Memorial

OF

SAMUEL CHARLES JACKSON.

Mr. & Mrs. Prof. C. C. Smyth, —
with the very kind regards of
Mr. & Mrs. Jackson,
and family.

June 13. 1870.

MEMORIAL

OF

SAMUEL CHARLES JACKSON.

BY

A SISTER.

ANDOVER:
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NOTE.

The following sketch is not published, but *printed* for the gratification of the family and of special friends, and is therefore more minute in its detail of incidents and reminiscences of personal history and experiences than if it had been prepared for the public.

"Now while they were thus drawing towards the gate, behold a company of the Heavenly host came out to meet them. Here also they had the city itself in view, and they thought they heard all the bells therein ring to welcome them thereto. But above all, the warm and joyful thoughts that they had about their own dwelling there, with such company, and that forever and ever. Oh, by what tongue or pen can their glorious joy be expressed! And thus they came up to the gate."—PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

MEMORIAL.

DEAR FATHER:

AT your request I attempted this memorial of Charles. My prevailing motive has been to contribute something towards consoling your sorrow. I have tried to outline that beautiful, strong character that you, beholding the picture, might have comfort and gratitude.

Such have been my desire and aim. Yet I have here, after all, but an imperfect and fragmentary sketch. My materials were scanty, being furnished chiefly by my own recollection and my own accidental resources. While arranging and giving them shape, I have been separated from the other members of the family who might have aided me by suggestions and added to my store of reminiscences. My time has been occupied with other cares, leaving only a spare hour now and then for this undertaking.

With regret I perceive that I have brought myself very frequently into the picture. But such were the circumstances that it seemed difficult to

erase the subordinate without obscuring the principal. This is of less consequence than it would be were the memorial for publication, since the family, for whom only it is prepared, will not need to be reminded that circumstances linked us very closely in life. Because I was the only absentee from home, and that for many years, the letters in that dear hand are almost all mine. It happened that duty devolved on me the pursuit of those studies which afforded him such enjoyment. To me it was given to go down with him through the long, dark Valley of the Shadow of Death. And so through various scenes and experiences we shared much together. Of much that concerned him I was the only witness, the sole partner. Hence I am compelled so often to speak of myself in speaking of him and of the events which befell him.

Again, I have in these pages frequently given vent to my feelings in view of the facts recorded. In a family memorial these may not be deemed out of place, since we share the same sorrow and the same unspeakable sense of irretrievable loss.

Remembering the severe simplicity of speech always demanded by the loved one whose brief story I was telling, I have tried to write with perfect accuracy and candor. He would have been disgusted by exaggeration and pained by unmerited praise.

And now my fear is that you will feel that justice has scarcely been done to the lost one, that your high estimate will not be reached by my sketch. Your ideal is with reason so elevated that you may be disappointed with the work of an inexperienced and unskilful artist.

Perhaps, even so, my effort may assist your own recollection, may help to preserve from the obliterating hand of Time what tokens we still retain, and may disclose for our general enjoyment what else might be hidden in one breast, dependent for preservation on the life of its sole possessor.

Our Charley was born May 28th, 1841. Just two years and six days had elapsed since the first-born son of the house had suddenly passed into eternity — Samuel William — a child of rare beauty, a delicate flower, a little May-day blossom.

The May of 1841 brought a new May-flower, Samuel Charles, to be a solace and delight, to pass from infancy to youth and manhood, and, when the flower had developed into fruit, to follow the baby angel to the Paradise of God.

In his infancy, Charles was more healthy and vigorous than the babes who had preceded him, good-humored and affectionate, more forward than the other children had been. When quite young

he was thought to resemble his paternal grandfather.

It was natural, perhaps, that he should be much observed and petted, much caressed and indulged. Besides his parents and little sisters, he had an ardent lover and devoted nurse in Miss S—— G——, then a member of the household. How much he may have owed to her constancy and affectionate care during the critical period of infancy cannot be estimated; it may have been even life itself. Her acts of kindness belong to our family traditions. He was 'her Charley' evermore, through all the changes of their after lives. His last call was upon her. And she who had rocked his cradle sat by the coffin's head that day we committed "dust to dust, ashes to ashes."

Charles's understanding developed early; the acquisition of language was correspondingly prompt. Yet the dear little pilgrim through the wilderness of words often made droll mistakes. A few we remember now. Once when refused the request for permission to go to Mr. B.'s shop, 'he wished he was Mis' Licks'em's boy (Mrs. Liscomb's), and then he could stay at Mr. B.'s all the time.' He used to ask to have his cap taken down for him from 'the cat's case' (hat case), to go out into 'the paggige-way' (passage-way), to 'go see Sacy Geeny" (Sarah Gleason). Once,

incited, doubtless, by the exploits of the heroes of his father's stories, he plunged into a pool of half-frozen water by the roadside, and, when interrogated respecting his motive, declared he was 'trying to go swimming in the pud-muddle.'

Oh, how many memories rise of those early hours in life's morning, of the pretty baby looks and words and ways! I remember how he used to say, when asked, "Charley, what are you?" "I am papa's olive-plant." A reply suggested by the Psalmist's words: "Thy children like olive-plants round about thy table."

He had a superabundance of the usual childish desire to imitate his elders. When twenty months old he used to put on his father's cap and gloves, harness up the chairs, and 'go to the post-office to get the papers.' Very early were his tiny, dimpled hands laid on the reins to 'drive old Kate.' Premature experiments in mechanics were the occasions of gashes which required surgical care. What a time it was for us older sisters, when that resolute child declared his intention to assume all the garments prescribed by the usage of society for manhood! when he began to implore his mother to make him a 'vest,' and then to make it 'like father's, open to show his shirt'! What a comical little figure he must have been, with his frock coat, vest, and

shirt-bosom, and pantaloons drawn up as high as suspenders could draw them! But he thought it an augmentation of dignity — the assumption of the *toga virilis.*

He was far from being one of the pattern, story-book boys; for, though of remarkably correct moral intuitions, and unusual freedom from boyish waywardness, he was brimful of mirthfulness. Out of this trait came the need of all the correction which parents and teachers ever administered.

When he, with another rogue, Johnny H——, occupied the same desk at the district school, while before them was seated a quiet, 'steady' boy, the teacher often observed the latter give convulsive starts, and utter sudden exclamations. She suspected the boys behind him of being the mischief-makers, but only after long watching was able to detect the method of operation. All the boys went barefoot. Charles and Johnny used to put their penholders between their toes, and, while apparently very much absorbed in the spelling-book, carry their feet out far enough to scratch their neighbor's heels with the fine steel points.

All these schoolmates now sleep the last sleep — Johnny on the Wilderness battle-field, James —— in North Carolina, and Charles in the beautiful cemetery on our own hillside.

Only once Charles received punishment from his mother, and that was for having incited his little sister to some impertinence to our neighbor, the venerable Dr. Woods, who was making a call.

Of untruthfulness he was never known to be guilty; of disobedience, very rarely. This is the more remarkable, as the family government was very mild and lenient; but Charles was conscientious, and, above all, governed by *love* to his father.

Throughout life his greatest tempter was his love of fun; out of it rose those errors that, in his last days, caused outbursts of repentant sorrow which agonized those against whom he had sinned far more than the sins themselves ever did.

That intensity of mental action which in later life was so remarkably and fatally displayed, developed itself early. Whatever presented itself to him as desirable of attainment, he set his whole heart on having. Interested in dog-stories narrated by his father, the desire of possession was awakened, and the cry repeated: "Father, I must have a dog," till a dog was bought at D——'s blacksmith-shop — a small bull-dog pup, immortalized in the family annals, as Ponto of tragic fate. So it was in respect to doves, hens, a sled, a gun, etc.

He did not love books; he did not love study;

he was impatient to have done with all that required steady application and pains-taking effort; not a story-book could be found which would detain him. He would neither read, nor listen to reading. The only books to which, in all his childhood, he gave willing attention were "Kriss Kringles," valued chiefly as the gift of his friend, S—— G——, and later, "Boy Hunters," and some chapters in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." This makes his subsequent career the more remarkable.

Flowers, even in babyhood, delighted him. A friend recently told me of an incident which she had treasured up, illustrative of this trait. One day Charles had a few pretty flowers presented him, around which he danced with glistening eyes. To test the sincerity of his raptures, she offered in exchange for them various articles generally prized by children, but none outweighed his floral treasures. The pleasantest recollections I have of that sad southern journey are of the walks we used to take together to see the roses in the gardens, and of the drives to the cemetery, where the flowers bloomed very luxuriantly, and of the beautiful bouquets, offerings of kind southern friends, which used to adorn our otherwise forlorn apartments. He was born in the flowery May. I am glad that when he died it was still

the season of flowers, and grateful to those loving hands that strewed them so lavishly upon the coffin and the grave.

Sorrowfully I recognize the prophecy in the opening bud of the premature decay of the fruit. The soul was healthful, strong, and gifted with rare powers; the body was frail, endowed with a sensitive nervous system that exposed it to varieties of ill. From the first it was certain that the soul would overtask and destroy the body. It was like heavy ordnance on board a frail vessel, every discharge of the gun hastened shipwreck. I see again the delicate, childish figure, as we so often saw it, rise on tiptoe, quiver from head to foot, the eye dilate and sparkle, the arms toss aimlessly, the fingers move rapidly, like an accomplished pianist's, while the boy relates some success or exploit which has stirred his enthusiasm. His spirit was crushing its vehicle even then. With such a temperament, probably we could not have kept him with us as long as we did, had not his love of play drawn him much out doors and into such excercise as strengthened what required strength. When at last the love of mental exercise became dominant, and the body was proportionally disregarded, the result was fatal.

His out-door exercise was not always play;

some of it was of a sort requiring considerable courage and fortitude. He was only eight years old when his father first went daily to Boston. In good weather, father walked to the depot, but when it was stormy, or the snow was deep, Charles took a neighbor's horse, harnessing it for himself, and drove for his father to the station. It was to the first train in the morning, and, in the winter, to the last train at night, over a lonely road, with a vicious horse afraid of the engine, with no companion or helper except his little brother, three years younger than himself. Sometimes, despite all precautions, the old horse would wheel about and run in the wrong direction with the youngsters. Often the drifts were deep, the winds sharp over the hill-tops, and it was a severe trial for little hands to drive; but there were no complaints and no faint-heartedness.

Another trait, manifested in early years and never lost, was perfect purity. He had a constitutional abhorrence of impurity. Obscene words never polluted his lips. When older, a coarse jest uttered in a lady's presence seemed to exasperate him, and brought on the offender stern rebuke. Careful, even when a little boy, to guard the feminine members of the family from all contact with coarseness, he could not tolerate any

aberration on the part of a lady from his own high standard of delicacy and purity.

HIS YOUTH.

When Charles was ten years old we removed from the house where he was born to the one we now occupy. This necessitated a change of schools and of companions for Charles. The first friendships that he formed here were with George E——, George F——, and George R——; all lived in the same street with us, all now have entered their everlasting habitations. With George E—— the intimacy was close, and endured till death. Together these noble boys pursued their studies and their sports; together, they first sought Jesus as a Redeemer. When George, who was first removed, had left him alone, Charles wrote me: "He (G. E.) was the most amiable young man I ever knew. I cannot remember anything in connection with my intercourse with him which does not give me unalloyed pleasure, so far as he was concerned."

Charles had a small photographic likeness of his friend always hanging in his room. When Charles's own last days came, Mrs. E—— brought to him George's Hymn-Book, in which were marked all his favorite hymns. As these were

read aloud to Charles, a few at a time, as he felt able to hear them, it was interesting to note how many of the same hymns these two friends had preferred, each without knowledge of the others choice.

They have met again. Death, which parted them for a little while, has brought them into everlasting society. May we not comfort ourselves with the thought that, although our Charley could no more hear the voices of brother and sister when they cried aloud to him in that solemn midnight, yet the friend of his youth may have been sent to welcome his departing spirit to its celestial home.

