IN MEMORIAM

REV. JOHN PARIS HUDSON

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John S. P. Hudson

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MEMORIAL

OF THE

REV. JOHN PARIS HUDSON

A MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL IN THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH FOR SIXTY YEARS

COMPILED AND PUBLISHED BY HIS DAUGHTER
M. LOUISE HUDSON

"He being dead yet speaketh."

PHILADELPHIA:
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1905

INTRODUCTION.

This little volume is affectionately dedicated to the memory of Rev. John Paris Hudson The contents of the following pages will doubtless be of interest only to those who knew and loved my dear father, and to those associated with him in his ministerial life in the close relations of friend and fellow-worker. He left to his children the precious heritage of his teachings and the example of a pure and stainless life. With the love of God abiding in him richly in all its sweet fragrance, hallowing all his cares, consecrating every sorrow and ruling every thought, he devoted his best powers for a long period to the service of the Church and of the Lord Jesus.

In his rare private character, a spirituality and personal magnetism were exhibited, winning others to holy living, and inspiring all with exalted ideas of God. His life until

"God's finger touched him and he slept."

was a benediction which no biographer, however loving, can fittingly record.

M. L. H.

Williamsport, Pa., March, 1905.

Rev. John Paris Hudson

His Descent and Family History

John Paris Hudson was of English and Huguenot ancestry, and through his father and mother, related to many old and well-known families in Virginia and West Virginia.

He was a descendant of an ancient English family, the family of Henry Hudson the navigator, founded according to tradition, by a follower of William, after the Norman Conquest, and distinguished through succeeding reigns as "a race of scholars and brave gentlemen." In the sixth year of the reign of King George I, April, 1720, George Hudson, the younger son of a Yorkshire gentleman, from whom Rev. Mr. Hudson was in the fifth generation in line of descent, came to Philadelphia, and purchased from the Proprietaries several hundred acres of land in Caernarvon township, Lancaster, then Chester county, in the Province of Pennsylvania. Caernarvon was a beautiful and fertile section of Eastern Lancaster county, bounded on the north by the Welsh Mountains, and on the south by the Forest Hills, through which flow the head waters of the Conestoga. It was the third settlement in point of time within the limits of Lancaster county, "the most aristocratic and exclusive settlement in the county, and for seventy years maintained that character." Some of the houses of the early colonists still standing with solid stone walls, show the perfection of finished workmanship, in "elaborate carved wainscoting and oaken paneling."

The children of George Hudson, the early colonist, were Joyce, wife of Evan Pugh; Charles, George, Nicholas, and

another son, William, who never came to America. George Hudson and his sons, Charles George and Nicholas, were founders and prominent members of the Bangor Established Church of England at Churchtown.

The ancient charter, a quaint document granted by William Penn to the first settlers of Lancaster county, is recorded on the old Parish Register of Bangor Church. The first Bangor Episcopal Church, erected in 1730, remained until 1754, when a new stone church was built, of which the late Mrs. M. J. Nevin, of Caernarvon Place, Lancaster, writes: "I remember it as a beautiful specimen of an English country church, with its graceful spire and belfry, its square, high, box pews, and its sounding board over the little box-paneled pulpit." The lands immediately surrounding the church, and conveyed to it prior to 1730, were let out on ground rents, the leases running for ninety-nine years, for the purpose of supporting the Rector, and the parish school established by the early colonists.

The name of Hudson appears on the old Parish Register of Bangor Church, as vestryman and church warden, until 1793. In 1746 George Hudson, the original colonist, died, leaving a legacy to Bangor Church, and devising all his lands to his sons, Charles, Nicholas, and William, if he would come to America. As George Hudson had died before his father, and William Hudson never left England, the real estate in Pennsylvania was inherited by the two sons, Charles and Nicholas, with bequests to the children of his daughter, Joyce, wife of Evan Pugh, and Margaret and Morris Hudson, children of his son George. Charles Hudson, son of George, died in January, 1749, willing all his property, both real and personal, to his beloved wife Mary, and to his three sons,

Joshua, George, and William, showing his love to old Bangor Church by a generous legacy. Some years later George Hudson, the second son of Charles Hudson, purchased all the lands of his two brothers. He married Jane Davies, daughter of Thomas Davies, of Caernarvon, whose family were early Welsh colonists at Radnor, Chester county, and were all zealous members of the Church of England. The entire township of Radnor, five thousand acres in 1681, was patented to Richard Davies, of Wales, the ancestor of the Davies' families of Caernarvon. From these families were descended Jonathan Jones, of Kanawha, Virginia; Colonel Jacob Morgan, of Morgantown, a distinguished officer of the Revolution; Hon. Edward Davis, member of Congress, the wife of the Hon. H. G. Strong, and the Hon. J. Glancey Jones, member of Congress, and Minister to Austria. On June 3, 1772, George Hudson sold all his property in Lancaster county (which then consisted of three large tracts of land, in Heidelburg and Caernarvon townships), to his uncle, Nicholas Hudson, and removed first to Washington county, Maryland, where he purchased a beautiful estate, but the climate being unhealthy, in 1777 he left Maryland and settled in Augusta county, near Staunton, Virginia. He here purchased estates in Montgomery and Augusta counties and was the owner of several mills in Augusta.

The Valley of Virginia, to which he had now finally removed, was settled principally by Scotch-Irish from Ulster at a later date than the Virginia of the tide-water. It was a lovely and temperate region, diversified by gentle swells and slopes. Through it flows the river which, on account of its surpassing beauty, was named by the Indians the Shenandoah "daughter of the stars." The Scotch-Irish settlers were pious

Calvinists who did not share the fox hunting and horse racing proclivities of the tidewater Virginians; but devoted themselves to making pleasant homes, educating their children, and erecting churches and colleges. It has been said that "God sifted the nations of the earth, that He might send choice spirits to people this continent, and that many of the choicest of them came from Ulster." From these families were descended some of the most eminent men of Virginia. In this beautiful and fertile valley, with its long lines of blue mountains, and landscapes lovely beyond description, George Hudson, a pious evangelical churchman of liberal spirit, together with his wife, Jane Davis Hudson, fondly remembered for her exceeding beauty, united with Bethel Presbyterian Church, then under the ministry of Rev. Archibald Scott, and died in the communion of that church December, 1792. He was the father of three sons, Isaac Hudson, of Montgomery county, Virginia; Charles and George Hudson, of Augusta; and of three daughters, Mary, wife of Thomas Paris, of Ohio; Nancy, wife of George Paris, of Augusta, and Jane, who died in early life. Three grandsons entered the ministry of the Presbyterian Church: Rev. Thomas D. Hudson, of Montgomery county, Virginia; Rev. John Paris Hudson, and Rev. John D. Paris, missionary to the Hawaiian Islands, who married a daughter of the Rev. Rufus Anderson, D.D., Secretary of the American Board. A great grandson, Rev. Thomas D. Hudson, was pastor of churches in Bath and Montgomery. A grandson, Hon. Robert M. Hudson, was Judge of the District (Superior) Court of Virginia, and a great grandson, Hon. Isaac Hudson, is now Judge of the Courts of Pulaski county.

Morris Hudson, the son of George Hudson, and grand-

son of George Hudson, the first of the name in Lancaster county, married Elizabeth Davis, a sister of the wife of his cousin, George Hudson, of Augusta. August 1, 1782, he was made a vestryman in Bangor Church. He purchased "Washington's Grant," a large tract of land in the Kanawha Valley, Virginia, which had been granted to General Washington for services in the French and Indian wars, and previous to 1790 sold out all his possessions in Lancaster county and removed to Virginia. His sons were Davis, a Major in the United States Army; Samuel, of Kanawha, and Jesse, who married Martha Jenkins Wilson, a neice of Robert Jenkins, the iron master of Lancaster. Some of the numerous descendants of Morris Hudson intermarried among the Fitz Hugh and Lee families, and one branch of the Washington family. Soon after settling in Virginia, Morris Hudson and his wife donated four acres of land and erected upon it a church which they had consecrated Bangor, named for the old church in Lancaster county, and also paid the entire salary of the Rector. Morris Hudson lived to a great age at his hospitable home at Colesmouth (St. Albans), loved and honored by all who knew him. He remained a member of the church of his fathers, with its many sacred associations and traditions. His descendants are, for the most part, in the Episcopal Church, while those of George Hudson are Presbyterians.

