this College has been founded. In them, alone, do we desire that it should stand. Through them, it is, that we have hope, that these young men, its latest born, will be its glory and its crown. That, such, they may approve themselves, we ask the charity of your prayers.

I. *The authority, to educate a human soul, must come, from God.* On this subject, men reason very loosely; if, at all. They take, for granted, a dominion over human thought, human desire, and human will, which in no other realm of the Creation, is assumed. For, mark the careful wisdom of the great Creator. When He had "made the beast of the earth, after his kind, and cattle, after their kind, and every thing, that creepeth, on the earth, after his kind," He left not man, though made in His own image, after His likeness, to assert the sovereignty, for which he was created; but, granted it, in terms express: "let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing, that creepeth on the earth." Nay, the mere lordship of Creation did not give inherent right to use, even, the vegetable kingdom. But, God expressly said: "Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree in the which is the fruit of a tree, yielding seed; To you, it shall be, for meat." And, yet, the human

soul, an emanation from the Lord, His likeness, photographed, in the spiritual light, which beams, forever, from His face, is unprovided for, and undisposed of! Whoever will, may, educate a child. And, a controul is, thus, asserted, over human thought, human desire, and human will—since, education comprehends them, all—as the inherent right of any, who assert it, which is not claimed, over sheep or oxen; or, even, in the vineyard, or the cornfield. Man shows his deed of gift, from God, to yoke the patient ox, or shear the harmless sheep. He takes no ear from off the standing corn, no round and bursting berry, from the full and purple cluster, but, as God's gift, to him, for meat. While, the mere will, to attempt it, is claimed, as his ample and sufficient charter, for the training of a child: a soul, on which the blood of Jesus has been shed; a germ of immortality; a candidate for heaven!

One glance will show, that this cannot be right. God does not care for moral creatures, least. When the dire ruin of the Fall occurred, no price was paid, to ransom, from its curse, the physical Creation. It "groaneth and travaileth, in pain, together, until now." And, when God's purposes are served, with it, its "end is, to be burned." But, for the human soul, the Son of God came down, from heaven. He took its place; and underwent its death. And, now, there lies upon it, as the mark of that new ownership, which its redemption consummated, the signet of the Cross; by which, God seals it, as His own, and consecrates it, to His service. He never has let go His hold, upon the heart; nor, for

a moment, intermitted His prerogative, to mould and train it at His will. Through faithful Abraham, He set His mark, in blood, on all the children of the race. And, when the elder covenant was merged, in that, of which it was the shadow, cast before; and baptism took the place of circumcision, His Cross, who shed *His* blood, that man's might cease to flow, traced, on the brow of His redeemed ones, the Sign of their salvation; and marked them, as the Lord's. And, now, observe the perfect parallelism. Of Abraham, in whom the sacrament of circumcision was instituted, God declared, "I know him, that he will command his children and his household, after him; and they shall keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment." To the Twelve, through whom, the sacrament of baptism was ordained, for all the nations, the commission was, also, given to "teach," them, "all things." And, when St. Paul, to the Ephesians, enumerates the gifts of the Ascension, the list, which opens with "Apostles," ends with "Teachers:" "and He gave some," to be "apostles; and some," to be "prophets; and some," to be "evangelists; and some," to be "pastors and teachers." I know the apt and ready answer: these were spiritual teachers. But, I ask, if man is not a unit? If there can be any teaching, which does not influence the spirit? And, if, since the greater must include the less, the spiritual teacher is not the true agent, in the education of the man? Again, I know the apt and ready answer: the things, which apostles were to teach, were those, which Jesus had commanded them. Again, I

ask, if man is not a unit? Again, I ask, if they who are entrusted with the greatest, are not held for all the rest? Where is the skill, or where the power that shall resolve the unit, man, as pedants teach, and as empirics try to practice, into the physical, the intellectual, and the spiritual? Does he come, so, into the world? Can he be born, in three instalments? Can he die, in three? Can he stand up, before the Judge, in three? So, neither, can he live, in three. And, therefore, never can be trained, in three. It is the heart, that is the man. And everyhow, the heart is one. It comes, as one, into the world. It is regenerate, as one, in holy baptism. It stands, as one, at that eventful point, where good and evil part, to lead toward heaven, or hell. As one, it makes its choice, between the two. As one, it yields itself to the corruption of the Devil, or the renewal of the Holy Ghost, the Sanctifier. As one, it takes its leave of mortal life. As one, it is to stand, before the awful throne. As one, it is to go careering on, for ever, in an immortality of happiness, or misery. And, therefore, education is but one. And, therefore, to the agents, whom the Saviour designated, to make lost man, the child of God, in holy baptism, his training, all, has been entrusted. And the school, for sinners, is the Church; whose office is to make them saints. AND EDUCATION IS A DIVINE THING: because, the authority, to educate a human soul, can only come from Him, who made it, first; and, then, redeemed it. And, see, how nature countersigns, in this, the law of grace. Who moulds the pliant muscles of

that new-born babe? Who shapes his stammering accents, into words? Who frames his words, unconscious yet, of meaning, into prayers? She, to whom God conveyed the authority, together with the name, of Mother. And, when the father curbs the wayward child; and chastens him, in love; and makes him kiss the rod, that smites him, for his good, it is God, in him, that does it. And there is no power, inherent, in one human being, to controul another: to deny him the indulgence of a natural desire; to compel him to exertion, which he does not choose to make; to punish him, for that, which he has not done, which he should, or done, which he should not. The only master of a moral creature is his Maker. And parents, teachers, governors, spiritual pastors, are usurpers, one and all, and tyrants, but as God deposes, to them, His power. And, as the most complete controul that can be claimed, or exercised, in moral creatures, is that, which is to make them what they are not, and choose not to be, which is the work of education; and, which, that it may win and wield its will, takes it, at disadvantage, in its helplessness, and never lets its hold go, till its life goes: the claim to educate could never be allowed, but in the basest treachery to our immortal moral nature, to any who has not received authority, from God. I can but throw this thought, before you, to be thought out, by you. But it is elementary, essential, truth. And the claim to educate a child, which stands on any lower ground, is the claim of the Czar, to consign an exile to Siberia; or of the Inquisition, to imprison

Galileo. Power may enforce submission ; but, it cannot win consent. And, in ten thousand thousand voices, nature's instinctive, universal, protest, still, will rise to Heaven : " E pur si muove : " and, after all, it moves !

II. And, now, *the means, to educate a human soul must come, through God.* EDUCATION IS A DIVINE THING : not only, as it is *from* God ; but, as it must be *through* God. I do not mean, by this, the simple truth, that even, to count, is proof of a divine Creator. I speak of *education*, in its true and noble sense ; as the development—literally, *the bringing out*—of an immortal, God-like, nature. In this sense, it must comprehend the whole ; not limit itself to any part, or parts. Suppose the germ, that nestles in an acorn, to be developed, only in the bark, or in the leaves of the primæval oak ! It would be more than most men mean, by education ; or most children get, by it : to write their names ; to keep accounts ; to reckon interest ; to make a bow ; to sing a song, which has no sense, in words, which are not understood ; to whirl the wanton Waltz, or the lascivious Polka. These are not, even, the bark, or leaves, of education. Then, how much less, the tree ; its roots, its boughs, its sheltering shadow, its sky-piercing aspirations. Proportion, to its end, perfection in its kind, are the great principles of excellence, in every thing. In man, then, most of all. Only, in him, has God proposed to re-produce Himself. And, when the aim was marred, through malice of the Devil, then, to restore, was harder than to make. In every work, the means

are measured by the end. To pile the Andes; to make a line of sand, the limit of the sea; to poise the solar system, in mid-space; to "guide Arcturus, with his sons," are trophies of Omnipotence. It takes no less—it would take more, if there were measures, in Almightiness—to lift the grovelling sense, from earth to heaven; to win the reckless and rebellious will, to rule itself; and, from the ruins of the Fall, to bring again, the order, the beauty, the harmony, the purity, the loveliness, the perfectness, of the original Creation. "And God saw every thing that he had made; and, behold, it was very good." To say, that this is the design of education, is to say, that the means to educate a human soul must come through God. And He has bountifully provided them. If we may say it, He has laid Himself out, on that provision: and brought all agencies to bear, divine and human, on the training of the soul, which Jesus suffered, to redeem. His holy Word, His holy Church, His holy Spirit, are all enlisted, in that work. And holy Angels ply their constant ministrations, in behalf of human souls; and, when a single one has turned, from sin to holiness, merge all their ministry, in the high harplings, which fill heaven, with hallelujahs. But, means are to be used. They cannot use themselves. Nor, can the God, who made the heart, compel their use: because, He made it free. In vain, the swellings of the Jordan, if the leper would not wash. In vain, the floods of day, to eyes, that close their lids. And, worse than that, if worse can be, the seduction of the Devil has so won, with human hearts,



as to divorce the soul, from God ; and leave Him out of that most gracious work, for which He gave His blessed Son, and sends His Holy Spirit. Education, without the Church ; education, without the ministry ; education, without the sacraments ; education, without prayer ; education, without the Bible : in one word, godless education, is the order of the day. And the physical powers of men are educated, and their intellectual faculties, and their social nature, just as a monkey or a parrot might be trained ; and all, that God cares most for, and all that is immortal, in its essence, left, to run its own wild way, and do its own wild will. Against all this, we set ourselves, immoveably. We have been taught, of holy Paul, as he had learned, from Jesus Christ, our Lord : “ beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit, after the tradition of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ : for, in Him, dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead, bodily ; and ye are complete, in Him.” The education, which we undertake, is Christian education. In no disparagement of physical development. In no disparagement of intellectual training. In no disparagement of social cultivation. But, for the fullest, most effectual, furtherance of them all, in that, which God designed, should comprehend them all, and give them value, beauty, glory, power and immortality, the nurture and the culture of the heart ; that, so, the child of God, redeemed, regenerated and renewed, in Jesus Christ, may be “ complete, in Him.”

III. And this, because *the motive, to educate a human soul is, that it may be fit for God.* EDUCATION IS A DIVINE THING: not only as it is *from* God, and must be *through* God: but, as it should be *for* God. The motives which are used, to further education, among men, are many and various. For personal elevation; for the pleasure of it; to appear well in society; for the gratification of friends; to serve the country. All, in their way, good; to their extent. But all, far short of the whole truth. This is the true motive to education: to restore to God, as near as may be, that, which, at the Fall, was lost. Little as he may think it, man is a trustee to his Maker, of the image, which He made him in. Restored, by the redemption of the Cross, to the capacity of its renewal, and furnished through its purchase, with the means, he lies under the most solemn obligation, to improve the one, so as to ensure the other. All other motives are but partial, temporary, ineffectual. This, only, rises to the height of the "great argument," of human obligation. And, as water never rises higher than its source; and only the mountain springs can reach the upper stories, in a house; so, this, alone, can animate and prosecute the enterprise, by which, the gracious purpose of the Cross can, surely, realize its purposes.

"Mere human energy shall faint,  
And youthful vigor cease;  
But those, who wait upon the Lord,  
In strength, shall still increase.

“ They, with unwearied step shall tread  
The path of life divine :  
With growing ardor, onward move ;  
With growing brightness, shine.

“ On eagles’ wings they mount, they soar,  
On wings of faith and love ;  
Till, past the sphere of earth and sin,  
They rise to heaven, above.”

My Children, you have received the honours of the Institution. You are, now, to prove, that you had earned them. There will be much expected of you. See to it, that it be not disappointed. You step upon the stage of outdoor life, at an eventful moment, in the drama. Great movements are in progress, everywhere. The end, no man can see. Nor, are we answerable, for that. It rests, and it is safe, with God. You are not, now, to learn your great responsibilities ; as men, as freemen, and as Christians. They have been truly set before you, day by day, through all your academic life. You are now, to turn the precepts of your *Alma Mater* into practice : and to realize her lofty aims, in your high course, of duty and of honour. Remember life is short. Remember, being is eternal.

## VI.

### THE BACCALAUREATE ADDRESS,

AT THE

\* SIXTH ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT OF BURLINGTON COLLEGE.

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THE CHILD IS FATHER OF THE MAN.

THERE are no accidents. Nothing, in nature, or in life, that is not by a plan. A providential law pervades the universe. And, yet, with universal freedom. A sparrow does not fall, without our Father. Nor, a hair is black or white, but as He wills. Yet, Liebig will reveal to you the glands, by which the colouring matter is distributed, to each particular hair. And the blithe sparrow chirps and chatters, as he springs from spray to spray, in the full consciousness of perfect liberty. As the scale of the creation rises, towards the Creator, this freedom, with a law, becomes, at once, more manifest and more magnificent. It is the majesty of moral natures. Angels exult in it. It is the unconscious charm of childhood. It links our life, through all its stages, into one. And its electric chain takes in eternity. A great

\* St. Michael and All Angels, A. D. 1855.

philosopher has said, of men, who disconnect the present and the future, from the past that, "they exist, in fragments." And he most happily illustrates his meaning, and sets forth the law of continuity, in moral natures, with the words of another great philosopher; like him, a poet, too:

"My heart leaps up, when I behold  
 A rain-bow, in the sky.  
 So was it, when my life began;  
 So is it, now I am a man;  
 So let it be, when I grow old;  
 Or, let me die.  
*The child is father of the man;*  
 And I would wish my days to be  
 Bound, each to each, by natural piety."

And the poet of the Christian Year, worthy to be named with Coleridge, and with Wordsworth, has caught the same conclusion, and developed the same law, under another, scarcely, a different, illustration.

"Our path of glory,  
 By many a cloud, is darken'd and unblest:  
 And, daily, as we downward glide  
 Life's ebbing stream, on either side,  
 Shows, at each turn, some mouldering hope or joy;  
*The man seems following, still, the funeral of the boy.*"\*

"THE CHILD IS FATHER OF THE MAN."

What does this mean?  
 What does it teach?

I. WHAT DOES IT MEAN, to say, "the child is father

\* First Sunday after Trinity.

of the man?" What does it mean, to say, the oak is in the acorn? What does it mean, to say, the fleet is in the forest? It is one of those primal truths, which are latent, in all minds. The electric spark of a great thought flashes them, into form. And we wonder, why *we* never hit upon them. Nothing was easier than to make the egg stand up, when Columbus had shown how. Go to the Patent Office, at Washington. Look into the department of agriculture. See, with what care, those grains and seeds, of every kind, from every quarter of the world, are sorted and distinguished; are folded up; are tied; are labelled; are laid in different drawers, or upon different shelves. Then, let a chance cucumber-seed drop, by your choicest melon-bed; and the distortion of your disappointment, when you taste the first, that ripens, on those cherished vines, will tell you, why such care is exercised, as language cannot tell it. How anxiously the blood is cared for, in the breeds of cattle! How completely Devon, and Durham, and Alderney, have become "household words," among our farmers! And, how could Welsh or Spanish pedigree be noted, with more scrupulous accuracy, than that of the winning horse at Epsom, or the Derby? It is far surer to be true, that "the child is father of the man." He owned it, who saw, in the boy Cæsar, many Syllas. St. Paul felt more assured of Timothy, when he remembered, that, "from a boy," he had "known the Holy Scriptures." And it is the lesson of the Holy Ghost, by Solomon, "Train up a child, in the way he should go; and, when he is old, he will not depart from it."

II. "The child is father of the man." What it means, we see. WHAT DOES IT TEACH ?

i. If "the child is father of the man," *we should be watchful of him.* He has a fallen nature. He was born in sin. The flesh wars, in him, with the Spirit. The world, about him, lies in wickedness ; and is magnetic, for his ruin. And Satan, "like a roaring lion," lies in wait, among our lambs. We have need, in such a case, of utmost watchfulness. To secure his earliest entrance into the heavenly kingdom, by the new birth, of water and the Spirit. To surround him, from the first, with all the guards, which prudence prompts, and love supplies. To teach him, as he can receive it, the path of present duty, and the way of everlasting happiness. And, above all, to shield him with the perpetual panoply of prayer. There is no such trust on earth, as a young child. None, for difficulty. None, for sacredness. None, for importance. There is the body to be cared for. There is the mind, to be developed. There is the soul, to be sanctified and saved. It is a trust, for time. It is a trust, for eternity. How watchful of him, we should be !

ii. If "the child is father of the man," *we should be hopeful of him.* He is designed for excellence. He is intended for immortality. Such was Shakspeare, once. Such was Washington. Such was St. Paul. Who can tell, what any child may be ? There is the God-likeness in him ; lost, but restored, in Christ. There is the moulding influence of instruction. There is the unconscious power of example. There is the omnipotence of

prayer. Who can answer the question, which was asked, in regard to John the Baptist, "What manner of child shall this be?" Let "the hand of the Lord" be with him; and, what may he not be? We must be hopeful of a child. He is the "father of the man."

iii. If "the child is father of the man," *we should be patient with him.* How much we need God's patience! How we try it! How it still waits upon us. And how impatient we are apt to be, with children. We forget that we ourselves were children, once. We forget how wayward we were, then; how disobedient, how rebellious. Nay, that we are still so, toward God. And that their faults, it may be, are but the reflections of our own. A child is a tender thing. It must be handled tenderly. A rough word may break down its spirit. A sneer may embitter it, for life. A rude touch may set it wrong, for eternity. God developes His own handiwork, in time. It is an infant, first; and, then, a child; and, then, a youth. And, not a man, for one and twenty years. And we must follow God. And wait on children. And have long patience with them. "First, the blade; then, the ear;" not till "after that, the full corn, in the ear." "That our sons may grow up, as the young plants; that our daughters may be, as the polished corners of the temple," how patient with them, we should be.

iv. If "the child is father of the man," *we should be loving with him.* Love is the universal solvent. God does nothing, without love. Man can do nothing, but by it. Machinery is moved, by power. Hearts must



be swayed, by love. It is so especially with children. Hence, the instinctive love, with which a new-born babe is welcomed, into life. Hence, the attractiveness of little children. But, it must be more than this. They are not always lovely. And, yet we must be always loving. And, the less loveliness, the more love. Only love can exercise the watchfulness, which little children call for. Only love can prompt the perpetual hopefulness. Only love sustain the unwearying patience. Nor is it a weak, blind, love, that meets the case. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." And it must be so, with children. Nothing, that taxes love, like the faults, which call for chastisement. Nothing, that tries love, like the decision to administer it. Nothing, that grieves love, like its administration. The stripes, which it inflicts, are heart-wounds, for itself. The tears, which it compels, are drops of scalding blood. When God would set forth His love, with an argument, which all can understand, and none can resist, the appeal is to the paternal instinct: "As a father pitieth his own children, even so is the Lord merciful, to them, that fear Him."

v. If "the child is father of the man," *how we should pray for him!* Love's utmost may be done, in vain. Infirmary, in us, or, in the hearts which we desire to influence, an unyielding obduracy, may thwart and disappoint our most devoted efforts. It is but God, that can controul the heart. And He will only do it, at the instance of our prayers. The parent, the pastor, the teacher, whoever would have influence with children, for their good, must seek it, through the Lord. "Ask,

and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." "If ye, then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children; how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit, to them that ask Him?"

Beloved Ones, "the child," with you, is, now, to be "the man." You leave to-day, the loving bosom of your Alma Mater, to struggle with the storms, and be tried, by the temptations, of a hard and heartless world. But, you do not go without her fondest blessing. She will still watch over you, with a mother's solicitude. She will still pursue you, with a mother's hopefulness. She will still wait on you, with a mother's patience. She will still dote on you, with a mother's love. She will still protect you, with a mother's prayers. Go, to be men. Go, to be men of God. Fulfil her highest hopes. Fulfil her fondest prayers. While others boast of wealth, of wisdom, of historic glory, let it be hers to say, "*En mea ornamenta!*" THESE ARE MY JEWELS! And, at the last, may it be mine, to say, of you, and those who went before you, and are yet to follow you, "Behold, I, and the children, which God hath given me!" Sons of my heart, God bless you!

## VII.

### THE BACCALAUREATE ADDRESS,

AT THE

\* SEVENTH ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT OF BURLINGTON COLLEGE.

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#### ALMA MATER.

I WELL remember the first time, that I ever saw the expression, "ALMA MATER." It is, now, fifty years ago. It occurred, in a curious anecdote of Dr. Isaac Barrow; recorded, in a book, which, it is probable, no one, here, has ever seen: "Maternal Instruction," by Mrs. Elizabeth Helme. I knew no Latin, then; nor, for three years, after: but, I was struck with the look of it; guessed out its meaning, from the context; and, never forgot it. I have scarcely seen the volume, since: but, these first Latin words, that I had ever met with, impressed me with a desire for Academic Education; and kindled, in me, a love of learning, whose flame, in half a century, has never flickered. It is a trifling, yet a fruitful, incident; and might be easily drawn out, in many

\* St. Michael and All Angels, A. D. 1856.

profitable lessons. The value of good books, in early childhood, the slight thing which gives course and colour to the current of a life ; the mysterious power of words, not understood, and truths, not comprehended, over the mind and heart : are only two or three of them. The truths, which, in this morning twilight of our being, flit before us, like the shadows of the mountain ; in the eternal noon of heaven, will stand, as glorious and eternal realities.

ALMA MATER, in its literal meaning, is *a nursing mother*. ALUMNUS is its counterpart, precisely. Both come from *alo* which means to nourish, strengthen, cause to grow. To *almus*, the adjective, there is no limit of the meanings ; and all, so gentle and so genial. It is applied to the Sun ; it is applied to the Earth ; it is applied to Ceres ; it is applied to Venus ; it is applied to the light ; it is applied to faith ; it is applied to peace ; it is applied to the vine ; it is applied to a mother's breasts. It means nourishing, cherishing, bountiful, gracious, favourable, fair, propitious, sacred. *Alumnus*, its derivative, is a nursling, a foster child, a pupil. Cicero speaks of one, who had been, as it were, the nursling, the alumnus, of his discipline : and he calls Aristotle and others, the alumni of Plato ; that is, his followers, disciples, pupils. By a natural transition, the Students of a College are its *alumni* ; the College is their *Alma Mater*. It was first applied to the English University, at Cambridge. It is, now, of universal application. The theory is natural and beautiful. We all have mothers. They bear

us. They feed us. They bring us up. The time comes when we need more than they can do for us; and yet, we are not fit to enter into life. The College takes us, to her arms. She feeds us, from her breasts. She trains us, at her knees. She nourishes, she cherishes, she strengthens, us. She makes us men. We are her foster-children. She is our nursing mother. In the beautiful Latin phrase, she is our ALMA MATER. "*Alma Mater Cantabrigia*," "*Alma Mater Burlingtonia*." The connection seems a bold one. But Cambridge, once, was small.

"ALMA MATER." Could there be happier words? They condense, into a *minimum*, whatever is embraced in the relation of a College, to its *Alumni*; and, of *Alumni*, to their College.

SHE IS THEIR MOTHER—They are children. They have left their home. They are alone, upon the world. They are without experience of its ways. They are without suspicion of its temptations. They are without consolation, in its trials. What, but a mother, can come into such a place. A sister could not. Her innocence would be her ignorance. A brother could not. There is rivalry in brothers. A father could not. He would be too busy. He would lack tenderness. He could not make allowance for inexperience or infirmity. Who does not feel, that it is just the occasion, for a mother? A mother's gentleness. A mother's patience. A mother's watchfulness. A mother's thoughtfulness. A mother's ingenuity. A mother's faith. A mother's

hope. A mother's love. A mother's prayers. There is no other thing, no other thought, to meet the case, but just a mother. And that does. It provides for ignorance. It provides for inexperience. It provides for infirmity. It provides for inconstancy. It has helps, cautions, counsels, cares, reproofs, entreaties, exhortations, tears. Are you sick? There is nursing. Are you alone? There is company. Are you sad? There is a smile. Are you petulant? There is forbearance. Are you wilful? There is endurance. Are you dejected? There is encouragement. A mother's eye brightens, at your success. A mother's cheek grows pale, at your misfortune. A mother's arms are open, for your protection. A mother's heart is the shelter, from every storm; and a solace, in every sorrow. How beautiful, the provision of such a mother! How happy, they, who have her, for their own!

AND, SHE IS THEIR NURSING MOTHER—*They must be fed.* They must be watched, at night. They must be nursed, in sickness. The muscles must be developed. The sinews must be strengthened. Vigour must be cultivated. Endurance must be cultivated. Courage must be cultivated. They must be made men of, for the masteries of life; and fitted, in all physical regards, to be good soldiers of Christ Jesus. Committed to her care, just in the turning years of life, for three, or five, or seven, their Alma Mater must be held, for these results: and, do what she can, to restore the old heroic line, which yielded, to the state, unconquerable soldiers; and indomitable martyrs, for the Church.

*Again, they must be taught.* They have, yet, only, begun to learn. Scarcely, indeed, know how. What an enterprise, to teach a mind to think! To bring out its faculties. To develop its capacities. To excite its attention. To direct its observation. To quicken its imagination. To strengthen its memory. To secure self-reliance, without self-conceit. To secure boldness, without rashness. To diversify, without diffuseness. To be thorough; and not fatigue. To exert; and not overtask. To store; and not to overload. To keep the powers of mind, in their just equilibrium. Not to engage the reasoning faculty, to the neglect of the imagination. Not to cultivate the memory, at the expense of the judgment. To allow for peculiarity of taste; without over-indulgence. To insist on sacrifices of inclination; and not break the spirit. What a thing it is, to teach! How responsible! How difficult! How perplexing! How exhausting! Can it be done, but in a mother's spirit? How it tasks, even a mother's heart! Is there another figure, that can represent it all, so well—its weariness, its watching, its anxiety, its never-endingness—as that, which is expressed, in ALMA MATER, *a nursing mother*.

And, still, the work is, but begun. *There is a heart, to care for.* And, a heart, averse to holiness. And, so, incapable of happiness. And it is not teaching, that can touch the heart. Nor learning, that can lead to virtue. Nor knowledge, that can help to heaven. A moral training must be exercised. A spiritual discipline must be exerted. There must be gracious in-

fluences, at work. And, a godly example, presented. And, the word of God must be applied. And, the means of grace must be employed. And, prayer must wrestle, with the Lord. And, there must be utmost patience, and constant perseverance, and unfaltering hope, and unbounded and unfailing charity. See, how the blessed Jesus laboured, for the souls of men ! How He pursued them, wearily, from day to day ! How He lavished His miracles, upon them ! How He urged them with such words, as no man ever spake ! How He fasted ! How He watched ! How He prayed ! How He wept ! How He agonized ! How He bled ! Then, see, how carefully He put the souls of men, in trust. His last words, the commission to His Apostles, to “go, teach all nations.” His last injunction, to St. Peter, to feed His lambs. His last promise, the gift of His Holy Spirit, to be the Comforter and Sanctifier of the faithful. With what toil and suffering, did the Twelve pursue their trust. In what tears of saints, were the foundations of the Church, first, laid ! What blood of Martyrs has cemented them ! What privations have been met ! What persecutions suffered ! What dungeons closed ! What scaffolds framed ! What fagots fired ! And the thing, which has been, is ; and is to be. Souls, for which Jesus died, must, still, be wept over ; must, still, be yearned upon ; must, still, be agonized for ; must, still, be saved, through blood. And, kindred, with these toils and pangs, this sweat, these tears, these wounds, must their experience be, who undertake, for Christ, the nurture of His lambs.



The mother's love, that groaned them, into life, must still be tasked ; that their new birth, through the new life of penitence, may not be disinherited of its immortal crown.

Neighbours and friends, I have but hinted at the self-denial, and self-abandonment, and self-crucifixion, which it requires, to be the nursing Mother of immortal souls. We undervalue the difficulty of our salvation. We forget what He said, of the short and narrow way. We forget what He said, of the "few there be, that find it." What madness, to suppose, that, had there been any other way, for sinners, to be saved, the Almighty Father would have given His only Son, to die, for us ! What folly, to believe, that, if there could have been salvation, in any other way, than through the Cross, that Blessed One, Who, in the Garden, shrunk and shivered at the cup, which He had mingled, for Himself, and would have had it pass from Him, would still have nailed Himself, upon it ! What suicide of the immortal soul, to think, that, when all this is so, the gate of heaven can still be won, in self-indulgence and self-will ; and many find the way, to it ! Those stern convictions of the truth have been required, to warrant all, that has been done and suffered, that the Christian College, which invokes your prayers, to-day, might struggle, into life ; and be the nursing Mother of young saints. Thank God, those toils, those tears, have not been all in vain ! Thank God, the mother's heart is cheered, the mother's eyes are brightened, as

she counts His blessings, on her pains. This is but her seventh annual hearth-feast; and she has sent ten sons, to preach the glorious Gospel of the grace of God; and seven stand, waiting, to be sent. The Bar, the Healing Art, Commerce, Mechanics, Agriculture, occupy her children; scattered, as widely, as our vast Republic spreads. And, more than two-thirds of their number own, in the Eucharistic sacrament, the Lord, Who bought them, with His blood. Blessed and glorious overpayment of whatever such results could cost! Not even, to be crucified, with Christ, too much, for the travail, of such children; and the joy, over them, in Heaven. Welcome the worst, so His dear lambs be fed, and sinners saved, and His most glorious name more glorified!

My Children, from this shadowy sketch, of what, it is, to be a nursing Mother, to your souls, you can infer your duty, as her children. The standard, for the ALMA MATER, will be the measure, for the ALUMNI. How can you over-estimate her love? How can you over-value her devotion? How can you over-pay her toil? Instant, in season and out of season; in watchings, in fastings, in prayers; waiting on your unwillingness, bearing with your indifference, patient with your impatience; asking for nothing, but your improvement; caring for nothing, but your salvation: indulge the generous impulse of your hearts in recognition of these things, by your remembrance of her, in your prayers. And, not, to her, but to her children, who come after you, return her debt of love. With a true mother's

nature, she lives, but, for her offspring; and has no greater joy, than, that they "walk in truth." You leave her hearth, to-day; but, not, her heart. She will follow you, with blessings. She will pursue you, with her prayers. You shall live, forever, in her love. God bless you!

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THE Eighth Baccalaureate Address (St. Michael and all Angels, A. D. 1857) is not reprinted here. Its subject was "A Christian Scholar, and a Christian Gentleman." It was a memorial of Warren Livingston, a member of the class of 1852; who, after graduating here, went to the University of Oxford; where he took his degree with honour; and returning to this country died in 1857. The address is not reprinted because it is almost wholly in the words of another, the Rev. Dr. Stubbs, Livingston's "admirable friend and Rector." I add the opening and the closing paragraphs.

THIS is the eighth Baccalaureate Address, at Burlington College. For the eighth time, the degree of Bachelor in Arts is conferred, to-day. To-day, for the eighth time, the garland, of the laurels, with its berries on, is laid on youthful brows. We send out, to the Church, and to the world, to-day, our eighth detachment of young scholars. God be with them; and bless them!

With a fond eye, my heart has followed them, wherever they have gone. To the North, to the South, to the East, to the West, they have borne the banner of their Alma Mater, with her blessing. Wherever I have heard of them, I have heard well of them. Already, they begin to make their mark. They are in Commerce. They are planters. They are at the Bar. They minister the healing art. They train and discipline the young. They feed the flock of Christ. Whatever they are doing, they do well. It is a scattered band. But I feel the beating of their hearts. It is true. And I am happy. I would have set my three and forty sons, two months ago, against their number, in all Christendom. But it could not always be so:

"There is no flock, however watched and tended,  
 But one dead lamb is there;  
 There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,  
 But has one vacant chair."

To-day, I come before you, with the lamentable words of the old patriarchs, "One is not." To-day, the laurel berries gleam, with a sad and touching contrast, from the dark foliage of the funereal cypress, on the pale, cold brow of the dead child. To-day, I am to sepulchre our first departed. WARREN LIVINGSTON has ceased from among the living. The theme of my discourse to-day will be the memory and example of Warren Livingston. It harmonizes well with the occasion. For it is the memory and example of a Christian Scholar, and a Christian Gentleman.

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My sons, whom God, in mercy spares, to my fond love, I have brought before you, your dead brother, that you may take warning from his early death, and counsel from his beautiful example. Sternly and steadily, the tide of time rolls on. Onward it bears us toward the Maelstrom of the grave. Which it shall bring there first—myself, or you, or you, or you, or you—He only knows. The only wisdom, then, is to be always ready. In Bishop Ken's familiar words :

"Redeem thy mis-spent time, that's past ;  
Live this day, as if 'twere thy last ;  
To improve thy talents, take due care ;  
'Gainst the great day, thyself prepare."

The very object, for which this College has its being. In Warren Livingston, so admirably realized. A Christian scholar, and a Christian gentleman. How beautiful the character. Aim to accomplish it. Let not the temptations of pleasure, let not the engagements of business, induce you to give up your books. You have but entered on the path, by which they ought to lead you. Remember Cicero's beautiful eulogy. Make it your own experience. Let them live with you. It was so with Livingston. And he consecrated science and letters, by his constant study of the Book of books. His latest importation was the Greek Testament, edited by the Dean of Canterbury.

A gentleman ; a Christian gentleman. What a volume, in these words. It is what Paul was. It is what John was. It is the true reflection of Him, Who was their model ; and Who

should be ours. The true original of the divinest picture, that was ever drawn. "Charity suffereth long, and is kind." "Charity envieth not." "Charity vaunteth not itself." "Doth not behave itself unseemly." "Seeketh not her own." "Is not easily provoked." "Thinketh no evil." "Beareth all things." "Believeth all things." "Hopeth all things." "Endureth all things." Short of this, there is no Christian gentleman. And, this fulfilled, there is—what angels are not, what we only can be, as we are in Christ, and child-like—THE CHILD OF GOD.

"Thy fair example may we view,  
To teach us what we ought to be;  
Make us, by Thy transforming grace,  
O Saviour, daily more like Thee."

## VIII.

### THE BACCALAUREATE ADDRESS,

AT THE

\* NINTH ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT OF BURLINGTON COLLEGE.

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HOW SHALL A YOUNG MAN CLEANSE HIS WAY?

“IN the Book of Psalms, we have the Prayer Book of the Universal Church; written, and set in order, for us, by God, Himself.” † And, more, even, than that. They were the Saviour’s Prayer Book. And, from the Cross, He breathed His soul out, in their words: “My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?” And, again, “Father, into Thy hands, I commend My spirit.”

Among them all, it is not too much to say, the one hundred and nineteenth Psalm is, on many accounts, the most remarkable. It is, by far, the longest; containing one hundred and seventy-six verses. It is divided into two and twenty parts: the number of the letters, in the Hebrew Alphabet. In the original, every verse, in each of the twenty-two parts, begins with the same

\* September 23d, A. D. 1858.

† The Plain Commentary on the Book of Psalms.

letter; following the order, in which the letters stand. In its character, it is a meditation. It may be regarded, as a manual of religious experience. One has said, of it, it "may be a history of the inner life of grace, in a man's soul: displaying itself, in praise, prayer, good resolutions, self-consolation, penitence, obedience, humility."\* And, St. Augustine says of it, "As often as I began to reflect on this Psalm, it always exceeded the utmost grasp of my faculties. In proportion as it seems more open, so much the more deep, does it appear to me; so that, I cannot show, how deep it is."

A verse of this remarkable Psalm has fixed itself, in my mind, in connection with this day; and will suggest the substance of what I have to say. It is the beginning of the second part. Nothing can be plainer. Nothing can be more pointed. Nothing can be more practical. It scarcely needs a commentary. In this presence, it will expound and apply itself. "Wherewithal, shall a young man cleanse his way? Even, by ruling himself, after Thy Word."

That young men are beset with temptations; that, to resist them, they must rule themselves; that their standard of self-ruling must be the Word of God: these are the points, which it suggests; and, to these, dear children, I would, now, direct your thoughts.

You are young men. You are just entering, upon life. Every thing, about you, is inviting. Every thing, within you, is encouraging. You have no experience of the evil, that is in the world. You are not disposed

\* The Plain Commentary on the Book of Psalms.

to learn, from the experience of others. You will start, to-morrow, to make trial, for yourselves, of human life. May the good Lord graciously direct your steps!

But, take with you the counsels of one, who loves you; who has long watched over you with parental solicitude; who commits you to the waves of life with parental anxiety.

Your path is beset with temptations;

To resist them you must rule yourselves;

Your standard of self-ruling must be the Word of God.

I. *Your path is beset, with temptations.* Temptations, to self-reliance. Temptations to self-deception. Temptations to self-indulgence. Temptations to self-destruction. *Temptations, to self-reliance.* You will never know so much, as you do now. You will never feel such confidence, in your ability. The more you know, the less you will think, you know. The more you can do, the less you will believe, you can do. Youth is, proverbially, rash. It counts no cost. It considers desire, ability. It will undertake any thing. And, to undertake, with it, is to accomplish. *Temptations, to self-deception.* Youth judges by appearances. Glitter, with it, is gold. It trusts every one. It relies, on every thing. It forgets the thorn, beneath the flower. It forgets the serpent, in the grass.\* It forgets the poison, in the cup. It drinks. It is deranged. It dies. *Temptations, to self-indulgence.* The passions glow. The

\* "Latet anguis in herba."



world beguiles. The devil tempts. The tree is "good for food." It is "pleasant to the eyes." It is "to be desired, to make one wise." They take. They eat. And, they are lost. *Temptations, to self-destruction.* "The wages of sin is death." "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." From self-reliance, self-deception. From self-deception, self-indulgence. From self-indulgence, self-destruction.

II. Such, my beloved, is the short and easy path, by which, the feet of youth are cheated, down, to death, through manifold temptations. *To resist them, you must rule yourselves.* You may turn the handle of a coffee-mill. You may open the valves, in a steam engine. You may move the rudder of a ship. The obedient machine is ruled, at human will. The American horse-tamer subdues the fiercest steed. The gentle mother leads her darling, with the touch of, just, the smallest finger. The Russian serf is whipped into submission. Galileo was imprisoned. In which of these ways can the spirit of a man be ruled? How vain the attempt of Aristotle, to subdue, in Alexander, the yearning, for more worlds, to conquer! Which of Napoleon's Marshals, the most trusted, the most honoured, could have kept him back, from Waterloo! How powerless the miracles of Moses, to move Pharaoh's hardened heart! No. Men are moral agents. And a moral agent rules itself. In vain, the manacle, or rod. In vain, the threats of tyrants. In vain, a mother's tears. The will must yield. The man must rule him-

self. "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? Even by ruling himself, after Thy Word."

Young men, to resist the temptations of the world, you must rule yourselves. It is the only conquest, worthy of a moral nature. The only conquest, in which freedom can be won. The only victory, that conquers peace. Alexander won Arbela. The wine-cup conquered him. Lodi, Marengo, Austerlitz, were the youth's play of Napoleon. The wife of his youth was sacrificed to his ambition. You must rule yourselves, young men: or you will live in bondage; and, die slaves. And, it is hard, to do. Archimedes would engage to move the world; give him, but, a place, outside of it, to stand on. To rule yourselves, you must go out of self. You must plant yourselves, on principle. You must take hold of truth. You must say, That is wrong. I will not do it. This is right. It shall be done. Luther would be at Worms, if there were as many devils, there, as tiles, upon the houses. Andrew Marvel, when he showed the courtier his neck of mutton, and greens, calmly replied, "While I can dine on these, your master cannot buy me!" And that was grand and glorious, in old Fabricius; when pointing to the sun, at noon, he said, "You may turn that; but, not, Fabricius, from his course!"

III. But, to be ruled, implies a rule. The rule must be straight, that makes straight lines. And straight is the same, always; always, one. It is as true, in morals.

There is only one straight line ; God's will. *In ruling yourselves, dear children, you must do it, after the Word of God.* "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? Even, by ruling himself, after Thy Word."

*Men rule themselves, by self.* It is the meanest of all rules. It dwarfs the mind. It petrifies the heart. It kills the soul. *They rule themselves, by fashion.* It is an *ignis fatuus*. It leads, you know not where. Never, in the same direction, twice. *They rule themselves, by expediency.* It is a shifting sand-bar. It is the glimmer of the moon, upon the dancing waves. It is the play of sunlight, through the quivering vine leaves. It is "a piece of chalk." In size, just what one thinks it. *They rule themselves, by public opinion.* Then, how many masters ! Then, what tyrants ; all of them ! Then, what uncertainty ! Then, what double-mindedness ! Then, what degradation ! Then, what slavery ! *They rule themselves, by human precedents and patterns.* And there are, thank God, noble examples, upon record ; and some, still, spared, to us. St. Paul. Athanasius. Andrewes. Wilson. Herbert. Boyle. Hooker. Howard. Hobart. Keble. Florence Nightingale. Mrs. Hill. Miss Dix. But, they are human, all. And, fallible. And, frail. And we must only follow them, as they were followers of Christ.

One rule there is, unerring. Only, one. One fixed star. One perfect mirror. One ray of light. It is the Word of God. To gaze upon it, is to have the eye on heaven. To look into it, is to see the very soul. To

walk by it, is to be free from error. To conform the life, to its precepts, and to set the heart, on its promises, is to anticipate the peace of heaven ; and to secure its bliss.

“Thy Word is, to my feet, a lamp,  
 The way of truth, to show :  
 A watch-light, to point out the path,  
 In which, I ought to go.  
 My heart, with early zeal, began,  
 Thy statutes to obey ;  
 And, till my course of life is done,  
 Shall keep Thine upright way.”

Dear Children, the providential ordering of your lives has been replete with blessings. You were made children of God, in holy baptism. You have received “the laying on of hands,” for the gift of the Holy Ghost. You have been fed, as children, with “the children’s bread.” At home, the sanctity of a religious hearth has been your constant atmosphere. And, here, the pastoral eye has watched, the pastoral hand has guided, and the pastoral heart has blessed, you. You will not disappoint these blessed auspices. You will not turn away, from this plain path of pleasantness and peace. You will not jeopardize “that good part ;” which you have chosen, with beloved Mary. Keep ever, in your eye, the Cross, Which purchased your redemption. Be followers of the Lamb, wherever He may lead you. Never trust yourselves, beyond the brooding of the Dove ; Whose wings have been your

shelter and your solace. It is the manliest thing to be religious. It is more than that. It is the Godliest. Which means, the Godlikest; the most like God. Be men, in manliness. Be men, for religion. Be men of God. My sons, God bless you!

# I.

## THE \*FIRST ADDRESS,

† TO THE GRADUATING CLASS AT ST. MARY'S HALL.

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A PERFECT WOMAN NOBLY PLANNED.

My children, you can never know, your friends and parents do not know, only God knows, the mingled feelings which crowd in upon my heart, to-night.—It is much to be the parent of a child. To receive from God a soul, to be trained up, and nurtured, and accounted for to Him. To know, that as that trust shall be discharged, one shall be added to the throng, that evermore surround the Throne, with songs of joy and praise; or else go, howling through eternity, in hopeless and unutterable woe. Oh, it is very much to be the parent of a child! But there are compensations, too. The sense of being towards it, as God. The power which lies in undivided, undisputed right. The more than magnetism of nature's sacred spell. The daily avenues

\* September, A. D. 1845.

† These Addresses did not begin with the first Class; nor were they delivered to every class, regularly, until A. D. 1851. At that time, the graduations were yearly, instead of at the end of each term; and the addresses, annual.

that open, heart to heart. The hourly opportunities, that knit and mould them into one. The confidence, that cannot know a doubt. The sympathy, which none beside can share. And, more than all, God's unconditioned pledge, that due parental care shall never fail of its reward. "Train up a child, in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it." These are the compensations, which relieve, and crown, and bless, the parent's awful charge; and justify the Psalmist, when he says, that "children" "are a heritage and gift," that comes to us, direct from God. But, now, there come to us twenty, or fifty, or an hundred children; to sit about our feet, to be gathered round our knees, to grow up to our hand, to have us in the place to them of parents. They are far from home. They are of tender age. They are to be cared for in their bodies. They are to be cared for as to their minds. Their hearts are to be cared for. Above all, they have immortal souls, which must be cared for, with our utmost care. Daily, they gather at our board. Daily, they sport about our paths. Daily, we aid them in their intellectual developement. Daily, we minister the varied store of knowledge, to their minds. Daily, with dawning and declining day, they kneel with us in prayers. We occupy, towards them, whatever in the social nature with which God has framed us, is most responsible and most endearing, in office and relation. We are their nurses. We are their teachers. We are their next friends. We exercise, in their behalf, at once, the PASTORAL and the PARENTAL duties. As, in that

sweetest sacred picture, "the one *little ewe lamb*," which the poor man "nourished up," "grew up together with him, and with his children; it did eat of his own meat, and drank of his own cup, and lay in his bosom, and *was unto him as a daughter*." Can we be human, and not feel these things? Can we have hearts, and all the tendrils of these living plants not find them out, and fill them with their love? And when they have thus grown to us, as ivy to the wall, and wound themselves all in with our "most dear heart-strings," how could we be so much as human, and not feel, at such an hour, when they come up here, for the last time, to receive our counsels and our blessing, that we are parting with a portion of our life?—No, my dear children, you can never know, your friends and parents do not know, only God knows, the mingled feelings which crowd in upon our hearts, to-night.

But we too have our compensations, we have looked upon these children, week by week, as they have grown in stature and in wisdom. We have watched the opening bud, as it gave out new fragrance and new beauty. We have felt—what language cannot utter—the responsive pulse of their young hearts, in all the fulness of its unreserving and undoubted confidence. We have marked the tottering step, as it grew more elastic, and more firm. We have marked the stammering tongue, as it grew more distinct and full. We have beheld the expanding mind. We have beheld the improving taste. We have beheld the ripening judgment. We have beheld the increasing store of knowledge. We have be-



held the advancing work of grace. We have gone with them to the house of God. We have received their youthful vows. We have signed them with the sacred Cross. We have laid our hands upon their trembling heads. We have broken for them the bread of life, and given them drink from the cup of salvation. And, if we are now to part with them, it is to send them, in the purity and freshness of their youth; improved in health, improved in manners, and improved in mind; grown, as we trust, in grace, even more than they have grown in stature, to be the pride of parents, and the joy of friends, and the delight of home; to repay, a thousand fold, in gifts of learning, and in graces of deportment, and in the riches of all virtue, the care and cost, the longings and the yearnings, of their absence. To be, to younger brothers, and to younger sisters, kind protectors, patient teachers, exemplary guides; to be, to father, and to mother, stays of their age, lights of their hearth, the charmers of their hearts; to adorn and dignify society; and to be "polished corners" in the house of God. These are the compensations of our lot, which reconcile us to the pangs of parting, and the pains of loss. And, for these, we feel that we can smile now, through our tears; and say, to these young daughters of our heart, Go, and the Lord be with you!

Beloved ones, as the best parting words that I can utter—the memory, which I would have you bear from me, and bear about with you, through life—accept, to-night, as from the hand of one whom I may call my friend, the solace and the glory of our dry and dusty age, the

Poet WORDSWORTH,\* this breathing portraiture of what a woman ought to be, what I would have you be, what each of you, through grace, may be :

“She was a Phantom of delight,  
 When first she gleam'd upon my sight ;  
 A lovely Apparition, sent  
 To be a moment's ornament ;  
 Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair ;  
 Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair ;  
 But all things else about her drawn  
 From May-time and the cheerful Dawn ;  
 A dancing shape, an Image gay,  
 To haunt, to startle, and way-lay.

“I saw her, upon nearer view,  
 A Spirit, yet a Woman too !  
 Her household motions light and free,  
 And steps of virgin-liberty ;  
 A countenance in which did meet  
 Sweet records, promises as sweet ;  
 A creature not too bright or good  
 For human nature's daily food ;  
 For transient sorrows, simple wiles,  
 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

“And now I see with eye serene  
 The very pulse of the machine ;  
 A Being breathing thoughtful breath,  
 A Traveller between life and death ;  
 The reason firm, the temperate will,  
 Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill ;  
 A perfect woman, nobly plann'd,  
 To warn, to comfort, and command ;  
 And yet a Spirit, still, and bright  
 With something of an angel-light.”

\* Moxon's London edition, 1840, ii. 88.

Hang this sweet picture, from your necks, my daughters. Imprint it on your hearts. Live yourselves into it. Be not the butterflies of fashion. Be not that lowest reach of our humanity, mere women of the world. Let home content you, as your empire. Home duties occupy your minds. Home pleasures satisfy your hearts. Study the Marys of the Scripture. With the one, find yourselves often at the feet of Jesus. With the other, keep His sayings ever in your heart. So shall you realize, to all who love you, and who live upon your love, the breathing picture of the Poet, as perfect women, nobly planned. So shall you earn, through the abounding grace of Christ, that record, above every record, that was ever traced on earth: "Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her."

## II.

### THE SECOND ADDRESS,

\* TO THE GRADUATING CLASS AT ST. MARY'S HALL.

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THE CHRISTIAN WOMAN.

MY children, you have completed the studies, you have fulfilled the discipline, you have sustained the examinations of St. Mary's Hall; and you have received the testimonial of our satisfaction, with full and fervent commendation "to the favour and blessing of God, through Jesus Christ our Lord." You are not to look on this transaction, as one that shall dissolve the bond of love, which has knit us so long in one. We still regard you, and shall ever claim you as our daughters. Should you return to us, to carry on the education, which earth can but *begin*, we shall receive you with a hearty welcome, as children that return to their own father's house. Wherever you may go, we shall go with you, with our love and prayers. We shall rejoice to hear that you are happy. We shall mingle tears with yours, when sorrow shall befall you. We shall

\* March 30, A. D. 1846.

pursue you with a blessing ; and our fondest wish shall be, to be remembered in your prayers. Dear children, sense and sight are but the accidents of our mortality. The heart takes in all space ; takes in all time. No seas can separate, no mountains can divide, congenial souls. We follow our beloved upon wings that vie with steam. We send our thoughts where magnetism fails to come. We compass earth with sympathies. We mount to heaven, and bear them up with prayers.

Go where you will, my children, you will bear us with yourselves. You will be everywhere regarded as the daughters of ST. MARY'S HALL. True hearts, that never saw her walls, will welcome you, for Jesus' sake. Eyes will be brightened at the name, and hands will grasp you with a kindlier and more cordial greeting. For the love of Christ is stronger than the holiest bond of nature : and the conviction that this Institution is a Christian nursery, favoured and blessed of God, has spread as widely as its name is known ; and the broad circle broadens every year. Into your faithful hands, dear daughters, with your loving hearts, I cheerfully commit her honour, and repose her interests. You have made good use of your opportunities. You have taken kindly to our discipline. You have entwined the best affections of your hearts with ours. I am a man of many toils and many cares—nothing compared with those which holier men than I have borne, in every age, for the same holy cause—and, oftentimes, the load of toil and care, the anxious thought, the unequal strife, the unkind return, the yoke that galls the neck, the

load that wears the brain, the iron that divides the soul, combine to overtask and crush the man. But, when I catch the sunlight of your smile; when the sweet music of your voices falls upon my ear; when I am met with words and looks of love, that carry all your heart out with them, and take mine all back, I lose the sense of weariness: I wonder that I ever thought of carefulness; I cast the load from off me; and stand up, erect and square, a match for mountains, and the master of myself. For I look out upon the face of human life. I see what our poor fallen nature is. I see what medicine it needs. And, measuring, then, your influence for good with other hearts, by their electric power with mine, I feel, that, had I asked of God His choicest gift of service for mankind, I could have asked nothing to compare with that which you may be, as Christian daughters, Christian sisters, Christian women, to console, to cheer, to elevate, to dignify, to bless your kind. It is as *Christian* women that you are to do it. Beauty of person will attract. Grace of manners will commend. The force of intellect will command respect. Store of attainments will secure applause. But that which shall take hold of human nature; that which shall have influence with the age; that which shall bless society and make it better; that which shall swell the triumphs of the Church; that which shall gain new trophies for the Cross; that which shall charm the earth; that which shall shine in heaven; must come of Christian character, and be the work of Christian influence.

And, never is Christian character so lovely, and never is Christian influence so powerful, for good, as when it wins its gentle way—pervading like the light, distilling like the dew—in all the nameless graces, the uncounted charities, the unconscious charms, the irresistible attractions of a modest, gentle, faithful, loving, holy, CHRISTIAN WOMAN. I sketch her to you as a poet of our own\* has sketched one, and would have you frame yourselves upon her model.

“Great feelings hath she of her own,  
Which lesser souls may never know,  
God giveth them to her alone,  
And sweet they are as any tone  
Wherewith the wind may choose to blow.

“Yet, in herself she dwelleth not,  
Although no home were half so fair ;  
No simplest duty is forgot,  
Life hath no dear and lonely spot,  
That does not in her sunshine share.

“She doeth little kindnesses,  
Which most leave undone or despise ;  
For naught that sets one heart at ease,  
And giveth happiness or peace,  
Is low-esteemed in her eyes.

“She hath no scorn of common things,  
And though she seem of other birth,  
Round us her heart entwines and clings,  
And patiently she folds her wings,  
To tread the humble paths of earth.

\* Lowell.

“Blessing she is ; God made her so :  
And deeds of week-day holiness  
Fall from her, noiseless as the snow,  
Nor hath she ever chanced to know,  
That aught were eaiser than to bless.

“On nature doth she muse and brood,  
With such a still and love-clear eye,  
She is so gentle and so good,  
The very flowers in the wood  
Do bless her with their sympathy.

“She is a woman—one in whom  
The spring time of her childish years,  
Hath never lost its fresh perfume,  
Though knowing well that life hath room  
For many blights and tears.

“And youth in her a home will find,  
Where he may dwell eternally ;  
Her soul is not of that weak kind  
Which better love the life behind,  
Than that which is, or is to be.”

Go out, my daughters, in the light of Christian knowledge, and in the strength of Christian grace, to be, in meekness, gentleness, and purity, in holiness, and charity, and piety, such women as this picture shows ; such as St. Peter would have commended for that “ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is, in the sight of God, of great price ;” such as St. Peter’s Lord would have attracted to Him, as He did the two who dwelt in Bethany ; such as were latest at His Cross, and earliest at His grave. It is so that you will carry



out, into its fair result, the good work you have here begun. It is so that you will justify the care and pains of tender parents and kind friends. It is so that you will overpay our utmost efforts for your good. It is so that you will realize on earth that beautiful expression of the Psalmist, as the "polished corners of the temple;" and so that, through the precious purchase of the Son of God, incarnate, for our sins, you will forever grow and shine as living temples in the heavens.

"Mere human energy shall faint,  
And youthful vigor cease,  
But those who wait upon the Lord,  
In strength shall still increase.

"They with unwearied step shall tread  
The path of life divine;  
With growing ardour onward move,  
With growing brightness shine.

"On eagles' wings, they mount, they soar  
On wings of faith and love;  
Till, past the sphere of earth and sin,  
They rise to heaven above."

### III.

#### THE THIRD ADDRESS,

\*TO THE GRADUATING CLASS AT ST. MARY'S HALL.

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##### THE SPIRIT OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

My daughters, you are come to-night, to hear my last instructions, and to receive my parting counsel. You come, as children to a father, and I speak to you, as a father, to dear children. "Why did you not call us, your children?" said one of you to me, when I had inadvertently addressed you, as "young ladies." It was a question to my heart; and even yet its pulses tremble to the echo.

It is not true, though Shakspeare's self † has said it, that "a rose, by any other name, would smell as sweet." You would not be to me what you have been, by any other name: and if, as I well know, your hearts have knit themselves to mine, in love's electric chain, "this is the only witchcraft I have used."

This little word, the elemental tone of nature, which

\* September 29, A. D. 1846.

† Rather, his Juliet; for *he* knew better.

attunes its inmost strings, and sways the pulses of their joy or grief, contains and comprehends all I design or hope for, from God's blessing, on the work of education. I would as soon sit down, with royal Canute, on the sands of the sea-shore, and hope to bid the waves roll back, and be obeyed, as come to you, to win your hearts, and do them good, by any other term. Did I not mean to be a father to these little ones, that sit about my feet ; did I not hope that they would be my children, I would send them off to-morrow, and shut up these halls ; and still, at once, the hammer and the saw. Why, God Himself attempts not our salvation, upon any other terms. His revelation of Himself to us, is, as our Father. His claim upon us, for our good, is, as His children. When His beloved only Son, had purchased for us, with His blood, the hope of pardon and eternal life, we must come to it, through the second birth, in Holy Baptism ; and become as little children, if we hope to be with Him, in heaven. It is the one relation, which all human kind must own ; for all, as parents, or as children, have confessed its power : and it contains all others, as the bloom and fragrance of the rose blush into beauty, and distil, in liquid odour, from the bursting bud. There is no limit to the power of this relation. It is adequate to all emergencies. It will sustain all trials. It can never fail. It springs, immortal, from the heart ; and gathers, as it goes, in beauty, truth, and power. I plant myself upon it, with unfaltering foot. I am impregnable, while I stand there. My very standing-place is victory. Nature must change, and God Himself must

fail, before that charm can lose its power, or virtue cease to come from it.

And now, my daughters, that I have confessed to you, as that strong man of sacred story, the secret of my strength, let me, in the few words which close this parting hour, commend to you its undecaying, and incalculable worth. Seek—as my latest counsel, with my parting benediction—to be the comfort and the charm of life, to be your fitness for eternity, and foretaste of its joys, THE SPIRIT OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

“Lord, forever at Thy side,  
Let my place and portion be ;  
Strip me of the robe of pride,  
Clothe me with humility.

“Humble as a little child,  
Weaned from the mother’s breast,  
By no subtleties beguiled,  
On Thy faithful word I rest.”

i. *The spirit of little children is a spirit of dependence.* That it might be so, God made them helpless. They die, if they be not cared for. Is it so much less so with ourselves? Is not man’s breath “in his nostrils”? Is he not “crushed before the moth”? Can he foresee the issues of an hour? Can he ward off the shafts of death, the effluvia of disease, the cloud of sorrow? When his best beloved is attacked with typhus, or with hectic, is he not helpless to relieve? When the fire has undermined the sleeping-room, or the sea gains upon the wreck, is he not helpless to deliver? And

shall such make claim of independence? Shall such forget their helplessness? Shall such leave God out of their thoughts? Never be tempted, my dear children, to lose sight of your entire dependence, for life, and health, and all things, upon God; but cast your care on Him, Who careth for you.

ii. *The spirit of little children is a spirit of confidence.* They have not yet wandered off from God. They have not yet lost the sense of His benignant smile, as it beamed on them from a parent's face. They have not yet learned life's saddest lesson, to distrust. Better, a thousand times, its worst experience, than an untrusting and suspicious temper. Better to die of injuries, than live, a victim to their fear. Be not afraid to trust. Follow the charity which never thinketh evil. Have faith in God. It will protect you from the treachery of men. Fearing no evil, you will find none. There is no stonger panoply against a wicked world, than unsuspecting innocence. It disarms design. It foils attempt. It overcomes attack. It triumphs, through its very helplessness. A maddened elephant has been observed to take an infant in his trunk, and lay it softly in the grass, that it might rush to the destruction of its persecutors.

iii. *The spirit of little children is a spirit of humility.* They think but little of themselves, till fools and flatterers have spoiled them. They blush at compliments. They shrink from notice. They retire from observation. They avoid attention. They do not think you *can* mean *them*. They had rather you meant any

other. They have no greediness of gain. They have no thirst for honour. The simplest joys content them, and the most retired and shaded paths. Oh, what a loss of comfort, when the child's humility is lost! Oh, what a waste of life, is the pursuit of artificial and unnatural interests! Oh, what a weariness, and fretfulness, and restlessness, in the vain strife of fashion and of folly. "It is but lost labour, that ye haste to rise up early, and so late take rest, and eat the bread of carefulness; for so, He giveth His beloved sleep."

iv. *The spirit of little children is a spirit of hopefulness.* Their trusting nature, and their few and simple wants, prepare them well for this. They meet no storm, before it comes. They see no cloud, before it rises. They find all seasons, Spring; and live in sunshine every day.

"Gay hope is theirs, by fancy fed,  
 Less pleasing when possest,  
 The tear forgot as soon as shed,  
 The sunshine of the breast :  
 Theirs buxom health, of rosy hue ;  
 Wild wit, invention ever new,  
 And lively cheer, of vigour born ;  
 The thoughtless day, the easy night,  
 The spirits pure, the slumbers light,  
 That fly the approach of morn."

How poor, compared with this, the overclouded sky, of, what the world calls, life. Its anxious days, and sleepless nights. Its struggle for a place, and then, its carefulness to keep it. The distant, dim with doubts; the present, with dissatisfaction. "In the evening,

would God it were morning! And, in the morning, would God it were evening!”

v. *The spirit of little children is a spirit of thankfulness.* How easy a thing it is to please a little child! How prompt, in the expression of its pleasures! How beautiful, in the utterance of its thanks! How unlike men, in their indifference, ingratitude, and disregard of God! And, what a loss, in this unlikeness, of what gives the highest zest to our enjoyment!

“Ten thousand, thousand precious gifts  
My daily thanks employ;  
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,  
That tastes those gifts with joy.”

vi. *The spirit of little children is a loving spirit.* Observe their little ways. Take notice of their natural caresses. Mark the abandon of their loving natures. Love seems their very life. They wake to greet it, and they fall asleep upon its memory. And *their love is* “without dissimulation;” the most like Eden’s, ere it yet had felt the Fall.

vii. *The spirit of little children is an obedient spirit.* Implicit confidence brings this about. They think not for themselves. They do as they are bid. They are content to do it. And, how much the happiest so! Soon will you find it, my dear daughters. Soon will you regret that the responsibilities of life are laid upon your hearts. Lighten them, as you best may. Be as dear children before God. Be as dear children of the Church. Say, with the infant Samuel, “Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth.” “My good child, know this,

that thou art not able to do these things of thyself, nor to walk in the commandments of God, and to serve Him, without His special grace; which thou must learn at all times to call for by diligent prayer.”

viii. *The spirit of little children is a devout spirit.* They look up, through their mother, to their God. Their primal altar is her knees. What an instinctive attitude of supplication! How artless in its ways! How perfect and undoubting its repose! A lovelier, more affecting, sight is never seen, than a young child at prayer. Who does not long to pray, as he prayed then?

My daughters, may you be, through life, as little children; as dependent, as confiding, as humble, as hopeful, as thankful, as loving, as obedient, as devout. So shall those blessed words of Jesus Christ be yours, in time, and through eternity: “Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not; for OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.”



## IV.

### THE FOURTH ADDRESS

\*TO THE GRADUATING CLASS AT ST. MARY'S HALL.

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#### NOTHING LOST.

BELoved children, the painful parting moment comes, at last! The daily task, the daily pleasure, and the daily prayer, are done and gone! No more, the thronged and busy school-room, with its beaming galaxy of cheerful faces, and bright eyes. No more, the long-drawn corridors, through which the ready feet hastened, at every summons of the faithful bell. No more, the patient and devoted teacher, waiting your approach; the quiet lecture-room; the books, the maps, the apparatus, the black-board, and the slate. No more, the evening stroll, with loving arms clasped close to loving hearts, along the sweet, sky-tinctured Delaware, upon the verdant carpet of its loveliest bank. No more, the morning bell, the still, sequestered, sacred, "noons," the evening prayer, and hymn; with the fond parting, where heart went with hand. No more, the peaceful dormitory,

with its space for silent prayer, and then its welcome couch ; and then the sleep, as sweet as when the moonlight slept on that Venetian bank,\* in Shakspeare's pictured page. No more, the festal day, with that domestic Sacrament, in which a father, with his children, of one family, fed, with still hearts, in penitential love, upon that blessed banquet, which the Saviour spread, and gave Himself, to be its heavenly food. No more ! No more !

But, no ! It is not so. These are not gone. The mind, the soul, die not. They are immortal ; and they lend their immortality to all their issues, interests, and incidents. No hour of faithful study, in your whole school course, dear children, has been lost. It told, in treasure, such as California could not compass, in that most thorough, searching, all-embracing, trial of your strength, and wealth, of mind, which made your closing examination the most satisfactory to me, and the most honourable to your teachers and yourselves, that I have ever witnessed. Your early hours, your systematic occupation, your simple fare, your joyous sports, your constant intercourse of mutual love : these are not lost. They live, in the serene repose of your well-balanced feelings ; in the sweet contentment of your daily life ; in the subdued, yet buoyant, cheerfulness of your young hearts. And, in the sacred haunts of home, and in the converse of the dear ones that surround its hearth, and in the social intercourse of life, they will attest the wholesome

\* In point of fact, the scene in "the Merchant of Venice," which supplies this allusion, is laid at Belmont, the seat of Portia, on the Continent.

wisdom, and the faithful tenderness, which have controlled your training here; while they give pledge, with God to bless you, of health, and usefulness, and influence, and that true cheerfulness, which flows from a well-ordered mind, in all your after life. And this is not the best. The faithful counsels and instructions of this sacred place; its vocal chaunts; its tender and subduing hymns; its solemn prayers; your penitent confessions, the fervent protestations of your faith, your glad thanksgivings, your beseeching intercessions, your devotions of the heart, your patient catechizing, your child-like listening to the sure word of God, your eager study of its blessed page: these are not lost. They are engrafted in your heart; and, in the dew, that is won down from heaven, on tender, faithful, loving souls, are bringing forth the fruits of righteousness and peace. They have led you, by the Spirit's mild constraint, to the baptismal water, to the sacred rail, to the most holy Eucharist: and, if you continue faithful in the use of these divine provisions, for the renewal of your nature, and salvation of your souls, through the most blessed Cross of Jesus Christ, they will conduct you, all your days, in holiness and righteousness of life; console and smoothe the hour and pillow of your death; and open for you, in the pathway which the blessed Saviour trod, and stained with tears and blood, the Paradise of God.

Oh, my beloved, what a blessedness and beauty in such thoughts and hopes as these, made true and real—and, if we but will, made certain, and made ours—by the most holy word of God; as they were purchased for

us by the blood of His dear, only Son ! Take them out with you, into the world, to be a light to guide your feet, a panoply to guard your heads. Take them home with you, to be the comfort of dear parents, the encouragement and strength of brothers and of sisters, the joy of all who know and love you, and are happy in your happiness. Nor leave us out of their benign and blessed comprehension. Bear us with you, in your thoughts. Let us dwell kindly in your hearts. Let us never be forgotten in your prayers. Come to us, when you can, with loving confidence, as children, to a father's home ; and be assured of a true welcome, from a father's loving heart. And, oh, beloved, as my last word to you as pupils of St. Mary's Hall—and, it may be, my last word to you on earth—so keep the faith, you have acknowledged here, and live so in its holy precepts, and its pious prayers, that, when the voice of the Archangel shall awake the dead, and call the living to be judged, your names may be found written in the book of life, before the Lamb ; and you be with Him, where He is, in perfectness of bliss, forever and forever.

## V.

### THE FIFTH ADDRESS

\* TO THE GRADUATING CLASS AT ST. MARY'S HALL

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#### FAREWELL.

Oh, what a world is that, where no farewells are spoken ;  
Where hearts, that truly love, love on, and are not broken !

THESE semi-annual gatherings, my beloved, are sad reminders to us, that, that happy world is not yet ours. That the way to it, lies dark and rough, before us. That we have our own salvation to work out, with fear and trembling ; and to make the calling and election of our baptism sure, through faith which is in Christ.

The little word, Farewell, so sorrowful, so solemn, tells us all this. In its old Anglo-Saxon force, it means, Go well ! Go in the good path. Go in it faithfully. Go in it with God's favour and acceptance. It is an exhortation and a prayer. Go well ! May you go well !

I. Farewell. Go in the good path. To-day, dear children, you begin a new, eventful stage of being. It

is a turning point in life. You are to have henceforth, as you have never had, the perilous privilege of choice. Use it wisely and well. With Mary, choose the better part. Go in the good path! It is the path of duty. Say, what any may; suggest, what your own heart may, the good path, the only good path, is the path of duty. How can it not be so, when duty means but due-ness; and its sense, that which is due? That which is due to God, Who made you to fulfil His gracious ends. That which is due to others; to aid them in their fulfilment. That which is due to your own self; that it be not, through its whole eternity, that which you bewail and blame. Duty is moral beauty. Duty is akin with Deity. Duty is heaven begun; and heaven's whole happiness is duty. "Bless the Lord, ye His angels, that excel in strength, that do His commandments; hearkening unto the voice of His word."

II. Farewell. Go in the good path faithfully. Duty is unity. It seeks one end. It seeks it in one way. The end, the way, God's will. As one, as He is. Hence the necessity of firmness, in adhering to the good choice; made, at first. And, in this, dear children, lies your greatest difficulty. It has been your happiness, that you were helped in the good choice. You were born of Christian parents. In holy baptism, they early made you Christians. They took you to the Church of Christ, while your feet tottered, yet, and your tongues lisped. They had you taught your duty, in the blessed Catechism. They kept you at the feet of Christian Pas-

tors, as the lambs of Christ. They brought you to this Christian fold. For months and years, they kept you, in its gracious shelter, and beneath its sacred shadow. If your hearts have not resisted heavenly grace, and rejected holy opportunities, and hardened themselves against divine influences, you are in the good path. Your eyes have learned to know it. Your feet have learned to walk in it. Your hearts have learned to love it. Is it so? Dear children of my love, lambs of my Saviour's flock, baptized and bathed in His most precious blood, is it, is it so? The trial, if it is, is to begin, to-day. From this day, new temptations will beset you. From this day, new hindrances will befall you. From this day, new dangers will surround you. Can you hold fast "the beginning of your confidence?" Can you say to Satan, "Get behind me?" Can you say to the world, I am crucified to you, with Christ? Can you say, to the flesh, Be subdued and subjected to the Spirit? "To be carnally minded, is death; but, to be spiritually minded, is life and peace." To go in the good path; to go on in it, faithfully, and constantly, unto the end; this, my beloved children, is your duty, and your difficulty; and this is what I mean, when I say to you, Farewell.

III. But I mean more than this. You cannot do it of yourselves. You cannot go on in the good path, and go on in it faithfully, unless it be with God's favour and acceptance. Therefore, is Farewell a prayer as well as an exhortation. And therefore, when I say Farewell,

I commit you, and commend you to His grace, without which no good thing is done, or is. Remember those sweet, tender words of your true Catechism: "My good child, know this, that thou art not able to do these things, of thyself, nor to walk in the commandments of God, and serve Him, without His special grace; which thou must learn at all times, to call for, by diligent prayer. Let me hear therefore, if thou canst say the Lord's Prayer." Be diligent in prayer. Let the Lord's prayer, be ever with your daily bread. Live in it. Live by it. Be children of God; that He may be your Father, in Heaven. He will keep you. He will guide you. He will bless you. You will grow nearer to Him. You will grow more like Him. You will have Him with you here. You will be with Him, where He is, hereafter, forever;

In such a world where no farewells are spoken;  
Where hearts that truly love, love on, and are not broken!



## VI.

### THE SIXTH ADDRESS

\* TO THE GRADUATING CLASS AT ST. MARY'S HALL.

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THE CROSS, THE ONLY HOPE.

BELOVED CHILDREN:—Your feet have reached the line, to which your eyes have looked so long. A moment, more; and it is passed. Another step; and you are in the world. It is a world of trial. It is a world of trouble. It is a world of sin. It is a world of death. Have you laid hold of that, which can alone support you in it? Have you embraced the Cross?

I. It is a world of trial. Oh, how soon, you are to find it so! *It will try your feelings.* You have been sheltered here. It is a little, peaceful haven, where the winds of life are scarcely felt. Once, out at sea, and they will beat upon you, with relentless fury. Winds of unkindness. Winds of disappointment. Winds of adversity. Winds of destruction. Shoals. Sunken rocks. Breakers. A lee shore. No canvass, but will

\* March, A. D. 1850.

split. No plank, that will not yawn. No anchor that will hold. Or, only one, that blessed, bleeding Cross. *It will try your tempers.* Here, few conflicting interests. Here, few disturbing forces. Here, scarce the thought of rivalry. There, fiercest competition. There, unrelenting opposition. There, "war unto the knife." To enter that arena, with natures, wild, ungoverned, and unsanctified, is to go, a wild beast, among wild beasts; to strife, to struggle, and to death. Only the lamb-like can have peace. Only the Cross can yield the lamb. *It will try your principles.* Here, you have lived by rule. Here, you have stood, with help. Here, you have walked with guides. There, you must be a rule unto yourselves. You must stand, in your own strength. You must walk, in your own light. What, but the Cross, can guide, support, direct? Have you embraced the Cross?

II. It is a world of trouble. It has found you, even here. For we are born, to trouble, "as the sparks fly upward." We breathe it, as we breathe the air. But, in the world, and as the way of life grows longer, troubles will multiply and thicken; as, in the summer noon, the clouds are blackest and most frequent, and the bolts most fierce and fatal. In what shape, they may come, God knows. Sickness, poverty, persecution. The eye of envy, the tongue of slander, the hand of violence. Loneliness, dependence, destitution. Hopes deferred. Peace invaded. Love betrayed. The failure of plans, the disappointment of purposes, the death of

friends. Have you secured a shelter, my beloved? Have you embraced the Cross?

III. It is a world of sin. We have, always, sinful hearts; and, everywhere. And, even here, the struggle, for the mastery, is sharp and fierce. But, in the world, temptations multiply. In the world, evil examples throng. In the world, the opportunities of prayers, the means of grace, the helps of holiness, are few and far between. It is a downward, slippery, path. You walk alone in it. Or, you are urged forward, by the impulse of the crowd. Or, you are jostled, by the struggling. Or, you are overthrown by the falling, or the fallen. The eye has come to look on sinful practices, till they lose half their ugliness. The heart has been in contact with evil influences, till it has ceased to shudder. Familiarity takes the grossness from impurity. Company lends confidence to impiety. The attraction of the earthly increases. The charm of the heavenly is lost. The whispers of conscience grow faint. The memories of childhood are faded. The Heavenly Dove has been resisted; till It wings Itself, for flight. God has been disregarded, till His mercy is kindling into wrath. There is but a single refuge. In a moment more, the hope of rescue may be lost. Have you an advocate, with the Father? Have you laid hold of the sole hope for sinners? Have you embraced the Cross?

IV. It is a world of death. Not an instant, that some do not fall. The knell is never silent. The funeral train is never out of sight. The ground is full of graves.

The place, for yours, is marked. Already, the green sod is broken. The third day's sun may shine upon your tomb. Can you see, through it, to the Saviour? Will you lie down, in it, with Him? Is His blood upon you, as the sign of your salvation? Have you embraced His Cross?

Beloved children, let these questions sink into your heart. Give yourselves no rest, till you can answer them, as, at the day of judgment, you will be glad you did. Do not rise from off your knees, now, for the last time, in this sacred place, without the fervent prayer, that God will make you His, by a true, living, penitential faith, in Jesus Christ, His Son. Believe me, if the seeds, sown here, have made no root, there must be fearful hardness in your hearts. Believe me, if the dews, shed here, have had no power to soften it, it must be rent with fire. Believe me, in the hour of trial, in the hour of trouble, in the hour of sin, in the hour of death, the memories, which shall cling most closely to your nature, with the keenest pang of sorrow, or the most exulting thrill of joy, will be the memories of these scenes of your childhood; will be the memory of this peaceful parting hour; will be the memory of that pale and pleading Cross.

As I gaze, to-day, with touched and trembling heart, upon your fond, familiar forms, endeared to me, by years of watchfulness and prayer, there stand, with you, the shrouded and sepulchral shapes of daughters, dear to me, in other years, as you are, now, whom death has garnered in the grave. Hear, what a poor,

heart-broken father writes to me, of one of them; and pray, that, whether you go, young, to join her; or wait longer, on God's will, her last end may be yours. "You will doubtless remember, that my beloved and dear daughter,\* was, for some years, a pupil of yours, at St. Mary's Hall. I presume, ere this, you have learned, that she is no more. She departed from this world, on the 9th of December last; in the calm hope of a better life, and in sweet reliance on our risen Redeemer. I am sure, you have already dropped tears, to her memory; and sympathized with me, in my irreparable bereavement. You know much of her history. How dear to me. How lovely at school. How caressed at home. The Diploma, which she received, at your hands, hung always in her bedroom; and was among the last objects which she saw, before her eyes closed forever. She always spoke of your excellent Institution, as a happy home to her; and her prayers were fervent, for the prosperity of St. Mary's Hall." "I can say, most truly, though I do it most reverently, that my heart is broken. I cannot stop my tears." "And I write this chiefly to say, that I think she was mainly indebted to your Institution, for those Heavenward influences, in which she participated, to the last moment of her life."

Beloved children, shall it not be so with you? She had embraced the Cross. Have you? Or, will you not? Will you not embrace His Cross, who tore His loving heart, wide open, that it might take you in?

\* Mrs. Agnes Matilda Reed, wife of William C. Reed, Esq., and daughter of the Hon. Aaron Clark, late Mayor of New York. She graduated at St. Mary's Hall, in September, 1845.

## VII.

### THE SEVENTH ADDRESS

TO THE GRADUATING CLASS AT ST. MARY'S HALL.

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GOD SPEED.

BELOVED CHILDREN :—The time has come, when we must part. I cannot say, that “parting is” “sweet sorrow.” I do not feel it so. My heart has grown to you, till you became a part of it. You have been wrought in, into the habit of my happiness. I shall miss your dear familiar faces. I shall miss the cheerful daily greeting. I shall miss the earnest interchange of thought, and heart, in lesson and in lecture. I shall miss you, from among the youthful band, that kneel together, here, at matins, noons, and evensong. I shall miss you from my daily, secret, solitary, prayers. I shall miss you, everywhere ; but from my heart. There, you will dwell, forever. And, when we wake, together, at the resurrection-morning, may you be with me, when I say, “Behold, I, and the children which God hath given me !”

Seven and twenty times, have I stood here, with

words of parting, on my lips. For more than thirteen years, this ebb and flow of human life, has dashed against my feet. I have grown gray, among the daughters of the land. But there is no grayness, in my heart. It beats as high, and clear, and strong, thank God; as full of hope, and tenderness, and love, as, when, on the May-day of eighteen hundred and thirty-seven, these doors were opened, first; and a little, timid troop of trembling girls, now, many of them, wives, and mothers, enrolled themselves, as daughters of St. Mary's Hall. Since then, well nigh a thousand children, from every quarter of the land, have sought admission, here. So, truly, has "the little one become a thousand." And, loving hearts, among the granite mountains of New England, in the great cities of the Middle States, on the broad lakes and rivers of the West, and by the sweet savannas of the South, are with us, here, in spirit; and, from the happy homes, which they adorn and bless, send up the fervent prayer to God for blessings on the day. And, garnered, as I know I am, in the deep places of their warm and beating breasts, with tenderest thoughts, of gratitude and love, I count not lapse of years, I weigh not loads of care, I take no thought of evil tongues, and evil times, on which my lot has fallen: but, cheerfully thank God, that He has let me toil, and suffer, in a cause so sacred; and feel all present evils overpaid by such affection, from such hearts: while I look forward, with exulting expectation, to the day, when they shall stud, as choicest jewels, the crown, which my Redeemer has won for me, with His blood.

You go, to-day, beloved children, to join this gracious company. And, though the living, loving, tendrils, which have bound you to me, here, cannot be severed, and my heart not bleed; I staunch the starting stream, and still the throbbing pulse, by the reflection, that you go to be, like them, the light and joy of the dear homes, in which your infancy was cradled. You were but left with me, a while, to cherish, and to train. I know, at what a cost of fond, parental love. I know, at what a cost of social sympathy, and happiness. I know, at what a cost of lonely halls, and saddened boards, and darkened hearths. I know at what a cost of tears that scald the heart; and I should be traitor to the holiest trust that man has ever held, had I spared labour, watching, prayers, for your advancement, and improvement, in all sound, and useful, learning, that becomes your age and sex, in all the charities, and courtesies of womanhood, in all the virtues of the Cross, and graces of the Gospel, while you sojourned here; or, did I grudge you, now, when you have run, with honour, your appointed course, and bear the palm, which you have justly won, to the dear homes, which have been darkened by your absence, and the true hearts, which throb for your return.

Go, my beloved children, to the parents, to whom God has given you, and who hold you dearer, far, than their own life. Go, to fulfil to them, in letter, and in spirit, that first commandment, with the promise, which you have heard so often, here. Go, to be the sharers of their joy, and the consolers of their sorrow. Go, to assist them in their duties; to relieve them in their



cares; to mitigate, for them, the pangs of sickness; to lighten, for them, the darkness of old age; to smooth, for them, and cheer, the bed of death. Go, to the brothers, and the sisters, who share with you the dear parental board, and blend their feet with yours, beside the dear parental hearth. Go, to be patterns to them, in truth, in tenderness, in patience, in humility, in self-denial, in self-sacrifice, in heavenly-mindedness. Go, to be soothers of their troubles, and inspirers of their mirth. Go, to be nurses, teachers, charmers, ministering spirits, guardian-angels; such, as only sisters can be. Go, to the Pastors of Christ's flock, by whom you were incorporated into Him, in holy baptism; and trained, and fed, and nurtured, as the lambs of His dear love. Go, to return to them their care, and watching, for your souls, by exemplary lives, and holy conversation; and by the soothing voice, the cheering eye, the helping hand, to aid, and animate them, in their arduous care of souls. Go, to the neighbourhoods, in which your lot of life is cast, to be the almoners of Christ, among the poor; to minister to sickness, and infirmity, and sorrow: to be the teachers of the young; the helpers of the helpless; the staff, and stay, and succour, of the aged. So, shall you justify the pains, and patience, of parental love. So, shall you overpay our utmost care and effort, for your good. So, shall you fitly bear the name of that most blessed of the Maries, who was Mother of the Son of God. So, shall the legend of that sacred scroll, on which, it may be, you look for the last time, be justly written of you, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord!"

## VIII.

### THE EIGHTH ADDRESS

\* TO THE GRADUATING CLASS AT ST. MARY'S HALL.

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#### THE HALCYON MOMENTS OF THE HEART.

THERE are moments, my beloved, when the heart lies more than open, and is more than tender. When it is quick, to take impressions; and tenacious, to retain them. When, like the glassy surface of a summer lake, the shadow of a breath will write itself, in wavelets, on its bosom; and be felt, through all its depths. The thoughtful ancients noted, what they called, their halcyon days: seven days before, and seven days after, the winter solstice; when the halcyons made their nests. "The very seas, and they that saile upon them," Pliny says, "know well, what time they sit, and breed." "And the time, when they are broodie, is called the halcyon daies; for, during that season, the sea is calm." And Michael Drayton, the most picturesque of poets, says, of them:

"There came the halcyon whom the sea obeys;  
When she, her nest, upon the water, lays."

\* March, A. D. 1851

The moments, that I speak of, may be called, *the halcyon moments of the heart*. When it lies still, and waits, and listens; as the holy angels hearken, for the will of God. It was at such a time, that the spirit of Plato, the divinest of the souls, that knew not God, caught, in the silence of the midnight, the music of the spheres. And, at an hour, like this, it was, that the old Prophet, upon Horeb, when the great strong wind, that rent the mountains, and the earthquake, and the fire, passed by him, unregarded, heard, in the still, small, voice, the whisper of the Lord. The halcyon moments of the heart are diverse, in their times of coming; and in the occasions, which produce them. They may be times of sickness, or of sorrow. Times, when the heart is more than full, in its embrace of hopes, long cherished and pursued; and found, at last. Or, times, when it is to leave the scenes, which have been long familiar to it; and look, for the last time, upon its parting dear ones.

Dearly beloved, it is so, with you, to-day. You stand, for the last time, before me, in the dear relation which has knit our hearts, so long, together. You stand, here, for the last time, as pupils, among pupils. When, next you come, into these old familiar places; when next you stand, under this hallowed roof; when next you fix your eyes and hearts, on that pale Cross; it will be with memories of what it *was*, to your young spirits, a holy, happy, home. Shall I not catch, with love's impassioned eagerness, *this halcyon moment of your hearts*; to write on them one word, that shall not die? Can you take, with you, from this sacred place;

can you take, with you, from these loving lips of mine ; can you take, with you, into life, and keep with you till death ; a sentence, more befitting to your age, your sex, your present duties, or your prospective responsibilities, than that sacred legend, so familiar to your sight, which holds, before your hearts, the touching words of that most blessed of all maidens, the meek and matchless Mary : “ BEHOLD THE HANDMAID OF THE LORD ! ” \* Will you not adopt it, as the purpose of your youth ? Will you not adhere to it, for the direction of your life ? Will you not look forward to it, as the consolation of your death ?

i. “ BEHOLD THE HANDMAID OF THE LORD ! ” *Adopt it, as the purpose of your youth.* You are, indeed, the Lord’s. His, as He made you. His, as He redeemed you. His, as, in baptism, He adopted you. But, to be His handmaids, is to own, that you are His ; and, consenting, in your hearts, to His most righteous claim, to give yourselves, in unreserved devotion, to His service. Whatever has been done by you, before, when you have passed the threshold of this peaceful home, and nursery of your childhood and your youth, you will be forced to choose. You will have to be the handmaids of the Lord ; or else, bondwomen of the world. You cannot blend the services. The world will take no half allegiance. God will not. You have but one heart. And you can bestow it, on but one. “ Choose

\* In the main compartment of the Chancel window of the Chapel of the Holy Innocents, is a large pale Cross, surrounded with clouds. Under it, in a scroll, the legend, *Behold the Handmaid of the Lord.*

ye, this day, whom ye will serve. If the Lord be God, follow Him: but, if Baal, then follow him." Say, with your heart, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord!" Or be, whatever you may say, the bondwoman of the world. I bless my God, that you have made that choice. I bless my God, that I have not, now, to win your souls, for Christ. I bless my God, that you are signed and sealed, with that most blessed Cross. What I have, now, to say, is, to beseech you, to hold fast to your determination. What I have, now, to ask, is, that, when you leave this sacred rail, and go out, into life, you will bear, ever, in your heart, and on your brow—not in moroseness, not in the cant of mere profession, not in the Pharisaic pride, which stands by itself, as better than the rest; but, in meekness, gentleness, charity, piety, heavenly-mindedness, the control, the subjugation, and the sacrifice of self, the service, in all deeds of love and offices of devotion, of the God Who made you, and Who bought you, with His blood—that sacred legend, "BEHOLD THE HANDMAID OF THE LORD," so clear, distinct, and radiant, that, whosoever looks upon your modest, gentle, and religious youth, shall see, in you, the Model, you have chosen, in the holy Mother of our Lord; and take knowledge of you, that you have been with Jesus.