The love of Charles for his father began to impress us, in these years, as quite unusual. Even when a little babe, his mother had made note in a journal she kept of the sayings and doings of her little flock, that "Charles was more pleased to see his father than any one else." As a child his chief delights were a game of romps with his father, to sit on his father's knee and talk with him of all his childish thoughts and plans, to listen to stories of his father's boyhood. This was not very extraordinary; but as he grew older and approached the time when a father's society is generally less acceptable to a lad than that of rollicking comrades, if it is not absolutely

avoided, it was remarkable that Charles kept his father on his heart's throne. No evening entertainment was so charming that it could vie with the attraction of his company and conversation. How sore the trial to the boy when callers interferred with these home joys! What a vexation were those "trustee meetings" that so frequently curtailed his draughts of earthly bliss!

Political excitement began to move him, and though he would by no means read the newspapers for himself, his father must tell him every evening all that they contained. Gradually he was led to read them himself, and as he grew older his interest in national affairs became unusually great. I incline to think that it was his desire for political information which first induced him to read books, for I am sure one of the first he ever read was "Benton's Thirty Years in the United States Senate." Ponderous as the work is, he made himself master of its details, as he did of every book he ever read. I never met *any one* more familiar with the political history of our country than was my brother from mere boyhood. All the famous men of this nation, their policies, the measures they suggested or opposed; all the great questions which have agitated public sentiment, whether questions of slavery, finance, foreign or domestic policy, whether

they pertained to past or present issues; he was at home in the discussion of them all.

Politics being so often the theme in our American society, Charles, as he grew older, was eager to enjoy the conversation of cultivated men, though deterred by diffidence from expressing his own views.

Reading newspapers was not to him, as it is to so many, a species of mental dissipation, because he always read with a particular end in view, disregarding everything irrelevant to that end.

Simultaneously with the dawning of this love of newspaper intelligence was springing up a better scholarship. He must have been twelve years old when he entered Phillips Academy. Never shall I forget the troublous times we had over his arithmetic lessons. His constitutional impatience made lesson-learning a daily household tragedy. If he did not obtain the desired result in the first working out of a "sum," down went slate and book with a bang, and loud and passionate were the declarations of inability and despair. Every lesson was learned, at last, only by the patient help of one of his sisters, usually Carrie, or of his father. We were well-nigh in despair ourselves, fearing he would never learn anything. Fortunately he had a wise and skilful teacher, Mr. Eaton, who was compassionate

toward the sensitive pupil, and who knew how to interest him in what seemed so tedious, and to allure him on by anticipations of better things in store. So after we had carried Charles painfully through arithmetic he took up algebra, which seemed at once to awaken his interest, he began to enjoy his studies, and from that time onward he needed no help, but speedily became the helper. Mathematics captivated him, he pursued its various branches diligently, and with such success that his teacher willingly formed, on his account, advanced classes in works beyond the range of the usual course. But so modest was he that when he had attained the highest grade in the English Department, it was only by accident his father learned the fact. "Why didn't you tell me, Charley?" inquired his father, "You know I should be pleased to hear it." "Why, father, a great many of the boys study *just for the rank*, and I was afraid if I spoke of it you might think that was what I studied for. But I *don't* care anything for the rank itself, I study for the knowledge."

At this period, astronomy was a favorite study. Charles purchased a small telescope, and used it at night to view the stars, sometimes waking a classmate who boarded in the house opposite ours, and going with him to Prospect Hill.

How little he could foresee, as he was enthusiastically tracing the handiwork of the Creator in the heavens, that these investigations were to furnish such sublime meditations of "the greatness and goodness of God" when he lay on his death-bed!

His school days, however, were brief, and attended by interruptions. His mathematical training was the chief advantage derived from them. The stores of knowledge afterward acquired were the result of solitary self-discipline. I cannot tell at exactly what time he left school; but I think it was when he was sixteen. I know he was not there after he was seventeen; for he then went to Mr. Low's store as clerk.

When he was fifteen he had his first great trial. While he was away from home, visiting a school friend, news was brought him that his beloved father had met with an accident which threatened to be fatal. Hastening home, he stood by his father's bedside, saw him pale and suffering, unable to talk with him. It was a heavy blow; grief overcame him; unable to bear the sight, he left the room, and sought his mother. She well remembers how the opening door disclosed her boy, with white face and trembling form, — how, falling on his knees, and hiding his face, he cried, with quivering lips: "Mother, if father should die, I could not live any longer!"

The bitter cup was withdrawn from his lips, to be reserved for that father's. I remember how, that night, as I was watching in the sick-room, Willie appeared, begging me to go to Charles. It was far into the night, but the loving heart was still restless with its pain. "Tell me, truly, *do* you think father is any better? *Can* he get well?" Little hope cheered my own spirit, but I spoke hopefully to my brother, and he was comforted. He wanted to take his turn at night-watching. Anticipating the result of the experiment, I lay down on a mattrass spread on the floor, to be at hand for assistance. Poor watcher! So intense was his desire to help, so great his fear lest he should not do the right thing, or do it in the right way, so agitated and nervously apprehensive was he, that he could not fulfil the office of nurse.

Throughout his father's illness, Charles went daily to Boston. No assistant was then employed in the office; so Charles was obliged to remain in the great, lonely room all day, to inform visitors of his father's disqualification for business, and to discharge, so far as he could, the duties of a substitute.

When seventeen years old, he commenced his business career. At the time he first went to the store, the firm was under the style of Ariel Low.

Mr. Cary was chief book-keeper; Charles was his assistant. He had studied book-keeping at school; but he found practical book-keeping somewhat different from theoretical. Naturally cautious and accurate, he soon became expert also in his work, gained the perfect confidence of his employers, earned and obtained promotion, and at last became a partner. At the time of his death the firm was styled "Low, Hersey, and Cary"; they were occupying one of the largest and finest places of business in the city, and leading their department of traffic. Eleven years he had been connected with the house; yet he said to me, that last summer of his life: "I don't remember having been found fault with by any of 'our folks' for anything, from first to last."

Oh, how faithful he was! how scrupulously faithful! How much more willing to do double duty, than seem to come short even a trifle! How he went, for years, in the first train to the city, summer and winter; continuing to do so even after he had become a partner, — breakfasting before light in winter, and sometimes breaking his path through untrodden snow! How joyous over his triumphs! Soon after he assumed the entire care of the books, he said to me, one day, in his own peculiar, nervous way: "Our business amounted to over a —— ——

dollars last month; and when I balanced my accounts, there was, the first time trying, only one cent's difference between my ledger and my balance-sheet."

But his business career, though always connected with one house, suffered some interruptions. Sometimes business would be dull; fear of hard times, or their actual pressure, would lead to a diminution of helpers; sometimes Charles's health compelled him to withdraw for a season. These intervals were filled with various occupations — usually some work of improvement about the home premises, in which his brother was his constant companion and co-laborer. In one such interval, having a horse, he bought the running part of a wagon, and built the body for himself; for he was very skilful in the use of carpenters' tools. Then he bought standing hay, cut it, and hauled it with his own horse and wagon. Again, he obtained permission to build a cellar under the barn. So he and William went to digging, and excavated the space required; then he obtained laborers to come and help lay the wall; working himself, along with the Irishmen, till the work was done, and well done.

Farming was very attractive to him. When a little boy he was one summer permitted to spend

the busy season at Mr. N—— B——'s, on the Merrimack River. One condition of the experiment was, that Mr. B—— should show him no favor because he was other than a farmer's son, but put him to hard work. So he went with the hired men into the hay-fields to rake, and load, or to the stable to feed the cattle, or to the barnyard to milk the cows. But it did not cure him of his desire to be a farmer. All sorts of farm work interested him; he loved the development of nature, he loved the care of animals, he delighted in the cultivation of fruits and vegetables. His most fondly cherished aim in life was to accumulate sufficient means to buy a farm, where he might indulge these tastes, and at the same time afford a home to his parents in their old age. How many schemes he had for accomplishing this end! His enthusiastic mind would seize on some idea, and his active intelligence would pursue its development; full of interest in the scheme he had wrought out, how eagerly he would unfold it to the family! How happy he was as his air-castle grew from foundation to turret! Dear, active, busy brain! Hast thou *perished?* O soul, that *could not die*, what sphere for thine activity is in that land of silence and of mystery? Perchance it is enough for thee to trace therein the thought of God, the working of Omnipotence.

At the hour of Charles's death, the only unfulfilled desire or plan of his was what depended on others for its accomplishment. There were some improvements he had been anxious to make in our buildings and grounds. Not a member of the family could have left behind more tokens of handiwork. As we look around, we say,—how often,—"This was Charles's work," "Charles did this." The horses, the carriages, the trees, the vines, how eloquent they all are of the judgment, taste, and skill of our departed!

It was his fondness for agricultnre which led him, when so feeble, to undertake that journey to the plantation. He wanted to see southern productions, and southern modes of labor, but he was too sick to realize his anticipations; the sight of broad fields of growing cotton could not compensate the tender heart for the darkened hope of ever seeing home and father again. The dread reality, here first admitted — that life was swiftly ebbing — left him no zest for what, in health, would have awakened the liveliest interest. He had wished to see western farming; and in April, his health being much improved, he formed the plan of going to New Orleans, thence up the Mississippi River to St. Louis, then to Uncle G——'s model farm in Illinois, coming by the great lakes home; but his returning feebleness prevented its

execution. Upon another stream he launched, and now, safely crossed, he has found "green pastures" and "the tree of life." "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

But I have wandered beyond the events of his youth. In speaking of his early life, I remarked his fondness for sports; in his youth, these naturally took a higher range. It was hardly the same whole-souled merriment now with which he used to plunge into recreation; now each pursuit must be tried to its limits, and then it began to lose its charm. Swimming, boating, gunning, skating, he enjoyed and excelled in. In skating he developed a trait. We all remember how, some years ago, this amusement received a sudden impetus, and was elevated from a boyish play to almost a fine art; ladies adopted skates; new and intricate evolutions were devised. Charles had always skated, but here was something more than common humdrum, here was chance for excelling in what was made valuable by the price of effort. So to skating he devoted himself; nothing less than perfection could satisfy him. If he had been learning a craft by which to win his daily bread he could not have been more seriously in earnest.

No matter how cold the air, how sharp the wind, how dark the night, how utterly deserted the skating-ground, after tea he sallied forth, skates in hand. Of course he speedily became master of the art.

I have spoken of his mechanical dexterity,— it was not confined to the use of one set of tools. When a sewing-machine was purchased he was the first to see the way to remedy all irregularities of action, for he went to work philosophically, tracing, as if intuitively, effect to cause, so that he could take the machinery to pieces and reconstruct it like a long practised artizan. In all its years of usage, we never sent the machine out of the house for repairs while we had Charles to attend to it.

Whatever he undertook he carried to unusual completeness. When he kept cows, they must surpass those of the best farmers in the quantity and quality of their milk; his hens must lay more and larger eggs; his pigeons be of choice varieties; his canaries the finest singers. Nor was it simply ambition which made him dissatisfied with mediocrity. It was not the desire to surpass others so much as an innate tendency to seek for the highest results, to find the end, the ultimate limits of everything. It was one application of the thoroughness which characterized all his mental

operations, and which, in manhood, became so conspicuous a feature of his intellectual pursuits.

MANHOOD.

Charles was never a *young man.* He omitted that stage of life. He was walking with us, a boy, loving mirth, full of zest for work or play, enthusiastic about entering on his business career, — and, all at once, we awakened to the realization of the companionship of a thoughtful, earnest man; to the possession, in him, of a strong arm to lean upon, a wise, large-hearted friend to counsel and guide, a bearer of our burdens. His character was *fixed;* and we had no more fear of its swerving from rectitude, than if it had been compacted by the experience of fifty years. I have often said, jesting: "I don't see how Charles can be any *older* than he is now." Indeed, he seemed to have attained at twenty-five all that breadth and depth, all that perfect poise of mind, all that calmness and temperance, that clearness and scope of vision, and the steadfastness which we expect only in later years, as the fruit of many influences and of long nurture.

What I shall say relating to this period of his life may be most conveniently considered under distinct heads; viz. social, intellectual, business, and religious life.

HIS SOCIAL LIFE.