Charles Hudson, the second son of George and Jane (Davis) Hudson, of Beverly Manor, Augusta county, Virginia, was married on December 20, 1800, to Mary Paris, a lineal descendant of a French Huguenot family, who escaped religious persecution on the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in the autumn of 1685 by flight from their estate near Paris to the city of Londonderry, Ireland, and were in the

memorable seige of that fastness of Protestantism. John Paris, the grandfather of Rev. Mr. Hudson, was born in Londonderry, and there married Martha Henderson, a name famous in Scotch history. In 1769 he sailed from Londonderry to America, with his wife and two children, Mary, then two years of age, and Martha, an infant, who became the wife of John Dennison, a ruling elder in the old Augusta church under Dr. Speece's ministry. His wife died on the voyage. He landed at Snow Hill, Maryland, where he remained a short time, and then purchased an estate near Staunton, Virginia, and married Hannah Henderson, of Augusta, a cousin of his first wife. He was a Calvinist of the most pronounced type, whose ancestors had stood the test of fire and sword, and coming to Virginia he declined to join the Episcopal Church, which was then the Established Church of the Colony. In the personal narrative, from which many of these facts are taken, Mr. Hudson says: "I recall with mingled feelings of joy and sadness, a memorable Christmas eve, at my grandfather's fireside, in the long ago days of my boyhood, and the group of children and grandchildren surrounding him. With a countenance glowing with enthusiasm and features quivering with emotion, he recounted tale after tale of the persecutions of his family for righteousness' sake in sunny France, and their suffering in Protestant Ulster. Five of his namesakes were then present, his son, John Paris, and four grandsons. The group of Johns was completed by my grandfather's colored body-servant "John," who stood an interested spectator."

A brother of John Paris, George Paris, a Colonel in the British Army, visited him at Staunton at the close of the Revolution. Large grants of land in Ohio, and in the Caro-

linas, were bestowed upon him for distinguished services in the army. Although never in America before, and not with the forces engaged in the Revolutionary struggle, he was compelled to shorten his visit, on account of the feeling which was then so hostile in the United States toward the mother country. Before his return to England, where he died, he succeeded in securing to his brother all his grants in the United States. The children of John Paris were four sons and six daughters, all of whom, with the exception of one son and one daughter, were residents of Virginia. He was an intelligent, devoted Christian, and until his death a member of Hebron Presbyterian Church, one of the oldest Presbyterian congregations in the Valley of Virginia, organized by Dr. John Blair during a visit to the State in 1746.

"Virginia, I love it! It was the home of my youth, and in it are the graves of my fathers."

Peace to their memory.

His Early Life and Education—Washington College—Theological Training at Princeton Seminary

John Paris Hudson, the second son of Charles and Mary (Paris) Hudson, was born March 14, 1804, at Beverly Manor, near Staunton, Virginia. He was born in a Presbyterian household, felt its power in early youth, and never ceased to bless God for its restraints and loving piety. His father, Charles Hudson, an Englishman in manners and appearance, was a man of cultured literary and musical tastes, from whom his sons inherited their decided fondness for mathematics. Mr. Hudson's early religious impressions were received from a mother who could repeat questions and answers of both the Larger and Shorter Catechism, and the whole book of Psalms. Whilst these parents were anxious that their sons should be liberally educated and fitted for lives of usefulness, it was their earnest, prayerful desire that they should be the servants of God. On May 19, 1823, Mr. Hudson's mother writes to her son, at college: "I dedicated my two older sons (George Davis* and John Paris) to the Master in infancy, the one was taken and the other left. I have been careful all your life to impress your mind with piety and virtue. You are blest with talents, and I trust that Almighty Being, who watches over you when far from me, has blest you with truth and sincerity. You have the Holy Scriptures for your guide, the works of learned men, the company of the servants of the Most High, and the promises of your glorious Master, that He will be with you to the end. You have a merciful Master to serve who knows all your weakness, and

*George Davis Hudson died January 15, 1810.

will make you a conqueror, and more than a conqueror through Him who loved you. Be faithful unto the end, and you will receive a crown of glory." He was reared amidst the beautiful and picturesque scenery of the Valley of Virginia, and found in it the source of much pure thought and noble inspiration. Inheriting a fondness for books, he was surrounded by much that was calculated to draw out the best that was in him in a literary as well as a moral point of view. He grew to manhood in Bethel congregation, organized in 1772, one of the large congregations in the valley, where he enjoyed the ministrations of Dr. Robert H. Chapman and Dr. Francis McFarland, for some years Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Education. God's grace was tenderly following him as a chosen vessel through whom He would send to many precious souls the treasures of his divine truth.

He was baptized in infancy by Rev. John Glendy, D.D., who had married his parents, and at the age of sixteen years professed a hope in Christ, and united with Bethel Church, then under the ministry of Rev. Robert Hett Chapman, D.D. The love of Christ from that time constrained him to go forth and labor in His vineyard, and he solemnly vowed, if God counted him worthy, to devote his life to the Gospel ministry. The Bible now became his greatest treasure; as he made it his counsellor, and gained skill in the study and use of it, there grew upon him a sense of wonder and admiration, at its perfect adaptation to all his necessities.

He received a thorough preparation for college at the Staunton Academy, an institution in which men most eminent in the professions in the State of Virginia have received their preparatory training. He here read Horace and Homer in

a class with William M. Peyton and Alexander H. H. Stewart, Secretary of the Interior (1850-1853). He frequently spoke in after years of the great benefit he received at this institution, and of his admiration for the Rector, Rev. Daniel Stephens, D.D., and the Professors, Louis Jean Giradin* and Bartholomew Fuller. He was a popular student, owing to his attractive manners and his great store of fun.

He writes: "The days of my boyhood were very happy. I loved the Virginia sports. I loved the Virginia hills and fields, and thought that I was the happiest boy in the State, as I rode into Staunton to school, on my little Kentucky pony, with a small silver watch for a timepiece, gifts from my kind father, on my twelfth birthday. The Virginians have always been noted for their love of horses. In my stripling days, the sound of hound and horn was music to my ears, and no greater pleasure to me than being allowed to attend a 'meet.' One sunny morning as I was starting to school, my uncle, Thomas Paris, rode up to our door, on a horse, which he informed me could beat anything in the State of Virginia. He was followed, as was the custom of the gentry of those days, by his colored servant with the saddlebags. I I looked at the horse and thought my uncle was a large man on a large horse, and I was a little boy on a pony, and bantered him for a race. So off we started. Losing my hat and books by the way, I rode into Staunton far ahead, and up to the Academy amid the cheers of the Faculty and students assembled on the campus. A servant followed with my lost 'impedimenta.' On returning home, I received a severe reprimand from my good Presbyterian mother, while my father, with his English-loving tastes, merely smiled at the escapade.

*A graduate of the University of Paris.

Uncle Tom never said horse to me afterward. Dear old Staunton is associated with many pleasant hours spent in the society of the loved companions of my youthful days. Sandy Stewart and myself are now (1888) survivors of the rapidly-diminishing circle of merry schoolboys, who stood with 'heads uncovered' on a bright morning in the leafy month of June, as Thomas Jefferson, bowing to right and left, entered the Academy with Judge Stewart and Dr. Waddell, two of the trustees. We then silently filed into our seats to listen to an address by the ex-President of the United States, whom we very irreverantly called, 'Old King Tom.' We studied hard in the days when Sandy and I were head boys of our form, yet how eagerly we listened for old Giradin's sharp '*Abeatis in pace*,' which Peyton translated to the little boys of the lower form, 'you can go out into the passage'!"

He entered the Junior class in Washington College, now Washington and Lee University, at Lexington, Virginia, at the age of eighteen years. At the close of his Junior year he was elected Professor of Mathematics in Staunton Academy, to fill a vacancy caused by the death of Professor Fuller.

Rev. William S. Plumer, D.D., then a fellow-student, thus writes to him on his appointment:

LEXINGTON, VA., December 13, 1823.

My Dear Friend:—On inquiring some time ago whether you were expected to return to college this session, I was most agreeably surprised to learn, that you had been elected to fill the honorable station of Professor of Mathematics in Staunton Academy.

I feel disposed to congratulate you highly, on the honorable reward of your unwearied diligence and industry. It must be a pleasing reflection to you, to look back to the time when you were so busily engaged in poring over the volumes of literature, intent on qualifying yourself for filling with credit, some honorable station in life, that thus early you have been called by the respectable trustees of a public seminary of learning to fill a Professor's chair.