"Lady, that, in the prime of earliest youth,  
Wisely hast shunn'd the broad way, and the green;  
And, with those few, art, eminently seen,  
That labour up the hill of heavenly truth;

The better part, with Mary, and with Ruth,  
 Chosen thou hast.      \*      \*      \*      \*  
 Thy care is fix'd, and zealously attends  
 To fill thy odorous lamp, with deeds of light,  
 And hope, that reaps not shame.    Therefore, be sure,  
 Thou, when the Bridegroom, with His faithful friends,  
 Passes, to bliss, at the mid hour of night,  
 Hast gain'd thy entrance, Virgin wise and pure !” \*

ii. “BEHOLD THE HANDMAID OF THE LORD !” *Adhere to it, for the direction of your life.* Life is a day ; and they have not completed it, who have but seen its morning, through. Life is a race ; and they cannot be crowned, who have not reached the goal. Life is a voyage ; and they alone are safe, who have attained the port. The might of a religious youth is, all but, matchless. But its purposes must be made actual, in all the life. Life has its joys. Life has its sorrows. Life has its trials. Life has its triumphs. And, in a woman's life, oh, my beloved, what vicissitudes, what exigencies, what emergencies ! What trials of their faith ! What trials of their hope ! What trials of their patience ! What trials of their love ! And, if they have but human strength, to bear them up, and human prudence to direct them, how comfortless, how hopeless, is their lot. The blessed God, Who saw, beforehand, what a woman's life must be, has made her a religious heart. And, when His blessed Son became incarnate, that He might redeem the world, a woman's bosom was His cradle ; women were His companions

\* Milton's Sonnet, *To a Virtuous Young Lady.*

and His comforters, through life; and women the embalmers of His death:

“Last at His Cross, and earliest at His grave.”\*

Be, my beloved, of their beautiful and blessed company. Be of the Maries, and the rest, that were ever glad to be with Jesus, where He was. Keep yourselves, at His feet. Hold to His garment's hem. Lay out on Him, your choicest, and most costly, and most fragrant ointments. Listen, in faith, to all His words. And gaze, in love, on the divine and blessed beauty of His face. He will keep you. He will comfort you. He will help you. He will bless you. While you listen to Him, you shall be strengthened, for all your trials. When you but touch Him, you shall be healed of all your plagues. While you are gazing on Him, you shall be transformed, into His serene, celestial, beauty. A worldly woman is a mockery of her sex. An irreligious woman is a monster. While, in the meek and quiet spirit of the holy women who trust in God—patient in suffering, gentle in enjoyment, thoughtless of self, exhaustless in endurance, faithful through life, faithful in death, and faithful after death—we have all we know of angels, and come nearest heaven.

iii. “BEHOLD THE HANDMAID OF THE LORD!” *Look forward to it, for the consolation of your death.* Beloved, you must die! Though you are young, now, you must die. Though you are well, now, you must die. Though you are happy, now, you must die. Let

\* Barrett's *Woman*.

me not be misunderstood. Would you be happiest, would you have perfect health, would you be young forever, you must die. Death is the gate of life. Downward, to those that know not God, to an eternal life of anguish and unrest. Upward, to those who know and love Him, to unmingled and immortal joy. When the hour shall come, that lays you on the bed of suffering and of pain, from which you are to rise no more; may it be yours, to say, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord!" When the last fluttering flame of life shall flicker, to go out; may it be yours, to say, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord!" And, when the resurrection morning comes, and the resurrection trump has sounded, and the resurrection glory has attained its full and perfect consummation, washed in the blood, and radiant in the spiritual and heavenly beauty, of Him, Who is the Resurrection and the Life, may it be yours, to say, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord!"



## IX.

### THE NINTH ADDRESS

\*TO THE GRADUATING CLASS AT ST. MARY'S HALL.

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#### THE THRESHOLD OF LIFE.

BELoved ones, you stand upon the Threshold of your Life. "Some natural tears." One long, last, lingering, look. One timid, half-inquiring, forward, glance. And, it is passed. It was much less, to pass the Rubicon.

Beloved ones, while yet we stand together, on the Threshold, hand clasped in hand, heart pressed to loving heart, let me, for the last, loving, time, address you, as my children. Never, before, was it so truly so. There are times—the "*mollia tempora fandi*," as a poet hints, at them; moments, when *the heart softens, to the tongue*—times of a common sorrow, times of a common danger, times of a common suffering: when tenderest natures grow more tender; and hearts, that clung the closest, cling more closely. You have been mine, at such a time; BEN-ONI, *children of my sorrow*. And, in

\* March, A. D. 1852.

the light of your dear eyes, and in the music of your loving lips, and in the swelling of your fond young hearts, I have found comfort, such as daughters only give. The tenderer, the truer, the more touching, the more treasured, in my heart of hearts, for all the months,\* and all the years, that we have lived, and loved, together; and, that some of you were laid, as tender lambs, upon my bosom, by the dear Shepherd of us all, before your months were counted, yet, in years.

Beloved ones, you are, indeed, an old man's daughters: and, for the comfort of your love, he gives you—it is all he has to give—his love, his blessing, and his prayers.

Beloved ones, I never looked upon you, with a pang, before. The kindling eye, the curling lip, the gleaming smile, the murmured welcome; these met me, always, when I came to you; and made a sunshine, in the shadiest places of my life. How sadly different, now! As, when a loving mother sends her eldest daughter, to her newly wedded home. And tears make showers, in sunshine, with the smiles, upon her face. And she looks, everywhere, for what she has, yet, in her hand. And goes, a dozen times, to the same place, for what she might know was not there. And presses both hands upon her bosom, which she feels is bursting. And looks, anxiously, again, and, still, again, for the invidious carriage, which is to bear away her darling. And hears the wheels, before they fairly turn. And, still, repeats,

\* Two of the seventeen were dear children of parishioners; who, from their earliest infancy, had grown up, under my eye and hand.

and re-repeats, the trite and needless caution. And feels, that she shall certainly forget what she most longs to say. And cannot say, what she most feels, because she feels it most, Farewell !

Beloved ones, you stand upon the Threshold of your Life. I may not keep you back. I would not, if I might. You came here, to prepare for it. God calls you, now, to enter on it. I must speed the parting guests ; although they take my heart-strings, out, with them. I speed you, my beloved, in the name and strength of God. I speed you, in the might and merit of the Cross. I speed you, in the cleansing comfort of the Dove. It is God's world. You are His children. If you trust Him, He will shelter you. If you submit to Him, He will direct you. If you love Him, He will save you. Take with you, my beloved, as your inseparable companion, His most holy word. Make it the book, of your hearts, and of your lives. Never leave your chambers, without a portion of it, in your minds ; for meditation, through the day. Never leave your chambers, without acknowledging, upon your knees, the answer to the prayer, that blessed you for your pillow ; and invoking the divine protection, to restore you to it, again. Seek, with a frequent foot, the place, where prayer is made. Make it your BETH-LEHEM : *the house of living bread*. Nor deem you have it, for the nurture of your souls, for heaven ; till, with true penitent and faithful hearts, you feed on that, which your dear Saviour blessed ; and said, " This is My Body."

Beloved ones, you are to stand, one day, upon the

Threshold of another life. That, which you enter, now, is but the longer, or the shorter, road, to lead you to it. How long, how short, He only knows, Who is Himself, **THE LIFE.** How long, how short, it matters not, if it secure you to His love. In the mercy of the Father, Who made you; in the merit of the Saviour, Who redeemed you; in the grace of the Spirit, Who desires to sanctify you; the way to it, however long, however short, is sure. You go on in it, henceforward, my beloved, with my blessing. You go on in it, with the maternal yearnings of this true nursery of your youth. You go on in it, with the prayers of the Holy Church; commended to the mercy-seat, by the intercession of your suffering Lord. Hold fast to your allegiance, as the daughters of the Church. Hold fast to your protection, as the children of the Cross. So, shall the life you are to enter now, be the safe passage to the Threshold of the next. So, shall "the grave and gate of death," be but the Threshold of Immortality.

## X.

### THE TENTH ADDRESS

TO THE GRADUATING CLASS AT ST. MARY'S HALL.

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THE HOLY WOMEN, AT THE SEPULCHRE.

BELOVED CHILDREN, with what strange thoughts, of trial and of triumph, our hearts have been engaged, the last ten days! We have wept, with Christendom, beneath the Cross. We have sat silently, with Christendom, beside the grave. We have rejoiced, with Christendom, at the deserted Sepulchre. "HE is not here: HE is risen; as HE said." And, while the tokens of that triumph are yet abroad, and the echoes of the Easter anthem are still ringing, through the world, we are gathered here, a little band, to weep, and pray, and part. To you, beloved ones, a parting, which will cost "some natural tears;" but, yet, a joyful parting: for it bears you home; and opens to your feet the world, which, to your inexperienced eye, bears only flowers. To me, the moment that tears off from my heart the tendrils, which so long have twined, in love and loveli-

ness, about it: and leaves it stripped, and sad, and sore; bleeding, and almost broken. But, it is nature's way. The young birds are impatient of the nest. And, when the warm Spring winds begin to blow, and crocuses and pansies paint the garden, and the violet, with maiden lips, kisses the air, and makes it fragrant, there is a rustling, and a chirping, and a twittering, in the leafy covert, where their life was nurtured; and they are off and gone: and there is silence, and solitude, and sorrow, in their place. Yes: it is nature's way. And, were there only nature, it were sad, indeed, and hard to bear. And I should be as Rachel, weeping for her children, that would not be comforted, because they were not. But, I remember Who it was, that lent you to me; for how long; and for what. And, if, through grace, I have been faithful to my trust; and you have grown in grace; and I can comfortably hope that you will still employ "the means of grace," which have been yours, while here; and struggle forward, through their help, whatever be the several pathways of your life, towards the hope of glory: I shall have grace, I trust, the answer to your prayers, to wipe my tears, with yours; and to rejoice, while you rejoice; and hope, that, if we meet not, here, on earth, again, we shall, through Christ, in Heaven.

And, now, before we part, my daughters, a word or two, of customary counsel. You were children, when you came to me. You go from me, WOMEN. And, what a word that is! And what a world of meaning in it! Gentleness, tenderness, thoughtfulness, meekness,

patience, kindness, fortitude, self-surrender, self-control, self-sacrifice : for all a woman has to be, and bear, and do, we might write out the Apostle's character of charity ; and say, of her, as he, of it, she " beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

"Though fresh within your breasts th' untroubled springs  
 Of hope make melody, where'er ye tread,  
 And o'er your sleep, bright shadows, from the wings  
 Of spirits, visiting *but* youth, be spread ;  
 Yet, in those flute-like voices, mingling low,  
 Is woman's tenderness ; how soon, her wo !

"Her lot is on you : silent tears to weep,  
 And patient smiles to wear, through suffering's hour ;  
 And sunless riches, from affection's deep,  
 To pour on broken reeds, a wasted shower ;  
 And to make idols, and to find them clay,  
 And to bewail that worship : therefore, pray !

"Her lot is on you : to be found untired  
 Watching the stars out by the bed of pain,  
 With a pale cheek, and yet a brow inspired,  
 And a true heart of hope, though hope be vain ;  
 Meekly to bear with wrong, to cheer decay ;  
 And, oh, to love, through all things : therefore, pray !" \*

Beloved ones, the lessons of the Church, in these three days, as specially, on this, besides the triumphs of THE CRUCIFIED, which they record, have snatches, in them, which present the woman, as she ought to be, with an inimitable truth and tenderness. I can but

\* Mrs. Hemans : " *Evening Prayer, in a Girls' School.*"

hint at one of them ; and leave it to your hearts, to pray over and practise. When all the worst was done, to that dear Lamb, Who suffered for our sins, and pious hands had laid Him in His rest, the eye of woman followed, with her heart ; and marked the sacred spot. And, when the Sabbath rest was over, and before the day had dawned, first of the race, and second only to the angels, there were women there, with thoughts of piety ; to pour their costly ointments, out, on His remains, and to embalm Him, with their tears. And, therefore, first, to them,

“ Last at His Cross, and earliest at His grave,”

the Resurrection was announced : and even Apostles learned from women the triumphs of the truth.

“ Oh, joy, to Mary, first, allow'd,  
When roused, from weeping o'er His shroud,  
By His own calm, self-soothing tone.  
Breathing her name, as still His own.

“ Joy to the faithful Three, renew'd,  
As their glad errand they pursued :  
Happy, who so Christ's word convey,  
That He may meet them, on their way.

“ So is it still : to holy tears,  
In lonely hours, Christ risen appears :  
In social hours, who Christ would see,  
Must turn all tasks to charity.”\*

My beloved, I would have you make **THE HOLY WOMEN AT THE SEPULCHRE**, the study and the pattern of your lives.

\* Keble's Christian Year : *Easter Day*.



Emulate their love, their piety, their charity. *Give your first thoughts of life, your every day's first thoughts, to Christ*; as they, so early in the morning, while it was yet dark, were at His tomb. The selfishness, and self-indulgence, which would keep you back, slay at His Cross, and bury in His grave. And *go to Him with full, fresh, hearts*. Let no one thought pre-occupy your love. He gives you all: and all, you are or have, you are and have, in Him. And *bring your best to Him*. The sweetest spices you can buy; no matter what they cost. The fragrance, sweeter than all frankincense, of your unsullied purity in heart and life; of your unfaltering devotion to His name and service; of your unstinting charity, poured out in acts and offices of love, upon His poor, upon His widows, upon His orphans, upon every form of suffering humanity, in every form of sympathy and bounty, with the unreserve of that fair penitent, whose alabaster box of spikenard filled the house, full, with its fragrance. These be the studies of this last Easter, that you pass with me, that you shall bear hence, in your hearts, and through your lives; and, in the service of the Holy Women at the Sepulchre, you shall secure their blessing. Angels shall everywhere attend you, on your way, to cheer and comfort you. The stone, that seemed impossible to your weak hearts, a strength, not yours, shall roll away, before you. You shall renew, with every day, that you devote to God, in piety and charity, the power and glory of the Resurrection, in your hearts, renewed to holiness, and kindled into love.

You shall be messengers of consolation, in the glad tidings of the triumph of the Crucified, to other souls, less favoured than your own. And, when your day of life is done, and you must pass the twilight of the grave, to reach the glories of mid-heaven, you shall lie down, beside the Sepulchre of Jesus; sleep sweetly in the shadow of His Cross; and rise, in beauty and in glory, with the Maries, that He loved on earth—and with that dear child,\* who dropped, untimely, by our side, and who should have taken part in our solemnities, to-day, and joys, with us, no doubt, in Paradise—to be the sharers of His joy, in Heaven.

“The better part, with Mary, and with Ruth,

Chosen” ye have. \* \* \*

Your “care is fix’d, and zealously attends

To fill” your “odorous lamps” with deeds of light,

And hope, that reaps not shame. Therefore, be sure,

You, “when the Bridegroom, with His faithful friends,

Passes to bliss, at the mid-hour of night,”

Have “gain’d” your “entrance,” Virgins “wise and pure.” †

\* Sarah Wallace Germain, daughter of the Rev. Reuben J. Germain, Principal of St. Mary’s Hall, one of the Graduating Class, and among its loveliest and most hopeful, died, at the Christmas Season.

† Adapted, from Milton’s Sonnet, “*To a Virtuous Young Lady.*”

## XI.

### THE ELEVENTH ADDRESS

\* TO THE GRADUATING CLASS AT ST. MARY'S HALL.

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REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH.

THIS is a happy day, for seventeen hearths; and, for my heart. So many daughters leave my side, to-day, to be the bearers, to so many homes, of highest human joy. If it be "more blessed to give, than to receive," I surely may account it happiness, to have made such happiness, for seventeen homes, three times. The daughters of St. Mary's Hall, who have completed its full course, and borne, from here, the best, that we can give them, number, to-day, one hundred and sixty-four. Ten times that many have enjoyed, in various degrees, the nurture of these sacred walls. Is it not something, to have suffered for? Were it not worthy to have died for? Is it not much, to thank God for? Most heartily do I thank God, for it. And, in the sense of so much happiness, for so many hearths and hearts, sink and subdue the grief, that fills my own.

It is not in the view of learning or accomplishments, beloved ones, that I speak thus. Were you ten times as learned, and an hundred times as well accomplished, I should feel no certainty, that your attainments, here, were for your happiness; or, for the happiness of others. The highest human graces, that a woman ever won, have but ensnared her soul, in vanity and sin; and wrought destruction, through their attractions, for the souls of others. And intellectual powers and intellectual gifts, not subordinated to the providential orderings of God, not chastened and controlled by His renewing grace, are, at this time, unsexing women; and thrusting, on the astonished world, a race of monsters, in that Amazonian crew, who clamour, now, for "Woman's Rights," such as no mythology has ever dreamed of.

What has been aimed at chiefly, here, and what alone can be relied on, to secure your personal happiness, to make you comforts to your homes, and ornaments and blessings to your race, is your religious training: the impression of your hearts, while they are new and plastic, yet, with the principles and precepts of God's holy word; and the subjection of your lives, in youthful piety, to its divine, renewing, influences.

There is nothing more observable in Holy Scripture, than the way in which it treats the young. The fact of their inherited depravity, it everywhere admits. That without holiness, no one can see the Lord, it everywhere proclaims. It never loses sight of the great plan of God, in their redemption and salvation, through Him, who died, for them, and rose again. Yet, it addresses

them, in no harsh words. It lays upon them no hard yokes. It never overloads, it never worries, them. It approaches them, with the arguments of affection. It addresses them, in the language of love. It asks of them, indeed, their all. And, yet, in words of tenderest, most engaging, love: "My child, give me thy heart!" Or, with a still, small voice of fond expostulation; serene as summer dew, and searching, like it, into every turn and tendril of their nature, "Remember, now, thy Creator in the days of thy youth; while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them."

Beloved children, these sacred words address themselves, to-day, especially, to you. They are the parting counsel of my love. They are the token I would have you take with you, from here, as the memorial of this nursery of your childhood; and keep, forever, in your bosom, as the armour and amulet of your youth. Their appeal is to your heart. They speak to you, of your Creator. They seek to pre-engage, for Him, your truthfulness and tender-heartedness of youth. You are, still, new, from His creating hand. The world, about you, is all new. It seems to you, as Eden did, to Adam, when he woke, from that deep sleep; all beauty, fragrance and delight. There is verdure, upon every tree. There is perfume, in every flower. There is freshness, in every fruit. You have companionship, in your enjoyment. Your social nature meets response. The very air is balm. Not a movement, on the earth, or in the heavens, that is not made to music. No feeling, but of

joy. No dream, but of delight. And, now, the appeal is to your heart. It is that, in you, which is the tenderest and the truest. It has not been hardened by the world. It has not been seduced by the Devil. It has blushes, yet; and it has tears. It can feel, yet; and it can remember. It yet can yearn. It can yet be grateful. It can still love. It is the very time, then, to speak to you, beloved ones, of your Creator. *He* spread the earth with verdure. *He* filled the air with fragrance. *He* hung the heavens with majesty. *He* made all nature, beauty, to your eye, or music to your ear. *He* set your heart, with pulses; and made them quick with pleasures, and tuned them all to joy. And is it *you*, beloved, that shall forget *Him*? Is it by *you*, that *He* shall not be remembered? Is it *you*, that shall not love *Him*? Is the tree, where your childish sports were sheltered from the heat of noon, forgotten? Is the nook forgotten, where your summer Saturdays were spent? Could you forget your father's smile? Your mother's tear? And, will you not remember your Creator, now? Can you refuse your Heavenly Father, when *He* says, My child, give Me thy heart?

Beloved children, what the voice of God thus seeks from you, in Holy Scripture, His holy Church enforces and promotes. She took you, when you breathed first, to her arms. She sprinkled you, in her Redeemer's name, with the pure water, from his pierced side, which was to make you His. She laid you on her full and fragrant breast. She nurtured you with the sincere milk of the life-giving word. She fed you with conven-

ient food. She stayed your tottering feet. She tuned your stammering tongues. You heard her voice, in prayers; and learned to pray. You heard her voice, in psalms and sacred songs; and learned to sing. You listened to her old majestic creeds; and they fell in upon your heart. You joined in her deep penitential litanies; and they subdued your souls. You heard, in her, the holy word of God; and it imbued your lives. You have been catechized by her, in the way, you ought to go; until your feet have learned to love it. Her voice was like your mother's, in the lullabies, that soothed your infancy; and you have been swayed by it, in childhood. Her hand was like your mother's, when it led you through the fields, at twilight, or to the house of God, on Sunday morning; and you have been guided by it, thus far, in your youth. Still cling, beloved ones, to that dear, guiding hand. Still, yield yourselves, beloved ones, to that sweet, soothing voice: "Remember, now, thy Creator, in the days of thy youth; while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them."

Now, in thy youth, beseech of Him,  
 Who giveth, upbraiding not;  
 That His light, in thy heart, become not dim,  
 And His love be unforgot:  
 And thy God, in thy darkest days, will be  
 Greenness and beauty and strength to thee;  
 And the Cross, which was stained with blood, for Thee,  
 Secure, to thy faith, the victory.

## XII.

### THE TWELFTH ADDRESS

\* TO THE GRADUATING CLASS AT ST. MARY'S HALL.

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#### THE TWO NEW GRAVES.

THERE are two new graves, in sweet St. Mary's Church Yard ; to which my heart must ever turn. I have stood at both of them, within four months. And, there were tears, of mine, mixed, with the earth, in both. Pastoral tears. Love's tears. Tears of sorrow. But, not, of one, who sorrows, "as others, who have no hope." They, who sleep in them, fell asleep, in Jesus. They rest, in Him. They will be with Him, at the Resurrection. "For, if we believe that Jesus died, and rose again, even so, them, also, which sleep in Jesus, will God bring with Him." They were of your sex, my children ; and were patterns for you, both. Come, with me, for a moment, to these graves. Nay, do not shrink ! There is no sadness in such graves. Jesus was there, before them. And, has left a blessing, with the grave clothes. And, a fragrance, sweeter, far, than all the spices, which the holy

\* March, A. D. 1855.



women brought for the embalming of His body. Come, with me, darlings, for a moment, to their graves.

In the grave, that we shall go to, first, sleeps one, who had seen ninety winters. Think of that, my children ! Ninety winters ! She was twelve years older than our Nation. She was of patriot blood. And was, herself, a patriot. Scarcely an earthly blessing, that was not mixed, in her full cup. Position ; influence ; wealth ; domestic happiness ; troops of friends ; good health, for more than eighty years : what the world calls, a prosperous fortune, was never more completely realized. And, yet, they did not spoil her. They did not touch the substance of her soul. She only seemed to know them, as the motives for habitual thankfulness. She was the simplest, the humblest, the gentlest, the least selfish, of women. She was the "little child," of Jesus Christ. *In* the world, she was not *of* the world. Or, only, *of* it, to be a blessing *to* it. The freest from faults, of any one, I ever knew ; she was the most penitential. With a hand, that scattered bounties, like the spring ; with a tongue, that dropped blessings, like the dew ; with a heart, which realized, as far as human nature may, the Apostolic portraiture of love ; kind, envying not, thinking no evil, believing all things, hoping all things, enduring all things : she, yet, could find no word of David, strong enough to bear the impression of her own unworthiness. In the habitual, lifelong, practice of " whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are venerable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely,

whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, if there be any praise": the prayer, which seemed, to her, the most expressive of her case and character, was, "God be merciful to me, the sinner!" Thus moulded, and sustained, by grace, the purchase of the Cross, through her long life; her daily effort, to adorn the doctrine of God, her Saviour, in all things; the posture, which Mrs. \* BRADFORD chose, to die in, was that of His own little, trusting, child: and "Even so, come, Lord Jesus," were the words, which bore her parting spirit, to its resting place, in Paradise.

Three steps, my children, and we stand, by the new grave, in which the mortal sleeps, of a fair girl, who saw but nineteen summers: and, then, passed to the bright world, where all is always Spring. Three years ago, she stood, my children, where you stand. Three years ago, she knelt, where you have knelt. Three years ago, she went, from here; as you are soon, to go. Like yours, her childhood had been nurtured, here. Like yours, her youth, here, blushed, into its bloom. Like yours, her feet reached, here, the verge of opening womanhood. She was taught, here, as you have been. She prayed, here, as you have prayed. Like some of you, the heavenly grace, which waits upon you, here, did not possess her soul, with the full measure of its power and peace. Like some of you, she went, from this divine and sacred fold, with hopes, too

\* The daughter of the Hon. Elias Boudinot, President of the Congress of the United States, in 1783; the niece of Richard Stockton, Esq., a signer of the Declaration; and the wife of William Bradford, Attorney-General of the United States, under General Washington.

high, of what this world can yield; a heart, too much inclined to seek its rest, on earth. But, the Good Shepherd loved His lamb, too well, to let her wander; and be lost. And, so, He gently touched her, with His hand. And, there was a chill, upon the current of her life. And, a flush, upon the beauty of her cheek. And, a flutter, in the pulses of her heart. And, before she was nineteen, she found, that this was not her home. Before she was nineteen, it was her heart's desire, to depart, and be with Christ. Before she was nineteen, the hymns which she commended to you, my children, as comprising all, you need the most, and should most earnestly embrace, were, "Rock of ages, cleft, for me," and, "Jesus, Saviour of my soul." And, before she was nineteen, the gentle Shepherd sweetly drew His lamb, into the fold: and FANNY ENGLE slept, in her youthful piety, in sweet St. Mary's Church Yard, beside the venerable saintliness of MRS. BRADFORD.

Sweet Fanny, I had loved her,  
 From the time that she was born;  
 And watched her, with the tenderest eye,  
 Through all life's opening morn;  
 And poured, for her, the pastoral prayer,  
 That God, her feet, would guide;  
 And, all along the world's wild ways,  
 Still keep her, by His side.

How glad I was to meet her,  
 Along the shaded lane;  
 With smiling face, and books in hand,  
 To join the maiden train.

And, when, from sweet St. Mary's walls,  
 The time had come to part ;  
 The blessing, which went with her,  
 Bore, with it, all my heart.

The world lay bright, before her,  
 All sunshine, and all flowers :  
 No cloud, upon its azure sky ;  
 No blight, upon its bowers.  
 Her eager eye shot forward,  
 Through life's untrodden ways ;  
 And filled her heart with fancies,  
 Of long and joyous days.

But, sickness came, and anguish,  
 And dimmed the beaming eye ;  
 Life seemed a fleeting vapour ;  
 Its music, but a sigh :  
 Till, God, for things eternal,  
 Her youthful heart, had won,  
 And drawn her, sweetly, to Himself,  
 Through Christ, His suffering Son.

It was a silent chamber—  
 We knelt beside her, there ;  
 To pour our hearts together,  
 In the Church's voice of prayer :  
 And the Bread of Life was broken,  
 And the Cup of Life was poured ;  
 And we feasted, in our sorrows,  
 On the Banquet of the Lord.

Again, that silent chamber—  
 With its ministries of love :  
 Where the fitting, flickering, spirit,  
 With earth's hold upon it, strove :

And we watched the life-stream, ebbing,  
 Till the latest drop was shed :  
 And we knew, our sweetest Fanny,  
 Was among the blessed dead.

Once more, that silent chamber—  
 A sacred chamber, now ;  
 Where love's last kiss I printed,  
 On that cold and marble brow.  
 There were fairest flowers, around her,  
 That affection's hand could shower ;  
 But, I knew her, safe, in Paradise,  
 An immortal, fairer, flower.

Sweet Fanny, we have laid her,  
 Amidst the drifted snow ;  
 But we know her glad feet wander,  
 By the crystal river's flow,  
 Where the Lamb, His loved ones, leading—  
 No sorrows, cares, or fears,—  
 With food, from heaven, is feeding,  
 While He wipes away their tears.

Sweet Fanny, though we mourn her,  
 We would not call her, here ;  
 But praise the Grace, that bore her,  
 To that unclouded sphere :  
 With humble hope, to follow on,  
 The path, her footsteps trod ;  
 Till, saved, through Christ, we find, at last,  
 Our darling, with our God.

But, three more words, my daughters, by these two new graves. *Learn, there, the power of Grace.* To change the heart. To sanctify the life. To overcome the world. To give the victory, in death. Again,

*See, how it works, in cases differing so widely, the same beautiful result.* The matron of ninety. The maiden of nineteen. The same peace. The same hope. The same consolation. The same dependence, on the Cross. The same comfort, in prayer. The same strength, through the Holy Eucharist. The same loosening, from the world. The same surrender, to the Saviour. The same blessed hope of immortality. "I know that my Redeemer liveth." "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me." "Thou shalt show me the path of life: in Thy presence is the fulness of joy, and at Thy right hand there is pleasure for evermore." Once more. *Learn, by these two new graves, the wisdom and the happiness of early seeking God.* Think of that life of ninety years, without the comforts of His Grace. Think of that early death, without its hopes. It was the parting message, which that dear child sent you, by me; "Remember, now, thy Creator, in the days of thy youth." Think, if the next new grave be yours! Think of a grave, without the Cross! Think of the Judge, should He not also be your Saviour! Think of eternity, away from God!

### XIII.

## THE THIRTEENTH ADDRESS

\* TO THE GRADUATING CLASS AT ST. MARY'S HALL.

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#### THE HANDMAID OF THE LORD.

“BEHOLD THE HANDMAID OF THE LORD.” How beautiful that scene! The meek and matchless Mary goes about, among the cares and toils of her poor home. Or, reads of Ruth, the loving and the true; or of the patriot Esther, who saved her people, from the rage of Haman. Or, meditates some glowing theme, of rapt Isaiah. Or, warbles some high strain, from the ancestral harp of David. Or, kneels down, to pray. Upon her maiden privacy, a light, from Heaven, breaks in. It is the shadow of an Angel. Gabriel is with her, with a message, from the Lord. And such a message! She knew the pangs, which it would cost. She knew what evil thoughts would rise, in evil men. She knew how Joseph’s loving nature must be wrung. She was a woman, and a maiden: and she knew, and felt, it all. But, she knew it was God’s will. And she said, “Behold, the

handmaid of the Lord ; be it unto me, according to thy word !”

“ Behold the handmaid of the Lord !” How often, have your eyes, dear children, rested on these words !\* It is mine, to-day, to write them, on your hearts.

“ Mother of Jesus, blessed Maid,  
Lily of Eden’s fragrant shade,  
Who can express the love ;  
Which nurtured thee, so pure and sweet,  
To make thy heart, a shelter, meet,  
For the celestial Dove !”

“ Behold the handmaid of the Lord !” “ *The handmaid of the Lord*” must trust. It is the noblest trait, which nature wins, from grace. To take God’s way ; and think it best. Nay ; to be sure, it is : because, it *is* His way. It is not natural, to do so. Nature is self-willed ; loves its own way ; will have it, if it can ; and, fret, if it cannot. “ The handmaid of the Lord ” will put her trust in Him. She will say, as Mary said, “ Be it unto me, according to Thy word.” She will say, as Mary’s Saviour said, “ Nevertheless, not as I will ; but as Thou wilt.” No matter what it is. She will believe, that God knows best. She will commit her way to Him. She will put her trust in Him. She will be sure, that He will bring it to pass. If not, in her way ; in a better. Like that afflicted one, of old : “ I know, O Lord, that Thy judgments are right ; and that Thou, of very faithfulness, hast caused me to be troubled.”

\* They are the legend, in the Chancel window of the Chapel of the Holy Innocents, at St. Mary’s Hall ; in which the morning and the evening prayer are daily said.



“Behold the handmaid of the Lord.” “*The handmaid of the Lord*” must wait. This, if possible, is even harder than to trust. It needs more grace. Nature is impatient. If it wants any thing, it wants it, now. If it is to do any thing, it must do it, now. If it has any thing to suffer, it must meet it, now. It can do any thing, better than wait. How we see this, in a little child! And how few of us are more than little children, in this matter! But, God, who need not, uses time in every thing. Time to create the world: which might have burst into full being, as the light did. Time, for the germ to start, and for the bud to swell, and for the flower to sweeten: when the full cluster might spring, purple, on the Vine. Time for the embryo, and for the infant, and for the child, and for the youth, and for the man: who might have stood, at once, erect and grand, as Adam did, in Eden. Time, for the development of the body. Time, for the unfolding of the mind. Time, for the maturity of the character. Time, for the experience of life. Time, for the endurance of death. Time, for the encounter of eternity. “The handmaid of the Lord” must wait. “Wait, I say, on the Lord.” Not, when I will, but when Thou wilt. Thou, Who canst wait on me, teach me to wait on Thee; to choose Thy time, as well as take Thy way. Thou, Who art patient, because Thou art immortal, imbue me with Thy patience; that I may be partaker of Thy immortality! “Behold the handmaid of the Lord!”

“Behold the handmaid of the Lord.” “*The handmaid of the Lord*” must suffer. Suffering is an incident

of humanity. With women, it is a habit. It is constitutional, with their sex. Suffering, as wives. Suffering, as mothers. Suffering, as women. Nor is it constitutional, only ; but, of their temperament. The sensibility, which gives a keener zest to their enjoyment ; the susceptibility, which so enhances their loveliness ; are elementary, also, in their suffering. Nay, it is in their gentleness, and tenderness, and delicateness, and frailness, that the secret of their strength lies hid. The weak are the only conquerors of the strong. It is their weakness, which wins for them an unresisted victory. And, mark the beautiful compensation. From suffering, their meekness. From suffering, their endurance. From suffering, their thoughtfulness. From suffering, their self-collectedness. From suffering, their lovingness. From suffering, their confidence. From suffering, their piety. How could our daughters soothe us, how could our sisters cheer us, how could our mothers nurse us, how could our wives comfort, sustain, and bless, us, but from the sympathy, which only comes of suffering ? And, what but that confidingness and tenderheartedness, and looking on, beyond the present, to a better and a happier future, which suffering teaches best, and soonest, brought women, to be ministering angels, to the Saviour, in His life ; and, when Apostles fled, the martyrs of His death ?

“ Last, at his Cross, and earliest, at His grave.”

“ Behold the handmaid of the Lord.” “ *The handmaid of the Lord* ” must pray. The sex, to which we owe our mothers, is more native to religion. We see it

everywhere. We feel it, always. It fills our Churches, with worshippers. It surrounds our altars, with communicants. It supplies our hospitals, with nurses. It dignifies humanity, with the blessed names of Sisters of Mercy, and Sisters of Charity. It has adorned the age with Florence Nightingale; the very darling of the human race. "Behold the handmaid of the Lord."

"BEHOLD THE HANDMAID OF THE LORD." Beloved ones, may you, indeed, be such! The handmaids of the Lord, to trust. The handmaids of the Lord, to wait. And, since you are, and must be, the handmaids of the Lord, to suffer; the handmaids of the Lord, to pray.

"Oh joyous creatures, that will sink to rest,  
 Lightly, when eve's pure orisons are done,  
 As birds, with slumber's honey-dew, oppressed,  
 Midst the dim folded leaves, at set of sun :  
 Lift up your hearts ; though, yet, no sorrow lies  
 Dark, in the summer heaven of those clear eyes.

Though, fresh, within your breast, the untroubled springs  
 Of hope make melody, where'er ye tread ;  
 And, o'er your sleep, bright shadows, from the wings  
 Of spirits, visiting but youth, be spread ;  
 Yet, in those flute-like voices, mingling low,  
 Is woman's tenderness : how soon, her wo !

Her lot is on you—silent tears to weep,  
 And patient smiles to wear, through suffering's hour ;  
 And, sunless riches, from affection's deep,  
 To pour, on broken reeds, a wasted shower ;  
 And, to make idols, and to find them clay,  
 And, to bewail that worship : therefore, pray.

Her lot is on you—to be found untired,  
 Watching the stars out, by the bed of pain,  
 With a pale cheek, and, yet, a brow inspired,  
 And a true heart of hope, though hope be vain ;  
 Meekly to bear with wrong, to cheer decay ;  
 And, oh, to love through all things : therefore, pray.

And, take the thought of this calm parting time  
 With its low murmuring sounds and sacred light,  
 On, through the dark days, fading from their prime,  
 As a sweet dew, to keep your souls from blight.  
 Earth will forsake. Oh, happy, to have given  
 The unbroken heart's first fragrance, unto Heaven."

My darlings, we are now to part. We have lived and loved together, many happy years. But, love must be unselfish. Its fondest token and its truest triumph are in sacrifice. Go, then, to be the light of other hearths, the joy of other hearts. Go, to be daughters, sisters, wives. Go, to shed fragrance, on your homes. Go, to make sunshine in dark places. Go, to be pillars of the Church. Go, to be comforters of age. Go, to be soothers of affliction. Go, to be teachers of the young, and patterns to your sex, and blessings to your kind. Wherever you may be, whatever you may do, however you may have to suffer, bear, ever, in your heart of hearts, that sacred scroll ; which, for the last time, now, may fill your moistened eyes ; " Behold the handmaid of the Lord ! " Be, everywhere, be, always, be, in every way,

THE HANDMAIDS OF THE LORD.

## XIV.

### THE FOURTEENTH ADDRESS

\* TO THE GRADUATING CLASS AT ST. MARY'S HALL.

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THE HOME ; THE SCHOOL ; THE CHURCH.

By the good hand of God, upon me, I have lived, to see St. Mary's Hall, of age. Our next birth-day is our one and twentieth : and, as if to mark the year of our majority, we exceed, by seven, the highest number, that has ever graduated. To day, we send forth, from our guarded hearth, and sacred shrine, three and twenty—which, but for failing health, had been twenty-four †—who have, for years, been daughters of our house and heart. To lose the loving words and cheering smiles of four and twenty daughters, from one old man's home, is not a loss, that can be estimated, in any language, or by any figures. But, then, what is it, to have given, to the world, in one day, four and twenty women ?

St. Mary's Hall was opened, on the first day of May,

\* March, A. D. 1857.

† One, who, from infirm health, was unable to complete the course ; but hopes to return.

in the year of our Lord, 1837. I was young, then; and full of hope. I do not feel, now, one day older: nor, am I, one whit, less hopeful. In the early years of its existence, I was often asked—not, however, for the last twelve—why, I began\* with a girls' school. It was a thoughtless question; which no one should have asked, who ever had a mother. I thank God, that the wisdom of the act has been, long since, fully justified. More than two thousand girls have gone out, from these walls. Too many of them, by far, have not stayed, long enough. But, wherever I hear of them—and they are found, in every state, throughout the Union—I hear of them, as centres of good influences; and, in the regions, where the Church still struggles, for a foot-hold, they are welcomed, as the Missionary's most efficient helpers, or best substitutes. I aimed, at this. That they should be daughters, sisters, wives and mothers, to bless and sanctify their homes; and, that they should shed out, on the world, around them, the light and warmth of their own consecrated hearths. And, I have not been disappointed. While, in the loving way, in which, in letters, that would make a volume, which have, lately, come, to me,† they ascribe the good, that is in them, and the happiness, which they enjoy, to their religious training, here, I find an overpayment, for ten thousand times, the loss, and suffering and sorrow, with which God has pleased to visit me.

\* Burlington College was opened, in 1846.

† At my request, that all, who had been here, would inform me of their whereabouts.

St. Mary's Hall is, just, what it was meant to be. After the trial of so many years, it is but justice to the case, to say, that it has done just, what it was meant to do; just in the way, that it was meant to do it. And, this, by a threefold influence combined: **THE HOME; THE SCHOOL; THE CHURCH.**

*At St. Mary's Hall, the children are at Home.* They are watched over, by a father. They are cared for, by a mother. And, that, most wisely, and tenderly. And, both are aided and sustained, by all the tenderness, and carefulness, which beautify the love of elder sisters. It would not do, to boast. All human provisions are uncertain. But, in the general, it may be said, that, in all that constitutes protection, from every form of danger, to person, to health, to purity—whatever, would be thought of, first, or last, as safety, for a girl—St. Mary's Hall is better provided, than the houses, from which its inmates come. For healthiness, it has, always, been a marvel. And, in a recent case of extremest illness, the most intelligent and unequivocal testimony is borne, that no home-care could have met the case, as well. But, after all, the test of home, is the home-feeling. And, in the absence of home-sickness; in the contented cheerfulness, which fills and animates the house; in the anxiety, to stay here; and, in the love, which, after eighteen years, and more, still, yearns, towards its walls, and cherishes its memories, as traditions of delight, there is such evidence, as none can question, that St. Mary's Hall is, and is felt to be, a home. Not, for specific acts of kindness, or of carefulness, alone; not,

for its habits of affection and devotion; not, for its uniformity, and constancy, and certainty, in every thing: but, that pervading and prevailing atmosphere, which moulds the nature, in unconsciousness; and tones the temper, and the feelings, and the thoughts, into the unity and unreserve of love.

*At St. Mary's Hall, the children are at School.* The course of study covers all the ground of female education. It only asks more time, than parents, commonly, afford for it. But, the outline is complete; and the details are disposed of, with a just discrimination. Elementary studies are dealt with, and insisted on, as fundamental. Grammar, Geography, Arithmetic, and History, must be mastered. For the rest, Mathematical studies, as clearing, settling, satisfying, the mind, and giving self-reliance, accuracy, and certainty, to the whole woman, are most faithfully, and most successfully, pursued. The female mind takes well to Mathematics. And, we have seen the moral benefit of their wise discipline, among our elder daughters, in the steadiness, and stableness, and settledness, and well proportionedness, and equipoise, of the whole character. But, our highest aim, the grand result, to which all this contributes, is to enable them, having thought good thoughts, to utter them, in the very best vernacular. English composition is my own department: and it is heart-work, with us; and done, as, only, heart-work is. In these departments, the Mathematical and English, and in all that is more elementary, the examination, just completed, has enabled you to judge, of what is done,



and how. The languages of Continental Europe, the French, the Italian, the Spanish, and the German,\* are as extensively brought in, as the time, in each particular case, permits. And, *they*, not only, but the Latin language, relied on, as, for their separate, intrinsic, value, so, for their absolute necessity, to the true mastery of the noblest language, which the world has ever listened to, our own dear mother tongue. Nor, with all these solid and substantial branches, are the adornments of a woman disregarded. In the concert-room, and in the picture-room, there are results of taste and beauty, to be heard, and seen; which would be much, if they were all, that is accomplished in the time: and are truly wonderful, when the short time, which they can have, is thought of. And, yet when all is done, it is not, to attainments, or acquirements, or improvements, as specially regarded, that we ascribe the value of our plan. But, to its influence, as a well-organized and energizing system, to discipline and train the mind; and fit the future woman, for her duties and responsibilities, as daughter, sister, wife, and mother: and, especially, for that, which is the highest work of men or women; which every man and woman, whether they will or not, is doing, more or less; and, which Jesus dignified and glorified, the work of teaching.

*But, what were a Home, what were a School, without the Church?* Blank heathenism! The sinful sensuality of Pompeii. The painted cloud banks of the Academy. As, in that graphic picture of their proudest,

\* There is no additional charge, for any thing.

whom St. Paul preached to, at Athens: "And, when they heard of the resurrection of the dead, some mocked; and others said, We will hear thee again of this matter." It is the glory of our nature, that it was made, in God's own image. It was its curse, to lose that image, by transgression. It is its blessing, that it is restored, to penitential faith, in Christ. Hence, the atoning Cross. Hence, the restoring Church. As, at the first, "the saved" were "added to the Church,"\* and, so, were "added to the Lord," from Whom, their sins had parted them; so, to the last, it must be. Therefore, St. Mary's Hall is in the Church; is so much of the Church. And, hence, alone, from God, its vitality and value. But, for that, I could ask, for it, no confidence. But, for that, I could expect, for it, no blessing. Or, only such, as may be asked for any farm, or shop, or ship; that it may prosper, in this world: make money; and, then, keep it! It is because St. Mary's Hall is founded, on the Rock, Christ Jesus, that it stands, against all storms, all floods, all foes, of earth, or hell. And, it is because St. Mary's Hall is brooded over, by the wings of that descending Dove, which settled on the Saviour's head, that the dear children here, have grown, in grace, and gone on, towards perfection; and carried to so many homes, the blessings, which they gathered, here; and, led so many parents, to the Font, or to the Altar; and sanctified so many hearths: and, literally, turned "the hearts of the fathers, to the children, and the disobedient, to the wisdom of

\* Acts ii. 47; v. 14.

the justified." The teaching of the Church, in God's own holy word; the ministry, of the Church, entrusted, as His stewards, with His grace; the prayers of the Church; the sacraments of the Church; the training of the Church; the music of the Angels, in the Church; the beauty of holiness, in the Church; the very atmosphere of Heaven anticipated, in the Church: these are our arms; these are our agencies; these are our influences, from God, for good; in these, is our hope; on these, is our reliance; by these, is our triumph; through these, is our victory, in that one Banner, which must, always, conquer; and, on account of these, our claim, to human confidence, and our certainty, that God is with us, of a truth, and will continue, to us, His blessing. This was our forecast reliance, from the first. This has been, year after year, for twenty years, the accumulating experience of every day. To this, the letters of the dear ones, who have gone, from here, for eighteen years, bear testimony, that has melted my whole nature, in the deep sense of my unworthiness, to be the minister of so much grace; and filled my heart, to bursting, with devoutest gratitude, to God, from Whom, alone, these blessings are derived. And, it is, in this spirit, and with this conviction, and on this confidence, that our closing act is a religious act: and, that, as yesterday\* we bade these darlings of our heart to come, and be partakers, with us, at this holy Altar, of that spiritual food, which nourishes to immortality; so, to-day, we do not let them go, without a blessing: commending them,

\* The Feast of the Annunciation.

to Him, to keep, and guide, and care for, Who alone, can lead them safely, through the dangerous paths of life; sustain their sinking spirits, in the hour and agony of death; and enable us to stand up with them, at the last—redeemed, through His dear blood, Who died for us; and, then, renewed and sanctified, by the divine and Holy Spirit, Which He purchased for us—and say, with trembling, but, triumphant, love and joy, “Behold I, and the children, which God hath given me!”

Beloved ones, the parting hour has come. How shall I speak the words, which bid you, from my side? How shall I say, to you, farewell? Only, in that triumphant grace, which conquers, even, self. Only, in that true love, which can forget its own, to seek another’s good. Go then, my children, to your homes. Go; and be comforts, to your parents. Go; and be blessings, to your neighbourhoods. Go; and be daughters of the Church. Go; and be women, such as God made: the helpers, the comforters, the ornaments, the blessings, of your kind.

“I saw her, upon nearer view,  
 A spirit, yet a woman, too!  
 Her household motions, light and free,  
 And steps of virgin liberty;  
 A countenance in which did meet  
 Sweet records, promises as sweet;  
 A creature, not too bright or good,  
 For human nature’s daily food:  
 For transient sorrows, simple wiles,  
 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 The reason firm, the temperate will,  
 Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;

A perfect woman, nobly planned,  
 To warn, to comfort and command :  
 And, yet, a spirit, still, and bright,  
 With something of an angel's light." \*

Beloved, we must part. You take, with you, my love, my prayers, my blessing. Every day, your sweet remembrance shall go up, with my best loved, to Him, Who hears the prayer. Let me be thought of, at the twilight hour; and, mentioned, sometimes, in your orisons. You have had, beloved ones, and those like you, the twenty best years of my life. With my heart, I thank God, Who enabled me to do the service. Nothing, in it, that is not overpaid, by the sweet assurance of your love. Nothing, that could have been in it, of cost, or loss, or sacrifice, or death, that were not welcome, as the airs of Paradise, for the confidence of what you, and such as you, will be. And, for myself, I ask no words, upon my grave—the only land, that I can ever own—but the record, that it holds the dust of him, whom God employed, to found St. Mary's Hall. My children, may God bless you!

Wordsworth.

## XV.

### THE FIFTEENTH ADDRESS

\* TO THE GRADUATING CLASS AT ST. MARY'S HALL.

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THE POLISHED CORNERS OF THE TEMPLE.

THIS is the one and twentieth birth-day of St. Mary's Hall. It seems to me, impossible. But the other day, as I sat, at work, in my study, in that old Academy, which stood, where St. Mary's Church, now, stands, it was proposed to me, to buy the property, built, as a school, for Friends, to be a girls' school of the Church. But the other day, I set my hand to a pamphlet, entitled "Female Education, on Christian Principles;" the first announcement of my plan. But the other day, on a beautiful May morning, these doors were opened, to a little band of timid girls; who are now abroad upon the land: its mothers, and its grandmothers; God bless them! And, now, scarce a city, or a town, or a village, or a hamlet, in which St. Mary's Hall is not "a household word." While, each successive

\* March, A. D. 1858.

year, the living stream of women has flowed out; to beautify, and fertilize, the land. For these exceeding blessings of His Providence and Grace, God's holy name be praised! That He may still continue them; and, that St. Mary's Hall, through generation after generation, while the world shall stand, may be a name, still, and a praise, let us devoutly ask Him, through the merits of His Son, our only Saviour Jesus Christ.

To-day, the one and twentieth time, the wave of womanhood wells out, again, upon the world. To bear on it, what blessings, or what curses! For, as the women are, the world will be. Women, like Hannah, will bear sons, like Samuel. Women, like Martha, and her sister Mary, will make any house, a home, for Christ. Women, like Lydia, will be mothers of the Church. Women, like men, are children of the Fall. They bear, in them, the seeds of sin. They are the children of God's wrath. To be *His* children, they must be born again. To continue His children, they must daily be renewed. It is what St. Paul hath said, "Not, by works of righteousness, which we have done, but according to His mercy, He saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and the renewing of the Holy Ghost." It is upon the broad basis of the Gospel, that St. Mary's Hall is founded. It is through these transforming influences, that the dear children, who come here, are sought to be built up, "as living stones." It is by faithful preaching of the word of God, and the faithful ministrations of His mysteries, that we strive, day after day, not without constant prayers, to fit them

in, as "polished corners of the Temple." We strive to build them, into the Temple, as its corners; and, they, polished.

*We strive to build them into the Temple.* Our doors are thrown wide open. We welcome all, who come. We ask no questions, of the Christian name, by which they have been called. We gather in, of every sort, from every land. Daily, the Church's prayers are offered. Daily, the word of God, is read. Continually, the Font is filled with water. On every Lord's day, the Holy Table offers its immortal food. We are one family, in Christ. The daughters of the Church feed, with us, at the banquet of that heavenly food. One, and another, feels the sacred glow of the Redeemer's love. One, and another, comes to us, to hear of Christ. One, and another, asks to be instructed, in the knowledge of salvation. One, and another, bends beside the Font, to own the Saviour; and to take His Cross. One, and another, kneels before the sacred rail, to ask the gift of the Divine and Holy Spirit, in "the laying on of hands." One, and another, comes, in deep humility, to ask the crumbs, which fall, from His full board. Within a year, twenty have owned the gospel covenant, in holy baptism. Within a year, fifty have been confirmed: of whom, not less than forty are communicants. The present number of communicants, who have been trained and nurtured, here, is seventy. Till one feels, as they approach, to be partakers of that heavenly feast, the beauty of the Prophet's words: "Who are these, that fly, as a cloud; and as doves, to their windows?" And,



thus, they are built in, through faith, which works by love; as living stones: while, "all the building, fitly framed together, groweth unto a holy temple, in the Lord."

But we would *build them in, as "corner stones."* The Psalmist, so, describes them: "that our daughters may be as the corner stones." Women, are not for ornament, alone; or chiefly. They are, for use. What were our homes, without them! What a desolate thing, a house, without its mistress! What a deserted thing, a family, without a mother! What a loneliness, our life were, without sisters, daughters, grand-daughters! They are the corner-stones of human society. They should be corner-stones, in the Church. Who were the Saviour's ministers and comforters, on earth? "The holy women." Who were the earliest, at His grave, with the sweet spices, to anoint His body? "The holy women." Who are first named in the sad company, which gathered, in that upper room, after the Ascension? "The holy women." Whom does St. Paul set foremost, as his helpers, in the Gospel? "The holy women." What were the Church now, humanly regarded, but for "the holy women?" Whom does the Missionary find readiest, to welcome, and to cheer him, in his wandering ministry? "The holy women." Who, under God, are the life and soul of our foreign enterprises, for Christ, in Greece, in China,\* and in Africa? "The holy women." Whom do we count on, as certain worshippers, at all our daily services? "The holy women." Who

\* One of them, a dear daughter of St. Mary's Hall.

are the readiest, in winter's cold, or summer's heat, to seek the poor, the sick, the sad, to comfort and relieve them? "The holy women." Who are most willing to deny themselves, and toil, and pray, to help us, as we feed the lambs of Christ? "The holy women." These are the corner stones, of which we speak. To have such women, is our object, here. Not women, to display fine dresses, or rich jewellery! Not women, to be rolled about, in easy carriages, from shop to shop, or theatre to theatre! Not women, to loll, listlessly, upon luxurious sofas, with the newest novel! But, working women, caring women, loving women: such as Solomon praised; who look well to the ways of their household, and eat not the bread of idleness. Women: such as St. Paul commends: "well reported of for good works; who have brought up children; who have lodged strangers; who have washed the feet of saints; who have relieved the afflicted; who have diligently followed every good work." Women, such as St. Peter paints; whose adorning is "not that outward adorning, of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit; which is, in the sight of God, of great price." These were the Sarahs, the Rachels, the Rebeccas, the Miriams, the Ruths, the Marys, the Lydias, the Phebes, the Priscillas, of the Bible. These, as women professing godliness, and practising what they profess, are the corner stones, which we endeavour to build into the Temple. Of them, thank God, a mul-

itude are, now, in every quarter of the land; the human strength and firmness of the Church: and, to them, we venture to ascribe the eulogy of Israel's wisest king, "many daughters have done virtuously;" but ye excel them all.

*But, our corner stones, we would have polished.* In David's phrase, "the polished corners of the Temple." Not the polish, which rubs off. Not the polish, which conceals a base material. Not the polish, which eats into, and corrodes, the substance. That, only, can receive a polish, which, itself, is real. We burnish gold; not lead. We polish marble; and not sand stone. What, but the diamond, is the most solid of all substances! What, but the Ko-hi-noor, that could light up a darkened room! Therefore, we teach the children, solidly. We strengthen and compact the texture of their minds. We teach them history. We teach them grammar. We teach them languages. We teach them mathematics. More than all, we teach them the truth of God; and train them, in the order, and the service, of His Church. Upon these live realities, the polish, surely, takes. It does but bring out, what they are. It does but tell the truth, that lies within. It will make them gracious, as well as graceful. It will be their armour, as well as, their ornament. Its clear shining will dispel the darkness, and its works. Its clear shining will drive off the devil, and all devilish men. Its clear shining will win Angels, to them; for their succour. Its clear shining, will be bright, forever;

in the mediatorial crown of Him, Who bought them with His blood.

Neighbours and friends, such is the simple story of our efforts, and our hopes. And, these—we say, with humble thankfulness to God—these are such fruits of them, as over-pay them all. For such as these, we live. For such as these, we toil. For such as these, we watch. For such as these, we pray. Be these, and such as these, our latest memories, in death. Be these, and such as these, the sharers, with us, of the bliss of heaven. We ask it, for His sake, Whose precious lambs they are. We ask it, for His sake, Who loved us, and washed us with His blood.

Beloved daughters of my house and heart, this is our parting day: and it is no “sweet sorrow.” It is a parting, that wrings hearts. It is a parting, that brings tears. Thank God, that, through our tears, we can look up, to Heaven; and, by faith, behold that happy home, where, if we follow faithfully, the Lamb, we shall all meet, at last, to part no more. Beloved daughters, as you stand, before me, my heart supplies the forms of four, like you, who hoped to have stood, with you. Alice Van Valkenburgh, Mary Nolen, Catharine Barkalow, and Amelia Clarke, are with the silent dead. Our hearts will twine some cypress, with the laurel. Our tears shall green the sod, that wraps their graves. Dear children! They “were pleasant and lovely, in their lives.” In their deaths, they were not long divided. Beloved daughters, there are graves prepared, for you. One and another will open, for you, on your

way of life. One and another of you will lie down, in them; to be seen here, no more. Let the thought chastise the overweening eagerness of youth. Let it mingle its mementoes, with the songs of joy, that cheer the day. Let it rise up, in hours, which tempt you, with too much of this world's cheating charms; to tell you of another and a better. Cling to that Cross, which you have all embraced. Nestle yourselves, ever, beneath the brooding wings of that celestial Dove; Which, once, descended on your heads. Feed, in true penitential faith, upon that "Bread, which cometh down from heaven; Which is the life of the world." And strive, through grace, till you shall win, through mercy, the crown of everlasting life. Only the Cross could purchase it. Only the Dove can make you fit for it.

## XVI.

### THE SIXTEENTH ADDRESS

\* TO THE GRADUATING CLASS AT ST. MARY'S HALL.

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#### THE SWARM.

AGAIN, the old hive swarms. There is a flush of life, upon the grass. There is a scent of spring, upon the air. The birds are twittering, back, to their old nests. The maple flings its crimson banner, to the sky. The willow blushes, into green. The life pulse can be stilled, no longer. The life-glow can, no longer, be repressed. There is a restless heaving of the mass. There is a hum. There is a flutter. There is a start. The old hive swarms, again. And, they are off. Off, to the Northern hills. Off, to the Western prairies. Off, to the sweet savannas of the South. Off, to sip sweetness, from the flowers. Off, to hoard sweetness, for their homes. Off, to return no more!—It is the two and twentieth annual swarm. And I stand here: to follow them, while eye can reach; to fold their precious memories, in my heart of love; to pursue them, with my blessing; and to shield them, with my prayers. Wherever, they may wing their wandering way, God

\* March, A. D. 1859.

guide them ; keep them ; comfort them ! Poor things !  
They need it, all !

That were a strange map, which traced, with individual lines, these annual swarms, of two and twenty years. To China. To South America. To Great Britain. To the islands of the sea. To every state and territory of our own vast empire. To the forests of Maine. To the rice-fields of Georgia. To the sugar-plantations of Mississippi. To so many happy homes. To so many peaceful Parsonages. To so many hearths of contentment. To so many hearts of love. Alas, that I must add, to so many early graves ; just green-  
ing, with the Spring ! And that were a still stranger map, which sketched, as God looks down, upon them all, the pathways of that inner life ; which each is travelling on, toward that unseen world, which hangs about us, like the sky ; which, in one moment, may close in upon our souls ; whose issues are unchanging and eternal ; as the God, who orders them, in justice and in mercy.

“ Beyond this vale of tears,  
There is a life above ;  
Unmeasured, by the flight of years :  
And all that life is love.

“ There is a death, whose pang  
Outlasts the fleeting breath :  
Oh, what eternal horrors hang  
Around the second death !

“ Lord God of truth and grace,  
Teach us that death to shun ;  
Lest we be driven from Thy face,  
For evermore, undone.”

My children, upon this devious and eventful pilgrimage, you are to enter, now ; unshielded, by the sacred home, which has, so long, been your shelter. From its privacy, its peacefulness, its purity, its piety ; the sound of its continual scriptures, the music of its continual songs, the fervour of its continual supplications, the fragrance of its continual sacraments : you are to go out into a world, which cares, but little, for these things. I thank God, for the inestimable confidence, that their roots have taken, in your hearts. I look, to Him, to water, with His grace, these plantings of His word. I beseech Him, mercifully, to grant, that they may live, and grow, in you : nurturing your souls, with spiritual and immortal food ; sheltering your young heads, with their broad, cool, shadow, against the hot blasts of temptation ; and cheering you on, with their refreshing fragrance, through whatever He may order, for your chastening, as His children, until they bring you, where the palms of Paradise spring up, forever green, by the pure river of the water of life. Remember, my beloved, you have not these inestimable blessings, for yourselves, alone. You hold them, as a sacred trust, for your homes, for the Church, for your country, and for your kind. "The times are out of joint." Corruption stalks in our high places. Licentiousness has, well nigh, lost its shame. Infidelity is bold and brazen-faced. The wave of barbarism is rolling back, upon us. For these things, your own sex is greatly answerable. Women are not true, to themselves. They wink at vice. They make a compromise with worldliness. They tolerate irreligion.



And they are the victims of their own unfaithfulness. The stronger sex looks up, in best things, to the weaker. They have, all, had mothers. They have, all, had sisters. They own them, in the sex, to which, they owe them. And, if women were but true, to God; true, to their position; true, to themselves: they would have strength, from Him, to hold the world in check. No woman ever fell, but by her own consent. As, at the first, the woman is the tempter. There is no man, that has not passed into the brute, to do as tigers do, that can resist the matchless majesty of a resolved woman. And, stronger than all law, stronger than any thing, but God, when it is strong, in His strength, would be the power of woman, to put down rudeness, and to lay the bridle, upon license. But, the age is self-indulgent. And, self-indulgence grows by what it feeds on. Women are occupied by fashion. Women are slaves, to dress. Women are willing to be flattered. Women are careless of their companionship. Women are unscrupulous, in their amusements. Young women set up for themselves. They look upon their parents, as old-fashioned. They are impatient of domestic restraints. They are averse to domestic occupations. They vote their home, a bore. They congregate away from its control. They indulge in unseasonable hours. They meet the other sex, more than half-way. They make themselves debtors, for their escort, to places of resort. They permit the approaches of familiarities. They tempt the hidden devil of their nature. They forget their Bibles. They neglect their Prayer Books. They

are women of fashion. They are women of the world. What else they are, is, rather, shaped by opportunity, than by themselves. In this way, home is stripped of its sanctity. In this way, the female atmosphere loses its freshness, and its fragrance. The woman is, no longer, what she was made to be, "a help, meet" for the man. And man ceases to be, what God designed him for; her partner, her prop, and her protector.

I am well persuaded, by the report, which comes, to me, from every quarter of the land, that the women, who have gone out, from before this altar—counted, now, by thousands—are, for the most part, women of another sort. I hear of them, as faithful wives. I hear of them, as devoted mothers. I hear of them, as loving sisters. I hear of them, as obedient daughters. They are centres of good influence, in society. They are stays and ornaments of the Church. It may be said, of them: "Many daughters have done virtuously; but, these excel them all!" To join this hopeful company, beloved ones, you are to go out, now. You go, with the instructions, by which their minds were moulded. You go, with the influences, which God has sanctified, in the transformation of their hearts. You go, with the prayers, which have won down, from heaven, for them, the consolations of the Comforter. You go, with the blessing, which has commended them, to the care and keeping of the Holy One. "Be strong, in the Lord," dear children: "and in the power of His might." Keep your Bibles, ever, in your hearts. Have your Prayer Books, ever, in your hands. Be true, to yourselves.

Be true, to your homes. Be true, to your Church. Be true, to your God. Follow after her, who sat down, at Jesus' feet, and heard His word. Follow after them, who left His Cross, the last, and found His grave, the first. Follow after her, whose sacred legend gleams upon you, now; it may be, for the last time: "behold the handmaid of the Lord!" Remember, always, that you are women. Remember, always, to be "holy women." Keep your hands, ever, on the Cross. Fix your eyes, ever, on the crown. Lambs of THE LAMB, in meekness, and gentleness, and lovingness; be dovelings of THE DOVE, in peace, and purity, and piety. Dear daughters of my heart, God bless you!

## SERMON I.

### \* THE CHURCH THE TEACHER OF CHRIST'S LITTLE CHILDREN.

ST. JOHN XXI. 15.—Jesus saith to Simon Peter, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me more than these? He saith unto him, Yea, Lord; Thou knowest that I love Thee. He saith unto him, FEED MY LAMBS.

THE Son of God had stooped from heaven to earth. He had made Himself of no reputation, and taken upon Him the form of a servant. He had given His hands and His feet to be pierced through with nails; and, from His wounded side, had poured His heart's blood out, upon the ground. But, though He had made Himself obedient unto death, and found the grave, of which Isaiah spake, in the new tomb of Joseph, the grave and death could not confine Him long. Upon the day, which He himself appointed, He brake its bands; and, in His triumph over death, the curse of sin, attested His dominion over sin, the sting of death. One would have thought, that now, His work was done. One would have thought, that now, love's measure was filled up. One would have thought, that, from the Cross, He would go instant to the right hand of

\* These two addresses are printed as fair exponents of my Father's educational plans. This was delivered on the first Sunday after the opening of Burlington College; November, A. D. 1847.

the throne. But no, it is not so. He lingers still on earth. He sojourns still with men. He still goes in and out with the eleven. Are they assembled at their worship in that upper room? Jesus is in the midst of them. Do they pursue their toilsome occupation on the sea? Jesus is near them, on the shore. Do they refresh themselves with the hard earnings of their toil? Jesus is by their frugal board. What can it be that keeps the Saviour still from heaven? Why does He yet forego the glory which the Father hath prepared, in overpayment of the shame? Why is He still upon the earth, from which His blood is scarcely dried; and still with them, who left Him, in His hour of bitter agony, to bleed and die alone? Surely, some unaccomplished purpose presses on His heart. Surely, some latest charge of love is lingering on His lip. So, when He hung upon the Cross, He could not die, till He had said to the disciple whom He loved, "Behold thy mother!" Now, when His work is fully done, and He has only to ascend, and enter on His rest, He cannot go, till He has put in trust, affection's parting and most painful proof, the precious flock, which He had purchased with His blood. It was by the lake-side of Gennesaret, the scene so often of His triumphs and His trials. It was in the midst of them who had been with Him, in His weakness, and in His power. It was now the third time that He had shown Himself to them, since He was risen from the dead. He addresses Himself, to him who had ever been foremost in his protestations of devotion to His service, and to all the rest, through him. By a

single touch of nature, He reminds him of all that he had said, of self-devotion and self-sacrifice for Him: "Lord, I will lay down my life for Thy sake;" "I am ready to go with Thee to prison and to death;" "Though all men should be offended because of Thee, yet will I never be offended!" "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me." Is it true that thou lovest Me, more than these? "FEED MY LAMBS!" Beautiful and touching proof of His dear love, who died for all, for little children! So, when His disciples would have kept the mothers from them, that were thronging to Him, for His blessing on their children, He was much displeased, and said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God." So, when His disciples were disputing, which of them should be the greatest, "He took a little child, and set him in the midst of them," and made him their pattern. And, so, the latest words of love that are on record, when He sat with His Apostles, in the unreserve of friendship's most familiar hour, were His commission to St. Peter, and, with him, to all the Apostles, and through them, to the whole Church, to take good care of little children: "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me more than these?" Prove it then by this, "FEED MY LAMBS!"

Of all the figures in which Jesus was accustomed to set forth His office for mankind, there is none so frequently employed, or with such evident delight, as that of *shepherd*. In like manner, when their office, whom He left to gather from the world a people for His name,

and to prepare them for Himself, is spoken of in Scripture, its most frequent and familiar aspect is the pastoral office. So does Isaiah, long before His coming, speak of Him: "He shall feed His flock like a shepherd, He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young." And so, St. Peter, when the time is nearly come, when he must leave to other hands, the trust with which his Master had returned his love, exhorts the elders, as himself an elder; and falls instinctively upon His parting theme: "feed the flock of God, which is among you, taking the oversight thereof, not by constraint, but willingly, not for filthy lucre, but of a ready mind; neither as being lords over God's heritage, but being ensamples to the flock. And, when the chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away." The injunction to St. Peter, "Feed my lambs," (extended afterwards into the fuller and more comprehensive exhortation, "Feed My sheep,") was the Commission for the Pastoral Office; just as the words with which the Saviour left the Apostles, on the Mount of the Ascension, "Go ye. therefore, and make disciples of all nations," were the Missionary Commission. Its lesson to us, of special fitness for our purposes to-day, is of a threefold application:

- i. The Saviour's little children must be taught;
- ii. The Church must do it;
- iii. It is the test of her true love for Him.

“O Almighty God, who, by Thy Son Jesus Christ, didst give to Thy Apostle, St. Peter, many excellent gifts, and commandedst him earnestly to feed Thy flock; make, we beseech Thee, all bishops and pastors, diligently to preach Thy Holy Word, and the people obediently to follow the same, that they may receive the crown of everlasting glory, through Jesus Christ our Lord.”

i. *The Saviour's little children must be taught.* That children must be taught to read and write, that they must learn grammar and geography and arithmetic, few, that have got beyond the savage state, will need to be informed. Few in our age and country that are content with these attainments for their children. It is indeed a touching thought what efforts, and what self-denial, parents often make, and undergo, for the instruction of their children. How many a father hastes to rise up early, and late takes rest, and eats the bread of carefulness, that he may purchase, for his daughters, the means of those accomplishments, of body and of mind, which may prepare them for acceptance with the world! And how often has the widowed mother worn her eyes with watching, and her hands with work, that she might keep her only son at school, and fit him for a higher station than was ever dreamed of by his forefathers! No one supposes, for one moment, that these things come by nature. No one, who thinks them valuable, thinks of postponing their acquirement, till the child shall seek them for himself. When he can scarcely walk, his limbs are tortured into postures, that his ac-



tion may be graceful. When he can scarcely talk, he is set to learning languages, that his pronunciation may be correct. His eye is trained to exactness in proportions. His ear is tuned to harmony of sounds. His memory is exercised. His taste is cultivated. His powers of reasoning are exerted. His imagination is invigorated. Nothing is left to the slow processes of time. Nothing is trusted to his free choice. His will is, as it were, forestalled. And the hope is, that, before he attains to the period for its exercise, habit will have hardened into nature, and the character have taken its indelible impression. And yet these same persons neglect entirely *the religious education* of their children. They act as if the heart could not go wrong. It is their pride to have them free from prejudice. Their souls, they say, shall be white paper, until they write their creed on it themselves. Theology is too abstruse for youthful minds. They have no notion that their children should be gloomy. Let them enjoy life, while they can. Sickness and sorrow will come soon enough: and then these things will be of course. Besides, what right has one man to determine in this question for another? Is not the soul free? Should not the heart make its own selection? Is it not all between the man himself, and God? As if to be without religion were

\* "Thelwall thought it very unfair to influence a child's mind, by inculcating any opinions, before it should have come to years of discretion, and be able to choose for itself. I showed him my garden, and told him it was my botanical garden. 'How so?' said he, 'it is covered with weeds.'—'Oh,' I replied, '*that* is only because it has not yet come to its age of discretion and choice. The weeds, you see, have taken the liberty to grow; and I thought it unfair in me to prejudice the soil towards roses and strawberries.'"—*Coleridge's Table Talk*, i. 191.

not just as much a settling of the question, as if the choice were fully made; just as black, which is the absence of all the colours, is quite as positive, for every practical purpose, as any of the seven! As if, however true it be that science cannot come by nature, it is not quite as certain that sin will! As if the bias were not, from the start, away from God! As if the attraction of the world were not continually increasing it! As if the devil were not diligent in his vocation, beyond the most devoted teacher of us all! As if the question were not settled, beyond all controversy, in the sure word of God! What was Abraham's commendation, before God, but this, "that he will command his children, and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord?" What was the noble resolution of Joshua, but this, "choose ye whom ye will serve; but, as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord?" What was David's exposition of the matter but this, that God had "made a covenant with Jacob, and given a law to Israel, which He commanded our forefathers to teach their children, that their posterity might know it, and the children which were yet unborn?" What was the lesson of Solomon's wisdom but this, "train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it?" How clear and positive Isaiah's doctrine is! "Whom shall He teach knowledge? And whom shall He make to understand doctrine? Them that are weaned from the milk, and drawn from the breasts: for precept must be upon precept, precept upon precept, line upon line, line upon line, here a lit-

tle, and there a little." And, finally, to cite no more, how perfectly explicit is St. Paul's instruction, "Ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath, but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord!" And how beautiful the illustration, in his own Timothy, who, "from a child," had "known the Holy Scriptures, which" were, "able to make" him "wise unto salvation!" "This culture, this training," says the admirable Bishop Jebb, "ought to commence at a far earlier period than people are commonly aware of. In husbandry, our care begins, long before the process of vegetation is at all apparent. We water the ground before the first shoot appears; and, from the moment it does appear, our carefulness knows no intermission. And so it ought to be in God's husbandry. The infant mind puts forth its shoots with the first dawnings of sensation: and at this period it is, that the most lasting and invaluable impressions may be made. The animal and sensitive parts of our nature are then in full vigour; and as these are then treated, the future happiness or future misery of the human being, will, to an incalculable extent, be determined. For it may be safely affirmed, on the authority, and from the experience of those who are best qualified to speak on such subjects, that, even before reason is perceptibly unfolded, the appetites, the passions, the affections take their bias towards evil or towards good: and those wrong propensities, which it will cost years of exertion to eradicate, may with ease be nipt in the bud; and those good habits, which are afterwards to be attained with

cost and difficulty, may, by proper management, be now made, as it were, the original impulse of the soul.”\*

ii. The Saviour’s little children, it is certain, must be taught. *The Church must do it.* Such is the precept of the Saviour. “Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me, more than these? Feed my lambs.” So, to the Twelve, the great commission ran, “Go ye, therefore, and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you.” And so did the Apostle, on the day of Pentecost, clearly apply it, “Repent, and be baptized, every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost; for the promise is to you and to your children.” There is no aspect of the Church, in Holy Scripture, which does not clearly show, that she is charged of God with the religious care of little children. What does the figure of a Living Body teach us, but that every member is to grow “up unto Him, in all things, which is the head, even Christ;” the babe, to attain through grace, to the full stature of the perfect man? What does the figure of a Vine express, but that the scion, grafted into it, takes nourishment from it, lives through its root, is nourished by its moisture, and from it derives the strength and fatness which develop every bud, and leaf, and tendril, and which swell and sweeten in the full and purple cluster? And what is the lesson which the Fold supplies, but that the Sa-

\* *Practical Theology*, ii. 107.

viour's lambs are placed within the shelter of its sacred pale, that safe from all the chances of the world, the venomous reptile, and the ravenous beast, the food that sickens, and the precipice that kills, they may be fed securely at His hand, and pass from earthly refuge to the blessed bosom of the Shepherd in the heavens? That it may be so—rather, because it must be so—the very first act of this training; or rather, the birth of the new nature, which we hope to train, is holy baptism: “a death unto sin, and a new birth unto righteousness; for being by nature born in sin, and the children of wrath, we are hereby made the children of grace.”\*

“Blest be the Church, that, watching o’er the needs  
Of Infaney, provides a timely shower,  
Whose virtue changes to a Christian Flower  
The sinful product of a bed of weeds!” †

But great, beyond expression, as this blessing is, we are not left to rest on it one moment. Just as St. Paul no sooner says, “according to His mercy He saved us, by the washing of regeneration,” than he adds, in the same breath, “and the renewing of the Holy Ghost;” so does the Church, in her Baptismal Service, from the declaration, “seeing now, dearly beloved brethren, that this child is regenerate,” pass on, at once, to the explicit exhortation, “let us make our prayers, that he may lead the rest of his life according to this beginning.” Nor does she leave us ignorant of what this means, nor bury it in vague and barren generalities; but, in her Exhor-

\* *Catechism.*

† *Wordsworth, Ecclesiastical Sonnets, xvi.*

tation to the Sponsors, traces out the course of duty, with a sunbeam's clearness: "forasmuch as this child hath promised by you his sureties, to renounce the devil and all his works, to believe in God and to serve Him, ye must remember that it is your parts and duties to see that this infant be taught, so soon as he shall be able to learn, what a solemn vow, promise, and profession he hath here made by you. And, that he may know these things the better, ye shall call on him to hear sermons, and chiefly ye shall provide that he may learn the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments, and all other things which a Christian ought to know and believe to his soul's health; and that this child may be virtuously brought up to lead a godly and a Christian life: remembering always that baptism doth represent unto us our profession; which is to follow the example of our Saviour Christ, and to be made like unto Him; that, as He died and rose again for us, so should we, who are baptized, die from sin, and rise again unto righteousness, continually mortifying all our evil and corrupt affections, and daily proceeding in all virtue and godliness of living."

This is the office which the Saviour has enjoined in that expressive sentence, FEED MY LAMBS. Only the Church can carry it into effect. Only the Church has perpetuity of being, "through the power of an endless life." Only the Church has claim to confidence, as certain to maintain the truth, of which she is divinely set, to be the ground and pillar. Only the Church has such authority, as will submit to it the wills of sinful men,

in the reception of her witness for the faith. Only the Church has influence to draw men to her, to present their little children to her healthful breast. Only the Church hath adaptation to all classes of society, to all states of human nature, to all conditions of the world, to train them up for that to which God's providence appoints them. Only the Church hath unity and universal being, so that all men, every where, brought into union with her, in the reception of her creeds and ritual, are brought together in Christ Jesus; and become, like her first members, "of one heart and of one soul." Only the Church has promise of that blessing, without which all desires are hopeless, and all efforts vain, the presence, with, and in her, of her heavenly Head: "Lo, I am with you, alway, even unto the end of the world!"

Great and manifold are the advantages with which the Saviour hath supplied the Church, for this most sacred trust, the care of His dear lambs. The very name by which He loves to name it, the Fold, the One Fold, of the one great Shepherd; the very name by which, even of old, His ransomed were described, in David's fervent strain, "His people and the Sheep of His pasture; the very name by which His ministers are spoken of, throughout both Testaments, "Pastors," "Pastors according to His own heart," "Pastors that feed His Sheep:" all show the purpose of His heart, to take the tenderest care of them whose helplessness leans most upon His love, that they should be led into green pastures, and brought forth beside the waters of

comfort. Most surely, if there be a thought that must engage the sympathies, and absorb the interest, and tax every effort, and fill every fervent prayer with living fire, in them that minister in holy things, it is the appeal thus made to all their manliness. In the commission which they bear; in the education which they receive; in the opportunities which they enjoy; in their access to every hearth; in the confidence of every heart; in their whole posture and relation to the community in which they serve; in their participation, on the one hand, in all the cares and trials of the daily life of their parishioners, and in the reverence and dignity, upon the other, with which, by their holy calling, they are invested, all is combined which qualifies them best for this most sacred trust. To them, the little infants, in their new-born helplessness, are brought, that they may claim them, from the world, for Christ. Even as He did, so do they, they take them up in their arms, put their hands upon them, and bless them. Before they lay them back on their own mother's bosom, to nurse them for their Lord, they tell them what they are to do. Soon as their tottering feet can bring them up, and their lisping tongues can utter the Lord's Prayer, they call them to the sacred rail. There, in the Catechism, which our true Mother, with such sound wisdom, has prepared for her dear children, they are assiduously, with utmost tenderness, instructed, "what a Christian ought to know and believe, to his soul's health." If any question of their comprehension to receive these mysteries, as some, in old time, were dis-



pleased to hear the children crying in the Temple, and saying, in words which even their teachers did not understand, "Hosanna to the Son of David," they are reminded of what He replied, "Yea, have ye never read, out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise?"

"Oh say not, dream not, heavenly notes  
To childish ears are vain,  
That the young mind at random floats  
And cannot reach the strain.

"Dim or unheard, the words may fall,  
And yet the heaven-taught mind  
May learn the sacred air, and all  
The harmony unwind.

"And, if some tones be false, or low,  
What are all prayers beneath,  
But cries of babes, that cannot know  
Half the deep thoughts they breathe?

"In his own words we Christ adore,  
But angels, as we speak,  
Higher above our meaning soar,  
Than we o'er children weak:

"And yet His words mean more than they,  
And yet He owns their praise:  
Why should we think, He turns away  
From infant's simple lays?"\*

Nor is this teaching to be carried on without a plan. They labour for an end. The Catechism which they teach, is "to be learned by every person, before he be

\* *Christian Year.*

brought to be confirmed by the Bishop. And again, "as soon as children are come to a competent age, and can say the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments, and can answer to the other questions of this short Catechism, they shall be brought to the Bishop." Beautiful and touching condescension of the Church! Nothing in her that is too good for little children! The Saviour laid His hands on them, when they were brought to Him. What is the chiefest of Apostles, that he should not as graciously receive them? Thus, in the solemn and affecting rite of Confirmation, in the sight of men and holy angels, does the Church approve herself the faithful spouse of Christ; taking to her bosom the children of His love; supplicating for them, in fullest measure, the graces of His Spirit; certifying by most expressive and authentic sign His favour and gracious goodness towards them, and admitting them thenceforward, to the full privilege of those whom she addresses and describes in that most faithful exhortation; "Ye who do truly and earnestly repent you of your sins, and are in love and charity with your neighbours, and intend to lead a new life, following the commandments of God, and walking from henceforth in His holy ways, draw near with faith, and take this Holy Sacrament to your comfort, and make your humble confession to Almighty God, devoutly kneeling."

Such is the nature, such the aim, and such the daily course, of that high trust, which, through the son of Jonas, Christ committed to His Church, when He addressed to him those words of utmost tenderness,

“Feed My lambs.” There should be, one would surely think, in the mere helplessness of little children, an eloquence, to win the pastor’s heart; and almost make us feel that it might draw him off from the less interesting portions of his flock. But, though we thankfully admit a great improvement in this matter, and hopefully believe that more is yet in store, it is not yet appreciated as it ought to be. The religious education of the young, it must be owned, is fearfully neglected. It is not urged, we must confess, with truth and power and plainness, upon parents. It is delegated, too much, it must be honestly admitted, to irresponsible, unqualified and inexperienced persons. What the pastor does, is done too often as a secondary work, in intervals of other duty, in weariness and painfulness and haste, ineffectively, unsatisfactorily, imperfectly. It is not well that this is so. If we would leave our mark upon the age in which we live, we must begin with children. If we would reform, refine, and elevate society, we must begin with children. If we would extend the borders, and multiply the altars, of the Church, we must begin with children. If we would please God, and glorify His name, we must begin with little children.

We must begin with little children, and go on with them as long as they are children. Never let go your hold on them, till they are men and women, in Christ Jesus. Take up, and faithfully carry out, the provisions of the Church, in Infant Baptism, the Catechising, and Confirmation. Look upon Sunday Schools, not as the substitute, at all, but the subsidiary of your toil and

care. See that their instructions are in agreement with the truth of Scripture, and their arrangements in accordance with the Church. Remember, it is "the priest's lips" that are to "keep knowledge." Gather the lambs, then, with your own arm. Carry them in your own bosom. It is for these the shepherd plies his utmost care. They need the most, and best repay, his watchfulness and tenderness. Then, indeed, the children of our charge will grow up "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." Then, indeed, the children of our charge, as they increase "in wisdom and in stature," may be expected to increase "in favour with God and man." Then, indeed, it may be ours to say, before the mercy-seat of the eternal Father, "Behold I, and the children which God hath given me."

iii. "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me more than these?" "Feed My lambs." The Saviour's little children must be taught. The Church must do it. *It is the test of her true love for Him.* The Saviour intimates how much it is so, in the delicate discrimination which He makes. "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me?" "Feed My sheep." "Lovest thou Me more than these?" "Feed My lambs." And it is true to nature, and to truth. The care of little children is an arduous work. It is a work that never can be done. It often seems a profitless and thankless work. Therefore it needs, therefore it is the test of, truest love. "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me *more than these?*" "FEED MY LAMBS."

1. It needs *the interest of love.* Observe that way-

ward child. Observe that Christian mother. See how perverse his will. See how ungracious his deportment. His looks how petulant. His words how rude. Day after day, he disregards her will. Day after day, he taxes all her strength. Day after day, he disappoints her hopes, he disappoints her prayers. To other eyes, there seems no goodness in him. In other lips, he passes as a monster, and a cast-away. But no such word is upon her tongue. No such thought rises in her heart. She sees in him her child. Her nature yearns over itself. She loves him for her love of him. Something like this, as near like it as might be, the Apostle tells us that he felt for his Galatian converts; "My little children, of whom I travail in birth again, until Christ be formed in you." Something like this must be in that true pastor, who would feed the Saviour's lambs. He must love Jesus more than other men. A task so arduous calls for and requires the interest of love.

2. Again, it needs *the ingenuity of love*. Nothing is so ingenious. You see it in the skill with which brute nature carries out the instinct of its kind. You feel it in the downy plumage with which the blue-bird lines its nest. Love never is at fault. It watches opportunities. It makes them, if it does not find them. It learns to wait. It skills to bring all knowledge, and all energies, to bear on the right point. It is as various as the occasions that exert it, and as inexhaustible as the deep fountain of the uncreated essence from whose depths it springs. The pastoral teaching of the

Saviour's little children tasks it all. So many different dispositions! So many different conditions! So many different circumstances! So many degrees of understanding! So many grades of acquirement! So many shades of spiritual progress! All to be met. All to be provided for. All to be encouraged. So much to do, and so little time to do it in. So much to undo, and such a fearful odds in opposition. Weariness to be avoided. Offence to be avoided. Undue indulgence to be avoided. The forward to be repressed. The wilful to be reprov'd. The diffident to be encouraged. The tender hearted to be protected. The weak to be sustained. The thought to be ever present, that every child has an immortal soul; and that its destiny hereafter may be shaped by a word said, that should not have been said, by a word not said, that should have been said. What exercise and what necessity for all the ingenuity of love!

3. And it needs *the constancy of love*. The training up of children is emphatically a work, never ending, still beginning. The interest and ingenuity of years may lose its labour through an hour's neglect. If it could all be done at once, if there were any given time in which it could be done, if the marks of progress could be noted always, and this year's issues be compared with those of former years, the trial would be less. But it cannot be so. The philosophy of teaching children, and especially of their religious teaching, has something in it of homœopathy. It is "line upon line, line upon line." It is "precept upon precept, precept

upon precept." It is "here a little, and there a little." The slow attrition of the drop, that wears away the stone. The slow accumulation of the coral insect, that builds up the continent. Nothing so tires, nothing so wearies, nothing so tempts to disappointment and disgust. Like that teacher of the blind, who, after years of trial, when he thought his pupil surely now had mastered the whole mystery of light, was dismayed and overpowered by the ingenuous question, "Is it made of sugar?" There is nothing that so needs the persevering, never tiring constancy of love.