Charles did not enjoy what is called society. Intercourse with the intelligent, conversation on themes which interested him, such as politics, finance, business, political economy, or metaphysics, with those who had ideas on such themes, — discussions of such subjects with thinkers, — he always enjoyed. But commonplace gossip, "small talk," shallow wit, and all varieties of levity and frivolity were "an offence" to him; he was "weary to bear them." He was sometimes accused of undervaluing ladies' society; but a sensible, well-informed, or truly witty woman gave him great pleasure. By the notice of such a woman he always felt honored, and was prevented by diffidence and great pre-occupation only from availing himself of the frequent enjoyment of her conversation.

For vapid, superficial young *men* he had far less respect than for a weak young woman. One winter, when he was boarding in Boston, we were urgent that he should try to make acquaintances, go to the Young Men's Christian Association Rooms, and other places where he could meet those of his own age and pursuits. To please us, he went a few times, then shut himself up with his books again. When questioned and

remonstrated with about his course, he would only say: "I cannot enjoy it." Once he said to me: "Just think of giving up my books for such trash. Why, Susan, they don't say anything I want to hear. They don't amount to anything." "But the prayer-meetings?" "I can enjoy God more in my own room." Once, when rallied on his solitariness, he exclaimed: "Well, there is one thing sillier than a silly girl, and that is a young man."

In the interchange of ideas he delighted; but the kindred minds — where were they? Not among those of his own age; and he was too modest to seek them where alone they could be found. When chance gave him the opportunity to meet and commune with one on his own high plane of thought, how the inward flame kindled and glowed! What joy it was! But his was a solitary spirit. Even religion, which brings us "'round one common mercy-seat," and unites in Christian fellowship those farthest asunder, seemed only to set him off in more conspicuous solitude. Accustomed, by his mental habits in regions of abstract thought, to weigh carefully every proposition, to measure and fathom every judgment, when he came into the sphere of religious conceptions, their vastness, their grandeur could not fail to produce the profoundest awe and

reverence. "Be still, and know that I am God," was the command that met him. His was the old-fashioned type of piety, in that it was born of reflection, of solitary meditation, and manifested itself in strong conviction and a spirit of unquestioning obedience to that conviction. Hence we cannot wonder that whenever he chanced to meet with the flippant, facile-tongued piety so rife to-day, which effervesces in the ready utterance of the most glorious, dreadful truths, under the full appreciation of which a man could hardly live, — having in his own soul a so much more just conception of their magnitude and importance, — he should have been revolted, and have retired within himself, a spiritual recluse.

But it was not the lack of congenial companions, solely, which withdrew him from society. He was, as I have said, most scrupulous in his devotion to business, giving to it all the hours of daylight, and, when there was any special stress, many more, as he did two summers ago, when changes devolved on him extra labor. At that time, for several weeks he seldom came home at night; but, after working till too late to seek lodgings outside, he would throw himself on a lounge in his counting-room for a brief rest till morning. Sometimes the night-police would startle him at his midnight toils with their loud

rapping, seeking to know the occasion of a light at so unseasonable an hour in a part of the city usually deserted at the close of business hours. This, to be sure, was an exceptional case; but he often stayed till the last train out, arriving at home at seven o'clock P.M., or later; then he took his tea, and, after a few minutes' chat with his father, went to his own room, and was absorbed in his books.

Such a course left few opportunities for society. His thirst for knowledge, the brief limits he had for indulging it, made him chary of his evenings. We could not beguile him from his books by any inducement such as a levee, or an invitation out to tea, or the presence of ordinary visitors would afford. To be sure, if Professor P—— called, Charles would step in to listen to his wit and wisdom. A fine musician could charm him out of his room. Now and then some skilfully planned and executed merry-making might detain him a little while; but these were rare occasions.

Charles was not deficient in affection; he was more demonstrative in his manifestation of it than are most of the family. His affectionateness is evident, not only in his conspicuous attachment to his father, but also in his thoughtful consideration of every member of the family, in his anxiety for the relief of the sick, for the alleviation

of his mother's burdens, his readiness to spend his precious time in helping all. Do we not realize it now, as we ask ourselves so often: "Who will do this for me, now Charles is gone?" "Who will help me?" "Who will show me how?" His sagacious kindness! How dark the future looks, as we forecast our way without this quenched light!

I have said that his leading purpose was to accumulate enough to make a comfortable home for his parents in their last days; but he did not wait for great accumulation to begin to promote their comfort. Out of his first small earnings he delighted to make them little gifts; he loved to devise plans, and often worked hard to accomplish them, for increasing the resources of family enjoyment.

He was a constitutional economist, believing in "the penny saved," as well as in "the penny earned," and so his time, his energies, his strength, he would gladly devote to any project for saving his father's income, or adding to it. One winter he rose at five o'clock every morning, and milked two cows before going off in the first train to Boston, because he thought the keeping of the cows would be profitable, though the profits were not for his pocket.

Mary was taken ill the last term of her school-

course, and I, about the same time, came home in poor health; and thus our precious brother was led to think it would be a good plan for himself and William to purchase a gentle horse, that "the women could drive," so that his mother and sisters might take the fresh air every day for their health and pleasure. That was a summer never to be forgotten!

Charles was a great admirer of good horses, — he inherited the trait, — he had superior judgment in their selection. Having been deceived, when a mere boy, in a horse-transaction, he studied the subject of equine merits with all the thoroughness which he devoted to a metaphysical treatise, and with the same result — he comprehended it. He had a good eye, and he cultivated it; so that, at last, he could select from a drove of horses a rusty, rough-coated, lean, homely horse, which experienced jockeys had passed by, and of which the owner could only say: "I've had her three weeks, and haven't seen anything out of the way," — he could select it, I say, seeing its capacities for beauty and speed, which were too much obscured for any but the keenest sight to detect, but which were surely there, to be developed by the right treatment.

His love of excellence, his desire to attain the best and highest results in every undertaking,

applied to his horses, made him seek to develop their speed. How he used to make "the Major," or "Sally," fly over the Ballardvale road! To the last he cared for his horses. The last time I drove with him he expressed repeatedly his gratification in being able still to control his young, spirited horse. How faint seemed the probability then that in a few days the hand of the master would be pulseless and cold!

The expense for horses, to which he yielded in the last two years of his life, was an exception to his usual self-denial in matters of personal gratification, and not without expectation of ultimate gain, which was always realized. From a child he was frugal, and in his habits and tastes severely simple; in dress fastidiously so, selecting his clothing with a view solely to its adaptation to his employments, wearing it, despite changes in fashion, so long as it was serviceable, eschewing ornaments. With his first earnings, which were accidental, he procured a cheap, plain, but good silver watch, and he never changed it. "It would not be suitable," he said, "for a man in my circumstances to wear a gold watch and chain." Display he despised as heartily as he did affectation. The only ornaments he had were of a serviceable sort, and of excellent quality; and even those were purchased at the suggestion of others.

As it was with his taste in dress, so it was with his language; he disliked everything "said for effect," all extravagance of speech. He wanted simplicity and truth in speech. Some of the popular religious hymns displeased him, "Because," as he would say, quoting the obnoxious lines, "how unlikely that anybody ever really and fully *felt so*."

He disliked the merely sentimental: he distrusted the fervid and rhapsodical. Calm, temperate himself, accustomed to submit everything to the crucible of reason, he could not enter into the highly-wrought states of some minds; he felt that such persons, though sincere, deceived themselves. He doubted the validity of all experiences called religious, which produced, or were occasioned by, great excitement; to him such experiences were abnormal, the result of temporary disease, mental or physical, perhaps both, but not in any case religion.

HIS BUSINESS LIFE.

Of his business life, I speak with diffidence. I could not see him in his store. I was not an eye-witness of his mercantile transactions; still there were traits obvious to every one, and others have been gleaned occasionally from his associates

and customers. The home circle could see that he made the same pains-taking, thorough study of trade that he did of science. Everything was investigated and pondered which would give greater scope or clearer vision, — systems of political economy, schemes of finance and banking, all that could educate him in the theory and practice of his life-work.

But the thoughts of other men were not laid up in his mind like grain in a storehouse, they were like seed planted "in good ground" which "brought forth fruit" many fold. He had an active, creative mind; new systems, new theories, were developed by his reflection. Sometimes he was induced to commit them to paper, very rarely to publish them. In his desk were found after his death manuscripts, the expression of his views on financial topics.

His comprehensive, philosophical views of trade, combined with qualities before mentioned; viz. fidelity to details, and constant, self-denying devotion to work, even drudgery, earned for him the respect, not of his employers only, but of all who observed him. He was unusually accurate, cautious; every step was well considered before it was taken. A youthful partner is distinguished for his 'dash,' for his bold conception and daring execution, but Charles was the counterpoise in

the firm. He went back to first principles and built up, step by step, to his practical judgments. The two were an admirable combination, and the fact was recognized by their business acquaintance. When, in the summer of 1867, these two young men planned a separation from the original firm, but wavered on account of their lack of capital, one of the shrewdest and richest men in the trade came forward, unsolicited, and said, "Go ahead; I'll back you to any amount." Between these young partners, these "two Charlies," were mutual admiration and confidence. When the older paid his last visit to the younger, who was even then on the borders of the spirit-land, he could not resign his hope for his friend's recovery. Said he, "I will not believe yet that Charley is not going to be well again. I have had no other thought for years, but to spend our business life together. I cannot give it up." Nor was it only 'the other Charley' who loved and appreciated him; the older members of the firm bestowed on him their full confidence. They had known him long and well, for he came to them when a boy, and had never changed his situation, save as they had given him promotion. They laid heavy responsibilities upon him; but he could say in his last days: "From first to last I was never found fault with by any of them." Even when, on

account of his ill health, he was transferred to New York, there to undertake a branch of the business entirely new to him, he succeeded in deserving their approbation.

Mr. Hersey has said that Charles gave satisfaction to the customers; though decided in manner he was agreeable; he never gave offence, though with him business was business, and not benevolence. As in Boston, so in New York, where, though he stayed but a few months, he made many friends, and won a good business reputation.

Mr. Cary furnishes me with the following statement:

"Charles commenced with us Dec. 3d 1858, by the recommendation of Mr. R——; he, learning we wanted a boy, told us of Charley, and from his representation we were satisfied that he would meet our want; and the years elapsed have told that neither Mr. R——'s recommendation, nor our own first impressions, were at fault.

"Charley continued with us till the war broke out; the heavy losses in business, complete stagnation in trade, the uncertainty hanging over the fate of our country, made us feel like taking in all sail, anchor and hold on till the storm fully developed itself, and with regret we allowed Charley to leave us, believing, as his health had

not been very good, it would be beneficial to him to be out of doors a few months. His absence was much longer than we had thought it would be. He left May 31st 1861, and returned Sept. 1st 1862. July 1st 1867, Mr. Ariel Low, the senior partner, having retired from the firm, Mr. Charles W. Hersey and Charley formed a copartnership, under the style of Charles W. Hersey and Co., which continued until the first week in Sept. 1867, when the firms of Ariel Low and Co. and of Charles W. Hersey and Co. were united, under the style of Low, Hersey, and Cary, Charley being one of the partners. Which continues till the first of January 1870, when it will be dissolved by limitation, and the business settled up.

"Mr. Hersey, in January 1868, took up his residence in New York to attend to that part of the business, and continued to reside there until July following, when, Charley's health being poor, we thought a change might be favorable for him. As it would also accommodate Mr. Hersey, who wished to return to Boston, Charley relieved him, and became a resident of New York city, and took charge of our business there. Though entirely inexperienced in that department he soon adapted himself to it, became pleased with the situation, and fully met our expectations. But instead of his health improving, it became evident

to us that he was declining. He said very little before October about it, and then only alluded to it by saying, it was difficult for him to get up and down stairs. . . . . Nov. 12th he telegraphed, to 'Send checks and shipping orders direct. For the present must give up.' . . . . . Nov. 20th was at the office and made a purchase of leather; the last he ever made." Here ended the business life of this young man. His sun went down while it was yet morning. "O Lord, how unsearchable are thy judgments, and thy ways past finding out!" Mr. Cary adds: "Charley was naturally somewhat reserved, thoughtful rather than expressive, so that these eleven years do not bring to mind striking incidents. From the first time he came into the store until the last, he was *just so*,— teachable, quick to discern, ready to perform, always at his post, doing duty pleasant or unpleasant cheerfully. It is weak to say that he was honest, of stern integrity. It seems to me impossible even to think of anything otherwise; not a word or act of neglect ever occurred to awaken a thought. He was pure — no low or double-meaning words fell from his lips. He was cool, not hasty or impulsive, but active and judicious. He was set, he would cling tenaciously to what he thought right; his setness was not stubbornness, but fixedness; believing he had the right,

he would hold on till convinced of error. Not so quick to come to a decision, but prompt to execute when he had formed a judgment."