Sincerely your friend,

WILLIAM S. PLUMER

Mathematics was a study for which he had much taste. At sixteen years of age he had surveyed the lands beyond the Blue Ridge which Lord Fairfax, of Greenway Court, had selected General Washington to survey for him, and although so young, he was now thought to have but few equals as a mathematician in his native valley.

John Howe Peyton, at this time an eminent lawyer at the Staunton Bar, and State's Attorney, repeatedly urged him to enter upon the study of the law in his office, predicting for him a brilliant future in the profession in which his younger brother became distinguished.

At the close of one year, to the regret of patrons and pupils, he resigned his position at Staunton, returned to Lexington and entered the Senior class in Washington College.

Having particularly distinguished himself in linguistic studies, he was graduated with the classical ('the first honors) of his class, April 15, 1825, under the presidency of Rev. George A. Baxter, D.D., the best Greek scholar in a class, which numbered among its members Hon. William D. Alexander, Judge of the Circuit Court of Georgia; Rev. William S. Plumer, D.D., Rev. S. H. Blaine, and Rev. William G. Campbell, of Virginia; Hon. Edward E. Wilkinson, Judge of the Superior Court of Mississippi, and others of equal ability.

French, the language of his mother's family, he read and spoke with fluency from childhood.

Later in life, wishing to become familiar with the best philosophical and theological works of the great thinkers of Germany, he devoted much time to the study of the German language.

Immediately after graduation, he was elected Adjunct Professor of Languages, Latin and Greek, and remained a member of the Faculty four years, 1825-1829, at a salary of eight hundred dollars per annum. On April 18, 1827, the degree of A.M. was conferred upon him.

His home during his entire residence in Lexington was in the family of William H. Letcher, father of John Letcher, afterward Governor of Virginia, his younger brother, Robert, being with him three years.

In college he was one of the leading spirits of the Graham Philanthropic (now Graham-Lee) Society. In 1828 he and Dr. Henry Ruffner, afterward President of the College, were appointed to prepare the new Latin diploma for the Society. The diploma of Mr. Hudson was accepted by the Faculty, as in the opinion of the Committee, "the more correct and finished piece of Latin composition."

A fellow-student writes: "He was soon distinguished in college for his gifts of oratory. When he arose to speak in the Graham P. Society we were all silent. His popularity was not confined to our own Society, but during the years of his connection with the college, he was appointed commencement orator, both for our own and the rival society.

"One of the largest audiences in the town of Lexington was assembled, when, with the love of 'such troops of friends,' he addressed the Washington Literary Society on its anniversary, February 22, 1829."

During his connection with Washington and Lee glowing names shine on the roll of students, "who here garnered the knowledge, which in after years shed so gracious a light upon themselves and their country." Socrates Maupin, Professor in the University of Virginia; John J. L. Preston,

of the Virginia Military Institute; Francis T. Anderson, Judge of the Superior Court of Appeals of Virginia; Matthew Hale Houston, M.D., of Richmond; the four Brown brothers (ministers), Henry, Joseph, Samuel and William Brown, D.D.; George W. Leyburn, missionary to Greece, and his brother, John Leyburn, D.D., with many others who graced the professions of the ministry, the law, and medicine. He spent six peaceful years at Lexington, "bright pictures on memory's wall," and here developed rare gifts in teaching. With great reluctance the faculty and trustees accepted his resignation, when he felt that the time had arrived to sever the tender ties which bound him to his Alma Mater, and enter upon the work to which he had consecrated his life.

He left Lexington with the intention of entering Union Theological Seminary at Hampden Sidney, Virginia. The influence of his pastor, Dr. McFarland, who was a Princeton man, and a meeting with Dr. Archibald Alexander, during one of his frequent visits to his native valley, decided him to go to Princeton with a number of young men from Lexington Presbytery, alumni of Washington College. He entered Princeton Theological Seminary, July 2, 1829.

At Harrisonburg, Virginia, on October 30, 1830, "having given satisfaction as to his experimental acquaintance with religion, his accomplishments in literature, and his proficiency in Divinity, and other studies, the Presbytery of Lexington expressed their approbation of the parts of trial assigned him, and licensed him to preach the Gospel."*

A friend writes to him from Augusta, shortly after his licensure:

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*Extract from the minutes of Lexington Presbytery; signed—Francis McFarland, Stated Clerk

"Your examination before the Presbytery, and your trial sermon met with general approval. Drs. Baxter, Ruffner and McFarland speak of it in terms highly gratifying.

"Everyone who is acquainted with you, is apprised of your profound knowledge. Dr. Speece, never known to be very prodigal of his praise, says he 'never knew a young man in his life better acquainted with the whole system of Divinity.'"

After one year's residence in Princeton his health failed, and he was persuaded by Dr. Alexander, to accept for one year, the position as Principal of Union Academy at Snow Hill, Maryland, the duties of which he conducted very successfully, assisted by Mr. Lewis Caton. Having been recently licensed, he was frequently called upon to exercise his gifts in the church at Snow Hill, and in the cluster of churches in the neighborhood, the scene of the labors and "hallowed by the memory of Francis McKemie."

At the Seminary he took a special interest in Biblical literature, reading the whole of the Old Testament in Hebrew, and much of his theology in Latin, being generally acknowledged as one of the best Hebrew scholars in the institution at that time.

During his residence in Princeton, he was actively engaged in Sabbath School and church work, acting as Superintendent of a Sabbath School five miles distant.

He was graduated in the full three years' course at Princeton Theological Seminary, September 24, 1832. His excellent education admirably fitted him to fill a Professor's chair, and a Professorship was open for his acceptance at Washington and Lee, until the completion of his Seminary course. In after years, under the presidency of Dr. Henry

Ruffner, he was again earnestly urged by the Faculty and Trustees to return and accept the Professorship of Languages.

With the surrender of personal ambition he felt that it was his duty to engage more actively in the Master's service than he could have an opportunity of doing when filling a Professor's chair, that with Paul, he must "endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." Life was to him a gift used for Jesus, and fully realizing the words of the apostle, "They which live should not henceforth live unto themselves," he counted all things loss, for the excellency of Jesus Christ his Lord.

After graduation he remained one term at the Seminary as a resident graduate, when he expected to return to his native State and the Virginia churches that were seeking to win him to their bosom.

Rev. James M. Brown, D.D., then pastor of the church at Martinsburg, Virginia, writing of "interesting and important" churches in his native State that were anxious to secure his services, kindly adds:

"I feel pretty well acquainted with you, although our intercourse has been limited. We came from the same Presbyterian county, were licensed by the same Presbytery, were educated at the same college, and I believe were members of the same literary society. I hope that a more intimate acquaintance is now commencing, and that we will be workers together in building up the Church in our native State. I trust that a visit here will result in a settlement, and that you will be the honored instrument in gathering many souls into the kingdom of God."

God had willed his future far otherwise.

O there are scenes divinely fair
O'erspread with smiles of beauty rare
And spots of splendid glory where
Our steps in gladness roam

We've thought of many a palace grand
We've dreamed of many a happy strand
But ah! they're nothing to the land
Where smiles our natal home

Still, there's a better land on high
Where flowers of glory never die
Like those beneath its lofty sky,
In which our steps shall roam

When time with all her dreams is past
And death hath spent his withering blast
O sweeter far in heaven at last,
We'll find an endless home

1833. John Parry Hudson

Ministerial Life

Having accepted an invitation to visit the church at Bloomsburg, Pennsylvania, then vacant by the death of Rev. Robert Bryson, in October, 1832, Mr. Hudson felt that here was a promising field of usefulness.

Persons still living, recall his arrival at Bloomsburg in December, 1832, when, with the easy grace of a Southern-bred horseman, he rode into the village on his Virginia horse "Saltram."

His Virginia friends were by no means confident that he was wise in his removal to Pennsylvania. The step was an important one, as it severed him from friends and native State. A Virginian to the last, he never ceased to regret the loss of that peculiar warmth and cordiality which belong so exclusively to the South and frequently recurred to the days of his ministry as halcyon ones, when he visited the beloved Southland, preaching and renewing the friendships of his youth, and mingling with the great gatherings which assembled at sacraments, presbyteries, and synods.

He was ordained as an evangelist by the Presbytery of Lexington, at Lexington, Virginia, April 2, 1833. "This was done at a *pro re nata* meeting, at which the Rev. Samuel Houston was Moderator, the Rev. John D. Ewing preached the ordination sermon, and the Rev. A. B. Davidson presided and gave the charge to the newly-ordained minister. After these services Mr. Hudson took his seat as a member of Presbytery. He then applied for, and received a dismission to the Presbytery of Northumberland, Pennsylvania,"* in which State his whole ministerial life was spent.