4. Of course it needs *the self-denial and self-sacrifice of love*. This is the point of failure. Motives of various kinds and various power will effect much. A sense of duty will go far. The temporal issues will weigh much. A kindly nature and quick sympathy are influential. Attachments will be formed that have great power to reconcile to effort and forbearance. But, one by one, these all will fail. Cases will arise, to which not one of them is adequate. The body will wear out, the mind will totter on its seat, the heart will fail and faint. To such an emergency, no temporal consideration will respond. For such a waste, life has no adequate return. Nothing but the love of Christ, nothing but the love which kindles at the Cross, nothing but the love which crucifies itself in Christ, will every where and always be sufficient for these things. "Simon, son of Jonas, LOVEST THOU ME," "lovest thou Me MORE THAN THESE?" "FEED MY LAMBS."

Dear brethren of my pastoral care, you cannot look

on the beloved children, who are gathered to us here, from every quarter of our land, and not appreciate the purpose, and own the fitness, of my theme, to-day. To be made central, in the providential ordering of God, to so many hearts of parents and of friends, is an appeal to your best feelings, and a challenge to your continual sympathies. I claim for these dear LAMBS, I claim for my beloved, faithful, fellow-helpers in their care and nurture, I ask for my own heart—that we may exercise our sacred office with all good fidelity, and that the blessing from on high may keep and crown our precious trust—the charity of your continual prayers. “Brethren, pray for us.” And let us pray together, as Royal David, when he asked the best things for the Holy City, in which God had set His throne, “that our sons may grow up as the young plants; and that our daughters may be as the polished corners of the temple.”



## SERMON II.

### \*THE ENDS AND OBJECTS OF BURLINGTON COLLEGE.

KIND NEIGHBOURS, AND DEAR FRIENDS,

I bid you welcome to our College. I count your presence here, as an omen of all good. I read in it, the strong assurance of your sympathy with us, in our great work. I feel, that we may count on your co-operation. I venture to rely upon your prayers.

It is a special pleasure to us, that our modest JUNIOR HALL has been the starting point of THE BURLINGTON ACADEMY OF NATURAL SCIENCES. I regard it as a gracious earnest of the years to come, that, in our second, we have won this mark of gratifying confidence. We shall endeavour not to disappoint it. Letters and Science are the pillars, which we look to, to sustain the arch, to be erected here. Its blessing and its crown, we look for, in that pure and undefiled Religion; to be whose ministering servants, is the highest glory, as it is the only worthy aim, of Science and of Letters.

The present undertaking proposes no contribution

\* An address introductory to a Course of Lectures in Burlington College; A. D. 1848.

to *Science*, technically regarded. The course of Lectures, to follow it, our first fruits in the golden harvest of the mind, will fully meet that expectation of the case. My purpose will be answered, and my estimate of this occasion carried out, by a brief outline of THE ENDS AND OBJECTS OF BURLINGTON COLLEGE. It is due to the kindly interest on your part, which has brought you here; and due to the great enterprize, which has been undertaken, and, I trust, will be forever prosecuted, in the most holy fear of God. What I say, will be informal, rapid and familiar; suggestive, rather than didactic; from the heart, more than from the head: as “a man talketh with his friends;” as I well feel, that I may talk with you. In what I say, I shall be understood as instituting no comparisons, as casting no reflections, as proposing no discoveries, as claiming nothing as individual or original. If there be any virtue in our plans, it is in their adaptedness to our whole nature, in its moral and its social aspects: if any confidence in their success, it is in the commendation to the hearts of men, which is to come to them from God. The single word, which best expresses all our ways and all our wishes, is the sacred monosyllable, HOME. To be *domestic*, first, and, then, *religious*; blending the two ideas—which God never meant should be disjoined, since He first knit the family bond, in Eden—in that expressive apostolic phrase, “a household of the faith,” comprises all we count on, for good influence, and hope for, as good result, from Burlington College. The Poet of our times has made the sky-lark the best emblem of

our aims and prayers; and said, in two lines, all that we can ever say.

“ Leave to the nightingale her shady wood ;  
 A privacy of glorious light is thine ;  
 Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood  
 Of harmony, with instinct more divine ;  
*Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam,*  
*True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home !” \**

i. It is our design, at Burlington College, to bring up MEN. I use the phrase, *bring up*, advisedly. The mere accident of a man-child, I speak it not irreverently, gives no “assurance of a man.” The manhood, which the Maker planned, and takes delight in, fails, in a thousand ways, to fill its glorious destiny. If, from the thousand, one be taken, as the most extensive and most influential, in this failure, it must be *self-indulgence*. He cannot be a man, who has not self-control. As well expect the chalk to yield the spark, in its collision with the steel, as well expect the coal to give the lustre of the diamond, as manhood, where no hardness is endured. When the Apostle wrote to Timothy, “thou therefore, endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ,” he addressed him, not as a Bishop, so much as a Christian. As Christians, we are soldiers all; pledged to fight manfully the battle, with the flesh, and with the world. And delicate women will as soon endure the rigours of the siege, and turn the current of the heady fight, as those be men, who are not masters

\* Wordsworth.

of themselves. Now, nature shrinks from hardness. They that "train up a child," therefore, his parents, or his teachers, must inure him to it. But parents fail, in this essential part of duty, with but few exceptions; and indulge their children, even beyond the bias of their *self*-indulgence. And so, sad to say, but true as it is sad, with few exceptions, children are not training to be men. It is not altogether wonderful that this is so. The tenderness of parents for their offspring, wisely and mercifully ordained of God, for good and gracious purposes, runs easily into excess, or swerves unconsciously from the straight line of duty. Nothing but firm religious principle, nor this, without a constant watchfulness upon themselves, will strengthen and sustain the parent, in this foremost trial of his calling. Hence, the advantage, if we must not say, the absolute necessity, of substitutes. As, in the treatment of those unhappy persons, who have lost the balance of their minds, the next of kin become the least adapted to their discipline and care; so from the want of firmness in religious principle, parents too often lose their fitness for the training of their children; and parental instincts and parental impulses conspire to be their ruin. The problem, for a case like this, is to supply parental interest, as near as may be, without parental weakness. The solution must be found, if any where, in a well ordered Christian School: a home, for safety and for happiness; but not a home, for weakness and indulgence. In such a house, there must be order, that never varies; there must be vigilance, that never slumbers; there

must be patience, that never yields ; there must be love, that never tires. An atmosphere must be created, that shall minister to wholesomeness, and health, and strength. A moral mechanism must be constructed and directed, that shall frame the heart, by shaping and controlling all its ways : a *heart-machinery*, that holds, but never hurts ; that moulds, but does not mar. To this end, Christian men and Christian women must conspire. They must give themselves to it, as *heart-work*, and as *life-work*. They must be moved to it, of God. They must be governed in it, by His Word. They must be guided for it, by His Church. They must be carried through it, by His Spirit. The fear of God must be the rule, the love of God must be the motive, to their purposes and plans, their devotions and their duties. They must be willing to take upon themselves, that most difficult and most delicate of all responsibilities, to be the parents of other people's children. They must count the cost, before they undertake it. They must be faithful to it, "in season, and out of season." They must give themselves up to it, and be altogether in it, and of it. They must count nothing done while any thing can yet be done.\* They must live, and breathe, and *be*, that love, which "suffereth long, and is kind," which "vaunteth not itself," which "is not easily provoked," which "beareth all things, hopeth all things," and "endureth all things ;" and which "never faileth." They must know and feel that this is not their rest. They must live daily in the sense, that their reward is,

\* "Nil reputans actum, dum quid superesset agendum."

with their record, upon high. "They that be teachers shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever."

What requirements I have enumerated! What a provision I have supposed! What self-sacrifice I have taken for granted! Shall it not be met? Shall it not be revered? Shall it not be loved? I answer, without fear, that it will be! I speak, without the shadow of a doubt, when I say, that, to an appeal, such as is here supposed, the child's heart will surrender, at discretion. There will be differences in cases. Some will require more than others. Some must be met in different ways from others. Some will seem sometimes almost beyond the all-enduring hope of such a love. But they, if any such there be, that *are* beyond it, quite, are monsters, and not children. Within the breast of every child there is an embryo man; God's image, in a shrine of mortal clay. And, when it finds itself in a congenial atmosphere, and feels itself in contact with a heart, it springs to meet it, is imbued with its outcoming virtue, and is humanized by its experience of humanity. We are told that, the Parian marble, before the sculptor's eye had fallen upon it, or his hand had touched it, contained, in the perfection of its beauty, the Apollo Belvidere. He only found it, and exposed it to the gaze of an admiring world. And old Prometheus, as we read, kindled, with fire from heaven, the clay-cold statue, into life, and loveliness, and love. But, tell me, what are these but allegories, to set forth the beauty

and power of CHRISTIAN EDUCATION? And, what are these results, but faint and far-off shadows, to their triumph, who, by patient love, and faithful prayer, develope, through the agency of the transforming Spirit, from the dull and sluggish and corrupted mass of our poor fallen nature, a gracious child, a glorious youth, a god-like man? The manliness of love, the manliness of truth, the manliness of piety! The manliness that wears the spirit on the brow; purer than purest chrystal, more transparent and more precious. The manliness, that bears the heart out in the hand; no plan, no purpose, no pursuit, no palpitation, that it shrinks to show. The manliness, that fears to sin, but knows no other fear. The manliness, that knows to die, but not to lie. The manliness, that never boasts. The manliness, that never domineers. The manliness, that never swears. The manliness, that never drinks. The manliness, that bows, in meek compliance, with the shadow of a parent's wish. The manliness, that sees, in every woman, the sex to which we owe our mothers. The manliness, to look all danger in the face, and seize it by the horns. The manliness, to bear all hardships, without grudging; and to render every honest service, without shame. The manliness, to reverence the poor. The manliness, to make concessions to the weak. The manliness, to feel. The manliness, to pity. And the manliness, to pray. This is the manliness, we ask from God, for these dear children. Such are the men, we strive, through grace, to form, at Burlington College.

ii. It is our design, at Burlington College, to bring up GENTLEMEN. When you have found a man, you have not far to go, to find a gentleman. You cannot make a gold ring, out of brass. You cannot change a Cairn-gorm, or a Cape May chrystal, to a diamond. You cannot make a gentleman, till you have first a man. To be a gentleman, it will not be sufficient to have had a grandfather.

“What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?  
Alas, not all the blood of all the Howards!”

To be a gentleman, does not depend upon the tailor, or the toilet. The proof of gentlemen is not to do no work. Blood will degenerate. Good clothes are not good habits. The Prince Lee Boo concluded that the hog, in England, was the only gentleman, as being the only thing that did not labour. A gentleman is just a *gentle*-man; no more, no less: a diamond polished, that was first a diamond in the rough. A gentleman is gentle. A gentleman is modest. A gentleman is courteous. A gentleman is generous. A gentleman is slow to take offence, as being one that never gives it. A gentleman is slow to surmise evil, as being one that never thinks it. A gentleman goes armed, only in consciousness of right. A gentleman subjects his appetites. A gentleman refines his tastes. A gentleman subdues his feelings. A gentleman controls his speech. A gentleman deems every other better than himself. Sir Philip Sidney was never so much a gentleman—mirror, though he was, of England’s knighthood—as



when, upon the field of Zutphen, as he lay in his own blood, he waived the draft of cool spring water, that was brought, to quench his mortal thirst, in favour of a dying soldier. St. Paul described a gentleman, when he exhorted the Philippian Christians, "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." And Dr. Isaac Barrow, in his admirable Sermon, on the calling of a Gentleman, pointedly says, "he should labour and study to be a leader unto virtue, and a notable promoter thereof; directing and exciting men thereto, by his exemplary conversation; encouraging them by his countenance and authority; rewarding the goodness of meaner people, by his bounty and favour: he should be such a gentleman as Noah, who preached righteousness, by his words and works, before a profane world."

iii. It is our design, at Burlington College, to bring up SCHOLARS. This is the obvious point of our vocation. It is by our undertaking to do this, that we get the opportunity to do all the rest. For, sad to say, to send a boy, at charges, to be made a man, or made a gentleman, would be thought of by but very few, were not the outside motive kept in view, to make him a good scholar. We find no fault with this. We rather rejoice in it. For its own sake, it would move us to great efforts, and great sacrifices. How much more, for the other things, for which it gives us the occasion!

We aim at highest, most exact, and fullest, scholarship. We have laid out a course, which will fulfil this aim, in all who give themselves to it, without reserve. We hold the study of the ancient languages of Greece and Rome essential to the height, exactitude, and fulness of the real scholar. In their living use, they trained the brightest minds the world has ever known: minds, whose reflected brightness has lighted all the after ages, in the path of learning. While, in the land of our forefathers, they have been, for ages, and yet are, the school of highest and of noblest intellect, in every branch of service in the Church or State, in arts, in poetry, in letters, in philosophy, in universal science. It were an insult, now, to vindicate, in words, the value of these parts of learning, as opening the storehouses of wisdom; or, still more, for mental discipline and cultivation. But, how often are the names of Tully and of Plato upon tongues, that have not mastered the first elements of their respective languages. How many have "gone over" Virgil, without a trace of his refinement; or Homer, without a dream of his inimitable truth to nature. Therefore, we have taken the ground, and will maintain it, let it cost however much it may, that boys, who come to us, and stay with us, shall be made thorough in their Classical attainments. We have made up our minds to all the toil, and all the self-denial, of the sternest and most searching drill. No boy shall take a place with us, on which he cannot stand; nor have the name of any form, or any class, without the spirit and the power for which it stands. We know that this

will cost us trouble. But, we know, that it is worth far more than it can cost. And we are resolved, whoever else may be removed, that we will not. For the boys themselves, we have but small concern. A half a term suffices, with the rarest and most insignificant exceptions, to convince them, that this is not the best, alone, but far the easiest course. If a new punishment should be devised for Purgatory, let it be that of reading Cicero, without a gleam of Cicero's meaning, without a glimpse of Cicero's language. The task of twisting ropes of sand were Paradise, in the comparison: wretched and worthless in itself; and the consignment of immortal minds to wretchedness and worthlessness, in tricks of superficialness, and habits of unreality. No: let a boy know nothing but the grammar of the language, but let him know that well. Let him have mastered all that he has undertaken, however little that may be. The knowledge that he has will then be certain knowledge. The progress that he has made will be triumphant progress. He will feel that his foot stands firm. He will feel that he is a freeman of the land. He will have lost no self-respect. He will have gained that surest element of victory, the consciousness of confidence. Nor shall the dead languages alone, suffice our Scholarship. We wish to train our scholars up for life, and influence, and action. We train them up for present things and present men. We will bring every thing to bear, to this end, on their fullest and most perfect mastery of that old, unexhausted, and exhaustless, "well of English

undefiled." And, to this end, we will open Europe to them : its marts of commerce, its schools of learning, its cabinets and courts, with all its stores of science and of eloquence, of poetry and wit : La Place, Bossuet, Moliere, Cervantes, Schiller, Tasso, Danté. So far from hindrances to Greek and Latin, these are all active, living helps. So far from burying English letters, in their varied pile, they but enrich and set them off. The man that knows one language only, knows not one. He knows his own the best, who knows most thoroughly the most. The school of language is the school of logic ; the palæstra of the mind, to train it for illustrious struggles and immortal triumphs. Parallel with these bright lines, we trace upon our course, the track of mathematical investigation : the surest source of self-possession, and the best preserver of that mental equilibrium, without which, real greatness cannot be. We hold to the exactest training in the most exact of sciences ; and we propose to make them practical, in their invaluable application to the uses and the arts of life. We would have nothing dead. Arithmetic, and Algebra, and Geometry, shall take feet, and traverse continents ; or wings and measure orbs, that roll in glory through the sea of space. Not a field of nature, that shall not be opened. Not a faculty of observation, that shall not be quickened. Not a tree, "from the cedar that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall," that shall not be noted. Not a gem, that sparkles in the sun, or a shell, that blushes in the sea, that shall not be classified and cata-

logued. In a judicious plan, industriously pursued, there is a time, and a place, for every thing. The parts of knowledge have a kindred with each other. The mind is as expansive as it is immortal. It "grows, by what it feeds on." And its true stores of real knowledge are no more felt to be a burden, than the resistance of the ever present, ever pressing, atmosphere retards the sky-ward eagle. "The mathematical sciences," says Dr. Barrow, in his Sermon on the calling of a Scholar, "how pleasaut is the speculation of them to the mind! How useful is the practice to common life! How do they whet and exalt the mind! How do they inure it to strict reasoning and patient meditation! "Natural philosophy, the contemplation of this great theatre, or visible system, presented before us; observing the various appearances therein, and inquiring into their causes; reflecting on the order, connection, and harmony, of things; considering their original source and their final design: how doth it enlarge our minds, and advance them above vulgar amusements, and the admiration of those petty things about which, men cark and bicker! How may it serve to work in us, pious affections of admiration, reverence, and love, toward our great Creator, Whose eternal divinity is dimly seen, Whose glory is declared, Whose transcendent perfections, and attributes of immense power, wisdom and goodness, are conspicuously displayed, Whose particular kindness towards us men, doth evidently shine in those, His works of nature!" "The perusal of history, how pleasant illumination of mind, how

useful direction of life, how sprightly incentives to virtue, doth it afford! How doth it supply the room of experience, and furnish us with prudence at the expense of others; informing us about their ways of action, and the consequences thereof, by examples, without our own danger or trouble! How may it instruct and encourage us in piety, while therein we trace the paths of God in men, or observe the methods of divine Providence; how the Lord and Judge of the world, in due season, protecteth, prospereth, blesseth, rewardeth, innocence and integrity; how He crosseth, defeateth, blasteth, curseth, punisheth, iniquity and outrage: managing things with admirable temper of wisdom, to the good of mankind, and the advancement of His own glory!"

iv. It is our design, at Burlington College, to bring up PATRIOTS. There never was a country which had such need of this. Never a country had such trust, for men, from God. Never a country held it with such exposure, and at such risk. There is no justification of the right of universal suffrage, but in the access to universal intelligence, and the encouragement of universal virtue. To say, "all men are equal," is to claim for every man the fitness to sustain and exercise equality. To suppose it possible to keep them so, is to deny, alike, the lessons of history, the teachings of revelation, and the conclusions of experience. In every government, there must be governors. In all communities there will be leaders. If these be ignorant, if these be venal, if these be vicious, where may we look for safety, how can we hope for freedom? As oil will

swim on water, so the intelligent and capable, in any nation, will secure the ascendant. What such security, as that their intelligence be a wise intelligence, and their capability a well-principled capability? We are but infants, yet. We have not rounded, as a nation, yet, our century of years. Brief as our past is, it is full of warnings and of lessons. No warning more alarming, than the ascendancy of party spirit, as the test of strength, and passport to all power. No lesson more emphatic, than the necessity of a return to the simpler manners, and sterner virtues, of the first and purest days of the republic. What hope of this, but in the training of our children, in the love of man, and in the fear of God? What hope that he can rule a nation, who has never ruled himself? What hope, till waters learn to rise above their source, that public manners will be pure, and public virtue elevated, while hearths are unblest by prayer, and altars are desecrated or deserted? Nothing truer, in the word of perfect and unerring truth, or written on the face of nations, with a broader, deeper, track of blood and fire, than, that, while "righteousness exalteth a nation, sin is a reproach to any people!"

v. Therefore, as that, without which all the rest were vain, it is our design, at Burlington College, to bring up CHRISTIANS. The Word of God is daily read, at morning and at evening. At morning, at noon, and at evening, we kneel in daily prayers. The precept of the wise man is continually regarded, "Catechize a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he

will not depart from it." The means of grace are constantly employed. The hope of glory is steadfastly proposed. The pastoral feet are constantly in motion, in our sacred fold. The pastoral eye is constantly alert, to watch and guard our lambs. The pastoral voice, in admonition and reproof, in encouragement and consolation, is never still. And every yearning in the flock is made to feel, in constant acts and offices of love, the beatings of the pastoral heart. We have set up the Cross before us, as the magnet of our souls. We bend before the Holy One, Who died upon it, to beseech Him, that He will draw us, by it, to Himself. It is our constant "heart's desire and prayer to God"—and He has promised both to hear and answer it—that "our sons may grow up as the young plants, and that our daughters may be as the polished corners of the temple;" and, that, serving Him "without fear, in holiness and righteousness, before Him, all the days of our life," we may be "a people prepared for the Lord."



## I.

### SONS OF WASHINGTON.

\*THE FIRST FOURTH OF JULY ORATION AT BURLINGTON COLLEGE.

ANNIVERSARY celebrations are instinctive to us in our moral, social, and immortal nature. They are of the heart. They are heart-links. They are heart-links, between the future and the past. *They are of the heart.* In point of fact, one day is just like every other; so many hours, so many minutes, so many seconds. Arithmetic, chronometry, chronology, see just this; and no more. But, now, the heart comes in. This day, a year ago, made two hearts one. This day, a year ago, a first-born smiled. This day, a year ago, a mother died. What joys, what sorrows, cluster round it, now! And, in the calendar, which the true heart preserves, among its deepest folds, what light, what gloom, invests this charmed day! It is the proof, this heart-world, that there is a soul in man; its triumph over time and sense, its pledge of immortality and heaven. *They are heart-links.* Man was not made to be alone. His heart is social. It seeks other hearts; and lives in them, and

they in it. And, when a common joy or common sorrow falls on kindred hearts—kindred in blood, in country, or in faith—it melts them all, and melts them into one. And, then, the day, that makes it annual, takes its colour to them all, and sways them to its tone. As, to some fated lands, the memory of an earthquake hangs the sky with annual sack-cloth; or, as the day that gave us Washington smiles through the snows of February, and would make for patriot hearts, a tropic at the poles. And *they are heart-links of the future with the past*. Man lives between the two; half memory, half hope. Confiding in his immortality, he rejoices at his seventieth birth-day, though he knows how few more can remain to him. And, when centennials are counted, kindles at the reckoning, as though conscious, that to count by centuries, is to claim kin with Godhead.

Nor, are these annual days merely instinctive with our kind. They are divinely sealed and sanctified. When He Who made us, found us fallen from our first nature, and first state, and graciously revealed His purpose, to restore us, through the Incarnation of His Son, He did not make, to re-construct the ruin, new measures and new means; but used the natural instincts, and appealed to all the natural sympathies, and made “the cords of a man” magnetic, that He might draw us so to Him. Hence, in the ancient dispensation, the free use of annual days, and sacred anniversaries, as beacon lights of time, memorials of the past, and pledges for the future. Hence, in the new and better covenant, the Paschal of a nation made the Easter of mankind; and

Jewish Pentecost, the Christian Whitsuntide: the former, the dawning and the resurrection of "a better hope", which should not die, but brighten on for evermore; the latter, that outpouring of the Spirit, which should fill the world, and make it pregnant with a new and nobler birth, the sons of God, and heirs of His eternal kingdom.

Of a practice, which is at once instinctive with mankind, and sanctioned and approved of God, it need not be said, that it is wise and good; and, made an instrument, through all the ages of the world, in the divine economy, for saving and restoring man, it justly has a place, as in the Holy Church, so in her plans for training children up to God. We use it freely here. The Christmas feast, the feast of Easter, the feast of Whitsunday, the feast of the Ascension, the feast of Trinity, are kept by us, as, in the better ages, Christian men were wont to keep them; a chastened and subdued domestic joy, elevated and hallowed by solemn prayers, and by the Eucharistic banquet: while, on that one black day, which shrouded heaven with gloom, and brought the dead out from their graves, in sympathy with God incarnate, we humble ourselves before His Cross, and cry, with deeper and more penitential shame and woe, Unclean, unclean! Nor, do we lose, in being Christians, the sympathies of country and of kind. Rather, we dignify and sanctify them, by striving to be Christian in them all: a Christian man, the noblest form of man; a Christian patriot, the only true and real patriot. As Paul, though the Apostle of the Gentile

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world, remembered still his native Tarsus, and his own free birth; and, indignantly rejecting the imputation, that he was "that Egyptian," described himself, with a true man's spirit, as "a citizen of no mean city;" and, to the chief captain, at the best a freed-man, doubtful of his being a Roman, replied, in burning words, "I was free born:" so, here, in this, our nursery for patriot Christians, we make our annual claim, to be the fellow-countrymen of Washington, and freemen of the United States—we celebrate, as secular holidays, in Burlington College, the birth-day of the Father of his country, and the birth-day of American independence.

My children, I rejoice to meet you on this day. I rejoice to see your young hearts kindling with the hour. I rejoice to see, with what enthusiastic fervour, you have hailed the unfolding of that starry flag, which, on this day, one and seventy years ago, first wooed the winds, and glistened in the light of heaven. I rejoice to see the patriotic blood of fathers' fathers, and their fathers, swelling in your veins, and beaming from your eyes. The love of country does not circumscribe the love of man. As the best son, best husband, and best father is always the best neighbour and best friend; so will the truest patriot be ever found the most enlarged philanthropist. Unless the central fires are all a-glow, there must be cold at the extremities. And he, whose bosom does not burn, at the bare mention of the name of country and of home, is but a walking clod, and none need trust him for a man. Cherish, my children, in your heart of hearts, these true and noble sentiments.

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Let the aim of your young spirits be, the service of your country and your God. Be ever ready, as your fathers were, to yield your lives, your fortunes, and your sacred honour, at her call. Say, of your own Jerusalem, with that old patriot king, "If I forget thee, let my right hand forget her cunning!" And pray, with him, in all your prayers, "Peace be within thy walls, and plenteousness within thy palaces!"

I deem it well, dear children, on this, the first time, that we celebrate together, this, now, time-honoured day, to speak a few words to you, of my aims and hopes, for Burlington College, in its national relations. I need not tell you, what you know so well, that it has its being, as an institution of the Church. As other than a Church College, to be imbued with any other than Church influences, to propose any other than Church training, it would have had no claim on me. The land is crowned with noble institutions, which propose to educate our youth. This State bears two, that well deserve their place, among the foremost of them all. But, if I rightly understand the Church, one of her clearest and most sacred duties is the training of the young. And, if I rightly read the course of human things, she has not done, she scarcely has begun to do, her work, in that behalf. I know, that, at such words as these, a prejudice arises. I know, that the name, *Church*, in many minds, associates itself with narrowness and bigotry. I know, that many charge the Church with want of interest in humanity. The Church, that were so justly charged, were not the Church of Jesus

Christ. HE GAVE HIMSELF FOR ALL: and the true Church approves herself, as true, to Him, and to herself, by doing, as He did; by sparing nothing, though it were her own heart's blood, that she may win the world to happiness, and Him. The fallacy lies here. Men think, that, when we urge the Church, we urge it as an end. But we do no such thing. The Church is not an end. The Cross was not an end. They both are means; God's means, for man's redemption and renewal. When we preach the Cross, it is that all men may be saved. When we set forth the Church, it is that all men may be renewed. *The Church is for this world, as well as for the next.* It is to make good children. It is to make good husbands. It is to make good wives. It is to make good parents. It is to make good neighbours. It is to make good citizens. It is to make good sailors. It is to make good soldiers. It is to make good rulers. It is to make good men and women; in whatever state, whatever rank, whatever place, whatever condition. In one word, it is to perfect saints. *The Church is benevolent.* It cares for the poor, it cares for the sick, it cares for the stranger, it cares for the widow, it cares for the orphan. *The Church is elevating.* It encourages learning. It encourages the arts. It encourages commerce. It encourages civilization. It encourages refinement. *The Church is social.* It blesses the marriage bond. It blesses the cradle. It blesses the hearth. It blesses the bed. It blesses the shop. It blesses the field. It blesses the ships. It blesses the country. It blesses the city. It blesses the world.

*The Church is conservative.* It teaches obedience to people. It teaches justice to magistrates. It teaches humanity to rulers. It teaches peace to nations. It teaches Christianity to the world. I claim for a Church institution, that, so far from encouraging a want of sympathy, with any human thing, it comprehends them all, within its wide and warm embrace. I claim for Burlington College, as it shall be an institution of the Church, that, with God to bless it, it shall be a source and centre of all American, and of all Christian, sympathies. That, seated as it is, between the North and the South, and having the confidence of both, it shall mediate between the two, and bring them nearer to each other. That, looking, as it does, to the East and to the West, and sharing the patronage of both, it shall combine the two, and blend them sweetly into one. That, standing as it does, on the high road from everywhere, to everywhere, it shall lift up, for every eye and every heart, the banner of the blessed Cross of Jesus Christ; that he who runs may read its gracious legend, "Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, good will to men." I wish it to stand no longer, than its best exertions shall be made for every real interest of man. I desire God to bless it no longer, than it shall be true to our whole country, and true to all mankind. I shall count him a recreant son, whatever his professions for the Church may be, who does not hold his talents, his attainments, his possessions, his influence, his efforts, his religion, his whole self, a sacred trust, to glorify the Lord, the giver, in doing good to men, His children. I

scorn the shield, however proud its blazonry may be, which does not bear the blessed scroll to every wind of heaven: *Pro ecclesia, pro patria, pro genere humano*—FOR THE CHURCH, THE COUNTRY, AND ALL HUMAN KIND.

Dear children, these are deeds, of which I speak, not words. They will cost you much. Cost you time. Cost you effort. Cost you money. Cost you, what men grudge the most to give, self-denial and self-sacrifice. Nothing is easier than to make an outward show. Nothing is easier than to use many words. Nothing is easier than to build the tombs of the Prophets, and garnish the sepulchres of the righteous. Nothing is easier than to unfold the stars and stripes; and make a noise with drums and guns; and cry, "*Hurrah for Independence!*" And yet, all this may be mere Pharisaism. All this may come from slavish souls. All this may hide a traitor's heart. Not such would I have you, my first-born sons, the first fruits of this College. I would have you Christians, patriots, men. I would have you simple in your manners, frugal in your speech, right and resolved in your deeds. I would have you think, and act, and pray. He is no man, who does not think, and act, and pray. Think, of his glorious calling, and his high responsibilities. Act, as becomes his estimate of both. And pray, that He who called him to the one, and demands from him the other, will strengthen him for all. Such was GEORGE WASHINGTON, the human father of his country; the one great name, single and unapproached, in all the tides of time.



Be such as he was. Simple; single-hearted; just; moderate; self-respecting, and yet, self-denying; pure; generous; patriotic; philanthropic; pious. Be men of thought. Be men of acts. Be men of prayer. Be sons OF WASHINGTON!

## II.

### AMERICA AND GREAT BRITAIN.

\* THE SECOND FOURTH OF JULY ADDRESS AT BURLINGTON COLLEGE.

THE great gift of God to man is peace. The angels sang it, when they brought from heaven the welcome message of a Saviour born: "Glory be to God on high, and, on earth, peace." And, when the Saviour was about to go again to heaven, His legacy to His disciples, and, through them, to us, was still the same: "Peace I leave with you; My peace I give unto you." The gifts of God to man are sacred trusts. They are not his alone. He holds them for his kind; and must account for them to God. Of nothing is this truer, than of peace. Peace is a sacred thing. It is the halcyon weather of the heart; when all the virtues brood, and all the charities are teeming with a warmer and more genial life. The Sabbath-morning of Creation was not serener in its solemn hush; nor Plato's loveliest dream, the Music of the Spheres, more exquisite in harmony. Perfect, in patriotism, as in piety, was that prayer of Royal David, for the people, and the country of his love: "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem!" And, love-

liest of the strains of prayer, and fittest for an angel's voice, is that, which we have left out from our fathers' Liturgy, "Give peace, in our time, O Lord; because there is none other that fighteth for us, but only Thou, O God!" I have not forgotten, that the great public document,\* which has just been read before us, as the manner of this celebration is, was the solemn prelude of a long and arduous war, between two nations; who, in the sight of God, stood as a mother and her child. Nor, that, in thirty years, they were again engaged in war. Nor, that, since then, the danger, once and again, has been most imminent, that they must bathe themselves in blood. It is rather because these things have been so, that I have spoken thus. Because, as one that has to do with young and tender minds, I would be careful for their first impressions. Because, in settling, as the usage of this College, to be kept, I trust, to "the last syllable of recorded time," the observance of this birth-day of our nation, I would disavow, now and forever, for myself, for you, my friends, and for these children, the faintest shadow of a thought, that it involves the slightest remnant of a hostile feeling, toward that great nation, from whose womb we sprung, and at whose bursting breasts, our fathers all were nursed. That, so far from that, a fit and proper use of this, our nation's holiday, is the renewal of the vows of love, which brothers owe to brothers. That, having fought our way to man's estate, and won the

\* The Declaration of Independence had been read by Cornelius E. Swope, A. B., an Assistant Classical Teacher.

prize, for which we fought, and made it glorious before men and angels, we can well afford to shake hands, and be friends ; and none the less, but some the more, that we have quarrelled twice and fought it out.\* That, having tried the issues of the fight, and tasted all its woes, our thoughts are turned to peace ; as God's great gift to us, and our great trust for man. That, so God help us, we will fight no more ; and, least of all, with our own brethren of the blood ; but, will set forth to all mankind, as truths, which freemen only feel, that, the two nations of the world, who know what freedom is, and how to use it, are too great to fight ; that, neither can require of either, what the other should not give ; that, where we cannot quite agree, we can agree to disagree ; that, we have common duties, to perform ; a common trust, for human kind, to execute ; a common source, from which our hearts all fill their cisterns, with the same red blood ; a common language, which our mother's voice first made familiar to our ears in lullabies ; in which we wooed and won our wives ; in which our children lisped and prattled nature's loveliest melodies to all our hearts ; a common stock of learning and of letters, such as all the world beside has not to show ; and, best and dearest of them all, a common Church, a common altar, and the common prayers. Not, that the acts and efforts of our patriot fathers shall be disavowed, or disregarded. Not, that the trials and the toils, the struggles and the sacrifices, of the men of seventy-six, can ever cease to be our heritage and glory.

\* *Iræ amantium, amoris redintegratio.*

Not, that the memory of Lexington and Bunker Hill, of Monmouth, Princeton, Trenton, ever can grow pale. But, that, things done are finished; that by-gones should be by-gones; that a fight, fought through, is done; that the only justifiable end of war, is true and lasting peace; that life was made for love; that nations have a mission and a trust; that Great Britain and America are set, for the two hemispheres, to be the ~~Bu~~gmen of freedom, and the standard-bearers of the Cross.

These obvious and most enviable truths, God, by His gracious providence, is making real in our time. The ready heart and open hand, which poured the golden treasures of our garners on the hearths of starving Ireland, with an eagerness, which gain has never prompted, an impetuosity which commerce never felt, touched all the tenderest places in the British heart; and, when the threatened demonstration of the Chartist, but the other day, "frighted the isle from its propriety," the pulseless stillness, in which an anxious nation waited, on our Western strand, to hear the issue, and the manly burst of joyful gladness which welled up to God, to own His mercy, to the nation, and the Church, in which our fathers worshipped and were nurtured, have stirred the truest and the deepest pulses of the heart of England; and knit her to us, with a bond of cordial, and I trust, imperishable love. We may well rejoice, that these things are. The world is stirred, and tossed, and agitated, like a seething caldron. An hour upturns a throne. Another, and the new republic

is the crater of a new volcano. Another, and perhaps a throne is cast up, with its fierce and fiery flood. No man can say, this day, what nation on the Continent of Europe is not involved in civil war. No man can say, what government is not the creature and the prey of a mad mob. No man can say, what instincts of nature are desecrated, what charities of life are trampled under foot, what holiest places are profaned. It seems the trial-hour of Europe; and it may be, of the world. In human view, the salient points of hope, for Truth and Freedom, and for Christianity as charged with both and indispensable to their existence, are, now, America and England. If God keep us at peace, hold us erect in our position with the nations, and make us faithful to our trust for man, the issue, with His blessing, is an issue full of hope. A new order of things may be established, on a better basis, and to better purposes. Freedom secured by Law. Order enforced by Love. Patriotism purified by Religion. The World subjected to the Cross. Time made the foretaste of immortality. That it may be so, let us unite our prayers. That it may be so, let us combine our efforts. Let us devote the day to thoughts and offices of love. Let us devote our lives to acts and influences of peace. And, for ourselves, and for our brothers of the blood, and in the faith, let the one strife hereafter ever be, which shall do most to realize the angel's hymn, and bring heaven down to earth: "Glory be to God on high, and on earth, peace, good-will to men!"

A Poet and a Painter of our own, a Poet and

a Painter for all time, Washington Allston, in years, now long gone by, uttered such thoughts and sentiments as these, in words, which cannot die. His noble lyric, "England and America," among the very noblest of its name, sounds, like a trumpet, through all time, and thrills through every heart.

Though ages long have past,  
 Since our fathers left their home,  
 Their pilot, in the blast,  
 O'er untravelled seas to roam,  
 Yet lives the blood of England in our veins;  
 And shall we not proclaim  
 That blood of honest fame;  
 Which no tyranny can tame,  
 By its chains?

While the language free and bold,  
 Which the bard of Avon sung,  
 In which our Milton told  
 How the vault of Heaven rung,  
 When Satan, blasted, fell with all his host;  
 While these with reverence meet,  
 Ten thousand echoes greet,  
 And, from rock to rock, repeat,  
 Round our coast:

While the manners, while the arts,  
 That mould a nation's soul,  
 Still cling around our hearts,  
 Between, let ocean roll,  
 Our joint communion breaking with the sun;  
 Yet, still, from either beach,  
 The voice of blood shall reach,  
 More audible than speech,

WE ARE ONE.

And now, this day, as from another generation, there comes to me, by the last steamer, an echo to this glorious trumpet-rally of the nations. A dear young friend,\* the son of one of the best friends I ever had, commended by my letters to the true English hearts, who have enshrined me in their love, visiting at Albury, the delightful residence of Martin Farquhar Tupper, the author of "Proverbial Philosophy," an English gentleman, in every highest sense, and a true Christian Poet, sends me a ballad, written by Mr. Tupper, in honour of the visit; with the expression of his wish, that I will make it public, in America. Can I better do it than, here, with you, my children, and my friends? You will say, with me, that, had he known our gathering, he could not have fitted an apter shaft, nor given it happier aim. It is dated, "Albury, June 8, 1848;" and is entitled,

A LOVING BALLAD TO BROTHER JONATHAN;

FROM MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER.

Ho, brother, I'm a Britisher,  
 A chip of heart of oak,  
 That wouldn't warp or swerve or stir,  
 From what I thought or spoke :  
 And you, a blunt and honest man,  
 Straight-forward, kind and true ;  
 I tell you, Brother Jonathan,  
 That you're a Briton too !

\* George Henry Warren, travelling with his brother, Stephen E. Warren; both of Troy, N. Y. They are the sons of Nathan Warren, who was the brother of Esaias and Stephen; the sons of Eliakim and Phebe Warren. Five names have never stood for more of purity and piety and charity; nor has the Church had truer children. They are now all at rest; and their memory is blessed.



I know your heart, an open heart,  
 I read your mind and will ;  
 A greyhound ever on the start,  
 To run for honour, still :  
 And, shrewd to scheme a likely plan,  
 And, stout to see it done ;  
 I tell you, Brother Jonathan,  
 That you and I are one.

There may be jealousies and strife,  
 For men have selfish ends ;  
 But petty quarrels ginger life,  
 And help to season friends ;  
 And Pundits, who, with solemn scan,  
 Judge humans most aright,  
 Decide it, testy Jonathan,  
 That brothers always fight.

Two fledgeling sparrows in one nest,  
 Will chirp about a worm ;  
 Then how should eaglets meekly rest,  
 The nurslings of the storm ?  
 No, while their rustled pinions fan,  
 The cyrie's downy side,  
 Like you and me, my Jonathan,  
 It's all for love and pride.

“ God save the Queen ” delights you still,  
 And “ British Grenadiers ; ”  
 The good old strains your heart-strings thrill,  
 And hold you by both ears :  
 And we—O, hate us, if you can,  
 For we are proud of you,—  
 We like you, Brother Jonathan,  
 And “ Yankee Doodle,” too.

There's nothing foreign in your face,  
 Nor strange upon your tongue ;  
 You come not of another race,  
 From baser lineage sprung :  
 No, brother, though away you ran,  
 As truant boys will do,  
 Still, true it is, young Jonathan,  
 My fathers fathered you.

Time was—it was not long ago—  
 Your grandsires went with mine,  
 To battle traitors, blow for blow,  
 For England's royal line :  
 Or tripped to court, to kiss Queen Anne,  
 Or worship royal Bess :  
 And you and I, good Jonathan,  
 Went with them then, I guess.

Together, both—'twas long ago—  
 Among the Roses, fought ;  
 Or charging fierce, the Paynim foe,  
 Did all knight-errants ought :  
 As Cavalier or Puritan,  
 Together prayed or swore ;  
 For John's own brother, Jonathan,  
 Was simple John, of yore.

There lived a man, a man of men,  
 A king on fancy's throne ;  
 We ne'er shall see his like again,  
 The globe is all his own :  
 And if we claim him of our clan,  
 He half belongs to you ;  
 For Shakspeare, happy Jonathan,  
 Is yours, and ours, too.

There was another glorious name,  
 A poet for all time,  
 Who gained "the double-first" of fame,  
 The beautiful, sublime;  
 And, let us hide him as we can,  
 More miserly than pelf,  
 Our Yankee brother, Jonathan,  
 Cries "halves!" in Milton's self.

Well, well; and every praise of old,  
 That makes us famous still;  
 You would be just, and may be bold,  
 To share it, if you will;  
 Since England's glory first began,  
 Till—just the other day,  
 The half is yours—but Jonathan,—  
 Why did you run away?

Oh, brother, could we both be one,  
 In nation and in name,  
 How gladly would the very sun  
 Lie basking in our fame!  
 In either world, to lead the van,  
 And "go ahead," for good;  
 While each, to John and Jonathan,  
 Yields tribute—gratitude.

Add but your stripes and golden stars,  
 To our St. George's Cross;  
 And never dream of mutual wars,  
 Two dunces' mutual loss:  
 Let us two bless, when others ban,  
 And love when others hate;  
 And so, my cordial Jonathan,  
 We'll fit,—I calculate.

What more? I touch not holier strings,  
A loftier strain to win;  
Nor glance at prophets, priests and kings,  
Or heavenly kith and kin:  
As friend with friend, and man with man,  
O, let our hearts be thus—  
As David's love to Jonathan,  
Be Jonathan's to us!

### III.

## THE MEN TO MAKE A STATE: THEIR MAKING AND THEIR MARKS.

\* THE THIRD FOURTH OF JULY ORATION AT BURLINGTON COLLEGE.

It is only God, who sees, and can declare, "the end, from the beginning." With Him, the end is *in* the beginning: not as the oak is in the acorn; but, in its full growth, with all its foliage, and with all its fruits. Shakspeare, that greatest master of humanity, as true in logic, as he is sublime in poetry, has well expressed the nearest that man comes, in this respect, to God; as made with "large discourse, looking before, and after." With God, there is no "after," as there can be no "before." His Past, His Future, is all Present. His name, "I AM."

It is from this aspect of the divine omnipresence, His presence, through all time, as well as in every place—if we may say so, His ubiquitous eternity—that faith derives its confidence, and enterprise its courage. Man is of a day. He plants the acorn; but can hardly

\* A. D. 1849. Dedicated to "Major-General Winfield Scott, General-in-Chief; a model of the men to make a state."

hope to sit under the shadow of the oak. He lays the corner-stone ; but does not look to see the crowning of the battlement. He nourishes the infant ; but counts not upon the comfort of the man. He sows, in hope. Some one, he knows, will reap. He plants, in hope. Some one, he knows, will pluck the fruit. By a beautiful provision—to overcome, to faithful hearts, the curse, that came in with the fall—mortality is thus immortalized. A race, which perishes, is made perpetual. Humanity achieves eternity. Homer felt it, when, to his sightless orbs, were given “the vision and the faculty divine,” which, for three thousand years, have been the spell of universal man. Milton owned it, in that modest hope, that he might yet do something, which the world would not willingly let die. And that old martyr wrote it in the fire, when, to his brother Bishop, he said, “Play the man ; and we shall light, to-day, a candle, in England, which shall never be put out !”

Neighbours and friends, if there be, anywhere, pre-eminent encouragement for this presentiment of perpetuity, it is here, and in such places as this is. The seed, whose life is in these furrows, is the seed of men. The harvest, that we hope to ripen, is of hearts. Schools are the seed-plots of the State. An hundred years ago, and they, who made this day immortal, were, as these are now. In less than half the years, that have rolled by, since 'seventy-six, these, and their fellows, in the Colleges, which star the land, will sway the State. We link ourselves, through them, with all the future ; as they link themselves, through us, with all the past.

It is a chain of hearts ; and his will bear the recreant's curse, who fails the sacred trust. The men, who are to mould the nation, must be moulded here. These are the orators, the statesmen, the priests, the patriots, the heroes, of the coming age. Through them, that age will take its mark, from us. Their principles, their habits, their characters, will tell, through all the centuries to come, in surges, that will roll and swell, forward and onward, till the dreadful day of doom. Can we do better, on the festival, which consecrates the memory of the Fathers of the State, than to consider, how we best shall serve it, in the training of its sons? What can be fitter for this, our third, anniversary, than the contemplation of its sacred trust, towards the commonwealth, which shelters it, in its broad shadow? *The men, to make a State; the making, and the marks, of men, to make a State*, will be appropriate themes, to-day.

*The men, to make a State, must be intelligent men.* I do not mean, that they must know that two and two make four ; or, that six *per cent.*, a year, is half *per cent.*, a month. I take a wider and a higher range. I limit myself to no mere utilitarian intelligence. This has its place. And this will come, almost unsought. The contact of the rough and rugged world will force men to it, in self-defence. The lust of worldly gain will drag men to it, for self-aggrandizement. But men, so made, will never make a State. The intelligence, which that demands, will take a wider and a higher range. Its study will be man. It will make history its

cheap experience. It will read hearts. It will know men. It will, first, know itself. Who else can govern men? Who else can know the men, to govern men? The right of suffrage is a fearful thing. It calls for wisdom, and discretion, and intelligence, of no ordinary standard. It takes in, at every exercise, the interests of all the nation. Its results reach forward, through time, into eternity. Its discharge must be accounted for, among the dread responsibilities of the great day of judgment. Who will go to it, blindly? Who will go to it, passionately? Who will go to it, as a sychophant, a tool, a slave? How many do! These are not men, to make a State.

*The men, to make a State, must be honest men.* I do not mean, men that would never steal. I do not mean, men that would scorn to cheat, in making change. I mean men, with a single face. I mean men, with a single eye. I mean men, with a single tongue. I mean men, that consider, always, what is right; and do it, at whatever cost. I mean men, who can dine, like Andrew Marvel, on a neck of mutton; and whom, therefore, no king on earth can buy. Men, that are in the market, for the highest bidder; men, that make politics their trade, and look to office for a living; men, that will crawl, where they cannot climb: these are not men to make a State.

*The men, to make a State, must be brave men.* I do not mean the men, that pick a quarrel. I do not mean the men, that carry dirks. I do not mean the men, that call themselves hard names; as Bouncers, Killers, and



the like. I mean the men, that walk with open face, and unprotected breast. I mean the men, that do, but do not talk. I mean the men, that dare to stand alone. I mean the men, that are, to-day, where they were, yesterday; and will be there, to-morrow. I mean the men that can stand still, and take the storm. I mean the men that are afraid to kill, but not afraid to die. The man that calls hard names, and uses threats; the man that stabs, in secret, with his tongue, or with his pen; the man that moves a mob, to deeds of violence and self-destruction; the man that freely offers his last drop of blood, but never sheds the first: these are not the men to make a State.

*The men, to make a State, must be religious men.* States are from God. States are dependent upon God. States are accountable to God. To leave God out of States, is to be Atheists. I do not mean, that men must cant. I do not mean, that men must wear long faces. I do not mean, that men must talk of conscience, while they take your spoons. One shrewdly called hypocrisy, the tribute, which vice pays to virtue. These masks and vizors, in like manner, are the forced concession, which a moral nature makes, to Him, whom, at the same time, it dishonours. I speak of men, who feel, and own, a God. I speak of men, who feel, and own, their sins. I speak of men, who know there is a hell. I speak of men, who think the Cross, no shame. I speak of men, who have it in their heart, as well as on their brow. The men that own no future, the men that

trample on the Bible, the men that never pray, are not the men to make a State.

The men, to make a State, *are made by faith*. A man, that has no faith, is so much flesh. His heart, a muscle; nothing more. He has no past, for reverence; no future, for reliance. He lives. So does a clam. Both die. Such men can never make a State. There must be faith, which furnishes the fulcrum, Archimedes could not find, for the long lever, that should move the world. There must be faith, to look, through clouds and storms, up to the sun, that shines as cheerily, on high, as on Creation's morn. There must be faith, that can lay hold on heaven, and let the earth swing from beneath it, if God will. There must be faith, that can afford to sink the present, in the future; and let time go, in its strong grasp upon eternity. This is the way that men are made, to make a State.

The men, to make a State, *are made by self-denial*. The willow dallies with the water, and is fanned forever by its coolest breeze, and draws its wave up, in continual pulses of refreshment and delight; and is a willow, after all. An acorn has been loosened, some autumnal morning, by a squirrel's foot. It finds a nest, in some rude cleft of an old granite rock, where there is scarcely earth to cover it. It knows no shelter, and it feels no shade. It squares itself against the storms. It shouldered through the blast. It asks no favour, and gives none. It grapples with the rock. It crowds up, toward the sun. It is an oak. It has been, seventy years, an oak. It will be an oak, for seven times seventy years;

unless you need a man of war, to thunder at the foe, that shows a flag, upon the shore, where freemen dwell: and, then, you take no willow, in its daintiness and gracefulness; but that old, hardy, storm-stayed and storm-strengthened, oak. So are the men made, that will make a State.

The men, to make a State, *are themselves made by obedience*. Obedience is the health of human hearts: obedience to God; obedience, to father and to mother, who are, to children, in the place of God; obedience, to teachers and to masters, who are in the place of father and of mother; obedience, to spiritual pastors, who are God's ministers; and to the powers that be, which are ordained of God. Obedience is but self-government, in action: and he can never govern men, who does not govern, first, himself. Only such men can make a State.

The education that would make the men, to make a State, must make them so, by faith, and self-denial, and obedience. *Faith*, that asks never, why; but trusts, and does: *self-denial*, that makes hardships helps to duty, and holdfasts on honour; bears fire or frost, so duty call, with equal disregard; and conquers, by endurance: and *obedience*, that, in doing honour to the law, does honour to itself; sees God, in all who represent Him, in the godlike work of human government; and counts them only freemen, who are freemen of the truth and duty. I venture not to say, that, in this College, we do these things, always, so: but I do say, that we ought to; that they are our arm of strength and crown of glory, as we do them, in the sight of God,

and for His name ; and that, so certain as we fail them, we ourselves shall fail, and shall deserve to.

And, for the marks of men, that are to make a State. *I see them, in the ingenuous boy.* He looks right at you, with his clear, calm eye. The glow, that mantles on his cheek, is of no kin with shame : it is but virtue's colour, spreading from his heart. You know that boy, in absence, as in presence. The darkness is not dark to him ; for God's eye lightens it. He is more prompt to own, than do, a wrong ; and readier, for amendment, than for either. There is nothing possible, for which you may not count on him ; and nothing good, that is not possible, to him, and God.

*I see them, in the earnest boy.* His heart is all a-throb, in all his hand would do. His keen eye fixes on the page of Homer, or of Euclid, or of Plato ; and never wavers, till it sees right through it, and has stored its treasures, in the light of his clear mind. His foot has wings, for every errand of benevolence or mercy. And, when you see the bounding ball fly highest, and fall farthest from the stand, and hear the ringing shout, that is the signal of its triumph ; you may be sure that it was his strong arm, that gave that ball the blow.

*I see them, in the reverential boy.* He never sits, where elders stand. His head is never covered, when superiors pass ; or, when his mother's sex is by. He owns, in every house, at every hour, of prayer, a present God. **INGENUOUS, EARNEST, REVERENTIAL, BOYS :** these are our marks, of men, to make a State.

" What constitutes a State ?  
 Not high-raised battlements, or laboured mound,  
     Thiek walls, or moated gate ;  
 Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned,  
     Not bays, and broad-armed ports,  
 Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride ;  
     Not starred and spangled court ,  
 Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.  
     No. Men, high minded men.  
         \*     \*     \*     \*  
     Men, who their duties know,  
 But know their rights ; and, knowing, dare maintain ;  
     Prevent the long-aimed blow,  
 And crush the tyrant, while they rend the chain :  
     These constitute a State."

## IV.

### THE LIBERTY WHICH DWELLS WITH DUTY, THE ATMOSPHERE FOR CHRISTIAN FREEMEN.

\* THE FOURTH FOURTH OF JULY ORATION AT BURLINGTON COLLEGE.

I SAW a hale and vigorous old man. The snows of seventy winters rested on his brow. But he stood up, like an old oak. His foot took hold of the firm earth, at every step. There was indomitable might, in the broad muscles of his free, right arm; and, in his glowing cheek, and genial eye, summer and autumn more than held their ground, with winter's rugged reign. I looked: and there was brought, to him, the helpless beauty of a new-born babe; to receive the blessing of a father's first and fondest kiss. It was his Benjamin: the son of his old age; "the son of his right hand."

The seventieth birth-day of this nation was the birth-day of this College. It is an old man's child. But it *is* the child of the old man. And, in the way, it stands, and walks, and looks "right onward," and makes its mark on men, and asks no favours of the world, and

does its battle for the right, and shakes, from its young brow, all doubts, all difficulties, all disasters, "as dew-drops, from a lion's mane," it leaves no question open, as to who its father is. The youngest of the Colleges of America, we challenge, for it, in every deepest, every highest, sense, the name and character of an American College. We make no higher claim for it, we ask no more for it, from God, than, that there go from it, through all the ages, yet to come, in an increasing multitude, a line, that shall be worthy of its lineage; a line of Christian Freemen.

On this fourth birth-day of our College, and seventy-fourth, of the Republic, the theme, which I have chosen, to promote this great and gracious end, is one, which well becomes the day, in both its aspects. As the national anniversary, it is the day to talk to Freemen. As the great feast day of our College, a sacred venture, in which more than life has been embarked, for Christ, and for His Gospel, in His Church, it speaks to them, as Christians. I combine the two, when I invite you, all to meditate with me this simple thought: THE LIBERTY WHICH DWELLS WITH DUTY, THE ATMOSPHERE FOR CHRISTIAN FREEMEN.

There is nothing easier, nor, as men account, more popular, than to harangue, of Liberty. At the mere name of it, the school-boy screams, the spruce-beer pops, the crackers fiz. Nay, bells are rung, and cannons roar, and men get drunk. Contemplate, with me, in one of our great cities, the aspects of Liberty, as the Fourth-day of July annually reveals them. The liberty of

heat. The liberty of dust. The liberty of noise. Horses, frightened, by squibs. Children, run over, by horses. Nurses, in hysterics, with their children. In the morning, rum, like rain. By noon, republicans, in the kennel. Towards evening, black eyes, as plenty as blackberries. A night, spent, in the watch-house. The next day, before the Police Court. And all, for Liberty, priceless Liberty, glorious Liberty! The Liberty of shame. The Liberty of suffering. The Liberty of sin. The Liberty of death. The Liberty of Hell. Is life happier for this? Is man better? Has God more glory? Is property safer? Are homes more sacred? Are women held in higher honour? Are children better cared for? Is the state adorned? Is learning furthered? Is peace promoted? Is "the area of freedom" extended? Is the earth blessed? Is human nature dignified? Is the divine approached? Is this the Liberty, for which the first blood flowed, at Lexington? Is this the Liberty, to secure whose blessings, to themselves, and their posterity, our glorious fathers established, and ordained, the Constitution? Is this the Liberty, under whose auspices, our incomparable WASHINGTON offered his prayers, to Heaven, that "the happiness of the people of these States" might "be made complete?" Is this the Liberty, by which this day has had its consecration, for all ages, as the holiest in the secular records of mankind; the brightest and the most enduring in the calendar of time? Is this the Liberty, which has set free the stars and stripes, to flout the breezes, upon every sea; and be, to every land, the



cynosure of hearts, that yearn for freedom, and the rallying flag of man? This is no atmosphere, where Freemen can be born, and live? As little like it, as the foul and filthy kennel, that steams with pestilence, is like the mountain stream, which, from its crystal fountain, comes careering down; as pure, and clear, and cool, as full of comfort, health, and life, as when the Prophet brought it, at a blow, from Horeb's cloven rock.

For no such Liberty as this, did Warren, or did Mercer, fall. For no such Liberty as this, did the Assanpink run with blood, at Trenton's heady fight; or the brave men of Monmouth, on that scorching day, gnaw the damp ground, to quench their burning thirst. For no such Liberty as this, did the Representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress assembled, on this day, four and seventy years ago, appeal to the Supreme Judge of the world, for "the rectitude of their intentions;" when they declared, that these United Colonies "are, and, of right, ought to be, Free and Independent States." Theirs, was no impulse of mere passion. Theirs, was no voice of vague and noisy protestation. Theirs, was no clamour of insolvent debtors; no banding of conspirators and bankrupts. They sought no gain. They asked no place. They panted, for no power. They were men of family, of character, of substance. There was no better blood on earth, than circled, in their veins. They were brothers, husbands, fathers. They were loyal subjects. They were pious Christians. But their country was oppressed. Their

rights were disregarded. Their hearth-stones were invaded. And, when the claims of justice, and the ties of blood, had been refused and disallowed, they did, what Freemen must, and Christians may ; and, standing up, beside their altars, and their hearths, sworn to defend them, or, to die upon them, they signed the immortal paper, which is, now, the Magna Charta of mankind.

Theirs was the Liberty, which dwelt with Duty. Duty demanded it. Duty sanctified it. Duty achieved it. It is the Liberty, which God approves of, and will always bless. It is the atmosphere, for Christian Freemen. It is the atmosphere, for us.

*The Liberty, which dwells, with Duty, will be humble.* It will not shrink from the admission of superiors. It must admit a God. It will own God, in all who represent Him. The child will honour and obey his parents. The servant will be submissive to his master. The pupil will be subject to the teacher. The citizen will reverence the magistrate. All will submit themselves to them, who are God's watchmen for their souls. Short of this, all must be confusion. Short of this, liberty becomes licentiousness. Order is lost. Rights cease. Peace perishes. Even, hope is gone. It was the pride of Liberty, that cast the rebel angels down, to Hell. And, now, the angels that excel in strength, are strongest and most excellent in this ; that, with all their consciousness of power, and all the glory of their rank, they hold them in humility ; hearkening, to hear His word, that they may hasten, to do His will. And the Apostle

Paul, in his most graphic picture of the wretchedness and ruin, in which the whole creation has been implicated by the Fall, contrasts "the bondage of corruption," in words, inimitable, for their truth and beauty, with "the glorious liberty of the children of God." The liberty of children, to obey, and fear, and love. The liberty of God's children, to obey, and fear, and love, His perfect and immortal nature. A glorious liberty, as it draws up the children, to the Father; and, through the contemplation and adoration of His perfections, makes them one with Him, in His eternal and everlasting glory. In the liberty, that dwells with duty, it is our aim, to bring these children up. The liberty, which lives, by law. The liberty, which lives, by love. The law, which gives to every one his own. The love, which esteems all others better than itself. This is the atmosphere, to nourish Christian freemen. The children, who endure this training, will grow up, the freemen of the Lord.

*The Liberty, which dwells, with Duty, will be unselfish.* Self is not more the antagonist of love, than it is of liberty. The selfish man is, of necessity, a self tormentor. And the disease, which kills his peace, destroys the peace of every other. True liberty can only dwell in a large heart. It must have room, to grow. The largest heart, it will still find too narrow; and must overflow, on others. It is the Nile of our humanity. It swells, and spreads, and deepens; till the world around it has been watered, softened, fertilized, made beautiful and glorious, in its broad and blessed flood. In the Liberty,

which dwells with Duty, in the happy home of an unselfish heart, we strive to bring these children up. Mutual service, mutual endurance, mutual concessions, mutual sacrifices: these are the charms of love; in these true liberty is found, and felt. The loads of life are lightened, by its love. The clouds of life are brightened, by its light. Hearts twin with hearts. Blood blends with blood. The race is one, in the All-Father, God.

“ Oft, ere the common source be known,  
The kindred drops will claim their own;  
And throbbing pulses, silently,  
Move heart, towards heart, by sympathy.  
Oh, might we all our lineage prove,  
Give, and forgive, do good, and love;  
By soft endearments, in kind strife,  
Lightening the load of daily life.” \*

*The Liberty, which dwells, with Duty, is religious.* Satan has not a falser, as no more dangerous, delusion, than the antagonism of truth and freedom; of liberty with religion. He is the only freeman, whom the truth makes free. Can there be freedom, in a lie? Can a liar look up, at a man? Can a liar come to God? Why, it was Satan’s lie, that lost the liberty of Paradise. And religion, so far from the bondage of our nature, is, as its name implies, the sacred cord, by which it is drawn back, from slavery and sin; and bound again—as *re* and *ligo* mean—to happiness and God. What is the service of the flesh? A servitude that wears itself

\* Keble’s Christian Year.

out in the chains that wear the heart? What is the service of the world? A slavery to many masters; changing with the hour, yet never intermitting; cheerless, to endure, and thankless, in the end. What is the service of the Devil? Subjection to a slave; who, bound himself in misery and iron, indulges his vindictiveness, against the God, who chained him, by the wrongs, he wreaks upon God's image, in our nature. The service of God, meanwhile, is perfect and eternal freedom. The Son hath made His children free. And, "where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." Not the liberty, to sin; but the liberty, not to sin. Not the liberty, to live away from God; but, to live near Him, and lean on Him, and look up to Him. The liberty of a good conscience. The liberty of virtuous habits. The liberty of a holy life. The liberty of prayer. The liberty of peace. The liberty of love. Continual are our exertions, and our prayers continual, that these dear children, whom the Lord has lent us, for a while, to train for Him, may grow up, as His children, and His freemen, in the religious Liberty, which dwells with Duty.

Happiest, for my purpose, and in most perfect harmony with this twice blessed Day, in both its aspects, as it made us Freemen, and as it finds us Christians, are the words of WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, the Sage and Poet of our times; saintly, in all his life, now sainted, in his death; my admiration, always: and, nine years, my kind and faithful friend. His "Ode to Duty" is the noblest strain of Christian morals, which even his

harp has uttered. And to knit its heavenly tones in with this day, and make it heavenly ; to imbue, with its angelic spirit, the young hearts of these children, and fit them for the choir of angels, where his voice now rings, will be, so God shall grant it to my prayers, their fittest, fullest answer.

Stern Daughter of the voice of God !

O Duty ! if that name Thou love,  
 Who art a light to guide, a rod  
 To check the erring, and reprove ;  
 Thou, who art victory and law,  
 When empty terrors overawe,  
 From vain temptations dost set free ;  
 And calmst the weary strife of frail humanity !

There are, who ask not, if thine eye

Be on them ; who, in love and truth,  
 Where no misgiving is, rely  
 Upon the genial sense of youth :  
 Glad hearts ! without reproach or blot ;  
 Who do thy work, and know it not :  
 Oh ! if, through confidence misplaced,  
 They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power ! around them cast.

Serene will be our days, and bright,

And happy will our nature be,  
 When love is an unerring light,  
 And joy its own security.  
 And they a blissful course may hold,  
 Even now, who, not unwisely bold,  
 Live in the spirit of this creed ;  
 Yet, seek thy firm support, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried ;

No sport of every random gust

Yet, being to myself a guide,  
 Too blindly have reposed my trust :  
 And, oft, when, in my heart was heard  
 Thy timely mandate, I deferred  
 The task, in smoother walks to stray ;  
 But, thee, I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,  
 Or strong compunction in me wrought,  
 I supplicate for thy control ;  
 But, in the quietness of thought :  
 Me, this unchartered freedom tires ;  
 I feel the weight of chance-desires :  
 My hopes no more must change their name ;  
 I long for a repose, that ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver ! yet thou dost wear  
 The Godhead's most benignant grace ;  
 Nor know we anything so fair  
 As is the smile upon thy face :  
 Flowers laugh before thee, in their beds ;  
 And fragrance, in thy footing, treads ;  
 Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong ;  
 And the most ancient heavens, through Thee, are fresh and  
 strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power !  
 I call thee ; I myself commend  
 Unto thy guidance, from this hour ;  
 Oh, let my weakness have an end !  
 Give unto me, made lowly wise,  
 The spirit of self sacrifice ;  
 The confidence of reason give ;  
 And, in the light of truth, thy bondsman, let me live !

## V.

### PATRIOTISM A CHRISTIAN DUTY.

\* THE FIFTH FOURTH OF JULY ORATION AT BURLINGTON COLLEGE.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, this day—I was younger then, in years, than I am now ; but, by the good right-hand of God upon me, not younger, by one whit, in heart or hope—I delivered the Jubilee Oration of American Independence, in the City of Hartford, by the appointment of the civil authority. I was then, as now, enlisted, hand and heart, in the good work of Christian education ; and the officers and students of Washington College, of which I was the senior Professor, were a portion of my audience. I have scarcely seen the manuscript, from that day to this. But the circumstance, that we complete to-day three-quarters of a century of freedom, induced me to look after it. And I cannot better serve the purpose, which I have in hand, than by the re-production, now and here, of its opening and closing paragraphs.

“This day, a half century is completed, since the ‘Thirteen United States of America’, by their ‘unani-



mous declaration,' claimed for themselves a name and a place, among the sovereign nations of the earth. You have listened to that inimitable paper, stirring your hearts within you, as with the sound of a trumpet, in which their claim was urged. And yourselves, my fellow-citizens, casting aside, for a season, the cares and duties of your daily life, and come up hither to profess anew its principles, and to rejoice in its success, are living witnesses of the unparalleled result. The thirteen colonies, then, rich in nothing, but their love of liberty, and strong in nothing but their trust in God, are now become twenty-four States; the members of a Federal Republic, which, on the side of justice, may defy the world. The three millions of people, which were then thinly sprinkled along the coast, are multiplied to more than ten. The tide of their increase, rolling westward, with the course of day, has long since occupied the Alleghanies; and is now pouring its thousands out through the vast valley of the Mississippi. Upon the tree of our liberties, which the fathers of the republic, as on this day, planted with holy hands, that trembled, but not with fear, the dews and rains of fifty years have fallen. Cherished by favouring heaven, with light and warmth, and only rooted to a greater depth by winds and tempests, it stands erect among the nations: offering its grateful shadow to the oppressed of every land; and sheltering from the heat and from the storm the happy millions, who repose beneath its branches. Is it not meet, my fellow-citizens, in the remembrance of such a triumph, and in the enjoyment of such a bless-

ing, that with us, as with God's people in the olden time, if not the fiftieth year, at least the fiftieth anniversary, should be observed as holy? That throughout the land, liberty should be proclaimed? That the voice of the nation's jubilee should go out into the world: to the first-born of every tyrant that sitteth on the throne, a voice of fearful warning; to the oppressed of every name, in every land, a watch-word and a war-cry; to the God of our fathers, and our own God, who, in the day of battle, thundered in the van, and in the day of peace, still showers His blessings on us, as the gracious rain, the voice of thanks and praise; a nation's sacrifice of love and adoration!"

We are now half-way toward another jubilee. The fifty years of freedom have, in God's forbearing Providence, been lengthened out, to seventy-five. And has the motive to thanksgiving failed? Has the debt of love and gratitude to God been lessened? Have we gone backward, or stood still, in the high track of freedom, glory, power? Our ten millions, in twenty-five years, have been multiplied to more than twenty-three. Our four and twenty States are thirty-one. And the shores of the Pacific are, now, what the valley of the Mississippi was, then. In arms, in arts, in wealth, in agriculture, in commerce, in manufactures, in education, in religious privileges and opportunities, the advance far outreaches calculation. And all this, in but little more than the three score years and ten, which are the lot of human life. All this within the memory of some,

who still bless us with their venerable presence, and adorn us with the lustre of their patriotism. All this, within a period which the oldest who now hears me may round into a century; and not yet come to four score years. What a tribute to the high, forecasting wisdom of the fathers of our freedom! What a trophy to the skilfulness and valour of the heroes of our Revolution! What a testimony to the excellence of our national constitution! What a crown of glory on the triumphal arch of our incomparable union! With what far deeper truth, with what far fuller fervour, may I say, to-day, what I said five and twenty years ago.

“ Cherish, as your choicest possession of the earth, the principles of that free and happy Constitution, under which, by the blessing of God, on your brave fathers' sufferings and trials, it is your lot to live. They have been tried in the storm and in the calm; and have borne you triumphantly through both. Springing into existence from the strife and confusion of one war, they have been your strength and support in the dangers and trials of another; and in both have brought down victory to your banner. And they have raised you now to a height of honour, in the prosperity of peace, such as war could never win; to be the hope, the pattern, the rallying point of the world. Did the fathers of the Revolution bare their bosoms to the fight, as the forlorn hope of freedom and of man? And will not you, that have so nobly realized what they dared not to dream of, stand by their priceless purchase against

every assault that can attempt it from without; and, far more dangerous, the internal discords, that would undermine it from within? Did the fathers of the Revolution nobly cast aside every thought of private interest; and with their country, their whole country, as the object of their toils and prayers, unite, from North to South, in one indomitable Macedonian phalanx; and, heart in heart, and shoulder against shoulder, brave the fierce onset, and hurl back its tide? And, shall we now, in the piping times of peace, permit some local interest, permit some private prejudice, permit some selfish consideration of emolument or of aggrandizement, to come between our hearts; and burst the bond, which holy hands, with many a tear, and prayer, have knit; and rend that glorious Union, which they cemented, and made sacred with their blood? No! let the traitor perish, in hot blood, whatever be his name, wherever be his home, who dares, with sacriligious hand, to separate, what God has joined together: who dares to touch, with purpose of dismemberment, one sacred stone of the old Cyclopean Arch,—conceived by giant hearts, and piled, by giant hands,—of our incomparable, and, as I believe, imperishable Union.”

Thus, did I speak, a quarter of a century ago; when not a flake of snow had fallen upon my head. And now, with these white hairs, which care and suffering for the sacred cause to which my life is given, far more than years, have thinned and whitened for the grave, to be my witness, before God, I re-assert the whole, and

more. Polybius\* and Livy† after him, relate, that when Hamilcar Barca was about to carry the war, which he had waged so long against the Romans, into Spain, he performed, by the Straits of Gibraltar, a solemn act of his religion. A sacrifice was offered, to propitiate the heavenly favour on his country and its armies. As his little son, then nine years old, stood by, he bade the priests and others who were present, to retire a little ; and called him to the altar, blazing yet with sacrificial fires. He asked him, then, if he would like to go with him, upon the expedition. And when, with childish zeal he begged him, that he might, he took his little hand and laid it on the sacrifice ; and bade him swear, that he would never cease to be the enemy of Rome. And Rome, in all her history, had never such an enemy as Hannibal. I believe that Patriotism is a religious duty. I believe, that it is to be taught, as such, from earliest childhood. I believe, that, only second to their Saviour and His Church, our offspring should be trained to love and serve the land, which is their providential heritage. And, I would take these children now, and lay their hands upon the altar, which commemorates and certifies to their redemption ; and demand their pledge, before the God who sees their heart, that they would never be the friend of him, who would disturb this Union. I care not where he comes from. I care not what his plea be. As an American, I know no North ; I know no South. One country is enough for me. “Omnes omnium

\* Historiarum, III. 11.

† Historiarum, XXI. 3.

*caritates patria una complexa est.*"\* The country of the Union; the country of the Constitution; the country of the stars and stripes; that is my country,—I go for it, all. I go for it, as one. I go for it, as indivisible. And, I would sooner tear my quivering heart-strings from their core, than see one Pleiad lost from that all-glorious constellation.

“When Freedom, from her mountain height,  
 Unfurled her standard to the air,  
 She tore the azure robe of night,  
 And set the stars of glory there.  
 She mingled with the gorgeous dyes,  
 The milky baldrick of the skies;  
 And striped its pure celestial white,  
 With streakings of the morning light.  
 Then, from his mansion, in the sun,  
 She called her eagle-bearer down,  
 And gave into his mighty hand  
 The symbol of her chosen land.”

“Flag of the free heart’s only home,  
 By angel hands to valour given,  
 Thy stars have lit the western dome,  
 And all thy hues were born in Heaven.  
 Forever float that standard sheet,  
 While breathes the foe, that falls before us:  
 With Freedom’s soil beneath our feet;  
 And Freedom’s banner, streaming o’er us!”†

\* Cicero, *de officiis*, I. 17.

† The American Flag, by Dr. Drake.

## VI.

### INFLUENCE WITHOUT INTERVENTION, THE DUTY OF OUR NATION TO THE WORLD.

\* THE SIXTH FOURTH OF JULY ORATION AT BURLINGTON COLLEGE.

NATIONS are men, in masses. The same God made them, nations, that, first, made them, men. He "hath made, of one blood, all nations of men, for to dwell on all the face of the earth; and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation." They are, thus, moral aggregates; and held for moral obligations: the same, as nations, which they own, as men. Of the one, as of the other, it is true: "none of us liveth, to himself; and no man dieth, to himself." On one, as on the other, it is enjoined: "look not every man on his own things; but, every man, also, on the things of others." Of the one, as of the other, it holds good: "love worketh no ill to his neighbour; therefore, love is the fulfilling of the law." By these, and such like, rules, a Christian nation, as a Christian man, is governed. Such fruits, as these, demonstrate Christian men, alike; and Christian nations. And, for

nations, as for men, there is a rule of holy retribution : “ therefore, I say unto you, the kingdom of God shall be taken from you, and given to a nation, bringing forth the fruits thereof.”

These premises will quite suffice, for the conclusions, which I mean to draw. It follows, from them, that a nation owes a nation, as a man, to men, the impulses and efforts of a true benevolence. Not, in the interchange of commerce ; not, in the negotiations of diplomacy ; not, in the formalities of etiquette ; are the mutual debts, which nations owe each other, to be discharged : but, in the aims and offices of an all-embracing, all-enduring, charity. The law of Christ, for nations, as for men, is still the same : “ thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.” And, when the question rises, in the selfish, self-excusing, heart, “ Who is my neighbour ? ”—the Lord Himself, in His own image, in the Good Samaritan, supplies, at once, the answer, and the illustration, “ Which now, of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbour unto him, that fell among the thieves ? And he said, He that showed mercy on him. Then said Jesus, unto him, Go, and do thou, likewise.”

We are ready, now, to apply to our own case, the principles, thus, stated. We are a nation ; a great and powerful nation ; a free and happy nation. This is the six and seventieth anniversary of seventeen hundred and seventy-six. And, all the glorious hopes of the immortal band, who made this day, immortal, have been more than realized, in happiness and freedom. The handful, that, then, skirted the long sea-board of the



wild Atlantic, are now, five and twenty millions ; and join hands, from the Atlantic, to the broad Pacific. It is a simple fact, from which all boasting is excluded, since we owe whatever we possess to Him, to whom our fathers looked, that these United States, are, now, the equal of the chiefest of the nations of the world. England and France, and Russia, stand, on the same line. The rest, in various grades of obvious inferiority. In the respect of freedom, we surpass them all. Here, alone, in all the world, the problem is wrought out, of true and perfect freedom. No hereditary rank. No privileged class. No standing army. No public debt. The utmost scope to enterprise. The utmost enjoyment to possession. Competence, within the reach of all, who will. Distinction, free, to all, alike. No service, but of God. No submission, but to His law. No dependence, but on His will. "What nation is there, so great," we may say, with as much truth, as Moses said, "who hath God so nigh unto them, as the Lord our God is, in all things, that we call upon Him for!" But, as truly, as we owe not these great blessings, to ourselves ; so truly, for ourselves, we hold them not. We are the trustees, for the world, of equal laws and of free institutions. We owe, to all, who have them not, the benefits, which spring from them, alone, which they, alone, can keep ; which, without them, if they could be, were not worth having. The God, Who made, "of one blood, all the nations of men," and Who has, thus, made us, to differ, from all others, designs, by us, to spread them, through the world ; and holds

us answerable, for their unlimited diffusion. "We hold these truths to be self-evident."

And, now, the question rises, how shall this diffusion be accomplished? Shall it be, by the force of arms? Shall it be, by diplomatic art? Shall it be, by any of the forms of that, which is proverbially known, as "intervention?" I most distinctly answer, No! The right to intervene, is but the right of the strong arm. It was the man that intervened, between the lion and the horse. If one may claim the right, another may refuse. Then, it is the question of the strongest. Then, must come in the last resort. Then, is their hour, who make a solitude, and call it peace.

And, intervention is as inexpedient, as it is wrong. What is the intervention, that preserves the spheres, forever, in their starry tracks? The quiet, steady, constant, unperceived, and, therefore, unresisted, agency of gravitation. What is the intervention, between the ice-bound earth, when January piles its snows; and the broad waving of the golden grain, that woos the wind, upon the slopes of twice ten thousand hills? The quiet, steady, constant, unperceived, and, therefore, unresisted, agency of all the skiey influences; the silent dew, the gracious rain, the whispering air, the genial sun. What is the intervention, between the infant of an hour, and the majestic man; the mill-boy of the slashes, and our incomparable Clay? The quiet, steady, constant, unperceived, and, therefore, unresisted, agency of education; the father's toils, the father's training, the father's good example; the mother's tears, the

mother's teaching, and the mother's prayers. Where, in God's world, does intervention come, directly, in, but, in the earthquake, that convulses hemispheres; or the tornado, that sweeps towers and temples, from their places; or the red bolt, that rives the oak, that has been shelter, to a hundred generations! Where, in God's world, material, intellectual, moral, is any thing accomplished, for His glory, or the good of men, but in the agency of influence! The antediluvian forests, melted into coal. The old deposits of the flood, all mellowed, into marl. The gold, in grains, ripening, in darkness, at the mountain's foot, or in the river's bed. And, more than all, the wealth of mind, maturing, and aspiring and victorious, over every form and agency of matter: in cells, that do but glimmer, in the scant and straggling ray, that seems to wonder how it found an entrance; or, in the garret, where the chandler's boy devours the borrowed book, by the dim light of the secreted candle. And, so it is with nations. To be helped, at all, they must, first, help themselves. They must achieve the freedom, they would prize. They must earn the happiness, they would enjoy. They must struggle upward, to the light, that can illumine the soul. How can another's toil give vigour to my muscles! How can the intellectual processes of Plato or of Pliny develope powers of thought, in me? How can another's suffering teach me patience? Or, another's triumphs, give me the victory of myself? It is the universal law of moral natures, that, in the use of God's endowments, they must make, or mar, themselves.

“As a man thinketh, so he is.” As a man will be, so he may be. And the nation, that would vindicate its freedom; the nation, that would rise to greatness; the nation, that would soar to glory; must bare its own broad breast; must nerve its own strong arm; must imp its own swift wing. Must come to be, what it, first, dared to be.

“Thy Spirit, Independence, let me share,  
 Lord of the lion-heart and eagle eye:  
 Thee let me follow, with my bosom bare;  
 Nor heed the storm, that howls along the sky.”

The debt, which, as a nation, then, we owe, to nations, is not the debt of intervention; but, of influence. We have no right to intervene. We could not intervene, and keep our own impregnable equilibrium. We could do no good, by intervention. Not, without reason, has Almighty God made us a nation, by ourselves; and given us a hemisphere, to fill. Not, without infinite wisdom, has it been given to us, to be, “like a star, and dwell apart.” The central sun, that holds the planets in their places, and drives them on in ever circling spheres, itself, is but a star, that dwells apart. Its very distance is its power. Its very separateness is its true sovereignty. And, so it is; precisely, so, with us. The figure is no stronger than the fact. As he has said, who was at once the bravest, wisest, greatest, man, “the very foremost man of all the world”—a curse must fall upon this land, when he, who was “first in peace,” and “first in war,” ceases to be “first in the hearts of his countrymen”—as George Washington has said, “Europe has a set of primary interests, which to

us have none, or a very remote relation. Hence, she must be engaged, in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign, to our concerns. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves, by artificial ties, in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics, or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities. Our detached and distant situation invites and enables us, to pursue a different course." "Why forego the advantages of so peculiar a situation? Why quit our own, to stand upon foreign ground? Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity, in the toils of European ambition, rivalry, interest, humour, or caprice?" These are immortal words. Immortal, as wisdom. Immortal, as freedom. Immortal, as truth. While they are clung to, with the other precious counsels of that inimitable paper, which is to us the Will and Testament of him, who was, indeed, the Father of his Country, the independence of this nation, will remain impregnable; and virtue will go out from it, to elevate and bless the races of mankind. And, never was I so proud of my own countrymen; never had I such confidence in the Republic; never did I feel so strong a claim, on every patriot of America, to offer thanks and praises to Almighty God, as when, to all the blandishments of eloquence, and all the impulses of feeling, and all the promptings of ambition, this nation, through the great men, that conduct its counsels, first; and, then, by the full, free, fervent, undivided, suffrage of its myriads and

millions, as with the beating of one mighty heart, refused to recognize the claim, for foreign intervention.

But, still, there is a debt from such a nation, as the Lord God has made us to be, to other nations, and to all mankind. A debt, that never can be paid. A debt, that grows with every instalment of its discharge. The debt of influence, as a free, intelligent, and Christian nation. The influence of our history; the influence of our institutions; the influence of our example.

i. The influence of History, is, indeed, a mighty and majestic influence. What power, in the mere names of Marathon, Thermopylæ and Leuctra! What power, in the mere names of Cincinnatus, Tell, and Bruce! And we have made our watchwords, for the world. We have our Bunker Hill, our Saratoga, our Trenton, and our Yorktown. We have our Putnam and our Hamilton; our Hull and our Decatur; our Taylor and our Clay; our Daniel Webster and our Winfield Scott. The history of our Revolution is unsurpassed, in glory. The toils, the trials, the sufferings, the tears, the blood, by which our independence was achieved and settled, are far "beyond all Greek, all Roman fame." In every nation of the world, its date must find a place, next after that, which gave the Saviour, to mankind. And, the paper which has marked this day with glory, is to be the Magna Charta of the race. Upon us, it must devolve, that, as our history began, it shall go on. The wisdom, the moderation, the integrity, the devotion, the self-denial, the self-sacrifice, of seventeen hundred and seventy-six, have made the opening chapters of our his-

tory, as hard to emulate, as they are worthy of our emulation. The eyes of the whole world are upon us. And we shall shame our sires, and dispossess our sons, if we permit one blot to fall upon the glorious page, that chronicles the wars, and brightens with the fame, of Washington.

ii. Even more important, in discharging our great obligations, to mankind, is the influence of our Institutions. A wisdom, more than human, inspired the counsels of the Founders and Framers of our Government. The heavenly grace, which Franklin urged them to invoke, was freely poured upon their hearts. The Constitution of the United States, after a trial of almost seventy years; through all the vicissitudes of peace and war, of poverty and plenty, of prosperity and adversity; maintains its marvellous equipoise; expands, with the expansion of our country; strengthens, with the multiplication of our inhabitants; is equal to every emergency; is superior to every assault; spans our wide continent, as one triumphal arch, laved, at one base, by the Atlantic, and, by the Pacific, at the other; and sheds, on five and twenty millions of freemen, the light, the peace, the joy, the unity, the indivisibility, of perfect freedom. To our children, and our children's children, and their children's children, "an inheritance, for ever." To the nations of mankind, the bow, which God, Himself, has set, to span the sky; and tell them, that, for them, the days of tyranny are numbered; that, for them, the storm will shortly pass; that, for them, the light of freedom soon will spread upon the moun-

tains ; and their joy, as freemen, be, as theirs, who bring the harvest home.

“ O thus be it ever ” where “ freemen shall stand,  
 Between their loved home, and the war’s desolation ;  
 Bless’d with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land  
 Praise the Power, that hath made and preserved,” it “ a nation.  
 For conquer ” they “ must,” when their cause shall be just,  
 While this is their motto, ‘ In God is our trust ; ’  
 And the star-spangled banner, in triumph, shall wave,  
 O’er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.”

iii. And one more form of influence, there is, for which we are all debtors, to mankind, the influence of our example. “ A city, set upon a hill, cannot be hid.” Men, that are walking in the clear, calm, cool, transparent, mountain light of freedom, must be content, to have their attitudes and actions scanned and scrutinized. The eyes of men are turned on us. Whether the nations, that are grinding in the prison-house, or groping in the gloom, shall see the light, and win their freedom, rests with us. The Spartans made the Helots drunk, to warn their children, against drunkenness. And, if the pride of power, and plenty of prosperity, shall madden us, with their intoxication, we shall but brutalize ourselves, and fright the nations, by our fate. “ He is the freeman, whom the truth makes free.” And, only, “ where the Spirit of the Lord is,” is true “ liberty.” Only, as we make the law of God our rule ; conform our lives to the divine and perfect pattern of His Son ; and sink our selfishness and self-sufficiency, in the desire to honour Him, by doing good to other men, shall we



approve ourselves His freemen; perpetuate the freedom He has granted; and make the world in love with it, and sharers of its blessings.