Such was the merchant who died on the very threshold of his career, just as the doors were opening to disclose riches and honor, and, better than all, the gratification of his generous, filial aspirations. An upright, uncorruptible man, of pure heart, of lofty aim, of comprehensive views; not a mere money-getter, not a sordid wealth-worshipper, but a conscientious, high-minded Christian: Does not trade, does not the public weal, does not the church, need just such men? To human view, what a loss of culture and preparation!

HIS INTELLECTUAL LIFE.

In order to attain a just estimate of the results of Charles's scholarship, to measure his mental growth, and to appreciate its consummation, it may be well to review the obstacles which he had to surmount; and this I will proceed to do, premising that it will require, to some extent, a repetition of former statements.

I will mention, first, *his temperament.* Though he manifested, from the beginning, unusual mental activity, it was accompanied with a certain physical lassitude, so that it required some stimulus from

the busy brain to save him from apathy and sluggishness. This constitutional languor rather increased on him as he grew older. He could not keep awake, unless he had something that so excited his mind that it could successfully resist the bodily solicitations for repose. In church he was sure to fall asleep, unless the preacher fed his capacious desires. At home, on a holiday, if he did not stir about out of doors, or have interesting books or conversation within, he would sleep hours in his chair. Few who saw his expressive face, or perceived the activity of his mind, when engaged in business or conversation, dreamed that a propensity to dozing and drowsiness alarmed his family. But so it was. Matter and mind, body and spirit, waged through life perpetual warfare, till the body dragged down the spirit to death, and was itself laid in an early grave.

When Charles was twenty months old, his mother wrote of him: "He is a good-humored, affectionate child, more forward than our other children in every respect. ..... He can talk quite plainly, can tell ten or twelve letters of the alphabet." When he was eight years old, she writes: "Samuel Charles is a pleasant-tempered child, conscientious and affectionate. He is *indolent* and *self-indulgent*, dainty about his food,

backward in his studies, though possessing a good understanding and great susceptibility to what is humorous."

A second hinderance, or obstacle, was his *extreme nervous excitability*. He had no patience; if difficulties did not resolve themselves at once, his agitation was excessive. This mental condition, for a time, seemed to his friends insuperable. They feared it was of little use to keep him at school, flesh and spirit suffered so much. A generous and wealthy friend, P—— S——, kindly offered, and repeated the offer, to assist in educating him. But they became convinced that a "liberal education" would peril his life, and therefore early accustomed themselves to the idea, so at variance with family tradition and precedent, of a life in trade for him.

The *love* of knowledge, the delight of making mental acquisitions, the joyful consciousness of growing power, the inspirations of thoughtful hours, — these had not yet developed themselves in the growing boy. What wondrous change a few years wrought!

Hence, out of the second grew the third obstacle, viz. *his early devotion to a life of business*. But seventeen years old when he first went to Boston, he continued there with short intervals while he lived. These intervals, when caused by

ill health, were not occasions for study; when caused by dull times in trade, they were improved for physical exercise and mental culture.

Ordinarily, his business left him no time for study, but such as most men, not to say *boys*, think necessary for recreation. As a boy, he had boys' work to do all day at the store. His primary duty was to assist in keeping the books; but from this he was often called for heavy work in the salesroom, or to run on errands. Later he became chief book-keeper, and the extent and importance of the transactions of the firm gave full occupation to the brain in a wearisome way all the day. Still later, he was provided with abundant assistance in the counting-room, but charged with much of the financial management, as well as with assistance in the salesroom. To accomplish all his duty, it was necessary to take the earliest train to the city throughout the year. Even in winter, he breakfasted at six, or earlier. At night, he generally came home to take tea with the family, but frequently delayed till a later train. For the last three or four years, especially in winter, he boarded in the city, to economize time. The hours thus saved were chiefly devoted to the interests of his employers, but partly to study. When, two years before his death, he became a member of the firm, he did

not relax his faithful exertion. For a time his labors were greatly increased; it was at that time he used to sleep in the counting-room at night. To the excitement and toil of that summer, more than to any other cause, may be attributed the decline which so soon began.

Besides his business duties and cares, he assumed others at home. I have spoken of his fondness for pets and animals. He generally had something of this sort to care for, — doves, hens, pigs, cows, or horses, — and his care was faithful and thorough. He also took a lively interest in the cultivation of the garden; the fruit-trees and vines were his especial care. However much these objects were enjoyed, and however conducive such pursuits may have been to his physical improvement, they abridged the already narrow margin of time for study.

Why, with his indolent constitution, his incapacity for patient application, and his almost utter lack of opportunity, did he not let study go?

After leaving school, he was led into some desultory reading by his political tastes. Newspapers were his first voluntary reading, and they retained their power to interest till, with the hope of life, all other worldly hopes and pleasures died. It was one of his prime delights to step into the Merchants' Exchange, and glance at the

various shades of thought and feeling through the country on questions of importance — with his discriminating touch to feel the national pulsations. It was in keeping with this tendency that he should early read and enjoy Benton's "Thirty Years in the United States Senate," that American biography and history should become the basis of his acquisitions. The words of the Union's great orators were treasured in his memory, and oft repeated with great feeling and appropriateness.

But this desultory way of reading could not satisfy him, as he grew older. Glad, like other boys, to be let loose from school, he gave himself up, for a while, to the enjoyment of his leisure hours, of his free evenings; he skated, drove his horse, and chatted with his father, or read a little, when so inclined — for a while, and then he began to reflect: His school-days were over, but how little he knew; he did not much respect a person without intelligence; he could not endure the thought of becoming a man without knowledge; to be intelligent he must study; the study was drudgery, hateful drudgery; but the end was worth the means; he was resolved, he would go to work. My friends, you know this mental process which I have outlined was not a creation of my fancy; you know it is a truthful

sketch of his mental working; you know that, not loving study, it was, nevertheless, his deliberate resolve to study. Doubtless he may have said, at the time, to you, as to me: "'Tis not because I like to do it, but because I want the results." Dear boy! How heroic, how noble, the self-conquest! How full of promise this power to forecast a future good, and to bring the present into subordination to it, even at a great price! Here was a crisis. On a boy's deliberation hung future character, future success — the future of earth and of eternity! Thank God! like the youthful king of Israel, he chose wisdom, and he received Solomon's reward. Here commences a development issuing in that fine maturity which is at once the crown of our joy and the burden of our sorrow.

In this brave determination, and its firm and steadfast fulfilment, carried on through years, till self-sacrifice was transmuted to delight, were involved important transformations of character — the dominating power of mind, the subordination of the physical nature, the power to concentrate attention, willingness to *wait* at the doors of truth, however slowly "on their golden hinges turning." Now there is no more "daintiness about his food"; he eats what is plain, simple, nutritious, denying his appetite "for conscience'

sake"; there is no more impatience, no more self-indulgence, but in their place a beautiful virtue.

We used to try to beguile him from his constancy, and sometimes even to chide him for it; but from this distance we look back and rejoice in it, and thank God for it. It took him from our society; but it was preparing for us sweet memories that shall be an everlasting treasure. It is pathetic, too, to look back and see the young man, after his day's labor, going to his own quiet room, away from social pleasures, away from his dear father's side, and with high moral courage summoning his undisciplined faculties, and drilling them to working order.

He takes up Macaulay's History; the theme was full of interest, the style captivating; he had never studied rhetoric, and the idea that style is anything was a new and interesting discovery; and so, apart from the information conveyed, his brilliant author was a constant source of fresh enjoyment. Macaulay was followed by Massey and Mahon; for, true to his peculiar instinct, he must view the subject from all points, and then, not satisfied with the acquisition of facts and of other men's views, draw his own independent conclusion.

English history, embracing the eighteenth cen-

tury, interested him chiefly as it related to the American Revolution. In one of his letters, written during this course of reading, he expresses his satisfaction in the part enacted by Massachusetts throughout these critical times: "Masson shows up Massachusetts in a glorious light," he writes, "as being the foremost in the struggle, which, as he says, might have been compromised, except for her determination to establish democratic institutions. Glorious Massachusetts! she not only succeeded in establishing democratic institutions, but she rejected those wild dogmas of the democracy of Jefferson and of Paine which led off the French republicans to destruction."

When he writes his next letter, he has been reading "Paley's Natural Theology," and, as his criticisms are characteristic, I will copy them in part. It must be remembered that, at this time, he had not commenced the study of mental philosophy or of logic, and that he had not been accustomed to written composition; his only letters having been rare efforts, and scarcely ever addressed to any one but myself.

"Perhaps I do not understand the work at all; but it seems strange to me that he [Paley] should take up so much of his book with illustrating what he says, on the first page, is of no doubt, viz. that, because our world and all things in it

bear marks of intelligence and contrivance, it must have had an intelligent contriver. Well, now, if the works of the Creator show the *smallest* amount of contrivance, it is enough for the argument; and yet he goes into explaining the most intricate parts of the human body and their operations; and he also examines animals and plants in the same manner. Why did he not say, 'Man was created with legs, which are evidently a contrivance to stand upon,' and stop there, and not give every example of contrivance he could think of?

"I do not see that the multitude of examples adds anything to the evidence of the *existence of the Creator*, though it might prove the *magnitude of his works*. . . . . With regard to the argument, he takes all his illustrations from the material world; but mind evinces design, as well as matter. Man possesses, to a limited extent, the power of creating; and the faculty by which he exercises this power is an evidence of design; but the Creator of man possesses the same faculty. Is *that* an evidence of design? It is, if his principle is a universal principle; and according to it there is nothing in the universe but what was created by something else — a doctrine which would lead to pantheism. I have read only the first one hundred and twenty pages, and these are some

of the thoughts which have occurred to me. When I have progressed further, I may find that he has removed this difficulty. I am aware that this is no objection to what he tries to prove, viz. that the world had a Creator; but it shows what the same line of reasoning would lead to, if carried beyond the world. And why *not* carry it beyond, if you go beyond for a Creator?"

For some reason which I do not yet divine, I do not find among his letters any more, till one bearing a date almost two years later than that from which I have just quoted. What studies occupied him meantime I am unable to recall. "Butler's Analogy" must have been taken up about this time. Of this work he made his usual thorough study. May it not be that this work had an important influence upon his mind, fixing early the point of view from which he regarded certain great religious questions, and holding him safely anchored, in spite of the currents of scepticism and deism which he encountered in his subsequent metaphysical inquiries? At some period, probably at an earlier than this, he pursued a course of ancient history. I imagine that his reading at this time was chiefly works relating to business, — books on science, political economy, etc., — and that this was one reason why I heard no more from him; his mind was occupied with

themes into which he knew I could not enter. Moreover, it was a period of great interest in war and politics, and doubtless newspapers engrossed much of his spare time.

When he does write again (Sept. 20, 1864), he commences his letter thus: "Please write me what you think the best text-book on Mental Science. I believe I shall read something on that subject. Have read about all I care to in political economy at present. It is rather hard to read anything now but war and politics. The political campaign is growing very warm. Men can scarcely talk on the subject without getting into a fight."