*Extract from minutes of Lexington Presbytery

He united with the Presbytery of Northumberland, October, 1833, and served as pastor the churches of Bloomsburg, Briar Creek, and New Columbia, for six years, 1832-1838.

These congregations were not new organizations, Bloomsburg having been organized in 1817 and Briar Creek some twenty years earlier. The charge was a laborious one. His custom was to preach regularly three times on the Sabbath, with frequent services during the week, extending his labors to Orangeville, which was then in the bounds of the old Briar Creek congregation, and occasionally to Berwick. His residence was Bloomsburg, where during these years, his home was a pleasant one, in the family of Mr. William McKelvy, and of Dr. John Ramsay. After his settlement at Bloomsburg, two of the aged ruling elders, in this pastoral charge, Mr. John Chemberlin, of Bloomsburg, and Mr. James Hutchinson, of Briar Creek, full of years and strong in faith, found the rest which is "sweet after toil before the Father's throne." Another member of the Bloomsburg session, Mr. Joseph Wardin, removed to Philadelphia. Mr. Josiah McClure and Mr. John Robinson were then ordained and installed by Mr. Hudson, as elders of the Bloomsburg church, Mr. Daniel Melick at Briar Creek, and Mr. Peter Lewis and others at New Columbia.

From the commencement, his labors were crowned with the divine blessing at Bloomsburg, and the church was revived and strengthened.

His pastorate was marked by special outpourings of the Holy Spirit, during the winter of 1834-35, and the following winter, 1835-36, was memorable for the ingathering of members to the communion of the church, receiving at one time

forty members on examination, to many of whom the ordinance of baptism was administered. During protracted services, the pastor was assisted by his intimate friends and fellow-students at Princeton, Revs. Robert Dunlap, Isaac Grier, P. B. Marr, and other clergymen. The church continued to increase in membership until the close of his ministry, and it was then thought that it was destined to become the strongest congregation in the Presbytery.

Bloomsburg was the scene of Mr. Hudson's labors, in the years when "the days were all summer." He ever after regarded the church with peculiar interest and affection and rejoiced in its prosperity.

A call, attested by Rev. John Bryson, Moderator, was presented to him from the First Presbyterian Church of Williamsport, Pennsylvania, on October 2, 1837.

He was permitted by the Presbytery "to retain this call for consideration." He did not fully enter upon the duties of this pastorate until the following year (1838). His friends at Bloomsburg who were much attached to him, were anxious to retain him as their pastor, "and on the twenty-first day of December, 1837, a meeting of the congregations of Bloomsburg, Briar Creek, and New Columbia was held in the Presbyterian church of Bloomsburg, for the purpose of calling a pastor. In the absence of the Rev. P. B. Marr, who had been invited to preach a sermon, the Hon. Leonard Rupert was elected Moderator.

"On the votes being taken, it was declared by the Moderator that the Rev. John Paris Hudson was unanimously elected pastor of these congregations, and it was Resolved, That the call be laid before Presbytery, to be placed in the hands of Rev. J. P. Hudson, and that Col.

James McClure be the delegate from this pastoral charge to attend the next meeting of Presbytery, and report the proceedings of this meeting."

This call was for six hundred dollars, to be paid in regular half yearly payments, the same salary for which Mr. Hudson was called to Williamsport, and which was then the highest salary paid to any of the pastors in the Presbytery.

It is dated January 1, 1838, attested by Leonard Rupert, Moderator, and is signed by one hundred and twelve persons, the greater number of them being heads of families, by James McClure, Josiah McClure, and John Robinson as members of session of the Bloomsburg church, and by the members of session of the churches of Briar Creek and New Columbia.

Mr. Hudson left a deeply attached people, an interesting field of usefulness, and congregations in a peaceful and united state to enter upon his work at Williamsport. He was installed pastor of the First Presbyterian Church by the Committee appointed by Presbytery, Revs. John Bryson, P. B. Marr, and Isaac Grier. While pastor of this church he was married to Miss Hetty Bryson, youngest daughter of the Rev. John and Jane Montgomery Bryson, of Warrior Run, Pennsylvania. In connection with his pastoral labors at Williamsport, he taught a Classical School on Third Street from October, 1838, until October, 1840. During this pastorate the congregation made steady progress in all the departments of the missionary and other benevolent work of the Church. The reviving and regenerating influence of the Holy Spirit was felt. The heavenly dews were distilled upon the good seed sown. The Head of the Church was honored in these

tokens of good, reviving the confidence of the servants of God, and encouraging the pastor.

The weekly prayer-meetings and Sabbath School were very interesting and encouraging features of the work. In the "Religious Museum," Northumberland, Rev. Robert F. N. Smith, editor, the following item appeared on January 13, 1819: "We are rejoiced to announce the organization of a Sabbath School at Williamsport. A number of ladies have united in this labor of love. We trust that they will not be weary in well doing." This was doubtless the first Sabbath School organized in Williamsport. On June 19, 1827, a Sabbath School was organized by the Presbyterians, and numbered two hundred and fifty members during Mr. Hudson's pastorate.

The First Church was then the place of worship of the leading attorneys of the town, Judges of the Courts, and their families. The Hons. Ellis Lewis, A. V. Parsons, Joseph Anthony, William F. Packer, Governor of Pennsylvania, and James Armstrong, Francis Campbell and Robert Fleming. John B. Hall, Tunison Coryell, John Elliott, Dr. Samuel Pollock, Oliver Watson, John Gibson, Hon. Wm. H. Armstrong, and others. Some of these families afterward united with Christ Episcopal Church upon its organization. The members of session were Alexander Sloan, John Torbet, Henry D. Ellis, and Peter W. Vanderbilt.

In the early spring of 1840, Mr. Hudson was called to Staunton, by the serious illness of his beloved mother.

It was his privilege to sit beside her dying bed, with her hand clasped within his own, when the summons came for her to enter upon the higher service, in the presence of the Saviour, whom she loved and trusted.

She entered into eternal rest, the rest for which she so much longed, on March 13, 1840, aged seventy-two years.

In the following year, his father was called from earth to heaven. As his illness was short, death resulting from paralysis, Mr. Hudson did not reach Staunton in time to receive his dying testimony. He peacefully passed away, his "only hope in a Saviour's righteousness," that Saviour whom he had found "so precious" for many years, and was reunited to his beloved companion on November 12, 1841, aged seventy-one years.

Mr. Hudson remained at Williamsport until March, 1841, and then ministered to the church of Shamokin six years, 1841-1847, and Chillisquaque and Moorsburg, 1847-1850, in connection with the church at McEwensville.

On the petition of one hundred and seven (107) persons, members of Warrior Run Church, three of whom, Jacob Kher, Isaac Vincent and P. Kerr Russell, Esq., were members of the Warrior Run session, who "believed that the cause of Christ would be advanced by the organization of another Presbyterian congregation in the Warrior Run country," the church of McEwensville was organized on May 3, 1842, by the Committee appointed by the Presbytery of Northumberland: Revs. D. M. Barber, James Williamson, and elder John B. Boyd.

On the organization of this church, of which he was the founder, Mr. Hudson was called and remained the pastor twenty-one years.

He was installed over this charge by the Committee appointed: Revs. David Hull, P. B. Marr, and Isaac Grier.

During this pastorate he was Principal of the Turbutville Academy ten years, and of the McEwensville Academy three

years, succeeding Mr. C. Low Rynearson.

His work at Shamokin was blessed by many accessions to the church.

After a series of meetings continued through several weeks, he writes to Mrs. Hudson, January 15. 1843:

"My intention when I left home was to return on Monday night, but our meetings have continued day and night, until last night.

"There are now fifty-four persons who have given their names as inquirers, the greater number of whom have experienced a hope in Christ. I have appointed the Communion, on next Sabbath, and have more labor to perform in preaching and in conversing with the young converts, and those who are inquiring, than I can possibly attend to."

On the Sabbath referred to, he received to the communion of the church fifty-six on examination.