Upon the young, who hear me, the reliance, chiefly, is, that these things may be so. To the annual streams, that are to go forth, from this living fountain, we commit a sacred trust. The College, where their youth is nurtured, blends the kindred waves of patriotism and piety. Founded upon the Rock, CHRIST JESUS, it combines the sacred interests of country and of Church. Next to the holy Festivals, which Christendom devotes, to the commemoration of the Christ, who made her Christendom, we cherish the birth-day of our Independence, and the birth-day of our Washington. To-day, a noble name, among the few, that men have borne, worthy a place with his, lies, sadly, on our hearts. The venerable dust of Henry Clay has not yet reached its resting-place, beneath the shades of Ashland. A nation's tears sadden, to-day, a nation's joy. A leaf of cypress mingles with the laurel wreath, to-day. The stars rise, clouded, to our eye. And, with the stripes, funeral crape is blended. It is well, for us, that it should be so. "It is good," for nations, as it is for men, "to be afflicted." They learn, so, to "cease from man, whose breath is in his nostrils." They are taught, so, that for nations, as for men, the only trust is, in the living God. They are admonished, so, that "men must die: principles never." The heroes of the Revolution are all gone. The giants of the next age are passing, from among us. The third act of the great drama of

the nation hastens to its close. In the next, you that are gathered, here, must be among the actors. I would have you lay to heart the solemn and impressive thought. I would have you look, with reverent admiration, on the shadows, that are flitting, by you, to the grave. I would have you emulate their virtues, and realize their example. Imitate their manliness. Imitate their moderation. Imitate their patriotism. Swear, to-day, to be true, as they were, to the Republic. Bless God, to-day, for the treasure of their service, and the inheritance of their example. Pray to God, to-day, that, in none of you, their fame may suffer loss; that, by each of you, according to his measure, the void, which they have left, may be filled up; that, through each of you, the light of Christian Freedom may pass on, undimmed. Noblest, among the torch-bearers of liberty, was he, who, to the services of fifty glorious years, added, as its becoming crown, and consummation, his dying testimony, to the lesson, which his life exemplified, and which I have sought to teach, to-day: that INFLUENCE, WITHOUT INTERVENTION, IS THE DUTY OF OUR NATION, TO THE WORLD.

“Praise to the man! A nation stood,  
Beside his coffin, with wet eyes;  
Her brave, her beautiful, her good,  
As when a loved one dies.”

“And consecrated ground, it is;  
The last, the hallowed home, of one,  
Who lives, upon our memories;  
Though, with the buried, gone.”

## VII.

### THE YOUNG AMERICAN : HIS DANGERS, HIS DUTIES, AND HIS DESTINIES.

\* THE SEVENTH FOURTH OF JULY ORATION AT BURLINGTON COLLEGE.

It cannot be questioned, for a moment, that there are geographical responsibilities. Peculiarities of position, peculiarities of climate, peculiar political institutions, historical peculiarities, create, continue, and enforce, local relations and national duties ; in a word, GEOGRAPHICAL RESPONSIBILITIES. It is the sentiment of that old Laconian adage, “*Σπαρταν ελαξεξ ταυταν ποσμει.*” *Sparta is your birth-place : make it your pride to honour it.* It kindled in St. Paul’s great heart, when, to the chief captain at Jerusalem, who gloried in the Roman citizenship, which he had obtained, for “a great sum,” he answered, with sublime sententiousness, “But I was born free !” And, how it blazed, in those few burning words, which old Hugh Latimer spoke, to his brother Bishop, at the stake, “Be of good cheer, Master Ridley, and play the man ; we shall this day light such a candle, by God’s grace, in England, as shall never be put out.”

\* A. D. 1853.

It is the very spirit of what David sang to his angelic harp, in that proudest pæan, which patriotism ever prompted: "Jerusalem is built as a city, that is at unity in itself." "O, pray for the peace of Jerusalem; they shall prosper, that love thee. Peace be within thy walls, and plenteousness within thy palaces. For my brethren and companions' sake, I will wish thee prosperity." The sentiment, of which I speak, with its resulting duties and responsibilities, is as true of America, as it ever was of Sparta, Rome or England. I shall not be extravagant to claim for it a deeper and a truer truth; more stringent and more urgent. For, in the first place, the accountability of every nation is in exact proportion to its capacity for influence, with other nations. And, in the second place, the whole amount of a nation's responsibilities is distributed among its citizens, in the exact ratio of their several capacities for influence. The chronological position of this nation among the tides of time; its geographical situation, between the two great oceans, bridging the space which separates them; its vast extent; its various and infinite resources; the expansive nature of its free institutions; with the immense machinery, which science puts at its command, through steam and magnetism, combine to confer on it an influence, which never yet has been attained by any nation: combine, therefore, to lay on us, who are its citizens, an individual responsibility, which never fell before on the inhabitants of any country. I propose, to-day, and here, to look this serious subject fairly in the face. It is the day to do it: for it is the anniversary

of that, which, seven-and-seventy years ago, first made America, a name among the nations. It is the place to do it: for here we train up young Americans. More than enough, we have all heard of "Young America." I come to speak to you, my friends, of YOUNG AMERICANS. The theme of my discourse, to-day, will be

### THE YOUNG AMERICAN;

HIS DANGERS, HIS DUTIES, AND HIS DESTINIES.

I. Young people do not like to hear of dangers; for the very reason that they are more exposed to them, and are least competent to meet them. But their elders must be faithful; and, at the risk of being regarded tedious, must forewarn them of the perils of their lot. Especially, must I be faithful to the Young Americans, who are assembled here: honoured, as I have been, with the most sacred trust that human life confers; and held, as I am, by all the pledges of a man, a father, and a Bishop, to train them up, as patriots and Christians.

i. The most immediate DANGER of the Young American is *over-estimation of himself*. It is incident to a young nation. It is incident to a prosperous nation. It is especially incident to a nation, so prosperous, while it is yet so young. There is a moral atmosphere developed in such circumstances, akin to what the chemists call the *nitrous-oxide*, or exhilarating gas. It mounts into every head, and lifts it quite above itself. The nation is run away with by it. It touches the grave statesman, and the hero of a hundred fights. We boast instinctively. We are born, boasting. It cannot be that young men

will not catch the epidemic of the nation ; and run riot, in self-esteem and self-reliance. There is no tendency more dangerous, as there is none more disagreeable. True greatness lives with deep humility. The best exponent of a man, for deeds of valour and of enterprise, is that of our gallant Miller ; when, directed to a desperate attempt, by his commander, he replied, "I'll try, sir !" And he did it. The Young Americans, whom I address, I earnestly exhort, to watch themselves, in this behalf ; and to chastise this over-weening estimate of self. A quiet moderation is the surest token of the greatest moral energy. You see it in that greatest man of modern times, who was, for half a century, the bulwark of his country's greatness ; and whom a weeping nation buried, but the other day, beneath the dome of old St. Paul's : her Wellington, beside her Nelson. You see it, even more conspicuous, in our greater Washington. Scrutinize his career, criticize his letters, anatomize his character. You cannot find one trace of self-conceit. You cannot find one trait of self-reliance. To his well-balanced greatness, his wise humility, his true heroic modesty, we owe, through God, our freedom and our power. The qualities that won them are the qualities to keep them ; and to make them fruitful through the world and through the ages, in blessings on mankind.

ii. A kindred DANGER, the result of this, to which the Young American is liable, is *haste*. The progress of this nation has been so rapid, that time has seemed to be of no importance to it. And, then, the whole

machinery of the age aims, as near as may be, at its annihilation. But this is very dangerous. When God made the world, He made it in six days. It might have sprung as instantaneous as the light. And, when He would complete the plan of its redemption, He took four thousand years for the developement of that, which, in the counsels of the Godhead, was complete, before the Fall. These are lessons to our hearts. No real greatness is spontaneous. The oak is not the monarch of the woods, short of a thousand years. And man, the monarch of the world, is first an embryo; and then an infant; and then a child; and has half-measured his allotted years, before he is full grown. No matter in what it is—in letters, in science, in art, in war, in government, in any thing that is to be for real greatness—time must be taken; and deliberate thought and patient labour be employed. Think of the studies of Sir Isaac Newton. Think of the touches of Raphael. Think of the chisel of Canova. See, by what lengthened process, Rome grew up to be the mistress of the world. Contemplate the slow march of England's greatness. And remember how the Fathers of our Republic waited, and watched, and toiled, and prayed, before the hour was reached, that consecrates this day. And, then, pursue their blood-stained footsteps, through the seven years' war, by which the issues of that hour were consummated and made perpetual. The Young American that would do justice to his name, must learn to wait. What he can do well off-hand, he can do better with deliberation. There is no royal road to real greatness; and, if there

were, republicans should not adopt it. We have greater issues, in our hands, than ever came before the Congress at Vienna. And they are *in our hands*; with only God above us. Here, only, of all nations of the world, the voice of every man may be potential. And, on us, it is incumbent, above all other nations, to aim at doing the most, not only, but at doing it the best. The Young American must study. The Young American must work. The Young American must wait. He must not hasten to be wise, or to be rich, or to be great. God never hastens. "*Patiens, quia eternus.*" Patient, because eternal.

iii. The third of the peculiar DANGERS of the Young American, and the last, that I shall now mention, *is the tendency to violence*. From liberty to license, though as utterly unlike as light and darkness, the progress is too easy, and too rapid. The overestimate of self, the impatience of time, the strong arm, with blood upon the hand: these are the natural steps to recklessness and ruin. It is a sad confession, that our national character has rushed, with fearful haste, to this red, ruthless, refuge of our maddened nature. Not a day, that does not bring to us the record of some deed of blood. I do not speak of midnight murders, and the violence of drunken and licentious brawls: but of the fierce outbreak of the passions, among those who, by the hostages which they have given to life; the trust which they are holding for their kind; the leading men of the republic—its statesmen, its judges, its senators—are responsible for the best example and the holiest influence. I mean



no sectional reflection. If the destructive tendency, of which I speak, prevails more in some quarters than in others, it is common, everywhere; and is spreading, from the focus, all around. And, wherever it prevails, it is in dereliction of the same social duties and religious obligations; and ruinous alike to our national character, and to our political institutions. Nor does the evil rest in private circles, or confine itself to streets and neighbourhoods. It infects the councils of the Republic. It embarrasses the deliberations of the Cabinet. It threatens to involve the nation, and perplex the world. It is an evil of the greatest magnitude. It needs our utmost vigilance, our best exertions, our most fervent prayers. Especially, must it be urged on Young Americans to keep themselves from violence and blood. There is a tiger, in our fallen nature, which is ever ready to rush on to rapine. It must be watched, and curbed, and crucified, and killed: or it will have its wild, mad way. Youth is the time to meet and mortify this fearful evil. The brawling and contentious boy will harden into the man of butchery and blood. The meek, the gentle, the patient, the self-controlled, in youth, will be the firm, the fearless, the indomitable, in manhood. Such David was; and such was Washington.

II. i. It is the DUTY of the Young American *to cultivate his mind, to the full extent of his best opportunities; not suffering his physical strength to be neglected and impaired.* Nowhere, as in America, is general intelligence so accessible, and so influential. Nowhere, is

ignorance so disgraceful, and so dangerous. All, it is true, cannot attain to what is justly called *a liberal education*. But there is opportunity for some degree of it, to all. The only limit should be the opportunity. And, for the most part, the resolved nature makes its opportunities. There is a tendency among us to lower the standard of education. There is a fallacy, even in places where one would not think to find it, that, by aiming lower, and spreading out more widely, a greater result will be obtained. As if the broad, low wash, that sleeps so sluggishly in Holland, were as available for healthful use, and wholesome distribution, as the fresh springs of our Alleghanian ranges. As if the streams of learning, any more than streams of water, would run up above their source. Rely upon it, to depress the grade of learning, is to weaken its power, and lessen its influence. Smattering comes of it, and superficialness, and sciolism. To bring together the most favoured, and the least, level these up, rather than bring those down. Where the colleges attain the highest reach of useful learning, the academies will come the nearest, and the common schools do best. In the first place, you can command the ablest teachers; and, in the second, you offer the greatest stimulus. What is of easy acquisition is of light appreciation. Difficulty stimulates exertion. The mushroom comes up, in the night: but never is more than a mushroom. Let the Young American labour for the highest education he can reach: at college, if he can get there; if not, at the best school. When there is no school for him, there is Franklin's garret

above him, and Franklin's example before him. The great Samuel Lee, Professor of Arabic, in the University of Cambridge, was a journeyman carpenter. But he loved learning; and he pursued it, as lovers do. When he had earned enough, he bought a book: when he had mastered it, he sold it, and procured another; and so on. And he became among the most distinguished of the learned men of Europe. It is a lesson which every one may learn, and every one apply: and with so much more ease at this time, when books are so accessible and cheap. Only, let the Young American eschew the light and fashionable reading of the day. The best of it is syllabub and sugar candy. Too much of it is arsenic and prussic acid.

It is a fault of Young Americans, to neglect, and so abuse, their physical constitution: and, unhappily, it is not confined to the industrious student. The hours of recreation, when the mind should be relieved, and the body invigorated, are given to the last novel: and health and strength are wasted, while the mind is diluted, and the moral principle perplexed, if not perverted. Our English scholars set a good example to the Young American. The brisk and animating walk, the athletic cricket ground, the contest of the oar: these are the tonics of their vigorous arm; these the developements of their broad, manly chest; these the cosmetics of their fresh and glowing cheek.

ii. It is the DUTY of the Young American *to imbue himself with the principles of the Constitution*. Party divisions are the danger of our day; and parties, now,

no more for principles, but for the spoils. It is a mortifying thing, to say that our present administration, to which I cheerfully accord my unreserving confidence, has spent more time, and taken more trouble, in the distribution of the offices under the government, than in considering the domestic interests and foreign policy of the country. I do not lay it to them, as an administration. It is the sin and shame of the times. Government has really come to be considered as an institution to distribute patronage. And, this, in six-and-sixty years. I seriously regard it as the most disgraceful and most dangerous error of the age. Unless it be reformed, it will first corrupt, and then destroy, the republic. The remedy for it is in the simple, earnest, child-like reference to the Constitution. I do not think it a misuse of sacred history, to say, this is the wood by which the bitter waters of our Marah must be sweetened. Offices, indeed, there must be, to carry on a government: but office is the instrument, alone; and they who hold it, but the incidents. The end is the public virtue and the public happiness. The human means, the faithful application of the principles of our incomparable Constitution. Such, of a truth, it is. A legacy from our forefathers, scarcely second to the freedom, which enabled them to make it; and to perpetuate which it was made. Let the Young American study the Constitution. Let him acquaint himself with its history.\* Let him imbue

\* I cannot deny myself the pleasure of alluding to the admirable Address, before the Constitutional Convention of New Jersey, by the Hon. Richard Stockton Field. I have already challenged him to produce from his rich store, a volume, for our young men. It should be the FIELD-BOOK of the Constitution.

himself with its principles; let him contemplate them in action, as they were seen and felt, in Adams, Hancock, Franklin, Washington. And let him resolve to live by it, as they did; and, if need be, to die for it, as they were prepared to do. So shall it be worth while to be Americans. So shall the name of Young American go down to after ages, "an inheritance forever." And so shall other names and other nations, while they admire our virtues, be emulous of our example; until American shall be the watchword and the war-cry of true liberty, throughout the world.

iii. It is the DUTY of the Young American *to aim at the highest moral excellence.* The utmost learning, that the longest life could realize, would fail to make a man. Nor is it in the power, even of our incomparable Constitution, to make or keep men free.

"He is a freeman, whom the Truth makes free;  
And all are slaves, besides."

Temper, passion, lust, avarice, revenge: these, and the like, are the enslavers of our race. Look at Antony, in the arms of Cleopatra. Look at Napoleon, among the rocks of St. Helena. Look at the Shylocks, who have shut their souls up in their iron chests. Look at the petty tyrants, who make their homes, hells, to themselves, and all that groan under their sway. The freeman must have conquered, first, himself. The love of money, the love of honour, the love of pleasure, are instincts of our fallen nature, and trampling on the ruins of its fall. The young American, who would do just

honour to his noble name, must vindicate himself from these. He must subdue his passions; he must control his tempers; he must regulate his desires. "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report: if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise," he must "think on these things."

iv. And, that all these things may be so, since otherwise they cannot be; it is the DUTY of the young American to *sanctify himself, his attainments, and his opportunities, by religious principles, professed and acted on.* All other hopes and uses are in vain, to these great ends. "It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps." To purchase freedom for the race, the redemption of the Cross was necessary. To achieve the freedom of the individual, the sanctification of the Spirit must be added. That is of universal truth which David says: "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? Even by taking heed thereto, according to Thy word." The young American that is not "the child of God," must disappoint the hopes of his inheritance, towards others; and find them disappointed in himself. The wood, the hay, the stubble, the earthly, the human, the mortal, called by whatever name, will perish in the fire, by which our nature must be tried. Only the gold, the pure, the virgin gold, will bear the fiercest furnace; and come purer from the flame. To dare to be religious, in an evil world, is the true daring of the soul. And to confess the Crucified and bear His Cross, in meekness,

but in unshrinking firmness, among men, is to subdue the world, and conquer by that sign.

III. Who shall attempt to sketch the DESTINIES of young Americans, who shall avoid these DANGERS, and discharge, in good fidelity, these DUTIES to their country and their kind? Suppose this picture could be realized, but in the little band, who gather in these walls. Suppose that you, my children, could go forth from these academic shades of patriotism and piety, to be the Young Americans, whom I have drawn. What firmer compact, than the Macedonian phalanx ever reached. What steadier progress. What more glorious victory! And should it be so, and the banner which you raise, where the dear Cross should sanctify the Stars and Stripes, become the rallying flag of Young Americans, throughout the land, what measure to the influence for good. What limit to the power to bless! Think of the time, when you are called to being and to duty. Think of the land, where God has cast your lot. Think of the Constitution, and the principles, of which you are to become the trustees for your kind. The stage of life, upon which you enter, is a continent. The guns, which ushered in this morning, rolled their thunders, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The Star-spangled Banner, which is unfurled, to-day, is wreathing itself into a rainbow; which rests upon two oceans, and encompasses a hemisphere. What lands are to be peopled! What seas, what bays, what lakes, are to be

traversed! What rivers are to be bridged! What mountains are to be tunnelled! What myriads are to be taught? What millions are to be saved! See how our Commerce is extending, to the Southern half of this great Continent, the principles of our institutions, and the influence of our manners. See how the Chinamen are meeting us, half way, at San Francisco. See how the Commerce of all Europe and all Asia is settling upon our Republic, as the channel for its transit, or the mart for its accumulation. See how the heathen hordes of the whole Eastern world are opening for us the way to preach to them the Gospel of Salvation, and to out-value to them "the wealth of Ormus and the Inde," by "the unsearchable riches of Christ." See, too, how, at this great juncture, in commerce and religion, the arts are tasked, the elements are chained, the powers of Heaven are enlisted, to overcome all difficulties, and make impossibilities possible. What a field for energy, for enterprise, for valour! What a field for the triumphs of science, the trophies of civilization, the conquests of the Cross! What a field, what a boundless field, what a glorious field, for young Americans! Gird up your loins, dear children of my hearth and heart, to enter in, and occupy it. "Be sober, be vigilant;" "quit you like men, be strong." Lead on, in Christ's name, and for His Church, the vanguard of the march of civil and religious freedom. Remember the Cross upon your brow. Be mindful of the Bible in your hands. Go to be comforts to your homes, and blessings to your



country, and lights to your age. Go, to be freemen of the Cross, and patterns of your times, in patience, and peacefulness, and purity. Go, and approve yourselves, in patriotism and piety, as worthy to be YOUNG AMERICANS.

## VIII.

### E PLURIBUS UNUM.

\* THE EIGHTH FOURTH OF JULY ORATION AT BURLINGTON COLLEGE.

EVERYBODY has heard of "the Gentleman's Magazine," which Edward Cave established, in London, in 1731; which has been edited, now, one hundred and twenty-three years, under the name of "Sylvanus Urban, Gentleman;" and, for whose earlier pages, the great Samuel Johnson tasked his mighty mind. Perhaps, very few are aware, that the motto, on its earliest title page, is the motto of our republic. The first volume, "printed," "at St. John's Gate," "London," in 1631, is in, what was, once, my Library. The device, on the title-page, is a hand, holding a bunch of flowers, tastefully disposed, and bound together. The motto, "E PLURIBUS UNUM." I do not know, that the one use was suggested, by the other. It might have been. It is, at any rate, a curious co-incidence. In the Magazine, the allusion is, to its being made up of articles, "collected chiefly from the public papers." In its national adaptation it expresses, perfectly, the character of the

Republic: one State, made up of many others; in its most literal sense, *of several*, ONE.

It is to these simple words—*of several*, ONE; E PLURIBUS, UNUM,—expressing, so perfectly, the nature of our great American Commonwealth: and setting forth, in it, a national system, such as the world has never seen, before; and, which, beyond any, that has ever been adopted, combines the elements of individual happiness and general prosperity, and gives them utmost life, extent, activity, and energy, that I invite your thoughts, to-day. It is the day, to think them. They have special interest, to-day.

It was not left, for the blessed year, which gave a Constitution, to the thirteen United States of North America, to originate the idea of a confederated government. Leagues have been formed, and confederacies have sprung up, in every age. A page of this manuscript would not contain their several titles. You will find them, duly written, on the lengthening roll of history. But, they were all accidental. They were all partial. They were all imperfect. They have all been unsuccessful; and, so, transient. In no case, were they, “UNUM,” “E PLURIBUS;” *of several*, ONE: therefore, their failure. Either the severalty divided and dissolved the unity: or else, the unity absorbed and swallowed up the severalty.

In our case, mark the difference; and see, how perfectly, the framers of our Constitution met the great problem of a plural unit. Geographical position, the convenience of commerce, priority of occupation, the

sympathies of neighbourhood, had scattered, along the coast of the Atlantic, and in slight removes from it, the thirteen English Colonies in America. When the oppressions of the government, "at home," as, in their worst estate, they still affectionately termed it, had made endurance, possible, no longer; and they had dared and done, what freemen will, for freedom, they became the thirteen States: asserting, in the words of that immortal paper, which you have heard, once more, to-day, "that the United Colonies are, and, of right, ought to be, free and independent States." This was in 1776; the year most memorable of all that are included in the Christian era. In two years more, "Articles of confederation and perpetual union," were adopted. But, with the faintest promise of union and without the slightest prospect of perpetuity. The hasty compromise of men, engaged in a contest, for existence, with the most powerful nation of the world: as little fitted for the purposes of a great nation, as one of the frail barks, with which Columbus found America, for the bombardment of Cronstadt. And, yet, such was the spirit of the people, and such their determination to be free, that it bore them through the war of independence. The pressure of a great necessity removed, the imperfect arch was tottering, to fall in; when giant hands came to the rescue, and laid, with the mountain rocks of freedom, the Cyclopean arches of the Constitution. I do not hesitate to call it, as Alexander Hamilton, before me, did, the greatest merely human work, on earth. Other governments have grown into

greatness; have hardened into strength; have been compacted into solidity; have learned adaptedness, with time; and accommodated themselves, to their occasions, by the slow marches of a tentative experience. But, the "Constitution of the United States of America" was the work of less than half a year. And, while the lapse of seven and sixty years have called for no important change, the storms and calms, the peace and war, the prosperity and adversity, of, so near, three score years and ten, have but ripened it into a richer excellence, and rooted it in a more enduring steadfastness, and won for it a deeper confidence, and established it in a more impregnable security. And as I understand it—and I have been a teacher of the Constitution, now, for thirty years—the secret of all this is, what the motto of the Commonwealth expresses, E PLURIBUS, UNUM; *a one, made up of many*. If the whole country were a unit, it would have overgrown, long since, into dismemberment. If the thirteen, or the thirty-one, sovereignties, whose stars are floating, now, among the islands of the Eastern seas, and have just opened the primeval prisons of Japan, to civilization and Christianity, were several and separate, they would be powerless; and, so, contemptible: the bundle of rods, when the old man had unbound them, for his sons to break. I spoke, just now, of the Cyclopean arches of the Constitution. And I spoke advisedly. The Union is an arch, made up of arches. Whether it be thirteen, or thirty-one, can make no difference. The principle is the same. Magnitude does but strengthen, and pressure does but consolidate,

it. No matter for how many, so the many be all one. The Plurality gives weight to the Unity: the Unity, compactness to the Plurality.

Let me dwell, for a brief space, on these two points, the counter checks of the Constitution; the equilibrium of the Union. "E PLURIBUS UNUM." *The one must be made up of many.* The number, and the diversity of the States promote the strength and closeness of the Union. Were there but three, or five, it would be, almost, as if there were but one. It was propitious to begin with as many as thirteen. That the number is much more than doubled, much more than doubles the resulting strength. The combinations of a lock increase its safety. The combinations of the Union are for the furtherance of its security. It is one, of many. So, with its geographical divisions. Climate, soil, original character, the state of society, its resulting customs and habits, make the North, the equipoise of the South: the South, the equipoise of the North. The commerce of the Atlantic, and, now, of the Pacific, is the outlet for the products of the superabundant Valley of the Mississippi; and greatly depends on their supply, for its prosperity. While, the Middle States, with their solidity, intelligence, and central influence, swing, like the governor in the steam engine, to equalize the motions of the rest. Were there no States, specially commercial, there would be small encouragement for agriculture. The extension of manufactures, throughout the Union, acts as a vinculum, to bind both interests together: as essential to our commerce, as it is

promotive of our agriculture. So wonderfully has God set one, against another, in our wonderful Republic. Like the compensation pendulum, the contraction, in one material, is the exact equivalent of the expansion in the other; and the result is perfect time. A world is compassed, in the range of our vast territory. A world, in its vastness and variety. A world, in the junction, which it forms, of the two great oceans, by which the world is washed.

And, now, the other side of the equation. E PLURIBUS UNUM. *The many must unite, in one.* What an absurdity, to think of: as many sovereignties, as there are States! Thirty-one powers, to treat with England, or with France. As many, to be bound to keep the peace; or, else “cry, havoc! and let slip the dogs of war.” It is a thing, not to be contemplated. Nor would it be materially better, if, for thirty-one, we substitute five, three, or two. The rivalries of commerce, the conflicting interests of territory, foreign entanglements, would lead to a perpetual warfare. As many fleets, as many armies, as many diplomatic corps, as there were several sovereignties; what a grievous and unnecessary burden! For the indomitable stars and stripes, which never floated, but in victory, a Northern and a Southern flag; and, soon, by the inevitable law of subdivision, for two, three, five, or seven. No national character, no prestige of history, no ancestral glory. In the past, no pride; for the future, no confidence: how poor, and tame, and spiritless, the prospect! What an exchange, for the silent power of that great

empire of the West, which, remote from all the strifes and struggles of the Eastern Continent, controls and sways them all: and, while its being is of the future, rather than of the past, already holds the equilibrium of nations, and the weathergage of the world.

E PLURIBUS UNUM. Mark, for one moment, how amazingly this problem, of a plural unit, is practically worked out, in our amazing Constitution. To every nation, in the world—Japan and China, now, are not exceptions—there must be the foreign and domestic side. The side, which it turns to its own people, for protection, for encouragement, for consolation; and the side, which it turns to the whole world, beside, for sovereignty and independence: “enemies, in war; in peace, friends.” In our inimitable Union, this is supplied, by the State governments, on the one hand, and, on the other, by the General government. As Jersey-men, as Georgians, as men of Massachusetts, all that is private, individual, domestic, social, in its more immediate and endearing forms, is clustered about New Jersey, Georgia, and Massachusetts; and sheltered, in their shadow. We live, at home, among our own people. We know each other, all. We grasp each other’s hands. We feel each other’s hearts. But, when the world is to be met, in commerce, in diplomacy, or arms; when the nation is to rise and rally, at the angel summons of benevolence, or at the clang of the war-trumpet, we are one single people. We are all Americans. There is one country for us all, with one all comprehending Constitution. One glorious baldric, blazoned with the stars



and stripes. One monarch eagle, that, from his eyrie in the Alleghanies, mounts to heaven, with all "the terrors of his beak, and lightning of his eye." One broad and blessed and perpetual union; the union of our homes and of our hearts; indomitable, impregnable, imperishable: "Independence, now, and Independence, forever."

And are there those, upon whose homes and hearths, this glorious union sheds the blessings of its bow of peace and love and hope, that have the heart, to stop, and calculate its value? Will they count the stars? Will they register the pulses of the ocean, as it lashes the bold shore of freedom? Will they sound the blue depths of the overarching empyrean? Will such an one measure his hearth, with a carpenter's rule? Will he map, for us, the heart-fields of his home? Is there a value, in arithmetic, for his wife? Or an algebraic formula, for his children? There is no such American. There can be no such man. If there were, I would fear to stand with him beneath the arches of the Constitution, lest a rock, from them, should fall, for his destruction; and involve me, in his just ruin. Were he my son, he should take his feet from off my hearth. And, could he be an alumnus of this College, his Alma Mater would freeze him, with one fierce frown, into perpetual stone. But, no; it cannot be. The invaluable can no more be calculated, than the infinite be measured. And, second, only, to the blessings, which flow, immediate from the Cross, the benefits, which, by the Union of these States, have been secured to us: and,

with God's blessing, on our faithfulness, shall be our heritage, forever.

In this College, next to the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour JESUS CHRIST, the Constitution of these United States is carefully expounded and enforced. The birth-day of the Union is the birth-day of the College. The annual recognition of its return exults in its twin blessedness. And, to the hearts of the young men, that shall go out from here, the glorious banner of the stars and stripes will ever bear emblazoned, on its broad and sweeping folds, the precious sign of the all-conquering Cross.

And it must be so, dear friends, if we would keep the blessings, we enjoy. They come to us, from God. We hold them, at His hands. We can only keep them, with His blessing. It is impossible, that, in an age, like this, and in a country, such as ours, questions and differences should not spring up. It grows inevitably from our "E PLURIBUS." It is inseparable from that which makes the strength and safety of our "UNUM." On the one hand, be not alarmed by them. On the other, neither cherish them, in your own hearts; nor irritate them, in the hearts of others. From the midst of them all, and, far above them all, look up, to the stars of the Union. Remember the fields, where it was asserted. Remember the blood, with which it was sealed. Shall any separate between the plains of Yorktown and the heights of Bunker Hill? Will any cease to be the countrymen of Putnam or of Marion? Will any one consent, that the orbit, in which he revolves, shall

not revolve about our central WASHINGTON? Beautiful analogy, between our civil constitution, and the system of the Universe! UNUM, E PLURIBUS, alike the law of both. Each, governed and sustained, alike, by forces, from the centre, and by forces, from the circumference. The rest, the beauty, the comfort, the glory, the perpetuity of both, secured by their mutual reaction; and enjoyed, in that perfect equilibrium, which, in its noiseless and unrippled serenity, perpetuates alike the concord of all the States, and the harmony of all the spheres. That this may ever be so, will depend upon God's favour, and, so, upon our prayers. And, in the view of this, and, for its sake, let me commend, to you, who love the Union, and desire its perpetuity, to consecrate it, ever, in your devotions, before God. From every fire-side, as from every altar, let the "Prayer for Congress" rise, from the true heart of Christian patriotism: "that all things may be so ordered, and settled by their endeavours, upon the best and surest foundations, that peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety, may be established among us, for all generations." In the fervent words, in which David's pious patriotism found utterance, "O, pray, for the peace of Jerusalem; they shall prosper that love thee: peace be within thy walls, and plenteousness within thy palaces." "God is our hope and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be moved, and though the hills be carried into the midst of the sea. Though the waters thereof rage and swell;

and though the mountains shake, at the tempest of the same."

“Sail on, Sail on, O, ship of State,  
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great!  
Humanity, with all its fears,  
With all the hopes of future years,  
Is hanging, breathless, on thy fate!  
We know what Master laid thy keel,  
What workman wrought thy ribs of steel,  
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,  
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,  
In what a forge and what a heat,  
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!  
Fear not each sudden sound and shock;  
'Tis of the wave, and not the rock:  
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,  
And not a rent, made by the gale!  
In spite of rock and tempest roar,  
In spite of false lights on the shore,  
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea:  
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,  
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,  
Our faith, triumphant, o'er our fears,  
Are all with thee, are all with thee!”—LONGFELLOW.

## IX.

### ORGANIZATIONS DANGEROUS TO FREE INSTITUTIONS.

\* THE NINTH FOURTH OF JULY ORATION AT BURLINGTON COLLEGE.

OUR national existence wants but one, to-day, of fourscore years. In an age of progress, like the present, this is almost antiquity. A year does, now, what ten could not, a thousand years ago. We just reverse the antediluvian standard. Manhood must have come late, when life could reach nine hundred years and sixty-nine. And, when a nation springs, full-grown, into existence, age must come soon. The Constitution of the United States wants two, of three score years and ten; and, through what changes it has passed! Well, as it works, in spite of the infirmity of men, how differently from their design, who framed it! Take, for example, the Constitutional requirement, that the electors of President and Vice President shall meet, on the same day, in all the States. In the simplicity of their virtue, they provided, thus, that the election, in every State, should be entirely free. They aimed at making it im-

possible, that any one could be controlled, by any other, or by all the rest. They never dreamed, that two Conventions, in Baltimore, or Philadelphia, would settle every thing, beforehand. That the assembling of the Electoral Colleges would come to be the merest shadow of a form. That the only office of the Electors, when they came together, would be to name and certify the man, who had been agreed upon, by this or that Convention: throwing a pre-determined vote, without the slightest exercise of judgment, or of freedom. And, that who shall be the President, would be just as well known, before, as after, their assembling. This is but one instance of the change, which has come round, in the working of the Constitution, in less than seventy years. Another, and a more disastrous, is the overwhelming importance, which attaches, now, to office, and the patronage, involved in it. It is not too much to say, that administrations seem now to be selected, not for the government of the country; not for maintaining its relations with foreign powers; not for the security of private rights, nor to promote the happiness of the people: but to make the appointments, and to fill the offices. That, to the victors, the spoils belong, is now an axiom of the country. How far this is, from the true ends and uses of a government; how dangerous to the rights of the people, how degrading to the character of the nation, needs no philosophy, to show: nor, need I dwell on these unquestionable truths. What I purpose, to do, is to point out, very briefly, what seems to me the greatest danger of the day; and, then, to

indicate its remedy. Organizations are, in my judgment, dangerous to free institutions. The individual exercise of the right of suffrage, in the integrity of freedom, is their only safety.

*Organizations are dangerous to free institutions.* There must be free men, to have institutions free. And organizations are incompatible with freedom. Whoever enters into such a compact, binds himself, by the very act, to the surrender of his judgment and of his action, to the will of a majority. Who does not know, by how very few, these majorities are governed? And, how commonly, one popular leader makes them, merely, the exponents of his will? That was no chance definition, which declared "party," "the madness of the many, for the benefit of the few." And, the teaching of all history is, in nothing, more uniform, than in this, that party-spirit digs the grave of freedom. The prophetic eye of Washington beheld this danger, from afar. In that noblest legacy, which, uninspired wisdom has yet given to mankind, his "Farewell Address," "to the People of the United States," he utters these oracles of wisdom. "The alternate domination of one faction, over another, sharpened by the spirit of revenge, natural to party dissension, which, in different ages and countries, has perpetrated the most horrid enormities, is, itself, a frightful despotism. But, this leads, at length, to a more formal and permanent despotism. The disorders and miseries, which result, gradually incline the minds of men to seek security and repose, in the absolute power of an individual; and, sooner or later, the chief of some pre-

vailing faction, more able or more fortunate, than his competitors, turns this disposition to the purposes of his own elevation, on the ruins of public liberty.

“ Without looking forward, to an extremity of this kind, (which, nevertheless, ought not to be entirely out of sight,) the common and continued mischiefs of the spirit of party are sufficient, to make it the interest and duty of a wise people, to discourage and restrain it. It serves, always, to distract the public councils and enfeeble the public administration. It agitates the community, with ill-founded jealousies and false alarms; kindles the animosity of one part, against another; foment, occasionally, riot and insurrection. It opens the door to foreign influence and corruption; which find a facilitated access to the government itself, through the channels of party passions. Thus, the policy and will of one country are subjected to the policy and will of another.

“ There is an opinion, that parties, in free countries, are useful checks upon the administration of the government, and serve to keep alive the spirit of liberty. This, within certain limits, is probably true: and, in governments of a monarchical cast, patriotism may look, with indulgence, if not with favour, upon the spirit of party. But, in those of a popular character, or governments purely elective, it is a spirit not to be encouraged. From their natural tendencies, it is certain there will always be enough of that spirit, for every salutary purpose. And there being constant danger of excess, the effort ought to be, by force of public opinion, to mitigate and



assuage it. A fire, not to be quenched, it demands a uniform vigilance, to prevent its bursting into a flame; lest, instead of warning, it consume."

How truly, in sixty years, all this has been confirmed. Nay, the first four elections of a President more than confirmed it, all. Term after term, the country was divided and distracted, by two opposing parties, under different names. One four years' strife was only terminated by the renewal of another. At the present time, no line divides the nation, into two. There are no two party names, which serve as rallying cries, for the election. But, a state of things, still worse, is growing up. New organizations have been formed, and still are forming; professing principles but seeking power. The more influential, from their compactness. The more dangerous from their speciousness. The most destructive, when they act with secrecy. As if, in a free country, there should be any thing clandestine. As if liberty did not walk, always, in the light. Against this form of evil, as against the spirit of party, in general, we have the solemn warning of our Washington. "All combinations and associations, under whatever plausible character, with the real design to direct, control, counteract, or awe, the regular deliberation and action of the constituted authorities, are of fatal tendency. They serve to organize faction; to give it an artificial and extraordinary force; to put, in the place of the delegated will of the nation, the will of a party—often, a small, but artful and enterprising, minority of the community: and, according to the triumphs of different parties, to

make the public administration the mirror of the ill-conceived and incongruous projects of faction ; rather than the agent of consistent and wholesome plans, digested by common counsels, and modified by mutual interests. However, combinations or associations of the above description may, now and then, answer popular ends. they are likely, in the course of time and things to become potent engines ; by which cunning, ambitious, and unprincipled men will be enabled to subvert the power of the people, and to usurp for themselves the reins of government ; destroying, afterwards, the very engines, which had lifted them to unjust dominion."

Were ever truer words ? Was ever warning more impressive ? Are we not, now, surrounded by these very evils ? Are we not, now, more than, threatened with these very dangers ? I speak, with no prejudice, of any of these movements of the day. I hold them all, alike, as wrong in principle, and perilous in result. To none of them, do I owe any thing.

*" Nullius addictus, jurare in verba magistri.*

Sworn to no master ; of no sect, am I."

Whatever name they bear, whatever object they profess, I am against them all. Under a stern and grinding despotism, men may find combination necessary ; though they combine, with halts round their necks. But, here, where all can think, where all can read, where all can write, where all can print ; where all men claim that they are equal ; and the will of the majority is the admitted law ; that, which cannot be obtained, without a special organization, must be wrong : and the organi-

zation, which relies on secrecy, should be regarded with suspicion; and distrusted, lest it prove destructive.\*

From the proposition, that organizations are dangerous to free institutions, I pass to that, which is its counterpart. *The individual exercise of the right of suffrage, in the integrity of freedom, is their only safety.* In a free government, rights and responsibilities are reciprocal. Equal rights involve equal responsibilities. The man, who delegates his responsibilities, has conveyed away his rights. VOTE is from *Votum*. Its first sense is, a *wish*, or *will*. The wisher, for a measure, or for a man, becomes a *voter*. His *vote* is his will. Who else can wish for him? To whom, can he depute his will? In what other way, can the wish of the nation be ascertained, than by the wishes, or votes, of a majority? To whom, but to its duly constituted representatives, can it intrust the expression of its will? The attempt to forestall it, through conventions, or to control it by associations, is virtually to surrender the government, to a few ambitious demagogues, and, however little suspected, is the longest first step, that a nation can take, toward the surrender of its liberties. The besetting sin of man is selfishness: and it does not take a hundred years, to pervert a government, which was framed by the noblest hearts, and in the purest patriotism, into a machine, to work the ambitious and self-seek-

\* It may be supposed that my argument is addressed to the association, commonly spoken of, as "Know Nothings." But, it is not so. *I know nothing* of them, or of any other organization, present or historical. I but reproduce the words of Washington; to enforce them, in the guidance of the young Americans, committed to my care.

ing into place and power. It is the result of caucuses, and conventions, and societies, and unconstitutional organizations, of every kind, to frame and carry out the compact between office-seekers: the most aspiring, to secure their elevation, by their pledges of distribution, to the hungry crew, who are their tools and slaves; till their turn comes, to be the masters. This is inseparable from the machinery of politics. And it works too well, for the mercenary and the ambitious, to be easily got rid of. The one remedy is in every man, securing his own rights, by the discharge of his own responsibilities. The exercise of the individual right of suffrage, in the integrity of freedom. I shall be told that this is impossible.\* That candidates could never be selected, in this way. That there could be no elections. My simple reply is, try it. If candidates are to represent a caucus, or a convention, or a society, or a party, it is all well, as it is. But, if they are to represent the people, the people must select them; the people must elect them. As it now is, they are selected, by the office-seekers; and elected, by those, whom they assemble, at the polls. At the present time, George Washington could not be made the President of the United States. We know that Henry Clay, and John C. Calhoun, and Daniel Webster could not. To "the powers that be," the

\* My single and sufficient reply to this objection is; then, a republic is an impossibility. I do not believe it. Our Government, at present, is very nearly an oligarchy of office-holders and office-hunters. "You would not have spoken so," said a most intelligent and excellent friend, "if you had desired an office." "Oh, yes, I would," was my reply. "I would not have an office, on any other terms." "Then," he said, "you would never get a vote!" Could there be clearer demonstration of my argument!

Christian citizen will pay allegiance and obedience. But, the theory of our Constitution is, and the only theory of a true republic, that those who exercise the government shall be chosen by the people; and, that the people, guided by intelligence and controlled by virtue, shall choose, in every case, the best. "Is he honest, is he capable, is he faithful to the Constitution?" was Jefferson's enumeration of the qualities, for office. The question, now, is, can he be elected? And, if he is, will he give me an office? It was a current maxim of the ancient patriotism, "*Salus populi, suprema lex.*" *The first principle of the government is the welfare of the people.* We could suit the present state of things much better, by a text from Tacitus, "*Romæ, omnia venalia.*" *At Rome, all things for sale.* Which, being translated into American, is, *to the victors, belong the spoils.*

Neighbours and friends, my speech to you, to-day, has been of the very plainest. But, there is no food, in flattery. Nor any thing, for health and happiness, like the bare truth. No one will deny, that things are as I state them. No one can doubt, that the tendency is downward. In vain, we trust to our broad territory, to its vast productiveness, to the energy of the people, to the advancements in science and in art, to an age of progress. Virtue is as essential, to a nation, as to a man. And, without virtue, freedom cannot be. "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." "If the Son shall make you free, you shall be free indeed." I have pointed out, what I believe to be, with God's blessing, our rescue and our remedy. The exercise of individual

suffrage, in the integrity of freedom. Every man should vote: and every man should vote for the best man. We should have no exciting quarrels, then, as to this or that specific combination, for the benefit of parties, or interests, or individuals. To live under the Constitution, and to vote for the Constitution, would describe the citizen. To administer the government, according to the Constitution, would be the standard of official action, through all the grades of office. The government of the United States would thus become, in practice, what our patriot fathers made it; the most perfect, of all human institutions. And, to be an American citizen, and, like Paul, "born free," would then describe the highest style of man.

This is a training school for CHRISTIAN FREEMEN. In mind and heart, we are devoted to that work. In this connection, we can have no other thought, no other wish. Our text-books, as Christians, are the Bible and the Prayer Book. As Freemen, our text-book is the Constitution. We need no other: and there are no better. But, in neither case, will books, alone, suffice; nor all the learning, which all books can give. To be a Freeman, to be a Christian, is a practical thing. It must be done; not, merely, known. "If ye know these things, happy are ye, if ye do them." Dear children of my love, my duty, and my prayers, be to the Church, be to the country, true and faithful sons. Strive, here, to form the character and habits, which will adorn your lives, and beautify your deaths, and go with you into immortality.

“ He is a freeman, whom the truth makes free,  
And all are slaves, beside.” \*

In the blessed words of the divine and holy Saviour,  
“ If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples  
indeed : and ye shall know the truth ; and the truth  
shall make you free.”

“ Winds blow, and waters roll,  
Strength, to the brave, and Power and Deity ;  
Yet, in themselves, are nothing. One decree  
Spake laws to *them* ; and said, that, by the soul,  
Only, the nations shall be great, and free.” †

\* Cowper.

† Wordsworth.

## X.

### CIVIL GOVERNMENT A SACRED TRUST FROM GOD.

\* THE ORATION BEFORE THE NEW JERSEY STATE SOCIETY OF  
THE CINCINNATI.

It was the height of plowing.† Upon a farm of scarce four acres,‡ across the Tiber, just opposite to where the navy-yard was afterwards, a man was at his work. In his shirt-sleeves,§ his long, crisp hair,|| upon

\* July 4th, A. D. 1845. Dedicated to "the Hon. Garret D. Wall, the friend of my Father, and my own friend; a kind parishioner, a wise and faithful counsellor; with true affection and sincere respect.

† "Medium erat tempus forte sementis, quum patricium virum innixum aratro suo, licitor in ipso opere deprehendit."—L. ANSÆI FLORI, i. 11.

‡ "Spes unica imperii populi Romani L. Quintius trans Tiberim, *contra eum ipsum locum, ubi nunc navalia sunt, quatuor jugerum colbat agrum.*—T. LIVII, iii. 26. "He was a frugal man, and did not care to be rich; and his land was on the other side of the Tiber, a plot of four jugera, where he dwelt with his wife Racilia, and busied himself in the tilling of his ground.—ARNOLD, *History of Rome*, i. 204.

§ "The deputies went over the river, and came to his house, and found him in his field, at work, without his toga or cloak."—ARNOLD, i. 204. "The tunica," Becker says, "was worn under the toga, and was a sort of shirt."—GALLUS, 342. Before receiving the message of the Senate, he sent to his cottage for his toga, or outer garment. "Togam prope tugurio proferre uxorem Raciliam jubet."—LIVII, iii. 26.

|| Hence his name of *Cincinnatus*; as if it were curly-headed Lucius Quinctius. "This Lucius Quinctius let his hair grow, and tended it carefully; and was so famous for his curled and crisped locks, that men called him Cincinnatus, or *the crisp-haired.*"—ARNOLD, i. 204.



his shoulders, covered with sweat and dust,\* he was bending at the plow;† when deputies approached him, before sun-rise, from the Roman Senate,‡ to apprise him, that the Consul, with his army, was surrounded, in the country of the Æqui; and that he, chosen Dictator, must march at once, with all the force that could be levied, to their rescue. Before the sun went down that day, his line of march was taken up. And the slant rays of the next sunset gilded the banners with which he entered Rome, in triumph.§ Prevailing plowman, as the Roman annalist well calls him. The campaign ended, he went back to his oxen. And with such rapidity, by all the gods, that one might say, he hastened home, to get his plowing done!|| Such was the man—of such simplicity, of such alacrity, of such integrity, modest in peace, as he was masterly in war—whom those, whose sweat and blood achieved the independence of this nation, held so high in honour, as to resolve to follow his example, and adopt his name.¶

\* “Qua simul,” (*sc. toga*) “absterso pulvere ac sudore, velatus processit.”—LIVY, iii. 26.

† “Ille dictator ab aratro.”—FLORI, i. 11. See also above. Livy, however, hesitates between digging and plowing. “Seu fossam fodiens palæ inuisus, seu quum araret; operi certe, id quod constat, agresti intentus.”—iii. 26.

‡ “Here Cincinnatus passed, his plough the while  
Left in the furrow.”—ROGERS, *Italy*, 142.

§ “So, in the morning early, the Senate sent deputies to Lucius.”—Dr. ARNOLD, i. 204.

|| “All was done so quickly, that he went out on one evening, and came home the next day at evening, victorious and triumphant.”—i. 208.

¶ “Sic expeditione finita, rediit ad boves rursus, triumphalis agricola. Fidem numinum! Qua velocitate!” “Prorsus ut festinasse Dictator ad relictum opus videretur.”—FLORI, i. 11.

¶ The following minute is the best and most authentic statement of the origin and principles of the Society of the Cincinnati:

“Tuesday, May 13, 1783.

“The representatives of the American Army being assembled, agreeably to

Such was Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus. If there be nobler name, for peace or war, than his, on any human record, purer in patriotism, steadier in disasters, cooler in trials, calmer in conquest, is it not the Cincinnatus of our commonwealth? Is it not GEORGE WASHINGTON?

MR. PRESIDENT, AND GENTLEMEN OF THE CINCINNATI:  
—I took no second thought as to my duty in regard to your appointment for this day. I felt no right to do

adjournment, the plan for establishing a society, whereof the officers of the American Army are to be members, is accepted, and is as follows, viz.:

“It having pleased the *Supreme Governor of the Universe*, in the disposition of human affairs, to cause the separation of the colonies of North America from the domination of Great Britain, and, after a bloody conflict of eight years, to establish them Free, Independent, and Sovereign States, connected, by alliances founded on reciprocal advantage, with some of the great princes and powers of the earth.

“To perpetuate, therefore, as well the remembrance of this vast event, as the mutual friendships which have been formed under the pressure of common danger, and, in many instances, cemented by the blood of the parties, the officers of the American Army do, hereby, in the most solemn manner, associate, constitute and combine themselves into one *Society of Friends*, to endure as long as they shall endure, or any of their eldest male posterity, and, in failure thereof, the collateral branches who may be judged worthy of becoming its supporters and members.

“The officers of the American Army having generally been taken from the citizens of America, possess high veneration for the character of that illustrious Roman, Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus, and being resolved to follow his example, by returning to their citizenship, they think they may with propriety denominate themselves the SOCIETY OF THE CINCINNATI.

“The following principles shall be immutable, and form the basis of the Society of the Cincinnati.

“An incessant attention to preserve inviolate those exalted rights and liberties of human nature for which they have fought and bled, and without which the high rank of a rational being is a curse instead of a blessing.

“An unalterable determination to promote and cherish, between the respective States, that union and national honour, so essentially necessary to their happiness, and the future dignity of the American empire.

“To render permanent the cordial affection subsisting among the officers; this spirit will dictate brotherly kindness in all things, and particularly extend to the most substantial acts of beneficence, according to the ability of the Society towards those officers and their families, who unfortunately may be under the necessity of receiving it.”

so. There is a growing tendency to separate between things sacred and things secular, in point of obligation ; to run out, on the field of human life, a line of higher, and a line of lower duties ; to adopt a sort of “ sliding scale ” in morals. It is according to this fashion, that religion should become a thing of Sundays, and of sermons, and of sacraments, alone ; and not of every day’s concern, and of our universal life. Man seems a creature of two atmospheres : the higher, for his soul to float in, towards God ; the lower, where his body is to labour, among men. Religious men are only for the other world : the men of this world, by an inference most natural, without the slightest need to be religious ! Civil government confined to this life, and for men ; a thing apart from God ! God’s ministers, disfranchized, but for heaven ; scarcely so much as citizens of earth ! I stand against all this, as false in principle, and dangerous in practice. We are brethren all, the children of one Father. One common life, the breathing and the blessing of His love. One common home, the earth which He hath made, and garnished for our use. One common rule, His pure and perfect law of righteousness and peace. One common end, His glory in the mutual good of all our kind. One common, blessed hope, to be with Him forever, as we are like Him now. It follows, by a necessary consequence, that we are intercorporated with each other, in inseparable union. What the Apostle teaches of the Church, holds of our human kind, “ we are members one of another.” \* The heathen knew it, when he

\* Romans xii. 4.

said, \* “I am a man: and have a heart for every human thing.” The Christian knew it, when he said; “none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself.” † And it follows, by a consequence as necessary, that our mutual obligation, our *religion*, so to speak—our boundness, ‡ that is, to God, and to each other,—must run alike through every level, and through every line of life, imbue them and pervade them all, fill them with light and love and loveliness; in one word, with the present God: as Paul, that greatest human master of morality that ever taught, has plainly said, and with as much of truth as plainness; “Whether, therefore, ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God,” § “that God in all things may be glorified, through Jesus Christ our Lord.” ¶ Upon these simple dictates of my duty, I accepted your appointment as Orator, to-day. And, standing on this broad, this high, this solid ground—broad as the field of human life, high as the destiny of man, and solid as the throne of God—I feel that I may claim, what I am sure that you will grant, your candid hearing, for that which I have chosen, from the thoughts and themes, with which my spirit labours, as worthiest of you, and of myself, and fittest for the presence, and the day: CIVIL GOVERNMENT A SACRED TRUST FROM GOD.

\* “Homo sum; humani nihil alienum a me puto.”—TERENCE.

† Romans xiv. 7. ‡ 1 Corinthians x. 31. § 1 St. Peter iv. 11.

¶ Religion, from the Latin *religio*. The most probable etymology is *a religando*; the word *religio* seeming emphatically to express the reciprocal *bond* or obligation of man to man; and also the obligation or duty of man to God. See Richardson’s English Dictionary. How can there be a better definition of it than the Catechism furnishes? “What dost thou chiefly learn from these commandments? I learn two things; my duty towards God, and my duty towards my neighbour.”

*Mr. President, Gentlemen of the Cincinnati, Fellow Citizens*—It is an easy thing to speak in glowing terms, and with a sounding voice, of our republic, of the national independence, of civil freedom, and the like. It is an easy and a natural thing to boast us of the spirit which demanded for the thirteen colonies, a place among the nations of the earth; and of the blood which bought it, and cemented them as one. It is an easy and a natural thing, and most entirely to be held to, and be had in honour, to kindle with unwonted fire, as the day dawns, which celebrates the going forth of those brave, burning words, to which we now have listened,\* whose echoes fill the world, and are the battle-cry of liberty in every land; to feel that swelling of the heart, which only freemen know, when first the morning drum rolls out reveillé, in the ears of twenty millions; to rally, as one man, around the stars and stripes, when their unfolded beauty blazes in the beams of that returning sun, to which they owe the matchless magic of their power. But these are symbols all, mere tokens or mere words, *signs* of an inward life; which, if it be not, if it bear not fruit, if it bestow not life and health and blessings on mankind, godlike in glory and in goodness, has but a name to live; is but an outer seeming, to beguile and to deceive; a Sodom apple, varnish upon dust; † a hectic flush, painting the cheek

\* The Declaration of Independence had been read by the President of the Cincinnati, the Hon. J. Warren Scott.

† Since the above was written, I have met with what follows, in Eliot Warburton's graphic sketch, "*The Crescent and the Cross*:"—"On resuming our desert path, we picked up some apples of Sodom, that lay strewn upon the desert,

on which it preys. Do we remember what these tokens stand for? Do we think what a nation is? Do we consider the origin, the nature, the uses of civil government? A nation is a fearful thing. If there were any thing on earth to fill God's eye, it would be that. A mighty moral mass, immortal in mortality! So much of weakness to be helped. So much of ignorance to be taught. So much of misery to be relieved. Such high intelligence, so dwarfed. Such vast capacities, so dwindled. Organizations so exquisite, deranged. Such folly. Such madness. Such crime. This, in beings made like God! This, in beings for whom God ordains enjoyment! This, in beings for whom God, through Jesus Christ, hath opened heaven! Can there be any human measure of national responsibility? Can there be any thing, short of creation, so pregnant in results as the national organization? What hand, unequal to the one, could have been trusted with the other? Who that refers the first to God, will, in the other, stop with man? Where is the wisdom, short of God's, that shall devise? Where are the sanctions, short of God's, that shall authenticate? Where is the power, short of God's, that shall sustain? The state of nature, which men talk of, never has existed. The social compact, which men talk of, was never entered into. When God made man, He made him for

without apparent connection with any stem; they were of a bright gold-green, about the size of an orange, but perfectly round and smooth: they gave the idea of being swelled out with the richest juice, that when bitten, must gush forth to meet the thirsty lip: you crush this plausible rind, however, and a cloud of fetid dust bursts forth, which leaves only a few cinders as a residue."

society ; and where there is society, there must of course be government. God is the universal Governor. The governments that are on earth, are delegations all from Him. There is no power but of God. Whether they spring direct from His ordaining hand, or whether they grow up by permission of His providence—whatever be their form or name, a monarchy or a republic ; a patriarch, a king, a president—the powers that be, are ordained of God. They are His ministers. They govern in His place. They bear the sword for Him. They are His ordinance for human good. Therefore, must every soul, as he owes sovereignty to God, “be subject unto the higher powers ;” \* rendering to all their dues. “The governments which now are,” says Bishop Horsley, “have not arisen from a previous state of no-government, falsely called the state of nature ; but from that original government under which the first generations of men were brought into existence, variously changed and modified, in a long course of ages, under the wise direction of God’s overruling providence, to suit the various climates of the world, and the infinitely varied manners and conditions of its inhabitants. And the principle of subjection is not that principle of common honesty which binds a man to his own engagements, much less that principle of political honesty which binds the child to the ancestor’s engagements ; but a conscientious submission to the will of God. The principles which I advance,” he still continues, “ascribe no greater sanctity to monarchy than to any other form

\* Romans xiii. 1.

of established government; nor do they at all involve the exploded notion that all or any of the sovereigns of earth hold their sovereignty by virtue of such immediate or implied nomination on the part of God, of themselves personally, or of the stocks from which they are descended, as might confer an endless, indefeasible right on their posterity. In contending that government was coeval with mankind, it will readily be admitted that all the particular forms of government which now exist are the work of human policy, under the control of God's overruling general providence; that the Israelites were the only people upon earth whose form of government was of express divine institution, and their kings the only monarchs who ever reigned by an indefeasible divine title: but it is contended that all government is in such sort of divine institution, that, be the form of any particular government what it may, the submission of the individual is a principal branch of that religious duty which each man owes to God.\* Nor does the doctrine thus laid down leave out of sight the possibility of necessary changes, or fail to make provision for them. "In governments, of whatever denomination," he goes on to say, "if the form of government undergo a change, or the established rule of succession be set aside by any violent or necessary revolution, the act of the nation itself is necessary to erect a new sovereignty, or to transfer the old right to the new possessor. The condition of a people in these emergencies bears no resemblance or analogy to that anarchy

\* Sermon 44, Rivington's Edition, 1824.



which has been called the state of nature. The people become not in these situations of government, what they would be in that state, a mere multitude. They are a society, not dissolved, but in danger of dissolution: and, by the great law of self-preservation, inherent in the body politic, no less than in the solitary animal, a society so situated has a right to use the best means for its own preservation and perpetuity. A people, therefore, in these circumstances has a right, which a mere multitude unassociated would never have, of appointing, by the consent of the majority, a new head for themselves and their posterity: and it will readily be admitted, that, of all sovereigns, none reign by so fair and just a title as those who can derive their claim from such public act of the nation which they govern.”

“In all these cases, the act of the people is only the means which Providence employs to advance the new sovereign to his station. The obligation to obedience proceeds secondarily only from the act of man, but primarily from the will of God, who has appointed civil life for man’s condition; and requires the citizen’s submission to the sovereign whom His providence shall by any means set over him.”\* “The reason why we should be subject to magistrates,” says Calvia, “is because they are appointed by the ordinance of God. Since it has pleased God so to administer the government of the world, he who resists their power, strives against the divine ordinance, and so fights against God. Because, to disregard His providence, who is the author of civil

\* Ibidem

government, is to go to war with Him."\* "That all lawful dominion, considered in the abstract," Archbishop Bramhall says, "is from God, no man can make any doubt." But the right and application of this power and interest, in the concrete, to this or that particular man, is many times from the grant and consent of the people. So God is the principal agent; man, the instrumental. God is the root, the fountain of power; man, the stream, the bough by which it is derived. The essence of power is always from God; the existence, sometimes from God, sometimes from man."†

Fellow-citizens, however theorists may speculate, the only safe reliance of a nation is the reference of civil government to God, as a divine and sacred trust, for human good. Nations are men. And men are equals. And, of equals, none can govern. No man, as man, can claim obedience from his fellows. The very primal element of all authority, the first exemplar of a government on earth, the father in his family, is only such, as he reflects the image of the great Original of governments, the universal Parent, and is as God to them. Whether the governors be thought of, or the governed, this is the true idea. In this, alone, is perfect reason. In this, alone, is perfect right. In this, alone, is peace and liberty and happiness. Where are the stores of water for the world? Not in the deepest wells. Not in the fullest fountains. Not in the leaping streams. Not in the gushing springs. These serve

\* On Romans xiii. 1. † *Serpent Salve*. Archbishop Bramhall's works, in Library of Anglo-Catholic Theology, iii. 317.

their temporary turn. These are convenient reservoirs, for common use. But for the world's great wants—to float its navies, or to turn its mills, to keep its valleys like the emerald in beauty, and to feed the cattle on its thousand hills—the storehouse of the rain must be poured out from heaven. The drought will bow the world to God. And so with man, in his religious, moral, civil, interests. The great machinery, in which we live, and move, and have our being, is so ingeniously constructed, and so graciously sustained, that the Creator's hand is never seen. The wheels, the springs, the weights, seem all instinct with life. A child accounts of them as living. And so proud men, boasting of wisdom, with the very breath that proves them fools, would leave out God from His creation, or make a god of some created thing. But water never flows above its source. Its utmost struggle is to reach the level of its native summit. And, when the broken cisterns, which the art of man has sought to substitute for living fountains, in God's heaven, have done their best, they miserably fail, and leave their mad artificers, and the poor fools that follow them, to gasp and perish in their thirst. How can it fail to be so? Who ever set himself with safety against a law of nature? Who would stand still upon the shores of Fundy, when that sweeping tide, of sixty feet, or more, comes rolling in? Who would leap in, when the fierce furnace has attained its utmost glow, to bathe him in its sea of flame? Can such things be, and men exist? Will the tide make an eddy, and sweep round the maniac while the waters

stand up, as a wall, upon his right hand and his left, and leave him dry? Or will "the midst of the furnace" be, "as it had been a moist whistling wind," \* so that

"the rushing fire-flood seem  
Like summer breeze, by woodland stream?" †

It was so, once, indeed, that God might prove His laws by the one rare exception, when He went with His people through the sea, and walked with His holy children in the flame. But only madmen look for it; and they, to perish in their madness. And shall the laws of nature stand, and He who set them, change? Shall it be less safe to contend with fire and flood, than with the God who gave them their fierce mastery of human life? Shall it be safer for a nation to desert Him than a man? If none of us can take a step but through His power, or draw a breath but of His goodness, can there be more of safety for the multitude of helpless ones, or greater strength in the accumulation of the weak? Surely, an infant child, forsaken of his mother, is an undefended and a desolate thing. But, when a nation casts off God, and is cast off by Him, there is a desperation in its helplessness that can present no parallel. "The law is broken, nature is disobeyed, and the rebellious are outlawed; cast forth and exiled from this world of reason, and order, and peace, and virtue, and fruitful penitence, into the antagonist world of madness, discord, vice, confusion, and unavailing sorrow." ‡

\* Song of the Three Children, 27.

† Keble, *Christian Year*, nineteenth Sunday after Trinity.

‡ Mr. Burke, *Reflections on the Revolution in France*, iii. 120. Little & Brown, 1839.

To admit that civil government is a divine and sacred trust, as it is essential and unchanging truth, so is it, for the governors, the true idea. It is true as it confers on them true dignity, invests them with real power, and entitles them to actual confidence. No one has summed this up so briefly and so faithfully, as that great moral master of mankind, the apostle Paul : “ he is the minister of God to thee for good.”\* Men are alike, in their mortality, their misery, their sinfulness. And yet, there must be governors and governed. The child that played with us at marbles, the boy that bathed with us at noon, the man whose infirmities, whose necessities, whose errors, whose vices, were known to us as no others but our own could be, succeeds, by his hereditary title, or is called, by popular suffrage, to administer the government, and govern us. Where is his right to that superiority? In what, but in that arbitrary thing, is he our equal? On what grounds shall we defer? To what claim shall we submit? By what obligation shall we obey? Is it his title to succeed his father? But what better was his father? Is it the suffrage of the State? But who made the State our master? He might be chosen by a bare majority of one. How is that one lord over us? There is no end to these unsettling questions. They are the elements of insubordination and discontent. They involve perpetual anarchy. They entail an indiscriminate confusion. They break up the fountains of the great deep of self-will in man ; and they must drown

\* Romans xiii. 4.

the universe in tears and blood. But, no! There is a God in heaven. He is the universal Lord. To Him all things, in heaven, on earth, and under the earth, do bow and obey. The powers that be are ordained of Him. He putteth down one, and setteth up another. We see His face in them. Their brightness is the shadow of His light. In reverencing them, we reverence Him. In obeying them, we are obedient to Him. "They are God's ministers, attending continually upon this very thing."\* We render, therefore, unto God the things which are God's, when we render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's. We are subject, not "for wrath," so much, because we fear their power, as "for conscience' sake," because we own His sovereignty; submitting ourselves "to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake."† "Considering," says the profoundly philosophic Butler, "that civil government is that part of God's government over the world which He exercises by the instrumentality of men, wherein that which is oppression, injustice, cruelty, as coming from them, is under His direction necessary discipline and just punishment; considering that all power is of God, all authority is properly of divine appointment; men's very living under magistracy might naturally have led them to the contemplation of authority in its source and origin, the one supreme authority of Almighty God; by which He doeth according to His will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth; which He now exerts visibly and invisibly by different instru-

\* Romans xiii. 6.

† 1 St. Peter ii. 13.

ments, in different forms of administration, different methods of discipline and punishment; and which He will continue to exert hereafter not only over mankind, when this mortal life shall be ended, but throughout His universal kingdom; till, by having rendered to all according to their works, He shall have completely executed that just scheme of government which He has already begun to execute in this world, by their hands, whom He has appointed for the present punishment of evil doers, and for the praise of them that do well.\*

And this is the true idea for governors, not merely as it conveys, authenticates and executes their power, but as it holds them to the most severe account. They are God's ministers, not masters of mankind. They are God's ministers for good, not for the increase or the exercise of power. They are God's ministers for others' good, and not their own. The lust for lordship is a natural appetite of man. It seems as if He sought forgetfulness of his own meanness and misery, in making others meaner and more miserable. There cannot be conceived a thing more fearful than the authorized conviction, in a mortal man, that he possesses arbitrary power. "*He* have arbitrary power," says Mr. Burke, in one of the finest bursts of his indignant rage, upon the trial of Warren Hastings, "*he* have arbitrary power! My lords, the East India Company have no arbitrary power to give him; the king has no arbitrary power to give him; your lordships have not; nor the Commons; nor the whole Legislature. We have no ar-

\* Sermon before the House of Lords, Edinburgh edition, 1823, ii. 359.

bitrary power to give, because arbitrary power is a thing which neither any man can hold, nor any man can give. No man can lawfully govern himself according to his own will; much less, can one person be governed by the will of another. We are all born in subjection, all born equally, high and low, governors and governed, in subjection to one great, immutable, pre-existent law, prior to all our devices, and prior to all our contrivances, paramount to all our ideas, and all our sensations; antecedent to our very existence, by which we are knit and connected in the eternal frame of the universe, out of which, we cannot stir. This great law does not arise from our conventions or compacts; on the contrary, it gives to our conventions and compacts all the force and sanction they can have." "All dominion over man is the effect of the divine disposition. It is bound by the eternal laws of Him that gave it, with which no human authority can dispense; neither he that exercises it, nor even those who are subject to it. And if they were mad enough to make an express contract, that should release their magistrate from his duty, and should declare their lives, liberties, and properties dependent, not upon rules and laws, but his mere capricious will, that covenant will be void. The acceptor of it has not his authority increased, but he has his crime doubled. Therefore, can it be imagined, that he will suffer this great gift of government, the greatest, the best that was ever given by God to mankind, to be the plaything and the sport of the feeble will of a man, who, by a blasphemous, absurd and petulant usurpation,



would place his own feeble, contemptible, ridiculous will, in the place of the divine wisdom and justice ?” \* But, no ; it cannot be. All civil government is in the nature of a trust. The Heavenly Father makes provision for His minor children, till He take them to Himself. He leaves them here, at school. He leaves them here, to grow and fit for heaven. But He forsakes them, He forgets them, not. He leaves them in His world. He superintends them by His providence. He gives them all things richly to enjoy. He appoints trustees and guardians, for their instruction and protection. He establishes their governors, to be His ministers to them for good. It is a high, a holy, a tremendous trust. It sets them on the throne, with God. They are His viceroys upon earth. If they are faithful, heaven has nothing that He will not lavish on them, through eternity. If they are faithless, there is no pit in hell too deep and dark for their eternal exile, from all peace, all rest, all joy. Forever mindful, then, they should be of their sacred trust. Forever mindful, that they hold it for God’s children upon earth. Forever mindful, that they hold it under most severe accountability to Him. They are to govern by the law. They are to seek no good but theirs who are intrusted to their care ; no other glory than His, who put them thus in trust. “ Law and arbitrary power,” says Mr. Burke, “ are in eternal enmity. Name me a magistrate, and I will name property ; name me power, and I will name protection. It is a contradiction in terms ; it is

\* Works, vii. 116, Little & Brown, 1839.

wickedness in politics; it is blasphemy in religion, to say that any man can have arbitrary power. In every patent of office, duty is included. For what else does a magistrate exist? To suppose, for power, is an absurdity in idea. Judges are guarded and governed by the eternal laws of justice, to which we all are subject. We may bite our chains, if we will; but we shall be made to know ourselves, and be taught that man is born to be governed by law: and he that will substitute *will*, in the place of it, is an enemy to God." \*

To admit that civil government is a divine and sacred trust, is as much the true idea for the governed, as it can be for the governors. Indeed, the one are only for the other. And, therefore, what is true for these, must be, *ex abundantia*, in an infinite proportion, true for those. True, as it settles and defines their rights; true, as it settles and defines their duties. The Maker is the champion of mankind. His Word is their eternal Bill of Rights. The merest child, that is instructed in it, can run his finger all along its lines of living light: and say to the most overbearing tyrant that has trampled on his race, "hitherto shalt thou come, and no farther;" for here the right is fixed, and God defends the right. But people may do wrong, as well as rulers. And, when they do, the terms of the great trust are broken; and they forfeit its protection, and incur its fearful penalties. Resisting the power, they resist the ordinance of God. Using their liberty for a cloak of maliciousness, they find it, at the last, the poisoned

\* Pp. 118, 9.

vest, to agonize the body, and to kill the soul. They run from riot to riot. They fall into the pit which they have digged. They perish by the sword which they have taken. For, "liberty," says one of the profoundest thinkers, and best tempered moralists, that ever lived, "liberty is in many other dangers from itself, besides those which arise from formed designs of destroying it, under hypocritical pretences, or romantic schemes of restoring it on a more perfect plan. It is particularly liable to become excessive, and to degenerate insensibly into licentiousness; in the same manner as liberality, for example, is apt to degenerate into extravagance. And as men cloak their extravagance to themselves, under the notion of liberality, and to the world, under the name of it, so licentiousness passes under the name and notion of liberty. Now, it is to be observed, that there is, in some respect or other, a very peculiar contrariety between those vices which consist in excess, and the resemblance whose name they affect to bear; the excess of any thing being always to its hurt, and tending to its destruction. In this manner, licentiousness is, in its very nature, a present infringement upon liberty, and dangerous to it, for the future. Yet it is treated by many persons with peculiar indulgence, under this very notion, as being an excess of liberty. And an excess of liberty it is, to the licentious themselves. But what is it to those who suffer by them, and who do not think that amends is at all made them, by having it left in their power to retaliate safely? When by popular insurrections or defamatory

libels, or in any like way, the needy and the turbulent securely injure quiet people in their fortune or good name, so far, quiet people are no more free than if a single tyrant used them thus. A particular man may be licentious without being less free; but a community cannot: since the licentiousness of one will unavoidably break in upon the liberty of another. Civil liberty, the liberty of a community, is a severe and restrained thing; implies in the notion of it, authority, settled subordinations,\* subjection and obedience; and is altogether as much hurt by too little of this kind, as by too much of it. And the love of liberty, when it is indeed the love of liberty, which carries us to withstand tyranny, will as much carry us to reverence authority, and support it; for this most obvious reason, that one is as necessary to the very being of liberty, as the other is destructive of it. And, therefore, the love of liberty, which does not produce this effect, the love of liberty, which is not a real principle of dutiful behaviour towards authority, is as hypocritical as the religion which is not productive of a good life. Licentiousness is, in truth, such an excess of liberty as is of the same nature with tyranny. For what is the difference between them, but that one is lawless power, exercised under pretence of authority, or by persons invested with it; the other, lawless power exercised under pretence of liberty, or without any pretence at all. A people, then, must always be less free in proportion as they are more licen-

\* Milton has said,

“ Orders and degrees  
Jar not with liberty, but well consist.”

tious: licentiousness being not only different from liberty, but contrary to it; a direct breach upon it." "Government, as distinguished from mere power, free government, necessarily implies reverence, in the subjects of it, for authority or power regulated by laws; and a habit of submission to the subordinations in civil life, throughout its several ranks: nor is a people capable of liberty, without something of this kind. But, it must be observed, this reverence and submission will at best be very precarious, if it be not founded upon a sense of authority, being God's ordinance; and the subordinations of life, a providential appointment of things." \*

I am prepared for the suggestion, that, in this republic, the line between the governors and governed is scarcely a fixed line; and that so, the relations between the two are scarcely to be regarded as established relations. But I find in this suggestion the fullest confirmation of the doctrine I have sought, from God's word, and the wisdom of the wisest men, to teach, and to enforce. Just in proportion as the lines which separate two classes shall be faint and indistinct, the difficulty of their relations must increase. Each may in turn sustain the functions of the other. Each may in time do both. And, therefore, each must be prepared for both. It is for us to show, that permanent distinctions and hereditary ranks are not the necessary bulwarks of good order in a nation. It is for us to show, that there may be utmost liberty, that shall not run into li-

\* Bishop Butler, Sermon in the House of Lords, ii. 326-329.

centiousness. It is for us to show, that there may be a people, fit to be as sovereigns, all. For these things, eyes are turned upon us from all the races of mankind. For these things, we are held accountable to those who bought this freedom for us with their blood. For these things, we are held accountable to all the generations that are yet to follow us, that we transmit an unimpaired inheritance. For these things, we are held accountable to all the nations of the world, that no example of our failure turn to their discouragement. For these things, we are held accountable to God, who, having set us up among the nations of the world, at such a turning point of time, has made us answerable—in extent of territory, in abundance of resources, in a population of unrivalled skill and of indomitable enterprise, in institutions that give utmost freedom of development to both—for issues, in the progress of our race, such as no poet ever dreamed of. To us, I say, so constituted, so endowed, and so accountable, the great religious truth, that civil government is a divine and sacred trust, is the one master truth, most potent, and most precious. We can rely on nothing else, as universal, permanent, and sure. Expediency varies with the man. Self-interest is treacherous and delusive. The good report of men is insufficient against strong temptations. The memory of them that shall come after, is influential only with the few. The consciousness that we are held to answer for a sacred trust; the generous feeling that it is a trust for all mankind, that are, and are to be; the deep, inwrought conviction, that we

must give account of it to God: in these, the strong hold must be found. These will not fail, where any bond can stand. To these, the moral nature that we bear, was made to vibrate and respond. These are the cords, as of a man, by which the Maker keeps His hold upon our race. The nation, or the man, that is alive to this appeal, is capable of every lofty thing. The nation, or the man, that does not feel its power, and answer to its call, is dead to duty and to glory. It will not do for any man to say, I entered into no such contract, and will be held by no such obligation. "We have obligations to mankind at large," says Mr. Burke, "which are not in consequence of any special voluntary pact. They arise from the relation of man to man, and the relation of man to God; which relations are not matters of choice. On the contrary, the force of all the pacts which we enter into with any particular person or number of persons amongst mankind, depends upon these prior obligations. In some cases the subordinate relations are voluntary; in others they are necessary: but the duties are all compulsive. When we marry, the choice is voluntary, but the duties are not matter of choice. They are dictated by the nature of the situation. Dark and inscrutable are the ways by which we come into the world. The instincts which give rise to this mysterious process of our nature, are not of our making. But, out of physical causes, unknown to us, perhaps unknowable, arise moral duties, which, as we are able perfectly to comprehend, we are bound indispensably to perform. Parents may not be consenting

to their moral relation ; but, consenting or not, they are bound to a long train of burthensome duties towards those with whom they have never made a convention of any sort. Children are not consenting to their relation, but their relation, without their actual consent, binds them to its duties ; or rather, it implies their consent, because the presumed consent of every rational creature is in unison with the predisposed order of things. Men come in that manner into a community with the social state of their parents, endowed with all the benefits, loaded with all the duties of their situation. If the social ties and ligaments spun out of those physical relations which are the elements of the commonwealth, in most cases begin, and always continue, independently of our will ; so, without any stipulation on our part, are we bound by that relation called our country, which comprehends (as it has been well said) ‘all the charities of all.’\* Nor are we left without powerful instincts to make this duty as dear and grateful to us, as it is awful and coercive. Our country is not a thing of mere physical locality. It consists in a great measure of the ancient order into which we were born. We may have the same geographical situation, but another country ; as we may have the same country in another soil. The place that determines our duty to our country is a civil social relation.”†—Let it not be said, this is a disproportionate responsibility ! In God’s creation, there is no disproportion. Newton and Kep-

\* “Omnes omnium caritates una patria complectitur.”—CICERO.

† Appeal from the new to the old Whigs, iii. 417, 18. Little & Brown, 1839.



ler have traced the laws which regulate the perfect harmony of the material universe. It is as perfect in the moral. Action and reaction are not more perfectly reciprocal and equal, than privilege and accountability. There is no disproportion in the case. What could there be, that should not be expected of the people of this nation? On whom has God so showered the blessings of His providence? When did a period, less than three score years and ten, ever accomplish such a progress? What is the rate that has been, to the rate that has begun to be? "Who can count the dust of Jacob, and the number of the fourth part of Israel?"\* How small a price, for blessings so transcendent, to hold them, as a sacred trust, a heritage for ever, for them that shall come after! To set them forth in their true light and native excellence, to charm the nations with their beauty, and win them to participate our joy!

It would be idle to deny, that our great trust, from God, for human kind, is set about with dangers; or, that utmost faithfulness and caution are needed, on our part, for its effectual preservation and extension. A word or two of earnest caution may not unfitly close this plain discourse. The safety of this government imperatively demands the education of the people. I do not mean by that, the mere ability to read and write, and keep accounts. I do not mean the science, merely, that can map the heavens, or navigate the air, or "put a girdle round the earth," in less than the ten thousandth part of Ariel's undertaking. I do not speak of intellectual im-

\* Numbers xxiii. 10.

provement, merely, or of mental acquisition; though these demand, and will deserve, utmost encouragement. I speak of that which educates, draws out, developes, tends to perfect, the Divine Original, which still remains to fallen human nature, and maintains it human. I speak of that which lifts the heart from grovelling on the earth, in sensual indulgence, to the communion of all high and holy things. I speak of that which makes the most obedient child, the most devoted parent, the most faithful friend, the kindest neighbour, the most patriotic citizen, the purest and the gentlest woman, the best and bravest man. Ours is the land for men. Men, to contend with difficulties. Men, to keep pace with progress, and to urge it. Men, to anticipate improvements. Men, to be fearless in adversity. Men, to be constant in prosperity. Men, like the Roman Cincinnatus, to leave all to serve the country; \* or, like the patriot band of 'seventy-six, to pledge, for country and for freedom, their "lives," their "fortunes" and their "sacred honour." This is the style of men to carry out the enterprise, which, nine and sixty years ago, this day, such men, with fearless hand, and an unfaltering heart, avouched before the world. They did it in the disregard of self. They did it in the love of human kind. They did it in the fear of God, and in dependence on His blessing. These were the sources of their strength. From these their hope derived its inspiration. For these they suffered. And by these they overcame. In vain do we succeed to their inheritance, if we forsake

\* "Omnia reliquit servare rempublicam."—*Motto of the Order of the Cincinnati.*

their principles, and lose their spirit. They never thought of office, but as a sacred trust, borne for the common good. They never looked on war, but as the last necessity, for self-defence, and in self-preservation. They never hoped for victory, but as the blessing of the God of battles on a righteous cause. How did a little one become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation! How did the seed, they sowed in tears, swell to a golden harvest? How has the tree, they planted in the night, and watered with their blood, spread out, and filled the land! For abject poverty, a more than oriental wealth! For frowning forests, scattered hamlets, and towns impoverished by war, fields white unto the sickle, fair villages, in smiling beauty dotting all the land, cities whose commerce fills the world! For the precarious favour of one patronizing court, an equal place among the proudest nations of the earth. The starry flag, which men and women, living now, saw first set free, to flutter in the winds of heaven; streaming on every land, floating on every sea, bearing, wherever it may go, the pledge of twenty millions of free men, to the inviolable sanctuary of its protecting shadow. This is the lot of our inheritance. Such is the load of our responsibility. Let us stand up to it, like men. Let us remember who they were, and what they did, to whom we owe our nation, and our name. Let us be like them, in the noble disregard of self. Let us be like them, in sincere desires for peace with all mankind. Let us be like them, in the simple homage of true hearts to their protecting

and preserving God. The patriot freeman, like the Christian, has no self. A free republic makes no foreign wars, and stands in fear of none at home. The noblest nature, be it man, or be it angel, is the nature that most freely owns, and fervently adores, the majesty of God.

MR. PRESIDENT, AND GENTLEMEN OF THE CINCINNATI,  
—It may seem that I have chosen, for this day, a strain unwonted, of solemnity and seriousness. But I have deeply felt it all. I have deeply felt that it became us, as we enter now upon the seventieth year of our republic, to look thoughtfully upon the past, to dwell thoughtfully upon the present, to peer thoughtfully into the future. We hold the noblest trust that God has ever given to any nation upon earth. We hold it at a time, when human institutions are searched and sifted, with a fierce and fiery ordeal, such as never sat on them before. We hold it, in the sight of all the nations; and to lose it, or to falter in our grasp of it, is disappointment to the highest hopes of man, is treachery to freedom and to truth, is death and degradation to ourselves. This is no time for the set phrases of a holiday oration. This is no time for flights of fancy, and the flowers of compliment. This is no time for self-complacency, and self-laudation. We have a trust to keep. We have a mission to accomplish. We have a work to do. It calls for seriousness. It calls for earnestness. It calls for deep solemnity. Solemnity, in the examination of ourselves. Solemnity, in trying

out our principles and plans of action. Solemnity, in urging on our fellow-citizens the duty and the privilege of their devout co-operation. Solemnity, in the sacred and heartfelt commendation of ourselves, our common country, our common cause, the cause of all mankind, to our protecting—if need be, to our avenging, God. Surely, it is a time for earnestness, a time for seriousness, a time for deep solemnity.

Another thought has filled and weighed upon my soul. In you, Gentlemen of the Cincinnati, I recognize the living link that binds the present with the past. You represent the men of the first age of the Republic. You personify to us the immortal band of seventeen hundred and seventy-six. We reverence in you the patriots, the statesmen, the heroes, the martyrs, of the War of Independence. You are our Hancock, and our Franklin, and our Washington. I seem to stand in the deep, dreadful presence of those great, heroic men. I seem to feel the majesty of their serene and awful port, as they rise up before high heaven, and make that glorious vow, that “these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, FREE AND INDEPENDENT STATES.” I seem to hear the beating of their manly hearts, as they go forth from that august apartment, the minute-men of freedom, the advance-guard of mankind. Matchless, immortal men! We bless your memory. We boast us in your glorious name! Faithful, untiring, unseduced, unterrified, we follow, where you led. Be with us, in the wisdom of your counsels! Be with us, in the trumpet tones of

your soul-stirring eloquence! Be with us, in the light of your exalted and benign example! The God who gave you to us, be with us, as He was with you, to guide us, and to bless us! To keep us in His holy fear! To fill us with His perfect peace! To make the light, that is in us, from Him, shine out, forevermore, the cynosure of nations, the lode-star of the world!

## XI.

### THE GOODLY HERITAGE OF JERSEYMEN.

\* THE FIRST ANNUAL ADDRESS BEFORE THE NEW JERSEY HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

I NEVER shall forget, with what a strange and startled joy, I stopped, and stood, and gazed, upon a few black letters, on a plain deal board, at the corner of a street, in the old English town of Lincoln. I had been musing, beneath the Roman archway, called the Newport Gate,† of the ever-changing stream of life, which had not ceased to roll through it for twice ten centuries; and, busied with my thoughts, had wandered off alone. When, as I climbed the steep ascent, on which the town is built,‡ lifting my eyes up from the

\* January 15th, A. D. 1846. Dedicated to the President of the Society, "the Hon. Joseph C. Hornblower, Chief Justice of New Jersey, sustaining the institutions of his native State, upon the Bench, while he adorns them in the daily walks of life."

† "The ancient Archway, called *the Newport Gate*, at Lincoln," Britton says, "is a specimen of Roman execution, and consists of very large stones, placed together arch-wise, and without mortar." "The whole is rudely constructed, but of such substantial materials, that it seems to defy all the operations of time and weather."—*Architectural Antiquities*, v. 158. The width of the archway is fifteen feet nine inches; its height, twelve feet four inches: diminished very much, no doubt, by the filling up of the street. Lincoln is probably from the name of the ancient Roman Station, *Lindum Colonia*.

‡ Too steep to be ascended by carriages; which make use of a circular road, round the face of the hill, without the city.

ground, near the Danes' Gate, they were arrested by the words, "NEW JERSEY."\* It scarcely is a figure to say, that, in an instant, "my heart was in my mouth." Romans, Danes, English, all were gone. I doubted of my very sense of sight. It seemed some mirage of the mind. Country, and friends, and home, were all before me. My

"eyes

"Were with" my "heart, and that was far away." †

I stood, a Jerseyman, and in New Jersey.

I do not speak of this as if it were at all peculiar. I know that it is not. The Swiss guards, in a foreign land, who dared all dangers, and bore all privations, were melted to desertion, if they heard the simple native song with which the cows were brought from pasture. ‡

"The intrepid Swiss, who guards a foreign shore,  
 Condemned to climb his mountain-cliffs no more,  
 If chance he hears that song, so sweetly wild,  
 Which on those cliffs his infant hours beguiled,  
 Melts at the long-lost scenes that round him rise,  
 And sinks, a martyr to repentant sighs." §

\* I inquired, in vain, why the street, or court, should be called *New Jersey*. No one knew.