But the brave student who had conquered self in other fields could rise to new victory. Amid the wild excitement of the most thrilling era of our national history, with all his own glowing political ardor to be curbed, he sat down to begin the investigation of metaphysics. It was his longest, greatest, last excursion among the monuments of human achievement. From the path his reason now entered, it turned not back till for him British philosophy had no more an unexplored recess. At last he had measured and weighed every system; each one stood out as clearly and distinctly in his mental vision as I have seen the tall white spire of a neighboring

church stand out against the deep blue of the evening sky. The coincidences and divergencies of rival systems, the difficulties and solutions of each theory, were all ready in his mind for accurate statement. One could not open discussion with him on any philosophical problem without being impressed by his clear understanding, his large comprehension, his retentive memory, his precision and definiteness of thought. His separate ideas were like crystals; but his scope embraced the whole field of modern philosophical inquiry.

But let us trace some of the steps by which he ascended to this eminence. In the January following the receipt of the letter last quoted, I received one from him, saying: "You know our folks here have been changing their firm, which has made me a great deal of extra work. I have hardly had a leisure hour, before to-day, for two months. Yet I have made some progress with my reading this winter. I have read three volumes of Mill's Essays, have read Haven's Philosophy through carefully twice, and have commenced Mill's Logic, which pleases me much. It seems to me that to have mastered that work will be a grand acquisition. It has occurred to me many times, in the course of my reading, that I needed to acquaint myself with

the science of definition, or naming. So, when I found that the first half of Mill's first volume was devoted to that subject, I thought my want was exactly met. I was also exceedingly interested in the Mental Philosophy. I spent a great deal of time in reading his chapters on the *will*, and in thinking upon them, and should like to talk them over with you."

Soon after his return from Macon, while sitting with his father, he volunteered the remark: "What led me to read metaphysics was, that in reading political economy, etc., I was embarrassed by not knowing more of the terminology of science, or of the terms and methods of philosophy. So I began at the beginning." In the same connection, he said: "I once spent a whole evening in mastering three pages of Mill's Logic."

It would be impossible, from the data at hand, to trace his progress, step by step, in this great field of inquiry on which he had entered, or to discover and portray the successive stages of his intellectual growth, however delightful would be the discovery. Only a few stray lines are left to indicate, here and there, a forward step.

I find no letters from him bearing date between October 11, 1865 and January 15, 1867. What study filled up the long interval I cannot tell. Hard work I am sure there was. Some of the

works, not mentioned in any subsequent letters, but which, if I remember correctly, he must have read about this time, were: Brown's Philosophy and Inquiry, Hamilton's Metaphysics, Mill's Examination of Hamilton, Mill's Dissertations and Discussions, and Political Economy.

The winter of 1866–67 he spent in Boston, lodging with his uncle, Rev. Dr. T——, and taking his meals, except on Sundays, 'down town.' This arrangement for board was mutually agreeable; the family enjoyed his society very much, while he was profited by intercourse with them. His Sunday reading, this winter was Dr. Bushnell's "Nature and the Supernatural." To the pleasure afforded him by this work, especially by its tenth chapter, on the "Character of Jesus," I shall have future occasion to allude.

Feb. 2d, he writes to me: "I have been unusually well, ... have been studying political economy most of the time this winter. The questions before the country now are, in good part, economical questions, and this fact gives special interest to the subject just at this time. The questions of trade and currency are the most important in politics, not excepting the question of reconstruction; for it makes little difference, after all, whether the South is represented in Congress, or not. They might stay out the next ten

years, and neither North nor South be any the poorer for it. But upon the other questions depend the social and physical well-being of everybody, North and South."

And now I come to the last allusion to his studies contained in his letters. I soon returned home, where I remained till the following winter. The times which succeeded were busy ones for him. The ensuing summer his partnership with Mr. H—— was formed and dissolved, and the new firm established, comprising Messrs. L——, H——, C——, and himself. He was full of activity and enthusiasm, studying when he could, always working, never resting. The few letters afterward written were brief, and related to his failing health.

But to return to the letter alluded to. It is dated, "Boston, March 18th, 1867." After some reference to family matters, he writes: "My reading has gone on satifsactorily since I saw you [Feb.]. Hope you have read Mr. Bain's book—a part of it, at least. What he says about the nervous system, at the beginning, and his account of the laws of association, in the last part of the book, were of most interest to me. Since I saw you, I have also read Mr. Mill's work on 'Auguste Comte and Positivism,' and also Mr. Masson's 'Review of Recent British Philosophy.'

These were both very interesting to me. Herbert Spencer's writings are now the next thing on the carpet, after which, I imagine that I shall want to turn my attention to something else besides metaphysics; though it is more likely that I shall have only a greater desire to read something further of that.

"I am reading and thinking *finance* all the time. The New York Commercial Advertiser did me the honor to publish, and make a long reply to, an article I sent them. Mr. H—— wanted me to send them a reply to their article; but I was quite willing to let it stand as it did, and should have been more willing, if they had not altered mine as they did, unintentionally, I suppose. By breaking up a sentence, they made one paragraph appear incoherent." He also had some correspondence with another prominent New York journal on financial subjects.

I recall that, in my following summer vacation, I often found him reading something of Spencer's, and that he repeatedly asked me: "Susan, *have* you read Herbert Spencer's Psychology?" "No." "Why, you *must* read it!" And then he would proceed to unfold the particular sentiment or thought which had pleased him at the moment.

Alas! and is it all forever at an end — the treasure, the joy I had in his intellectual sym-

pathy? How often, as I read, I begin to say to myself: "How would Charles like this? What would he think of it?" And what a flood of desolation and anguish pours over my soul, as I recollect that the past can never, never be again!

One day, when he was passing fast away, I said to him: "I have always looked forward to some future time, when we could be together more than we have been in the past, and have anticipated much the pleasure we should have in reading to one another. I have always wanted to read something along with you." With broken, failing voice, but with a sweet responsive look, he replied: "It has been just so with me." Many were the discussions we had had; for he always argued from the 'positive' side; I, from the 'transcendental.' But he far outran me; so that I used to be astonished at his ever-growing strength and capacity. I used almost to envy him that clear vision, that thorough appreciation of words and ideas which he had acquired.

Philosophical speculation never ceased to interest him; though he considered his investigations about concluded when his sickness occurred. Before he believed his disease fatal, he used to talk over with me his plan for commencing a new course of study, beginning with the study of chemistry.

In those long weeks when it seemed as if a lethargy had come over his mental faculties, nothing could arouse him from his torpor like those old questions of the psychologists. Even in the closing weeks of life, when little of the dear old self was left to us, how we have seen the heavy eyes light up and glow, the pale face grow radiant with enthusiasm, and the thin, white hands sway in the old eager way, when chance recalled some contested field in "the battle of the philosophies"! One of the last times he took a pen in his wasted hand, it was to write his name, with a few brief comments on the work, in a volume of Hamilton's Metaphysics, commending the gift to his youngest sister. Early in July, or the last of June, Charles was speaking to his father of the different systems of philosophy. "They are all mere hypotheses," he said. "Some great thinker will yet arise who will reconcile them. It sometimes seems to me as if I could almost see a method of doing it. I sometimes have a glance of how it might be done. Once again he referred to his favorite authors, and then their names paled, and only One could fix his thought.

Theology, as well as psychology, attracted him. He borrowed of Mr. E——, our late neighbor, Dr. Woods' Theology for Sunday reading. It is a

remarkable feature of his religious character — a feature distinguishing him from other Christians of the present time — that his Sabbath reading, chosen freely, consisted not of newspapers, magazines, and the religious and secular *trash* of the day, but of the solid, thoughtful productions of such men as Butler, Paley, Bushnell, Dr. Woods. "Ecce Homo" was one of his last Sunday books, and it was read carefully and with great enjoyment.

It will be observed that all his reading was study, study of the severer class. Commencing, indeed, with history, he never read anything simply because it was entertaining; he read solely for improvement. When importuned to read poetry or fiction, his invariable reply was; "I haven't time for such things." His feeling seemed to be that his opportunities for acquisition were few, hence they must be used to the best advantage for the most valuable subjects of knowledge. Fiction he utterly eschewed, and could hardly excuse others for reading it. The only story he ever read, to my knowledge, was Miss Phelps's "In the Grey Goth," and that was due, not to his interest in it as a story, but to his interest in the literary success of a neighbor.

He commenced reading Paradise Lost with Mary, who was pursuing it as a part of her school course of study. She usually read aloud to him.

Sometimes she would pause to observe the beauty of the conception, or to repeat some illustrative remark of her teacher. When his attention was thus called to the poetical element, he used to say: "Well, now, I didn't notice *that;* I was only thinking of the argument. We ought to read it over several times to take it all in."

True eloquence charmed him. When a small boy he would spare no pains to listen to distinguished orators. The music of their harmonious periods lingered long in his memory, and often kindled anew his enthusiasm. Though the thought was his chief object of interest, he was far from overlooking the importance of its dress. In youth Macaulay had fascinated him with his brilliant, gem-sprinkled paragraphs, Webster with his majesty and grandeur. There was no deficiency in his imagination or feeling. His soul was open to impressions from all the beauties of nature — from flowers, trees, birds, flowing streams, and sunset clouds. His heart was full of quick and tender sympathy for ailing bodies or for troubled minds. He early felt and responded to the obligations of Christian benevolence, giving liberally to all such enterprises as his judgment approved.

His patriotism was no superficial sentiment; it did not exhaust itself in his fondness for accurate

information of current events, or in financial schemes and speculations; he could bear his part in sacrifice. Although, on account of his physical infirmity, it was quite certain that the proper authorities would have given him an exemption from military duty, he procured a stronger arm than his own to aid the loyal forces. At an expense of seven hundred dollars, he placed in the navy an able-bodied foreigner, a Portuguese sailor; and this was, moreover, before the fashion of sending "representative recruits" had been invented. This was after he had been laid aside from business for a year; and it took, not only all that he had been able to lay up from his earnings up to that time, but it also required an anticipation of his future earnings, to the amount of two or three hundred dollars.

His purity was sensitive as a child's. He exhibited capacity for the rarest devotion, a love so deep and constant and fervent that strangers and wayfarers saw it at a glance. He acted a poem, though he read none. Life was too real and earnest for him to waste on any fiction.

I do not know what he was reading the winter of 1867–68. His health was impaired. He spent the winter at home; but it was not well for him, and in April he took lodgings in Boston. Here he remained but a few weeks before it became

apparent that the trouble in his lungs was serious. He returned home. What followed I shall narrate hereafter. His studies on earth were ended; even his zest for them was gone. The overstrung powers had recoiled; their elasticity was consumed. The "olive-plant" had killed itself with over-bearing.

HIS RELIGIOUS CHARACTER.

In 1849, when Charles was eight years old, his mother writes: "Neither of the boys show as much religious development as their sisters, probably because they have been more neglected in this respect." Again, the next year, she makes similar note of their susceptibility to religious impressions. Her way of accounting for the condition of things may be partially correct. She had now a larger family, and hence more cares, than when she had only two little girls, and could bestow less time and pains upon their training and development. Yet as much was probably due to the difference, so early seen, between girl nature and boy nature. Boys do not so willingly betray emotions they may feel. On the contrary, they hide real feeling under mischievous pranks which naturally make an anxious mother fear that her instructions are falling as uselessly as dew upon rocks. As I

have said, Charles was a playful boy; but I do not think he was insensible to Christian teachings.

When he was a member of Phillips Academy, in the spring of 1858, there was a season of marked religious interest in the school. Daily prayer-meetings were held, which Charles attended, and which seemed to produce considerable impression upon him. He and his friend, George E——, thought they had become children of God. But Charles's parents, not feeling confident of a well-grounded hope in him, did not urge his uniting then with the church. Yet his life was perfectly correct. Had he been a professor of religion no charge of inconsistency could have been brought against him from this time forward, except, perhaps, his occasional outbursts of irritability and the violent expression of his excited feeling.