One present at these meetings remarks: "How those precious revival scenes linger in my memory! It seems but yesterday, although more than twoscore years have passed. I see once more the things that were in days gone by. I seem again to see and hear Mr. Hudson, and the three ministers assisting him (who were all fellow-students at Princeton), engaged in preaching, prayer and praise. The church, its worshippers, its pastor, are before me. I seem to hear the very tones of his voice directing the penitent to the Lamb of God. I recall particularly one solemn occasion, when the congregation being dismissed after an evening's service, an invitation was given for those who desired to remain, not an individual left the church! All took their seats! The solemn silence was broken by Mr. Hudson coming down from the pulpit, taking his place at the table, and starting a hymn in

his clear, strong voice, which filled the whole church with melody, the most wonderful voice I thought that I had ever heard. The tune was one never before heard by us, but afterward learned and sung throughout the entire region. Mr. Hudson was attractive in manners and personal appearance, and honored his calling by his dignified bearing and sincere interest in his fellow-men. Placed in circumstances like these, calculated to draw out the best gifts of pulpit eloquence, his fluency and command of language were remarkable." An elder of the church, remarked to him shortly before his death, "when you reach heaven, Mr. Hudson, you will be welcomed by the converts of that precious work." In January, 1844, thirty more were added to the membership of the church.

Immediately after its organization, the congregation at McEwensville, erected the brick church building in the village which was named Bethel, to the building of which Mr. Hudson contributed one year's salary, and some years later, 1853, they purchased the congregational cemetery near the village. During his long and useful pastorate at McEwensville, the congregation increased in membership under the faithful preaching of the Word of God, which liveth and abideth forever. The winters of 1855, 1856, 1857, and 1858 were marked by large accessions to the church, following special revival services. The good old Presbyterian names of Montgomery, Bryson, McCormick, Sample, Caldwell, Russell, Gudykuntz, Vincent, Hutchinson, Kynearson, Smith, Everett, Kehr, Burrowes, Oakes, Taggart, Cameron, Neely, Watson, Armstrong and others were found in the membership, and in the officers of this church. Robert McCormick and Charles Gudykuntz were active and influential members,

the former a trustee for many years, and the latter a ruling elder. Here as in all other places of his ministry, he greatly endeared himself to the young of his congregation, over whom he acquired a strong influence. In late years, since the close of his pastorate, the church suffered much by removals, its sons and daughters are scattered in many of the states of the Union, the church of Milton has been strengthened from its membership and three decades after its own organization, the church at Watsontown was organized by members of the McEwensville and Warrior Run churches, two of the original elders of the Watsontown congregation, Robert M. Russell and William B. Bryson, being members of the McEwensville session.

Mr. Hudson's home from the time of his leaving Williamsport, in 1841, until 1866, was at Turbutville and McEwensville, in the bounds of the McEwensville congregation, in the midst of attractive scenery, "fertile plains, and wooded hills," surroundings much to be admired, for more than half a century, the scene of the labors of his sainted father-in-law, the Rev. John Bryson, part of whose ministerial charge, Chillisquaque, he had very pleasantly served for three years in connection with McEwensville.

After his resignation at McEwensville, January, 1863, he supplied the First church at Mifflinburg until he received a call, November 11, 1865, to the Lick Run church, at Jacksonville, Pa., to which he ministered five years. He united with the Presbytery of Huntingdon, at McVeytown, April 10, 1866, and in May, 1866, was installed pastor of the Lick Run church, by the committee appointed. Rev. William J. Gibson, D.D., a former pastor, Rev. J. H. Barnard, and Rev. W. B. McKee. This period of the church's history was

marked by a greater number of additions than for some years previous, no communion season passing without some accessions to the membership of the church. The Sabbath School work was encouraging, and the attendance at both, the Sabbath and week day meetings very gratifying.

Lick Run is one of the old historic congregations of the Presbytery of Huntingdon. Two large and flourishing congregations in Western cities were organized by members of this church alone.

In August, 1870, Mr. Hudson removed to Williamsport, which city was his home until his death, to take charge of the City High School, of which he was Principal, 1870-1871. He united with the Presbytery of Northumberland, October 1870, severing with regret his pleasant associations with the brethren of Huntingdon Presbytery, of whom he writes:

"I have seldom met with a body of more dignified Christian gentlemen, reminding me much of dear old Lexington, in their manner of conducting business. The kindness, courtesy, deference and fraternal feeling displayed in the midst of their most animated discussions exhibited much of the spirit of Christ."

He ministered to the churches of Montoursville and Pennsdale, 1870-1875. Linden, 1871-1884

In July, 1875, while on a visit, with his sister-in law, Miss Jane M. Bryson, to her old home in Northumberland County, they were both thrown from the carriage in which they were riding and severely (the one fatally) injured. Miss Bryson, "a lady of cultivated tastes," who had endeared herself to all who knew her, by her "lovely Christian character" died two days later.

Mr. Hudson never entirely recovered, but suffered from

the effects of the injuries receivd until his death. He continued, however, to preach regularly at Linden alone, until January, 1884. Having then almost reached his eightieth year, and completed the fifty-first of his active ministry, he was compelled by the partial loss of sight, caused by a hemorrhage of the retina, to resign his much loved work, and commit to another's care "the little flock" to whom eminently a wise counsellor, and spiritual guide, he had ministered for thirteen years.

In his pastoral farewell, to the people of this charge on the last Sabbath of the year, he could "give thanks to God" for the many acts of kindness received, in the years, in which, they were associated as pastor and people, and commend them to His grace and protection, as he parted with them in peace and love.

Characteristics—Illness and Death

In all the years of his busy life, his influence and friends extended beyond the Church, to which he had pledged himself, while his Catholic spirit commanded the respect of Christians of all denominations. His motto ever was—

"Pro Deo, pro ecclesia, et hominum salute."

A true patriot during the years of civil strife, between the North and South, when public meetings were called, he is remembered as a central figure.

In a State, where all gentlemen were members of the Masonic fraternity, he became an active and zealous member of the Augusta Lodge, of Staunton, and of the Rockbridge Lodge of Lexington. He was by inheritance a Mason, as grandfather, uncles, and cousins were all members of the order. After coming to Pennsylvania, he never fully identified himself with the fraternity, although in one place of his residence, he received many acts of kindness from members of the Knights Templar Commandery, and was invited to unite with them and act as their Chaplain.

In early life in deep sympathy with an oppressed race, he taught his father's slaves to read and write, and loved to talk to them of Him, whom to know is life eternal. He was regarded by them with the warmest affection, and his letters when far away, were read by them with streaming eyes, and preserved as their most precious treasures. At the death of his father, in 1841, he rejoiced that these attached family servants received, by will, their free papers. To the close of his life he was a sincere friend to, and deeply interested in, the the education and elevation of the freedmen.

He loved the Westminster doctrine and polity and preached the strongest Calvinistic tenets. Thoroughly loyal to the Standards of the Church, his anxiety was great that it should not be moved from its old foundation.

While the preaching of the Gospel took precedence over all other work, he never lost sight of education. An associate of scholars, he was deeply interested in colleges and other educational institutions. In addition to his own literary society at Washington and Lee, (the Graham-Lee), he was elected an honorary member of the American Whig Society, of Princeton College, of the Philomathæn Literary Society of Pennsylvania College, at Gettysburg, Pa., and of the Diagnothian Literary Society of Franklin and Marshall College, at Lancaster, Pa., and of the Washington Literary Society of Lafayette College, for which colleges he had prepared many students.

He was a man of refined literary taste, distinguished as an educator, and "acknowledged as an authority in theology and literature."* He was instrumental in training both the mental and spiritual powers of many young men who have since risen to distinction in the ministry, and other professions. He retained his scholarly tastes throughout life, delighting in metaphysical research, with a taste and facility for historical study, he was equally at home in the annals of ecclesiastical record, and the latest scientific discoveries, reading with delight the pages of Plato, and Sophacles, and keeping up his daily readings of the Scriptures in the original languages. The Greek of the New Testament, by constant study had become very familiar. To the last of his reading, he daily perused one chapter each of Hebrew, and of the Greek Testament.

During his entire ministerial life, he was diligent in Bible class and Sabbath School instruction, in revival work, when he preached the Gospel, with simplicity and power, and loved to guide the penitent to the cross of Christ, in pastoral visitation, and until the close of his life, was a zealous advocate of the missionary, and all other benevolent schemes of the Church.

Possessing a mind fitted for accurate distinctions, and logical discussions, he was positive in his convictions, ready in debate, and warmly attached to the doctrine and government of the Presbyterian Church. A Presbyterian by heritage and conviction, he did not hesitate to express his strong indignation against those who professed to be Presbyterians, but were disloyal to the principles they professed.