† Childe Harold, iv. 141.

‡ *Rans des vaches*; that is, rows of cows. One can see them winding along, among the rocks of their wild pasture ground.

§ Rogers, *Pleasures of Memory*, first part. In his notes, he has the following. "The celebrated *Rans des vaches*—'cet air si cheri des Suisses qu'il fut defendu, sous peine de mort, de la jouer dans leur troupes, parce qu'il faisoit foudre en larmes, désertier ou mourir ceux qui l'entendoient, tant il excitoit en eux l'ardent desir de revoir leur pays.'—ROUSSEAU. The *maladie du pays* is as old as the human heart. Juvénal's little cup-bearer,

'Suspirat longo non visam tempore matrem,  
 Et casulam, et notos tristis desiderat hœdos;'

and the Argive, in the heat of battle,

'dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos.'



No: it is not peculiar. I cite it as a fact in nature. It is a part of our humanity. A touch of that which makes the world all kin; so that the man who felt it not, would scarce be owned of human kind. And I cite it now, because it indicates, as no elaborate dissertation could, the ground on which I stand to-day, and the feelings with which I stand on it; the feelings and the ground, which, if our coming here is not to be in vain, you must share with me, as JERSEYMEN, and IN NEW JERSEY. Let me not, for one moment, be misunderstood. I yield to no man in the Catholic comprehension, which takes in the world. I teach no truth more earnestly, than that which filled and fired the fervent soul of Paul; that, in the plan of God, for human good, there should be no Jew, no Greek, no Scythian, no Barbarian, but all one in Jesus Christ.\* But I remember David's longing for the water of that ancient well, by the town-gate, where he had bathed his boyhood's brow.† I remember how Paul yearned for his brethren, his "kinsmen according to the flesh;" and, if need were, would even be accursed for them.‡ And I remember—and I speak it with profoundest reverence—how that blessed ONE, who "gave Himself a ransom for all," when He was come near Jerusalem, beholding it, "wept over it." § To love our neighbour as ourself, is not to sink the brother or the child. Jesus had one disciple, "whom He loved." The house will soon be chilled, in which the hearth-fires are gone out. There were no Nile, to

\* Everywhere. Especially, Galatians iii. 28, and Colossians iii. 11.

† 2 Samuel xxiii. 15.

‡ Romans ix. 3.

§ St. Luke xix. 41.

fatten Egypt, if the fountains were not full. Trust not in his philanthropy, who is not filial as a son, and faithful as a friend. He can be no American, who is not more a Jerseyman.

MR. PRESIDENT, AND GENTLEMEN OF THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY,—I have left you at no loss, as to the line I mean to take to-day. I have come here, as a Jerseyman, to speak to Jerseymen, about New Jersey. So far as lies in me, I wish to make A JERSEY RALLY. I have often regretted that that rich old word, *the Commonwealth*, should have been dropped, so generally, for the meagre and unmeaning monosyllable, *State*. Names are not things; and yet they go together. Men never disregard the name, when they esteem the thing. Nor do they often keep the thing, when they have lost the name. There has been quite too little, in us, of the true notion of a *common wealth*. We lack community of feeling. We are of Trenton, or of Newark, or of Burlington. We are of *East Jersey*, or of *West Jersey*.\* We are not

\* The whole of the country, now known as New York and New Jersey, was granted by Charles II. to his brother, the Duke of York, in 1664. The Duke conveyed the part now called New Jersey, to the Earl of Berkeley and Sir George Carteret. Sir George had been Governor of the Island of Jersey. The name of *New Jersey*—or, as they liked to call it, *Neo-Cæsarea*—was given to the province, as a compliment to him. The province was to go in equal parts: the Eastern, to Carteret; the Western, to Berkeley. Hence the division of East Jersey and West Jersey. Strange to say, the line is by no means certain. Gordon, on the map in his "Gazetteer and History of New Jersey," lays down two lines: Keith's, run in 1687; and Lawrence's, run in 1743. The difference between them is half a million of acres; one ninth of the whole area of the State. If I could find the line, I should like well enough to rub it out.—It was the Lady of Sir George Carteret, of whom Pepys says, in his simple way: "Thence to my house, where I took great pride to lead her through the Court, by the hand, *she being very fine*, and her page carrying up her train."—*Memoirs*, i. 284.

ALL JERSEYMEN. There is scarcely such a thing acknowledged, as a Jersey interest. We are, as far we well can be, without State institutions,\* State objects, State influences, State aims. We do not sympathize. We rarely congregate. We fail to co-operate. It was a saying of Dr. Franklin, that "New Jersey was like a cider barrel, tapped at both ends." It has been too literally true. We have been too well content to lose ourselves in the broad shadows of the two great states, which stretch on either side of us. We have been too willing to become but little more than an appendage to the two chief cities, which lie upon us, on the right, and on the left. Our young men have been too ready to exchange their native name, for that of some more prominent member of our great confederacy.† Our vigorous minds, our skilful hands, our generous hearts, have gone abroad too much, to build up other states, and to advance other interests.‡ We have well-nigh forgotten that we have a history. We have almost lost the very sense of our identity. We have had no centre. We have made no rally. For these things, I have long

\* I take pleasure in recording here one noble exception—which I could not so well speak of in the body of the Address—the establishment, last year, of a State Lunatic Asylum. It is on the noblest plan, and is going vigorously on.

† Gordon speaks feelingly on this subject. "The State has been an *officina gentium*, a hive of nations, constantly sending out swarms, whose labours have contributed largely to build up the two greatest marts in the Union, and to subdue and fertilize the Western wilds. Instead, therefore, of being distinguished for the growth of numbers within her borders, she is remarkable for the paucity of their increase."—29.

‡ Burlington county, at one period, supplied Philadelphia with both Mayor and Recorder; Benjamin W. Richards, Esq., and Joseph M<sup>o</sup>Hvaine, Esq. The *facile principes* of the Bar, in the city of New York, David B. Ogden, Esq., and George Wood, Esq., are native Jerseymen.

desired the establishment of a Historical Society; as that which was most likely to bring us all together, and to bring us out. For these things, I rejoiced when this Society was started; and that with such a full and vigorous promise of success. For these things, I consented to stand here. It is my firm belief that in all that constitutes the essence of a commonwealth—in resources, in opportunities, in capabilities for happiness and influence with men—New Jersey stands unrivalled in this great confederacy. And I believe as firmly, that the reason why these gifts of God are not developed, for His glory, and the good of men, as they might be, and should have been, is, that Jerseymen have never acted on a Jersey feeling. They have not justly estimated their great advantages. They have not faithfully discharged their corresponding duties. Will you contemplate with me OUR “GOODLY HERITAGE,” AS JERSEYMEN? Will you consider with me our just responsibilities, as such? My appeal to you, my fellow citizens, is in the spirit of that old Greek adage,\* *Σπάργαν ἐλαχες τάυταν κόσμευ.* That is to say, being interpreted: your lot has fallen to you in New Jersey; bestir yourselves to make the best of it.

Unfold with me the map of the United States. Direct your eye along the sloping line of the Atlantic coast, until it reach well-nigh the centre. Select what seems the snuggest, sunniest nook, in all that graceful

\* It is quoted by Cicero, in a letter to Atticus; the sixth of the fourth book. Erasmus says, “Admonet adagium, ut quaecumque provinciam erimus forte nacti, ei nos accommodemus, proque hujus dignitate nos geramus.”—*Proverbiorum Epitome*, 639.

sweep. Rest, where a noble river makes almost an island with the ocean; washing its utmost length, and giving, to every pine that crowns the summit of its farthest mountains, a passage to the sea. It is the lot of our inheritance. Examine it more closely. See how the mountains rivet it upon the mainland, at the North. See how their tall and rugged peaks sink down and soften, in the gentle swells, and genial vallies, of the middle counties. See what a stretch of coast, until the vast alluvial vanishes away into the broad Atlantic. *Is there a question about climate?* I am satisfied that if the arc of highest points, for health, and comfort, and enjoyment, on the map of North America, could be described, it would sweep through New Jersey.\* There is no better test of this than in the abundance, and variety, and perfection, of its fruits. This was the theme of admiration with the earliest settlers of the

\* A good illustration of the healthiness of New Jersey, however homely its expression, occurs in a letter from John Cripps to Henry Stacy, written "from Burlington, on Delaware River, the 26th of the eighth month, 1677." "Here is good land enough lies void, would serve many thousands of families; and we think if they cannot live here, they can hardly live in any place in the world." "The country and air seems to be very agreeable to our bodies, and *we have good stomachs to our victuals.*" (SMITH, History of New Jersey, 104.) The air of Burlington has not changed, in this last respect, in 180 years. Nor is it less true now than then, that we have good victuals to our stomachs.—It may be said, in passing, that the first settlement in West Jersey was at Salem, in 1675, by John Fenwick and his companions, who came from London, in the Griffith. The second ship was the Kent, also from London. The third was the Willing Mind, from London. The fourth, the Martha, from Burlington, in Yorkshire. Burlington was laid out in 1677. It was called first New Beverly, then Bridlington. This latter was the early name of Burlington, in England. The first ship that came up to Burlington, was the Shield, from Hull, in 1678. "Against Coaquannoek," where Philadelphia now is, "being a bold shore, she went so near, in turning, that part of the tackling struck the trees. Some on board remarked, it was a fine spot for a town."—SMITH, 108.

country, and deserves to be so still. "I have seen orchards," one writes home, in 1680, "laden with fruit, to admiration; their very limbs torn to pieces with the weight, and most delicious to the taste, and lovely to behold: I have seen an apple tree, from a pippin kernel, yield a barrel of curious cider; and peaches in such plenty that some people took their carts a peach-gathering: I could not but smile at the conceit of it. They are a very delicate fruit, and hang almost like our onions that are tied on ropes." "My brother Robert had as many cherries this year as would have loaded several carts. It is my judgment, by what I have observed, that fruit trees in this country destroy themselves by the very weight of the fruit."\* This is a picture from the life, as all who hear me know. *Is the enquiry about agricultural productions?* What can be named, of food, for man or beast, in which New Jersey is deficient? † Nay, and she never can be, if her farmers

\* Mahlon Stacy's letter from Burlington, "26th of fourth month, 1680," to his brother Revell. He dwells upon the fruits, as a man of good taste might. "We have, from the time called May, until Michaelmas, great store of very good wild fruits, as strawberries, cranberries, and hurtleberries, which are like our bilberries in England, but far sweeter. They are very wholesome fruits. The cranberries much like cherries for colour and bigness, which may be kept till fruit come in again; an excellent sauce is made of them for venison, turkeys, and other great fowl, and they are better to make tarts than either gooseberries or cherries."—SMITH, 112. In another letter, "to William Cook, of Sheffield, and others," he writes, "This is a most brave place; whatever envy or evil spies may speak of it, I could wish you all here." "I never repented my coming hither, nor yet remembered thy arguments and outcry against New Jersey, with regret. I live as well to my content, and in as great plenty as ever I did, and in a far more likely way to get an estate."—SMITH, 114.

† The first settlers of New Jersey had a shrewd eye to its agricultural capabilities, which has not been disappointed. "Well, here is a brave country," writes Samuel Groome, Surveyor-General of East Jersey, in 1685, "the ground very fruitful, and wonderfully inclinable to English grass, as clover, &c." "In short,

mind their business. Limestone and Marl divide the land between them. The very rocks are made to fertilize the soil which lies upon them; or the mouldering shell-fish, of the world before the flood, convert the worthless sand-waste into fields of smiling corn. Facilities of transportation, constantly increasing, rapidly equalize the land; and soon will bring it all into successful cultivation. While the river or the creek, the railroad or canal, that spreads the lime or marl upon the fields, takes down the corn or wheat, the butter or the pork, to the insatiable market of the cities and the ports of foreign export. Such are the agricultural advantages of New Jersey, that the Massachusetts State Commissioner, now travelling in foreign countries, on enquiries in the line of his department, has habitually advised young men, from the New England states, to come and settle here: the climate and the soil yielding to equal labour a larger return of profit and of comfort, than in any other state in our whole Union.\* Nay, and old Ocean smiles, and yields his treasures for our culture. "The oysters" that one wrote, from Perth Amboy, in 1684, "would serve all England," † are still

the land is four times better than I expected."—SMITH, 174. And Gawin Lawrie, deputy Governor of East Jersey, under Robert Barclay, writes, "all things very plenty: land very good as ever I saw." John Barclay and others, write from Elizabethtown: "We see little wanting that a man can desire; and we are sure that a sober and industrious people might make this a rich country, and enrich themselves by it."—SMITH, 183. It is to their statement that Bancroft alludes: "Peaches and vines grew wild on the river sides; the woods were crimsoned with strawberries; and 'brave oysters' abounded along the shore. Brooks and rivulets, with 'curious clear water,' were as plenty as in the dear native Scotland."

\* This agrees with what Barclay and others said, in 1684. "We see that people here want nothing, and yet their labour is very small."

† "At Amboy Point, and several other places, there is abundance of brave

there ; and in plantations to supply the world. *Is the enquiry of our mineral resources ?* They are innumerable and inexhaustible.\* Marble, of every kind, and every quality. Slate, in abundance. Varieties of clay, for every use, up to the finest porcelains. A free-stone from New Jersey, rears, at the head of the great mart of commerce in our Western world, a Christian Church, of noblest, most impressive architecture ; which if it could, would lift the hearts of men up with their eyes to heaven.† The richest ores of iron ; copper, in singular purity ; rare stores of zinc. In very deed, “ a land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass.”‡ *Are the results of useful art the subject of investigation ?* With such a store of raw materials, in every kind ; with water power, incalculable ; with coal, in inexhaustible supplies, lying at the very door ; with skilful heads and vigorous hands to turn them all to best account, there is no branch of manufactures which is not, or may not be made available to Jersey-men. Paterson, and Newark, and Belleville, and Dover, and Trenton, and Bridgeton, need but sufficient capital and enterprise to be our Manchester, our Sheffield, and our Birmingham. While, *for commercial purposes*, inland and foreign, our noble canals, our most efficient railroads, the majestic Delaware, the broad At-

oysters.”—SMITH, 184. The very shells, as lime, quicken our fields into fertility.

\* See the valuable Report of the State Geologist, professor Henry D. Rogers, on the Geology of New Jersey.

† The stone of which Trinity Church, New York, is built, is from Little Falls, near Paterson, in this State.

‡ Deuteronomy viii. 9.



lantic—New York and Philadelphia, as much our ports, as if they lay upon our waters—give us at once a vast home market, and the market of mankind.

And these are but the outside of the case. We possess, in a degree unrivalled, every form of civil, social, moral, and political advantage. What can be happier than our geographical position? We are free from the burden which bears down the Southern States, visiting the fathers' sins upon the children, and yet have not to struggle with the rigours and reverses of the surly North. Our social posture is a happy mean between the two. There are not the carking care and unrelaxed devotion to the work-day world, which mark the people of New England; nor yet the apathy and languor which deaden human energy, in lower latitudes, and in a different state of social life. A happy moderation is the characteristic of our people. There is neither extreme, among us, of riches or of poverty. A competence is easy to obtain. The general seek no more. The children start from very nearly the same level with their parents; and leave to theirs to do the same. A great accumulation is but rare. Proportionally rare the fashions and the follies which are apt to follow in its train. A more contented, happier people, in their home relations, is not shone on by the Sun. The absence of any great city, or large town, is an advantage to the State. It would destroy the equilibrium of the body politic. It would control by influence, or else perpetuate dissension. We have the advantages of two, with but a small share of the disadvantages of any. It is not their least

benefit to us, that, by the overshadowing of their greatness, they make rivalry in us impossible. The historic annals of our State are in a special manner free from stain. They record no breach of faith with "the poor Indian." They bear no record of religious persecution. There is no blood upon them, but that which liberty demands and consecrates; the blood which patriot freemen offer, as a pure libation, for their fire-sides and their altars. "No man to be arrested, condemned, imprisoned, or molested, in his estate or liberty, but by twelve men of the neighbourhood; no man to lie in prison for debt, but that his estate satisfy as far as it will go, and be set at liberty to work; no person to be called in question or molested for his conscience, or for worshipping according to his conscience,"\* was, from the earliest times, the alphabet of freedom, in New Jersey. And they were good at spelling with it. When five per cent. upon the invoice of all imports from the mother land was charged upon the settlers, the argument of Samuel Jennings, a brave old Schoolmaster, in this behalf, as the Lord Cornbury found, was in this fashion. "Tell us the title, by what right or law we are thus used, that may a little mitigate our pain. Your answer hitherto hath been, 'that it was a conquered country; and that the King being the conqueror, he has power to make laws, raise money, &c., and that this power the King hath vested in the Duke, and by that right and sovereignty the Duke demands the custom we complain of. But suppose the King were

\* Instructions from the Proprietors, in 1676.

an absolute conqueror in the case depending, doth his power extend equally over his own English people, as over the conquered? Are not they some of the letters that make up the word, *conqueror*? Did Alexander conquer alone? Or Cæsar beat by himself? The Norman Duke "used not the companions of his victory so ill. Natural right and human prudence oppose such doctrine, all the world over."\* The hundred years which followed, to the war of independence, did not put out this fire. New Jersey was the Flanders of the Revolution. The foot of war was not removed from off her plains, for more than one year of the seven. Scarcely an acre of her soil but shared the fortunes of the fight. While Trenton, Princeton, Monmouth, are household words, for childrens' children, to the latest generation: among

"the few, the immortal names

"That were not born to die."

Where can be found a simpler, less expensive, more beneficial, administration of government? Where is a state less conversant with debt? What people are more lightly taxed? † Where are the laws more equal

\* Argument addressed to the Commissioners of the Duke of York, concerning the customs demanded in West New Jersey.—SMITH, 129. Jennings was afterwards Deputy Governor. He was Speaker of the Assembly, during Lord Cornbury's administration. When the Assembly remonstrated against some acts of his administration, Jennings, as Speaker, delivered the remonstrance: "The Governor frequently interrupted him with, *Stop! What's that?*—at the same time putting on a countenance of authority and sternness, with intention to confound him. With due submission, yet firmness, whenever interrupted, he calmly desired leave to read the passages over again, and did it with an additional emphasis on those most complaining; so that, on the second reading, they became more observable than before."—SMITH, 295.

† Governor Stratton's Message, just delivered, shows, for the current year, a

or more certain? Where are they more effectively sustained and cheerfully obeyed? Where is another instance of a state, laying aside the badges and the names, the principles and prejudices of party; and, by the hands of her choice men, deliberately, dispassionately, resolutely, reforming her frame of government: making no sacrifice to popular favour or partisan distinctions, and quietly, and as one man, passing, from a Colonial Charter, to an independent constitution?\*

Such is a dim and shadowy outline of our "GOODLY HERITAGE," AS JERSEYMEN. It is for you, dear friends, to fill it up, and grave it deeply in your hearts, and gild it with the blessed radiance that lights up your happy hearths and homes. It is for you to own the fulness of your debt, and prove your depth of grateful love, by the discharge of the high duties and immense responsibilities to God, your country, and the generations yet to come, that it may be an heritage forever. *This is our Sparta. It is for us to make the best of it.* The time would fail me, to point out the ways, in which the duties and the debt of citizenship, are to be owned and paid. Nor need I do it. If your hearts have risen with mine to the appreciation of our great and gracious privileges, they will be swift to own them, and intuitive, in skill, to magnify and to perpetuate them. It needs no great exertion. It calls for no specific effort. It asks no signal sacrifice. It is in daily duties, and habit-

balance of seventy thousand dollars, to meet extraordinary expenses. The State tax averages but about ten cents a head, on the whole population.

The history of the late Convention, to revise the Constitution of New Jersey, is without a parallel.

ual services, and unconscious influences, that it is most effectively performed. As, by the hearth of home, the tender charities of life spring up, spontaneous and uncounted, in the light of mutual love. I gratefully acknowledge that the last few years have seen much progress in this great result. Traversing annually its length and breadth, I witness every year new marks of progress, and new trophies of improvement.\* The work, that might have been set down for half a century, ten years have well nigh done. Improved appliances in agriculture are every where in hand. Improved facilities in transportation are every where encouraging their application. An interest in horticulture is touching all the landscape with a new and gentler grace. The efforts of the new Society, for its promotion, begin to be appreciated. The day is hastening, when it may not need a poet's eye, to find the garden of the Hesperides, at Newark, or Princeton.† In architecture, too, there is a marked advancement. It is beginning to be felt, that the house of God need not be mean or homely. The taste of private individuals is dotting all our towns and rural nooks with homes, where comfort

\* It was Mr. Clay, I believe, who spoke of New Jersey, as "the State of beautiful Villages." And, with what truth! Few know how much and varied in its beauty New Jersey is; because few know much of the State, but by the railroads. There is nothing in its kind more worthy of a visit than the scenery of the Water Gap. The counties of Warren, Hunterdon, and Morris, are nowhere surpassed in richness and variety of prospect. Long Branch and Cape May, are the most favoured and favourite resorts, in the whole land, for the beauties and the comforts of the Sea.

† As in the beautiful grounds of the Hon. Mr. Wright, and Mr. Norris, at the former; and, at Fieldwood—shall I not say?—near the latter. Mr. Field is the President of the New Jersey Horticultural Society, which owes very much to his zealous interest in its objects.

dwells with beauty. And here, the transformation of the State House—so appropriate, so convenient, so commanding, such perfect fitness, and such admirable taste—more than redeems the past, and gives a noble promise for the future.

The life of a State is in the past and in the future. The State, that does not honour its illustrious dead, and make provision for the full and perfect training of its children, is derelict in duty ; and must endure its penalty, in the oblivion of the past, and in disorganization for the future. A State must have its immortality on earth. Its past must give the colour to its future. As that future becomes past, the dies will deepen, and the retribution be more fierce. The State, that sows the wind, must reap the whirlwind. An inglorious past will earn a more inglorious future. Neglected children will become unhonoured fathers. A spring time, without sowing, brings an autumn, without harvest. In both these two respects, New Jersey has been signally deficient.

She has done what in her lay to have no history. As William Penn, in 1676, found it essential to begin a letter to his friends and brethren, with the assurance “that there is such a province as New Jersey, is certain ;”<sup>\*</sup> so, but for maps and school geographies, the fact might still be deemed apocryphal. There is no Calendar of patriots and heroes, in New Jersey. The record of her sons, so far as she has seemed to care, has been allowed to perish with them. Where are the

<sup>\*</sup> Smith, 89.

statues of the founders of the State? Where is the gallery of portraits of the statesmen and the soldiers of the war of Independence? Where is the registry, more authentic than the Almanac, to give the names and dates, that shall identify a Livingston, a Schuyler, a Stockton, or a Southard? Where are the ancient records of the first enterprises in this old colony? Where are the household letters, stained with many a tear, that told of troubles, and of trials, borne in unre-  
pinning patience, through the hope that is in Christ? Where are the papers, filled with "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn," that wrought the way for the great struggle of the nation, or recorded its encouragements and triumphs? It is not rash to say, that no one State, in all the old thirteen, was richer in these holy relics of the past; that none is now so poor. In this respect, another era has, I trust, begun. To you, gentlemen of the Historical Society, successive generations will look back with gratitude, as patriot preservers of their ancestral fame. A volume of colonial history, the work of a son of New Jersey, produced and published while your first year had not filled its round, is your free pledge to all your kind, that you are in earnest in the cause; and that, what your enterprise can rescue and preserve, is sure and safe. I offer you, for this good work, the thanks and the congratulations of your countrymen.\*

\* History of "East Jersey, under the Proprietary Governments; a Narrative of events connected with the settlement and progress of the Province, until the surrender of the government to the Crown, in 1702," by William A. Whitehead, of Newark; with an Appendix, consisting of "The Model of the Government of

I blush to say, that in the cause of education, New Jersey does herself no justice. She is not careful of her children. Her children will not care for her. Unfilial sons are the sure progeny of an unnatural mother. Of the two learned institutions of the State, I speak with an unfeigned respect.\* They have done noble service for the country. No prouder names, in arts or arms, in science or in letters, in the halls of government, or in the sanctuaries of our religion, adorn the annals of America, than those whom they have sent forth from their venerable walls. And they are now discharging their high functions, with an ability, a fidelity, and a success, which set them in the first rank of the institutions of our land. But what share has the State in all this honour? What has the State done, what is the State now doing, to encourage and assist them in their work? New Jersey, as a State, does nothing for the arts, does nothing for science, does nothing for letters. She scarcely recognizes that she has a child. She virtually denies it, in her almost total disregard even of their elementary education. This is a burning shame. The brand of it is on our brow. Shall we submit to bear it? We cannot, and not so approve ourselves traitors to God and man, in the neglect of means and opportu-

East New Jersey in America, by George Scot of Pitlochie," reprinted for the first time from the original edition of 1685.—The sheets of this volume, a perfect beauty in typography, were circulated at the annual meeting. Will Mr. Whitehead permit me to remind him that "one good turn deserves another;" that having done so well for East Jersey, he is now to do the same for West; that it will then remain for him to bring the story down, from the period of their union, to the adoption of the new State Constitution?

\* The College of New Jersey, at Princeton, incorporated in 1746; and Rutgers's College, at New Brunswick, in 1770.



nities, such as no other State in all the Union has. New Jersey ought to be, what Athens was to Greece, the eye of our confederacy. In her central position, in the facilities of access to her, in the salubrity of her climate, in the moderate condition of her people, in the absence of absorbing interests, in her simplicity of manners, in the serene seclusion of her beautiful retreats, in every thing that the broad name of nature comprehends, New Jersey is the State for education. In some States, commerce, in some, agriculture, in some, manufactures, may be the leading interest. Ours should be education. From Carpenter's Point to Cape May, New Jersey should be studded all with schools. Academies and higher institutions should adorn and bless her larger towns. Her Colleges should be supplied "with all appliances and means, to boot," to carry out the work, to its most comprehensive range, and up to its most lofty elevation. Above all, these things should be consecrated to God, in the sole name of Jesus Christ, for the eternal welfare, as for the present comfort, of our race. The foundations of New Jersey were laid in the fear of God. "Be it known unto you all, in the name and fear of Almighty God, His glory and honour, power and wisdom, truth and kingdom, is dearer to us than all visible things," is the devout and manly language of one of its most ancient public documents.\* As the foundation was laid, so should the superstructure be built up, and crowned, in faith, and fear, and prayer.

\* What Smith calls, "a cautionary Epistle," from William Penn, Gawin Laurie, and Nicholas Lucas, in 1676.

In all the life of Dr. Franklin, there is no page so beautiful as that which bears the record of his motion, that the daily sessions of the Convention for forming the Constitution of the United States begin with prayer. "Mr. President," he said, "the small progress we have made, after four or five weeks' close attendance, and continual reasoning with each other, our different sentiments on almost every question, several of the last producing as many *noes* as *ayes*, is, methinks, a melancholy proof of the imperfection of the human understanding. We indeed seem to feel our own want of political wisdom, since we have been running all about in search of it. We have gone back to ancient history for models of government, and examined the different forms of those republics, which, having been originally formed with the seeds of their own dissolution, now no longer exist; and we have viewed modern States all around Europe: but find none of their constitutions suitable to our circumstances. In this situation of this assembly, groping as it were, in the dark, to find political truth, and unable to distinguish it when presented to us, how has it happened, Sir, that we have not hitherto once thought of humbly applying to the Father of lights, to illuminate our understandings? In the beginning of the contest with Britain, when we were sensible of danger, we had daily prayers in this room for the divine protection. Our prayers, Sir, were heard; and they were graciously answered. All of us, who were engaged in the struggle, must have observed frequent instances of a superintending Providence in our

favour. To that same Providence, we owe the happy opportunity of consulting in peace on the means of establishing our future national felicity. And have we now forgotten that powerful Friend? Or do we imagine we no longer need His assistance? I have lived, Sir, a long time; and the longer I live, the more convincing proofs I see of this truth, *that God governs in the affairs of men*. And, if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without His notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without His aid? We have been assured, Sir, in the sacred writings, ‘that except the Lord build the house, their labour is but lost that build it.’ I firmly believe this; and I also believe, that without His concurring aid, we shall succeed in this political building no better than the builders of Babel: we shall be divided by our little, partial, local interests. Our projects will be confounded; and we ourselves shall become a reproach and a bye-word to future ages. And, what is worse, mankind may hereafter, from this unfortunate instance, despair of establishing government by human wisdom, and leave it to chance, war, and conquest. I therefore beg leave to move, that, henceforth, daily prayers, imploring the assistance of Heaven, and its blessing on our deliberations, be held in this Assembly, every morning, before we proceed to business; and that one or more of the clergy of this city be requested to officiate in that service.”\* There

\* Sparks' edition of Franklin's Works, V. 153-155.—I cannot deny myself the pleasure of recording here a most interesting and gratifying coincidence. I do it in the language of a correspondent of the Newark Daily Advertiser, personally unknown to me, omitting his words of kindness to myself. “The daily Sessions

spoke the truest wisdom, the most enlarged philanthropy, the loftiest patriotism, the profoundest piety. "Righteousness exalteth a nation: but sin is the reproach of any people." \* "O, pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee." † "Happy are the people that are in such a case: yea, blessed are the people who have the Lord for their God." ‡

One single sad word more, my heart cannot forego. Brief as has been the term of our existence, as a Society, it has been long enough for death to wound us in our tenderest place. The joy of our first anniversary mingles itself with grief. Since our last quarterly assembling, we have lost—oh, how immense his gain! the excellent, the learned, the accomplished, the patriotic Dod. Oh, had he stood where I stand, § how his

of the Legislature, as you will see by the report of the proceedings of the House, are, for the first time in our history, to be opened with prayer." "It is a notable coincidence that the vote was taken only a few minutes before the delivery of Bishop Doane's Address before the Historical Society; in which he called the attention of the audience, which included the members of both houses, to Dr. Franklin's emphatic and remarkable speech, when he made a motion, similar to that of Mr. McLean, in the old Convention, which framed the Federal Constitution. It can scarcely be necessary to add that it was a coincidence. The Legislature could not have known the Bishop's intention; nor had the Bishop any knowledge whatever of the purpose of the mover."

\* Proverbs xiv. 34.

† Psalm cxxii. 6.

‡ Psalm cxlv. 15. How admirably this Psalm describes our case! "Our garners" are "full and plenteous, with all manner of store;" "our sheep" do "bring forth thousands and ten thousands in our streets;" "our oxen are strong to labour;" and there is "no decay, no leading into captivity, and no complaining in our streets." Shall we not be as careful to realize the truth, the comfort and the beauty of the verse next preceding: "that our sons may grow up as the young plants, and that our daughters may be as the polished corners of the temple"?

§ The following letter to the Editor of the Burlington Gazette, will explain the allusions here:

It was a grief of heart, such as I seldom had to bear, that I was not at the

manly bosom would have swelled! Oh, had he stood where I stand, how his beaming eye would have flashed new fires! Oh, had he stood where I stand, how his clear trumpet voice would have been lifted up! He was a man; and all the instincts of a man kindled and

funeral of this beloved and lamented man. An engagement of positive duty, made before I knew of his illness, which I could neither delegate nor defer, required me to go from home, in another direction. But I was there in spirit; and few were there, out of the charmed circle of his own immediate friends, to weep for him more bitter tears. I truly think, that New Jersey had not any son of brighter promise, for her interests and fame. And I am filled with awful adoration when I reflect, how rich and full *His* store of providence must be, Who, seeing to the end, from the beginning, has withdrawn him from us, when his days seemed not half spent, and when his usefulness and influence were spreading so, and deepening, every day.

I knew him well, and loved him better than I knew him. We often met at the house of a dear and venerable friend, and never without a marked increase of mutual love. He was a man of a most Catholic mind, and of a more Catholic heart. It took in all its kind; and yet lost nothing from its individuality of tenderness. This was most strikingly illustrated in what drew him in, into the inmost circle of my bosom, his unexampled devotion to young Stockton Boudinot. He took him to his house. He took him to his heart. He forgot his own infirmities of body. He endured, beyond the endurance of the strongest man. He practised the inventive tenderness of the most gentle woman. I saw his daily letters, from the bedside of the sufferer, to the excellent lady I have alluded to above. They were perfect in their kind. So discreet, so tender, so touching. With each successive reading, my estimate of his unrivalled friendship was increased. And, at the close of the strange case, unparalleled in all the records of the profession, I felt, and said, that, if such calamity should fall on me or mine, I could ask nothing from the Lord, with the confidence of His paternal mercy, but such a friend as Dr. Dod. I wrote to him what I had felt. And, on the very day before the sickness seized him, which in one week closed his life, he wrote to me the following letter. Believing it to be one of the very last he ever wrote, I do not permit its strong expressions of personal kindness to prevent my sending it to you entire. "I was very deeply affected by the heartiness of your kind letter. Had I wished for notice and applause, such commendation, from such a source, would have satisfied my highest ambition. But your quick and broad humanity will enable you to comprehend me fully, when I reply, in the words of our favourite poet-philosopher—

I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds  
With coldness still returning;  
Alas! the gratitude of men  
Hath oftener left me mourning.'

"I perceive, by the published report of the proceedings of the New Jersey Historical Society, that I have been appointed to deliver the Address at their

glowed in him. No interest of humanity but found in him an advocate most eloquent. No effort for humanity but won from him his voice, and hand, and heart. While, his devotion to his native State glowed ever with a fire the more intense, for the unbounded com-

next meeting, and that you are my alternate. I could have wished that this order had been reversed. In a conversation which I had, the day before the meeting, with the Chairman of the Executive Committee, I requested him to see to it, that you were requested to deliver the next Address. But as I had failed on this occasion, and for what seemed a good and sufficient reason, I suppose they felt unwilling to thrust me unceremoniously aside. It is every way desirable, for intrinsic and external reasons, that the Address before the first Annual Meeting of the Society, should be delivered by you. And it is evident that, but for the accident of my being in the way, you would have been selected for the performance of the duty. I have to request, therefore, that you will be good enough to consider yourself charged with it. In making this request, I am not governed solely by a feeling of propriety; though that would be enough. But under existing circumstances, it would be impossible for me to do justice to the Society or to myself, in the discharge of this duty. I am struggling with some form of nervous disease, which disquiets and dispirits me; and, for the cure or alleviation of which, my physician enjoins me to be in the open air as much as possible; and intermit, as far as I can, studious application. I find, too, that the case of poor Boudinot has taken such a hold on me, that I cannot shake it off. There is scarcely a night in which I do not dream of him, with dreams of so vivid and half wakeful a character, that their impression remains with me through the day. So long as he was alive, and there was any thing to be done for him, he was the object of action. Now, I find that his long illness has become the subject of thought."

I wrote to him at once—a letter which I suppose he never read—to say, that though I had counted on his discharging the duty before the Historical Society, leaving me no other responsibility than might providentially occur, I would certainly comply with his request; assuring him of my prayers that God would soon restore him to health and duty: and inviting him to visit us at Burlington. The next tidings were that he was very ill. The next, that he was dead! "What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!" But he died in the midst of usefulness. He died in the enjoyment of universal confidence and respect. He died in the satisfaction of unwearied and unbounded love. He was one in whom the spirit "o'er-informed" the flesh. He had a great heart, and its throbbings had worn out its frame. The overworking of the mind had loosed his hold on life. He sank under the shock of the acute disease which had assailed him; and had not physical ability to rally. Though not for himself too soon, it is too soon for us. His greatness grew with every day. The masculine vigour of his mind grappled all subjects, and could master all. His generous enthusiasm kindled the young hearts, that it drew to him, with its own fires. And now, in this last

prehension of his love. How nobly he led on in the great cause of education here, who does not know? How zealously he entered into this new enterprise, who did not feel? In him, if he were living, I would find the bright example I have sought to draw; for he was, "every inch," a Jerseyman. And now, to his new grave, I sadly turn, and say, "there lies the noblest Ro-

service of his life—it was his very last—he had developed, with all that is bravest in a man, whatever in a woman is most lovely and engaging. "Felix opportunitate mortis."

Of his intellectual character and attainments, of the daily beauty of his social and domestic life, of his Christian walk and conversation, others have spoken, and will speak, with fuller opportunities than I could have. Few with a fuller love. "Nulli febilior quam mihi." I never met with him, in private or in public, in steamboat or in stage, that we did not warm and glow together. He was a-glow with all the generous instincts of humanity. They were refined, in him, and sanctified, by the "live coal," which seraphs have in hand. He combined, most rarely, a keen, broad, sound and manly practicalness, with the loftiest and most generous enthusiasm. I have often thought, that had he not been a great mathematician, he would have been a greater poet. He illustrated this in his zealous devotion to that, which, of all pursuits of men, combines the most of the practical with the best of the poetical, Gothic architecture. It was his favourite study, and most fervent theme. He was in love with it. "You will say," he said to me, in his own hearty playfulness, "that I have stolen *your* thunder!"

I saw him last in Princeton. His last acts to me were acts of hospitality. His last words were the words of friendship. And, what I value most of all, I was among the thoughts of his last hours. "On Tuesday night," says Professor Hodge, his distinguished fellow labourer, and faithful friend, "when we all thought him very near his end, he charged me with several messages to his absent friends; and said, 'I have been thinking of Bishop Doane, and should like to see him, and wish him to know it.' I feel that I am discharging a duty to our departed friend, in conveying to you the simple intimation, that he thought of you with kindness, in the last hours of his life."—None, from beyond the immediate circle in which my life is passed, have won for me a livelier interest and affection. No message from a death-bed, has come nearer to my heart, or dwells more warmly there.

Into the secret places of their sorrow, to whom this stroke comes nearest home, it were profane to enter. Thanks be to God for the revelation, which the ages that had wandered from Him farthest cherished as a pleasing dream, that the bolt makes sacred what it strikes! The most endearing names to Him are those of widow and of orphan. "He is a father of the fatherless, and defendeth the cause of the widows; even God, in His holy habitation."

G. W. D.

man of them all." He went, for us, and for New Jersey, all too soon. We must take up the work he did not finish. If we take it up in his spirit, if we pursue it with his energy, we shall redeem the past, we shall adorn and bless the future; and children's children, and their children's children, after them, will rise and say, WE TOO ARE JERSEYMEN!



# I.

## ONE WORLD ; ONE WASHINGTON.

\* THE ORATION BEFORE THE LADY MANAGERS OF THE MOUNT  
VERNON ASSOCIATION.

PLUTARCH could write his lives in parallels : an illustrious Greek, by the side of an illustrious Roman : Theseus, with Romulus ; Pericles, with Fabius Maximus ; Aristides, with Cato Major ; Alexander, with Julius Cæsar. Where shall the future Plutarch find *his* parallel, whose birthday twins, with that of the Republic ? Next to the Fourth day of July, scarcely below it, in the calendar of patriotism, stands the twenty-second day of February. The two, the Festivals of thirty millions of free men, already ; to be, through all the ages, next to the sacred anniversaries, the holy days of human nature. Who shall deny the legend, which our eagle bears to-day : “ ONE WORLD ; ONE WASHINGTON ! ”

Nations are Trustees, for the names of their great men. It is a sacred, it is a solemn trust. Shall I do

\* February 22d, A. D. 1859—At the request of the Lady Managers of the Association, and of the Mayor and many citizens of Burlington. The motto is from Ennius ;

“ Ergo, magisque, magisque, viri, nunc, gloria claret.”

wrong, to say, it is their most sacred, their most solemn, trust? God lent them, to their country, for a while. He endowed them, with intellectual powers. He imbued them, with transcendent virtues. He made them, noblemen of truth. He set, upon their brow, the coronet of glory. He let them labour; let them suffer; let them be reviled: perhaps, He let them die, upon the scaffold; in the dungeon; on the battle-field. Was it for one country? Was it for their own generation? Was it for a single age? No. They were monarchs of mankind. They were darlings of humanity. They were central stars, to light the world. And they are blazing on, and they will blaze on, to be the cynosure of unborn hearts; in nations, yet, undreamed of. Was Aristides just, for the Athenians alone? Or, Cincinnatus, but, the patriot of Rome? Have I no share in Socrates? Are Alfred, Wallace, Tell, not ours? Were Shakspeare, Milton, Newton, not, for us? How beautiful it is, this Catholicity of greatness! The First Consul of France, directed, that all the standards of the Republic should be hung, with crape: and issued the following order, to the Army: "Washington is dead. This great man fought against tyranny. He established the liberty of his country. His memory will, always, be dear, to the French people: as it will be, to all free men, of the two worlds." Lord Bridport, who commanded the British fleet, off Torbay, lowered his flag, half-mast; on hearing the intelligence. And the whole fleet, of sixty ships of the line, followed his example. And, but the other day, some officers of our

expedition, to Japan, under the command of the lamented Perry, were surprised to hear, from the official of a Loo Choo town, such words as these : “ gentlemen, Doo Choo man, very small. American man, not very small. I have read of America, in books, of Washington. Very good man ; very good.” So true, it is, that great men are not their own. Are not their country’s. Are not of their own time. They are the world’s. They are humanity’s. They are eternity’s. They are God’s. And, the nations, who have had the use of them, from God, are Trustees of their names ; for Him, and for mankind.

If it be so, what a trust is ours : to whom God lent the foremost name, that inspiration has not consecrated ; the name of Washington. “ One Washington ; one World ! ” In making this unqualified, uncompromising, challenge ; Washington, against the world : I am not held to institute, in detail, the comparison, between his greatness and the greatness of the world’s great men. The time would fail me, to attempt it ; and, much more, your patience. And, then, it would be asking me to prove a negative ; to show that this or that great man was not as great as he. Let me, rather, in such feeble measure, as I may, attempt to show, how great he was. It will be for him, who can, to find one greater ; and, so, gainsay, the legend of our glorious eagle : “ One World ; one Washington ! ”

And, here, the very difficulty, which meets us, at the threshold, as to where we shall begin, is most conclusive of his greatness. In a triangle, a square, a poly-

gon, there are starting points, for the delineation. The circle, the only perfect figure, has no beginning. No human eye can bear the full-orbed splendour of the solar light. Disintegrated, by the skill of Newton, the rays of the prismatic spectrum are as soft and lambent, as an infant's smile. There are other great men, of whom, the same is true. Shakspeare, pre-eminently. Whom would any body undertake to compare with Shakspeare? The ingenious Germans meet the case, by multiplication. They call him, "myriad-minded." Washington was not that. He was one-minded. The circle is the best exponent of his character. The simplest of all figures. Consisting of one line, only. And, yet, complete, and perfect. The only figure, which a single direction of the hand can form. The one, which is, always, the same : which, always, pleases : and, which, never, tires. It was finely said, of Shakspeare, by Dr. Samuel Johnson,

"Each change of many-colored life, he drew :  
Exhausted worlds ; and, then, imagined new."

But, in all his dreamings, Shakspeare never dreamed of Washington. And, all the great men, of all his dramas, would not supply his greatness.

A very common measure of human greatness is the want of opportunity. To make a gold ring, from the ingot, is no great enterprise. To make it, without, requires the Philosopher's stone. Washington's means of education were very limited. Till he was fourteen, his *Alma Mater* was "an old field school-house." His

teacher, a tenant of his father, was the sexton of the parish. And, though he then went to a better school, it was only for two years. Before his sixteenth birthday, he had done with schools. He was, what is called, "self-made." But, he was well made.

Early attainments and rapid progress are commonly considered marks of greatness. They are not, always. Early ripe, is, often, early rotten. It was not so with Washington. During the three years, from his sixteenth, he was a commissioned Public Surveyor. At nineteen, he was appointed Military Inspector, with the rank of Major. At twenty, he was sent, by the Governor of Virginia, six hundred miles, through the Indian country, as a Commissioner, to confer with the Commander of the French forces ; and inquire by what authority, he presumed to invade the King's dominions, and what were his intentions : a service, difficult and full of danger ; but, most successfully performed. At twenty-five, he was appointed to the chief command of the troops, to be sent out, by Governor Dinwiddie, against the French. When the number was increased three-fold, he was made second in command, with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel ; and, appointed Colonel of the Virginia regiment, when he was not yet twenty-three. This was not what we speak of, now, as "Young America." The green wood, used for carved work. There was nothing "fast," in Washington. His was timber, seasoned, with sobriety, and self-denial ; not without prayer. The Colonel of twenty-two, in the camp, at the Great Meadows, in the absence of a Chap-

lain, said prayers, before the regiment, himself. A beautiful sight, it must have been, "The youthful commander, presiding, with calm seriousness, over a motley assemblage, of half-equipped soldiery, leathern-clad hunters, and woodsmen, and painted savages, with their wives and children; and uniting them all, in solemn devotion, by his own example and demeanor."\*

A year has passed. It is a morning, in July. The sun has not yet risen. The Monongahela gleams and glitters, in the early light; as it rolls, onward, through the open forest. Upon its Southern bank, an army is just forming. Every man is in uniform. The officers are in full dress. The sun gleams, from the burnished arms. Bayonets fixed, colours flying, drums beating, fifes playing: they descend the verdant slope; they ford the river; they wind along its bank. The Grenadier's March is in their ears; and every heart keeps time, with it. It is the British army, under General Braddock, on their expedition against Fort Duquesne. He was a brave man, and an accomplished officer. But he was in a strange country. It was a new mode of warfare. He was ignorant of the Indian character. He would not listen to Washington, who perfectly understood it. It was, now, two o'clock. The army had marched, thus far, without interruption. But, hark, there is a heavy firing, in the front. There, is the fearful Indian yell. Every tree conceals a man. They are mowed down, by unseen rifles. Braddock is brave. His officers are brave. His men are brave. But, of

\* Irving's Life.

what use is bravery, at such odds ! They fall, by platoons. In the confusion, friend kills friend. The rear rank fires, upon the front. The Indian scalps the officer, whom his own men have shot. Braddock, himself, receives a fatal wound. It is a perfect rout. Baggage, stores, artillery, are left. Of eighty-six officers, twenty-six are killed ; thirty-six are wounded. Of twelve hundred men, the killed and wounded are seven hundred. The young Virginia Colonel, in the meantime, was every where. Two horses were shot, under him. Four bullets passed through his coat. He seemed to bear a charmed life. Fifteen years, after that, an aged Indian Chief went, a long way, to see him. He told him, that, on Braddock's fatal field, he fired his rifle, at him, many times ; and had directed his young braves to do the same. To their astonishment, without effect. He was convinced, that he must be under the special care of the Good Spirit ; and they ceased to fire at him. He had come to see the man, who could not die, in battle. Was he not shielded, by the panoply of prayer ? Had not the angels charge over him, that no weapon should do him harm ? In all the war, he never had a wound. In words, almost prophetic, the eloquent Samuel Davies, in a sermon, occasioned by Braddock's defeat, after praising the Virginia troops, for zeal and courage, went on to say, " As a remarkable instance of this, I may point out, to the public, that heroic youth, Colonel Washington ; whom, I cannot but hope, Providence has, hitherto, preserved, in so signal a manner, for some important service, to his country."

It is now, 1774. The nineteen years from the battle of the Monongahela, have been passed, in domestic bliss, in his favourite pursuit of agriculture, and in public duty, military and civil. At his first appearance, in a civil capacity, as a member of the House of Burgesses, a beautiful scene occurred. "By a vote of the House, it had been determined to greet his instalment, by a signal testimonial of respect. Accordingly, as soon as he took his seat, Mr. Robison, the Speaker, in eloquent language, dictated by the warmth of private friendship, returned thanks, on behalf of the Colony, for the distinguished military services, he had rendered to his country. Washington rose to reply; blushed, stammered, trembled, and could not utter a word. 'Sit down, Mr. Washington,' said the Speaker, with a smile; 'your modesty equals your valour; and that surpasses the power of any language, I possess.'" The nineteen years, from 1755, had been most successfully employed, by the mother country, in alienating the affections of her American daughter. The people of the Colonies, goaded by the increasing pressure of injustice and oppression, were meditating independence. The first Continental Congress met, in Philadelphia, on the 5th of September, 1774. Of this Washington was a member. His position there, is well stated, by Patrick Henry, the celebrated orator of freedom. Being asked, after his return, whom he thought the greatest man, in Congress, he replied, "If you speak of eloquence, Mr. Rutledge, of South Carolina, is by far the greatest orator. But, if you speak of solid information and sound



judgment, Colonel Washington is, unquestionably, the greatest man, on that floor." By the second Congress, which met in Philadelphia, on the 10th of May, 1775, the sword of liberty was drawn. Hostilities, indeed, had begun. Blood had been shed, at Lexington, and Concord. The Continental army was organized, by Congress : and George Washington, of Virginia, on the suggestion of John Adams, of Massachusetts, was, unanimously, elected, Commander-in-chief. The manner of his acceptance was worthy of himself. Never, were modesty and generosity more beautifully illustrated. His modesty. "Lest some unlucky event, should happen, unfavourable to my reputation, I beg it may be remembered, by every gentleman in the room, that I, this day, declare, with the utmost sincerity, I do not think myself equal to the command, I am honoured with." His generosity. "I beg leave to assure the Congress, that, as no pecuniary consideration would have tempted me to accept this arduous employment, at the expense of my domestic ease and happiness, I do not wish to make any profit from it. I will keep an exact account of my expenses. Those, I doubt not, they will discharge ; and that is all I desire." He did keep his account strictly ; and that was all he received.

From the day, that he took command of the American army, at Cambridge, July 3, 1775, through the whole of that eight years' war, what was he not, to the great cause ? It was a boastful saying of a Monarch of the French, "The State ; it is myself !" But, every one must say, the War ; it was Washington : the Country ;

it was Washington: Victory; it was Washington: Independence; it was Washington! It would have been a task, for more than any mortal, to wage successful war, between a Colonial government, in every way, distressed and destitute: and a vast empire; rich in resources, of all kinds; "a man of war, from" its "youth;" the mistress of the seas. How was the difficulty increased, when there were thirteen governments, to be reconciled; the central authority, with no power, but to recommend; and every form of local jealousy, added to all the hindrances, which fallen human nature always offers, to every honourable cause. Yet, these discordant elements, he harmonized. These antagonistic forces, he reconciled. These prejudices, these jealousies, these hostilities, he removed, appeased, and pacified. He was the Sun of the whole System: about which, all revolved, and, by which, all were kept together. Is it not true, one Universe; one Sun? It is as true, "one World; one Washington!"

It was the winter of 1776. The very gloomiest period of the war. The British had possession of Rhode Island, Long Island, Staten Island, the city of New York, almost all the Jerseys; and were threatening Philadelphia. The army was weakened, by the discontent of the soldiery; by the foolish policy, persisted in, by Congress, of short enlistments; and by sickness. The Continent was discontented. The Congress was aroused. It met the case, as it only could be met. It made George Washington, Dictator. More than all armies, in that confidence: and, met, so mod-

estly; so manfully. It is Christmas night. The Hessians are encamped, at Trenton. The American troops are at Taylorsville, at Bristol, and in Philadelphia. The weather is intensely cold. The Delaware, filled with floating ice, rolls, angrily, between them. But, something must be done. A night attack, by crossing the river, in three columns, is planned. The Northernmost is Washington's. The current is strong. The wind is high. The night is dark. It storms. What anxious hours, he watched, upon the Jersey side, while the artillery was transported! The attack was meant to be, at midnight. Four precious hours are lost. The line of march is formed, in driving sleet. Two men are frozen to death. They have nine miles, to Trenton. They are there, at eight. The Hessians are surprised. They rally. But, in vain. Their General falls. One thousand prisoners are taken. The two lower columns of the army had failed to cross. It was the victory of Washington, alone. On the second of January, the British were, at Trenton, in great force. The Assanpink divided the two armies. A general fight, the next day, was inevitable. The American force was not sufficient, to sustain it. At midnight, while the campfires burn, to lull the enemy, they are off to Princeton. Three regiments are there; to join Cornwallis, the next day, at Trenton. They are attacked, a little before sunrise, and defeated. One hundred killed. Three hundred prisoners. In every hottest portion of the fight, Washington is present. But, no bullet had, for him, a billet. The bravest are the safest, always. God, spe-

cially, takes care of them. These actions turned the scale. In three weeks, New Jersey was recovered. The country rallied. And liberty took heart. "Achievements, so astonishing," says Botta, an Italian writer, "gained, for the American Commander, a very great reputation : and were regarded, with wonder, by all nations ; as well as by the Americans. Every one applauded the prudence, the firmness, and the daring, of General Washington. All declared him the saviour of his country. All proclaimed him, equal to the most renowned commanders of antiquity ; and especially distinguished him, by the name of the American Fabius. His name was in the mouths of all men ; and celebrated by the pens of the most eminent writers. The greatest personages in Europe bestowed upon him praise and congratulations !" In 1781, the British forces were concentrated, in Virginia. Cornwallis establishes himself, at Yorktown. General Washington, with the Count de Rochambeau, hastens to the scene. In that journey, for the first time, in six years and a half, he visits his dear Mount Vernon. Yorktown is invested. The siege is pressed. Cornwallis surrenders. Washington is victorious. The war is ended. With what delight, he takes leave of the army ; tenders his commission ; and retires to private life ! "At length," he writes, to La Fayette, "I am become a private citizen, on the banks of the Potomac ; and, under the shadow of my own vine and my own fig tree, free from the bustle of a camp and the busy scenes of public life, I am solacing myself with those tranquil enjoyments." "I

have not only retired from all public employments, but I am retiring within myself; and shall be able to view the solitary walk, and tread the paths of private life, with a heartfelt satisfaction. Envious of none, I am determined to be pleased with all. And, this, my dear friend, being the order of my march, I will move gently down the stream of life, until I sleep with my fathers." But, he was reckoning, without his host. The country, although free, was without a government. The Confederation was a rope of sand. Now, that the pressure of war was removed from it, it was crumbling. Something must be done: or the independence, so dearly bought, was lost. A Convention of delegates from the several States, assembled, in Philadelphia, on the fourteenth of May, 1787. General Washington was, unanimously, elected President. It continued, in session, four months. The result of its labours was the Constitution of the United States. The foremost hand, to win the independence of the nation, was the foremost hand, to frame the means, for its perpetuity. But, one more honour, now, remained. The Constitution provided for a President. And George Washington was, unanimously, elected; President of the United States. He had refused to be a candidate, for that high office, as long as duty would permit. And, when he started, to encounter its responsibilities, it was with a sad and a heavy heart. "About ten o'clock," he says, in his diary, for April 16, 1789, "I bade adieu to Mount Vernon, to private life, and to domestic felicity; and, with a mind, oppressed with more anxious and painful

sensations, than I have words to express, set out for New York : with the best disposition to render service to my country, in obedience to its call ; but, with less hope of answering its expectations." By a beautiful act of piety, he premised his entrance, on the highest office in the world, by a visit to his venerable mother : then, eighty-two ; and in the last year of her life. The Conqueror, the Statesman, the President, were melted, in the son : in the pressure of those loving hands ; and under the warmth of that fond kiss.\*

It was the 30th day of April, 1789. In all the churches in New York, there had been prayers, at nine o'clock. The blessing of God, on the new government, was solemnly invoked. It was, now, noon. The streets were all alive. The stream of life was rushing; towards the Federal Hall. All eyes are fixed, upon the balcony. At the moment, he appears. Tall, serene, majestic. His plain brown suit was of the manufacture of his country. The sword, of so much glory, was by his side : shall I not say, The sword of the Lord, and of Washington ? The welkin rings, with one wide shout. He lays his hand upon his heart ; bows to the people ; and, then, sinks, exhausted, into a chair. The fearless soldier of the Monongahela, is a woman, in that presence. Then, only, is our nature perfected, when the

\* Writing, to his sister, on the occasion of their mother's death, in August, of the same year, he said : " Awful and affecting as the death of a parent is, there is consolation, in knowing that Heaven has spared ours to an age, beyond which few attain ; and favoured her with the full enjoyment of her mental faculties, and as much bodily strength as usually falls to the lot of fourscore. Under these considerations, and a hope that she is translated to a happier place : it is the duty of her relatives to yield due submission, to the decrees of the Creator."

strong man is blended, in it, with the loving woman. He rises. He advances, to the front. He is surrounded, by the chief officers of State. The Chancellor administers the oath. The hand of Washington is on the Bible ; which the Secretary holds. He would have raised the sacred volume to his lips. The President bows, lowly and reverently ; and kisses it. Then, for the avalanche of voices. Then, for the roar of cannon. Then, for the clanging of the bells. He bows, again. He retires to the Senate Chamber ; and delivers his inaugural address. And, then, he goes, on foot ; with the whole assembly, to St. Paul's Chapel : where, prayers are said, by the Bishop of New York. The Virginia Colonel, who knelt, in that wild camp, at the Great Meadows, at twenty-two, among the soldiers and the Indians, kneels, now, at fifty-seven, the President of the United States. How sure, how beautiful, how blessed, are the returns of prayer ! Of the services, which he rendered, in his double administration—constrained to the second, even more reluctantly than to the first\*—

\* "The confidence of the whole Union," wrote Jefferson, then, Secretary of State, "is centred in you. Your being at the helm is more than an answer to every argument, which can be used, to alarm and lead the people, on any question, into violence or surprise. North and South will hang together, if they have you to hang on." "I am perfectly aware of the oppression, under which your present office lays your mind ; and of the ardour with which you pant for domestic life. But, there is sometimes an eminence of character, on which society have such peculiar claims, as to control the predilection of the individual for a peculiar walk of happiness ; and to restrain him to that alone, arising from the present and future benedictions of mankind. This seems to be your condition, and the law imposed on you by Providence, in forming your character, and fashioning the events in which it was to operate ; and it is to motives like these, and not to personal anxieties of mine or others, who have no right to call on you for sacrifices, that I appeal from your former determination, and urge a revival of it, on the ground of changes in the aspect of things !" Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury,

how his wisdom, justice, patriotism, as Governor, distilled, in blessings, on the land, which, as warrior, he had saved ; I need not tell you now. Are they not legible, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, in the prosperity and progress of the country ? Do they not smile, in fields ? Are they not vocal, in shops ? Do they not tower, in spires ? Do they not exult, in dancing ships ; wherever ocean sends its waves ? Are they not felt, in the hearts ; shall they not be heard, from the tongues, of thirty millions of free men ? Out of that chaos, “without form, and void,” he was enabled, by God’s grace, to bring this new and beautiful creation. For the logs of that old raft, the Confederation, scarcely kept together, by green withes, he launched, and set before the wind, manned with brave men, the star-flag floating from the mast-head, that glorious ship of the line, the CONSTITUTIONAL REPUBLIC : in which, we and ours, to the remotest generation, are embarked—God help us !—for our weal, or for our woe.

“Thou, too, sail on, O ship of state !  
Sail on, O Union, strong and great !  
Humanity, with all its fears,  
With all the hopes of future years,

was equally decided. “It is clear, that if you continue in office, nothing materially mischievous is to be apprehended ; if you yield, much is to be dreaded : that the same motives which induced you to accept originally, ought to decide you to continue till matters have assumed a more determinate aspect.” “I trust, and pray God, that you will determine to make a further sacrifice of your tranquillity and happiness, to the public good.” Randolph, the Attorney-General, wrote, with the same urgency. “The Constitution would never have been adopted, but from a knowledge that you had once sanctioned it, and an expectation that you would execute it. It is in a state of probation. The most unauspicious struggles are past. But the public deliberations need stability. You alone can give them stability.”



Is hanging, breathless, on thy fate.  
We know what Master laid thy keel ;  
What workman wrought thy ribs of steel ;  
Who made each mast and sail and rope ;  
What anvils rang, what hammers beat :  
In what a forge, and what a heat,  
Were shaped, the anchors of thy hope.  
Fear not each sudden sound and shock ;  
'Tis of the wave, and not the rock :  
'Tis but the flapping of the sail ;  
And not a rent made by the gale !  
In spite of rock, and tempest's roar,  
In spite of false lights, on the shore ;  
Sail on : nor fear to breast the sea,  
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee.  
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,  
Our faith, triumphant o'er our fears,  
Are all with thee, are all with thee."

Washington was sixty-five years old, when he returned, from his eight years' administration, to the shades of Mount Vernon. Not without leaving, to the nation, the most precious legacy, short of inspired wisdom, in his inimitable "Farewell Address." And it is delightful to see, how he came back, with the keenest relish, to the tastes and occupations of his earlier manhood. To a friend, he writes, a few weeks after his arrival, that his daily course began with the rising of the sun ; when he, first, made preparations, for the business of the day. "By the time I have accomplished these matters, breakfast is ready. This being over, I mount my horse, and ride round my farms : which employs me till it is time to dress for dinner. At which, I rarely

miss to see strange faces ; come, as they say, out of respect to me." "The usual time of sitting at table, a walk, and tea, bring me within the dawn of candle-light." "I then, retire to my writing-table ; and acknowledge the letters which I have received. Having given you this history of a day, it will do for a year." In this sweet, natural way, it was his happiness to live. He was the friend and adviser of the neighbourhood. He was the Vestryman of two Churches. He was the zealous promoter of every form of internal improvement.\* He was devoted, heart and hand, to education.† He was the most intelligent and enterprising agriculturist. But, his chief delight was in his orchards and his gardens ; with his trees and shrubbery. Laying out the walks, on his lawn ; intermingling forest trees, evergreens and flowers ; stocking his conservatories and green-houses : with pruning hook, in hand, all day. Even, here, he was pursued, by greatness. A war with France was threatened. Ten thousand men were or-

\* In July, 1783, in head-quarters, at New York, while waiting for the definitive treaty, he beguiled the time, and gratified a long cherished desire, by making a tour into Northern and Western New York. In a letter to the Chevalier de Chastellux, written from Princeton, after his return, he clearly advocated that great plan of internal improvements, by canal navigation, which has immortalized the name of De Witt Clinton ; and given such wealth and power to the State, which he adorned.

† He had earnestly recommended plans for internal navigation, in Virginia ; which had proved very successful. The Potomac Company, and the James River Company complimented him with a gift of fifty shares, by the former, and one hundred by the latter. He positively refused to receive them. Afterwards, he consented to receive them, as a trust, for beneficial objects ; and gave them for the purposes of education : one hundred shares, to Washington College ; and one hundred shares, for an University in the District of Columbia. The plan of a National University was very near his heart. In short, he was a zealous advocate for schools, and literary undertakings, of every kind.

dered, as a provisional army. He, alone, was thought of, as Commander-in-chief. The language of President Adams, to him, in a letter, is: "We must have your name, if you will permit us to use it. There will be more efficacy in it, than in many an army." And there was. The French government abated their insolence. Overtures of peace were made, by them. The army never took the field. But, there is a Conqueror of all Conquerors. On Thursday, 12th December, 1799, he was exposed, in a storm of rain and sleet; whilst returning, on horseback, from his farms. A sore throat and hoarseness ensued. He neglected it. The next night, he had an ague. The severest form of quinsy set in. On the night of Saturday, December 14th, he breathed his last. Calm, composed, resigned. As beautiful, in the fortitude and resignation of his death; as he had been, in the fortitude and resignation of his life.

I need not specify the virtues of George Washington. His life was radiant with them. As a lady said, to me, the other day, "his greatness was in his goodness." Unselfishness, integrity, simplicity, sincerity, incorruptible faith, indomitable courage, unbounded generosity: these are a handful, only, of the full and golden sheaf. Hear, how he writes, from his head-quarters, at Cambridge, to his agent; managing his vast estates, throughout his absence of six years, by correspondence. "Let the hospitality of the house, with respect to the poor, be kept up. Let no one go hungry, away." Nor was he one of those, who think themselves quite good

enough without religion. A piece of verses, on Christmas Day, written at the age of thirteen, begins :

“ Assist me, muse divine, to sing the morn,  
On which, the Saviour of mankind was born.”

In the absence of another, he was, from his first service, the Chaplain of his troops ; and gathered them, for daily prayers. Vicious habits and profane swearing among the troops, were strictly forbidden, and severely punished. When the House of Burgesses, of which he was a member, set apart the first day of June, 1774, as a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer, to implore the Divine interposition, against the calamities, threatened by the act of Parliament, in shutting up the port of Boston, the entry, in his Diary, is ; “ Went to Church : and fasted all day.” He was most liberal, in his maintenance of the Church. Whether in private, or in public life, he was a constant worshipper. His Secretary, had seen him, more than once, kneeling, in private devotions, at morning and evening, in his library, with his Bible open, before him. He was a devout communicant. But had he no faults ? Did he not die ? Would he have died, if he had had no sin ? Let them, that have none, cast a stone, at him ! Was there no discord in these notes of universal praise ? Yes : even Washington had revilers.\* Infidels, Pharisees, Jacobins,

\* How little he regarded them ! “ I have long since resolved,” said he, writing to the Governor of Maryland, “ for the present time, at least, to let my calumniators proceed, without any notice being taken of their invectives, by myself or by any others, with my participation or knowledge. Their views, I dare say, are readily perceived, by the enlightened and well disposed part of the community ; and by the records of my administration, and not by the voice of faction, I expect to be acquitted or condemned, hereafter.”

Misanthropes. Thomas Paine, Callender, Citizen Genet. The men, whose blame is praise : whose censure is applause ; whose condemnation is immortal glory. Mr. Jefferson, not partial, in his favour, wrote, of him, " His integrity was most pure ; his justice, the most inflexible, I have ever known : no motives of interest or consanguinity, of friendship or of hatred, being able to bias his decision." \* He was, indeed, in every sense of the word, a wise,† a good, and a great man. Mr.

\* "No part of the President's duties," says Sparks, in his admirable *Life*, "gave him more anxiety than that of distributing the offices, in his gift." "He early prescribed to himself, however, a rule, from which he never swerved ; which was, to give no pledges or encouragement, to any applicant. He answered them all, civilly. But, avowed his determination to suspend a decision, till the time of making the appointment should arrive ; and then, without favour, or bias, to select such individuals, as, in his judgment, were best qualified to execute, with faithfulness and ability, the trust reposed, in them. 'From the moment,' he writes, to a friend, 'when the necessity had become apparent, and, as it were, inevitable, I anticipated, with a heart filled with distress, the ten thousand embarrassments, perplexities, troubles, to which I must again be exposed, in the evening of a life, already nearly consumed in public cares. Among all these anxieties, I will not conceal from you, I anticipated none greater than those that were likely to be produced by applications for appointments to the different offices, which would be created, under the new government. Nor will I conceal that my apprehensions have already been but too well justified. Should it be my lot, again, to go into office, I would go without being under any possible engagements, of any nature whatsoever.' 'So far as I know my own heart, I would not be in the remotest degree, influenced in making nominations, by motives arising from the ties of family or blood. And, on the other hand, three things, in my opinion, ought principally to be regarded : namely, the fitness of character to all offices ; the comparative claims, from the former merits and sufferings in service of the different candidates ; and the distribution of appointments, in as equal a proportion as might be, to persons belonging to the different States in the Union.'"

† A single sample of his *heart-wisdom* must not be withheld. His kinsman and agent, Lund Washington, had intimated the probability, that Mrs. Custis was about to enter into a second marriage. She had given him no hint of her intention. "For my own part," he writes, from Rocky Hill, near Princeton, 20th September, 1783, "I never did, nor do I believe I ever shall, give advice to a woman, who is setting out on a matrimonial voyage. First, because I never could advise one to marry, without her own consent ; and, secondly, because I know it is to no purpose to advise her to refrain, when she has obtained it. A woman very rarely asks an opinion, or requires advice, on such an occasion, till her resolution is

Fox said of him in the British Parliament, "Illustrious man, deriving honour less from the splendour of his situation, than the dignity of his mind. For him, it has been reserved, to run the race of glory, without experiencing the smallest interruption, to the brilliancy of his course." Lord Erskine wrote to him, in 1795, "Sir, I have taken the liberty to introduce your august and venerated name, in a short sentence ; which will be found in the book I send you. I have a large acquaintance, among the most valuable and exalted classes of men. But you are the only human being, for whom, I ever felt an awful reverence. I sincerely pray God, to grant a long and serene evening, to a life, so gloriously devoted, to the universal happiness of the world." Chief Justice Marshall, in announcing his death, in the House of Representatives, said, "Our Washington is no more. The hero, the patriot and the sage, of America ; the man, on whom, in times of danger, every eye was turned, and all hopes were placed, lives, now, only in his great actions ; and in the hearts of an affectionate and an afflicted people." "More than any other individual, and as much as, to one individual, was possible, has he contributed to found this, our wide-spreading, empire ; and to give to the Western world independence and freedom." But, the noblest eulogy, that was ever uttered, and in the very fewest words,

formed. And, then, it is with the hope of obtaining a sanction, not that she means to be governed by your disapprobation, that she applies. In a word, the plain English of the application may be summed up, in these words : 'I wish you to think as I do ; but if, unhappily, you differ from me in opinion, my mind, I must confess, is fixed, and I have gone too far, *now* to retreat.'

was the third of the resolutions, offered by Chief Justice Marshall, and drawn up by General Henry Lee : “ Resolved, that a Committee be appointed to consider, on the most suitable manner, of paying honour to the memory of the man ; first, in war, first, in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.”

And, now, is not my case made out ? Can any Plutarch find a parallel, for him ? Will any bird, of any kind, take up the challenge of our eagle, “ One World, one Washington ? ” If it be so, and if nations be trustees for the names of their great men, what a trust, my fellow citizens, is ours ! How should his name be embalmed, in all our hearts ! How should his name be a household word, on the lips of all our children ! How should his name be inscribed on every poll ; to fix the eye, and fill the heart, of every voter ! How, should his name pervade our halls of Legislature ; pervade our public offices ; pervade the Presidential mansion ; pervade the august and glorious Capitol ! How it should rebuke selfishness ! How it should rebuke unfaithfulness ! How it should rebuke corruption ! How it should vindicate the truth ; and elevate the law ; and justify the government ; and glorify the nation ! Beautiful it is, that the Metropolis of the great American confederacy, of which he was founder, bears his immortal name. Tender and touching, it is, that that serene, majestic, face, goes everywhere, from every hand, to every heart ; the passport of affection, in every house, through every land.\* Let there be one more testimo-

\* How I felt this, with every letter, that came to me, abroad !

nial, the most affecting, the most impressive, of them all. When Nelson, on the eve of triumph, flung, from the mast-head, that immortal signal, "Westminster Abbey, or Victory!" he appealed to the deep sanctities of every heart. Let our Westminster be Mount Vernon! Let the home of Washington be their home-  
stead, who are his only children. Let the tomb of Washington be the shrine of patriotism, forever; and, let his sacred ashes forever rest, by the sweet gliding of his own Potomac; cherished by the hearts, and guarded by the hands, of increasing millions of free-  
men.

"Should the tempest of war overshadow our land,  
Its bolts could ne'er rend Freedom's temple asunder;  
For, unmoved, at its portal, would Washington stand;  
And repulse with his breast, the assaults of the thunder.  
His sword from the sleep  
Of its scabbard, would leap;  
And conduct, with its point, every flash, to the deep.  
For, ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,  
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves."

MRS. VAN RENSSELAER;

LADY MANAGERS OF THE MOUNT VERNON ASSOCIATION,  
IN BURLINGTON;

MR. MAYOR;

MY FELLOW CITIZENS;

You have listened to me, patiently, too long. A few words, more. The ashes of Washington should not belong to any individual. They are the jewelry of the Republic. *En mea ornamenta!* The tomb of Washington should not be in possession of the government.



He was not the father of the Senate, nor of the House of Representatives. He was *Pater Patriæ*. He is our father. The home of Washington should not be held by any special corporation. It is the homestead of the nation. It is the hearthstone of America. It should belong to us, and to our heirs, forever. But, how shall this be brought about? Who will redeem that sacred dust? Who will garnish that beloved sepulchre? Who will keep up that hospitable home? These women and their associates: the mothers of our children; the sisters of our love; the daughters of our hearts. Beautiful thought, that the sex, to which we owe our mothers, should be the guardians of the ashes of our father. That the women of America, should more than reproduce the Roman daughter, in her filial piety and love. And, they *will* do it. Nay, *have* done it; by the very will, to do it. When did a woman ever fail, in what her love resolved on? Who were behind her, at the Cross? Who were before her, at the grave? Noble and generous women! Into your hands, we commit those venerable shades. Into your hands, we commit that honourable sepulchre. Into your hands, we commit that blessed dust. To you, and to your daughters, and to your daughters' daughters, in a line, forever. Thither, the mothers of America, in all the ages of the world, shall bring their infant sons. They shall tell them, "our mothers left us this dear home; a heritage, for ever!" They shall repeat his story. They shall relate his services. They shall recount his virtues. They shall syllable his glorious and immortal

name. The eye shall kindle, at the sound. The lip shall quiver at the thought. The heart shall leap, at the remembrance. And, from that sepulchre, there shall go out, a line of patriot-heroes ; that shall perpetuate the virtues, while they immortalize the name, of Washington. Shades of our fathers, mothers of our children, shall it not be so ? By those, at Trenton, Princeton, Monmouth, it shall be ! May He, who gave us Washington, make us all worthy of the gift ; preserve his sepulchre, a light-house for the oppressed, in every land ; and make his name the lode-star of the patriot, till time shall cease to be !

## I.

# THE WORD OF GOD TO BE STUDIED WITH HIS WORKS.

\* THE INTRODUCTORY LECTURE BEFORE THE BURLINGTON LYCEUM.

NEIGHBOURS AND FRIENDS—I feel that I can say to-night, with the Apostle Paul, “I am a citizen of no mean city.” The erection of this building, for the purposes to which it is appropriated, does honour to this community; and I feel most sensibly the high distinction, of giving utterance first, to the purposes of your enlarged and wise benevolence. Long may the fountain you have opened here pour forth perennial streams! May you and yours, and they that shall come after you, drink here, and be refreshed! May the pure wave of science, forever sparkling as it springs, tempt to these quiet seats, youth’s eager eye, the restless foot of manhood, and the serene repose of meditative age! Never may vice corrupt, never may passion disturb, never may prejudice embitter one drop of its clear waters! And may the noble thirst for knowledge, not quenched, but kindled more by drinking here, urge to new efforts in

\* December 18, A. D. 1838.

the high pursuit; and never cease its longings, till the river shall be reached, which flows for ever from the throne of God!

Members of the Burlington Lyceum, it is with pride and pleasure, beyond the ordinary power of language, that I introduce you to your own. This house is yours! Yours, by the generous bounty and sacred confidence of an intelligent community. See that that confidence never is betrayed. See that that bounty never is abused. You hold this property in trust, for noble purposes. From the first movement in which this enterprise originated, through all the stages of its progress, the object ever had in view, has been the same—to promote the social, intellectual, and moral improvement of this community, and especially of the young. Your entrance upon these premises, is your acceptance of that trust. Henceforward, you are responsible to this community for its faithful, constant, diligent discharge. It is a high responsibility. It is a holy enterprise. You are to seek an entrance through the mind, for the improvement of the heart. You are to do this—as it only can be done—as Christian men, on Christian principles, and from Christian motives; for the comfort of man and the glory of God. Hear the preamble to your Constitution. “As intelligent and moral beings, we owe to God our Creator, the best improvement in our power, of the abilities and opportunities which He has conferred upon us individually. As social beings, we owe to each other faithful endeavours for mutual comfort, elevation and excellence. In view of these first

principles of our intelligent, moral and social nature, and most especially of that accountableness to God, for all we are and have, which the Gospel so clearly reveals, and so powerfully enforces upon all who enjoy its blessed light, the undersigned, desiring to promote the glory of God, by increasing among such of their followers as their influence can reach, the knowledge of His works, and the reception of His will, hereby associate themselves." This is high ground it may be said. And so it is, and such it was designed to be. They that would look out, broadly, on the world, or scan the page of the clear heavens, and rightly read its radiant signatures, must stand upon high ground. This is strong ground, it may be said. And so it is, and such it was designed to be. They that would move great masses, and uplift great weights, must stand upon strong ground. Thus stationed, we occupy, as it were, the table-land of our whole region; with height enough for observation, and yet with room enough for ease of movement and stability of posture. We have the where-to-stand,\* which if the old philosopher of Syracuse could only get, he pledged himself to move the universe. But though the where-to-stand is of the first importance in mechanics, it is not all that we have need of. To heave the block of granite from its bed, and lift it to its destined place upon the lofty battlement, there must be wheels, and levers, and a motive power. And so, to stir the sluggish human mass, and rear from living stones, the living temple for the living Lord, the en-

\* The famous postulate of Archimedes: *δος που στω, και τον κοσμον κινησω.*

ginery of mind must be employed; and moral power, under the blessing of the Holiest, supply the required momentum. Man is not what he was, is not what he may be, is not what he should be. Such is the lesson of Holy Scripture. Such is the admission of our experience. Such is the concession in which this Institution has its origin. He is corrupt, and must be reclaimed. He is ignorant, and must be taught. He is weak, and must be strengthened. He is perverse, and must be persuaded. He errs, and must be guided. He stumbles, and must be supported. He grovels, and must be elevated. He falls, and must be lifted up. To do this—I speak not now of the parental, or of the direct religious influence, but of that to which, by the terms of the Constitution which you have subscribed, you are all bound—to do this, you must attract the young, the careless, the uninstructed, the unexperienced, yet satisfy the thoughtful and mature. There must be milk for babes provided, and strong meat for strong men. You are surrounded by ten thousand rival magnets, cunningly adjusted to our unfixed and tremulous nature, and plied with desperate ingenuity, by him whose name is “ Legion ;” and you must prove yourselves “ not ignorant of his devices,” and see that your attraction, through the omnipotence of truth, shall always be the strongest. Most difficult of all, the nature that is in us, fallen from its first estate, still gravitates to evil; and the problem is, to resist its downward tendencies, and to restore and to maintain the equilibrium of virtue. It is the noblest office to which moral beings can

be summoned. It occupies, day without night, the radiant hosts which come from heaven, as "ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to them who are to be heirs of salvation." Engagement in it is partnership with the Divine and Holy Spirit. To accomplish it in whatever degree, to strive in it, even to long for it, is to be "workers together with God." Enlisted in a cause so glorious, pledged to such lofty purposes, sustained by the Almighty power of heaven, go on, as you have now begun. Let this house ever be the citadel of virtue and of truth. Never let "the knowledge which causeth to err," cast its devices here. Never let the "science, falsely so called," which forsakes the hope of man, and confounds the principles of duty, and misleads the soul from God, sport its absurd pretensions in this place. Never let the voice, which stirs to social discord, which assails the rights, the duties or the courtesies of life, which appeals from law to force, which insults the ear of woman, or profanes the name of God, be heard within these walls. Individual purity, domestic peace, social order, national prosperity, universal benevolence, the glory of the Creator—be these the ends at which we aim. The light of knowledge, the force of reason, the persuasiveness of truth, the sanctifying graces of religion—these be the means by which we seek them. In such a cause, if it were possible to fail, even failure would be more glorious than success in any other. But it is not possible. To fight for truth and virtue, is to fight with God upon our side. Omnipotence goes with us, and victory dwells upon our banner.

Fellow-citizens, we make you welcome to our hall. We offer it, with our best services, for your acceptance. Our single aim is your advantage. The sufficient reward for our most zealous efforts will be your approval. To entertainment and instruction, such as we can furnish, we cordially invite you. What we can do, shall certainly be done for your gratification and improvement. But, remember, you, too, have your part to perform. We must ask you to bring willing ears, attentive minds, forbearing hearts. We must bespeak your patience with our failures, your condescension to our infirmities. We shall rely on your protection from disturbance, on your determined co-operation with us in maintaining order and decorum. We must ask one thing more of you—that you will not expect too much from us, or our performances. Lectures are not treatises, but summaries of knowledge. The lecturer presents you with a map of some rich province or extended empire in the world of science. If you would master its details, and enrich yourself with its resources, and delight your eye with its fair prospects, you must traverse it yourself. It has long since been said, “there is no royal”—and it is as certainly true, there is no republican—“road to knowledge.” Sound learning can be acquired in but one way, by diligent and patient study. He that would win the muse, must woo her with a lover’s ardour, and a lover’s perseverance. If, by the glimpses of her charms that we may give, we can inflame your love—if we can tempt you, even for now and then a brief and stolen moment, from the



carrying cares and low indulgences of earth, to gaze on her fair beauty, and hold converse with her serene and heavenly purity—our labour will not be in vain. We shall trust that you will go from the audience of the lecturer to the examination of the subject for yourself. We shall rejoice to believe, that, so far from satisfying, our labours do but whet your appetite for knowledge. We shall expect that the topics here discussed will give elevation to your thoughts, and interest to your conversation. We shall be overpaid for all that we can do, if we may but hope that we have enlarged the sphere of your domestic pleasures, by introducing to your acquaintance one author, who has contributed to lend confidence to virtue and dignity to truth; by tempting you to lay one good book upon your shelves which was not there before; by opening to the curious eye, even of your youngest child, though it were but through the texture of a leaf, or the tinting of a shell, another inlet into the rare workmanship of that mysterious universe, which teems with such continual demonstration of an ever-present God.

It certainly is so. The curious workmanship of this mysterious universe is demonstrative of an Almighty, ever-present God. “The invisible things of Him, from the creation of the world,” says the Apostle Paul, “are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even His eternal power and Godhead.” It certainly is so. That there is a God, the great First Cause of all, even a child may argue, from the observation of His work. But by what process of deduction, I be-

seech you, can the most acute philosopher, untaught of God, deduce the knowledge of His ways? "The heavens," Lord Bacon well remarks, "declare the glory of God; but it is nowhere said, the heavens declare His will." The laws of His moral government: the worship which He requires: His dealings with mankind, as good or evil; whether there be a future; and, if there be, how it is influenced by our conduct here—these, and the thousand kindred topics of deepest interest to man, considered as a moral, and still more as an immortal being, gain no illumination from what some have called "the light of nature"—have never been decided, and could never be decided, by the unassisted powers of human reason. "I know not how it is," says Cicero, speaking of the works of Plato, who of all the old philosophers came nearest to divine—"I know not how it is, as long as I am reading, I give my full assent: but when I have laid aside the book, and begin to reflect within myself on the immortality of the soul, that whole conviction vanishes.\* And there are other difficulties, as great and as perplexing. Who can discover how it is that the foreknowledge of God interferes not with the free agency of man? Who can comprehend that mysterious power of God, which no magnitude can distance, which no minuteness can escape, which no intricacy can distract; which at the same moment directs the complicated motions of innumerable worlds; which guides every planet in its course through the free paths

\* "Nescio quomodo, dum lego assentior; cum posui librum, et mecum ipse de immortalitate animorum cæpi cogitare, assentio omnis illa elabitur."—CICERO, *Tusc. Quæst.* I. § 11.

of infinite space ; and gives existence to the smallest of the living things by which they are inhabited ? When we attempt to conceive of such a Being, to discover what His will is in regard to us, to adjust with certainty the relation which we hold to Him, we are compelled to say with Job,—“ Lo, these are parts of His ways ; how little a portion is heard of Him ! ” We feel that the knowledge which we can thus attain to, can never satisfy the soul. We feel that He who is revealed to us only by His works, is still, as regards all moral and religious uses, all present duty and all future hope, to all practical intents and purposes, an “ unknown God.” And precisely at this point it is, where the torch of human reason ceases to direct our footsteps, that the Word of God, shines forth, a lamp unto our feet and a light unto our path. “ Thy creatures,” says the great Lord Bacon, “ have been my books, but Thy Scriptures still more. I have sought Thee in the courts, in the fields and in the gardens, but in Thy temples I have found Thee.”

The divine revelation thus mercifully given, for the relief of human weakness, supplies precisely what we want. The creatures of God, lead us to Him. The Scriptures of God, inform us what He is. His works convince us of His wisdom, power and goodness. His Word instructs us what that wisdom, power and goodness have ordained concerning us. It displays to us as much of the divine counsels as it is necessary for us here to know. It solves, upon divine authority, all doubtful questions, whether of present duty, or of future

destiny. While it admonishes us of our ignorance and weakness, it discloses to us abundant stores of divine instruction, and of heavenly strength. It proposes means of grace adequate to all present emergencies; and it discloses hopes of future glory, such as eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor heart ever could conceive of.

Having thus a revelation made to us, so precisely fitted to all our wants and all our weaknesses, how great should be our thankfulness to Him, from whom the blessing comes! How anxious should we be to make it, what it is so admirably designed to be, the instructor of our hearts and the director of our lives. How constantly, how carefully, how zealously, should we search the Scriptures. "The Bible," says John Quincy Adams, whose simple name is praise, "is the book of all others, to be read at all ages, and in all conditions of human life; not to be read once, or twice, or thrice through, and then laid aside; but to be read in small portions of one or two chapters, every day, and never to be intermitted but by some overruling necessity.\*"

There is no place, my friends, there is no presence, there is no occasion where this unquestionable duty may not properly be urged. The study of the Word of God should never be dissevered from the study of His works. We scan the material bodies which surround us, we trace from link to link the chain of principles which bind them all together, and we rise to the consideration of their great First Cause. We look upon

the face of the fair heavens, we gaze upon the radiant orbs which wheel in solemn silence through the azure vault; we trace through their vast orbits their magnificent career; and we acknowledge that "the heavens declare the glory of God, and that the firmament showeth His handiwork." Now, the danger is, that we may rest in this; that conscious of the being and power of God, our understandings may be satisfied, and yet our hearts uninfluenced; that we may stop at the conclusions of mere human science, and neglect that knowledge which alone can make us "wise unto salvation." As matter of mere philosophy, this were unworthy of us. The beautiful arrangement of the heavenly bodies, which human science has demonstrated, must lead the mind to consider the wisdom which conceived and the power which executed such a fabric. But to the Christian, how much more touching the reflection, that the same God who orders the motions of the heavenly bodies, is the source of "life and breath and all things;" that the hand which binds the "sweet influences of Pleiades," and looses the "bands of Orion," directs the feet of them who trust in Him, through the perplexing paths of life; that the Almighty Being, who called this fair creation all from nothing, and sustains it by His will, is about our path, and about our bed, and spies out all our ways; that when stars and suns have fallen, from their places, there will yet remain, for those who love and fear Him, "a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

The Burlington Lyceum had its origin in the benevo-

lent desire to promote the interests of the Apprentices' Library. The elevation of the character of the young men of this community has been, and will continue to be, a leading object of its care. It will seek to do so, by calling them from low pursuits, and indulgences that "perish in the using," and associations that degrade the character and defile the soul, to the pure pleasures of science, to the elevating occupations of intellect, to the ennobling study of the works of God. It will be all in vain, if they add not to these, the faithful, diligent, conscientious study of His word. "Wherewithal," says Royal David, "shall a young man cleanse his way? Even by taking heed thereto, according to Thy word." Young men of Burlington, these are right words, and words of heavenly wisdom. I pray you write them on your hearts. They will sustain you in the evil hour. They will console you when all human sympathy shall fail. The memory of them will remain, among the hoarded treasures of the better world. I present for your instruction, and I would that it might be for your imitation, a beautiful picture of youthful piety, lending to science, such as age not often compasses, its highest consecration. The visible transit of the planet Venus over the sun's disk is a phenomenon of rare occurrence. It is of so great importance in astronomical computations, that on two occasions\* the governments of Europe sent out expensive expeditions to distant regions, for the purpose of observing it. The transit of this planet was observed, for the first time, in 1639, by

\* In 1761 and 1769; by England, France, Russia and Denmark.