He had, commencing at what period I cannot say, the habit of daily private devotion. He enjoyed the singing of devotional hymns. He took deep interest in the preaching of the Professors and other able ministers. During the winter of 1864–65, Professor Park occupied the chapel pulpit, and preached more frequently than he had formerly done. Charles was very much impressed by these sermons. It happened that at the same time a friend wrote to him, requesting

him to make to her a statement of his position in relation to Christ's kingdom. She writes: "It may be of use to you thus to state to yourself, in definite terms, your views and feelings; it is well to have for ourselves a knowledge of ourselves." One object of her request, she says, is, that she may "know how to pray for him." His reply is interesting. He writes: "What you wish to learn from this letter is, my views and feelings concerning my spiritual condition. Now, in the first place, while I have no desire or inclination to conceal or keep secret my views, it would be impossible to define them. I suppose I have an intellectual belief in the truths of Christianity. At least, I have no reason to suppose I disbelieve them. It always gives me pleasure to find that men I know, or know of, are consistent Christians. I feel a pleasure in the thought that there is such a thing as true religion. I also feel a pleasure in the advancement of all good and religious things. I think that I shape my course with reference to the commands of God, at least those of them that pertain to outward walk and conversation. I am a constant reader of the Scriptures, and read them in the spirit of a sincere inquirer after truth. I suppose I have nothing of what is called religious experience; though I do not know how much, or how little, that means. I am not con-

scious of any purpose to do differently from what I am doing, except the general purpose to improve in all my thoughts and actions. In this I am encouraged by the belief that I have improved. Still, I have an expectation that I shall be different, at some future time, from what I am now. That I may be, I suppose, is the burden of your prayers, for which I should be, and am, thankful. No one, it would be supposed, would desire my welfare more earnestly than myself; hence the prayers of my friends should be to me an object of great moment."

In answering this letter, his correspondent tried to make plain the true tests of discipleship, and urged him to make a voluntary, formal offering of himself to Jesus, the Saviour. A few weeks afterward she saw him at his home. It was Saturday night; it chanced that they were left alone together; she longed to ask him if the great issue had been met; but she shrank, through timidity. Longing for some voluntary expression from him, she waited, hoping, fearing. At last she rose to leave the room. He was sitting by a small table, reading, in the same chair in which he afterward breathed out his mortal life. He called her back; she stood beside his chair, while he told her that he had been trying to say to her that he had considered her last letter, and had endeavored to

consecrate himself to the Redeemer. The way was not yet plain; but, so far as it depended on him, it was his choice and purpose to live for God.

From this time there was a sensible change in him. He grew calm in spirit and gentle in manner; he curbed his impetuosity; he tamed his strong impulse. When I returned home for my summer vacation I saw a very decided change in him, and found it a subject of remark in the family. He soon considered the propriety of uniting with the church. The date of his first communion I cannot state. It occurred during my absence; hence no attendant facts are in my possession.

After his decease his partners found in his desk at the store a diary for 1865. It was a business memorandum, but contained, here and there, some miscellaneous reflections. On one leaf were written the following resolutions:

"RESOLUTIONS."

"Resolved, 1st. To keep the mind entirely free from vain and unprofitable thoughts.

"2d. Be kind and dignified.

"3d. Be diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

A copy of these resolutions was sent me by one of his partners, Mr. Cary, with the following comment: "You can see him in these few lines.

He hardly needed to record them; for they only express his life as known and read of all men."

In March 1865, he writes telling me of various troubles he is experiencing. The first cause of complaint is, that he gets no time to read. "We have a militia company in town now; I have to drill twice a week, and I am provoked to think that after putting in a substitute, I should have to spend so much time in such business," etc.

The second source of trouble is wandering thoughts, the trouble aimed at in the foregoing resolutions. "It seems as though the more I tried, the harder it was for me to do as I desire. There is need of something from without to restrain, and constantly to stir me up to a sense of my duty. I move involuntarily in the grooves of long-continued habit. I am, of course, conscious of all that passes, but I am not conscious of the fact that a moral obligation attaches to it all. But my prayer to him who made me is, that he would enable me to overcome the obstacles that stand in the way of my keeping his commandments. Pray for me that I may be able to resist all the evil that is within and around me, that I may have a due sense of my unworthiness, that I may have such an abhorence of transgression that I shall fly from it."

This absent-mindedness which now began to distress him in its moral aspects, was nothing

new. We all remember the odd predicaments in which it involved him in his childhood, the mishaps that resulted from it and became standing family jokes. When we were in Macon he told me how it annoyed him in trade — a chance expression from a customer would suggest a train of thought, along which his attention would fly, forsaking the matter in hand, to which it was his duty to apply himself. Hence, that he should invariably so have conducted his mercantile transactions as to give entire satisfaction to those most concerned, only shows how great the effort he was willing constantly to make for conscience' sake.

The succeeding summer (1865) his health was poor, and he spent more than usual time at home. May 7th, he writes thus: "My health has been much better for the last two weeks, so I hope to get through the summer at least without a break-down. I have been obliged to give up all reading, and have occupied myself in the garden and in devotional exercises. Have been reading Professor Phelps's book, 'The Still Hour.' I think it a most profitable book to read constantly. There are a great many hints and suggestions in it for any one seeking after God. 'Oh! that *I* knew where I might find him!' is a wish to which I can respond with my whole heart. Pray to him that he will reveal himself to me, and that whatever it be that obstructs my vision may be removed."

Dear brother! Now is thy desire fulfilled, and thou seest him no more "through a glass darkly," but "face to face!"

In the following June he accompanied his father on a trip to Richmond and Petersburg, Va. He felt great interest in exploring those famous regions, and in tracing out the scenes of those events which he had so eagerly watched from afar through the newspapers.

In October he writes that he has taken board in the city. He describes his lodgings and mode of life, discusses current events, and then alludes to his religious life, more particularly to his enjoyment of the Sabbath. But it was that part of the day which he spent in his own room which conferred so much pleasure. I recall, in this connection, an expression which he used in referring to his Sundays at this season of absence from home: he "*had such precious thoughts of God.*"

These few notes I find in the letters dated that first year of his life in the Christian profession. An interruption of our correspondence then occurred, occasioned first by my absence from school and presence at home, then by a very busy time with him. During the summer of 1867–68 his eyes were so inflamed that he was forced to give up all reading and writing outside his business. The next spring his health began to fail — the letters which he afterwards wrote me were few

and brief. I was soon called to nurse him and to walk with him in that Border Land where the wayworn pilgrim looses his sandals, lays down his burden, and waits for the summons of his Lord to cross the stream and "enter in through the gates into the City."

How shall I speak of that character as it developed and ripened! Did he not grow in favor both with God and man? Did he not grow in thoughtful kindness to his parents and sisters? How tenderly he writes, desiring that his mother should not be burdened beyond her strength; how gentle his ministerings, how sympathizing his manner when she was feeble and in pain! How did his sisters "safely trust in him"! How wise a counsellor, how true a friend to his younger brother! How close grew the bond between father and son! In his business, how upright, how faithful!

"Get wisdom, get understanding," said the wisest of mortals to young men, "Take fast hold of instruction, let her not go; keep her, for she is thy life." "She shall give to thine head an ornament of grace, a crown of glory shall she deliver to thee." And here was one who realized Solomon's ideal. How he loved instruction; how he longed after wisdom! Nor did he seek that knowledge only which we call human; he hungered after righteousness, he wanted to know his *God*. His Bible, works on theology, the produc-

tions of devout and thoughtful men, how diligently he read them! "Have you read 'Ecce Homo'?" he asked me. "Yes; but quite hastily and superficially." "I shouldn't think the *hasty* reading of such a book was worth the time it occupied," he said; "you should read it again, and *study every sentence.*"

In speaking of his religious life, it may be well to consider some of his circumstances at this time, by which he might have been led astray, "the good seed" in his soul have been rendered unfruitful, the transparency of his character clouded.

First. The course of reading which he had commenced led him to an acquaintance with the scepticism of Hume, the positive philosophy of Compte, and to that modified form of positivism, more dangerous, because more subtile, now predominant in British philosophy. These modern materialists, how could they fail to charm him, appealing to his appreciative mind by a clear and finished style, by skilful, cogent argument, by subtile analysis, by comprehensive, forceful thought, by the freshness of their views, and by their well-aimed attacks upon their opponents!

The tendency of materialism has occasioned anxious watching to Christian teachers; for it is a tendency to dispense with a Father in heaven, to deny not alone the necessity, but the possibility,

of a Redeemer and Comforter. The danger in reading such works is that the mind will be filled with doubts respecting the whole substance of biblical doctrine; that it will render the heart distrustful of all that is matter of faith; that it will chill and blight religious affections.

A second danger was his worldly prospects. He had toiled long, and at last the rewards of toil were at hand. Favorably regarded from the outset by his employers, as he grew older and became more widely known, he had satisfactory testimony that he was making a good impression on "the trade," that he was gaining respect upon "the street." Expressions casually dropped led him to look forward to a partnership; and finally he realized the anticipation. The utterances of esteem which the formation of his partnership with Mr. Hersey elicited from prominent men in the trade were very complimentary and gratifying. And even when he was disappointed by the decision not to carry out the plan of business from which he had anticipated so much pleasure and profit, and there was, instead, a reunion of forces, though it was a sore trial, — the greatest of his life, — he still had abundant evidence of esteem from all parties, and a prospect of future wealth and position.

The new firm into which he entered had capital, business experience, and reputation, both in Boston

and New York. Their transactions were of great amount and importance; they led their branch of trade in Boston. There was everything to stimulate a young man's ambition in the position and in the prospect it held out of a speedy and large accumulation. Surely, there was danger to the Christian here — danger of pride and worldliness, of selfishness and self-will.

A third disadvantage was the peculiar state of things in the religious society of which he became a member. Unlike other churches, this seems to be simply an organization for public worship. There is, indeed, a weekly prayer-meeting; but there are a hundred liberally educated young men, with their corps of professors, to take care of that. Could it be expected that a self-educated youth — a business man among scholars, unaccustomed to the public expression of his thoughts — a timid, sensitive, nervous young man — would very early, if ever, in his Christian life be able to rise above the oppressive weight of such influences, and act freely? Would the feeling that there was anything for him to do in the church, that he had any obligations to discharge, be apt very soon to arise? I say nothing of the example set him by older and wiser men, for that is a common stumbling-block in all churches.

Every one knows that reflection and action are apt to co-exist in inverse ratio. Charles's religion,

from his constitution and culture, took, of necessity, the attitude of reflection. It was a matter of conviction, and through the thoroughness of conviction it modified his action.[1] It was the delighted contemplation of holy, divine truth. And so, while "beholding, as in a glass, the glory of God," he could not choose otherwise than "to be changed into the same image." But, while his Christ-like traits deepened and brightened, he was not, perhaps never would have been, an aggressive Christian.

One day, in Macon, before he had come to regard his disease as incurable, I had some conversation with him in reference to his hope of life. Something drew from him the remark that he had no anxiety respecting the termination of his disease; he supposed it would be a long sickness, at best, and would compel him to give up his present business relations; he had already tendered a resignation of his place, which, with great kindness, had been refused; but he should insist on withdrawing, any way, on the first of January following.

After telling me what he proposed to do, in that case, when he should resume business, he

1 The clergyman who conversed with him previously to his admission to the church, says he found that while Charles, at that time, exhibited but little religious *emotion*, he had very sound and far-reaching views of truth and duty, and he (the clergyman) felt that to such a mind the emotion would come in due time.

said he was aware he might not recover; but the thought awakened no fear; he did not cling to life; he should be satisfied, whatever God's will. One motive he had to live, a strong motive, — he wished to live for his friends' sake; he could not help seeing how much his life might contribute to their comfort and welfare; and he spoke of each one, saying what it was in his heart to do for each if he might live.

But, said I, have you no desire to live that you may do good in the world? Humbly and sadly he replied, "*If* I *could* do any good! but I am not adapted to doing good in any public way: all I could hope to effect, outside of my own family, would be by first being right myself, and then exerting an influence by my character."

I cannot repress the regret that those few years in the church could not have been under influences which, instead of fostering this native tendency, should have helped to counteract it, and to assist him to become an active, working Christian. Had his life been prolonged, doubtless conviction would have impelled him to activity.

I do not mean to say that his life, as it was, was without fruit. The silent influence of what he was, he underrated; indeed, are *we* not often surprised at the repeated testimony offered us, since his death, of the impression he has made where we supposed him hardly even known?