He was a diligent attendant upon the meetings of Presbytery and Synod, and fittingly represented his Presbytery in the General Assemblies of 1834, 1847, 1864, the Reunion Assembly at Pittsburg, in 1869, and the Assembly at Cleveland, Ohio, in 1875.

He was greatly beloved in his pastoral charges, where his work was blessed in many precious ingatherings, and the rich joy of the harvest experienced and he was much encouraged by young men in his several pastorates, devoting themselves to the work of the Gospel ministry, and going forth to proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ. "A striking personal appearance, dignified demeanor, fine voice and careful preparation rendered his ministrations attractive, and his labors successful."* His sermons were delivered without manuscript, and were marked by fine literary taste, clear, strong and convincing logic, purity of style, vigor of thought, soundness of doctrine, and rich Christian experi-

ence, combined with an impressive oratorical delivery.

He will be remembered as a beautiful type of a cultivated Christian gentleman, and a minister wholly and unreservedly consecrated to Christ. How far reaching the influence of this life, of eighty-five years, of almost sixty years of faithful service in the ministry, no one can pretend to measure, but who can doubt that now his voice is still, in other years his work will be continued, by those who sat under his teachings, and have caught something of the impress of his spirit, of his wisdom, piety, devotion to the truth, zeal for the honor of God, and love for the souls of men. His rich personal experience was shown in a countenance radiant, with uncommon spiritual joys, especially in his sermons and addresses at the Lord's table, in his ministrations of love and sympathy in the sick room, and in his family prayers which he continued until the day previous to his death.

Prayer was his "vital breath," "his native air." It was "his watchword at the gates of death." He entered "heaven with prayer." He had passed through many trials in life, had followed many, who were dear to him, to the grave, and was enfeebled by declining health, in his last years, and much suffering patiently borne, but his faith in God was never shaken, and he ever turned upon his friends, the smiling face, which in the days of his full health, had won so many hearts to him, and which, combined with his rare charms of mind and manner in social intercourse, had inwoven with the web of his life many precious threads of friendship and companionship spun by Northern and Southern hands.

It is seldom one is found so beautifully gentle! Age had not embittered but sweetly mellowed him. He loved the

Word of God, his faith was strong. He had frequently remarked, "It is only when we are willing to be used as instruments in the Master's hands that our work is successful or abiding." These words gathered peculiar force when his own willingness to suffer and endure hardness was severely tested—when life's lesson learned, he could then make his own the language—"Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?" "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." Thus filled with the fruits of the Spirit, in the full possession of his intellectual powers, he daily ripened for the kingdom of Heaven, and continued to climb to a sublime height of clear faith and trust in God until he was done with the sorrows of earth and was "to drink forevermore of the great river of the Water of Life." A believer of whom it could be said he was "a garden of fruit trees," and so was "useful," but he also had "spices," and so was attractive.

Although in very frail health for six years, those who loved him, and were constantly with him, saw with sorrow that he was growing perceptibly weaker in the last year of his life. He frequently spoke of his approaching death, saying, "Whether life or death it is all peace." "[illegible] of my appointed time I will wait till my change [illegible]." On the first day of January, 18[illegible] he remarked, "God [illegible] spared my life to see another 'happy New Year,' in all human probability the last to me upon earth. I am in the [illegible] of a gracious and merciful Father, and His dealings with me have ever been those of love, and I [illegible] that the few days that remain to me will overflow with His [illegible] mercy." His life was his [illegible] His own words were, "His life is the [illegible]

very little when, where, or how we die, if we are prepared. The only safety is in Christ. The precious blood of Christ cleanseth us from all sin. He is my only trust."

A fellow worker with the wise and good, with Him who made them what they were, having early begun to serve God until the close of life, he could still chant his "morning song."

He sweetly fell asleep at Williamsport, Pa., on Friday, January 24, 1890, after a few days' illness of la grippe. His death was the peaceful and triumphant close of a well spent life, rejoicing in God, his Saviour.

At the commencement of his brief illness which he felt from the first would be the last, his early days seemed to pass before him in review. On the last day he sat up, he referred to his licensure, the fifty-ninth anniversary of which had passed, to his dislike to the text assigned him by the Presbytery, Romans 9: 3, describing the meeting at Harrisonburg, Virginia, and recurring to the many loved friends and relatives in attendance. Later on in his illness, he related his last conversation with his "dear dying mother" as she testified what, to her, would be the chief joy of Heaven. With holy rapture, he recounted God's gracious dealings with his own soul, and the goodness and mercy which had followed him all the days of his life, referring to such passages of Scripture as the twenty-third, the one hundred and third Psalms, and the eighth of Romans, as "precious, precious, wonderful."

For the last time with failing strength, he united with his sorrowing children, in a prayer, in language approaching the sublime, in its confident faith and trust, as he committed his loved ones to the care of a covenant-keeping God. His last utterances were, "I feel that my powers are all failing."

"My race is run." "How soon the dream of life is over." "It is such a comfort to me to be here, with all my dear children." "Jesus is my only trust." "There remaineth a rest, to the people of God." Thus sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust, he entered upon the joy of his Lord, before the Father's throne, welcomed to that heavenly joy by many, who can ascribe their salvation under God to him.

"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace."

"Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit! rest thee now!
E'en while with us, thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow."

"Dust to its narrow house beneath!
Soul to its place on high!
They who have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die."

Funeral Services, and Other Testimonials of Respect

The funeral services at which his brethren of the Presbytery of Northumberland officiated, and other ministers of the city were present, were held at his late residence at Williamsport, Pa., on Tuesday afternoon, January 28, 1890, and were very largely attended.

The services were conducted by the Rev. Adolos Allen, then pastor of the Third Presbyterian church of Williamsport, and were opened by the chanting of the twenty-third Psalm by the choir of the Presbyterian church of the Covenant.

Suitable selections of Scripture were read by Rev. J. B. Kennedy, then of the First church, and addresses were delivered by Rev. D. J. Waller, Sr., D.D., of Bloomsburg; Rev. Joseph Stevens, D.D., of Jersey Shore, and Rev. C. B. Gillette, of Elmira, N. Y. Dr. Waller opened his remarks with words like these: "We have come, to pay the last tribute of respect, to our brother in the Gospel. I thought on my way here to-day that it was just fifty years since I first preached for him in Williamsport, and that I am now coming to attend his funeral at the same place. I was his successor at Bloomsburg, in a congregation where I found his name a household word, loved and honored.

"Ours has been an unbroken friendship for fifty years. During all these years, I cannot recall a single word or look to mar the harmony of our intercourse. Even in the most heated discussions in our ecclesiastical meetings, when he was invariably on the side of right, nothing ever occurred to disturb this fraternal feeling."

Dr. Waller then paid a fitting tribute to his ripe scholarship, and his long and useful ministry.

Rev. Dr. Stevens in his opening remarks, referred to his intimacy of thirty-nine years with his deceased brother, and spoke at length upon his character as a minister of the Gospel, and his influence as a Presbyter, saying, "for many years he examined all the candidates for the ministry in the Presbytery. We all thought no one could do it as well as he." He referred with much feeling to the pure Christian life of the deceased, the blessedness of the rest upon which he had entered, and the sure hope to his sorrowing children, "if they live, as he lived, they will surely meet again."

Rev. Mr. Gillette spoke of the eminent abilities, the faithful ministry and useful Christian life of his departed brother, and very kindly alluded to his pleasant intercourse with him, for some years when a member of the Presbytery of Northumberland; having been examined by him upon entering the Presbytery.

Brief reminiscences were given by Rev. Adolos Allen and Rev. James W. Boal, D.D., then pastor of Newberry Presbyterian church.

The following letter from Rev. Joseph Nesbitt, D.D., of Lock Haven, who was expected to take part in the funeral services, was then read by Mr. Allen:

LOCK HAVEN, December 27, 1869.

REV. ADOLOS ALLEN,

My Dear Brother:—I am recovering from an attack of [illegible] I am still confined to the house. I very much regret that I shall not be able to attend the funeral to-morrow. When I became connected with the Presbytery, twenty nine years ago, Mr. Hulst was a conspicuous member of it. He and a few others were [illegible] to, as authorities, on Presbyterial usage, and ecclesiastical [illegible]. The impression he made upon us, in the beginning has [illegible]

as the years roll by. He was a ripe scholar, a systematic thinker, an established believer. He had clear and comprehensive views of the truth revealed in the Scriptures, and this truth he expounded and applied with zeal and fidelity and diligence. He preached as hebelieved and felt, and lived and worshipped as he preached, and now at the end of a long, faithful ministry, has entered upon his reward.