Jeremiah Horrox, a young man, not yet twenty-one years of age, in a remote village of England. With very little instruction, and almost without the help of books, or instruments, he calculated its appearance with very great exactness. Himself and a single friend were the only observers of it. Judge with what solicitude he had arranged his humble preparations! Judge with what intense anxiety his ardent mind anticipated its approach! On the day before the transit was expected, he began to observe, and he resumed his labours on the morrow. But the very hour, when his calculations authorized him to expect the visible appearance of the planet upon the sun's disk, was the hour of the public worship of Almighty God, on His holy day. The delay of a few moments might deprive him of the observation. If its commencement were not noticed, clouds might intervene. The sun was about to set. An hundred and fifty years must elapse before another opportunity would occur. Notwithstanding all this, Horrox twice suspended his operations, and twice repaired to the house of God.\* The phenomenon was much to him; but the divine Author was infinitely more. When his duty was thus paid, and he returned to his chamber the second time, his love of science was gratified with full success. His eyes were the first

\* His own modest statement, in his diary, is in these words, at the date of Sunday, 24th November, 1639. "Observavi enim die xxiv., solis ex ortu ad horam usque nonam, item paulo ante decimam ipsoque demum meridie et hora; pomeridiana ad ii.; aliis temporibus ad majora avocatus, quæ utique ob hæc parerga negligi non decuit."—See Chevalier's Hulsean Lectures, to which the author is much indebted.

which ever witnessed the appearance which his skill predicted. Who shall doubt that the splendour of the celestial pageant was enhanced, a thousand fold, to his clear vision, by the pious satisfaction of his heart? Who shall doubt that the service and the glory of "the Father of all lights" were dearer to him, in the trying hour, than all the honours with which science could have crowned his youthful brow? Horrox was taken from the world soon after. It was a saying of the ancients, "They whom the Gods love, die first." Who would exchange the early death-bed of this pious youth, for all that could be lavished on the longest life, passed "without God, and without hope!" To what transcendent visions, outshining all the light of stars and suns and systems, may his admiring eyes be opened, in that world beyond the veil!—"And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof."



## II.

### THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

\*THE INTRODUCTORY LECTURE BEFORE THE MECHANICS' LIBRARY ASSOCIATION OF BURLINGTON.

MR. MAYOR, MEMBERS OF THE ASSOCIATION, NEIGHBOURS AND FRIENDS: It brings the old times back, to stand, before you, here. It seems but yesterday, that I addressed you, at the opening of this House. By almanac, I am, now, older, thirteen years. But, not "a jot" in "heart, or hope." And I am, here, to-night, to offer, to your service, as strong an arm, as true a heart, as clear a head—albeit, the snows have drifted on it—as when I came to you, now, almost twenty years ago: and had not ventured living, life, and more, to serve the Church, the country, and yourselves, in God's own work, of Christian Education. The work, thank God, goes on. The man, thank God, is here. And, so it please Him, will be here; to bend to it his hands, his head, his heart, till it shall gloriously redeem more than was ever hoped: and vindicate, for you, your children, and your children's children, till the last of them is born, in those

\* December 3, A. D. 1851.

twin seats of learning and religion, which make your own majestic Delaware, a classic and a sacred stream, the truth and fitness of the first words, that were ever uttered in this House, "I am a citizen of no mean city!"\* Neighbours and friends, I am right happy to be, here.

And I am most happy to be here, at the instance of the Mechanics' Library and Reading Room Association, of the City of Burlington. This voice of mine, such as it is, has been uplifted in a multitude of places, in both hemispheres. Within the borders of my own New Jersey, and beyond the immediate circle of my sacred calling and my academic office, I have been honoured, as their Orator, by your own Common Council, by the Historical Society of our State, and by the Venerable Order of the Cincinnati. But, I never answered, as your President † will tell you, with a fuller or a prompter voice, than when he asked me, if I would deliver the Opening Lecture, before the Mechanics'—which, as more truly English, I shall call, to-night, the Working Men's—Library and Reading Room Association of this City. I am a working man, myself. Find me a man, among you, that works more hours, in every day, than I do, and sleeps fewer; and I will bind myself, seven years, to him, as his apprentice. And, if any one that could purport to be my son, were not to be a working

\* The Burlington Lyceum was opened, December 18, 1838. The Address began—"Neighbours and Friends, I can say, to-night, with the Apostle Paul, 'I am a citizen of no mean city.'" The building has since been purchased, by the City, for a Town Hall; and much enlarged and improved.

† The Mayor of the City, James W. Wall, Esq., is President of the Association.

man, I should deny his claim. The working men of Burlington. The working men of New Jersey. The working men of the world. Why, theirs is the earliest, the only real, order of nobility. Who can go higher up, than Adam, for his pedigree? And, what do we know of Adam, before the Fall, but that he was a working man; and had a wife? “And the Lord God took the man; and put him into the garden of Eden, to dress it, and to keep it.” “And the Lord God said, It is not good that the man should be alone: I will make him an help, meet for him.” I am most happy to be, here: a working man; to speak to working men, and to their wives.

The stated object of the Association, by which these Lectures were projected, is *the diffusion of useful knowledge*. The more immediate means, *the establishment of a Library and Reading Room*. I shall speak, briefly, of the *means*; and, then, more fully of the *object*.

I. Libraries, for the learned, are of remote antiquity. It is the glory of our times, to have provided Libraries, for Working Men, for Clerks, for Apprentices, for Sunday School children. The intellectual results of this provision are its least recommendation. It powerfully subserves sound morals and true religion. In a country, where the means of living are within easy reach of all, who are industrious and frugal, there will be time, on hand; for use, or for abuse. There is nothing, to meet this case, and turn it to advantage, like a taste for read-

ing. Next to the institutions of religion, and the schools of various grades and adaptations, a well selected and well regulated Library is the greatest public blessing. Here, where the issues of the Press compete, in number, with the leaves upon the trees, a Reading Room becomes its natural appendage. Who can appreciate the hours, that may be thus reclaimed, from the accursed haunts of drunkenness and dissipation? Who can begin to measure the blessing, to society, in young men, won from the fatal fascinations which beset them; and guided in the path of virtue, honour, and religion? With what a cheerful light, the hearth of home may be invested; as the instructive or amusing volume holds its happy circle, spell-bound, by the beloved voice, that gives it utterance! And, how the children's cheeks will glow, and their eyes glisten, as their interest increases, in the adventurous traveller, or in the struggling patriot! You have done well, my friends, in the establishment of a Library and Reading Room. You will do well, to draw to it the interest of working men. Especially, you will do well, to secure, for it, the attention of the young. The corners of your streets will be more quiet, for it. It will be seen, in the increasing comfort, and good order, of the humble homes, that lie along your paths. It will be marked, in your young men, in their intelligent and manly bearing. It will be felt, in all the pulses of your social life; in peacefulness, and tranquillity, and harmony, and happiness.

II. But the enterprise, which brings us here, to-

night, contemplates, generally, the diffusion of useful knowledge. To that, I shall devote, what I have yet to say, on this occasion. I am its universal and uncompromising advocate. I was a teacher at nineteen. And I have, never, since, been, not a teacher. I have dug my grave, under the foundations of a College. And, whatever may remain, to me, of life, was long since dedicated to the sacred cause of universal education. I cannot be suspected, then, of any sympathy, with those unnatural systems, called, by whatever name, or prompted by whatever motive, which would withhold the wealth of knowledge from the poor. I know no caste, for learning, or for liberty. In my religion, "there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free: but Christ is all, and in all." But, while I recognize no limit to the diffusion of useful knowledge; but would have it universal: I as little adopt the contracted notion, of what *is* useful knowledge, which has prevailed, in England, and America. I deny, that useful knowledge is confined to reading, writing, and arithmetic. I deny, that it can circumscribe itself, within material limits. It is as vast, as the universe. It is as illimitable, as the soul. It is as fathomless, as God.

i. *Useful knowledge is as vast, as the universe.* Its range is wide and various, as the world; which we call, nature. No product of the earth, no motion of the sea, no aspect of the sky, that is not comprehended, in it. It was truly said, by a wise man, of other years, that he, who makes two blades of grass grow, where but one

grew, before, is a great public benefactor. What must it be, to reclaim the Pontine marshes, by skilful and successful draining ! What must it be, to convert the limestone rocks of Sussex, into a hotbed, for the wheat ! What must it be, to spread the antediluvian marl, as the top-dressing, that makes old Monmouth, one vast field, of clover and of corn ! What must it be, that brings the wine press, from the Guadalquivir and the Rhine, to our own western rivers ; and makes the slopes of the Ohio, vocal, with their song, who bring the vintage, home ! The diffusion of useful knowledge, in the single province of agricultural improvement, is stultifying the unnatural theories of Malthus ; is opening, in this western hemisphere, a land that flows with milk and honey, for the starving hordes of Ireland, and of Germany ; and more than realizes the fondest dreams of a poetic Eden. Nor, is the land its single element. It does, what Britain claims to do ; and “rules the waves.” It crawled, at first, with timid stealth, along the shores of the old continent : and held, that islands were the outcasts of the earth. It felt its anxious way, with “the world-seeking Genoese ;” and found, at last, the western hemisphere, which his great mind had, long before, demonstrated. It has made the Atlantic, but a ferry, for its steam-ships : and brought Liverpool, as near New York, as Albany was, fifty years, ago. And, it has climbed the sky. With Newton, to analyze the light. With Franklin, to disarm the thunderbolt. With Morse, to make the lightning legible. Nay, while, by Newton’s piercing eye, the visible fixed stars were counted at three thou-

sand ; Herschell's great telescope was scarcely turned, towards the heavens, when a quarter of a million had crossed its field of vision, in a quarter of an hour. And, so completely have the heavens been made to map the sea, that the mere observation of the moon's apparent distance from a star, made, with an instrument, upon a vessel's deck, shall ascertain within five miles, the very spot, it covers, on the trackless deep. The scurvy, which, a hundred years ago, was the indomitable scourge of seamen, slaying its thousands every year ; by the mere use of lemon juice, is so entirely banished, that there are surgeons, in the British Navy, who have never seen it. The safety lamp has made the lives of miners safe, while they pursue their dangerous calling, in an atmosphere, far more explosive, than gunpowder. The life boat and the Drummond light combine, to strip a lee-shore of its terrors. And, even the miasmatic vapours, which, for centuries, made the Campagna, a desolation, are shorn of their destructive fury, by quinine. While the magnetic needle makes the ocean track, as clear and certain, in the darkest night, or in the fiercest storm, as in the calmness of a summer's morning : the diving bell, and its improvements, for submarine excursions, have made its coral caves accessible ; and opened, to the eye of man, the treasures of the deep. The bleaching process, which required whole months, is, now, accomplished, in an hour. Iron, in bars, is slit ; like ribbons, by a milliner's apprentice. Four pounds of coal yield power enough, to raise a traveller, to the summit of Mont Blanc. And, if the greatest of the

pyramids of Egypt, with its base, of eleven acres, and its height, of half a thousand feet, were, now, to be erected, the coals, which are consumed, in one of our steam-ships, between New York and Liverpool, would more than do it.\* Nay, eight and twenty grains of gunpowder, in an ingenious experiment, by our American Count Rumford, were made to exert a force, to which four hundred thousand pounds were barely equal, in resistance.

ii. I might go on, forever, with these illustrations. In the brief time, that I must occupy, in stating them, new trophies would be reared, of later triumphs, in the track of science. To say, of useful knowledge, that it is vast as the universe, is but to dwarf its stature, and depreciate its capabilities. *It is illimitable as the soul.* It must be so. It travels with the soul. It takes its measure of the earth. It spans its orbit, as it revolves about the sun. It dwells, with it, in the fixed stars; whose light, in almost sixty centuries, has not yet reached us. It starts, with it, upon the track of some wild rover of the universe, whose revolution no philosophy has measured; and is lost, as the comet seems to be, in the abysses of infinitude. The human soul is, thus, a grander theme, for the pursuits of useful knowledge, than the universe, which it takes in. And, to restrain its office, to the bounds of the material and perishable, when it is, itself, the attribute of the spiritual and the immortal, is to dwindle its immensity, and cripple its resistlessness, and consign it to a prison-house, to grind.

\* Herschel's estimate is 630 chaldrons.



"The proper study of mankind *is* man." The useful knowledge, for humanity, is human nature. Well, said the poet, of the precept, "Know thyself," that it came down from heaven. How vast the field, which opens now before us. The universe of mind. The moral universe. Whatever man has suffered, done, or been. Whatever man may suffer, do, or be. The records of history. The investigations of philosophy. The creations of poetry. Kings, Conquerors, Sages, Sufferers, Saints. The antediluvian Patriarchs. The millions, that the Deluge overwashed. The multitudes, that thronged the plains of Egypt. The army, by which Xerxes wept. The crowds, that filled the Coliseum. The hosts, that fell, in the Crusades. Napoleon's legions. The pale student, that expired, with the last flicker of his lamp. The conqueror, that waded, to a throne, through blood. The patriots, that have pined, in dungeons. The martyrs, that have bled, on scaffolds. The Court. The Cloister. The Camp. The lower vales of human life. Patient toil. Struggling poverty. Contented competence. Private shades. The fireside virtues. Homebred happiness. The enduring mother. The wayward youth. The guileless child. What themes, for thought! What studies, for contemplation! What examples, for experience! All that Belzoni found, in Egypt. All that Layard may explore, in Nineveh. The Parthenon. The Pantheon. The Venus. The Apollo. The Dying Gladiator. Raphael. Michael Angelo. "The tale of Troy divine." The Grecian Drama. The Stage, when Shakspeare peopled it.

What mines, for memory ! What worlds of thought ! What thick coming fancies ! And, these, but hints of the great whole. A whole, which the world cannot confine. Which eternity will not exhaust. And, then, its practical results and social applications. The forms of government. The institutions of society. The enactments of law. Education, in all its ranges. The uses of philanthropy. How elevating the themes ! How ennobling the occupations ! Relations, as old as the world. Issues, that will run, new, into eternity. Problems of population. Problems of colonization. Problems, in education. Problems, in crimes and punishments. Commercial problems. Financial problems. Moral questions. Political questions. Social questions. Questions, about which Socrates queried ; of which, Plato has dreamed ; upon which, Cicero has declaimed ; which Burke did not exhaust. Relations, abroad. Interests at home. The searchings of heart in England. The pause, before the spring, in France. The throes and heavings of the Continent of Europe. The dying out, of everything, in Asia. The glimmering of light, on Africa. The trial of our own institutions : in the interests, that are ; and from the interests, that are to be. The lurid light, the scudding clouds, the dashing of the waves, the rocking of the earth, the portents in the air ; which tell of some great moral, social, human, change, as near at hand : as undefinable, in its shape, as it is incalculable, in its results. What limit to the range, and what arithmetic, for the phenomena, of that illimitable moral universe, the human soul, even in its temporal issues

and relations! How inadequate the longest life, to its profound investigations! How little have the accumulated lives of Statesmen and of Sages, of Philosophers and Poets, through all the ages of the world, contributed, to the solution of its problems! Is not the field of useful knowledge, even in these interests of man, which perish in the using, and will be interred with Time, as illimitable as the soul?

iii. And *it is fathomless, as God.* Man is not here, without a Maker. The moral atmosphere of human life is Providence. Souls are, but, born, on earth. Being, but, begins, in time. And time, itself, is but the ripple of eternity, upon the shore of life. Nothing so memorable, in all the marvellous magnificence of Newton's master mind, as this memorial of his matchless modesty: "I do not know, what I may appear, to the world; but, to myself, I seem to have been only like a boy, playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself, in, now and then finding a smoother pebble, or a prettier shell, than ordinary: whilst the great ocean of truth lay, all undiscovered, before me." And, yet, the planets, of whose laws, he was the first interpreter, are but the pebbles; the universe, which, upon his mind, first mapped itself, in its serene, majestic, beauty, is but the smooth, sonorous, shell, beside the ocean of the immeasurable, unfathomable Godhead! If we were holy angels, we should stand, in silent awe, at the mere thought of such a God: as, in that old prophetic vision, the seraphim cover their faces, with their wings; this crying, to this, and saying, "Holy, holy, holy!" But, when,

in sickness, or in sorrow, the sense of sin, that has been stifled into stillness, starts into life, with clamorous remorse; when its appalling curse is seen, in graves that open, by the side of every hearth; and, when, from every land, in every age, the wailing of its prison-house is heard, from smoking temple, and by reeking altar, in sorrow, and suffering, and sacrifice: a vague and vast domain of anxious thoughtfulness and startling horror, to the shuddering soul, as boundless, as its immortal essence, and as fathomless, as God, opens itself, before us. And, mere philosophy is forced to own, with Adam Smith, before the contact of the leprous Hume had eaten his heart, all out, "Some other intercession, some other sacrifice, some other atonement must be made, for man, beyond what he himself is capable of making, before the purity of the divine justice can be reconciled to his manifest offences. The doctrines of Revelation," he adds, in admirable words, "coincide, in every respect, with these original anticipations of nature. And, as they teach us, how little we can depend upon the imperfection of our own virtue; so they show us, at the same time, that the most powerful intercession has been made, and the most dreadful atonement has been paid, for our manifold transgressions and iniquities."\* That meek and holy Man, who spent His life, in doing good; Whose agonizing death darkened the sun, and shook the earth, and roused the dead; Whose resurrection and ascension declared Him God, and certified, from Heaven, to the sufficiency of

\* Theory of Moral Sentiments; first edition.

His atoning sacrifice, and the acceptance of His mediatorial intercession ; Whose blessed name we bear ; Whose Gospel is our guide and comforter, in life, and our assurance, that the grave is not its end : how infinite the themes, which He has opened, for our thoughtfulness ; how inconceivable their value, in the feeling, that they fill the heart, while they transcend the intellect ; and will prepare us, if our hearts receive them, for the heaven, of which they give the sole assurance, and which He opened, “for all believers.” The record of Creation. The primal dignity of man. The peace and purity of Paradise. The dire destruction of the Fall. Its fearful confirmation, in the Flood. The patriarchal ages. The strange, eventful story of the chosen people. The prophecies, that, ever and anon, were notched, upon the rock, as way-marks, through the wilderness of time. Successive empires, sweeping, in their sepulchral grandeur, from the crowded stage. The nurseling of a wolf, rearing a kingdom, to absorb them all ; and bend the subject world to the Augustan throne : that, so, the promise of an universal peace might be fulfilled, when the Messiah came. A meek and modest maiden, of the royal line of David, led, by a Roman edict, to lay down her holy burden, which prophets had predicted, and an angel had announced, in the rude manger of an inn, in David’s royal town. His star-crowned cradle the cynosure of nations and the shrine of Gentile wise men. His life, more than fulfilling all that philosophers and poets had yet dreamed of, as approachable, in man. The blood, that flowed down, from His cross, for the

redemption of the world ; the fiery deluge, that destroyed the nation, that had denied Him ; and undermined the empire, that had crucified Him. The heathen temples crumbled, at His coming ; and their idols marred, and mutilated.

“ The oracles are dumb :

No voice or hideous hum

Runs through the arched roof, in words deceiving.

Apollo, from his shrine,

Can no more divine,

With hollow shriek, the steep of Delphos, leaving.

“ Peor and Baalim

Forsake their temples dim,

With that twice-battered God, of Palestine ;

And mooned Ashtaroth,

Heaven’s queen and mother, both,

Now sits not, girt with taper’s holy shine.

“ Nor is Osiris seen.

In Memphian grove, or green,

Trampling the unshowered grass, with lowings loud :

Nor can he be at rest,

Within his sacred chest ;

Nought but profoundest hell can be his shroud.

“ He feels, from Juda’s land,

The dreaded Infant’s hand ;

The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyne :

Nor all the Gods, beside,

Longer dare abide ;

Not Typhon huge, ending in snaky twine :

Our Babe, to show His Godhead true,

Can, in His swaddling bands, control the damned crew.”\*

\* Milton’s Hymn. on the morning of Christ’s Nativity.

And, then, the following fortunes of His Church. Always, antagonistic, with the world; and yet, its truest benefactor. And, then, the onward progress of His Gospel. Like Himself, “despised and rejected of men”; and, like Himself, blessing its persecutors. The triumphs of the faith: strengthening in sickness; consoling, in sorrow; superior to temptation; victorious, in death. The trophies of the Cross: leading the van of civilization; “making a sunshine, in the shady place,” of ignorance and infirmity; opening the prison-doors, to them, that are in bondage; and dispelling the darkness of the grave! “Who can count the dust of Jacob; and the number of the fourth part of Israel?” Who can measure the love of Christ, or recount the mercies of salvation! What were life, to the recapitulation of its blessings, or eternity, to the exhaustion of its grace! “Canst thou, by searching, find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty, to perfection? It is high as heaven; what canst thou do! It is deeper than hell; what canst thou know?” “How unsearchable are His judgments; and His ways, past finding out!”

Neighbours and friends, if I have had your sympathy, with me, in what I have, now, said, I have done service, to your souls. I have designed to do so. You bid me here, to be your orator, to-night: and I could not come to you, without a blessing. I could not bear to leave you, to the thought, that the diffusion of useful knowledge is fulfilled, in that, which does but “perish, in the using.” I could not deal with you, as if there had been no Fall; or as if you had no souls. Much, as I

wish, for you, all temporal blessings, if the grace that makes them blessings shall come with them ; I desire, for you, far more, the blessing, which will be yours, forever. When we walk out, in June, among our fertile fields ; and dwell, with grateful admiration, on the acres upon acres, that lie spread before us, thick with standing corn : we know, that, not the stalk, which waves, before us, in its graceful beauty, will perpetuate the harvest ; but the germ, invisible, to sight, that nestles in the swelling grain. And, so, with human life. All, that appears, must die. Only the soul can live, forever. “The things, which are seen, are temporal ; but the things which are not seen, are eternal.”

“Why should this worthless tegument endure,  
If its undying guest be lost, forever ?  
Oh, let us keep the soul, embalmed and pure,  
In living virtue ; that, when both must sever,  
Although corruption may our frame consume,  
The immortal spirit, in the skies, may bloom !” \*

\* Horace Smith ; Address to an Egyptian Mummy.



## I.

### THE NATION'S GRIEF.

\* A FUNERAL ADDRESS ON THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT HARRISON.

It is a dark December day. A deep snow clothes the ground. A sharp and cutting sleet drives with the wind. Against the blinding storm, and through the deepening drifts, a youthful soldier, with his knapsack on his back, pursues his steadfast way. A strippling of nineteen, of slender frame, and feeble health, he is an Ensign in the army of America, with Washington's commission; and he marches, with his small detachment, on his first service. It was a patriot and a Christian duty. There are those before me who remember well, what, in my young days, was yet a nursery-word, at which the mother pressed her infant to her bosom, and children gathered closer to the fire—ST. CLAIR'S DEFEAT. It was to that battle-field, to inter the bones of its six hundred slain, that our young Ensign hastened with his troop. And though it *was* a patriot and a Christian duty, how much more sternly than the fiercest onset of the heady fight, must that still forest

\* At the request of the Common Council of Burlington, April 13, A. D. 1841.

field, the lowering sky, the howling wind, those gallant men butchered by savage hands, and all the recollections and forebodings of that most disastrous day, have tried the spirit of a youthful soldier, on his first campaign!

It was a chill November night, when a small army of Americans encamped themselves upon a point of land between the Wabash and a tributary stream. They were the gentlemen and yeomen of the country, who had enrolled themselves, under the territorial Governor, to defend their homes against the inroads of the hostile Indian tribes, and to chastise their insolence. A long and tedious march, through a most dreary wilderness, brings them at last to where their wily foes await them; and, on *their* proposition for a conference and treaty, hostilities are intermitted for a day. Slowly and cheerlessly the night wears off, within that guarded camp, with clouds and rain. But weary men *will* sleep, whatever may betide them; and now, for hours, no sound has stirred the stillness of the scene, save the lone sentry's guarded step. But what is that, which, through "the misty moonbeams' struggling light," is seen, not heard, as it glides through the prairie grass? Is it a snake that winds his stealthy way? No; but a subtler Indian: and in one instant he is dead! Another; and the savage yell starts every sleeper from his cold, damp couch, and death begins his work. And was this sleeping camp deceived, surprised, betrayed? Was their Commander faithless to his trust? No; every man had slept where he must

fight, his clothes on, and his gun loaded. And he, while yet the night was young, sat by his tent-fire, till the hour should come to rouse his weary comrades. In a moment, he was mounted. Where the fight was hottest, there was he. A ball, with no commission for his life, flies through his hair. In vain his officers remonstrate with him for his fearless hazard of himself. He thinks of brave St. Clair, and of the gallant victims of that fatal field. He thinks of wasted towns, and blazing homes, and mothers slaughtered with their infants. And the morning dawns not till the victory is won!

Along the banks of the Ohio, spreads a smiling farm. A plain and modest mansion rises from a sloping lawn. Its owner, having filled, with credit, to himself, and honour to his country, almost every station but the first—fought its battles, governed its territories, served it in both houses of Congress, and represented it abroad—wears out, in frugal industry, his green old age, a plain Ohio farmer: his house, the very home of hospitality; his name, the refuge and the solace of the poor, the stranger and the orphan; his style, the noblest that is known to nature's heraldry, a patriot and a patriarch!

It is a gusty day in March. Before the morning dawns, the Federal city is alive with men. It seems now full to overflowing; and yet every hour brings hundreds, thousands more. A cavalcade is formed. Bells ring, and cannons roar. Fair women, and brave men, throng every window of that noble Avenue. Not a State of the whole twenty-six that is not represented in that long drawn line. It is the nation's Jubi-

lee. All classes, all conditions, both sexes, every age, partake the general joy. A grave, plain man, arrayed in modest black, that rides, uncovered, on the steed, more conscious than himself of the occasion, is the magnet that attracts all eyes, and touches every heart. He reaches the Capitol. He ascends the steps. He stands, majestic in his meekness, and simplicity, before the immeasurable multitude, who have brought up with them the homage of the nation. The highest officer of Justice administers to him the most magnificent oath that ever rises up to heaven. And the youthful ensign, the gallant general, the laborious farmer, is PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

“One little month” has passed. It is a fitful April day. Again, the Federal city is astir. Cannons are heard; but these are minute guns. The bells peal out: but 'tis the funeral knell. The streets are thronged: but every face is sad, and every voice is still. Once more, a long procession passes down that noble Avenue: but yew and cypress take the place of nodding plumes, and muffled drums beat time to aching hearts. Again, that grave, plain man is there: no more erect and tall, the pillar of the State; but in his grave clothes, stretched upon the funeral Car. He enters not the gate, as when we last beheld him, to that glorious Capitol; but turns aside, to the still spot, where sleep the honoured dead: and “earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust,” concludes the story and the scene. Never had man a funeral so sublime. Never, for Chief-tain fallen, did a whole nation so pour out its heart.

Was it not beautiful—and just as it was beautiful—that he, who, on that sleety day, began his public life, with pious rites for St. Clair's butchered host, should find himself such sepulchre?

Fellow-citizens, is it not so that "truth is strange, stranger than fiction?" Can we yet realize that these things are? Does it not seem like some wild nightmare dream? Or, rather, like some deep, portentous plot of the old Grecian drama, with range as wide, with themes as high, with incidents as various, with interest as thrilling; the same vicissitudes of fortune, the same procrastinated hopes, the same splendid attainment of the loftiest aim, and then, in one more moment, the same catastrophe and cruel crush of all? But surprise, amaze, and overwhelm us, as it may, it still is sadly so. The brave soldier, the wise statesman, the honest man, the patriot President, is taken from us, ere we yet had felt that he was ours: and we are met, to interchange our sympathies; and to comfort one another; and to draw from his life, and character, and services, and, chiefly, from this most striking incident of modern times, such lessons, both of patriotism, and piety, as may serve to make us, if God bless them to our use, both better citizens and better men.

The promise of his life, so far as parentage and education were concerned, could scarcely have been better. His father, Benjamin Harrison, was among the immortal signers of the Declaration of American Independence, and a man distinguished among those distinguished men. In 1764, he had been one of the remonstrants against the

odious Stamp Act. He was a member of the first Continental Congress, which met in 1774. He was one of the Committee to place the country in a posture of defence; one of the Committee to devise a plan for the support of the army; Chairman of the Committee whose agency secured the services of La Fayette and his companions; and, afterwards, a member of the Board of War. And, on the 10th of June, and 4th of July, 1776, he was among the foremost in the consummation of that glorious deed, which made, of thirteen British Provinces, as many free and independent States; and laid, in this new world, the broad foundations of an empire, which will dishonour and betray its founders, and disappoint its destiny, if it be not the greatest, the most happy, and the most virtuous in the world. It was of such blood—show me the blood, and for the most part, I will tell you of the man!—and in such stirring times, that WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON was born, at Berkley, on the James River, not far from Richmond, in Virginia, on the 9th day of February, 1773.\* His birth was thus in the heroic age of the Republic; and the stern virtues, simple manners, and self-denying habits

\* General Harrison was not less happy in his bringing up than in his blood. After all, the mother has the making of the man. I am happy in being indebted to my esteemed neighbour and good friend, the Rev. Cortlandt Van Rensselaer, for this notice of the mother of the President. It is taken from his sermon, in the city of Washington, on the Sunday after his decease; as published in "The New World."—"He was 'trained up in the way he should go,' by the example and instructions of maternal love. His mother (of the Bassett family,) was a woman of piety and prayer. During the General's last visit to Virginia, he occupied his mother's apartments—the one in which he was born—and he took great interest in pointing out the closet to which she retired for private devotion, and the corner of the room where she sat by the table to read her Bible; and where she taught him on his knees to pray, 'Our Father which art in heaven.'"

of "the times that tried men's souls" moulded him, even from the cradle, for a patriot and hero. His father dying in his eighteenth year, while he was yet at Hampden Sidney College, the care of his education devolved upon his guardian, Robert Morris, the great Financier of the Revolution: and, with his permission, he repaired to Philadelphia, and commenced the study of medicine, under the care of Dr. Benjamin Rush; like Morris, a member of the great Congress of 1776, and signer of the Declaration of Independence. Thus was he brought up at Gamaliel's feet; and with such a training to bring out such blood, what wonder if we find him, at nineteen, his books forsaken for the sword, an Ensign in the army, and engaged with Wayne, in that most desperate and most patriotic service, the rescue of the frontier States from the incursions of the Western Indians! From his first service of piety and patriotism, on St. Clair's fatal field, his path was ever that of duty and of honour. The next year, he was made Lieutenant, and soon after Aid to that incarnate spirit of indomitable bravery, Anthony Wayne; receiving more than once his never to be questioned attestation of devotion, skill, and gallantry. In 1775, at twenty-two, he was a Captain in command of an important frontier station, on the spot where now the city of Cincinnati stands; and Washington himself appointed him, at twenty-four, the Secretary of the North Western Territory, and *ex officio* its Lieutenant-Governor. From that Territory he became, at barely twenty-five, its first Representative in Congress; and, though the youngest,

one of the most effective members of that body; and, among other most important measures, carried through a bill, by which the Public Lands were made accessible to purchasers of moderate means, the progress of improvement and of comfort accelerated infinitely, millions paid into the public treasury, and homes created for unnumbered millions, in the ages yet to come, of happy Christian freemen. In 1801, at twenty-nine, he was appointed Territorial Governor of Indiana, and sole Commissioner for treaties with the Indians, with powers unlimited; and re-appointed, at the people's instance, thirteen times. On the 6th of November, 1811, as Governor of Indiana, and Commander-in-chief, he gained the important victory over the Indians, at Tippecanoe; a name, immortal now, as Marathon, or Monmouth, or New Orleans. In 1812, he was appointed, by President Madison, Commander-in-chief of the North Western army; encountering dangers, enduring hardships, and performing services which won for him from every quarter confidence and praise. In April, of the following year, he conducted the successful defence of Fort Meigs, against the British troops and Indians; and terminated it by a sortie, which, for its boldness of conception, and rapidity and energy of execution, ranks among the most distinguished acts of modern warfare. And, in October, he drove the enemy completely from the field in the decisive victory of the River Thames—"a victory," said Langdon Cheeves, Speaker of the House of Representatives, "such as would have secured to a Roman General, in the best days of the Republic,



the honours of a triumph, and put an end to the war in Upper Canada." "The result," says President Madison, "is signally honourable to Major General Harrison, by whose military talents it was performed." "The blessings of thousands of women and children," says Governor Snyder of Pennsylvania, "rescued from the scalping-knife of the ruthless savage of the wilderness, rest on Harrison and his gallant army." His public life from this time was in civil stations. In 1814 and 1815, he discharged most honourable duties, as a Commissioner of Indian treaties. In 1816, he went to Congress, where he was a prominent and influential member. In 1819, he was elected to the Senate of Ohio, where he served for several years. In 1824, he took his seat in the Senate of the United States, and succeeded General Jackson, as Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs; and from that station he was sent, in 1826, as Minister Plenipotentiary to the Republic of Colombia. Twelve years, from his recall, he spent in dignified retirement at North Bend, from which the people's will summoned him, by the electoral vote of nineteen States, to the Chief Magistracy of the Republic, to be the first of sixteen millions of free men: a station from which the present life permits of no promotion; and from which, therefore, by an  *euthanasia*, more poetical than ever poet dreamed of, while yet the flush of triumph was upon his cheek, he was removed, to wait, in the serene asylum of the grave, the coming and the kingdom of his Lord.

I have felt that there was no need to dwell upon

the history of President Harrison. His life, with all its incidents and issues, is familiar to your ears as "household words." Never, I believe, was any man so thoroughly well known to any people. From the year 1791, when he first entered the army, until the year 1829, when he came home from the Republic of Colombia, his life was wholly in the public service. And from 1835, to the present time, the eye of the whole nation has been continually and intensely fixed upon him. He has been written of, spoken of, and talked of; and, what makes more for thoroughness of scrutiny, he has been written against, spoken against, and talked against, through all that time. If ever the charge of being deficient in enthusiasm rested on us, as a nation, the year last past has wiped it off. There is no echo in this land that has not answered to the name of Harrison. He has been chanted in songs, and painted on banners, and engraven on medals, and woven into ribbons, and enamelled in vases. Not a deed of his that has not been discussed in Congress, and in the Legislature of every State, and at mass meetings from Maine to Georgia, and in the primary assemblies in every town. All his battles have been fought and fought again. The place where one of them occurred has been adopted as the name for gatherings in every city and in every village; and supplied a watchword that has gone abroad on every breeze. The place of his residence, the materials of his house, the least important of his daily habits, were taken up as countersigns, and set to music, and immortalized in song. It may be said, in

short, without a figure, that his private life was as public as the sun. That, under such circumstances, and with such a trial, he should be chosen, by so large a vote, to the first office in the nation, is praise beyond all eulogy. It releases from all necessity, and it leaves but little opportunity, on an occasion such as this, to speak with much detail either of his life or character. A few of its more obvious traits, however, shall be noticed now; and this will bring us to the lessons which this striking providence seems meant to teach us.

It never has been claimed for General Harrison that he was a man of brilliant parts. Neither was General Washington. Such men are showy, taking, often dangerous, seldom useful. Their splendour is the excess of some one quality; most generally, at the expense of others, quite as valuable. They give more light than heat; and are admired more than relied on. True greatness is the equipoise of parts. Shakspeare, the great philosopher of our humanity, has touched this truth with his own matchless skill.

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“ the elements  
*So mix'd* in him, that nature might stand up,  
 And say to all the world, This was a man ! ”

So it was, beyond all men of ancient or of modern times, with General Washington. And it was this well mixing of the elements that constituted General Harrison's greatness. He was, emphatically, A WELL BALANCED MAN. It was this which bore him up in all his different and weighty trusts, through an half cen-

tury of public service—the Ensign of 19, the President of 68—and won for him his final triumph, and made him equal to that greatest of his trials, his success. It was this that carried him not only through the most unsparing canvassing that ever man endured; but all the while developed new energies of character, and inspired new claims to confidence. It was by this, that even the nick-name that was everywhere applied to him, on banners and in songs, and would have cheapened in the public estimation any other man, was dignified by its connection with his character, and became a title of affectionate respect. It is a superficial explanation of his unlooked-for and unparalleled success, to say, that “the hurrah” elected him. The greatest difficulty was not to catch, but to sustain, the popular gale. A craft that carried too much sail would have run under, in it. Well built, well ballasted, well trimmed, it bore him straight to port.

To specify a few of the good elements that were “so mixed in him.” He was a man of *clear, sound judgment*. This is everywhere apparent in his course of life. Hence, his selection, while so young, to such high trusts, by men so keen in their analysis of character; by Washington, by Jefferson, by Madison, by Quincy Adams. It is apparent in his outline of the principles by which a just administration of the Executive department should be governed, in his celebrated letter, in 1838, to Mr. Denny. And it was shown, to take one great example in the place of all that might be pointed out, in his selection of a Cabinet, at such a time, under

such circumstances, of which, both as a whole, and as to its individual members, the nation has expressed unanimous, unqualified approval.

He had improved the native strength and soundness of his mind by *careful study and reflection*. "He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one." More practice with the sword and plough than with the pen, exposed him, doubtless, to the criticism of using the materials, rather than the results, of scholarship. But, while there were those who charged the Inaugural with being pedantic, who, for their lives, could not have told whether this ancient name, or that, on which he dwelt, with such high zest, were from the Greek or Roman history; there was this charm about his pedantry, that it proved clearly that the piece was his.

He was an eminently *practical man*. It must have been so; or he never would have exercised so well and wisely the office of Territorial Governor, so complicated and so arduous in its responsibilities, as to be re-appointed to it so often, and so long. That he was so, the great measures prove which he espoused and carried through, in his Congressional career. That he was so, his announcement of the principles of his administration clearly showed. And even more so, the alacrity with which, from his twelve years' retirement, at North Bend, he stepped at once, as if promoted from the Cabinet, into the duties of the Presidential office.

He was a man of *great directness*. He had no knowledge of stratagem and subterfuge. He went by the air-line to the object which he sought; and verified

the saying of the Sultan Akbar, that "he never heard of any man being lost in a straight road." This was the secret of his great success in dealing with the Indians. He made not less than thirteen treaties with them: all securing their just rights, and all promoting the advantage of the government. A common view of things would seek to match the savage subtlety with cultivated cunning. There is no greater error. The *overmatch* for craft is honest, open dealing, universally. Your wily politician stands no chance with such a man as General Harrison. He is thrown off the track at once. It is what the Scripture saith, "He taketh the wise in their own craftiness."

He was an *honest man*. What mines of wealth were opened to him, in his long connection with the public lands, and in his dealings with the Indians, those hapless victims of the cupidity of agents! And yet he lived poor, and he died poor. He held his offices for service, not for spoils.

He was a *zealous man*. In this way, he made up for shining talents. What he undertook, he did. He gave himself to do it. He spared no time, no pains. This you see in all his course. Especially, in the prosecution of the leading measures, which he undertook in Congress; the Land Bill, the Militia System, the Revolutionary pensions, the free governments of South America. This he showed, in his short month, in his devotion to the Presidential duties.

He was a *kind and generous man*. His house was filled with widows and with orphans. He had a seat

by his cheerful hearth, a plate at his simple board, for every passer-by that needed fire or food. He was the liberal patron of all public enterprises, for the promotion of learning and religion : and the habit of his private hospitality was well expressed, in the long latch-string, that hung down, in every model, and in every picture, from his cabin door ; and never was pulled in. This was the secret of his universal popularity. The kindness, that was glowing in his heart, beamed from his countenance. He was felt to be, because in truth he was, the friend of all. And, in his few short weeks at Washington, he had conciliated, by the frankness of his manners, his modesty, simplicity, and friendliness, the affectionate respect of all of every class in the community.

In one word, and to sum up all, he was a CHRISTIAN PATRIOT. He entered not upon his high and holy trust for God and man, without making this explicit declaration of his faith in Jesus Christ : " I deem the present occasion sufficiently important and solemn to justify me in expressing to my fellow-citizens, a profound reverence for the Christian religion, and a thorough conviction, that sound morals, religious liberty, and a just sense of religious responsibility, are essentially connected with all true and lasting happiness ; and to that good Being, who has blessed us by the gifts of civil and religious freedom, who watched over and prospered the labours of our Fathers ; and has hitherto preserved to us institutions far exceeding in excellence those of any other people, let us unite, in fervently commending

every interest of our beloved country in all future time." He bought that day—an act of beautiful and simple piety!—a Bible and a Prayer Book; as if he would begin anew, in his new station, the sacred offices by which his life had been consoled and consecrated. He daily read, not without prayer, the holy word of God. He constantly repaired, for public worship, to the house of prayer. He prostrated himself, on bended knee, in the assembly of the faithful. He had resolved,\* even on the next Lord's day that followed the commencement of that fatal sickness, to present himself, his soul and body, a living sacrifice, before the altar of his crucified Redeemer. And with those latest words—delirious, if you will, but proving still the ruling passion strong in death—"SIR, I WISH YOU TO UNDERSTAND THE TRUE PRINCIPLES OF THE GOVERNMENT: I WISH THEM CARRIED OUT: I ASK NOTHING MORE"—words, as well suited to his illustrious successor, as they were worthy of himself—he died, as he had lived, a Christian and a Patriot.

And he is dead! He, that so lately was in every mouth, the theme of praise or blame, has gone beyond the reach of both! He, for whose elevation to the Presidential chair, all business was suspended, all interests seemed tame, the very stream of life stood still, or rolled with torrent fulness in his wake, to sit there but one little month! He, whose accession to the post of

\* This is stated by his Pastor, the Rev. William Hawley, Rector of St. John's Church, Washington city, who was with him through his sickness, and closed his eyes.



highest honour in the nation's gift was hailed, as the commencement of a new and brighter age—business to be revived, and confidence restored, and peace and plenty and prosperity increased and multiplied; he, to whom every eye was turned, and on whose look such thousands hung, now lies, alone and still, the tenant of a cold and narrow tomb! Oh! what a lesson, if men would but learn, of the uncertainty of all terrestrial things! Oh! what a lesson, if men would but learn, of the utter worthlessness of human calculations! Oh! what a lesson, if men would but learn, that whatever men desire, design, or do, “the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!”

Fellow-citizens, is it not true that we have needed such a lesson? Has not our day of unexampled sunshine made us forgetful that a cloud could lower, or that a storm could break? Instead of leading us to penitence, as the Apostle tells us that it should, has not the heavenly goodness been abused to rank licentiousness, impenitence and unbelief? Were we not fast becoming a worldly, sensual, godless nation? I design not now to enumerate or to reprove the mass of national or of individual vices. I confine myself to but one aspect. I ask your attention to but one single point. Will you not all admit, that the great strife, which agitated the whole nation, like a stormy sea, the groundswell not yet over, was entered into, and conducted, and the issue welcomed, in forgetfulness of God; in utter and mistaken confidence in human wisdom, human power, and human worth? As

the great contest drew towards its crisis, did not all ears, all eyes, all hearts intensely fix themselves on the report, as it was borne from State to State; as if the election of this candidate, or that, involved all fears, all hopes, all destinies; and God were not in heaven? But "be the people never so unquiet," God is there. "The shields of the earth belong to Him." And, "cursed be the man that maketh flesh his arm," however long his justice may delay the sentence, will be asserted, in terrific vengeance, upon every nation, and upon every individual. It becomes us, then, to bow, in all humility, before the astounding stroke. To read, in that brief sway of the most noble empire that is lighted by the sun, the feebleness of human power; in this unlooked-for disappointment of the wisest plans, the fairest prospects, and the loftiest hopes, the blindness of all human wisdom; in the rude shock, which makes the land to tremble, and all faces gather blackness, the resistless sovereignty of God. Forever blessed be His name, that, as His wrath is slow, and destruction His "strange work," so He is quick in mercy, and unbounded in His tenderness, to them that turn to Him with tears and prayers! "At what instant I shall speak concerning a nation, and concerning a kingdom, to pluck up and to pull down, and to destroy it, if that nation against whom I pronounced, turn from their evil, I will repent of the evil that I thought to do unto them." May it be, my fellow-citizens, that we, roused by this voice of warning, may so turn from our evil ways, that God, propitiated to us by the intercession of His Son, may

turn to us again, and bless us as a nation ! Such as the individuals are, such the community must be. The work is in our individual hands. The cure is in our individual hearts. The blessing is for us, our children, and our children's children—peace, plenty and prosperity, the nation's heritage, as it has been so long ; and peace with God, and everlasting life, assured to all, through Christ, who take the Lord to be their God.

The present sad solemnity should lead us to review the mercies which, as a nation, have been showered upon us ; and to gather, even from its most mournful aspects, wholesome lessons for the future. There have been completed thirteen Presidential terms ; nine times the people's voice has summoned one of their own number to the loftiest station which a freeman can be called to fill ; and never before has the divine decree set aside their suffrages. When we consider, that maturity of age, ripeness of wisdom, hoarded treasures of experience, are among the most immediate qualifications for the office, and that he who fills it bears a weight of duty and responsibility as great as man can bear, this must be owned a merciful and gracious Providence. Had we not come almost to lose the thought of the Chief Magistrate's mortality ? Was there not danger, lest we quite neglect the best employment of that wise provision which the Constitution makes for this contingency ? Was the consideration that he might be called to exercise the first, a leading thought in our selection of the citizen to hold the second, office in our government ? Was it not needful that the nation should be roused to

its responsibilities? Was it not time that we were taught, by such a lesson as would speak, with trumpet-tongue, to every heart, the rashness of our confidence, our carelessness of what the future might bring forth? And what a trumpet voice it is! A month, between the pinnacle of human fame and the cold grave! A month, between the high flood-tide of power and influence, with men, not only, but with nations, and the dust of death! Fellow-citizens, is not the touching sentiment of Edmund Burke forced home upon our hearts, "What shadows we are; and what shadows we pursue!"

Short as the period was of General Harrison's administration, it has sufficed for useful lessons, and for signal benefits. Is it not a beautiful and most impressive lesson, and full of hope—let us not yield to the temptation, to say, pride—for our republican institutions, to see a private citizen, a simple farmer, a man without an hour of service in the Cabinet, called by a nation's voice, from the secluded shades of rural life, to take his place among the proudest princes of the earth: and to see him take it, with an assurance to our hearts, of skill, and self-possession, and effective energy, which gives us perfect confidence that all our interests are safe; no shadow of a doubt, that our true honour, as a nation, is secure; no moment's apprehension, that our glorious Constitution will be guarded, even to a letter! And, when one little month has laid the nation's choice in the still grave,—without a shock, without a struggle, without one tremulous vibration of the great machine,

—to see its destinies transferred to other hands! A plain Virginia citizen, called, at an instant, from his fields, or from his books; the helm of government assumed as firmly, yet as modestly and quietly, as if he had but entered, at his father's death, upon the old homestead farm; and the great ship, in which our destinies are all embarked, ploughing her gallant way, as proudly, and as peacefully, beneath that glorious banner of the stars and stripes, as if no cloud of change had passed across the sky! Fellow-citizens, this is a new and searching trial of our institutions: provided for, indeed, by the deep wisdom of our fathers, but never called in action until now. To my mind, the experiment is full of hope and promise. It appeals to every generous sentiment. It challenges our utmost confidence, as citizens and men. Let it not be our fault, if this unheard-of crisis in our government does not approve us, before all nations, what we claim to be, a people who are sovereigns! Let all our efforts be exerted, let all our prayers be offered, that the nation's second choice may fill the measure of our highest expectation from their first!

There is one benefit from General Harrison's administration, of which no doubtfulness is possible; his clear, distinct, and manly determination to serve, under no possible circumstances, a second term. Let it be, that the Constitution does not forbid it. Let it be, that precedents in our past history have run the other way. Still, the temptation—let us honestly confess it!—is too great for mortal man; and if the illustrious authority

of Harrison, now consecrated to us by the touch of death, shall be adopted, his brief possession of the power of the Executive may be fruitful of blessings, which the faithful exercise of its full period had perhaps failed to bring us.

Fellow-citizens, there is one lesson taught us by this mournful dispensation, of inestimable value ; the lesson, that, as citizens of the United States, we ALL ARE ONE. We have too much forgotten it. The strife of conflicting parties has gone too far. We have been tempted to lose sight of the precious trust committed to us, as freemen, by the great Arbiter of nations, in our devotion to the men or measures, which are but instruments for its promotion. We had come to look upon the settlement of that greatest question which ever comes before us, not as it tended to the national interest and honour, but as it made for *our* success, and for the triumph of *our* party. I deny not, that on all sides, honest purposes might lead to this result. I claim not, that a measure of it is not inseparable from our free institutions ; and, in moderation, necessary to preserve their freedom. But I do say, that the evil has by far outrun the good. I do say, that the end has been lost sight of in the means. I do say, that private courtesy, social regards, and Christian charity have been disregarded, in the chase for power and office. I do say, that the very foundations of the republic have been shaken ; and the glory clouded, that should ever rest upon the citadel of freedom. God has reproved us from His throne. The flap of the death-angel's wing

has passed before all faces. And, in an instant, the nation's head has crumbled into dust! It still is true—bad as the world is!—it still is true, thank God! that “sorrow is a sacred thing!” At this affecting spectacle of mortality, hearts soften, eyes are moistened, hands are clasped. We own, as one great family, the common loss. We bend, as brethren all, beside our father's grave. Let us accept the omen, fellow-citizens! Let us own, and act upon, its lesson! Let us no more forget our common country, our common Constitution, our common heritage of freedom, and the warm blood, on Bunker Hill, at Monmouth, and at Yorktown, that made it common to us all! Honest differences we must entertain. Honest preferences we must avow. But let all differences be merged, let all preferences be yielded, in the great cause which makes, and keeps us, freemen. Never let us forget the patriot grief, that, as on this day, bows the hearts of this whole nation, as one man. And, when the day of trial comes again, and we are tempted to forget our brotherhood of freedom, and the debt we owe to her, who is the mother of us all; let us still hear the voice, which, from that patriot grave, speaks to our hearts, “Sirs, ye are brethren; why do ye wrong one to another?”

Fellow-citizens, have we not all felt, was it in nature not to feel, that, in the death of our Chief Magistrate, death has come near us all? But he *will* come nearer yet. He *will* come—when, God knows!—to me, to every one of you. And, should he come to-night, should we be ready to go forth and meet him? Ah, my

dear brethren, talk as we may, and as we must, of other thoughts, and other themes, this is the trial question for us all. And I should ill become my office, and ill express the love which warms my heart for you, and ill discharge the trust with which the kindness of your honoured representatives has honoured me, did I not bid you, in my Master's name, to go, and make your peace with God, through Jesus Christ our Lord; and, in all holiness and righteousness of life, to wait, henceforth, His coming and His kingdom!



## II.

### A GREAT MAN FALLEN IN ISRAEL.

\* A SERMON ON THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT TAYLOR.

2 SAMUEL III. 38.—Know ye not, that there is a prince, and a great man, fallen, this day, in Israel?

IN these expressive words, did the great heart of royal David pay its tribute, to the valiant Abner, slain by the treachery of Joab. There are few minds, familiar with the Holy Scriptures, into which, they have not sprung, as the unbidden comment, on that astounding providence, which has stilled the pulses of the nation; and, to-day, twines every altar, in the land, with the funereal cypress. “Know ye not”—men say, to one another, as the lightning record flashes, through the land, “THE PRESIDENT IS DEAD!” “know ye not, that there is a prince, and a great man, fallen, this day, in Israel?”

Death is the “touch of nature,” which, pre-eminently “makes the world, all kin.” God did not make it. It came in, with sin. Yet, we may say, and, still, be reverent, that, without it, as men have been, since the

\* At the request of the students of Burlington College; July, A. D. 1850.

Fall, He could not live, in His own world. It is the one thing, at which nature quails. The fear of it sways the tumultuous Titan throngs, that, else, would scale the Heavens. And the damp chill, from its black wing, as it sweeps through the land, when pestilence falls on it, like a frost; or when, beside us, but a neighbour dies, is the reminder of our own mortality, and the conviction of His dread omnipotence.

Strange as it is, the snake's old sneer, "Ye shall not surely die," still haunts the human heart. We constantly forget, that, when we clasp the loved one, to our heart, we clasp a skeleton. Age, talents, valour, virtue, rank, pre-eminence, in every age, and everywhere, deck out, for men, their idols. We come to think, that greatness cannot die. We marvel, that the bolt should strike the tallest tree. And, when the pastor falls, as that meek saint,\* who fed, for forty years, the little flock, that, then, was tended here; or the physician dies, as that old man,† rare in his virtues, as his skill, who, to three generations, plied the healing art, among you, welcome to every hearth; men look, with mute amazement, on each other; and the country startles, that a mortal should have died!

But, chiefly, is the power of this instinctive superstition shown, when death strikes down the princes, among men. Republicans intuitively feel, that some divinity doth "hedge about a king." Who did not feel a shudder crawl across his heart, when that young

\* The Rev. Dr. Wharton, Rector of St. Mary's Church, who died in 1833.

† Dr. Nathan W. Cole, who died in 1848.

princess, on whom the hopes of England hung, all clustered, sank, with her infant, in a grave, which seemed, to all, untimely? When, lately, the meek widow of a king passed, from the exercise of all the charities of life, into the royal tomb, at Windsor, there were everywhere among us, the tokens of a sympathy, which touched the heart. And, when, nine years ago, our warrior President was borne, in one brief month, from the high homestead of the nation, to the sepulchre, beside the clear Ohio, what wave, in the broad sea, of our whole vast Republic, that was not stirred and tost, as when a water-spout is rent in sunder? "Know ye not"—was then, as now, the instinctive, universal, utterance of the nation's startled heart—"know ye not, that there is a prince, and a great man, fallen, this day, in Israel?"

The worshipping assemblies, of twenty millions, are in harmony, with us, to-day. From one end, to the other, of our broad land, the electric spark has flashed its fearful message, of the nation's loss: till North and South, and East and West, are bending, now, with us, over the new-made grave; in which, the soldier of three wars, the conqueror in all, the patriot hero, the people's President, rests, from his honours, and his arms. As, when the Egyptians came, with Joseph's corpse, up to the threshing-floor of Atad, it is "a great and very sore, lamentation." And, it may well be so. For, in the graphic words of David, a man, a great man, and a prince, has "fallen this day, in Israel."

*A man has fallen.* I do not mean a mere, male, hu-

man, individual. One, whom the tailor, rather than the mantuamaker, clothes. A walking thing, that wears a hat. I speak of that, which God meant, when He said, "Let us make man, in our image, after our likeness." Marred, sadly, now, by the concussion of that fearful Fall. But, capable of restoration, through the Cross. And, justifying well, in the renewal of its fair proportions, and its countenance erect, the sacred record, "God hath made man upright." A man, that has a mind; and uses it. A man that has a heart; and yields to it. A man that shapes his circumstances. A man, that cares not for himself. A man, with the simplicity of a child. A man, with the directness of a child. A man, with the freshness and earnestness of a child. A man, in justice. A man, in generosity. A man, in magnanimity. A man, to meet emergencies. A man, to make occasions. A man, to dare, not only; but to bear. A man, of love. A man, without a fear. A thunderbolt, in war. A dewdrop, in the day of peace. One, that, against the fearful odds, of five to one, could sway the battle-storm, at Buena Vista. And, then, from the very arms and lap of victory, write to one,\* whose gallant son had died, to make its crown, "when I miss his familiar face, I can say, with truth, that I feel no exultation, in our success." Truly, a man, has fallen "in Israel."

And "*a great man*" *has fallen*. A great man, first, must be a man. And, then, must find, or make, the occasion, to be great. In every man, that *is* a man,

\* The Hon. Henry Clay.

there is potentially, a great man. He, who has "fallen, this day, in Israel," was great, in act. His masterly defence of Fort Harrison, when but a captain, in the service, where the terrors of impending conflagration, were added to the midnight onslaught of the Indians; his successful conduct of the war, in Florida, against the same subtle, tireless, unrelenting foe; the gallant movement to Point Isabel, and back to the encampment at Fort Brown, achieving Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, as mere episodes, along the way; the storming and complete possession of Monterey, where every street was barricaded, and every housetop bristled with musketry; the crowning victory, against such fearful odds, at Buena Vista; and, more than that, the clear, calm, quiet, unpretending, but indomitable, answer, to Santa Anna's insolent demand, sustained by twenty thousand men—"Sir, in reply to your note, of this date, summoning me to surrender my forces, at discretion, I beg leave to say, that I decline acceding to your request:" these glorious, but now painful, reminiscences of the military career of him, beside whose grave, a nation weeps, assure us, that, in him, a great man, has been taken, from our Israel. And, more illustrious, even, than, in these, the greatness, that knew how to bear such victories; the greatness, that preserved its equilibrium, in the storm of national applause, and universal admiration; the greatness, that could see the proudest palm of human power, planted before it, within easiest reach, and not put forth a hand to pluck it; the greatness, that submitted to be made the President

of these United States, since so the people willed; the greatness, that went on to Washington, and took the chair of State, and filled it, with the simple dignity, that had directed, from a tent, the ordering of the battle-field; the greatness of moderation; the greatness of modesty; the greatness of self-conquest and control: these do but wound our bleeding hearts, more deeply, while they swell them, with a fuller, higher, admiration of the real greatness, of the great man, who has gone from us, to-day.

And, in him, "*a prince*" *has fallen*. A prince, in place. The head, as the word simply means, of twenty millions of free people; so constituted and declared, by their own choice and act. A prince, in rank. The equal, in his station, of the kings, and emperors, and potentates, of the whole world. A prince, in power. The President of the United States, legitimately authorized, and constitutionally sustained, in acts of influence, and ultimate authority, such as no sovereign of Europe has by any other right, than that of mere brute force; and the exponent of a political and moral sway, which, in its growing and pervading power, no mere brute force can cope with, or resist. And, in his exercise of these high functions, and discharge of their resulting duties, a prince, in quiet dignity; a prince, in calm, indomitable resolution; a prince, in utter disregard of consequences, when the right is seen, and done. The people's prince, in his unostentatious life. The people's prince, in his lamented death. "Know ye not,"—who does not know, who does not feel, who does not own,

that it is so?—"Know ye not, that there is a prince, and a great man, fallen, this day, in Israel?" "We bury, in his honoured tomb," the Union says—the journal of our land, which, more than any other, must be regarded as the antagonist of his administration—"we bury, in his honoured tomb, every unkind or unworthy feeling, which we might ever have entertained. General Taylor rises before us, in all the glory of the Hero, in all the majesty of the Patriot; whose name is associated with some of the most brilliant achievements in our annals, who has carried the fame of his country, to the remotest nations, and whose reputation will never die. The name of the Hero of Palo Alto, and Buena Vista, will live, as long as the name of the nation, whose standard, he so often bore to victory, and glory. These deeds are indelibly written, on the tablet of a nation's gratitude." This is the true outspokening of the heart, when its deep pulses have been deeply touched. Such is the moral conquest of a man; wide as humanity, in its extent. Such is the triumph which a great man; great in doing, or in suffering, can achieve: beyond the lustre of all arms, beyond the splendor of all arts. Such is the true and real glory, of the princes, among men: not, in ancestral line; not, in "the boast of heraldry, or pomp of power;" not in the range of territorial empire, or in the multitude of people, or of nations, which they sway: but, that they rule in hearts; that they are felt, as princes, among freemen; that they possess an empire, which no gold could purchase, and no power compel; the empire of the free, unbought,

unforced, affections: and, that, when they have passed from power, and passed from life, and all that there is of them, is so much dust, men, that could know no fear, men that would never flatter, will stand up, by the crumbling handful, that is left; and mourn, as David mourned, for Abner; and weep, as David wept; and say, as David said, before the world, and challenge all the world, for the denial: "Know ye not, that there is a prince, and a great man, fallen, this day, in Israel?"

And he is gone. And we are left. Left with our duties, among men. Left with our responsibilities, to God. Left, with our invaluable trust, as patriots. Left, with our immortal interests, and our inevitable obligations, as Christians. This is no place for flattery. This is no place, to come, to praise a man. This is no place, for the mere eulogy, even, of the honoured and lamented dead. And, could *we* forget the place, if *he* could speak, from out his cerements, in the plain, and simple sense, which made him such a man, and so became him, as a great man, he would bid us cease, from him, and turn, in Christian humility, Christian dependence, Christian confidence, and Christian devotion, to the trusts and duties, which he lived and died, to serve; and which still lie, on us, enhanced, by the example of his life, and increased, by the bereavement of his death.

Humanly regarded, the death of General Taylor is, to this republic, an incalculable loss. To our imperfect vision, he seemed, pre-eminently, the man, for the occasion. That, which so many speak of, and so freely, and



so often, as a crisis, has but a small place in any true philosophy. A crisis is but one stage, in a long train of antecedents and of consequents, which go to make it up; and any one of which might seem to be the crisis. Events flow on, forever; as the Delaware flows on. The raft, that, for a moment, fills your eye, glides past; and is succeeded by another, and another, and another. In a great country, such as ours is, men may always find, or make, a crisis. It were better, not. The very name alarms. The alarm deranges and incapacitates. The motley host, that cannot lose, make capital, of this disturbance of the general equilibrium. A wiser judgment deals with time, and its results, as they roll on; applies, to each, the wisdom, that it calls for; finds no fear, in all the future; and, so, has no regret, in all the past. But, still, it cannot be denied, that we are fallen on an age of rapid progress, and of inconceivable developement. A day brings forth a nation. The womb of time teems now with struggling empires. The inventions of men are fast annihilating space. A continent becomes an isthmus. A paper barrier scarcely divides the Pacific, from the Atlantic, sea. Out of the sands of California, the wonders of Aladdin's fabled lamp are more than realized. Men are disturbed by golden visions. The channels of commerce are changing. The aspects of life are under transmutation. One knows not, what new wonder shall be born, with each new day. An unsettling of fixed principles, a conflict of new interests, a general disruption and disarrangement, are rapidly, in progress.

At such a time, a man of simple mind, a man of plain good sense, a man of moderation, a man of unquestionable integrity, a man of indomitable firmness, has a special worth, and adaptation. The people take to such a man. They call him, "Rough and Ready." They rally round him. They grow into him. They grow together, in growing into him. He binds them all, in one; and is, what laws might fail to be, and fleets and armies could not be, the bond of an imperishable union. There was another thing in General Taylor. He was no party man. He would not be, to be the President. When he became the President, he would not be, to magnify his office, or to keep it. It was a noble trait, in his great character, that he disappointed the party men, that helped to put him into power. He knew the people, and he knew the nation. But he knew no set, among the one; no fraction, of the other. This was an element of strength, that was to grow; and that, more rapidly, with time. And there was one thing more, in him. We cannot shut our eyes, to the inevitable fact, that the great magnet of our nation has opposing poles; or seems to have. It was the peculiar fitness of General Taylor, for his responsible position, that he was of the one; and, yet, not against the other. The one could trust him; while the other need not fear him. It seemed, to human sight, the stronghold of the times. And, in a moment, like the house, which a child builds, of cards, it has been swept away, from us. May it not be, to teach us to "cease from man, whose breath is in his nostrils?" May it not be our lesson,

for these times, that "God seeth, not as man seeth?" May it not be the way, which we "know not of," by which, God, means to lead us? Has not the death of the Chief Magistrate taught us, as argument could never teach, that we are one people? Has it not touched the general heart, from East to West, from North to South, as children's hearts are touched, when, by their side, a father falls? Could legislation, could judicial action, could commercial interests, could any thing, have shown so clearly, so feelingly, so instantaneously, so universally, that, divided as we may be, or may think we are, we are but one, in heart? And, may there not proceed, from that new grave, in which the funeral rites of twenty millions garner up, to-day, the ashes of our patriot-soldier, an influence, which knitting all our hearts together, as true brethren, of one blood, shall pervade our national councils, and control our national actions, and mould our national interests; and, with God to bless us, as the answer to our penitent and faithful prayers, set up this nation, in the eyes of all mankind, as the light and joy of all the lands: shedding, on all, the mild and genial radiance of free institutions; and spreading, among all, the blessings and the benefits of Christian Freedom; the freedom, which, can only dwell with truth and peace; the freedom of the freemen of the Lord! That it may be so, it becomes us to receive, with an unhesitating confidence, the distinguished Statesman, who sits, now, in General Taylor's seat. By the immediate act of God, he is the President of the United States. Receiving him, at

God's hand, let us receive him, with a generous trust. Let us resolve, to give him our support ; the support of our sympathy ; the support of our confidence, the support of our co-operation, the support of our prayers. Let us commend him, and the counsellors, that are to share, with him, the cares and toil of State, to the favour, the guidance, the protection, of Almighty God. Let us renew our vows, to-day, to the admirable Constitution, which our Fathers vindicated, for us, with their blood. Let us renew our vows, to-day, to the glorious Union, which their blood cemented, sealed, and consecrated. On our knees, let us join hands, here, in God's house, upon God's day, with the great multitude of Christian Freemen, whom the day's solemnities have knit in one. On our knees, let us join hearts, with them, here, in God's house, upon God's day ; and pour, from souls, which sorrow softens, and which grace subdues, the Christian Patriot's prayer, "that peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety, may be established, among us, for all generations."

Nor, let us lose the lesson, which, as men, and sinners, this startling and afflictive providence is so well adapted to convey. How can we clasp our darlings, to our hearts, and not remember, how a moment may resolve them into dust, and leave us desolate ! How can we lie down on our beds, this night, and not remember, that the morning light may find us, garnished, for the grave. The prayer,\* which asks from

\* PASTORAL LETTER TO THE CLERGY OF THE DIOCESE OF NEW JERSEY.

DEAR AND REVEREND BRETHREN :—Regarding the death of President Taylor, as a great national calamity, and our whole nation as one afflicted family, I do not hesitate to request, that, on Sunday next, the seventh after Trinity, you will use

God, for the bereaved of this day, the strength and comfort of His grace, will be the commendation of our darlings to the favor of His love. And, the deep penitence, which such a death should waken in our hearts, so sudden, so startling, so appalling, will bring us to the Cross, where none can perish, through the Lamb, Who died for all. To Whom, one with the Father, and the Holy Spirit, three Persons, and one only God, shall ever be ascribed, the glory and the praise.

the Prayer which follows, before the two final Prayers of Morning and Evening Service. We shall do well to humble ourselves, under the chastening hand of Almighty God; and to beseech Him, for His dear Son's sake, to pardon our manifold transgressions, and turn away His anger from us, lest we perish. If prosperity have hardened the national heart; if we have been tempted to forget God our Saviour; in whatever way we have offended Him, who holds the nations in His hands, this signal Providence should be improved by us, in that humility of spirit, and with that consecration of heart and life, which become us, as ransomed sinners, and with which, alone, we can come acceptably before Him, through the propitiation of the Cross. Upon our hearts, thus softened and subdued, He will send down the blessings, and the comforts of His grace, and restore to us, His pardoning and preserving love. Commending the bereaved household, of our late venerable Chief Magistrate, the honoured successor to him, in the highest trust which men bestow, his associates, in the several departments of the government, and the whole appalled and mourning nation, to your faithful prayers, and to the mercy and favour of God, I am, affectionately, and faithfully, your brother and servant in Christ,

GEORGE W. DOANE,

*Bishop of New Jersey.*

RIVERSIDE, July 19, 1850

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P R A Y E R .

O Merciful God, and Heavenly Father, who hast taught us, in Thy holy Word, that Thou dost not willingly afflict or grieve the children of men; Look with pity, we beseech Thee, upon the sorrows of Thy servants. In Thy wisdom, thou hast seen fit to visit us with trouble, and to bring distress upon us. Remember us, O Lord, in mercy; sanctify Thy fatherly correction to us; endue our souls with patience under our affliction, and with resignation to Thy blessed will; comfort us with a sense of Thy goodness; lift up Thy countenance upon us, and give us peace; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

### III.

## DANIEL WEBSTER'S REAL GLORY.

\* A SERMON ON THE DEATH OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

JEREMIAH IX. 23, 24.—Thus saith the Lord, Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might, let not the rich man glory in his riches: but let him that glorieth glory in this; that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord, which exercise loving kindness, judgment, and righteousness in the earth, for in these things I delight, saith the Lord.

THE meaning of God's word is never so well developed, as when His Providence is its interpreter. When, from some solemn text He preaches in some awful judgment—at once, its exposition and its application—the nations shrink and quail: like startled reapers, when, without a cloud in heaven, the thunder bursts, at noon; and leaps, from crag, to crag, till Alps or Andes seem to topple, to their fall. I have meditated much, for many years, upon this text of Jeremiah; and have heard frequent sermons from it: but I never felt its fulness until now; and it never preached to me, as in the death of Daniel Webster. “Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might; let not the rich man glory in his riches: but let him

\* At the request of the students of Burlington College, November, A. D. 1852.

that glorieth glory in this ; that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord."

In Daniel Webster, all the stimulants to human glory, of which the Prophet warns us, were singularly blended. He was a rich man ; he was a wise man ; he was a mighty man. In which of them, had he the slightest ground for glorying ? And in which of them, was his reliance at the moment when he left them all ?

I do not mean that Daniel Webster ever was, or ever could have been, what men call rich. He had no sense of money, but its use. He was born and reared in honourable poverty. His youth was dignified by diligence. His early manhood struggled into confidence and comfort. But long before mid-life, he had, in his distinction at the bar, what Dr. Johnson called "the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice." It is not probable that any American lawyer has ever commanded a larger income. It was greater, doubtless, in some years than the income of the President. A single fee has been fifteen thousand dollars. And had he sought his own, and bound himself to his profession, there is no limit to be set to its vast earnings. But his country claimed him for her councils, and he gave himself to her unstinted service. And if the grateful people, among whom his children were all cradled, supplied in some degree to him, the utter sacrifice of personal regards which his absorption in the national interests demanded, it was their willing tribute to the devotion and ability, which wealth could not have bought. And with his constant access, to whatever is

most genial and attractive, in the social intercourse of life, and with his keen perception of the beautiful in nature and in art, and chiefly in the unrestrained enjoyment of his home at Marshfield,—

“ The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,  
 The pomp of groves and garniture of fields,  
 All that the genial ray of morning gilds,  
 And all that echoes to the song of even,  
 All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,  
 And all the dread magnificence of Heaven ”—

he was, in every truest sense and for all actual uses, rich.

That he was a wise man, every tongue admits. In all the ranges of professional distinction, as a lawyer, and especially, in that which he himself almost created, constitutional law ; in all the vast variety of subjects, with which a practice of such range must make him conversant, in science, in the arts, in history, in commerce, in navigation, in finance, in all the phases of philosophy, and most of all in man ; in widest, loftiest, noblest, most controlling statesmanship ; and, though the pastime only of his hours of recreation, in most successful agriculture, scientific that it might be practical, and practical because truly scientific, he had attained a wisdom unsurpassed. The country leaned upon him : and his presence in our councils gave confidence to Europe, and the world. I was in England not long after him : and everywhere he was the theme of the profoundest admiration. Scarcely their own Wellington equalled, in English minds, the measure of our Webster.



And was he not a mighty man? Was he not our mighty man? When Washington and Hamilton have been passed by, was he not our mightiest man? Who else could draw such thousands? Who else could wield them so? Who else, like him, "the applause of listening Senates" could "command?" His maiden speech in Congress, before he was a Senator, won from so great a man as Chief Justice Marshall, the prophetic judgment, that he "would become one of the very first statesmen in America; and perhaps the very first." And he went on from that, the eloquent orator that was always equal to the greatest occasion; holding the highest place before the highest courts; and honoured by his distinguished Southern contemporary Mr. Lowndes, by the declaration, that for parliamentary power, "the North had not his equal, nor the South his superior!" On Plymouth Rock, at the foot of Bunker Hill, within the walls of Faneuil Hall, he lifted up a voice which filled the land, which all the languages of Europe echo back, which will forever live among the household words of men, while Shakspeare's tongue and Milton's shall be spoken. In the Dartmouth College case, in which the tears of the Chief Justice mingled with those of the audience, in the great question of the steamboat monopoly by the State of New York, and in the matter of the will of Stephen Girard, he reached the very highest summit of forensic reputation. His conflict with Colonel Hayne in the Senate of the United States, his admirable discussion of all the great financial questions of the times, and his nullifying of nullification, are un-

surpassed in power, in all the legislative bodies of the world. While in his settlement of the North-eastern Boundary, to name no other of his diplomatic triumphs, he achieved a breadth and height of influence, at home not only, but in Great Britain, which no one man has ever yet possessed. And yet this mightiest man in all the spheres of public life, was mightiest, in private and at home. I can bear witness, from my personal knowledge, to what has been well said by one of his immediate friends. "Upon a near approach to most great men, they dwindle to the size of common men. Their greatness is only seen on special occasions, and after much preparation. But he, though familiar and frank as a child, though never attempting to display his superiority, appeared greatest in his most familiar and careless conversation. It may be said of him, as travelers say, of the Pyramids, that one can only appreciate their full size, when standing at their base."

Rich, wise and mighty, as our Webster was, what ground was there in this for glorifying? It was not his, in origin. It was not his, without responsibility. It was not his, to keep. The Lord but lent it to him. He was held to strict account for it. His longest lease of it could only be for life. Can a man glory in that which is another's? Can a man glory in that which, in a moment, may be his to use no more? Thus saith the Lord, "Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might, let not the rich man glory in his riches: but let him that glorieth, glory in this: that he understandeth and knoweth me,

that I am the Lord which exercise loving kindness, judgment and righteousness in the earth, for in these things I delight, saith the Lord."

And how was it with Daniel Webster, when he came to leave his riches, and his wisdom, and his might? In which of them, had he the heart to glory? And how much in all of them? Let us seek answers to these questions in the testimonies of them, with whom he lived, and in his living and his dying words. "I never met with an individual," said one, who knew him well, "who always spoke and always thought, with such awful reverence, of the power and presence of God. No irreverence, no lightness, no too familiar allusion to God and His attributes, ever escaped his lips. The very notion of a Supreme Being was, with him, made up of awe and solemnity. It filled the whole of his great mind with the strongest emotions." It was his habit on the Lord's Day, to read the Scriptures and conduct the worship of his household: and when another did it, for him, he desired that the Gospel story should be read, which records that beautiful expression of the afflicted father, "Lord, I believe, help Thou my unbelief:" and with it the last words of our Saviour to His disciples; with special reference to these words, "Holy Father, keep through Thine own Name those whom Thou hast given me, that they may be one, as We are." In an address commemorative of his old friend Jeremiah Mason, he said, "Political eminence and professional fame fade away and die, with all things earthly. Nothing of character is really permanent, but virtue and

personal worth. These remain. Whatever of excellence is wrought into the soul, belongs to both worlds. Real goodness does not attach itself merely to this life : it points to another world. Political or professional reputation cannot last forever, but a conscience void of offence before God and man is an inheritance for eternity. Religion, therefore, is a necessary and indispensable element, in any great human character. There is no living without it. Religion is the tie, that connects man with his Creator, and holds him to His throne. If that tie be all sundered, all broken, he floats away, a worthless atom in the universe, its proper attractions all gone, its destiny thwarted, and its whole future nothing but darkness, desolation and death. A man, with no sense of religious duty is he, whom the Scriptures describe, in such terse but terrific language, as living 'without God in the world.' Such a man is out of his proper being, out of the circle of all his duties, out of the circle of all his happiness ; and away, far, far away, from the purposes of his creation." Could words enforce more urgently than these, the precepts of the text? "Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might ; let not the rich man glory in his riches : but let him that glorieth glory in this ; that he understandeth and knoweth Me that I am the Lord." Late in his life Mr. Webster was confirmed : and for many years, with Clay and Berrien and Winthrop, a communicant at Trinity Church in Washington. To one who ministered in holy things, he said, in his emphatic way, "When I attend upon

the preaching of the Gospel, I wish to have it made a personal matter, a *personal matter*, a PERSONAL MATTER." In perfect harmony with this, the voice which issues from his death-bed. During the last three days, he spoke to many persons, to the clerks of the State Department, to the business people that were about him, to the working people on his farm and in his family; all with solemnity and simplicity, as was his nature; and as became a dying Christian. On the last evening of his mortal life he took leave of the female members of his family, and of the male, and of his near friends, in the appropriate language of Christian consolation, "What would be the condition of any of us," he said: "without the hope of immortality? What is there to rest that hope on, but the Gospel?" Soon after this, as if to himself, he said, "On the 24th of October all that is mortal of Daniel Webster will be no more." And then he prayed, with voice distinct and clear: concluding with these words: "Heavenly Father, forgive my sins and receive me to Thyself, through Jesus Christ." Surely the very words of that poor Publican, of whom the Saviour spoke; when he had come to know the Lord. Towards morning, when his physician had said, to encourage him in his last struggle, those divine words of David, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me:" he instantly replied, "The fact, the fact." "That is what I want. Thy rod, Thy rod! Thy staff, Thy staff!" He spoke only once more. Waking from a deep sleep,

he said, "I still live." And after that, as if he held the guiding rod of the good Shepherd, and was leaning on His staff, died tranquilly away.

I have not aimed, in what has now been said, to sketch the life of Daniel Webster, and much less to pronounce his eulogy. That has been done already, by unnumbered voices: and is yet to be done, more fully and more faithfully, by others. Moved to this act of love, by an affectionate and dutiful request from the students of this College, that I would preach a Sermon, on the death of him, who has been justly called "The Defender of the Constitution," I cheerfully consented in the discharge of that great trust which I have undertaken, to train them up as men of Jesus Christ; and Patriots of the Constitution. If it has seemed to you, dear brethren, that the special lesson, which, the death of Daniel Webster teaches, is that which we receive from God, by Jeremiah, in the text; you have not vainly heard what I have said this morning; nor I, unprofitably spoken it. It is a simple and solemn thought, and I prefer to leave it with you in its simplicity and solemnity. "Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might; let not the rich man glory in his riches: but let him that glorieth glory in this; that he understandeth and knoweth Me, that I am the Lord, which exercise loving kindness, judgment and righteousness in the earth; for in these things I delight, saith the Lord."

A word or two, in more immediate relation to the young men to whom I have alluded, on whom so many

eyes are fixed, in whom so many hearts are garnered, and I have well-nigh done what I proposed. The little delicate boy of the New Hampshire hills, whose father's dwelling, till a little while before his birth, was a log cabin; who was sent to school, "that he might get to know as much as the other boys;" whose early training was in a log school-house, by a man that could not spell; who, in his boyhood, could not for his life get up the courage for a declamation; who taught a school, and copied deeds in the office of the County Register, that he might help his brother through the College, and procure the means of his own professional education; who, when he went to study Law, borrowed the Blackstone which he could not buy; how came he to be, what Mr. Choate has said, "by universal designation, the leader of the general American bar?" How came he to stand among the orators, with Cicero and with Demosthenes? How came he, with Alexander Hamilton, on that second level to George Washington, as "the Defender of the Constitution?" which, if his great heart had been opened as they cruelly dissevered his great head, would have been found written there? How came his

"Among the few, the immortal names  
That were not born to die?"

Attend to me, young men, my children, for Christ's sake, and our country's, and I will tell you, in the words of one who was in College, with him. "Daniel Webster, while in College, was remarkable for his steady habits, his intense application to study, and his punctual at-

tendance upon all the prescribed exercises. I know not that he was absent from a recitation, or from morning and evening prayers in the Chapel, or from public worship; and I doubt if ever a smile was seen upon his face, during any religious exercise. He was always in his place; and with a decorum suited to it. He had no collision with any one, nor appeared to enter into the concerns of others, but, emphatically *minded his own business*. As steady as the sun, he pursued with intense application the great object, for which he came to College." Such is the testimony of the Rev. Dr. Shurleff. I do not leave out of the account, his singular natural gifts, and still less do I forget, that, without the blessing of Almighty God, no good can come of any thing. But I do most conscientiously believe, on the experience, as a teacher of young men, of four and thirty years, that the Salisbury boy became the man of Marshfield, the man of Massachusetts, and the man of men, by the transmitted virtue of an industrious, self-denying, well-ordered and religious youth. "The boy was father of the man."

Beloved, God's doings with our land, of late, have certainly been strange. Three years ago, and we could boast three stars, that would have fixed the eyes of men, amid the constellated skies of Pericles, or of Elizabeth. Calhoun sleeps proudly now among his own palmettos. The funeral track of Clay to his beloved Ashland, is green, still, with the nation's tears. And now we have laid Webster in his own new tomb: the rock to guard his rest; the ocean sound his dirge. Is it to punish us



for our ingratitude and disobedience? Is it to teach us to cease from man, whose breath is in his nostrils? Is it to preach to us, from Jeremiah and from Paul, "He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord?" God of our fathers, and our own God, may we learn Thy lesson in its time. May we confess with grateful hearts, the nation's debt, and ours! May we deplore with sighs and tears, the nation's sins and ours. May we implore anew, the dear redemption of the Cross. And own anew, its consecration and its power. Not long before, we, one by one, shall stand where Webster stood, upon the verge of that vast valley; into which, the tribes of men, like autumn leaves, go down. Not long before, we, one by one, shall feel what Webster felt, its loneliness and helplessness, and own the want of guidance and support. Then be it ours, to own "the fact, the fact:"—the only fact we then shall need to own; The Saviour died for me! Then be it ours, to feel the only stay, that then can bear us up, the Cross on which He died. "Thy Rod, Thy Rod—Thy Staff, Thy Staff."

"Thy Rod, Thy Staff, O gracious God, have stayed  
 The rod, that stayed the nation from its fall:  
 And in Thy life, the man whom Thou hast made,  
 Still lives; and is more living than we all!"

## SERMON I.

### ANCIENT CHARITY.

#### \* THE RULE AND THE REPROOF OF MODERN.

2 CORINTHIANS VIII. 1-5.—Moreover, brethren, we do you to wit of the grace of God bestowed on the churches of Macedonia ; how that in a great trial of affliction, the abundance of their joy and their deep poverty abounded unto the riches of their liberality. For to their power, I bear record, yea, and beyond their power, they were willing of themselves ; praying us with much entreaty that we would receive the gift, and take upon us the fellowship of the ministering to the saints. And this they did, not as we hoped, but first gave their own selves to the Lord, and unto us, by the will of God.

1 CORINTHIANS XVI. 1-3.—Now, concerning the collection for the saints, as I have given order to the churches of Galatia, even so do ye. Upon the first day of the week, let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him, that there be no gatherings when I come. And when I come, whomsoever ye shall approve by your letters, them will I send to bring your liberality unto Jerusalem.

THE Apostle Paul seems to have entertained a very poor opinion of what men call “ a charitable collection.” Once in a great while—he must have had a breast-plate on of triple brass, who first proposed “ a *quarterly* col-

\* Preached in A. D. 1833. This sermon has been universally quoted ; has passed through several editions ; and been reprinted in Scotland. It is the full statement of a plan which my Father urged with great earnestness and great *success*, in various ways. An extract from a pastoral letter, in A. D. 1841, is given below.

A PASTORAL LETTER, TO THE CLERGY AND LAITY OF THE DIOCESE OF NEW JERSEY, IN BEHALF OF SYSTEMATIC CHARITY,

DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN,—You will bear me witness, that, from the time that the Holy Ghost made me your overseer, I have not ceased to “ stir up your pure minds, by way of remembrance,” as to the Christian privilege of contributing

lection," in a modern city Church!—a notice, worded with the utmost skill, that none may take offence, is tremulously read, that, on a given day, their condescending bounty will be asked, for the Lord's poor, or for His Church. The newspapers, in the same column

of your substance for the extension of THE GOSPEL IN THE CHURCH. Nor can I withhold the acknowledgment of your prompt response to my appeals. At the Convention of the diocese, in 1833, the first time in which I participated with you in our great trust for "the common salvation," the amount of contributions reported for Missionary purposes, within the diocese, was less than one hundred and thirty dollars (§128 37). By the adoption of the plan of *Systematic Charity*, then recommended in the Episcopal Address, and known as THE OFFERINGS OF THE CHURCH, the aggregate receipts of eight years, to the 27th of May last, have been \$11,714 77: being an annual average of \$1464 34; (or more than eleven times the revenue of the year last preceding;) while "the Offerings," in one instance, have risen, in a single year, (1837,) as high as \$1814 45. \* \* \* \* \* Such has been the result of God's blessing on the means of His own appointment, within the portion of His vineyard where our lot is cast. \* \* \* \* \*

You have seen the amount which has been contributed, as "the Offerings of the Church;" and the results, which, under God's blessing, have been accomplished by it. Not one of you, I boldly say, has ever been the poorer for his share of it; or felt the slightest inconvenience from his contribution. Meanwhile, the increase of the number of the parishes, and the increase of the parishes severally, have greatly added to the number of proper contributors to this treasury of the Lord. When the plan was laid before you, in 1833, the Scriptural warrant for it was given to you, in those words of St. Paul, to the Corinthians, "Now, concerning the collection for the saints, as I have given order to the Churches of Galatia, even so do ye. Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him, that there be no gatherings when I come." The proposition was, that the sums, thus laid by "in store," should be brought to the Church, on the Sunday of the administration of the Holy Communion, and placed on the Holy Table, with the alms, and other oblations of the people. What I have now to propose—and what I confidently believe, if faithfully carried out, will be blessed of God, to the full and constant supply of our Missionary Treasury—is, that, instead of monthly, or at rarer intervals, "THE OFFERINGS OF THE CHURCH" BE MADE EVERY LORD'S DAY, *in connection with the Offertory*, as appointed in the Communion Service.

i. This was the primitive mode.

ii. This is the simplest and most direct address that can be made to the parishioners.

iii. This is the Church's proper action, in her due organization, under the direction of her ministers, on the call of her divine Head.