In all practical matters he knew the limit of his powers, and spoke with confidence respecting his degree of ability, but in spiritual things he had a humble, lowly estimate of himself. Though he had a remarkably childlike trust in the mercy of God, he spoke with touching modesty of his own hopes. The last day of life, as he lay on his bed, so evidently fading fast away, I said to him, "Charley, we shall not finish our book together (Bushnell's Character of Jesus); I am afraid I shall have to finish it alone, but *you* will continue to study the character of Jesus in his own presence." With sweet, placid look, he lifted his eyes to mine, and whispered, "I *hope* so!"

We kept from him as long as possible the knowledge of our fears, lest an undue depression, unfavorable to improvement, might be induced in one so nervously sensitive. When at last the conviction was forced upon him, that God's will was death, not life, for him, his mind seemed to go over the history of his past life and search out all his sins. With what melting penitence did he confess the errors of former days! How poignant the sorrow for deeds of thoughtlessness or words of passion! How he "*lifted up his voice* and wept" over pain he had needlessly inflicted! If repentance could wash out a sin, his would have been all obliterated.

In his sickness he was very patient. While the

expectation of life remained, he was often very much afflicted with disappointment at the failure of means he had confidently expected would succeed in healing him. Especially was this the case throughout his Southern journey. He commenced it with great confidence that change of place would bring relief, but every stage of the journey yielded only fresh disappointment. It was heart-rending to look on and see how one stronghold of hope after another gave way. But there came not a murmur from the baffled, sinking sufferer. Once I said: "Charley, I grieve for you so much that you must give up such prospects, and be laid aside as an invalid." He replied: "It does not present itself to me as a trial." The real trial to him was not so much the view of the consummated result, as the experience of its separate details. The fatigue, the discomforts and excitement of travel were hard to bear, and made him often irritable and impatient; but I observed how much more serene he was becoming before we returned North. I fear we often overrated his strength and urged him to exertion beyond his actual ability; that from want of power to conceive aright his real weakness, we unconsciously put too great a strain upon his feeble nerves. And oh! in those last months, how quietly he endured all things; how contented and happy he became; how pleased with the services rendered; how thoughtful of his often weary nurse!

And those last days! What gentle patience; how it deceived us respecting his real state! With what a meek, enduring look those large blue eyes were turned to ours, without a murmuring word!

Beautiful in its sadness is the picture living in our memory of the tender, loving ministry of the strong to the weak. The two brothers whose lives had run as strands of one thread, whose play and study and business had bound them together from infancy to manhood — "one shall be taken and the other left"! Gently as a mother folds her babe to her embrace, the strong arm of the younger sustained the feeble, emaciated frame of him who was, erewhile, his own protector, cousellor, and guide; his delicate touch, his quick perception, his apt ministrations, what comfort they afforded! "William does everything just right," attested by a happy smile, was the daily testimony of full content. We remember that into the Dark Valley these brothers descended together — that the arms of love and strength were strong and loving to the end — that a brother wiped away the gathering dews of death — caught the last smile — received, as the reward of his work, the last, the grateful words, "It is enough."

He was *perfectly submissive* to the will of God from first to last. When death was contemplated from afar, as but a possibility, he expressed himself

"satisfied, whatever God's will." On the boat from New York to Newport, as we were returning home, we were sitting in his state-room where he was trying to get some comfortable posture; Charles spoke of his journey as "a failure, and added, "I suppose I am going home to die; but it is God's will, and it is all right." His only sorrow seemed to be that "father would be overcome to see how much he had failed." The last Sabbath in June, father asked him, when he first decided in his own mind that he should not recover. "Before I left the South for home," he said. "Did that conclusion trouble you?" "Not the least; I wanted to get *home*. The prospect of death did not, and does not, trouble me." Three or four weeks before he died, father inquired, "If you had your choice, to live or die, which would you choose?" He replied, "I cannot answer that question. On some accounts I would prefer to live. I desire God's will to be done — but that question I don't know how to answer."

Just a week before he left us, as we had talked in his room very merrily of a drive that had excited and pleased us the evening before, I asked him if it troubled him when we spoke in that way of things he once enjoyed so much, but now could never again participate in. He said, "No: I enjoy it, to hear you tell of such things as much as if

I shared them." Sometimes, he said, it came across him momentarily, with a pang, as it did when riding that morning: everything was very beautiful; and as he looked on the familiar features of the lovely landscape, the thought arose, "Soon I shall see them no more." But it was only a *gleam* of conscious regret, and was instantly gone. And again he repeated, that when first convinced he could not recover, he had suffered much from the thought that he could not live for his family's sake, but he was resigned now, even to that.

It was as if God had said to him: "My son, there is not a young man in all this busy city, who has brighter prospects than you have, and you are in the dawn of your manhood; but I bid you give up all"; and he had instantly replied: "Lo, I come, to do thy will O God."

Correspondent with this spirit of unquestioning obedience, there was simple *trust*. He never expressed a fear or a doubt. There were no signs of conflict, no more with the doctrines of revelation than with the providences of God. There was no apparent anxiety. He seemed like a little child clasping his Father's hand in the darkness, careless whither he went, knowing his Father led him, knowing the way reached home at last.

He had no ecstacies, no lofty visions, but was marvellously happy, as if the light of the Celestial

City had penetrated through the gates of death, and fallen on his bosom. To him the Holy City was beyond "imagination's utmost stretch"; he did not try to picture its "pearly gates and golden streets," he deprecated any attempt to clothe things spiritual in material garb; but when questioned of his conception of heaven, invariably said, "I cannot imagine it as a place of *glory*. Heaven is to me a place of perfect *truth* and *justice*."

June 27th, Sunday. His father, anxious to know whether the writings of the positivists, the atheistic and pantheistic ideas which he had encountered, had shaken his Christian faith, thus interrogated him: "Are you aware that such writings have modified or tinged your views of religious doctrine, or of the Bible — views you have received in the Sunday-school, family, and church, — old-fashioned views of religion?" He replied: "They have had no effect to change my views. There is one point on which, perhaps, I may not agree with statements or expressions made by some, that is, the 'indwelling of the Holy Spirit.'" Father, apprehending his difficulty, said: "Perhaps such statements or expressions were incorrect, and ought not to be used. My own view is, that we are not *conscious* of an indwelling, or a distinct operation of the Spirit, separate from the action of our own minds. We are *conscious* only of the effects or fruits of the Spirit, — as love,

faith, etc.; — and not of his actual working or presence." Charles replied: "That is exactly my view, the conclusion to which I had come without help; for I have never read a word about it. I thought it *must* be so."

His favorite portions of the Scripture were, in the Old Testament, the Psalms and Isaiah. While we were at the South, I used always to read to him a portion of Scripture, when he was quiet in bed for the night. Frequently I would ask: "What shall I read to-night?" The constant answer was: "One of the *good Psalms*." On Sundays he often liked to hear chapters from the prophet. One Sunday afternoon he said: "Read the Sermon on the Mount, if it won't tire you." As I read, he would interrupt to express his enjoyment of its truth, and his admiration of its wisdom. "Wonderful production!" he exclaimed, when I had finished. "There is nothing else in the world to be compared with it!" He liked to have me sing to him in the twilight the old familiar hymns we sing so much at home; and he deeply regretted the omission to bring with us the Sabbath Hymn-Book. The hymns for which he most often asked were, "Oh where shall rest be found?" and "Nearer, my God, to thee."

I have mentioned that, during the summer, Mrs. E—— brought George's hymn-book for Charles to look over. It suggested to Charles that he

would like a list of his own favorite hymns. Such a list was prepared for him, and from it two or three were daily read, with occasionally a new one. He wanted the list classified, so that he could call for the hymns by the topics presented. Those which he most frequently requested to hear were those relating to Christ and those relating to death. How often he replied, when I asked "What hymn to-day?"

"Our Advocate before the throne,
And our Forerunner there."

One day I read to him the hymn commencing, "Go to dark Gethsemane"; it was not familiar to him; but it pleased him. "Put that down," he said. When he heard it a second time he exclaimed, in language so unlike his usual calm, temperate expressions: "If that hymn grows so much on me, when you read it next time it will put me in an ecstasy!" This and "'Tis midnight, and on Olive's brow," he wanted to hear frequently. He could not read much; his head was the chief seat of suffering. When he was not drowsy, he had a strange, indescribable sensation there, sometimes a numbness, which finally grew beyond relief, and became a harbinger of the demolition of the soul's tabernacle. But he wanted to read the Bible; the weakness of his system made concentrated thought very difficult, indeed, impossible, except for a brief period. To

aid him in fastening his mind on words that were so familiar as to cease to excite attention by their novelty, he took up Barnes's Notes, and found that the comments helped to fix the text. In this way he went through John's Gospel for the last time — *almost* through.

The word was very precious, and called forth many expressions of devout enjoyment. One day, after reading, he remarked that "formerly, when his intellect was strong and clear, he had taken great delight in the Epistles of Paul; but that since he had been sick he preferred John. He loved to think that these were the words of one who had once been a young man, the best-beloved of the Saviour; who came nearest to the heart of Christ, and must have best known the mind of the Lord; and that he afterward experienced all the phases of life, becoming an old man, and so testing the power and truth of the word."

One time he was speaking of his grape-vines, which had been his special care and pride, and which were then looking finely, being loaded with growing clusters. Said he: "I believe I never enjoyed anything more than my grape-vines!" It was suggested to him that Christ had called himself a Vine, and his people the branches; and so, whenever he thought of his vines, they might remind him of the Lord. How pleased he looked

up, saying: "That is a happy thought!" and then he went on carrying out the figure. Said he: "I don't cut off the branches *only* when they are barren, but sometimes when they have borne *too much*, and prematurely exhausted themselves; then I cut them down to let them rest, and take a fresh start." Again, he said, he often raised them in a hot-bed, afterwards transplanting them to a permanent location. "And oh," he said, "what a hot-bed this world is!" Again and again, while he lived, he recurred to this analogy, and seemed to find great comfort in it.

In July he thought he should like to read again that chapter from "Nature and the Supernatural" entitled "The Character of Jesus." So Carrie procured for him the little volume containing that chapter only. Little at a time, as he felt able to hear, I read to him. The last time he could listen to it was just a week before his last day on earth. "Oh, what grand thoughts!" he exclaimed, when I ended. He had already purchased copies to give away. Two days after this, he read for the last time from his Bible. After reading, he requested to see a map of Jerusalem and its environs. One was brought. "Where is the Kedron?" he asked. It was pointed out. "Where is Gethsemane? Where is Calvary?" When they had been indicated, he looked awhile, then said: "That is all I want." In the evening,

the death of one of his old schoolmates was read from the daily newspaper; and it was remarked that this young man had died of consumption, and that he had struggled wildly and rebelliously against his fate, even to the end. Charles asked a few questions to identify the man; then, after remaining silent a few minutes, said, speaking now with great difficulty: "'I know that my Redeemer liveth.'" The next day was the last he ever came down stairs. Saturday, July 21st, I read his Barnes's Notes to him. It was the twentieth chapter of John's Gospel. How fitting and beautiful those last words I ever read to him —"These are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and that believing ye might have life through his name"!

I have spoken of his happiness in his last weeks; it deserves more complete record. When we were down on the plantation, in the early part of May, Charles had a great accession of fever; he suffered very much; there was no comfortable seat for him by day, nor bed by night; there was no food he could relish; he became depressed, and, with tears, declared he should never see home, or even Macon, again. He was really very sick, far away from railroads, destitute of comforts, and having no compensation in any source of mental enjoyment. Here, I think, he first lost hope. As soon as possible, we returned to Macon.

Poor Charley's longing for home had become so intense he could hardly be persuaded to wait here even a day to make the necessary arrangements for the home journey. He had so utterly lost hope, when once he had let it slip, that he expressed apprehension of being unable to finish the journey, and wished William to be told to prepare to come and meet us at a moment's warning by telegraph. Despite his fears, he made each separate stage with comparative ease. His hope rose as he proceeded, so that he began to talk of surprising the family at home by an earlier arrival than we had announced. The first Sunday on the way was spent at Atlanta; the second, in New York. We left the latter city by boat for Newport. How sad an evening to us both! What recollections of the past! What forebodings of the future! As I sat with him in his stateroom, trying to keep him from suffering in the cold, damp evening, he said: "Well, this journey has been a failure"; and again: "I suppose I am going home to die; but it is God's will, and it is all right." Again: "I have suffered enough since I left home to kill me.'" "How," I asked, "in body, or in mind?" "In body and mind both." "How in mind?" "In the want of the comforts and enjoyments of home." He felt that he had changed very much for the worse in his absence, and he dreaded the shock which he

thought dear friends would experience when they saw him so altered. They were more fully prepared than he expected.