Having fought the good fight, finished the course, and kept the faith, there is laid up for him, the crown or righteousness, which God the righteous Judge shall give to all them that love his appearing. While his family has the fullest reason for consolation, in his life of faith upon the Son of God, they may be assured at the same time, of the cordial sympathy of his brethren in the ministry, and of all his Christian friends.

With kindest regards,

J. NESBIT.

The hymn, "How blest the righteous when he dies," was then sung by the choir. The closing prayer was offered by Mr. Allen, and the benediction pronounced by Dr. Waller.

It was a funeral service which bore the thoughts to the verge of Heaven, the light of the resurrection, and of immortality, dispelling the gloomy shades of death, and shedding a halo of light upon the grave.

On Wednesday morning, after a few selections were read from the Manual, used by Mr. Hudson on funeral occasions, and prayer offered by Rev. Mr. Kennedy, the remains were taken for interment to McEwensville, amid the scenes of an early pastorate, where the funeral cortege was met by many friends and former parishioners. The services at the grave were conducted by Rev. Dr. Boal, assisted by the Rev. G. L. Van Alen, then pastor of the Watsontown Presbyterian church, and in the brilliant sunlight of a January afternoon, this "new treasure" was left to slumber in the silent dust, by the side of his deceased wife, in the Presbyterian Cemetery at McEwensville, which contains the

"sacred relics" of the Revs. John and Robert Bryson.

"They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever."

The surviving children of Mr. Hudson are three daughters and one son. His wife, two sons and a daughter had preceded him to the spirit-world.

Mrs. Hetty Bryson Hudson died at Williamsport, February 25, 1876. She was born at her father's residence, near Warrior Run church, Northumberland County, Pa. Her father, the Rev. John Bryson, for more than fifty years was the beloved pastor of the congregations of Warrior Run, and Chillisquaque. Her education was commenced under her father's guidance, who taught her to read Latin with her brother, Robert, and completed at the old Milton Academy, under Rev. Dr. David Kirkpatrick, and at Mrs. Plumm's Young Ladies' Seminary, at Northumberland.

At the age of sixteen years she united with the Warrior Run church, then under the pastoral care of her father.

She was a woman of marked strength of character, lovely as a wife, mother, friend, "zealous of good works, serving the Lord with all humility and readiness of mind, and possessing much of the gentleness and meekness of Christ." After a brief but severe illness, "with praise on her lips, and praise in her heart," she went to join "the spirits of the just made perfect, and the great assembly of the redeemed, who praise God forevermore."

Hon. Robert M. Hudson, the only brother of Mr. Hudson, died at Fincastle, Virginia, April 19, 1869, at the age of fifty-seven years.

He was prepared for college at the Staunton Academy, and was graduated with the classical honors, at Washington

and Lee University in the class of 1828. He then passed through the two years' course of Judge Baldwin's Law School at Staunton, and was admitted to the bar of Staunton.

He entered upon the practice of the law in Staunton, but shortly after removed to Fincastle, Virginia. He was elected a member of the Virginia House of Delegates, and in 1853 was appointed Judge of the Circuit (Superior) Court of Virginia, which office he held until his death. He united with the Bethel church at an early age, under the ministry of Dr. Francis McFarland, and uniformly sustained the character of a faithful, devoted Christian.

Judge Hudson was an accomplished scholar, and was distinguished for his eminent legal and judicial abilities.

Mr. Hudson wrote to his son, at Lafayette College, Easton, Pa.:

HOWARD, PA., May 13, 1869.

My Dear Son:—I have received by letter, from my niece, Mary F. Williams, formerly Mary F. Hudson, the sad intelligence of the recent death of my only brother, Robert M. Hudson. His health, she informs me, was delicate during the winter, but he rallied towards spring, travelled to Richmond and Washington City and was present at the inauguration of President Grant. On his return home, he seemed gradually to decline until he passed away in great peace, and the assured hope of a crown of life. His family are thus bereaved of a tender and affectionate husband and parent. I call up in sad remembrance, the pleasant bright eyed boy, learning his Latin lessons, with my assistance, while seated on my knee, and then the honest pride and pure delight, with which I witnessed his rapid progress in the Grammar school and college closing with the diploma and first honors of his Alma Mater. Afterward his career was brilliant—rising as he did to the first rank of a practitioner at the bar, in the highest courts of his native State, and then appointed Judge of the Superior Court of Law and Chancery in which position he maintained an unblemished reputation.

The ties that united us were both strong and tender. I felt for him in a degree, the affection of a father, being so much older

than he, while he was my daily companion for long years, my constant room-mate, my only brother. I humbly hope that ere long, we will be united in our Father's house forever, in purer friendship, and holier ties, than are found and felt on earth.

Your affectionate father,

JOHN P. HUDSON.

He married Miss Eliza Ross, of Botetourt, who survived him, with two sons and two daughters. A daughter writes, "I feel that our parents have left us a priceless inheritance in their example of pure and holy Christian lives."

The tributes of esteem from Mr. Hudson's brethren in the ministry and friends in this and his native State, the published notices of his death in the Virginia papers, especially the Staunton Spectator, and the Central Presbyterian, of Richmond, were warm and significant. A few of these testimonials are here appended:

The following from Rev. James Carter, pastor of the Second Presbyterian church, now the Church of the Covenant, explains his absence at the funeral of Mr. Hudson. "Believe me, that I sorrow with you sincerely in this sudden and supreme loss, and it is the deeper regret that I am not well enough to be with you in these days when your hearts are so heavy. I had hoped to express, by my presence this afternoon, the esteem and veneration which I have toward a faithful minister of Jesus Christ, who had so kindly welcomed me to my work here. It is not without a deep sense of personal loss that I write to you. The loss of so kindly a spirit as your father is that which words may not easily express. May the God of your father be with you all and comfort you all this day."

The Rev. Stuart Mitchell, D.D., of Mount Carmel, writes: "You will have great comfort in the thought of the

long and useful service your father has rendered, and the assurance that he is more than a conqueror, through Him who loved us. May the Lord help you and your sisters and brother, to keep the consolations of the Gospel before your minds until faith is lost in sight, and this temporary separation is forgotten in his company in the everlasting habitations."

The Rev. R. L. Stewart, D.D., of the Mahoning church, Danville, now of Lincoln University: "To this beloved brother God has given many years of usefulness and honor, and while we mourn his loss, we know that death was to him the gateway of life eternal."

Rev. A. T. Young, of Cleveland, Ohio: "I can readily conceive the break made, in your family circle, by this event to you all, most painful, 'not joyous but grievous.' Yet be assured that it has placed you all within the pale of our Heavenly Father's most precious promises. My fraternal intercourse with your father was most happy, and is recorded among my most pleasing recollections; his ripeness, both in scholarship and ministerial experience always bringing me profit. Allow me, therefore, to place myself and Mrs. Young among the bereaved ones 'who on earth shall see his face no more.' I have no doubt the event we all deplore will bring us, in both spirit and desire, nearer the 'rest' that remaineth 'to the people of God,' nor will we grudge the dear departed one the holy joys upon which he has entered. Be assured of our hearty sympathy with you all in your sorrow, with the earnest hope that the 'peaceable fruits of righteousness' may be abundantly reaped.'"

Dear friends to whom Mr. Hudson was tenderly attached, write:

"You know how we all loved your dear father, a talk with him always refreshed me, mentally and spiritually. I will not try to write words of comfort to you, my dear sorrowing friends, in your sore bereavement, but I would love to put my arms about you, and weep with you and then I can talk to the loving Father about you all."

"Your dear father's death was the triumphant close of a true and beautiful life

"He has entered into the 'rest' that remaineth 'to the people of God.' He now knows in fuller measure, than here, that peace and blessedness, that passeth understanding. We do believe that to the Christian—

"There is no Death! what seems so is transition.
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian.
Whose portal we call Death."

"What is far more comforting than these words, are the Words of God. He that 'liveth and believeth in me shall never die.' I have often thought of the words of one of the clergymen at your dear mother's funeral, that instead of weeping on such an occasion, we should walk around the casket saying, 'Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.'"

The Presbytery of Northumberland, of which Mr. Hudson had been a member for fifty-two years, adopted the following resolutions, at Renova, on April 22, 1880: "Since our last meeting, the senior member of this Presbytery, the Rev. John P. Hudson, has passed from the Church on earth to the Church of the First Born in Heaven. He died peacefully in the bosom of his family at Williamsport, on January 24, of the present year. A memorial of his life and labors is

in the hands of the Clerk of Presbytery. We are thus reminded of our own mortality. We tender to the bereaved family our deep sympathy and commend them to the kind care of the Father of the orphan.