*This plan combines many advantages.*

1. Its *frequency* is an advantage. The contribution can never be forgotten,

with the sale of stocks, and some new dancing-girl, diviner than the last, announce, in tallest capitals, that that incongruous individual, the popular preacher of the day—as if the truth were ever popular, since Jesus Christ was crucified, and Stephen stoned, for speaking it—will patronize, for that night only, with his peculiar eloquence, the cause of such and such a

2. Its *constancy* is an advantage. The supply from it will be perpetual and sure. There is nothing to be trusted like a habit.

3. Its *simplicity* is an advantage. It is intelligible to every one, and will commend itself even to little children.

4. Its *moderation* is an advantage. Returning frequently, it, of course, calls, at each time, for comparatively little. Thus, it meets the convenience of all. “If thou hast much, give plentifully; if thou hast little, do thy diligence gladly to give of that little.”

5. Its *inexpensiveness* is an advantage. It will cost nothing for agencies, and be encumbered with no officers.

6. Its *sobriety* is an advantage. It makes no exciting appeals; and creates no heat, to be followed by a more than corresponding coldness. It is the oozing of the water from the rock that fills the springs. It is the gentle dropping of the dew that clothes the vales with verdure.

#### *What are its disadvantages?*

1. It is disagreeable to be asked so often to contribute.—As if the Lord's Prayer did not ask *every day* for “daily bread!”

2. It is disagreeable to make the collection so frequently.—As if it were not better to be “a door-keeper in the house of the Lord, than to dwell in the tents of the ungodly!”

3. It is disagreeable to connect the giving of money with the worship of the Sanctuary.—As if there were any surer test of a heart given up to God! As if the Sanctuary itself could be built or sustained, without money! As if the offerings, by God's own appointment, were not formerly brought to His own holy Temple! As if the silver and the gold were not all His!

4. It is disagreeable to be detained so long.—As if five minutes, occupied in hearing sentences from Holy Scripture, and in prayer, were to be esteemed a hardship, for a soul that looks to an eternity of worship!

Brethren, dearly beloved in the Lord, I have but little more to say. I need say but little more. My office compels me to acquaint myself with the destitution of the Saviour's “sheep, that are scattered abroad in the midst of this naughty world.” I have only you to look to, for the means by which they may be gathered to his fold, and “saved through Christ forever.” If I seem importunate to any of you, it is that you may secure that precious privilege, of which he hath said, “It is more blessed to give than to receive.” You will pardon me this wrong.

charity. By one means and another,—the itching ear, the patronage of fashion, the dulness of the one night in a week, that offers neither fashionable entertainment nor scientific lecture—what is significantly called “a full house” is secured. The utmost stretch of logic, and of rhetoric, is brought to bear upon the topic of the night; which is, by clearest demonstration, shown to be the one absorbing charity of the whole age. And they who came to hear, and to be seen, the amusement of the evening done, deposit, without a prayer, it must be feared—perhaps, without a thought—the smallest coin they happen to have with them; and go home, to scold, that charitable collections come so often, and their reckless minister will beggar all his congregation! For one whole year, at least, that subject is tabooed throughout the parish: and no other, be it what it may, must be proposed, or thought of, until the last collection shall begin to be forgotten. Nothing like this, would the Apostle tolerate in the Corinthian Church. He strictly and explicitly forbids it—“that there be no *gatherings*, when I come!”

A puny faith begets a sickly charity. In nothing, is the faith of our day set in stronger contrast with the faith of the first Christians, than in this, its most immediate and essential fruit. And, if we might presume to look into the judgment scroll, we should be taught by its inevitable record, that Christian faces will, at nothing, “gather” darker “blackness,” than at the disproportion of their alms-deeds to their duty, and their power. Oh, with what dread confusion will their

hearts be filled, who sought "their own," and pleased themselves, and grasped their gold, till it oozed out between their fingers, when He who sits upon the throne shall meekly vindicate, before admiring angels, and a self-doomed world, those words of His, which they derided, as romantic and unmeaning, **IT IS MORE BLESSED TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE!**

You are accustomed, my dear brethren, for the confirmation of your faith, your discipline, your worship, to go back to the first ages, and to find your pattern there. Are you as ready to go back to them, to learn the rule and practice of true charity; and follow their example, who, having first given "their ownelves to the Lord," "to their power," "not only, but beyond their power," "were willing of themselves?" It is to the beautiful picture of their habitual self-sacrifice for Christ, that I would now direct your contemplation; beseeching God to send His Holy Ghost, and pour into our hearts that best of gifts, "without which, whosoever liveth," does but seem to men to live, since, in God's sight, he is "accounted dead."

I wish to establish, first, the justice of this trial of the faith and charity of Christians, in all ages, by the comparison with theirs, who *first* believed in Christ. The Gospel is the revelation of the perfect will of God, made, once for all, to all mankind. It has but one rule, then, for every place, and for all ages; changing not, even as in Him there is "no variableness, neither shadow of turning." Nor is it only with the rule, that we are furnished: but with that which, to the just

interpretation of a law, is most essential, the record of the practice under it; and that, too, by an inspired pen. We have their teaching then, not only, who, in the Apostle's language, had "the mind of Christ;" but their habitual daily life, who were so taught. Surely, if St. Paul could say of the old record, to believers in his day, "whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning," we may feel, who have the Gospels, and the Acts of the Apostles, and their letters, that we are "furnished" "thoroughly" "to all good works." Surely, if we fail, as to the standard which should regulate our lives, it is against the clearest light and fullest knowledge; and "every mouth is stopped" before the Lord. "Now I beseech you, brethren," says the Apostle, "by the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye all speak the same thing, and that there be no divisions among you, but that ye be perfectly joined together in the same mind and in the same judgment." And again, "let us, therefore, as many as be perfect, be thus minded; and if in any thing ye be otherwise minded, God shall reveal even this unto you. Nevertheless, whereto we have already attained, let us walk by the same rule, let us mind the same thing. Brethren, be followers together of me, and mark them which walk, so as ye have us for an example."

Nothing can be so beautiful, on this side of Heaven, as the record of the first days of the Church. The preaching of the Gospel, by the mouth of the Apostle Peter, prevailed, through the mighty power of the Holy Ghost, with many hearts. "Then they that

gladly received his word were baptized : and the same day there were added unto them about three thousand souls. And they continued steadfastly in the Apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread and in prayers." "And all that believed were together, and had all things common ; and sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all men, as every man had need. And they, continuing daily with one accord in the temple, and breaking bread from house to house, did eat their meat with gladness, and singleness of heart, praising God, and having favour with all the people. And the Lord added to the Church daily such as should be saved." Was there a lovelier picture ever drawn ? It was but fifty days, since Jesus hung, a bleeding spectacle, between the earth and heaven. Of all the multitude that gazed upon that mournful scene, was there a hand to succour, or a heart to sympathize ? When the black deed was done, and the poor victim was beyond their reach, nature's "compunctious visitings" did vindicate the power of conscience ; as, "beholding the things which were done, they smote their breasts, and returned." But now the truth has triumphed. The Apostle Peter has proclaimed the doctrine of THE CROSS. Jesus, "lifted up from the earth," asserts His matchless power, to draw men to Himself. The Holy Spirit lends His gracious unction, to subdue the soul. They are convinced of sin. They are softened into penitence. They are "pricked in the heart." They yield themselves unto the Lord. It is a free and perfect self-surrender ; and it carries with it all



they are, and all they have. They are baptized into His name. They continue steadfast in its profession. They are daily in the temple. They count nothing that they have their own.\* They sell their possessions, and

\* It is to the latter part of the fourth chapter of that most wondrous of all records, the book of the Acts of the Apostles, that allusion here is made. "And the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and of one soul: neither said any of them that aught of the things which he possessed was his own; but *they had all things common*. And with great power gave the Apostles witness of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus: and great grace was upon them all. Neither was there any among them that lacked: for as many as were possessors of lands or houses, sold them, and brought the prices of the things that were sold, and laid them down at the Apostles' feet: and distribution was made unto every man, according as he had need." 32-35.—I am well aware that the word-catchers will be all down upon me, with the clause in italics, in the way of a *reductio ad absurdum*; as if it proved too much; and I shall be told of the extravagance, absurdity, fanaticism of such suggestions; and shall have quoted at me the Anabaptists, and the Shakers, and the Mormons, and perhaps the new "Community," at Roxbury. It were enough to say, "thus it is written:" and whoever they may be that *live and act in the spirit of the first days of the Gospel*, whatever be their deviation from the faith and order of the Church, it becomes us rather to admire their charity, than to reproach their follies or their faults. Shame on us, who have "the faith once delivered to the saints," if it work not "by love;" who do continue "steadfastly in the Apostles'" "fellowship," without their charity!

But let us look a little into this matter of having "all things common." What was the fact at that time? And what is its application to our own? There is no evidence at all, that what is usually understood as "a community of property," existed among the first Christians. The community was in *use*, not in *possession*. No man called any thing his own, so as to exclude his poorer brother from its needful enjoyment. That *all* did not sell their property, and cast it into a common stock, is evident, from the fact that *rich* and *poor* are everywhere recognized, in the Acts and in the Epistles. Tabitha was full of alms-deeds; of course done to the poor. *Acts* ix. 36. The disciples at Antioch were of different degrees of ability. xi. 29. St. Paul, at Miletus, exhorts the strong to "support the weak;" xx. 35; he orders the Galatian and the Corinthian Churches to make a "collection for the saints;" *1 Corinthians* xvi. 1; and exhorts the Ephesian Christians "to give to him that needeth," *Ephesians* iv. 28. And St. James speaks of one Christian "with a gold ring, in goodly apparel," and of another, "a poor man, in vile raiment." That whoever did so, might not have done so, and yet have done no wrong, is evident from what St. Peter said to Ananias, "While it remained was it not thine own? And after it was sold was it not in thine own power?" *Acts* v. 4. "These words here, *Acts* ii. 44, and iv. 32," says Dr. Whitby, *in loco*, "do not signify that they had no longer any property in what belonged to them, for then they could not sell them afterwards; but that they used and disposed of

goods, and part them to all men, according as every man has need. Steadfast faith, fervent piety, universal charity: who can wonder that such a Church should draw the world into itself!

Nor was it only at Jerusalem that it was so. The clusters of the living Vine are all one fruit. The faith which saves, works everywhere "by love." When Joses, known afterwards as Barnabas, a Cypriot, and a Levite, became a convert to the Cross, he sold his land, and laid the price at the Apostles' feet. When Saul had looked on Jesus whom he persecuted, he counted no longer even his life dear unto himself. And, in the text, he tells us, that the Macedonian Christians, having first given "their ownelves to the Lord," kept nothing back, but from that time, "beyond their power, were

them as things common, freely imparting of them to all that had need." "The Scriptures are sometimes quoted," says Dr. Burton, "as representing the first Christians to have had a community of goods; but Mosheim has satisfactorily shown (*Dissertationes ad Historiam Ecclesiasticam pertinentes*,) that this, in the literal sense of the expression, was not the case. In the simple language of Scripture, the believers *were of one heart and one soul*; they were brothers not merely in name: and they looked upon their goods, not as exclusively their own, but as a store from which something might be spared to succour those who were in need. Some of them did literally sell their property, not perhaps the whole of it, (for that would have made them dependent in future upon public charity,) but they converted a part of it into money, and made a common stock, which the Apostles distributed to the poor." *Lectures on the Ecclesiastical History of the first three centuries*, I. 54, 55. "Every man selling that which he had unmovable," says Dr. Hammond, "so that he might be ready to distribute to any; nay, that he might not trust himself in the distribution, bringing it, and laying it at the Apostles' feet, that they might distribute it most impartially, and so approving themselves to be a people of free-will offerings, in the day of Christ's power." (Psalm i. 10.) *Annotations on the Acts*, ii. 44.—So that the thirty-eighth of the Articles expresses well the precedents and precepts of the primitive Church, and the duty of Churchmen in all ages, when it declares that "the riches and goods of Christians are not common, as touching the right, title and possession of the same, as certain Anabaptists do falsely boast. Notwithstanding, every man ought of such things as he possesseth liberally to give alms to the poor, according to his ability."

willing of themselves." It must be so. The controversy of the Gospel is between self and Christ. Until self is conquered, nothing is accomplished. "Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price," is the first lesson in the Christian school. How can it be otherwise? When did love ever seek its own? What is there that true love keeps back from the beloved? When is its perfect work accomplished, but when it feels itself absorbed and lost in him? These are familiar truths, dear brethren, trite conclusions. You feel them in your heart. Your daily life acknowledges them. They are instinctive to your social nature. The struggle to resist them is the warfare which embitters all your life. The single weapon, that gives promise of the victory, is the Cross of Christ. Never, until they are nailed to it, and crucified, and killed, can any soul have peace with itself, and peace with God. "He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love."

The case of the Macedonian Christians teems with instruction for us all. The first reception of the Gospel was visited everywhere with persecution. Saint was synonymous with sufferer. Hence, they made common cause; "neither said any of them, that aught of the things which he possessed was his." Wherever the storm raged highest, love was the most lavish of its treasures. Distance made no difference. The "one faith" made for all "one heart." At this time, the poor Christians at Jerusalem were the objects of especial interest. The Apostle's tender heart yearned to his brethren of the flesh, now brethren of the faith:

and, writing to the Church at Corinth, he pleads their cause with all his own inimitable eloquence. He writes from Macedonia. Compared with that at Corinth, the Churches in this province, at Philippi, at Thessalonica, at Berea, were poor in this world's goods. But they were "rich in faith." He holds them up, therefore, as an ensample to their richer brethren, "to provoke them to good works." It was no new case that he presented. A year before, he had addressed them on this subject; "now, concerning the collection for the saints, as I have given order to the Churches of Galatia, even so do ye." But though he had supplied the most minute directions, they had not discharged the duty. Perhaps, from the dissensions, which he reproves so sternly in his first epistle; for how can hatred dwell with love? Perhaps their very riches were the hindrance; for, alas! the rich in this world's goods are far from being foremost, to pity and relieve the poor. *Now brethren*, his address to the Corinthians is, *we make known to you\* the grace of God, which is given to the Churches of Macedonia; that, in a trial of great affliction, the overflowing of their joy, notwithstanding their deep poverty, hath overflowed in the riches of their liberality. For according to their power, (I bear witness;) nay, beyond their power, they were willing of themselves; praying with much entreaty that we would receive the gift and fellowship of the ministry to the saints. And this, even beyond our hope;† for first they gave themselves to the Lord, and then to us, by*

\* "We do you to wit;" we make you to know.

† "Not as we hoped" only; but far beyond it.

*the will of God.* In which connection, brethren, I would have you observe :

1. That a charitable disposition is the gift of God—*“the grace of God bestowed on the Churches”*—who sends His Holy Ghost, and pours into all hearts, that will receive it, *“that most excellent gift of charity ;”*

2. That it is a source of pure and rich enjoyment to its possessor, *“the abundance of their joy,”* the Apostle calls it—*“twice blessed,”* in the phrase of our great Poet ;

3. That its exercise, where it exists, is not repressed by poverty, not even *“deep poverty,”* *“in a great trial of affliction ;”*

4. That it waits not to be asked, but is *“willing of itself ;”*

5. That its tendency is always to exceed, rather than to fall short, of the true measure of ability, overflowing, in the riches of its liberality, *not only “according to” its power, but “beyond” its “power ;”*

6. That it counts the opportunity of exercise a favour done to it, *“praying us, with much entreaty, that we would receive the gift ;”*

7. That this will only be so when the heart has been surrendered, as *“a living sacrifice,”* and then will always be, *first giving “their ownelves to the Lord, and” then “to us, by the will of God.”*

Dear brethren, be persuaded to make trial of yourselves, and your condition before God, by the ensample, written for your learning, of the Macedonian Churchmen. Oh, how many, weighed in this true “balance of the

sanctuary," must be found wanting! With their abounding and abiding happiness, who find themselves reflected in this Scripture portrait of a primitive Christian, how poor and mean, in the comparison, whatever else the world can give, and misname pleasure!

And now, suppose that, as the gift of God, His choicest gift in Jesus Christ, His Son, this charitable disposition is possessed; still, it will need directions for its exercise, and rules for its control. The same inspired pen, which has pourtrayed the one so well, supplies the other. *Now concerning the collection for the saints, as I have given order\* to the Churches in Galatia, so do ye: on the first day of the week, let every one of you lay somewhat by itself, according as he may have prospered, putting it into the treasury; that when I come, there may be then no collections.* Here we have—

i. The injunction of the duty; "*let every one of you!*" Men greatly err in thinking themselves free to give, or not to give. They may refuse indeed: but, if they do, they sin. All that we have, as all that we are, is God's. We are trustees for Him. Our trial is to use our trust, "as not abusing it;" remembering the account.

ii. The due proportion of our gifts; *according as we may have prospered*: "each man according to his several ability." A reasonable rule, since our ability and our prosperity proceed from God; to whom the gift is to be

\* "He saith not, 'I have advised,' and 'I have counselled;' but *I have given order*, which is more authoritative. And he doth not bring forward a single city or two, or three, but an entire nation: which also he doth in his doctrinal instructions, *Even as also in all the Churches of the saints*. For if this be potent for conviction of doctrines, much more for imitation of actions."—ST. CHRYSOSTOM.

made, whether His Church receive it, or His poor. An easy rule, since as St. Chrysostom hath said, “the gathering by little and little hinders all perception of the burden and the cost.”\* A certain rule, since He who has imposed it, sees the hand, and reads the heart, and knows if we do justly.

iii. The time of giving; *on the first day of the week*: when the week’s work is done, and its result is known; † when the calm quiet of the sacred day disposes to self-examination and reflection; when, if there be a heart, it must be swelled, till the hand open, in the grateful sense of the rich mercies of redeeming love.

iv. The mode of giving; *laying somewhat apart*: separating God’s share for Him, making it secure to His service, and putting it into His treasury; ‡ with humble

\* When the aggregate amount of the Offerings for the year, in St. Mary’s Church, Burlington, has been stated, it has been a common remark, “How can it be so much? We have none of us felt it!”

† Some of those who will object to every thing have said, we cannot know exactly, at the end of the week, how we have prospered. As if this were not against all giving. The safe rule is, be sure to give enough.

‡ The exposition here differs, with great reverence, from the Received Version. Macknight’s translation is, “On the first day of every week, let each of you lay somewhat by itself, according as he may have prospered, putting it into the treasury, that when I come there may be then no collections.” Hammond’s paraphrase is, “On the day of the Christian assembly, it is not reasonable for any to come to the Lord empty; (see Exodus xxiii. 15, and Deuteronomy xvi. 16;) and therefore at such a time, upon such a special occasion as this, let every one lay aside whatsoever by God’s blessing comes in to him, by way of increase, so that there may be a full collection made, without any more gatherings when I come.” The sufficient warrant for this explanation is Justin Martyr’s account of the observance of the Lord’s day, in his time, (A. D. 140.)—“Upon the day called Sunday, there is an assembly together, in one place, of all that live in city and in country; and the writings of the Apostles and of the Prophets are read, as time permits. And the Reader having ceased, the officiating Priest, in a sermon, makes an admonition and exhortation to the practice of these good works. Then we rise together, and pray. And when we have ceased to pray, as I said before, bread is offered, with wine and water; and the officiating Priest, in like manner,

prayers that He will take and bless it to His glory, and the good of men.

It was to meet this appointment of the Apostle, and on the sufficient warrant of its authority, that the Offerory was instituted. In the first ages of the Church, the commemoration of the Cross, in its appointed sacrament, was made, at least, on every Lord's day. Ancient piety could not be called too often to remember the death of the atoning Lamb. Ancient faith could not receive too frequently that blessed blood and body, which are the "drink indeed" and "meat indeed" of the immortal soul. And ancient charity, while it felt all its own unworthiness of so great mercies, and remembered to what suffering multitudes, lying in darkness and death's shadow, these mercies of redemption were unknown, would not come empty-handed to "such a heavenly feast." Hence, at the administration of the Holy Supper, on the Holy Day, the oblations of the faithful were presented. "Upon the first day of every week," each one of them laid somewhat by itself, according as he had been prospered, putting it into the treasury. The sum of all these sacred contributions was "laid at the Apostles' feet; and distribution was made to every man, according as he had need." While this was so, there was no lack in the

offers prayers and thanksgivings, with utmost earnestness, and the people respond, saying, Amen. Then there is a distribution of the eucharistic offering, and a participation of it by all that are present, and to the absent, it is sent by the Deacons. Those who are able and willing, each according to his disposition, freely give: and the contribution is deposited with the officiating Priest, who, from this, ministers to the relief of orphans and widows, and of those who from sickness or other cause are in want, and of those who are in bonds, and of strangers who come from far; in a word, he is the guardian of whoever are in need."—*First Apology for the Christians.*



Lord's treasury. In the midst of prejudice, against every form of opposition, in spite of utmost persecution by imperial power, the Church went conquering on, till it had filled the world, and bowed the Roman eagle to the Cross.

And, now, behold the contrast! At the end of eighteen hundred years, the name of Christianity professed by millions where then there were but hundreds, and persecution an unknown, and almost an impracticable thing, the treasury of the Lord, so far as it depends on man, is bankrupt; fields are lying white in every quarter of the world, and waiting for the harvest, to which reapers are not sent;\* nay, every Bishop of our communion, here at home, in this fair land of light and liberty and plenty, walks bending to his work, oppressed with the sad burden of appeals for help to which he can make no reply, and yearns, as Jesus yearned, upon those fainting multitudes, who roved from field to field, as sheep that had no shepherd. Brethren, shall it still be so? Shall we shut up our light, while nations "grope at noon day, as in the night?" Shall we refuse the crumbs of our rich feast, while millions perish with that most grinding of all wants, starvation of the soul? Shall we sit still, until the judgment cloud rolls over us; and nothing shall remain for us, throughout eternity, but the remembrance of those words of Jesus Christ, "Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it not to me?" I cannot think that one of you will answer,

\* See the sad and shameful statements of the Domestic and Foreign Treasurers of the Board of Missions.

Yes! What then shall be the remedy? A prompt return with penitence and tears, to "the old paths" and practice of the Church.\* Fall back, in God's name, upon the ancient faith! Desire, with fervent prayers to God, for His dear Son's sake, a new outpouring of the ancient charity! That it may be so, give yourselves first to the Lord. Then, like the Macedonian Christians, you will be willing of yourselves. Then, as to God, and in His sight, the gift of every man will be according to his just ability. Then will your Christian joy run over, from the deepest poverty, with overflowing liberality. The beggarly appeal for Christ will then no more be heard. The spasm of an extorted charity will then no more be felt. The Church's hand, the Offertory, with those simple sentences of God's own word, to His dear children, will then suffice to gather for the Church. The Church's alms—each member of it doing what he can, down to the widow's mite—distilling gently as the morning dew, shall clothe the valleys all with verdure, and surmount the bleakest hill-top with an emerald crown. Grant it to us, God of our salvation, for Thy dear Son's sake: and to Thee, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, shall be the glory and the praise. Amen.

\* There are some who say that the plan of Systematic Charity here recommended will not answer in our great cities. Perhaps others allege its unfitness for the country. The answer to both is, St. Paul gave "order" for its adoption to the Churchmen of the wealthy and luxurious city of Corinth, as he had before done to the Churches in the whole province of Galatia. When General Lee, the story goes, complained to General Washington, at Monmouth, that his troops would not fight the British Grenadiers, he simply answered, "Sir, you have not tried it!"

## \* SERMON II.

### THE CHURCH THE FULNESS OF CHRIST.

EPHESIANS I. 22, 23.—Head over all things to the Church which is His body, the fulness of Him that filleth all in all.

THE sacred Scriptures suffer great injustice from the prevailing use of isolated texts. No other book has ever been exposed to such unfairness. No other would be expected to endure it. And yet, to what other, whether the source, the subjects, or the composition be regarded, could its application be so dangerous? It was not so at the beginning. Neither St. Peter nor St. Paul dealt so with the old Scriptures. The earliest preachers were expositors of Holy Writ, and not declaimers from mere insulated words. Like the Apostle, in his Roman lodgings, “they expounded and testified the kingdom of God, persuading them concerning Jesus, both out of the Law of Moses, and out of the Proph-

\* At the consecration of the Parish Church, Leeds, Sept. 2, A. D. 1841. Dedicated “to the Most Reverend, the Lord Archbishop of York, and to the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Ripon, this Sermon, preached by permission of the latter, and printed at the desire of the former, is now inscribed, as the memorial of an occasion of catholic intercommunion, which has gladdened many hearts, as the new dawning of a brighter day; and also in grateful acknowledgment of personal kindness, by their most affectionate and faithful brother in Christ, George Washington Doane, Bishop of New Jersey.”

ets ;”\* even as the Divine Instructor, walking with the two disciples, on the evening of the day on which He rose, “beginning at Moses and all the Prophets, expounded unto them in all the Scriptures the things concerning himself.” † This was a natural and practical proceeding. “The truth as it is in Jesus” was set forth thus in due connection. The analogy of faith preserved its just proportion. The word of God was rightly divided ; and every one received his portion in his season.

Upon the use of isolated texts has grown the reception of isolated doctrines. Men lay the sacred platform out in triangles and parallelograms, and take their stand on this or that, as taste or fancy shall direct. That sentence of St. Paul, “all Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable,” ‡ comes to be lightly regarded. Men have their favourite writers, and their favourite books of Scripture. One claims to hold with one, the other with another, of the Apostles. With one school, this is the great doctrine ; that, with another. One is extolled, as fundamental. Others dwindle into non-essentials. A single truth is set up as the test of a standing or a falling church : while integral portions of the same “faith, once delivered to the saints,” serve but to breed suspicion of their advocates ; and bring, on those who dare not separate “what God has joined together,” the name of bigots and of formalists.

It was not so that the Apostle had learned Christ, or that he taught and preached Him. Take as an il-

\* Acts xxviii. 23.

† St. Luke xxiv. 27.

‡ 2 Timothy iii. 16.

illustration the passage whence the text is drawn. Observe how carefully he knits together in one the gracious truths which, in the Gospel, are revealed. So perfect the intermixture of the whole, that you know not where to begin, or where to leave off. So accurate the adjustment of the parts, that the omission of any one destroys the harmony of the whole. The text and context so complete in their connection, that they involve the sum and substance of all Christian teaching. "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ"—it is so that the majestic strain begins—"who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ," "in whom we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace." Quickening you, he afterwards explains, but, in the same connection, "who were dead in trespasses and sins, wherein in time past ye walked," "fulfilling the desires of the flesh and of the mind, and were by nature children of wrath, even as others," "according as He hath chosen us in Him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before Him in love:" "that" so, "in the dispensation of the fulness of times, he might gather together in one all things in Christ, both which are in heaven, and which are on earth, even in Him." Nor does he leave the subject, even with this full and graphic outline: man's dire necessity, as "dead in trespasses and sins," and so the child and heir of everlasting wrath; the riches of God's mercy, "for His great love wherewith He loved us," accepting us in His be-

loved Son, "in whom we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins;" its due and dutiful results, "that we should be holy, and without blame before Him in love;" its great and gracious end, "that, in the dispensation of the fulness of times, He might gather together in one all things in Christ." He dwells on it, enamoured of its beauty. He presents it in new forms. He groups its elements in new combinations. He insists again and again on our helplessness; and again and again admonishes us that all is of grace: "by grace ye are saved;" "by grace ye are saved through faith;" "according to the riches of His grace;" "the exceeding greatness of His power to us-ward who believe." He mounts up into heaven with Christ, whom God, for His self-sacrificing love, raised from the dead, and set "at His own right hand, in heavenly places, far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named not only in this world, but also in that which is to come, and hath put all things under His feet." And then, the crowning glory of the whole, he adds, and so concludes his glowing argument, "and gave Him to be the head over all things to the Church, which is His body, the fulness of Him that filleth all in all."

These words, presented thus in their connection, declare, as isolated passage never could, the functions of the Church in carrying on that greatest work of God, salvation through the Cross of Jesus Christ, to its entire completion. They teach us how, from first to last, in all the stages of its progress, He has wrought, works,

and still will work, by means. In His most gracious purposes, the Lamb of God, St. John informs us, was slain from the foundation of the world;\* that so, even to the first transgressors, the Bruiser of the serpent's head might mercifully be revealed. When the full time had come, the meek and holy Sufferer hung in bleeding agony upon the Cross, making atonement, in His suffering human nature, for all the sins of all mankind. And till the world shall end, and He who suffered then shall come again to reign for ever, it is in and through His body—that Church which He has purchased with His blood, to which He in heaven is “head over all things,” which is “the fulness” even “of Him that filleth all in all”—that pardon, sanctification, and salvation are proclaimed and offered; and must be sought and found by all who are to reign with Him when He cometh in His glorious kingdom. It is in Him that “we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace.” It is, we are expressly taught, that in the dispensation of the fulness of times, He might gather together in one all things in Christ, both which are in heaven, and which are on earth.” Hath He “quickened us together with Christ,” “when we were dead in sins?” The assurance of the very next words is, “(by grace ye are saved;) and hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus.” Is “the exceeding greatness of His power to us-ward who believe” to be proclaimed? The Apostle

\* Revelation iii. 8.

finds the height of that great argument in this, that He, who, in his glorified humanity, is set "far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but in that which is to come, and hath put all things under His feet," is still, in gracious condescension to the world, which He came down to save, "head over all things to the Church, which is His body, the fulness of Him that filleth all in all."

"Head over all things to the Church which is His body, the fulness of Him that filleth all in all." These are amazing words. There is a solemn and mysterious awe about them, which we do not willingly approach. We feel that they must baffle every human grasp; and shrink from them with an instinctive dread. Yet, they were "written for our learning." They are part of that "Scripture," of which "all" "is profitable." They are inwoven, we have seen, with all that comes most closely home to us, as sinners before God; and breathes with most benign encouragement of sins forgiven, and of acceptance through the Cross. Divine and Holy Spirit, Who hast promised Thy instruction to the meek, chastise our spirits into meekness! Reveal to us, as our dull sight may bear, the radiance of Thy truth! And make the blessed vision, through the light that beams for ever from the face of Jesus Christ, peaceful and hopeful to us here, and the assured earnest of the light of everlasting life!

THE CHURCH IS THE BODY OF CHRIST;

HE IS ITS HEAD OVER ALL THINGS;

IT IS HIS FULNESS, EVEN AS HE FILLETH ALL IN ALL.



I. The Church is the body of Christ. So St. Paul, in many places. "He is the head of the body, the Church." \* "For His body's sake, which is the Church." † "Christ is the head of the Church, and He is the Saviour of the body." ‡ Doubtless, this is a mystery. The Apostle calls it "a great mystery." But so is death a mystery. And life itself a greater mystery. And before all mysteries is this, that we, who bear about a dying life, should yet, through the atonement of the Son of God, have hope and pledge of immortality. "Without controversy, great is the mystery of godliness; God was manifest in the flesh." § But though the incarnation be a mystery, it is a fact, no less; and we receive it, on unquestionable testimony. Though the Cross of our Redeemer be a mystery, it is a fact, no less; and we embrace it with prevailing faith, as our sole rescue from eternal death. Though the ascension of the glorified humanity of Jesus be a mystery, it is a fact, no less; and we rejoice with joy unspeakable, that even in heaven we have a merciful High Priest, tempted once as we are, that He might sympathize with our infirmities, and succour us when we are tempted. Blessed and comfortable mystery, that the Church is the body of Christ! That when the eternal Son for our sakes became man, He not only humbled Himself to us, but raised us up to Him. That if He emptied Himself of His divinity, it was that He might take us into His humanity. That He loved us with such love, that not to be our friend, not even to be our

\* Colossians i. 18. † Col. i. 24. ‡ Ephesians v. 24. § 1 Tim. iii. 16.

brother, could suffice Him; but to be one with us, and make us one with Him: He, one with us in infirmity, that we might be one with Him in power; He, one with us in suffering, that we might be one with Him in happiness; He, one with us in death, that we might be one with Him in life; He, one with us in every thing but sin, that, through the offering for us of Him who did no sin, we might be one with Him in righteousness and holiness. Blessed be His name, that though the relation be a mystery, the entrance into it, the continuance in it, the glorious issue of it, is no mystery at all; but simple, even to the level of that little child, in which He taught us to behold ourselves, as He would have us be. "Repent and be baptized every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ."\* "As many of you as have been baptized into Christ have put on Christ." † "We, being many, are one bread and one body, for we are all partakers of that one bread." ‡ "God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him." § "There is one body and one Spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling; one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all." || "And He gave some, Apostles; and some, Prophets; and some, Evangelists; and some, Pastors and Teachers; for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ: till we all come in the unity of the faith, and

\* Acts ii. 38.

† Galatians iii. 27.

‡ 1 Corinthians x. 17.

§ 1 St. John iv. 16.

|| Ephesians iv. 4-6.

of the knowledge of the Son of God unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ: that we henceforth be no more children tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine, by the sleight of men and cunning craftiness of them that lie in wait to deceive; but speaking the truth in love may grow up into Him in all things which is the head, even Christ: from whom the whole body fitly joined together and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part, maketh increase of the body, unto the edifying of itself in love." \* "Ye are come unto Mount Sion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel." †

II. As the Church is the body of Christ, so is He its "head over all things." The figure which makes the Church a living body implies of course a living head. That head, the Scriptures cited teach, is Christ. Head, as He is the source to it of life; living, not only, but life giving. Head, as He governs and controls it by His sovereign will. Head, as He sympathizes with it, in all its joys and all its sorrows: sees of the travail

\* Ephesians iv. 11-16.

† Hebrews xii. 22-24.

of His soul, and is satisfied, when men come into it by penitence and faith, and walk uprightly in its ways of peace and holiness; and, when its members suffer, or do wrong, is persecuted in their persecution, or crucified afresh by their unfaithfulness. "Head over all things" to His Church, by His Almighty power: ruling in heaven above, and on the earth beneath; and ordering all things, if its members have but faith in Him, for its advancement and the increase of its glory. "Head over all things" to His Church, by His abounding grace: anointing His ministers with holy oil; keeping for ever bright the golden chain, let down from heaven, of their perpetual priesthood; blessing their ministry with sinners, so that whosoever sins they remit, they are remitted; filling continually with the pure water of eternal life the laver of the new creation; pleading for ever for us, at the throne, the merits of that sacrifice for sins, by whose prevailing virtue the bread and wine become the "meat indeed," and "drink indeed," by which believing souls are nurtured for immortality; and giving to His "faithful people, pardon and peace, that they may be cleansed from all their sins, and serve" Him "with a quiet mind." \*

III. The Church, which is the body of the Lord Jesus, and He its head, is, finally, "the fulness of Him who filleth all in all." In other words of the same Scripture, it is "complete in Him." From Him, as from its living and life-giving Head, flow down per-

\* Collect for twenty-first Sunday after Trinity.

petually the succours of that grace which makes it what it is, and what it ought to be. It has no power but of His gift, no virtue but in His merit. His is the light which makes its word of truth effectual. His is "the spirit of supplications," without which all its prayers fall, like spent arrows, long before they reach the throne. His is the grace from which alone its sacraments derive their efficacy, and all its gifts their worth. But, though, without Him, the Church has nothing, and is nothing; with Him, and in Him, she possesseth all things. "As it pleased the Father that in Him should all fulness dwell,"\* as "in Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily;"† so is the Church, as His body, "the fulness of Him that filleth all in all:" the fulness of His wisdom, guiding her by His gracious Spirit into all saving knowledge, that she may be, through all the changes of the world, as she has been, the ground and pillar of the truth; the fulness of His power, that weak as she may be, and small, and little thought of by the world, the gates of hell may never, as they never did, prevail against her; the fulness of His grace, that she may nurture His dear children at her bosom, sustain, against the conflicts of the world, the devil and the flesh, the men and women, who take refuge at her altar, smooth the declining path of tottering age that courts the shelter of her peaceful shadow, and lighten, through the grave, the souls that in her sweet communion, fall asleep in Jesus. What but His fulness, who fills all in all, made fishermen and

\* Colossians i. 19.

† Colossians ii. 9.

publicans, and tent-makers mighty to break down strongholds, and to overthrow high places, and to bring low every thought to the obedience of Christ? What but His fulness gave the victory to that small company of poor, despised and persecuted Nazarenes, against the might and majesty of all-controlling Rome; and made of one who came, like the Apostle Paul, in weakness, and in trembling, and in fear, more than an overmatch for Athens, and her proud philosophy? What but His fulness has sustained the pure, life-giving stream against the opposing currents of the world and hell; and makes its track still visible, in every land, by the fresh emerald verdure of its piety and charity? What but His fulness can supply one sinner that repenteth with the peace which passeth understanding; or strengthen one believer to achieve that noblest of all victories, the conquest of himself; or sustain one dying saint against that overmastering fear with which mortality shrinks back, instinctive, at the thought of dissolution, and enable him to say, with the Apostle, in his noble rapture, "Oh death, where is thy sting; oh grave, where is thy victory!" These are the trophies which make good the Church's claim to be His fulness, who fills all in all. The least of them is its sufficient proof. One life reformed, one soul converted, one mourner comforted, transcends all human skill, all human might. He only who fills all in all, who made the heart, who knows its frame, who skills to wield it at His will, is equal to these things. Her hoarded saints, her glorious martyrs, her missionaries that go forth with their hearts

naked in their hands, her faithful children who deny themselves, and take their cross and follow Christ, live to themselves no more but unto Him, and shine, in the reflection of His brightness, as lights in a dark place, the blessing and the glory of their age, the salt that keeps the world from dissolution—these are her marks, that she has been with Jesus; these the living and immortal fruits of that divine and glorious fulness which fills all in all. The tracks of human conquerors are forgotten, while the blood is yet upon their feet. The science, that could rear the Pyramids, could not perpetuate the name of their projectors. The marble moulders, and the brass corrodes, in utter mockery of man's attempts at immortality. But, like the memory of the box of ointment, which was poured upon the Saviour's feet, the humblest act of faith and piety shall never die; and when the heavens are shrivelled and the earth dissolved, the record that is written in the book laid up before the Lamb, shall still outshine, as it outlasts, the stars. "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another, and the Lord hearkened and heard it; and a book of remembrance was written before Him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon His name. And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels."\*

It is in this great and glorious cause, the greatest and most glorious that can engage the interest and ac-

\* Malachi iii. 16, 17.

tuates the energies of men, that we, beloved brethren, have been gathered here to-day. Deeply and fervently does every pulse of mine,—dear friend of many years,\* by whose suggestion I stand here, partaker of your joy,—beat in accordance with your own. This noble structure, projected in such deep, far-reaching wisdom, pursued to its completion with such fidelity, munificence and perseverance, and now given up to God, and taken, in His name, by His ambassador, is His own testimony to the truth and power of His own word, the fulfilment of His own promise to be with and to bless His church. Long may it stand, the witness of the faith delivered once to the old saints; the birth-place and the home of thousands and of myriads that shall unite their spirits here, in piety and prayer, to join before the throne their songs of ceaseless praise. Here, through long ages, may the daily service lift its steaming incense from true, penitent and faithful hearts, accepted, through the blood of Jesus, at the mercy seat of heaven; and bring, like dews that fell before on Hermon's favoured hill, showers of immortal blessings. Here, through long ages, may the testimony of that truth be held, which "holy men of old" received from the anointed lips of the incarnate Word, and at their life's cost bore about for the instruction and conversion of a guilty and rebellious world; and, having sealed the message with their blood, committed it to other "faithful men," who should come after them, and they again, in

\* The Rev. Dr. Hook, Vicar of Leeds, by whose request the preacher came to England, for this service.



an unbroken line, to us. Here, through long ages, may that sacred font pour, in perennial stream, its pure, regenerating wave; that holy altar minister, in never stinted, never disregarded, plenty, its spiritual and immortal banquet; "the means of grace," through which, to penitent and faithful hearts, the purchase of the Cross assures the "hope of glory." Here, may the promise be fulfilled, "lo, I am with you always even unto the end of the world:" and may there never fail from out these courts a priesthood, in the line which takes commission from the day of the Ascension, on that mount in Galilee, clothed in the righteousness of their triumphant Head, and burning with His love for human souls; nor yet a people, waiting on their ministry with joyful hearts, showing forth the praises of Him that calls them from the world, and hastening on, in faith, and penitence, and charity, and prayer, the coming of His glorious kingdom! "Even so, come, Lord Jesus!"

Most reverend brother, and right reverend brethren,\* it is no ordinary providence of God that brings us here together. In other days, solemnities like this were the occasion when the Bishops of Christ's Church were wont to come together from distant provinces, for the confirmation of the faith, and the increase of charity, and to renew their solemn vows to God, and pledge themselves, each to the other, to new service, and, if

\* Allusion is here made to the presence of his Grace the Lord Archbishop of York, the Metropolitan, the Lord Bishop of Ripon, the Diocesan, and the Lord Bishop of Ross and Argyle.

need should be, new sufferings, in His name. Is it not so again? Shall it not be so now? From the far-distant West, a Bishop of that Church, which, as the youngest daughter of the Saviour's household, has so much to acknowledge, and so gratefully acknowledges it, of "first foundation," "under God," and "long continuance of nursing care and protection,"\* I come, to pay my vows here, in my fathers' Church, and to my fathers' God. Just on the eve of my departure, the Convention of my Diocese, with other marks of faithful love, † which live for ever in my heart of hearts, placed in my hands such words as these:—"Resolved, that we humbly and confidently trust, that the renewal of friendly intercourse between the branches of the Church Catholic in England, and America, under auspices like

\* See the Preface to the Book of Common Prayer of the American Church.

† "*Resolved*, That this Convention have heard with mingled feelings of gratification and regret, that the Bishop of this diocese is about to separate himself from it by a brief absence; gratification, that the intercourse between the Church in England and that in America, so long interrupted by restrictions of state policy, will be renewed, by his visit, in strict accordance with catholic principles and ancient usage; regret, that even in such a cause, and with such an object, the diocese is to be deprived for a time of his labours and example—labours and example directed by a mind so enlightened, a heart so sound, and a zeal and an ability so pre-eminent and successful.

"*Resolved*, That we humbly and confidently trust that the renewal of friendly intercourse between the branches of the Church Catholic in England and America, under auspices like the present, will contribute, by the Divine blessing, to strengthen and extend the holy influence of 'evangelical truth and apostolical order' in their purity and integrity; and to revive that spirit in both Churches which, in by-gone days, made our venerable mother the glory of Christendom, the 'bulwark of the Reformation.'

"*Resolved*, That we hereby assure our Right Rev. Father in God, of our affectionate interest in his safety and welfare during his proposed voyage and visit; and that our prayers shall ascend to Him in whose hands are all the corners of the earth, that He will be pleased to guide and guard him in his absence, and to restore him speedily to the flock over which the Chief Shepherd hath set him, to the comfort and joy of us all."

the present, will contribute by the divine blessing, to extend and strengthen the holy influence of evangelical truth and apostolical order, in their purity and integrity, and to revive that spirit in both Churches which, in by-gone days, made our venerable mother the glory of Christendom, 'the bulwark of the Reformation.'” At every point of my delightful pilgrimage, from the time-honoured towers of Lambeth, and from that venerable prelate, whose spirit of meek wisdom and of ancient piety sits on them, as a crowning charm, through all the orders of the Clergy, and all the Laity, these sentiments have met a prompt and full response. And I am now here, with my loins girt \* for my long voyage, to join, with hand and heart, in this most interesting service, with the most reverend Metropolitan, and the right reverend Diocesan, and a right reverend Bishop of the sister Church in Scotland, that so I may take back to my own altars the golden cord, three-stranded, of our Catholic communion. Warmly will they receive it, who work with me there, as fellow-helpers of the Gospel, and fondly cherish it. Their hearts will soften, and their eyes will swell, as I describe the glories of this day, at the remembrance of the days of other years. They will think of the homes which their forefathers left, the happy homes of England. They will think of the love that followed them, to furnish them with spiritual pastors, † and to help them to set up their humble folds. They will recount the acts and offices of bounty

\* In two days, the preacher embarked for America.

† But, alas! not with Bishops.

which refreshed the fathers' hearts, and still refresh the children's. Above all, they will remember how, when fervent Seabury \* set out on his adventure for the Cross, the Bishops of the Church of Scotland heard his prayer, and sent him back, with the authority and grace of the Episcopate, to be the first Apostle of the West: and, turning then to Lambeth, to that simple chapel, where the patriarchal White † received that office of a bishop, which, with divine permission, he conveyed to twenty-six, they will thank God, as I do, with an overflowing heart, that one, in whom these noble lines are blended, ‡ was permitted, in His providence, to stand to-day at their twin source, and to re-combine them in this animating service; the clearest and most powerful demonstration § which this age has shown, that Christ's Church everywhere is one, and Catholic truth and Catholic love, still, as in other days, the bond of Christian hearts.

Brethren, right reverend, reverend and beloved, it is written in the elder records of our faith, that when the ark of God was on its progress towards the hill of Sion, it rested once, for three months, in the house of Obed-edom: and the Lord blessed Obed-edom and all his household. || “And it was told king David, say-

\* Consecrated in Scotland, November, 1784.

† Consecrated, with Dr. Provoost, at Lambeth, Feb. 4, 1787, by Archbishop Moore.

‡ In a late conversation with the venerable President of Magdalen, Dr. Routh, he spoke of ours as “the Scoto-Anglican succession.”

§ Such I must regard the presence of Bishops of three branches of the Catholic Church, with the venerable Archbishop of York, surrounded by more than three hundred Clergymen, in the midst of a congregation of four thousand.

|| 2 Samuel vi. 10-12.

ing, The Lord hath blessed the house of Obed-edom, and all that pertaineth unto him, because of the ark of God." As I have gone from scene to scene, of highest interest and rarest beauty in this most favoured land of all the world; contemplated its arts, its industry, its wealth; enjoyed its comforts and refinements; and shared, with a full heart, the peace and happiness of its dear Christian homes; as I have thought of its attainments in science and in letters; as I have recounted its feats of arms and fields of victory; as I have followed through every ocean and through every sea its cross-emblazoned flag; and seen that on the circuit of its empire the sun never sets; I have asked myself, instinctively, whence, to so small a speck on the world's map,—a sea-beleaguered island, sterile in soil, and stern in climate, Britain, cut off, in ancient judgment, from the world\*—such wealth, such glory, and such power? And the instinctive answer has returned spontaneous to my heart, "the Lord hath blessed the house of Obed-edom, and all that pertaineth unto him, because of the ark of God." Yes, from my heart I say, the strength of England is the Church of England. Your wealth, your glory, and your power, is but God's blessing on your kingdom, as the home and shelter of His Church. Here, in the very days of the Apostles, it took root. Here, in the earliest ages it was tended by true pastors and enriched with martyr's blood, poured out, like water, on a thousand fields. Here, ancient piety and ancient charity lavished their treasures, to endow it,

\* "Britannos orbe divisos."

and sent up their hearts in prayers for blessings on their deed. Here, kings have been the nursing fathers, and queens the nursing mothers of the Church; and here, the State, with truest wisdom, has allied itself to her, and, in the shelter of her shadow, sought for favour and protection, on itself, and on the people of its care. Here, when the force and fraud of fallen and corrupted Rome had piled its mountain mass of worldliness and pride, true hearts took strength from God, to heave it from its tottering centre; and true hands embraced the burning stake, and kindled with it such a fire upon its altars as never shall go out, but burn and blaze for ever, as the beacon light of Christian liberty and Christian truth. Here, never have been wanting bishops, that would brave the dungeon, or endure the rack, for Christ's sake, and His Church. Here, never have been wanting faithful pastors, feeding Christian flocks, upon a thousand hills, and in a thousand valleys, in the green pastures of the Gospel, in simplicity, and purity, and peace. Here, from the schools and universities, endowed by Christian bounty, and controlled by Christian wisdom, and imbued with Christian piety, a never-failing stream of godly and well-learned men have still gone out, to serve the Church, and to adorn the State. Here, from ten thousand altars prayers have constantly ascended from devout and faithful hearts, for blessings upon England; and have fallen in showers of mercy on the land and on its quiet homes. These are your arts, my friends, these are your arms. The strength of England is in Chris-

tian hearts. The sunlight of its splendour is the radiance which is reflected upon its Christian spires. The anchors that have moored your island, and preserved it immovable, are the deep roots of old Cathedrals. And the armament that keeps its virgin shore unsullied is the squadron that conveys to distant lands your missionary enterprise. Be these your arts, my friends, be these your arms! Cling to your fathers' Church, cling to your fathers' God! Increase your folds! Multiply your pastors! Gather in your scattered sheep! Compass the earth with your Colonial bishoprics! This is the strength which will procure no enmity. This is the glory which will provoke no war. It is the strength in which humanity itself shall be made strong. It is the glory which shall overflow and bless the world. The strife shall then be, not for personal aggrandizement, but for new empires to the Cross. The end and aim of such an emulation, the bringing on of that most blessed day, when all the kingdoms of the world shall be "the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ."

In this most gracious and most glorious work it is your privilege, my brethren, to unite, this day. This noblest trophy of our age to the great cause of Catholic truth and love is reared by individual efforts. Private hearts have planned, and private hands have reared, this temple, to the worship, in your fathers' faith, and through your fathers' prayers, of your own fathers' God. They have done so in that lofty faith, which, when it sees the end, trusts that the means will come. It is from your hearts and through your hands

that God this day will vindicate, to them who trust in Him, His own most gracious word. Open wide your bosoms, to the sway of that most gracious Spirit, of whose countless gifts the best and most illustrious is charity. Prove that the fathers' blood still circles in the children's veins. Prove that the fathers' spirit still inspires the children's hearts. Prove, by your free and liberal contributions, that you are not of those who would desire to serve the Lord with that which costs you nothing; but that, having given up, first, your own selves to the Lord, your chief delight and highest glory is, to heap His altar with your treasures, and to pour your hearts out at His cross.

Brethren, beloved in the Lord, this is the first, this is the last, time of my ministry among you. Shortly, a thousand leagues of sea will roll between us. Blessed be God, the circle of the whole earth cannot divide the faithful hearts which have been knit in Christian love. Blessed be God, the communion of saints takes in both worlds; and, joining each to every other, joins all to God. Never, while a pulse shall sway the native currents in my breast, shall this day be forgotten. Often, as I shall sit among the loved ones of my house, or shall go in and out among the flocks, of which the Holy Ghost has made me overseer, this solemn scene—the holy temple, the mighty congregation, the company of white-robed priests,\* those bishops, venerable and beloved, the sacred services, the unearthly music, every incident and circumstance, and every deepest feeling

\* The attending clergy were all in surplices.



that was touched and stirred—shall rise before the vision of my soul. Never, without the heartfelt prayer : “Peace be within thy walls, and plenteousness within thy palaces. For my brethren and companions’ sake, I will wish thee prosperity. Yea, because of the house of the Lord our God, I will seek to do thee good.” Grant it, God of our salvation, for Thy mercy’s sake in Jesus Christ : and to Thee, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, shall be ascribed the glory and the praise, now and for evermore. Amen.

## \* SERMON III.

### THE GLORIOUS THINGS OF THE CITY OF GOD.

PSALM LXXXVII. 1, 2.—Her foundations are upon the holy hills; the Lord loveth the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob. Glorious things are spoken of thee, O City of God.

THESE lines of ancient prophecy pourtray in fewest words the splendid fortunes of the Church of God. "*Her foundations are upon the holy hills.*" She stands immovable in strength. For her stability, omnipotence is pledged to holiness—" *The Lord loveth the gates of Sion more than all the dwellings of Jacob.*" Is it not written of her, "the Church of God, which He hath purchased with His own blood?"† And again, "Christ also loved the Church and gave Himself for it?"‡—"*Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God.*"

\* The first sermon in St. Mary's Church, Burlington, "after a brief pilgrimage to the Church of England," September 26, A. D. 1841. Dedicated to Sir Robert Harry Inglis, Bart., M.P., D.C.L., the Christian Scholar, the Christian Gentleman, the Christian Statesman; beside whose hospitable hearth my feet first found an English home; whose cordial hand grasped my first welcome to my father-land; whose radiant smile cheered me through England, and still lingers on my western way; this thankful recognition of God's abundant blessings on that glorious Church, in the long line of whose illustrious laity, he stands, among the foremost, first; is now inscribed, as justly as sincerely, by his affectionate and faithful friend, the Bishop of New Jersey."

† Acts xx. 28.

‡ Ephesians v. 25.

It is the very word which the Apostle uses, to describe the motive to that gracious purchase. "That He might present it to Himself, a *glorious* Church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy, and without blemish."\* Gracious Lover of our souls, who, when no other price was equal to the ransom, didst give Thyself for our redemption, make us, we beseech Thee, meet to be—what thou hast made us—Thine!

"GLORIOUS THINGS ARE SPOKEN OF THEE, O CITY OF GOD!" Unfold the scroll of prophecy, and mark the splendours which they throw upon its radiant page. Hear, how the Psalmist, on "the height of this great argument," transcends his loftiest strain. † What other subject wakes such notes of triumph from Isaiah's sounding strings? ‡ And, when Ezekiel, § Micah, || Haggai, ¶ Zechariah, \*\* Malachi, †† attain to an unwonted rapture, it is the coming glory of Messiah's kingdom that fills and fires their songs.

"GLORIOUS THINGS ARE SPOKEN OF THEE, O CITY OF GOD!" What page of history studded so thick with triumphs, as that which chronicles the acts of the Apostles? Twelve men, publicans and fishermen, encompassing the world, and setting up the Cross, on which their Master perished, on its temples and its towers! A tent-maker at Tarsus, more than an overmatch for the philosophy of Athens, and the elo-

\* Ephesians v. 27. † For example, Psalms xl. xlviii. lxxii. cxxii.

‡ For example, Isaiah xi. xxv. xxvi. xl. xlv. lii. liv. lv. lx. lxxii.

§ Ch. xviii. xxxiii. xxxvii. xlvii. || Ch. iv. v. ¶ Ch. ii. \*\* Ch. xiii. †† Ch. iii.

quence of Rome! A Jewish peasant, whose highest title is, that it was he “whom Jesus loved,” spared to behold the sword of Titus asserting his Master’s honour, in the overthrow of the ungrateful nation, that had crucified and killed Him; and a Roman ploughshare,\* turning up the very ground on which the temple stood, prepare the way for that long promised “house of prayer,” which is to gather in the nations, as a flock of sheep, making but “one fold, under one Shepherd,” Jesus Christ, our Lord.

“GLORIOUS THINGS ARE SPOKEN OF THEE, O CITY OF GOD!” Bright as the glory is which history reflects on prophecy, through all the radiant past, it is but lost, as stars at noon, in the effulgence of that unfulfilled career, which God has traced out for His Church: “the fulness of Him that filleth all in all;” † “making known to principalities and powers in heavenly places the manifold wisdom of God;” ‡ united, even here and now, through the mysterious communion of her heavenly Head, with “an innumerable company of angels,” and with “the spirits of just men made perfect,” and with “God the Judge of all;” § and, when her earthly destinies shall be accomplished, and the measure of her glory here filled up, to be revealed to men and angels, as “the holy city, the new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared, as a bride adorned for her husband;” “and there shall be

\* Terentius Rufus, a Roman officer, with a ploughshare, turned up the foundations of the temple. Micah had said, Zion shall be “Ploughed as a field.”—iii. 12.

† Ephesians i. 23.

‡ Ephesians iii. 10.

§ Hebrews xii. 22, 23.

no night there, and they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign forever and ever.”\* Lay it to heart, dear brethren, and, as “wise men,” “judge ye what I say,” that, when all the glories of the Church have been rehearsed, this is the crowning glory of them all, that she is “glorious in holiness:” “and there shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie; but they which are written in the Lamb’s book of life.” †

HER FOUNDATIONS ARE UPON THE HOLY HILLS. THE LORD LOVETH THE GATES OF SION MORE THAN ALL THE DWELLINGS OF JACOB. GLORIOUS THINGS ARE SPOKEN OF THEE, O CITY OF GOD!” The Church, of which these glowing words are spoken, is *a body*: Christ, its head; all Christians, “members in particular.” It is *a living body*: self-perpetuated, “after the power of an endless life.” It is *a cumulative body*: “compacted by that which every joint supplieth; and, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part, making increase of itself.” ‡

From these scriptural propositions, obvious inferences result. If the Church is *a body*, it may be found, and felt, and verified, as such. If it is a *living body*, perpetuated in succession, there must grow out of it, reciprocally, the parental and the filial relation. If it be *cumulative* in its design, its several portions should combine their energies, to effect, by common means, the common end.

\* Revelation xxi. xxii. † Rev. xxi. 27. ‡ 1 Cor. xii. 27; Ephesians iv. 16.

It was in the recognition of these obvious inferences, and for their practical illustration, that I lately left my country and my home. The Church is not indigenous to earth. "Her foundations are upon the holy hills." Her grace is heaven-derived. She can have no care of souls, but by His appointment, who hath said, "all souls are mine."\* The commission of her ministry must therefore come direct from Christ. A verifiable succession is one that can be traced upward, through all its stages, to Himself. The declaration, that God loves "the gates of Sion, more than all the dwellings of Jacob"—that, of all the interests of earth the Church is His especial care—is our sufficient warrant to believe, that He will never let that golden chain be severed. The nearest link of it, to us, of this Church, is the Church of England. While we were colonies of Great Britain, we were of the same ecclesiastical, as of the same civil, community. The war of Independence found, and left us, without Bishops. The consecration service of the Church of England prescribes to every Bishop elect, oaths of allegiance and supremacy to the civil ruler; and an oath of obedience to the Archbishop of the province. These obligations, an American Bishop could not assume. Without the office of a Bishop, the Church could not be continued. The authority of the Episcopate could not so properly be sought from any other quarter. The result of these considerations was an act of Parliament, empowering the Archbishop of Canterbury, or of York, to consecrate, to the office of

\* Ezekiel xviii. 4.

Bishop, persons, being citizens of countries out of the British dominions, without the oaths required of British subjects: but, as a counterpoise to this, with the proviso, that such consecration should convey no authority, immediately or mediately, to exercise sacred offices within the British dominions. By the consecrations thus authorized, was conveyed, the valid, verifiable succession of the sacred ministry, with the inherent principle of self-perpetuation: and thus was constituted the relation of a mother, and a daughter, Church.

Of the historical results of that transaction, I need not speak. The three Bishops of 1787 have been more than twelve times multiplied: \* and, where a solitary shepherd tended, here and there, a straggling flock, a thousand pastors † now have charge of nearly a million of souls. Meanwhile, the proviso of the Act empowering consecration kept the Mother and the Daughter from that entire co-operation in good works, which is of the essence of Christian communion, and constitutes the active catholicity of the Church; “the whole body fitly joined together, and compacted by that which every joint supplieth.” When, therefore, in the course of the present year, the restrictions of the proviso were, by Act of Parliament, removed: and, immediately thereupon, an eminent Clergyman of the Church of England, ‡ long my friend—proposing the consecration of his parish Church, the most magnificent sacred edifice

\* The Bishop of Delaware, Dr. Lee, the last consecrated, is the *thirty-eighth*.

† According to the “Church Almanac,” the whole number of the Clergy is 1,113.

‡ The Rev. Walter Farquhar Hook, D.D., Vicar of Leeds.

of modern times—as the fitting occasion, urged me to accept the overture of catholic intercommunion, thus extended to the American Church; I did not hesitate at all, as to the point of duty, but resolved to go. By the good hand of God upon me, I have been : \* accomplished the result, for which I went : and am now here, in answer to your prayers, to blend once more my voice with yours in praise and supplication ; and to renew, before the holy altar, the solemn vows which bind us, as one sacred brotherhood, each to the other, and all, through Christ, to God. You will desire to know of my reception ; and of my impressions of the Church of England, as aids, encouragements and lessons, in discharging our own duty, for the edifying of the Church.

I. Of my reception, personally, it needs, as it becomes me, that I say but little. It were all said, when I assure you, that it was all that even you, dear friends, could wish. The gracious Lord, who mixed for me the cup of human life, has ever mingled largely with it, that best of earth's ingredients, human love. Never, in fuller measure, than now, that I return to you again. And yet, it is but just that I should say—as you will take delight to hear it—that blessed draught, the taste

\* The Rev. Benjamin I. Haigh, Rector of All Saints' Church, New York, and now also Professor of Pastoral Theology and Pulpit Eloquence in the General Theological Seminary, was the companion of my journey, the sharer and promoter of its pleasures. I was also accompanied by two young laymen, the sons of very dear friends ; in whom, I trust, the name of Warren will continue to be identified with Churchmanship and charity. I was happy to have so many and such witnesses of the "glorious things" of "the city of God."



of which I know so well, was poured for me, in fullest measure, at every stage of my brief pilgrimage; and I have felt the beating of the best and truest hearts of England, as I now feel yours.

But mine was not a personal enterprise. I went upon a catholic errand: a catholic Bishop, to the Bishops and brethren of an elder branch of the "one holy, catholic, and apostolic Church." And in every Bishop, and in every member of that ancient household of the faith, I found indeed a brother. To the venerable Primate of all England, the Archbishop of Canterbury, as in duty bound, I first presented myself: and never shall I lose the impression of his reception of the resolutions, which the Convention of the diocese adopted, in this place, on the day before I left you. He is, as you all know, the subject nearest to the royal blood; a Bishop, nearly thirty years; "half-way," as he expressed it, "between seventy years and eighty;" the true impersonation of apostolic meekness sweetening apostolic dignity. When he read those noble resolutions, marked on what strictly catholic ground they placed my visit, and felt the appeal which they addressed, through him, to his own Church, as "our venerable Mother, the bulwark of the Reformation, and the glory of Christendom;" his countenance was kindled, his eye filled, he rose spontaneously, and said, with an enthusiasm scarce his own: "That is delightful, that is just as it should be, I am rejoiced at this!" And such was everywhere the feeling. Every Bishop, all the Clergy, the body of the Laity, responded to it to the echo.

On the first occasion of my presence at a public meeting, at the annual distribution of the prizes, at King's College, London, you have seen in what affectionate and honourable terms the Bishop of London \* introduced me, as "the prelate of a sister Church;" and with what warmth of language the Archbishop of Canterbury expressed his joy at the occurrence. And if you had heard, as I did, the resounding cheers, which, in their hearty English way, threatened to raise the very ceiling of the Hall; and seen, as I did, the beaming face, the swelling nostril, and the quivering lip; and felt, as I did, the electric chain, whose pulses, none that has felt them ever can mistake, you would have known, as language cannot utter it, the power of catholic truth, maintained in catholic love, to knit together Christian hearts; you would have realized what that means, when the Apostle speaks of "the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace;" † you would have entered to the full into that high, exulting strain, "now therefore ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God." ‡ Of being a stranger and a foreigner in England, the thought was never present with me for one moment. Again and again, it was my privilege to be at Visitations, and at other gatherings of the Clergy, and with large assemblages of Clergymen and Laymen. Everywhere the strife was, to do honour to the sister Church. Everywhere, the report of her stability in the old faith, of her adherence to the primitive order, of her participation in

\* See Memoir, p. 276

† Ephesians iv. 3.

‡ Ephesians i. 19.

the Common Prayers, and of God's blessing on His own ordinance in her, was the one theme that filled all hearts. Everywhere, the peace and prosperity of the American Church gave interest to every sentiment, and unction to every prayer. And many, who had never before seen me, and could never see me more, thronged to embrace the sister Church, by grasping, as a life's remembrance, the hand of one of her Bishops.\*

Let me say more than this. You all know what the questions are, which, at this time, most interest the governments of the two countries; and, especially, how much seems to depend on the adjustment of one serious difficulty. † Now, it was my privilege, in traversing England, to meet, in different parts of it, with all classes, and all kinds of people; and to come in contact, from my office and my errand, as few have done before, with what, for the better understanding of my meaning, may be called the national heart. I say, upon the most abundant evidence, that it beats with all a brother's truth and fondness toward America. I say, that the blood of England yearns, with instinctive magnetism, to its own current, in our veins. I say, that peace with America ‡ is the first prayer, for temporal blessings, at

This was the case with a multitude of the Clergy at Leeds, after the Consecration.

† The case of McLeod: since happily adjusted. It was a subject of the deepest solicitude in England; lest by it the concord of the nations should be interrupted.

‡ A distinguished Englishman, now in this country, who has enjoyed the very best opportunities to know, confirmed this statement, most positively. His illustration of what he conceived to be the national feeling in both countries was this—a demagogue, in England, would seek popular favour, by urging *peace* with America: in America, by urging *war* with England. He was rejoiced at my as-

every English altar, and by every English hearth. I say, that the sentiment of the Archbishop of Canterbury, at the public meeting, at King's College, that "the best pledge of a perpetual peace between the nations, is the community of faith, and constant intercourse of the two Churches," is the most popular sentiment, at this day, throughout England. And I say, what touches most the present question, and is most important to all hearts of men, if they would hear it, that, close as the connection of the blood is felt to be, the depth, intensity and tenderness of this pervading passion spring from a fountain deeper down in every pious breast, even than the most immediate life-drop of its veins; the fountain of our Christian love, as bought by the inestimable purchase of the Saviour's heart, and knit together, in Him,\*

surance that, take the nation through, the latter portion of it was by no means just. Of the peaceful dispositions of the present ministry, the mission of Lord Ashburton must be taken as a proof. Success attend it!—*Peace with the world*, was the prevailing sentiment in all the speeches, by the Cabinet ministers, at the laying of the corner stone of the Royal Exchange, by the Prince. Sir Robert Peel said, "it was impossible not to feel that it was the spot to which the traffickers of all nations will resort, where they will obliterate national antipathies, and national jealousies, (cheers,) and will form those engagements, which constitute new guarantees for the general tranquillity of the world. (Loud cheers.) Gentlemen, his Royal Highness, this day, has laid the foundation, not merely of an edifice dedicated to commerce: he has laid the foundation of a temple of peace, (loud cheers;) and it is the earnest wish of her Majesty's Government, that the future progress and destiny of that edifice may correspond with the favourable auspices under which its foundation has been laid." The Duke of Wellington said, "We have met here this day, to celebrate, promote, and perpetuate the arts and advantages of peace, (loud cheers;) and I trust that I shall never again hear, in my time, of the celebration of the arts of war." (Continued cheers.)—Surely, the world should echo these distinguished suffrages, for "peace on earth!"

\* "We ought to love one another," said a venerable looking Prebendary, in the Cathedral at Peterborough, who was presented to me, as I waited for the Bishop, for a moment, with my excellent friend the Dean; "we ought to love one another, for we have one cause." The sentiment was universal.

as one body, with one Spirit, "one Lord, one faith, one baptism."

So it was ordered, not as my expectation was, but better far, in all respects, that the immediate occasion of my visit did not occur, until I had quite fulfilled my catholic errand, in visiting the brethren, and taking from them their pledge. The gathering at Leeds, the venerable Archbishop and Metropolitan of York, the Bishops of three several branches of the Church,\* three hundred surpliced presbyters from every quarter of the kingdom, the living mass that filled that solemn temple; these, and the blessing from the Lord, which rested, as I trust, on that occasion, unexampled since the early days of Catholic intercourse, † were, and were felt to be, the appropriate crown of this first act of perfect intercommunion between the Mother and the Daughter.

\* The venerable Bishop of Ross and Argyle, in Scotland, Dr. Low, was present.

† The English Journals dwell with much impressiveness on this interesting ceremony. The following is from a notice of it in the British Magazine. "This long-expected solemnity, anticipated with such deep interest, not only in Leeds, and throughout England, but, we may almost say, throughout Christendom, took place on Thursday, 2d September; and since those early days in which the consecration of Churches was solemnized, in the presence of a full synod of bishops, never, perhaps, was any similar event of more 'devout magnificence.' The presence of the Lord Archbishop of York, the Metropolitan, of the Lord Bishop of Ripon, the Diocesan, and of two venerable fathers of distinct Churches, the Bishops of Ross and Argyle, and of New Jersey, of hundreds of dignitaries and other clergy from every diocese in England, of thousands of every rank, age and calling among the laity; all assembled for the purpose of dedicating, with a solemn and imposing ritual, a noble temple, rich in architectural skill and ornament, to the service of Almighty God, was a scene of splendour and solemnity far above the power of language to describe." "The Consecration Sermon was preached by the Bishop of New Jersey. As all the sermons preached on this occasion are about to be published, it is unnecessary to dwell on this discourse. Never before had an American Bishop officiated in such a service in the English Church; and, perhaps, never till then had any Bishop traversed three thousand miles, for a similar purpose."

With what enthusiasm the connection of the two was there regarded; what words of tenderness and love were used in the Address presented by the Clergy to the venerable Archbishop; with what inimitable grace he caught the very word which best expressed the motive of my journey, the *filial* feeling towards the Church of England; with what an overwhelming acclamation the reference to this Christian intercourse, as the preservative and pledge of peace between the countries, was received, you have already seen. I was devoutly thankful, that, into the cup, now full to overflowing, no other drop was to be poured. I felt that the solitude and silence of the waste of waters was my most effectual refuge from the rush of feelings, that unmanned me, quite. And, with a prayer, that bore my heart up with it, for every blessing from on high, upon the Church of England, and the generous nation that lies sheltered in her bosom, I tore myself from friends and brethren, true and dear as ever God bestowed on man; and turned from my Mother Church and Father land, to this, my children's home, and you, the precious flock, which God has left with me to feed.

II. And, now, as to my impressions of the Church of England. Let me say, once for all, she is awake to her responsibilities, and to her privileges.\* To the

\* The following editorial paragraphs, in a recent number of the Times, by no means overstate the case:—

“It is a moment, as all must see, full of very serious import to the Church. An element, which had lain in the English Church almost unnoticed by the mass of observers, has sprung up in the course of ten years into unparalleled energy; and its sudden appearance has induced a contest, on which the most sanguine

one, she is girding herself with giant strength. The other, she is clasping to her bosom with the fervour of a woman's love.

i. I see that this is so in the anxious care with

must look with no light apprehension. Meantime, one result of this movement has been a most remarkable increase of exertion in the Church itself, as a Church. She has put forward more boldly her claims to efficiency—has attempted to act and to organize—has originated good works, and has claimed assistance from her members in a more uncompromising tone than has long been heard—and has justified her claim by the increasing zeal and knowledge of her Clergy. There is everywhere a feeling that something is about to happen. Much is happening; and the minds of men—we do not mean of large uninformed masses, open to any sudden impulse, and ready to relapse on any momentary check, or from mere satiety, into their original inaction, but of serious, thinking, educated, active men—have been acquiring a tone which, whether it be called determination, or excitement, or enthusiasm, at any rate looks very much like the stuff out of which great deeds and great works spring—for good or for harm.

“We know it is a universal tendency to overrate the importance of what passes immediately before us—to think every movement a revolution, every progress a reformation, while it is happening under our own eyes. Yet we cannot therefore modify our feeling that in the history of the English Church, the present is one of those cardinal occasions which may affect its character for centuries. Those who have watched events with any degree of care, must have seen that it is not merely that unexpected dogmas have been supported—isolated practices revived—new language dwelt on—but that fresh wants, fresh feelings, a fresh tone of mind, fresh aims and desires, have been called up, spreading where they are least looked for, moving forward in the minds or works of separate individuals, with a strange mixture of union and independence—gradually fastening upon one person after another, one class after another, one subject after another—theology, philosophy, history, politics—and this with a rapidity almost equally observed on by those who regard it with admiration, distrust or aversion. This phenomenon, by right or by wrong, has created or attracted to itself an extraordinary mass of industry, talent, and enthusiasm—possessing, withal, this ominous peculiarity, that it has exercised its influence hitherto among the educated, the Clergy, and the young. Further, while within its own circle it has exercised a direct influence, on the character of which it is not our wish here to pronounce, it has exercised beyond that circle an indirect one in turning the eyes of men, with no inconsiderable expectations, towards the Church and the Clergy—has suggested, or aided to suggest, a stricter standard of clerical duty, and a truer appreciation of the clerical dignity and character—has heightened, and in some measure directed, that general sense, that more ought to be done in and by the Church and Churchmen, than has hitherto been thought sufficient; and, finally, has given occasion to that energetic hostility, which every novelty, when it becomes formidable, usually encounters, and which threatens a struggle of which it is easier to see the beginning than to foretell the end.”

which she is devoting all her energies to *the religious education of her children*. I speak not merely of the catechetical and other parochial instruction, which is felt to the full measure of its value, and proportionately plied. I speak not now of the schools, and colleges, and universities, founded by ancient piety, and pregnant now, and teeming with the very spirit of their founders; nurseries of men in Church or State, with minds well fitted for that highest service of a man, to which their hearts are dedicate, the service of the true and living God. I speak rather of the devotion of the highest energies and of the most persevering patience on the part of statesmen and of prelates, and of the whole body of the Clergy and the Laity, to Christianize the education of the people, by bringing it, where God first placed it, in the Church.\* More than enough of such societies as that “for the diffusion of useful knowledge,” so called, in express exclusion of all knowledge of the soul and God, have they already had. More than enough of plans of education by the government, professing to include the children of all who take the name of Christians; and, that they might do so, excluding Christianity altogether. The commission of the Saviour to the Apostles, to go, teach all nations, is understood and felt to have descended, through all ages, to their successors; and to include emphatically those who alone can properly and hopefully be taught, their infant children. And the devout determination is—and skill,

\* “Go ye, and make disciples of all nations”—“teaching them.” St. Matthew xxviii. 19, 20.



and power, and wealth, and piety, are now enlisted,\* which give assurance of that blessing, which is itself success—that every child of England, no matter what his lot in life may be, shall have the privilege of being trained up, under Christian teachers, in a Christian school, with Christian prayers, “in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.” The holy ambition of that great and understanding nation is, to realize the gracious, scriptural promise, “All thy children shall be taught of the Lord.” The blessing thus, and only thus, shall certainly be theirs, “Great shall be the peace of thy children.”

ii. I see that the Church of England is awake to her responsibilities and privileges, in *the immense exertions which are making, everywhere, to supply her whole vast population with the means of grace.* The present has been called in England “a Church building age.” And it is so. Everywhere, new Churches are arising. Everywhere, old Churches are repaired, enlarged and beautified.† Several of the present Bishops have consecrated, each one hundred Churches. When the Bishop of Lon-

\* I allude here more particularly to the admirable National Society for the Education of the Poor, of which the Rev. John Sinclair is the able and efficient Secretary. The venerable Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, is a most powerful agent in the cause of Christian education, through its giant wielding of the press. Nothing was more animating and encouraging, of all that I saw in England, than its immense stores of Bibles, Prayer Books, Tracts; and whatever else tends to diffuse sound learning and true wisdom.

† The amount of grants for additional accommodation at public worship, as stated in the twenty-third report of the Church Building Society, is £348,036; (\$1,740,180;) while the additional sittings reported amount to 576,356, of which 406,336 are free. Add the new accommodations, as stated in the 21st Report of Her Majesty's Commissioners (349,889, of which 193,412 are free), and it makes 926,245 new, of which 599,748 are free sittings.

don, a few years since, proposed a plan for building fifty Churches, in that city, there were those, and not a few, to say to him, as one once said to Paul, "Thou art beside thyself." The fifty, within four or six, are built; and it is his purpose soon to propose the erection of as many more. Again and again, my visits in the country were cheered by the sound of workmen, erecting, on the estate,\* and at the cost of those, whose hospitality I was enjoying, chapels, for the accommodation of the tenantry and neighbouring parishioners. In Hursley, the parochial charge of one whom we all know and love, as the author of "the Christian Year," I visited two beautiful new chapels,—there is another there, besides the parish Church,—but just completed, one of them at the sole charge of the noble patron of the living.† Nor is it only by the erection of new Churches, or the enlargement of the old, that increased provision is made for worship in the Church; but, in the Metropolis, and other portions of the kingdom, dissenting chapels are constantly abandoned, sold by their proprietors, and bought, and set apart, as chapels of the Church of England.

iii. Again, I see that the Church of England is most thoroughly awake, in *the high standard which her Clergy*

\* Since my return, a beautiful chapel, erected by Sir Thomas Dyke Acland, Bart., M. P., on his estates, at Killerton, has been completed and consecrated. The blessed Sunday, which I spent with that delightful Christian family, is among my greenest memories of England.

† Sir William Heathcote, Bart., M. P., of Hursley Park, of whose most generous hospitality we liberally partook. I never felt the value of sanctified wealth more strongly, than in the power and will combined, to build a church, and to present to the care of it a pastor, such as Keble.

*entertain of pastoral duty.* I do not hesitate to say, that we, of this Church—of myself, at least, I may take liberty to speak—may learn of them; and find our lack of service constantly reprov'd by their devotion. Of the body of the parochial Clergy, it is true, to the letter, that they are spending and being spent, for Christ. The demand for ministrations exceeds the supply, an hundred fold. In parishes, where ten or twenty labourers could find abundant work—parishes of fifty or an hundred thousand souls,—the Rector, with his two or three or four laborious Curates, wears his life out, in continual and unequal toil. What with the increased attention to the schools; what with assiduous devotion to the sick and poor; what with the frequent, often daily, public services; what with the thousand various calls to every work of piety and charity, the Clergy sink and fail beneath their load: or are obliged to seek, in rest and foreign climes, the hope of longer service. The pastoral care is held as one which cannot be delegated, even in its least details. A minister is never, but on the rarest occasions, out of his parish. Exchange of services is most uncommon. The shepherd knows his own sheep, and goes in and out among them, and they hear his voice, and follow him.

iv. It is in *the interest manifested by the people in the word and ordinances*, that I see a further proof, that the Church of England is most thoroughly awake. Every seat in every Church is filled. The sea of faces, that you look down at, from the pulpit, is as animating as it is amazing. You are struck with the quietness,

order, and decorum of the house of God. You are struck with the attention of the servants of the sanctuary, in providing places for the strangers that come in. You are struck by the devotional air and manner of the worshippers. You are struck by their attention to the service, the universal reading of the lessons in their little Bibles, the universal chorus of the worship, in confession, and petition, in creed, and psalm, and anthem. I was present and officiated in Churches, under almost every circumstance: in the Metropolis, in towns and villages, and in the rural parishes. Everywhere, I saw the house of God well filled, and His worship reverently honoured. It is He, indeed, who sees the heart. But the outward aspect, is of men in earnest for their souls.

v. But I have not yet touched the point of chief reliance, as to the impression that the Church of England is awake. "Love is life's only sign." "He that loveth not, knoweth not God." As a tree when it ceases to strike down deeper roots, and shoot out wider branches, has begun already to decay; so, a Church, that goes not out of itself, in search of other souls, is struck with death. Glorious, in this respect, are the true signs of life, in *works of universal love*, within the Church of England. As she compasses the world with her commerce, so she is compassing it now with her charity. To every colony of Britain—and the sun sets not upon the chain of her possessions—she has resolved, God being her helper, to send forth a Bishop.\* The

\* Those to follow immediately after New Zealand, are in the following order :

noble enterprise has been responded to, throughout the Church, as if by acclamation. And, on Thursday next, if it please God, a presbyter is to be consecrated, to that forlornest hope of human nature, savage and cannibal New Zealand.\*

1. And, mark how God Himself attests the truth of these impressions, that the Church of England is awake, and faithful to her trust. How long is it since the heart of every man among us, since the universal heart of Christendom, trembled for the Church of England? The kings of the earth did seem to have set themselves, and the rulers to have taken counsel together against her. Already, her enemies counted on her as one forsaken of her God; and anticipated the

for the Mediterranean (to reside at Valetta, in Malta, with the title of Bishop of Gibraltar); of New Brunswick; of the Cape of Good Hope; of Van Dieman's Land; and of Ceylon.

\* The Rev. George A. Selwyn, Curate of Windsor, has since been consecrated Bishop of New Zealand. I had the pleasure to make his acquaintance; and can congratulate the cause of Missions most heartily, on his selection for that interesting outpost. The hour, in Mr. Coleridge's garden, at Eton, in full and free discussion of the modes of Missionary work, will never be forgotten, I am sure, by either of us. The following notice of some of his plans, is from the *Englishman's Magazine*.

"As soon as possible after setting foot in New Zealand, it is his intention to use as a temporary Church, a tent which he carries with him for that purpose; an altar, with its necessary appurtenances, being erected in its eastern end. Here, the daily service of our Church will be commenced, on the first morning after the Bishop's arrival, never thenceforth to be silenced till the end of all things.

"A piece of ground will next be marked out and consecrated for the site of the future Cathedral; not with any intention of erecting hastily a building, which might, by courtesy, bear that name, but that the remains of those who depart in the faith, may be interred in consecrated ground; and, if need be, that a temporary wooden edifice may serve at present for the offices of prayer and praise. In a country where labour is worth three times as much as it is in England, the erection of a choir is to the most sanguine mind as much as, perhaps more than, can be hoped for during the present generation. But, whatever is built, will be built solidly and substantially, and as our ancestors built."

savage exultation of her overthrow. But, as the hand once rashly laid upon the ark was struck with death,\* so have they who conspired against her altars, and her towers, faded away, in their strength. The very acts by which the ministry hoped to remove the Church out of the way of their mad purposes, bringing together, in a godless league, the Romish and the Atheist influence, for their own maintenance in power, recoiled upon their head. The blow which fell on the cathedrals, was felt in every heart. The men of England remembered their fathers, and their fathers' God. They felt that their own spiritual heritage, and their children's priceless patrimony—a pure faith, with a spiritual worship, in a scriptural Church—was in danger of being wrested from them. They came up “to the help of the Lord, against the mighty:” and they who had vainly boasted, that if the Church were but removed, they could do well enough, have learned what that means, “Whosoever shall fall upon this stone shall be broken; but on whomsoever it shall fall, it will grind him to powder.”† The reaction of the national heart, in favour of the national Church, calm, sober, quiet, constitutional, has changed the politics of England;‡ and given to

\* 2 Samuel vi. 67.

† St. Luke. xx. 16.

‡ This has been thought by some an overstatement. But they know not the influence which the Church of England has with hearts. I content myself with what must be regarded an intelligent and impartial authority, the following editorial article from the *Journal des Debats* at Paris.

“The Church was the power before which the Reform Ministry fell. The political reasons for their downfall are only secondary; they fell more especially because they were believed to be hostile to the Church. We must bear in mind that England is above all things a Protestant nation. In France, the state recognizes all religions. In England, it recognizes but one. The Sovereign of Great

her a ministry, which for its own compacted strength, and for the public confidence which it enjoys,\* gives promise of stability, and of prosperity, unknown for years and years before.

2. Again, I see the signal proof of blessings from the Lord, in the character of those who are now filling, or are rising up to fill, the highest places of honour and of power. The time was, and that not long ago, when among all the students of either University, there was scarcely one communicant; when a little knot of holy men, in either house of Parliament, that dared to "profess and call themselves Christians," must take their account in being pointed out, invidiously, as "Saints." Now, the spirit of the Universities, and most especially of Oxford, is a religious spirit. Men of unquestionable piety fill some of the highest places in the government. And there is a band of young men,† in and out

Britain was Protestant, before becoming Sovereign; she forfeits her crown upon changing her religion. You are to reflect that in England, the name of Protestantism is associated with the idea of national independence, as the name of Popery is with that of foreign domination; and then you will comprehend with what indignation the English saw their government beneath the yoke of O'Connell, the representative of Ireland and of Popery." "This reaction of England against the very person of O'Connell, is one of the most striking facts which have resulted from the late elections. The ministry was already lost; when, rashly touching the corn laws, it precipitated its fall."

\* This, too, is doubted; because only one side gets a hearing in this country. I confirm it, by the facts that, since Sir Robert Peel's accession to power, the deposits in the Savings Banks have increased; the excise, which indicates the ratio of consumption, has increased; and the municipal elections, the nearest to a popular suffrage, under the Reform Bill, have gone strongly for the Conservative interest. Moreover, on that toughest of all trial questions, the duty on corn, the majority of 91, with which he came in, has grown to 123.

† I might name hundreds. One, I may name, without being thought invidious, the Rt. Hon. Wm. E. Gladstone, M. P., author of "The State in its relations to the Church," and of "Christian Principles considered in their Results;" now the President of the Board of Trade, and Master of the Mint.

of Parliament, whose hearts God hath touched, increasing rapidly in number, and of the loftiest mark for talents, learning, wealth, and rank, whose highest aim it is to serve, even in humblest place, the Church of God; and whose determination it is, in His great name and strength, to make her a praise and glory in the earth.\*

3. I see a proof, still further, of God's blessing on the Church of England, for her faithfulness to Him, in the increasing unity among her members. It is the Lord who "maketh men to be of one mind in a house." When a man's ways please Him, "He causeth even his enemies to be at peace with him." For many years, there has existed in England, in addition to the two

\* I know not when I have been more impressed with the conviction that the English is a religious nation, than in meeting accidentally with the following prayer. I was in England at the time of the late election. I found it in the hands of a pious layman. It had been widely circulated; and, I doubt not, faithfully used. I begged a copy of it, which I keep as a treasure. What may we not hope from an election conducted under such auspices?—I know men will charge corruption: and where there are men, there will be corruption. But even this, He who heareth the prayer can overrule.

"A PRAYER FOR THE NATIONAL CONSTITUENCY.

"Almighty God, who rulest in the kingdoms of the earth, and whose providence guideth and governeth the hearts of men, to execute Thy will, look favourably, we pray Thee, at the present momentous crisis, upon this Church and nation; and, at this time, so direct the judgment of the constituency of the realm, that they may consider the elective franchise as a sacred trust, to be exercised to Thy honour, and to the welfare of Thy people: and grant that under this persuasion, they may elect none as their representatives in the great council of the nation, but 'men fearing God, and hating covetousness'; bearing a hearty and zealous affection to the constitution of their country in Church and State, averse from change, and deeply imbued with reverence for law and order, and a sacred regard for the rights of property; that so the interest of all orders and degrees of men being duly consulted, and impartially maintained, peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety, may increasingly flourish and abound amongst us. Grant this, O Lord, we beseech Thee, through the merits of Thy Son, Jesus Christ our Lord, and by the aid of Thy Holy Spirit. Amen."



venerable institutions “for the Propagation of the Gospel in foreign parts,” and “for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge,” “the Church Missionary Society.” Without referring to the reasons for it, or questioning—what none can question—the piety and excellence of its first founders, and munificent supporters, the last-named Society did not enjoy the general patronage of the Church. An arrangement, in which the Bishop of London was chiefly instrumental, has lately been accomplished, which places the Archbishop of Canterbury effectively at its head; and which will bring the Bishops, and the body of the Clergy, into connection with it. Thus, in that greatest of all works, the work of Christian Missions, the Church of England will go forward, with unbroken front.

4. Finally, I see the highest proof that God is blessing the Church of England for her fidelity to her great trust, in that He is opening now the way by which she may impart to others the precious deposit with which He has so long honoured her. Before this time, the preliminaries are doubtless all adjusted, for—what I was urged with the utmost importunity to wait and witness—the consecration of a Bishop for Jerusalem, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, at the instance, and partly on the endowment, of the King of Prussia. My brethren, what a theme for lofty and adoring contemplation. How powerful the appeal, for love, and gratitude, and praise, to every faithful heart! The hill of Zion, God’s chosen seat, the scene of the death-agonies of His dear Son, the consecrated cynosure of Christendom, so long

deserted of the Lord, so long trodden down by the Gentiles, the Crescent towering above the Cross, now to receive the Gospel in the Church, from that same dimmest and remotest speck of Western Europe, which, in God's providence, became the nursing mother of the Church, here in this Western wilderness! "What hath God wrought!" Truly, "His judgments are unsearchable, and His ways past finding out." "The Lord hath made bare His holy arm in the eyes of all the nations; and all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of God."

The rapid sketch thus furnished of its present posture, and its future prospects, must have suggested to your minds the inference, that, these things being so, "a great door, and effectual," is opened, for the Church of England, of blessings, to herself, and to the world. And certainly it is so. At no former period has she stood in such a position, or enjoyed such opportunities. Nay, I greatly doubt if any portion of the Church, since the Apostles' times, has had, within itself, such power to bless mankind, and glorify the glorious King of Saints.

i. But doubts, in different forms, will rise, in many minds. To some, the question will occur, as to the evils which must flow from the connection of the Church and State. The question of an establishment, so called, need not be started now. No candid person, with ordinary intelligence, and opportunity to judge, will say, that the connection which exists in England should be severed. As far will such an one be found from thinking, that, as we are situated, such a connec-

tion could or should be formed. But, to me, it seems that the question lies above all this. God is in heaven, over all. Nations are in His hands, even as individuals. His great endowment, whether for individual happiness, or national, is Christianity. Its preservation and diffusion He has intrusted to His Church. The Church it is, then, which protects, and is to bless, the nation, as the individual. The connection is a favour to the State, not to herself. The gifts which she dispenses, men must have, or perish. Their gifts to her, she needs not, at their hands. Indeed, they have no gifts to give her. What they have is from her Lord. He gives it. He preserves it. He blesses it. If He withdraws His smile, their gold and precious stones are turned to dust and slate. If He turns His face away, they perish in a moment. What have men to speak, then, of the patronage of the Church? Patronage of the Church, which is the body of Christ! Patronage of the Church, to which He is "head over all things!" Patronage of the Church, which is "the fulness of Him, who filleth all in all!" When once the Ark of God was on its way to Zion, it rested in the house of Obed Edom for a time. "And the Lord blessed the house of Obed Edom, and all that pertained unto him, because of the Ark of God."\* So it has been with England. Her power, her wealth, her glory, is but the blessing which God sends upon her, as the home and shelter of His Church.† When he was minded to visit

\* 2 Samuel vi. 12.

† This view of the causes, which chiefly operate in making England what it is,

her with His sore judgments, He suffered the brightness of her face, the reflection, through her Heavenly head, of His own reconciled countenance, to be, for a

was presented more fully by the author, in his sermon at the Consecration, at Leeds. The following editorial paragraph, from a number of the "John Bull," received by the last steamer, sustains and carries out the thought. The author has no fear of being thought, by any whose opinion he respects, the less an American, because he owns and reverences what is good in England. Is it not a just pride, which children have, in parentage, illustrious for virtue? Are not we the sons of Englishmen? Is not the English character our inheritance? Are not their triumphs our trophies? Shame on this narrow jealousy! Shame on the son, that, to prove his manhood, spurns his mother! I still assert, what I said, with all sincerity, at Leeds; and what was received with almost deafening acclamation, that *true Americans have English hearts!* Shame on us, if we had not; ONE, as we are, in blood, in language, in letters, and in faith! But, our great poet-painter, Washington Allston, has said this better far than I can, in the noblest lyric in our language.

"Though ages long have passed,  
Since our fathers left their home;  
Their pilot in the blast,  
O'er untravelled seas to roam,  
Yet lives the blood of England in our veins!  
And shall we not proclaim  
That blood of honest fame,  
Which no tyranny can tame  
By its chains?"

"While the language free and bold  
Which the bard of Avon sung,  
In which our Milton told  
How the vault of Heaven rung,  
When Satan, blasted, fell with all his host;  
While these with reverence meet,  
Ten thousand echoes greet,  
And from rock to rock repeat,  
Round our coast!"

"While the manners, while the arts  
That mould a nation's soul,  
Still cling around our hearts,  
Between let ocean roll,  
Our joint communion breaking with the sun:  
Yet still, from either beach,  
The voice of blood shall reach,  
More audible than speech—  
WE ARE ONE."

"If you could make all men moderate, rational, sober, and true, no form of government would bear a moment's comparison with that of the United States of America. If you look to the abstract merits of the rival institutions, the peerage of France is clearly to be preferred to the hereditary peerage of England. If you seek for vigour in the Executive, which yet affords to the subject

season, veiled. There needs no word of mine to tell how great that darkness was. Whenever, then, the Church, true to herself, takes her true place; is careful, not for wealth, or power, or splendour, but for the souls of men; courts not the favour of the rich, or great, but goes about to seek and save the lost; busies herself in highways and in hedges, in bringing wanderers home to Christ;\* devotes herself, like a

as much of practical freedom as the subject need desire, you have only to turn your eyes towards the dominions of the illustrious Monarch, who answered for the infant prince, at the Baptismal font. But neither in America, nor in France, nor even in Prussia, high as she stands in our estimation, do you find a national character at all resembling that of England, in which a devoted loyalty to the Sovereign is combined with a sensitive jealousy of each man's personal rights; and a deference for rank and station, greater perhaps than is observable elsewhere, never for a moment causes him who exhibits it to forget the respect which he owes to himself. And where, for energy and high courage—for a perseverance which sets all obstacles at defiance—for a patriotism, which, without display, is yet continually operative in the breasts of all classes—and above all, for a fervent and unostentatious piety, such as sustains men in suffering, and keeps them humble in prosperity—where, over the entire surface of the globe, can you find a people that shall come in rivalry with our own? How do you account for all this? What is the cause of it? Does England owe her national character to the civil institutions under which Englishmen live? Nothing of the sort. These institutions are the produce of the national character, not the cause of it; for national character is but an extension of a great number of individual characters; and these, as we need not say, are formed not in public, but at home. What then has rendered Englishmen the truehearted, brave, industrious, and enduring race that we find them? We answer, the power of religion as it has been communicated to them by their Church; which causes her influence to be felt alike in the palace and the cottage, of which the ministers pass as friends and advisers from the highest to the lowest circles, of which the tuition is continually operative, wherever there is a place of public worship, wherever there is a Prayer Book, wherever there is a Bible. The Church, and the Church alone, trains Englishmen beside their own firesides; and Englishmen so trained, build up, they do not know how, the great institutions under which they live. The Church may, therefore, be accounted the soul of our constitution—the civil institutions which appertain to it, the body. Let the one be taken away and the other will not survive it one hour: indeed, experience has already proved that so effectually, that we need not go into any argument in order to demonstrate a truth, which the most prejudiced will scarcely refuse to accept.”—*John Bull*, of January 29.

\* Let me illustrate this, by what I saw at Leeds. We reached there early in

true nursing mother, to bring up her Saviour's little children; rejoices most when she can wash the feet of saints, and bind the wounds that ache in broken hearts, and bring back sinners to repentance, that they may save themselves, through faith in Christ; and, in this gracious work, is shod with sandals, that have wings of love, to compass all the world: whenever this is so, the State becomes dependent on the Church, leans on her, and looks up to her. The Church becomes omnipotent, through the omnipotence of God.

the afternoon. In the shortest possible time, the excellent Vicar was with us, to make us at home, at the Vicarage. Would we like to go with him, after dinner, to one of his district classes?—Certainly; we came to see the working of the Church. Through narrow, crooked, crowded streets, after no short walk, we reached an old and shabby building, and ascended by a rickety staircase, to a dirty and half-lighted school-room. There were assembled there some fifty or sixty poor men and women. One of the chants, with a small organ, began the worship; which was followed by the Vicar, with some portions of the Liturgy. Then he read a chapter of the Gospel according to St. John; and made a plain, familiar, practical exposition of it. Then, he told them that his Curate, who was their Minister, had been ordained Priest; and complimented them on their increase of Christian privilege, by this. Then, he told them that another of the Clergy, who laboured much among them, and had been married the last year, was a father; at which he knew they would rejoice. Then he took a little book from his pocket, and called their names; and they came, one by one, and laid a penny, or two-pence, on a table, by him, their weekly contribution to the District Library of Religious Knowledge. And then, he wished me to dismiss them with the blessing. To me, there was in all this, a simplicity, a heartiness, a *pastoralness*, inimitable, in its truth to nature, and in its power with hearts. And when I considered, that this was one of the most eminent of the presbyters of England, Vicar of one of the largest parishes, (with 36 assistants, and 130,000 souls,) a prebendary of Lincoln, and Chaplain in ordinary to the Queen; that this was his daily, almost hourly work; that hundreds and thousands were doing the same: I confess, I felt, that, with the blessing, which such a Clergy would bring on her, from the Lord, the Church of England was impregnable.—Another day I went with him to another school-house. It was admission-day to a free-school. They were children of the operatives. As I marked the patient carefulness with which he looked into each particular case, with a kind word for every child and its poor mother, I felt that Christianity did take the bitterness from poverty; and understood how it was, that so many gallant soldiers, enterprising mariners, and faithful pastors, had started from the free schools of England.

She is enquired of, not as established, or not established; but, as a compassionate Church. She is cared for, not as sitting high above the princes of the earth,—where her seat is, since she is one with Christ,—but, as a Church that goes about to do men good: a Church of Catholic truth, not only, but of Catholic love. Such is the present posture of the Church of England. Such, they will confess it to be, who have so deeply felt the power of her rebuke. Such, they will find it, whoever they may be, who, while she shall be faithful, to herself, and to her Master, seek to hinder or divert her course. Is it not written, “every weapon formed against thee, shall perish?” Was not apostate Julian forced to say, “thou hast conquered, O Galilean!”

ii. Some, again, will doubt, whether the silence, which the State imposes on the Church, be not a hindrance to effectual usefulness; since, it is long since she has had a council, in which her voice was freely heard. To this I reply, that, if the powers of the Convocation have not, by this time, been so far extended as to restore her functions, as a deliberative body; they soon must be, as the demand of the whole nation, at the Sovereign’s hand. It may be stated, confidently, that the Church of England has, within herself, whenever she is bold in Christ to use them, all the means of self-reformation, up to the point of highest and most perfect adaptation to the ends for which she is. It should be considered farther, that in her case, there is greatly less need of frequent councils, than in ours. We were but lately an infant Church; and have had every thing,

that God does not determine for His Church, to settle for ourselves. She is a long and well compacted body. She needs a voice ; but does not need its frequent use. The time will come when our triennial General Convention had better be septennial. When men are met, they must do something. Often, for the want of good to occupy them, they do harm.

iii. But some will surely think, that Oxford has within it elements, that must divide and rend the Church ; and ask, in honest earnestness, is there not serious danger, from that controversy ? Yes : just as much as from the breeze, that stirs the stagnant waters of the pool ; or shakes, before their time, the dead leaves from the trees upon the hill. I mean to say, without a word that can give just offence to any man, that, whatever is personal, and local, and occasional, in this question, (far less agitating in the Church of England, than you suppose, \*) is rapidly passing away. A year, or two, or three, will place it with the things that were, so far as its peculiarities are concerned. But, the appeal made, when wicked hands were laid upon the Church, to the principles of Churchmen ; the assertion of the Church's character and rights, as independent of, and far above, the State ; † the summons to the ancient

\* This is said, with a full knowledge of all that has occurred in England, up to the middle of February ; the struggle for the Poetry Professorship at Oxford included.

† “ When the heaving of the earthquake began to be felt ; when society appeared on the eve of returning to its elements ; when our Bishops were exhorted in the House of Lords, and by the head of the King's government, to set their house in order ; and the overthrow of the establishment was openly threatened ; then began the more reflecting of the Clergy to think, and to look around for some bond of union, which should still hold *the Church* together, after she might



faith, the ancient discipline, the ancient worship; the impulse given, in every quarter of the Church, to ancient piety, and ancient holiness, and ancient charity,—these will remain, as blessings to mankind, when every name that has been mixed up in this strife of tongues shall be forgotten.

iv. But, finally, is there not danger from the arts of Rome? Not since the price of the O'Connell interest has been found so far above its worth. The power of Rome, in England, is chiefly political. Let the calamities of Ireland, which are chiefly owing to her priests, be met in some efficient way—as plans for meeting them are now in progress—and the name of Popery will cease to give alarm. As it is, Rome makes no progress, that involves the slightest apprehension for the integrity of Gospel truth. There, as here, wealth is brought in, from Continental Europe, for the erection of Churches and the endowment of Monasteries. There, as here, the Roman Clergy and Laity possess a zeal, and self-denial, and perseverance, which would become a better cause. Still, Rome makes no progress that involves the slightest apprehension for the integrity of Gospel truth. The lists of Popish Chapels, and the maps which ever and anon come over to us, dotted and a-blaze with scarlet crosses, are to be taken with

have ceased to be the *establishment*. As was to be expected, the persons of whom we are speaking, turned to the works of the Fathers: they found from them, that long before the reign of Constantine, the Church had been, in essentials, precisely what she is at this day; and they set themselves to the laudable task of instructing the minds of others, in England, as well as elsewhere, that the Church, even if cast aside by the state, would retain all the essential authority which now belongs to her, and confer upon her faithful sons all the privileges which they now enjoy."—*John Bull*.

the largest measure of allowance; and often indicate the seats of an occasional service, designed, not seldom, for a prospective congregation. Indeed, as I was well assured, the whole number of Romish Chapels in England is scarcely greater than the number of Churches which have been erected, since the revival of Church building. Be this as it may be, the spirit that rose up at the clear trumpet call of Cranmer, Ridley, Latimer, breathes in the Church of England still; and, at whatever cost, will stand between the truth and Rome. But, is denunciation Christian? Is it for us to judge His servants? Is it not better that prayers should be employed, if, peradventure, we may gain our brother? Were not his coming to our truth better than our victory over his error? Is not the best strife that which most provokes to works of charity? Is not the best opposition to false doctrine, the diligent dissemination of the true? Is there any logic that compares with holiness? Or any rhetoric, that can persuade like love?

“ Speak gently of our sister’s fall ;  
 Who knows but gentle love  
 May win her, at our patient call,  
 The surer way to prove ? ” \*

And now, some one, perhaps, will say, speaking before he thinks: “ your impressions of the Church of England breathe but discouragement for us! We cannot run with her. We can but look, and wonder, at the triumphs of her glorious march, impossible to

\* Keble, Christian Year.

us!" Let no man think such thoughts. They are untrue. They are unworthy of the cause. They should not enter for one moment into any Churchman's heart. What! Is the Church of man? Are its resources dug up from the soil? Does it depend on agency or influence of earth? What! Is the Lord's arm shortened? Is He who is head of the Church, no longer "head over all things?" Is it this or that portion, and not the whole Church, that is called in Holy Scripture, "the fulness of Him that filleth all in all?" No; there is nothing in our case discouraging. No; there is nothing in our case that does not call for gratitude, and tempt to triumph. Not an intelligent Churchman in England, that does not feel the freedom of our posture from restraints; the freshness and the force of our appeal, to the conclusions of every honest mind, that will take up the subject, and investigate the argument. To different portions of His Church, as to different men in each, God assigns different offices. The Church of England has been set and kept, "for the defence and confirmation of the Gospel," through the vicissitudes of eighteen hundred years, that men may see and know how true and full of grace that promise is, "lo, I am with you always;" that men may see and know, that those who will maintain His truth, shall be rewarded with His blessing; that men may see and know, that, as with individuals, so with Churches, "it is more blessed to give than to receive"—the Missionary Church of the whole world being made the chief in glory and in power; that men may see and know, that

“the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong,” but that “the victory is the Lord’s,” and that He will give the conquest to the fewest of all people, if they be but faithful to His Word and Church. To us, a different function is awarded. Our problem is, to prove the adaptedness of the Church to whatever form of civil government. Our problem is, to prove the intrinsic power of truth, unaided in the least by patronage, or favour from the state. Our problem is, to show, that, by the force of its divine commission, and the grace which follows it, the ordinance of God will still advance, in poverty, and prejudice, and persecution; and make its way, among the inventions of men, even as the rod of Aaron, among the rods of the magicians. In a word, our problem is, to revive, in the nineteenth century, the simple Church of the first; and to show that then, as now, the triumph is “not by might, not by power, but by My spirit, saith the Lord.” Such is the construction which the English Churchmen put upon our case. Thus construed, they rejoice in our prosperity. They appeal to our progress, as the best argument to enforce their own. They rejoice greatly “for the consolation,” and glorify God in us. Their prayers ascend daily, from fervent hearts, that peace and prosperity may ever be with us, and abound: and it is their hearts’ desire, that—striving with them, in that only emulation which becometh Christians, the strife of love—we, on our Westward track, may hasten on to meet them, in their progress Eastward; so compassing the world between us, and setting up, in every

land, the name and worship of our gracious Lord.  
 "Even so, come, Lord Jesus; come quickly!"

That we may best co-operate in this most glorious work, and realize these lofty aspirations, I need not say, that we must emulate the zeal, the piety, the charity, which makes the Church of England now, the light and glory of the world.\* These were the arms by which the cause of Christ first triumphed, in the hands of Peter, John, and Paul. These are the only weapons which the Saviour authorizes, and the Holy Ghost will bless. Jesus, "lifted up from the earth," must still "draw all men" to Himself. The bleeding Cross is still the banner, in whose sign we overcome. The love of Christ constraining us, must still be our motive, as it was St. Paul's.

And now, dear brethren, to conclude as I began. Of all the glorious things that can be spoken of the Church, this is the greatest, that she is "glorious in holiness;" and He who gave Himself for it, gave Himself expressly, that she should be "holy, and without blemish." But, that the Church be holy, the members of the Church must first be holy. Now holiness is personal. It is the work of grace in every individual heart. It is the transformation of the man,

\* I have not spoken of the chiefest of the material glories of England, HER CATHEDRALS; because I should have run beyond my limits, had I entered on that theme. I can only say, at present, high as my expectations were, they were by far inferior to the truth. Surely, they are the noblest of the creations of men. We were at the service in very nearly all of them. Only in two, was there the slightest impropriety. Solemnity and devotion were never made so powerful as in the Cathedral service. In one, in which I preached, that of Ripon, which is also a parish Church, it is simplified and adapted to congregational use, in a way which might be introduced in America. I trust it may be.

by the renewing of his mind. It is his new creation, by the Spirit of God, in righteousness and true holiness, according to His image, in whose likeness we were first created. In vain our name of Christians, then, unless we be like Christ. In vain we cry, "the temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord are these," unless His Spirit dwell with us, and reign in us. It is indeed a glorious thing to be a member of that Church of which such "glorious things are spoken." But to be such is to be responsible for being "holy, even as He is holy." "Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?" "Follow after holiness," it is the conclusion of the whole matter; may we all have grace to lay it well to heart, "follow after holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord."

## \* SERMON IV.

### THE BAG, WITH HOLES.

HAGGAI I. 5-8.—Now, therefore, thus saith the Lord of hosts ; Consider your ways. Ye have sown much, and bring in little ; ye eat, but ye have not enough ; ye drink, but ye are not filled with drink ; ye clothe you, but there is none warm ; and he that earneth wages earneth wages to put it into a BAG, WITH HOLES. Thus saith the Lord of hosts ; Consider your ways. Go up to the mountain, and bring wood, and build the house ; and I will take pleasure in it, and I will be glorified, saith the Lord. Ye looked for much, and lo, it came to little ; and when ye brought it home, I did blow upon it. Why ? saith the Lord of hosts. Because of Mine house, that is waste ; and ye run, every man, unto his own house.

How well these words describe the present state of things, with us ! Look back to mid-summer. Was ever land so full of wealth ; and of what makes wealth, and stands for it ? What plenteous crops ! What busy mills ! What crowds of ships ! Agriculture, never so profitable. Manufactures, never so active. Commerce, never so extensive. Peace with the world. Prosperity, at home. What enterprise, that could not safely be encountered ! What rate of progress, that could not be easily achieved ! What acme of prosperity, that was not certainly attainable ! It really seemed, that gold was God. That the warning, as to “doubt-

\* In St. Mary's, Burlington, on Advent Sunday, A. D. 1857 ; during the height of the financial crisis of that year.

ful riches," had gone entirely out of use. That there were, no longer, wings, for wealth; nor any moth, or rust, that could lay hold on earthly treasures. Before mid-autumn came, how fearful was the change! The whole land, trembling with dismay. Men's hearts, failing them, for fear. Confidence, gone. Enterprise, checked. Manufactures, stopped. Commerce, paralyzed. Agriculture, unable to pay the freightage of its products, to the market. The most established institutions, shaken to their foundations. The oldest, and most respected, commercial houses, driven, into bankruptcy. And names, that had stood up, for a whole generation, as light-houses, for integrity, and honour, tempted to dishonesty. And, even, now, from Europe, comes—above the roar of ocean, above the thunder of the heavens, above the din of Indian battle-fields—the echo of our crash: stunning our ears, while it appals our hearts. Was ever such transition, from the highest height of prosperity, to the deepest depth of adversity? Was ever lesson so impressive, that gold is only dust; that wisdom is only foolishness; that strongest strength is only weakest weakness? Where was the arm, that could arrest the panic? Where was the mind, that could explain it, or account for it? What was there, for whole America, what, for ancestral England, but, to bow, like willows, to the storm; and save themselves, by yielding? How keen, in such a case, the sarcasm, of the Prophet! "Ye have sown much; and, bring in little." The golden harvests of the West, are still in barns; for want of money to transport them. "Ye eat,



but ye have not enough ; ye drink, but ye are not filled with drink ; ye clothe you, but there is none warm." Men, who have rioted in plenty, find themselves reduced to want. Luxury and licentiousness give way, to scarcity and care. The vestments, which cost thousands, fail to warm their trembling wearers. "And he, that earneth wages"—he that has laid up money ; the product of his toil, or triumph of his skill—"earneth wages, to put into A BAG, WITH HOLES." As some industrious countrywoman, who has put all her savings, into an old stocking, and laid it safely by, behind the chimney ; finds, that the mice have gnawed it into holes : and all her hoarded store has fallen, beyond her reach. At other times, these troubles have befallen some. Now, they reach all. At other times, the doubtful fell ; the weak were shaken. Now, the strongest were the first, to fall ; and the least questionable have had to own their weakness. There has been no such searching of men's hearts, since we became a nation : and, never, with so little reason ; or, in a way, to pass, so fearfully, all human comprehension. If statistics are reliable, for the products of the land ; if freedom from foreign entanglements, were safety ; if enterprise, ability and industry were strength ; we should now be filled with riches : and their increase, passing all experience. Without flood, or fire, or famine ; no war, no pestilence : we are a crippled nation. The richest cannot reach their wealth. The wisest know not where to turn. The most skilful find no occupation. The most industrious cannot earn their bread. Is there a theory, that can

explain it? Is there a chain of second causes, that has produced it? Has human skill, or human energy, or human enterprise, been at fault? "No," says the withering sarcasm, of the Prophet: "Ye looked for much; and, lo, it came to little; and, when ye brought it home, I did blow upon it," saith the Lord. In the stronger language, of the margin of our Bibles, "I did blow it away." "Why? saith the Lord of hosts. Because of mine house, that is waste; and ye run, every man, unto his own house."

My brethren, the lesson of the text is, clearly, the lesson of the times; "Consider your ways." It is repeated. "Now, therefore, thus saith the Lord of hosts, Consider your ways," and, again, "Thus saith the Lord of hosts, Consider your ways." In the more expressive language of the margin, "*Set your heart, upon your ways.*" Dear brethren, is there not a cause? Can we do less? Have not our ways gone wrong? Has not disappointment sprung up, in every path? Have we not found, that riches are deceitful? That enterprise is powerless? That wisdom is at fault? What is the obvious lesson, but, to set our heart, upon our ways?

"Set your heart upon your ways!" *Consider their worldliness.* We have become, very proud. Our progress has been so great. Our enterprises have been so successful. We have achieved so much, in arts. We are conscious, of such power, in arms. We have essayed to lead the age. We have proposed to sway the world. Where, such an increase of population? Where, such freedom, from poverty? Where, such an

assertion of human rights? Where, such public wealth? Where, such private splendour? Where, such extent of railroads? Where, such magic of the telegraph? Where, such diffusion of knowledge? Where, such attainments of science? Where, such enjoyments of art? As if, the whole nation had caught the spirit of that poor, rich, fool; and said to itself, "Land, thou hast much goods, laid up, for many years: take thine ease; eat, drink, and be merry!" "Now, therefore, thus saith the Lord of hosts, Set your heart, on your ways: ye have sown much, and bring in little; ye eat, but have not enough; ye drink, but ye are not filled with drink; ye clothe you, but there is none warm; and he that earneth wages, earneth wages to put it into a bag, with holes."

"Set your heart upon your ways." *Consider your selfishness.* Of worldliness, the first-born child is selfishness. Forgetfulness of God is deification of self. "Ye run, every man, to his own house." To add field to field. To call the lands by our own names. To fill our houses, with treasure. To riot in luxury and extravagance. To vie with every foreign foolishness. To import every foreign fashion. To live, to ourselves. To forget our neighbour. To forget our God. To live, as if earth were the only place; and time were the limit of our being: these have been our ways. We have pampered every appetite. We have indulged every desire. We have satiated ourselves with every indulgence. We have run, every man, unto his own house; as if, there, safety were impregnable. How has trouble

entered our doors! How has scarcity seated herself at our tables! How has want sat down upon our hearth-stones! And how does distress look in at our windows! We “have sown much and bring in little.” “And he that earneth wages, earneth wages to put it into a bag, with holes.” “Ye looked for much, and, lo, it came to little; and when ye brought it home, I did blow upon it.”

“Set your heart upon your ways.” *Consider your forgetfulness of God.* It must inevitably be so. “Ye cannot serve God and Mammon.” A worldly nation, a selfish nation, cannot be a godly nation. And, to forget God is to lose His favour, and defy His wrath. Have we not found it so? Where are the commercial speculations, on which, last year, men’s hearts were? God hath blown upon them. Where are the public improvements, that promised to make a populous highway, from the Atlantic, to the Pacific? God hath blown upon them. Where is the girdle, that was to annihilate the sea; and enable the ear of Wall street to hear whispers, from the Bank of England? God hath blown upon it. Where are the splendid mansions? Where are the hoards of gold? Where are the gallant equipages? Where are the groaning boards? Where is the wealth, that defied calculation; and the indulgence, that exhausted the world? God hath blown upon it. God hath blown it away. He will not be forgotten by His creatures. If they *will not* remember Him, in the riches of His love, they *shall*, in the terrors of His wrath.

“Set your heart upon your ways.” *Consider your disregard of His name.* See, with what piteous cries, for aid, the Missionary organs of the Church have come before us, now. See, how the plea, from Africa, rises unheard. See, how the dwellers, on our western hills, and on our western prairies, call for help, in vain. See, how a year of utmost plenty has allowed a bankrupt Church. See how, in our Diocesan relations, the heart has chilled, and the hand drawn back. Consider—as you know, and God—how your own alms have fallen off. Recall to mind, how often you have been to Church, when you could attend to business, or might pursue your pleasures. Recall to mind, how often you have turned away from the Table of the Lord. Do you ask, why ye have sown much, and bring in little? Do you ask, why you have earned wages, to put them into a bag, with holes? Do you ask, why you looked for much, and it came to little? “Why? saith the Lord of hosts. Because of Mine house, that is waste: and ye run, every man, to his own house.”

“Now, therefore, thus saith the Lord of hosts, Set your heart, upon your ways!” *Return to God.* Break down the idols, which ye have set up. Reform your worldliness. Subdue your selfishness. Live, as if there were a God. Live, as if you had a soul. Live, as if it *must* endure, forever; and *might* endure, in everlasting misery.

“Now, therefore, thus saith the Lord of hosts, Set your heart upon your ways!” *Rebuild the house of God.* We are all, who are baptized, “builders, togeth-

er, with God." *We* have succeeded, to the trust of Peter, and James, and John. You have succeeded to the trust of Gaius, and Onesiphorus, and Aquila; of Priscilla, and Phœbe, and Lydia. Fulfil it, as they fulfilled it. Let it be your cheerful joy, that the Church is in your house. And, prove, that it is so, by earnest efforts, liberal alms, and fervent prayers, that it may, also, be in every house. To-day, do what you can, as God has blessed you, for the Home Missions of this Church.\*

"Now, therefore, thus saith the Lord of hosts, Set your heart upon your ways." *Give glory, to His name!* "Go up, to the mountain, and bring wood, and build the house; and I will take pleasure in it; and I will be glorified, saith the Lord." Glorify God in your spirits; by self-devotion to His cause, and self-sacrifice before His cross. Glorify God, in your bodies; by subjecting them to His law, in holiness, and purity, and charity. Glorify God, in His house; by your constant attendance, your cheerful service, your earnest attention to its lessons, your devout participation in its sacraments, your willing contributions to its charities. Oh, for the patriot spirit of Nehemiah, whose sorrow of heart, for the waste places of Jerusalem, moved, even, the heathen Artaxerxes, to sympathy and succour. "Let the king live, for ever! Why should not my countenance be sad, when the city, the place of my fathers' sepulchres, lieth waste; and the gates thereof are

\* The alms, at the Offertory, were for the use of the Domestic Committee of the Board of Missions.

consumed with fire!" Oh, for the pious spirit of Lydia; who, resorting to a place, where prayer was wont to be made, had her heart opened, to attend to the preaching of Paul; and was baptized, with all her family; and made her house, the home of the Philipian Church! Oh, for the loving spirit, of the Macedonian Churches, "whose deep poverty, in a great trial of affliction, abounded, unto the riches of their liberality;" "for, even, beyond their power, they were willing, of themselves!"

Beloved brethren, "set your heart upon your ways!" It is the lesson of the text, not only, and the times; but, of that holy season, on which, the Church now enters. Surely the duty of all duties, for the Advent Season, is the consideration of our ways. Our sinful ways, which brought the Lord of glory, down, from heaven. Our sinful ways, on which, the fire of His fierce anger is to burst, when He shall come to judge the world.

"Awake, again the Gospel trump is blown:

From year to year, it swells, with louder tone;

From year to year, the signs of wrath

Are gathering, round the Judge's path:

Strange words fulfilled, and mighty works achieved;

And truth, in all the earth, both hated and believed. \* \* \* \*

But what are heaven's alarms, to hearts, that cower,

In wilful slumber, deepening every hour;

That draw the curtains closer round,

The nearer swells the trumpet's sound?

Lord, ere our trembling lamps sink down and die,

Touch us, with chastening hand; and make us feel Thee, nigh."

Beloved brethren, the coming of the Lord *is* drawing nigh. Even, now, the Judge is at the door. What, if He find our loins not girded? What, if He find our lamp, not burning? What, if He say, "Depart from Me; I know you not?" That it may not be so, the merciful goodness of God spares us, to another Advent. Let us make it, what the Church designs it for, a season of earnest preparation, for the judgment. Let us be instant, in prayer. Let the family altar be set up, on every hearth. Let us be constant, in the daily service of the Church. Let us be frequent, at that holy sacrament; through which, to penitent and faithful hearts, the grace of their salvation cometh. Let us be more holy, in our lives; more charitable, with our tongues; more generous, with our hands. In a word, let us be more, as servants, who await the coming of their Lord; not knowing, when He cometh. Saviour and Judge—most gracious Saviour and most glorious Judge—sustain us, by Thy grace, and fit us, for Thy glory! And, unto Thee, with the Almighty Father, and the ever blessed Spirit, shall be ascribed, forevermore, the glory and the praise. Amen.



\* SERMON V.

THE LOVE OF THE PERISHABLE MADE PERFECT  
IN THE LOVE OF THE IMMORTAL.

THE love of the perishable is the proof, as it is the penalty, of the Fall. God made not life, for death; nor, yet, to yearn upon the dying. In all that blessed Garden, there was no token of decay: no autumn leaf, upon the trees; no drought, or frost, upon the streams; no blood, upon the earth. The flowers forever bloomed; the fruits were always ripe; the fountains, ever full. There was but God, that they could love: and He was life. And, when they looked upon each other, in their loveliness and love, it was the immortal gazing on the immortal. What pure, what perfect, what perennial bliss! Love, without a fear. Love, without a doubt. Love, without a limit. No separation. No sorrow. No satiety. For yesterday, no regret. For to-morrow, no apprehension. Conscious health. Conscious strength. Conscious life. Conscious innocence. Conscious happiness. Infinite themes for thought; and minds, commensurate with their infinitude. Inexhaus-

\* At the funeral of the Rev. Prof. Ogilby, March, A. D. 1851; published by request of the Clergy, Wardens, and Vestrymen of Trinity Church, New York: where it was delivered.

tible sources of enjoyment; and hearts, incapable of exhaustion. Perfect unity. Perfect confidence. Perfect security. Hope, bursting into joy. Peace, deepening into pleasure. Love, incapable of shame. Life, incapable of death.

Sin came; and all this beautiful description reads backward, like a witch's prayer. For Paradise, a bleak and barren world. For the communion and companionship of God, sorrow, and solitude, and exile. For life immortal, universal, everlasting death. When shame came, first, with sin, there was no shelter but the leaves, which blushing haste snatched from the trellised vine, or spreading fig, which canopied their love. But, when the curse had come, the gentle lamb, the sportive kid, the fleet gazelle, lay weltering in their blood, to clothe their murderers with their skins. Who can imagine the wild shriek, which, from the realms of nature, all, went up, when, on the world which sin had ruined, the curse came down, in death. With what astonishment, the moaning dam gazed on her yeanning, as it lay, panting and struggling, at her side; and how the lorn and lovely nightingale poured her first notes of sorrow, from her empty nest. Nature all, fell into "the sere and yellow leaf." The genial air, now, scorched; now chilled; now, froze. The river, that went out of Eden, rushed, with maddening force, along its torn and trembling banks; or left them, desolate and dry. Blood was upon the earth. Blackness, upon the sky. By the first altar, stood the first child of the first parents; the murderer of his only brother. "By one man, sin

entered into the world; and death, by sin: and, so, death passed upon all men; for that all have sinned."

The death, which was the cause of sin, was not the instantaneous destruction of the ruined race. As you will read it, in the margin of your Bible, it was a "dying, thou shalt die:" a living death; a dying life. The throes of birth, only less fearful than the pangs of dissolution. The weakness of infancy, reproduced, in the weakness of old age. One half our years employed in toiling up the hill; the other half, in tottering down. The pulses of our life beat from the bell, which tolls our death. The sands forever sinking in the glass. The first gray hair, but half concealed, among the garlands of the bridal. And, every step we take, wherever else it tend, a step toward the tomb. Is it not true, even beyond the letter, "dying, thou shalt die?"

And this is not the worst. Our dying nature clings to dying natures. Love reproduces life, only to find it death. The infant does but draw the yearning mother's heart all out of her, to drag it to the grave. In hopeful children, that untimely fall, parental hearts die; and are buried, with their dust. A life-long love, that has knit in the very heart-strings with each other, is rent and sundered, by the lingering touch of dull decay; or, in a moment, crushed; when a horse falls, or when a ship goes down. We watch the hectic, as it spreads upon the cheek of our beloved; and must turn the tears in, though they scald the heart. We count the life-drops, as they fall from the dear bosom, where our love is garnered; with vain desires that we could

reinforce them with our own. We sit in silence and in solitude, unsolaced and unsustained. The Lord God prepares a gracious vine, to come up over us, and shadow our heads, and console us in our grief; and we are exceeding glad of the vine. But, the next morning, a worm has touched it, and it withers. And, as the hot wind scorches, and the sun beats down upon us, we faint, and wish to die; and say, in our impatience, "It is better for us to die than to live." Is not the Prophet's gourd a true and bitter allegory of mortal love and mortal life? And is not the love of the perishable the proof, as it is the penalty, of the Fall? And is this all there is? Is the sole remnant of the trees of that fair garden the funeral willow? Are we still left, to love the perishable; and to perish in our loving? Is death to be the end of life? No, my beloved! As, at the first, the tree that stood in the midst of that untempted Garden, was the Tree of Life; so, now, to all the nations that have perished by the Fall, the Tree of everlasting life, the blessed Cross of Jesus Christ, presents, to their obedient faith, its precious and immortal fruits. The promise of the woman's seed has been fulfilled, in Him. In Him, the ruined race has been restored. He "bore our sins, in His own body, on the Tree." And, now, for all who will, that bleeding Tree bears pardon and salvation. The bathing of His blood blots out our sins, and transforms death to life. "Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth." "God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth

in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Bring your beloved, then, to Him. Lay them beneath His Cross. Kneel with them, there, in penitential faith. And, in the love for Him, which His redemption challenges, from every heart, renew and consecrate your human love. He will bless it. He will beautify it, beyond the beauty of poetic dream. He will sustain it in absence. He will console it in sorrow. He will succour it in sickness. He will immortalize it in death. The perishable shall no longer perish, in the love of the perishable; but the immortal live forever, in a new and glorious life, in the love of the Immortal.

Dearly beloved, to meet your doubting faith, and cheer your mourning love, and help you upward, to Himself, He bends to you the blessed branches of the Tree of Life; and bids you eat of it, and live. He bows Himself, the true and living Vine, that you may press, from the full, bursting clusters, the streams of comfort and salvation, and have life in Him. "How excellent is Thy mercy, O God. And the children of men shall put their trust under the shadow of Thy wings. They shall be satisfied with the plenteousness of Thy house; and Thou shalt give them drink of Thy pleasures, as out of the river. For, with Thee, is the well of life; and in Thy light, we shall see light."

Such thoughts as these welled up, and filled my heart, when first the tidings came, that Ogilby was dead. And, bidden here to-day, to do for him what, in the course of nature, I had looked that he should do

for me, I could but open it, and let them flow. Grief would be silent, if it might. If it find utterance, it will be choked, and indistinct, and incoherent. I would most gladly kneel beside his bier, with the beloved mourners that surround it; only less dear to my heart than to his; and mix, with theirs, my burning, bitter tears; the stricken heart's true utterance. But nature must be quelled and conquered, here. Jesus might groan within Himself, and weep, beside the grave of Lazarus; but He must still proclaim the resurrection and the life, and preach the faith to which alone they are assured. And I, who have but love and grief to bring to the dear grave that opens for our darling, must strive to dry your tears; and comfort others, when I need so much their comfort for myself. I had long loved him, as men seldom love a man; and he had well repaid my love. For many years, he had discharged, to me, with all the truth and tenderness of nature, the beautiful relations of a brother and a son. And every form of sorrow, that God ever sends, to chasten His beloved, had only been to them a surer trial, and a holier consecration. One half my heart he took with him abroad: and every prayer bore up to heaven, with the beloved of my hearth, the wanderer of our love. And, when it seemed that God had granted our petitions, and that another month would bring him to our arms, the tidings came, that, at the moment, when his memory was sweetest to us, in that blessed Eucharistic Feast, which he loved so well, and had so often shared with us; and on the sacred day, when Christendom was all

engaged in the devout commemoration of the Saviour's first appearance in His temple,\* he fell asleep in Jesus, and was safe with God. I had been more than man, had I not felt my heartstrings tear. I had been less, if, with my knowledge of the dying life which he had lived for years; if, with my experience of the trials of this present world, and of the Church here militant on earth; if, with my certainty, as perfect as belongs to human nature, that he was "gathered to our fathers, having the testimony of a good conscience, in the communion of the Catholic Church, in the comfort of a reasonable, religious, and holy hope, in favour with our God, and in perfect charity with the world," I could indulge the selfish wish, that he were here, or other than he is. The perishable heart, in its passionate yearning for the perishable, must bleed. But the immortal, redeemed, regenerated, and renewed, is healed, and comforted, in its love of the Immortal. The Cross of Christ, to which it clings, lifts it above the world. It can say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away." And it can also say, "Blessed be the name of the Lord."

I purpose not to sketch the life of Dr. Ogilby. It has been done, and well done, with a pen that flowed with truth and love, by one † who was his college companion, and has ever been his more than friend. It will

\* The Rev. Dr. Ogilby died on Sunday, 2d February, the Feast of the Presentation of Christ in the Temple, commonly called, The Purification of St. Mary the Virgin; and, allowing for the difference of longitude, at about the time of the administration of the Holy Communion, in our churches.

† The Rev. Dr. Haight, in his sermon, in the chapel of the General Theological Seminary; of which he is a Professor.

be done, I trust, more fully and deliberately, than occasions such as this present. All that I propose to do, is to present some two or three of what may seem the salient points in his brief pilgrimage, with the relations which they bear to his whole life and character; and then to transfer, from my heart to yours, some of the beautiful impressions, which have been burnt into it, until they are a part of it, by the fervours of a love, that cannot die.

Dr. Ogilby was born in Dublin, on the last day but one of the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and ten. Though he left his native land, before he was six years old, no one could know him, and not feel how true it is, that, when you find an Irish gentleman, you find a perfect gentleman. Genial, cordial, generous; just off his guard enough to show his race; he loved to claim for the half blunder and half badinage, in which he sometimes caught himself, the national protection. His early education, though he had, in two instances, at least, most admirable masters,\* was irregular and spasmodic; and, at one time, he had well nigh determined on a life of business. But he was born to be a scholar; and the sure re-action came, and "with a will." Admitted to the Freshman class, in that venerable Institution, which is your city's brightest ornament, at the close of one academic year, he presented himself to be admitted Sophomore, at the opening of the next: and had so thoroughly achieved the year's *curriculum*, in the mere summer vacation, as to gain the point proposed, under the fiery ordeal of the strictest and

\* The Rev. William Powell, and Mr. Pelham Clark.



most rigorous examination. Thus was the boy "the father of the man." He could always do more, in less time, and do it better, than any man I ever knew. Nor was this his most remarkable achievement. When yet a member of the Junior class, and only seventeen years of age, he was selected, by one who knew men well, the venerable Dr. Harris, then the President, to be the first Rector of the Grammar School of Columbia College. The wisdom of the choice was well sustained. He established the school. He raised it to great celebrity. He conducted it with distinguished success. Though but a boy, he governed boys, as pupils, and men, as teachers, with consummate skill. He kept up his college studies all the while, so as to graduate with his class; and he destroyed his health. The trenchant blade, of true Damascus temper, had cut through the sheath. In over-study, over-work, and over-care, the insidious disease was born and nurtured, which, "like a moth, fretting a garment," gnawed at his heart-strings, through a life of suffering, and severed them, at last. In 1833, then twenty-three, he was appointed, under most honourable circumstances, the Professor of the Greek and Latin languages, in Rutgers' College, New-Brunswick; then, as now, eminently distinguished for the ability and learning of its Faculty. And he discharged the duties of his office so faithfully and so successfully, that, in 1841, when the office of Professor of Ecclesiastical History, in our General Theological Seminary, became vacant by the consecration of its distinguished incumbent to the Episcopate of Maryland, the

sagacious mind of its munificent founder, the lamented Mr. Stuyvesant, selected him to fill the vacancy: and the Church long since confirmed the action of the Trustees, in their adoption of the nomination. During his residence at Rutgers' College, he pursued his studies in theology, so as to be admitted, in 1838, by the Bishop of New York, to Deacons' orders, and to Priests'. In the following year, he became a Presbyterian of New Jersey; and officiated, as Missionary, in connection with his Professorship, most faithfully and usefully, in the vacant and feeble parishes, and waste-places, which lie around New-Brunswick. His transfer to the diocese of New Jersey was characteristic of himself. He belonged, canonically, to the largest of the dioceses. He cast his lot in with almost the smallest; at that time not one half what it is now. He did so, on the ground of duty. He did so, that he might be useful. He did so, that he might serve God, and save the souls of men. His labours were the labours of true love. His record is in heaven. His distinguished services, in the chair of Ecclesiastical History, are too well known to need consideration here. Not a diocese in all our land, where one and another of the zealous and devoted alumni of our Seminary—zealous and devoted, all the more, for the burning light of his example—will not rise up, and call him blessed: while the records of the Standing Committee of the Trustees, who were eye-witnesses of his self-sacrificing service; and of the learned and venerable Professors, who laboured with him in the nurture and instruction of the young men, whom the

Church regards as her chief hope ; with *their* spontaneous expressions, who were accustomed to sit, as learners, at his feet, will bear, to after ages, the fullest and the strongest attestation of his learning, as a scholar ; his ability, as a teacher ; his loveliness, as a man ; his unreserving self-devotion, as a minister of Jesus Christ. Nor did the lustre of his beautiful example shut itself up in its own immediate sphere of duty. The records of the Vestry of Trinity Church, and of the students and alumni of Burlington College, are radiant with his name. The fathers of our oldest sacred corporation are here, to bow their venerable heads, in silent submission to the holy will of God ; and more than a score of the sons of our youngest College have come up, together with their teachers, to weep with us the tears of their first sorrow. That such a mark should have been made, in less than forty years, and that with a physical system to which, for half that time, health was unknown ; while it enhances, to our hearts, the weight of our great loss, demands from them the tribute of our gratitude to Him, who lent us such a man so long. The time would fail me to attempt to tell the countless ways in which his ready hand obeyed his active mind, in works of love and labour for the Church. He was always as ready to preach the Gospel, as he was acceptable in preaching it ; and more cannot be said. And he preferred the places where poor people pray, to those where wealth, intelligence, and influence congregate. His pen was as prompt, as it was powerful. The work, of which he made a conscience, the qualifying of himself to fill the

difficult and influential post, where Providence had placed him, as yet allowed him but little time for the deliberate work of authorship. He hoped, at no remotely distant period, to attempt, what has not yet been fully furnished, a History of the Church. But, more than once, he met the exigency of the times, in publications, which were at once honourable to himself, and serviceable to the occasions which produced them. In the Convention of the diocese of New Jersey, he was always active, energetic, and influential: and no man, of his years, has ever taken a higher stand, in the General Convention, for learning, or for eloquence. In the foundation of Burlington College, and in its administration as a Trustee, his services were invaluable. Not a provision, in instruction, or in discipline, that did not pass the scrutiny of his full and searching mind. Not an interest connected with it, that had not the entire devotion of his warm and noble heart. I bear my record here—and they are few that will dissent from it—that, in Dr. Ogilby, the diocese had, and has lost, a treasure, never to be estimated. An inmate, for twelve years, not of my house only, but of my heart; an elder brother to my children; the sharer of my closest thoughts; the partner of my counsels and my cares; next to me, always, in the hour of trial; and, in a sickness, that was only not a sickness unto death, administering to me the holiest consolations of our religion, under the very shadow of the grave: what have I not lost, in him? Do I not need your pity? Shall I not have your prayers?

The attempt, to convey a just impression of the character of Dr. Ogilby, is strangely embarrassed, by its singular completeness, consistency, and harmony. It strikes you, as a whole, rather than in any of its parts. Like some exquisite mosaic, where an infinite variety of tints and shades combine, to make a perfect picture. I shall not attempt a philosophical analysis. I shall but strike off, from my heart, as it retains them, and for ever will, the beautiful and graceful features, which made up the portraiture.

*There was, in Dr. Ogilby, a singular vitality and vividness.* He was always all alive. You never could mistake him, or his meaning. No one, that saw him once, could fail to get the most distinct impression. It was not in the eager glance of his keen eye. It was not in the well-defined and sculptured outline of his face. It was not in his direct, straightforward, positive approach. It was all these: and it was more. It was a kind of radiance, that beamed from him. A light from within—*luce di dentro*—as the Italian artists call it. You felt it, though you might not think of it; and, when it had been felt, it never was forgotten.

*He was a man of wonderful reality.* He has been called, an earnest man; but that was only part of it. No one could ever doubt him. He gave you all his heart. He gave it to whatever he undertook. He could do nothing for appearance. He had no tolerance for shams. He went half-way, in nothing. He had the highest standard, and held himself up to it.

The true foundation of this portion of his character was genuine humility. I remember well, when he was appointed to the Ecclesiastical History Professorship. His studies had not lain that way. He was to succeed a man of rare ability, and wonderful attainments. He was to do it at short notice. He was to do it with imperfect and uncertain health. He came at once to see me. He opened all his case. He told me of his doubts and difficulties. He laid his plans before me. He desired my judgment, as to their judiciousness. He felt much more than his true inadequacy to the work. He proposed much more than its just requirements called for. He avowed, in deep humility, his self-devotion to the enterprise. He confessed, with perfect artlessness, his fears for the result; and he applied, in his own playful way, the encouragement which I gave him, in the homely distich, which, he thought, described his case, and stated his defence :

“ He hobbled ; but his heart was good :  
 Could he go faster than he could ? ”

When Dr. Ogilby had given himself to any object, he had entirely given himself. If he was to meet me at some point, on an Episcopal Visitation, he was there, if he had to walk. When it was thought that he might serve a great and holy cause, by going to England, in its behalf, he had decided, while the proposal was half uttered. It was the same, in the class-room. It was the same, in the library. It was the same, everywhere. What he did was always heart-work. He did it with his might.

*He was of that exquisite tenderness, which only women and brave men possess.* You saw it, or you felt it, rather, in a thousand different ways. In its larger developements of hospitality and generosity, he never was surpassed. It was even more attractive in its minor forms. He was thoughtful in the smallest things. The proprieties of his tenderness were perfect. When a dear friend had triumphed, in a struggle more than for life, he hastened, from the rejoicings of the hour, to bear the tidings to an anxious woman. When a servant, who had come from where his family resided, followed his dead wife to the grave, he took his arm, and walked with him, and wept with him. And his last public act was to leave his bed of sickness, to preach the funeral sermon for a beloved physician.\* “His head was good enough,” one writes, of him; “but what a heart! I loved him, as a man might love a woman.” And, for myself, I can adopt the words of David’s lamentation, on Gilboa: “I am distressed for thee, my brother; very pleasant hast thou been to me; thy love to me was wonderful.”

*There followed, from all this, an irresistible attractiveness.* I had abundant opportunities to judge of this. He was certain to be with me, when he could be, at the Visitations of my Diocese; and the welcome, which I always found, at every hearth, was doubled, when he was with me. He was alike, at home, in the most elegant society, and among the poorest and the plainest;

\* The late Dr. Macdonald.

and every face was brighter, when he came. To children, he was most especially attractive; and, when he visited St. Mary's Hall, or Burlington College, it made a sunshine, in the cloudiest day.

*He was a man of wonderful efficiency.* He would certainly have excelled, in any line of life. His business talents were of the highest order. He was as energetic in execution as he was skilful in design; and prompt, alike, in both. With ordinary health, how much he might have brought about! Had he attained the allotted threescore years and ten, what limit to the results of such ability and devotion! But it was not to be so. He never had been young. He had done more than man's work, when he was a boy. He had always lain under a man's responsibilities. He had lived his life out, at thirty-nine.

*He had attained, in his short life, a most extensive influentialness.* It was intuitively granted to him. It was the natural tribute to such reality, such tenderness, and such efficiency. For the learning of the scholar, for the prudence of the counsellor, for the helping hand of the executive, how many looked to him, and leaned on him! How many miss him, now! His cheering look, his friendly grasp, his kindly word! How many more will miss him, as the sad certainty reveals itself, that he is gone!

Though, in the course of Providence, the life of Dr. Ogilby was almost wholly academic, I think the true



bent of his religious nature was the pastoral. The priestly offices were his delight: to preach the Gospel of salvation; to minister the means of grace; to catechize the young; to comfort the sick; to visit the afflicted. He would have been the model of a parish priest. He was a true Catholic Churchman. He had not in him the possibility of sympathy with Romish error. How clearly he demonstrated the faithfulness of his allegiance to the Church, in which his vows were paid, in his complete and perfect answers to the questions addressed to him, at the Visitation of the Seminary, in 1844. They were prepared, I know, off-hand. They flowed out from his well-stored mind, as the rich juices from the full ripe grape. He preached, in all its fulness, clearness and distinctness, the Gospel in the Church. He led the sinner to the Lamb of God, Whose blood had washed away his sins. He urged the duty of repentance. He taught the indispensable necessity of the renewal of the heart by grace. His soul's delight was in the worship of the Church. Before he had completed his country residence, he began to rear a wayside chapel, by the gate; that the neighbours and the wayfarers might worship with his house. And the chief provision, in his last Will and Testament, was to secure, for perpetuity, its sacred designation. His guides and counsellors, in the communion, which he held, with God, in private, were Bishop Andrewes' Devotions, Bishop Wilson's *Sacra Privata*, and Bishop Taylor's *Holy Living and Holy Dying*. The last letter, which he wrote to me, was dated "Christmas Day."

It was full of kindness, tenderness, and true devotion. The next week he went to Paris. For a while, he seemed to be much better. His last letter was fuller of hope and encouragement, than any he had written. It was the fitful flame of the expiring lamp. In three days he was dead. But he died not suddenly, or unprepared. He embarked for Europe, on the 21st day of November, 1849. A week before that, I spent the day with him, and administered to him, in the midst of his beloved, the holy sacrament of the Supper of the Lord. I never witnessed a more solemn and affecting scene. He fully knew his danger. He fully realized, that he never might return. Indeed, though he had hope of restoration ; he was aware that a few weeks or months might terminate his life. He spoke to me as calmly as he ever did. He avowed his simple and entire dependence, for acceptance and salvation, on the Cross of Jesus Christ. He submitted himself, in perfect resignation, to the holy will of God. Whether he lived, or died, he was the Lord's. His letters all have breathed the same devout and tranquil spirit. In his last weeks, he was even more than usually engaged in prayer and meditation. And, when the summons came, to call him home, he met it, as a child, that falls, in weariness, upon his mother's breast : and, with the simple sentence, "I am tired," upon his lips, he entered into rest. Into the secret places of her sorrow, who found herself alone with death, among the myriads of that crowded city ; and, who, thence, pursued her solitary way, beside his sacred ashes, through the storms

of the Atlantic, no mortal may intrude. Nor trespass on that consecrated hearth, by which a mother, sisters, brothers, children, blend their tears, with hers. The COMFORTER alone can comfort them. And He, who is the SANCTIFIER, too, can make this most afflictive providence a fountain full of blessings, to His Church, and to ourselves. And our dead Ogilby have power, from Him, to draw us from the world and sin and self, to be where he is ; while he waits, in peaceful hope, the coming of the Lord. It will be so, if we learn, from him, that this is not our rest. It will be so, if we learn, from him, that our true life is hid, with Christ. It will be so, if we learn from him, to take the Cross up daily, and go after Jesus. It will be so, if we learn from him, to prefer the Church of the living God to our chief joy. So shall our life be Christ ; and death, our gain. And, so, when Christ, Who is our life, shall appear, shall we also appear with Him, in glory. To Whom, one with the Father, and the Holy Ghost, Three Persons, and One only God, shall ever be ascribed the glory and the praise. Amen.

## \* SERMON VI.

### THE SACRED SYMPATHY OF SORROW.

How sacred is the sympathy of sorrow ! It is the "touch of nature" which "makes the whole world kin." It melted the humanity of JESUS, as He stood by that new grave ; and it is with Him, now, that He has "passed into the heavens," and stands where Stephen saw Him, "a great High Priest," "touched with the feeling of our infirmities."

The river which, at first, went out of Eden, is salt and bitter since the Fall. It is the river, now, of tears, and waters still the world which man inhabits. The electric spark which, in twelve hours, had flashed your sorrow on my heart, opened its secret sources and overflowed my manhood. I have wept among my children ; I have wept beside his grave ; and I am here to weep with you.

It was an ancient Roman superstition that the place was sacred which the lightning struck. How sacred must the spot be ever held where I now stand, on which the lambent flame of love from God did but dis-

\* Preached in the Church of the Advent, Boston, Dec. 7th, A. D. 1851 ; in commemoration of the Rev. Dr. Croswell, and printed by request.

solve the bonds which held it here, to set the spirit of our darling free, and bid it welcome to the heaven which CHRIST had opened for it! And how cold and dead must be our hearts, if, in the light of such an Euthanasia, they be not waked from their dull dreams of earth, and do not imp their wings to take the upward flight by which he went to be with JESUS! Oh, that the simple words which I am now (please God), to speak, may have, through grace, the unction of his life; may bear, through grace, the urgent warning of his death; may win your souls, through grace, to holiness, with the attraction which drew him to heaven!

WILLIAM CROSWELL was born in Hudson, New York, on the 7th day of November, 1804. He was among that great company of the preachers who were not born in the Church which their hearts have afterwards embraced, and to which their lives have been devoted. He was thus not baptized till 1813, before which time his father had removed to Albany, and had become a Churchman. A nobler Churchman does not live, nor one that has done better service to the Church, than the Rector of Trinity Church, New Haven. The lines which William has recorded with the date of his own two-and-thirtieth birthday, need no deduction on the score of filial love, but are as true as if they were not written by a son.

“ My father, proud am I to bear  
Thy face, thy form, thy stature;  
But happier far, might I but share  
More of thy better nature;

Thy patient progress after good,  
 All obstacles disdaining ;  
 Thy courage, faith, and fortitude,  
 And spirit uncomplaining.

“ Then, for the day that I was born  
 Well might I joy, and borrow  
 No longer of the coming morn  
 Its trouble or its sorrow :  
 Content I'd be to take my chance  
 In either world, possessing,  
 For my complete inheritance,  
 Thy virtues and thy blessing.”

It is not now the time to dwell upon his childhood or his youth. He was, throughout, a loving and obedient son, singularly true and just in thought and word and deed, transparent in his conscientiousness as purest chrystal. As an instance of it : when a child at school, he was called up by his master, and sharply reprovèd for talking. “ No, sir,” his answer was, “ I was not talking ; but I was just going to ! ” The boy was “ father of the man.” He was devout from his childhood, and had read the Bible so constantly that most of it was in his memory. The memories of home have never found a fitter utterance than in the lines,—worthy of Burns and like him,—which he addressed to his, when he had left it for the world.

“ I knew my father's chimney-top,  
 Though nearer to my heart than eye ;  
 And watched the blue smoke reeking up  
 Between me and the winter sky.

“Wayworn, I traced the homeward track  
My wayward youth had left with joy ;  
Unchanged in soul I wandered back,  
A man in years, in heart a boy.

“I thought upon its cheerful hearth,  
And cheerful hearts’ untainted glee ;  
And felt, of all I’d seen on earth,  
This was the dearest spot to me.”

And seldom has a pious mother’s influence been owned more feelingly and faithfully than in the lines addressed to his, when he was thirty years of age :

“Oft, as I muse on all the wrong,  
The silent grief, the secret pain,  
My froward youth hath caused, I long  
To live my childhood o’er again.  
And yet they are not all in vain,  
The lessons which thy love then taught,  
Nor always has it dormant lain,  
The fire from thy example caught.

“And now, as feelings all divine  
With deepest power my spirit touch,  
I feel as if some prayer of thine,  
My mother ! were availing much.  
Thus be it ever more and more,  
Till it be thine in bliss to see  
The hopes, with which thy heart runs o’er  
In fondest hours, fulfilled in me.”

We are reminded of Saint Augustine’s mother by these lines, and feel the assurance which was given to her, that the child of prayers and tears, like hers, could not be lost. His early education was received in New

Haven\* and its neighbourhood. He was, at one period, the Catechumen of him whom the whole Church rejoices in as Bishop of Western New York, Doctor Delancey, then a student in Yale College; and he never ceased to speak of his instructions with the most affectionate and grateful reverence. He was himself also, a graduate of the same ancient and distinguished University, having received the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1822. His first Communion was at the Christmas in that year. He did not become a candidate for Orders till 1826. Though evidently destined for the ministry, his diffidence and self-distrust kept him back. For a while, he contemplated the practice of medicine as his profession. His theological studies were pursued, in part, at the General Seminary, but chiefly under the direction of the excellent Bishop of Connecticut, whom, now my brother, it is *my* pleasure also to acknowledge as my Master in theology. It was in 1826 that our intimate relations commenced; and man has never been in closer bonds with man, than he with me, for five and twenty years. A letter from him to a mutual friend, the witness and the sharer of our earliest years of happiness, brings down the tokens of his unreserving confidence and perfect love within the latest fortnight of his life. I do not hesitate to speak thus personally, because your invitation to me, to preach here, is predicated mainly on these intimate relations; and, only for

\* He was prepared for college by an excellent teacher, Mr. Joel Jones, since greatly distinguished as Mayor of the city of Philadelphia, a Judge in its highest Courts, and President of Girard College.



their dear sake, could I have left my duties to be with you.

He came to Hartford, where I was then Professor in Washington (now Trinity) College, at Bishop Brownell's instance, to be associated with me in the direction of the *Episcopal Watchman*. I remember, as if it were but yesterday, our earliest meeting at a hearth as bright and blessed \* as was ever kindled by the glow of Christian hospitality; and never was a happier circle gathered than met there, almost nightly, for years. Our intercourse was intimate at once, and we never had a feeling or a thought to part us. His contributions to the *Watchman* were chiefly poetical. The following sonnet was the first.

“ Oh, THOU, whom slumber reacheth not nor sleep,  
 The Guardian God of Zion, in whose sight  
 A thousand years pass like a watch at night,  
 Her battlements and high munitions keep,  
 Or else the WATCHMAN waketh but in vain!  
 Him, in his station newly set, make strong,  
 And, in his vigils, vigilant; sustain  
 His overweared spirit in its long  
 And lonely round, from eve till matin song;  
 And of Thy charge remind him,—‘WATCH AND PRAY!’  
 So, whether coming at the midnight bell,  
 Or at cockcrowing, or at break of day,  
 Thou find him faithful, and say—‘All is well!’  
 How rich is the reward of that true Sentinel!”

Could it have been any better, or any different, if

\* When I name Dr. Sumner's, how many hearts will answer! She, who was its chiefest joy, was taken from her loved ones with as little warning as our dear mutual friend. “How grows, in Paradise, our store!”

he had been premonished of his course through life, or if he had written it on the day on which his life was closed? His poetical contributions to the *Episcopal Watchman* were numerous, in addition to his invaluable services as editor; and they won for him a high and honourable place among the very few to whom the name of Poet can be given. Every thing that he ever wrote in verse was strictly occasional. It was so much of his heart-life set to music. He lived it, every line. And it was all inspired at the hearth-side, or at the altar-foot. It was domestic often, always sacred. He fulfilled, in every verse, that beautiful suggestion of the sky-lark to the mind of Wordsworth,—

“Type of the wise, who soar but never roam,  
True to the kindred points of heaven and home.”

In that incomparable modesty, which set off, in its mild, opal light, his virtues and his graces, he thought very poorly of these admirable productions, and has half suggested the desire that they remain still fugitive. \* But this must not be suffered. They are part and parcel of his nature, and of his office. As he lived them, so he preaches in them, and will, while the Gospel shall be preached. What could more clearly vindicate for him the name of Christian Poet, than his lines, entitled “The Ordinal,” written on the day of his ordination by Bishop Brownell, in his father’s church, at New Haven, Saint Paul’s day, 1829?

\* The Christian world will welcome, gladly, a forthcoming collection of Dr. Croswell’s verses, under the appropriate and able editorship of the Rev. A. C. Coxe, D.D.

“ Alas for me if I forget  
The memory of that day  
Which fills my waking thoughts, nor yet  
E'en sleep can take away !  
In dreams I still renew the rites,  
Whose strong but mystic chain  
The spirit to its God unites,  
And none can part again.

“ How oft the Bishop's form I see,  
And hear that thrilling tone  
Demanding with authority  
The heart for God alone.  
Again I kneel as then I knelt,  
While he above me stands,  
And seem to feel as then I felt  
The pressure of his hands.

“ Again the priests in meet array,  
As my weak spirit fails,  
Beside me bend them down to pray  
Before the chancel rails ;  
As then, the Sacramental host  
Of God's elect are by,  
When many a voice its utterance lost,  
And tears dimmed many an eye.

“ As then they on my vision rose,  
The vaulted aisles I see,  
And desk and cushioned book repose  
In solemn sanctity,—  
The mitre o'er the marble niche,  
The broken crook and key  
That, from a Bishop's tomb, shone rich  
With polished tracery.

“The hangings, the baptismal font,  
 All, all, save me, unchanged,  
 The holy table, as was wont,  
 With decency arranged ;  
 The linen cloth, the plate, the cup,  
 Beneath their covering shine,  
 Ere priestly hands are lifted up  
 To bless the bread and wine.

“The solemn ceremonial past,  
 And I am set apart  
 To serve the Lord, from first to last,  
 With undivided heart ;  
 And I have sworn, with pledges dire  
 Which God and man have heard,  
 To speak the holy truth entire  
 In action and in word.

“Oh THOU ! who, in Thy holy place,  
 Hast set Thine orders three,  
 Grant me, thy meanest servant, grace  
 To win a good degree :  
 That so replenished from above,  
 And in my office tried,  
 Thou mayst be honoured, and in love  
 Thy Church be edified !”

I had come to Boston in 1828, and in 1829 he came here,\* to Christ Church, as successor to the Rev. Dr. Eaton ; who, spared in providential love to wend his

\* A mutual friend, who knew him thoroughly and loved him even more, reminds me that my first remark after being established here, was, “*Now, we must have Croswell !*” On his first appearance in Christ Church, another of the three who were to me as Noah, Daniel, and Job, said to him, “*How do you like Mr. Doane’s friend ?*” “*Oh,*” was his prompt reply, “*he looks as amiable as Dr. Watts !*”

patriarchal way among the children's children of his first parishioners, was strangely called to commend the parting spirit of his son and brother in the faith and ministry of Christ, into the hands of Him who gave it. He was ordained a Priest, and instituted Rector of Christ Church, on Saint John Baptist's Day, 1829, by the venerable Bishop Griswold. How he loved the very dust that generations had gathered upon that ancient edifice; how faithfully he did his Master's work there, for eleven years; how much he attached to him the affectionate confidence of his parishioners; how many feet he gathered within the fold; how many souls he knit into the faith of Jesus Christ, there are those here, who know and can bear witness. How deeply his heart yearned to leave its time-honoured walls, when called to another scene of pastoral labour,\* his loving spirit has borne testimony in one of his own most beautiful and touching lyrics. How warmly he had cherished, and how faithfully he had kept alive the feeling of his ordination, another of them, bearing date at noon, on the sixth anniversary of that event, and ap-

\* He took with him, to the Diocese of Western New York, the following dismissory letter:

DEAR SIR:—The object of this, is to transfer from the State of Massachusetts to your Diocese, the Rev. William Croswell. Merely to say, that, for three years last past he has not been justly liable to evil report, for error in doctrine, or viciousness of life, though eminently true, seems, in his case, very unnecessary. He will leave behind him no clergyman more highly, more justly, or more generally esteemed, for those qualities which constitute and adorn the gentleman, the scholar, and the faithful minister of Christ. While, with many hundreds of others, I deeply regret his loss to this Diocese, I may well congratulate you on such an accession to yours. That, in his new situation, he may find friends as numerous and as cordial as those he leaves, is the prayer of your friend and brother,

A. V. GRISWOLD.

To the Right Rev. Dr. DeLancey.

parently written while alone, within its hallowed walls, most fervently declares.

“How swift the years have come and gone, since on this blessed day,  
A victim at the altar’s horn, I gave myself away ;  
And, streaming through the House of God, a glory seemed to shine,  
Invisible to other eyes, but manifest to mine.

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*            \*

“Oh ! father, mother, brethren, ‘ friends, no less than brethren dear,’  
Who promised, at this solemn hour to be in spirit near,  
Say, is it not your influence in blended prayer I feel,  
As now, before the Mercy-seat, from many shrines we kneel !

“I would my heart might ever thus dissolve with fervent heat,  
As here, ‘ fast by the oracle,’ the service I repeat,  
That ever, in my inmost soul, the same rejoicing light  
Might burn, like Zion’s altar flame, unquenchable and bright.”

Four years he ministered as Rector of Saint Peter’s Church, Auburn, earnestly, faithfully, most acceptably, and most successfully. But Boston had been the scene of the labours of his earliest love. His tastes and habits inclined him to a city life. The bonds of nature drew this way. And more than all, his heart was yearning to dissolve itself upon a ministry among the poor. It was no recent passion. It was the sacred fancy of his youth. Hours and hours had we discoursed of it together. His labours, while connected with Christ Church, had partaken largely of that character. He had been everybody’s minister, that had no other. He had qualified himself to be the servant of Christ’s poor ; and, in his yearning nature, he could brook no other service. What could be plainer proof

of this than the following lines, which he wrote in 1830, and which, ten days before his death, he copied out and sent to a Church paper, in New York, in which the claims of the poor find a devoted advocate!

“ Lord ! lead the way the Saviour went,  
By lane and cell obscure,  
And let love’s treasures still be spent  
Like His, upon the poor.

“ Like Him, through scenes of deep distress  
Who bore the world’s sad weight,  
We in their crowded loneliness  
Would seek the desolate.

“ For Thou hast placed us side by side  
In this wide world of ill ;  
And, that Thy followers may be tried,  
The poor are with us still.

“ Mean are all offerings we can make ;  
But Thou hast taught us, Lord,  
If given for the Saviour’s sake,  
They lose not their reward.”

Who could have any doubt as to where *his* heart was, who wrote these verses one-and-twenty years ago ? Who but admires the steadfastness of purpose and unrelenting self-devotion to a sacred cause, which, after one-and-twenty years, could reproduce, and readopt, and reassert them ? Who that loves him, or loves his Lord, would have his latest contributions to the service of the Gospel, any other, in line or letter, than this is ? Beautifully, feelingly, fervently did he adopt, for the

conclusion of the letter which enclosed it,—may we all have grace to do so!—the admirable pre-Advent collect: “Stir up, we beseech Thee, O Lord, the wills of Thy faithful people; that they plenteously bringing forth the fruit of good works, may, by Thee, be plenteously rewarded, through JESUS CHRIST, our LORD.”

In 1844, these longings of his pious heart were met. A sufficient number of like-minded persons was found to organize a Church, whose sittings should be free, that all who would, might come; which should be supported, through the channel of the weekly Offertory, that every one might lay up, on the Lord’s day, as the Apostle hath enjoined, according to his ability; which should celebrate daily Morning and Evening Prayer, in accordance with the order of the Prayer Book, and so be “a House of Prayer for all people.” His first meeting with the Corporation of the Church of the Advent, was on the eve of November 9th, 1844—by a strange coincidence, the very day, whose seventh return was to take their Rector from their head. The worship, for six months, was, as the earliest Christian worship was, in “an upper room.” A suitable hall was then provided and prepared, which was in use two years and a half. This present house of prayer, secured and adapted at the cost of \$17,000, was opened at the beginning of the Advent season, in 1847. At the first service in this Parish about fifty persons were assembled. The present number of stated worshippers is computed at ten or twelve times that number. The weekly offerings have continually increased, and nearly



equal the ordinary expenditure for the service. Christ's poor, meanwhile, are not neglected. The pious purpose to erect a more Church-like and capacious structure has been kept in view, and an accumulating fund begun toward its accomplishment; while individuals have owned themselves the debtors of the Lord, one, in the offering of a costly service for the Holy Altar, and others, in a valuable organ, and in other ways. The number of annual baptisms has increased from ten to fifty, and the number of Communicants from seventy to two hundred and twelve. The whole number of baptisms has been two hundred and eighty-eight; of persons confirmed, one hundred and nine; and of Communicants admitted, three hundred and thirty-three. From seventy-five to one hundred children are reported as under catechetical instruction.

These are encouraging statistics. This is a wonderful result. It is an enterprise perplexed with hindrances. There is the prejudice against it, that it is new; when, in fact, it is the apostolic way. And there are private personal prejudices; of pride, of selfishness, of incredulity, of inexperience, of settled habit. I never knew a man that was so well fitted, to contend with all these prejudices, and overcome them. In the first place, he was filled full with the spirit of Christ. He was, emphatically, "a man of loves." His heart was large enough to take in all the world. His generosity was unbounded. When he first heard of the undertaking to relieve the Institutions of the Church, at Burlington, from their indebtedness, and to secure their

perpetuity, he walked the floor for very nervousness of joy, and said that he had never so desired a private fortune, that he might give it all. And his kindness was as considerate and delicate, in all its details, as it was boundless in its comprehension. He knew the very thing to do, the very word to say, the very time and place to do it and to say it. And of this discriminating propriety, the poor have a most keen and accurate perception. And his faith was equal with his love. He was certain that it was the ancient way, and *must* be right. With such a confidence he could afford to wait. He did not fix the time for his results. He would go on, and find them when they came. Then he was wonderful in his humility. He esteemed every other better than himself. He cared not what the service was, so he could do it; or for whom it was, so it would be received. And, from his humility, there sprang a beautiful simplicity, which was a letter of universal commendation. He was a gentleman not only, but the gentlest man. No man, ever, was more acceptable to the refined and intellectual. No man had, ever, easier access to the poor, the ignorant, the vicious, the degraded. He won their confidence, at once. And the more they saw of him, the more they trusted. He was so considerate of their feelings. He was so charitable to their infirmities. He was so constant in his assiduity. He knew the strings in every broken heart; and had, from God, the medicine to heal their hurts. He seemed a ministering angel to them; and they glorified God in him. But, especially, he was

so unreserved in his self-sacrifice. One says of him, "Dr. Croswell was instant, in season and out of season. He never was known to refuse any call for service or duty." \* And another, † than whom no living man knows better what Christ's servants with the poor should be, speaks thus of him, in words, which coming from the heart go to it. "How they loved him! Because he was like his Master. Of Him he had learned to 'be pitiful, to be courteous' to the poorest, to the humblest. How hard it is to be like Him; so true,—so simple in doing good!—The distance was never too great for him to go, to do good, for Christ's sake—the storm was never too severe for him to find his way through it, to relieve a tossed and beaten sufferer—the night was never too late, nor too dark, for him to find his way, to bear the Cross, with its consolations, to the bed of death." How plainly I can see him now; with his old cloak wrapped about him, which he would gladly have given to the next poor man, if he had thought it good enough for him; and with his huge overshoes, which, when he put them on so deliberately, would always bring to mind what the Apostle said, about having the "feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace." As he set out upon his ministry of mercy you might think him very slow, and doubt if he would find his way, and wonder when he would get back, or if he ever would. But, ere he slept, he would

\* MS. letter.

† The Rev. E. M. P. Wells, of Saint Stephen's House, Boston, Missionary to the poor, in his last Annual Report of his labours, in the city of Boston.

have threaded every darkest and most doleful lane, in the most destitute quarter of the city, dived into cellars, and climbed garrets, comforted a lonely widow, prayed by a dying sailor, administered the Holy Communion to an old bed-ridden woman, carried some bread to a family of half-starved children, engaged a mother to be sure and send her youngest daughter to an infant school, and "made a sunshine," in the shadiest places of human suffering and sorrow. And, when all this was done, if he had time for it, he would charm the most refined and intellectual with his delightful conversation, and his pure and lambent playfulness. With a manner that seemed quite too quiet, there was an undercurrent of ceaseless, irrepressible activity; and brightest thoughts, in happiest words, were ever oozing out, like fragrant gums, from some East Indian tree, as soft, as sweet, as balmy, as balsamic. "He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one." I may add, as justly; "exceeding wise, fairspoken, and persuading." He had an intuition for good books, and the best parts of them; as he had also for good men.\* With all he did, and with the little that he seemed to do—the very reverse of Chaucer's Sergeant, who "seemed besier than he was;" he was at home in all good English learning, with perfect mastery among the poets. His classical attainments were much beyond the average. He was a well read divine; and, beyond any man I

\* One of the keenest knowers I have ever met, observed of him, that his knowledge of men was most remarkable. "It was hard to get his judgment," he remarked; "but when you had it, it was a good one. He was a staff that you might lean on, sure that it would neither bend nor break."

knew, was "mighty in the Scriptures" and skilful in his application of them. His sermons were entirely practical. The object of his preaching was apparent always:—to make men better. He sunk himself entirely in his theme:—CHRIST JESUS AND HIM CRUCIFIED. He had no manner. Yet the perfect conviction which he carried with him from the first, that he was really in earnest, made him attractive to all sorts of people, high and low, rich and poor, wise and simple, ignorant and learned, and made him profitable to all. And, whatever his discourse might be, in matter or in manner, there was the cogent application always, of a holy and consistent life. His habits were simple, almost to severity. "Having food and raiment," he was "therewith content." What remained, after necessities were met, was so much for the poor. He was a Churchman of the noblest pattern. A Churchman of the Bible, and of the Prayer Book. A Churchman, with Andrewes, and Taylor, and Wilson. If he was least tolerant of any form of error, it was that of PAPAL ROME. He would have burned, if need had been, with Latimer and Ridley. He made no compromise with novelties, but always said "the old is better." There was no place for the fantastic in *his* churchmanship; it was taken up, too much, with daily work, and daily prayer, and daily caring for the poor. There was no antagonism between his poetry and practice. His poetry was practical. It was the way-flower of his daily life; its violet, its cowslip, or its pansy.\* It

\* How fond he was of flowers! Beautiful tributes of this kind, went with

sprang up where he walked. You could not get a letter from him, though made up of the details of business or the household trifles of his hearth, that some sweet thought, (as natural as it was beautiful,) would not bubble up above the surface with prismatic hues that marked it his. His heart was wholly in the priesthood. He loved to pray. He loved to minister the Sacraments. He loved to preach. He loved to catechize the children. And, when he lifted up his manly voice in the old hymns and anthems of the Church, it seemed as if a strain of the eternal worship had strayed down from heaven. He was so modest and retiring that few knew him well. But there is no one that knew him well, that will not say, with me, "we shall not look upon his like again." If he excelled in any one relation, after his service to Christ's poor, it was in all the acts and offices of friendship. He was a perfect friend. So delicate, so thoughtful, so candid, so loving, so constant. "More than my brother," for a quarter of a century, I dare not trust myself to speak of what he was to me; of what I know I was to him. I never heard words spoken, with sincerer pleasure, than when, the other day, his old heroic father—who might well declare, with aged Ormond, that "he would not exchange his dead son, for any living son, in Christendom"—said to the coachman who had driven us out to weep together

him into the grave. He was a fond lover of music, too. He not only took a leading part in the music of the Church, but employed his exquisite taste in its selection. So that its whole character was singularly tender, touching, and impressive.

by his grave,\* *"This is the Bishop of New Jersey; the best friend that my son ever had, on earth."* I would not covet for my child a richer earthly treasure, or a higher human praise, than to be William Crosswell's best and dearest friend.

And, "Lycidas is dead; dead, ere his prime!" In the midst of his years and of his usefulness. When a keener enjoyment of his social and domestic comforts had been awakened in him. When the work, which he loved beyond his life, was prosperous to his heart's content. When he was looking out on life, after some years of trial and discouragement, not without physical suffering, with a more cheerful aspect. When the just estimate of his invaluable services had placed his family with him in a convenient mansion, with becoming fixtures; so that he said to one, in his own pleasant way, "my feet are set in a large room." When he had put in order his personal and parochial papers. When he had planned for the Advent season, in which he so delighted, the training of a class for Confirmation, and had begun his course of teaching. When he had met his brethren and old friends at Hartford, at the recent Consecration there; and enjoyed them all, with a peculiar zest. When he had spent a happy day beside his father's hearth; glad that it rained, that he might stay at home and have them all to his own self: and said that he felt so much better, that he believed he would resume his old poetic trade. When he had

\* His mortal part rests in the burying ground at New Haven. It was his desire, recorded years ago, that he might be buried "deep in the ground."

spent, with his domestic dear ones, the interval of Sunday, with an even more than wonted cheerfulness; making his latest personal memorandum; and even dating the letter which his little daughter was to send to her grandfather the next day. When he had secured within the fold of Christ the little child of a dear friend, whose baptism had, for weeks, been providentially delayed. When he was yet engaged in the choicest work of his true pastoral heart, in feeding the lambs of Jesus, and had not yet wholly preached the sermon which he had prepared for little children. In an instant, "in the twinkling of an eye," (so that he gave the hymn from memory which he could not find in his familiar prayer-book,\* and had to say the benediction on his knees,†) in an instant, "in the twinkling of an eye," "the silver cord" was "loosed, the golden bowl" was "broken, the pitcher" was "broken at the fountain, the wheel" was "broken at the cistern, the dust" returned "to the earth, as it was, and the spirit unto God who gave it." A vein, that had been overtaken in that majestic form, (so beautiful in death that one describ-

\* It is remarkable that, in his embarrassment, though he gave out the first line of the eighty-eighth hymn, "Soldiers of Christ, arise!" he announced it by number as the *one hundred* and eighty-eighth, the third verse of which is as follows:

"Determined are the days that fly  
Successive o'er thy head;  
*The numbered hour is on the wing,  
That lays thee with the dead."*

In two hours he was "with the dead."

† An admirable sermon by the Lord Bishop of Fredericton, preached in the Church of the Advent, three Sundays before Dr. Crosswell's death, contains the following sentence:—"Suppose we were to be seized with a stroke of paralysis, or of any sudden disease, where could we be found with so much comfort as on our knees, in public prayer?" How strange a coincidence!



ed it, when it had reached New Haven, as resembling some exquisite masterpiece of statuary,\*) had yielded to the rushing current of the life-blood from the brain; and there was a widow and an orphan in his house, and sheep without a shepherd in his fold; his aged parents and devoted brothers were bereaved of their darling; the twin was taken from my heart; Christ's "poor had lost a—Crosswell."†

Can I conclude in fitter words than in his own, when I had written him, in 1834, of the last hours of my dear friend, the Rev. Dr. Montgomery: "Your last most touching letter has made me weep with them that weep, and left my heart more tender than ever to the sacred sorrows of this week of the Passion. The following lines, the sincere impulse of my feelings, arranged themselves, almost spontaneously, as they stand:—

" My brother, I have read  
Of holy men, in Christ who fell asleep,  
For whom no bitter tears of woe were shed;  
I could not weep.

" And thou thyself art one,  
O man of loves, and truth without alloy!  
The Master calleth, and thy work well done,  
Enter thy joy!

" To such as thee belong  
The harmonies in which all Heaven unite,  
To share the 'inexpressive nuptial song'  
And walk in white.

Every one spoke of his singular beauty in death. He was buried in his customary dress, over which was the surplice. It was one that had belonged to his friend, and mine, the Rev. Edward G. Prescott, who died at sea, on his voyage to Fayal. He has scarcely written any thing more beautiful than his tribute to his memory.

† The Rev. Dr. Wells' Report.

“ And oh ! thy church, thy home,  
 Thy widowed home !—Who shall forbid to grieve ?  
 How may they bear the desolating gloom  
 Such partings leave ?

“ Great Shepherd of the flock !  
 Even Thou whose life was given for the sheep,  
 Sustain them in the overwhelming shock,  
 And safely keep ! ”

Three words, beloved, and I have done. His “home,” his “widowed home,” will you leave that uncomforted? His work, his glorious work, will you leave that to falter? His teaching, his example, the beauty of his saintly life, the perfect beauty of his glorious and triumphant death, shall they be lost upon your hearts? Shall they be lost upon your lives? \* Oh! for the testimony, if they are, that he will bear against you, when you stand with him before the Judge! Oh! for the blessedness and glory, if you bear the cross of Jesus Christ as he did, and conquer with him in that sign, which shall be yours when you shall enter with him the celestial fold, and be with him for ever with the Lamb!

\* Nothing could exceed the solemnity and impressiveness of all the arrangements after his death. Thousands visited the remains, most of them of the poor for whom he lived. The Church was filled with mourners, the Bishop of the Diocese, with the assistant Bishop of Connecticut, and above sixty of the clergy being present. The admirable resolutions of the Wardens and Vestry well express their feelings and the feelings of the Parishioners.

Resolutions were also adopted by the Clergy, assembled at the house of the Bishop, he himself presiding, and by the Vestry of Christ Church.