"D. J. Waller, Sr., Chairman of Committee."

He was the last survivor of eight ministers, who had been fellow students at Princeton Seminary, and who entered the Presbytery about the same time. The others were Rev. Robert Dunlap, Rev. W. S. Stone, Rev. Isaac Grier, D.D., Rev. David Hull, Rev. Robert Bryson, Rev. S. S. Sheddan, D.D., and Rev. P. B. Marr.

Rev. N. Grier White to Miss Louise Hudson:

NEW HAVEN, PA., July 28, 1891.

Dear Friend:—I first became acquainted with your beloved and excellent father, the Rev. John P. Hudson, at the Theological Seminary at Princeton, during the Fall of 1830, when a very pleasant bond of acquaintance and friendship was formed which lasted for nearly sixty years. He had entered the Seminary one year before I did—both of us having taken "the full course" we were associated as fellow students and classmates, for two full years.

While in the Seminary, we all knew him as a modest, retiring and unassuming brother, who (unlike many others) greatly improved in our respect and love upon further acquaintance. In the class room, however, he early and deservedly secured our respect and admiration, for his talents and scholarly acquirements, which were plainly superior to those of a majority of his fellow students. But, better still, was the fact that his daily walk and conversation convinced us all that he was eminently a pious and godly man, imbued with the Spirit of the Divine Master.

After leaving the Seminary, our respective fields of labor were not geographically so very far apart, yet for several reasons we did not see each others' faces for a number of years. When, however, we became members of the same Synod, we were frequently thrown into each others' company. It was the uniform testimony of all those, whose privilege it was to hear him preach the Gospel, and who heard him with pleasure and profit that he was "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the Word of God."

The last time that I met your beloved, and now sainted, father was in his own happy home in Williamsport, and during the sessions of the Synod. It was then and there, that I partook of, and enjoyed the kind hospitality of himself and family, in their Christian home. We talked of our mutual joys and sorrows, of our labors and burdens, and the very recounting of our former experiences seemed to strengthen and cement the bonds of Christian love and fellowship formed a half a century before. I am thankful that your father lived to see in his own family, the fulfilment of that precious promise, "I will be a God unto thee, and to thy seed after thee." For I am persuaded that he would heartily join the beloved Apostle in saying—"I have no greater joy than in seeing my children walking in the truth." Happy father of such a household and blessed children of such a parent.

My kind regards to the family of my departed friend and brother.

Very respectfully yours,

N. GRIER WHITE.

Rev. Horatio W. Brown to M. Louise Hudson:

WOOSTER, OHIO, August 25, 1891

My Dear Friend:—One of the most valuable testimonies to your dear, and now sainted father's worth, is that he has inspired those of his own house with so deep a reverence for his character and life, that everything relating to him is sacred to you. I can understand too, how your father has so large a place in your thoughts and affections by reason of his very genial, ardent nature. It was evident to any acquaintance that with him family life was most delightful. Indeed! I do not recall any one who seemed to have greater joy in little children than he had. I remember when he would come to see us, how eagerly he would inquire after the babes of the house, and what a fond interest he took in them. Such love for children kept his heart young even to the end.

There was much about Mr. Hudson that impressed me, thus he was a fine type of a Christian gentleman. Hailing from Virginia —home of so many good and noble men, there was in his bearing a certain quiet dignity and stateliness of manner, which told plainly of an early training such as the old Dominion was wont to give her favored sons.

And when in conversation the days long back were touched upon, it was with an enthusiasm which showed at once how pleasing the topic was.

But it is especially as a Christian and as a minister that your father will be remembered. And on this point very much might be said, and yet how little need to do it, for his life and work speak for him. Few men in the Church have labored so long. And it is a cheering thought that his influence will go down from generation to generation, with ever increasing blessing.

He was well versed in theology and in Presbyterian polity. But happily now his knowledge needs no accession of earthly helps. Here "we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face; now we know in part, but then we shall know, even as also we are known." To this joyful day of eternal light, he often looked forward with intense longing. In God's own time, may we follow him into the same blissful presence.

With affectionate regards to you all,

Sincerely yours,

HORATIO W. BROWN.

Rev. James Clark, D.D., of Philadelphia, writes August 28, 1891:

"It will afford me much pleasure to add my tribute to the memory of your dear and now sainted father." Dr. Clark's ill health and death shortly after prevented. A warm and ardent friendship was formed when students at Princeton Seminary which continued through the years, when they were associated as pastor of neighbouring congregations (Dr. Clark being the beloved pastor of Lewisburg Church). This friendship of almost sixty years was broken only by death. They parted on earth to meet in the same holy presence on the other side.

He rests from his labors, and his works do follow him into the world of light and love, where he has gone to dwell with Christ forevermore.

In his own words, written in 1858, on "The Eternal Reward to the Faithful Minister of the Gospel," he now "is rejoicing in the holy residence of the redeemed in that circle infinite, sublime"—

"That sing, and singing in their glory move."

God's sovereign grace adding pathos to his joy in the realms of glory, while he unites with the full choir in raising the anthems to Him who loved him.

He has heard that voice sweeter than the music of angels sounding in his ravished ears, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." He has exchanged the helmet of hope for the glory crown—the sword for the palm. He has taken his place among the conquerors by the Cross. It was his privilege as a faithful minister of Christ to gather fruit into eternal life and having operated on mind—cultivated spirit—sown immortal seed in immortal soil—he reaps at last of an evergrowing harvest and plucks fruit, over which time and change have no influence.

How divine the delight of finding himself in the presence of the great Master—receiving his approbation—entering into his joy—rejoicing with Him in the welfare of sanctified spiritual beings—in the attainment of which He allowed him the honor to participate."

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

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

Of the seven children of the Rev. John P. Hudson, the eldest son died in infancy. The first break was made in the little family circle, when Augusta Virginia, a blue-eyed darling, her head sunny with golden curls, was taken to the gardens of the Lord, leaving her fond parents to grieve over the sad change in the home life caused by the loss of this lovely little girl.

"How many hopes were borne upon thy bier,
O child of stricken love!"

At the age of twenty-three years, Robert Paris Hudson, gifted to a wonderful degree, with powers both intellectual and moral, was called to rest.

He devoted himself to study at a very early age, and was well prepared by his father for entering the junior class in college, when his health failed. "Wearing the white flower of a blameless life," he took a front rank in his classi-

cal and all other studies. A handsome personal appearance, commanding figure, and fine voice, combined with eminent scholarship, seemed a fair prospect to fit him for a life of usefulness. The fond hopes of parents and friends were blasted by the early death of one so amiable, so truthful, so talented, but they were not left to sorrow as others who have no hope.

Virginia Paris Hudson

Entered into rest at her home, in Williamsport, Penna., on January 15, 1904, Virginia Paris, youngest daughter of the Rev. John Paris and Hettie Bryson Hudson, and youngest grandchild of the Rev. John Bryson.

She was born at Turbutville, during her father's pastorate of the McEwensville Church. "Little Pet" will be affectionately remembered in the later pastorates of her father. The characteristics of English, Huguenot and Scotch-Irish ancestry, uniting formed in her a rare and beautiful character. Delighting in music and poetry, and in the study of classic and elegant literature, hers was a life of intellectual and artistic pursuits. Self-sacrificing and loving, she was never so happy as when doing for others. In the home circle of which she was the joy and pride, her beautiful qualities shone brightest. Reared in the benign influences of a minister's home, she received a careful religious training and very early in life she gave her heart to Christ.

Positive in character, and a Presbyterian by heredity and conviction, she loved the house of God, and was deeply interested in the missionary and all other benevolent agencies of the Church. She dwelt during all the years of her Christian life, far away from the damps that arise about Doubting Castle and near the Beulah land, where the sunlight ever falls.

In her last illness, she was ever looking with strong faith to the hills from whence came her help, and longing for the Master's call to enter the mansion prepared for her in her Father's house. The same gentle, lovely spirit which

marked her character in life shone with increased lustre in her last moments, until she saw her Pilot face to face, when she had crossed the bar, and He steered her through the troubled waters to the glorious world beyond.

"He giveth his beloved sleep."

The last surviving children are Mary J. Hudson, M. Louise Hudson and John Bryson Hudson, all of Williamsport, now Watsontown, Pennsylvania.

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