When he found himself actually at home once more, with all the well-known wants supplied, the old comforts restored, the loved ones "to soothe and sympathize," hope revived; he seemed to take fresh courage, and began to talk about what he would do "next winter."

He had had no special medical advice now for some time. There were some aspects of his disease with which we did not feel competent to deal upon our own judgment. We cherished a hope that something might still be done by a skilful physician to prolong, if not to save, life. We decided to consult Dr. W——, of Cambridge. Accordingly, Charles and myself went to Boston for the purpose. As Charles was too feeble to go and to return on the same day, we went to Mr. Hersey's. Here the Doctor visited him. We went Monday, Tuesday the doctor came. Dr. W—— did not go into a very critical examination of the case, evidently seeing at a glance that it was useless. When he left the room, I followed, to detain him and learn his opinion. He dexterously avoided saying much decidedly; but, in answer to a direct question, he made the statement that he considered Charles's fever hectic, and that there was no hope after the hectic had set in.

When I returned to Charles, I comprehended at one look that he *felt* what the doctor's opinion must be. He was not overcome; there was only a little moisture of the eye which exhibited emotion. I dared not obey the impulse of my heart to fold him in my arms and weep bitterly over him. I dared not even kiss him, in token of my sympathy, lest it should be too much for both of us. And so no word was spoken, no allusion made to what the doctor said, then or ever after, by either of us. When father came in to see Charles next morning, and to learn the result of Dr. W——'s examination, I was out walking. It therefore devolved on Charles to make report. He told his father that the doctor's opinion coincided with his own, that he had nothing to suggest, no prescription to make, evidently considering his case beyond remedy.

There was no sign of depression, in consequence of this painful decision; but on that day Charles received, with his usual cheerfulness, the calls of his partners, Mr. Low and Mr. Cary; conversing as brightly with them as if he expected soon to join them in the new store they had taken while he was at the South.

Mr. Low never saw him again till he lay ready for the grave. In the afternoon of Wednesday, Mr. Hersey took Charles out for a drive with his beautiful horse. Next day we returned home;

but, though Charles must have known and realized that he was leaving forever the scene of his former hopes and triumphs, he uttered no regrets, nor did I see a tear dimming his eye.

Thursday, the day we returned, was June 24th. From this point his spirits seemed to rise, rather than sink. He busied himself with perfecting and executing all his plans, settling all his affairs, arranging, so far as he could, the affairs of those who had been accustomed to depend on him for counsel and aid. He manifested great eagerness to have all his business promptly settled; he hastened us in the completion of those matters entrusted to our charge. We did not then see any special need for haste; but it was well that all was completed thus early. In proportion as these worldly cares were ended, and his mind thus set free, his peace became "as a river," and his joy as the steadily rolling "waves of the sea."

To each of the family, and to a few other friends, he wished to leave memorial gifts. The happiness which the bestowal of these gifts gave the giver was the highest pleasure in their reception. Wednesday, July 28th, in the afternoon, as I was bathing his head, he talked over with me his plans for making presents, and as he talked his face was quite radiant with joy. Said he: "I take the greatest satisfaction in giving these presents; I have never given away much before."

Then he looked up, laughingly, just in his old way, and said: "What if I should get well now, after I have given away everything!"

Everything seemed to make him happy; all the trivial, common incidents were vested with inspirations of good cheer, — the neighborly gifts of flowers and fruit, the daily testimonials of thoughtful kindness, the long continuance of sufficient strength to drive his gay, young horse, the abundant fruitfulness of his vines; above all, the society of his home friends.

He wanted to see his partners once more. Mr. Cary came to spend a few hours with him, Friday, July 16th. It was Charles's desire that they should be left alone together for an hour. In allusion to this hour, Mr. Cary says: "Always reticent as to his religious experience, it was a great satisfaction to me to have so full, free, *joyous*, and satisfactory a statement as he gave me that forenoon I spent with him in Andover." After this conversation, Charles took Mr. Cary out for a drive with his black horse, in which he justly took such pride; we had an early dinner, to allow of Mr. Cary's return in the one o'clock train to Boston, and his last interview with Charles terminated. But how thorough was Charles's enjoyment! Knowing it was probably the final interview, not a shade of sadness was seen in him, but rather such emotion as

might have been expected had Charles been welcoming his guest to some bright prospect of surprising gains.

The next week Mr. Hersey came. Charles had failed even since Mr. Cary's visit; his power to use his voice had become very limited; still the friends had a pleasant chat — the last, the last of oh, how many! These two Charlies, so fondly attached, — so trustful of one another, — who had planned to spend a long, happy life together! As the opening door disclosed them, what a picture they made! Side by side they sat, for just this once more, looking into each other's eyes, exchanging thoughts and hopes and fears, but never, never more to speak to each other again! These two Charlies! both almost at the meridian of life, just at the point where existence is most precious, in the commencement of the harvest of earth's bounties, before the soul is cloyed with worldly good! One, broad-shouldered and strong, his cup full with new-found domestic joys and growing wealth, with scarce a cloud upon his summer sky; the other, pallid with disease, with feeble, faltering tones, letting go all, and sinking into the grave. Yet the happier was he who had bidden farewell to the delights of time, for his inheritance, sure forever, was just at hand.

It was one morning this very week that, as I was assisting him to dress, he said to me: "I

never was so happy in my life! I have no cares now — nothing to do. I have a dear, kind sister to take care of me, a good mother, and a father whom I have loved *all my life with my whole heart.*" About this time, early one morning, he heard his father coming up the stairs, and entering the room very silently to avoid waking him, when he called: "Come, father." He lay elevated in bed, his pale countenance lighted up and glowing with the excitement of his thoughts, and with smiles of delight. "Father, I have had a happy night." "Have you slept well?" "Had *naps* all night; but I have had *grand, delightful thoughts;* and I have two requests to make of you, and you must not deny me." "Anything you ask." "Sir William Hamilton says that, if physiology should establish the relations between matter and mind, as astronomy establishes the relations of the solar system, it would destroy our religious faith. I want to see what he says. I can turn right to it; it is in the former part of his volume on Metaphysics. Now, I want you to bring me up that book. And Mill, in his Examination of Sir William Hamilton, says we may discover what laws govern *matter;* but in regard to *mind,* all we can say, is: 'It is I, myself.' Bring me that, too."

"O father, how I have enjoyed my thoughts during the night!" "Well, my son, what is it

you have enjoyed?" "Oh, the greatness and goodness of God! The solar system, and the systems of worlds that swing around us, and God the centre governing all! It is absurd to say that this system runs itself, that *law* does it. Law, of itself, is a nonentity, — 'a series of conformity,' as Mr. Mill says, — merely a method of God's governing things. There *must* be intelligence; law is not a contriver." At this point his father interrupted him: "Dear son, you must not excite yourself with such thoughts." "Father, I can't help it, unless you or some one is present to divert my mind to other things, and I may as well have such thoughts as to plan the construction of tanneries." (The day before, his mind had thus exercised itself.)

How often, in these last weeks, we heard from him the exclamation: "How happy I am!" or, "I never was so happy before in all my life!" Nor could we for an instant doubt him, as we looked into those large blue eyes, sparkling and glowing, and saw the bright, beaming smile. He made no display of his religious experience at this time; but how a consciously dying man, who was relinquishing attractive prospects to go into eternity, — a thoughtful man, who always 'considered his ways,' — could have been so radiant with good cheer, and that for weeks, is inconceivable, if it was not the result of peace

with God, love to Christ Jesus, and joy in the Holy Ghost.' Once he asked his mother: "Do you think this happiness is an evidence that my sins are forgiven?" It was the dawn of eternal day! It was the Father coming to meet his child "while he was a great way off," even before he reached the palace gate.

Sunday, July 18th, was the closing Sabbath of the Seminary year, and, according to usage, the Lord's Supper was administered that day. Charles expressed a wish to be present. He was too ill to attend during the sermon; so we went up together at the close of the morning service. He wished to sit back near the door, lest a turn of coughing should recur. He had desired his father to come back and sit with him; the family all came, and we sat at the Lord's table together once again. Professor J. L. Taylor offered the first prayer, making special petition for this sick disciple. When we returned home, I asked him how he had enjoyed the service. He replied that he could not so absorb his spirit in the exercise as he had hoped, on account of his bodily weakness, which would distract his thoughts. But still he had enjoyed Mr. Taylor's prayer very much. "He prayed for just what I would have desired, could I have made request, — that I might have *higher views of Christ.*" As he rested

from the fatigue and excitement, his joy began to well up and overflow. I overheard him say to William: "This has been the happiest day of my life!" To father he said: "This has been a delightful Sabbath to me. I never enjoyed a Sabbath so much!"

The following Sunday, also, was one of great delight. Again he said: "Father, these last two Sabbaths have been the best Sabbaths I ever had."

> "How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
> In hope of one that ne'er shall end!"

How beautiful was the sunsetting of this young life! How serenely he waited at death's portal! How calmly "he wrapped the drapery of his couch around him, and lay down," *not* as if to "pleasant dreams," but to the awful, glorious realities of eternity. All glory and praise unto "Our Advocate before the throne," who "looked on this young man, and loved him," and gave him such comfort and grace!

I cannot leave this imperfect sketch of my beloved brother, without more specific reference to his extraordinary affection for his father. So striking was it, that it may be said to have been his most distinguishing trait. Strangers observed it; absent friends, writing to us letters of sympathy in our bereavement, speak of it as that feature which first and most impressed them.

Charles seems to have been an especial gift of God to his father — a boon for consolation under particular trials — a solace for the rigors of life's discipline. He was born at the opening of a season of domestic trial, when the burden of hopeless indebtedness weighed like a millstone, when local dissensions and divisions made that burden greater, while failing health at last filled up the cup of suffering. This baby came, to beguile with infantile caresses the weary spirit from its perpetual round of unavailing care and labor. The first day those blue eyes opened to the light the nurse observed that they followed the father! Meet it was that, when sight had departed from them forever, they should be softly closed by that father's hand. And through that interval of twenty-eight years, how often had they watched for his coming! how often had they beamed a joyous welcome! Perhaps they are watching still across the starry interval. How they had wept over unfilial words thoughtlessly spoken!

When he was twenty months old, his mother made this note respecting him: "He has one peculiarity. From the first moment he began to notice objects, he showed a marked preference for his father over *all* other persons, and this has continued to the present moment."

To this affection as displayed in childhood and youth I have already referred.

"How I should like to see my father!" was his frequent ejaculation when at the South. And when he returned home, and occupied again the sunny, southern chamber, how earnestly he used to say, pointing to the door: "I *do* love to see that door open, and my father come in!" His father's return from the city, at four o'clock, was the event of the day, looked forward to and waited for with tender longing. He loved to hear his father's voice, and it was doubly sweet when he himself could talk no more. "I don't care what he talks about, he always interests me," was the loving testimony. "What is father doing? Tell him to come up here, if he isn't busy," was the unvarying message, if father withdrew for any length of time from the sick-room. No little child ever clung more to a mother's presence, than Charles did to his father's; he pined after it in absence; he never wearied of it. When we were staying at Brown's Hotel, in Macon, one evening Charles and I chanced to sit alone together before the parlor fire. His thoughts reverted to his home, and, with moistened eyes, he spoke of his father as "the best father in the world." Said he: "I don't think he ever denied me anything that was within the limits of possibility." Then he recurred to his own failures in duty,—the occasions when his love of a joke had led him to say what was unkind, and had some-

times given pain, — and, with broken voice, he expressed his deep sorrow for it all.

His chief anguish, when he found himself rapidly sinking, far away from home, was that his father was not there — perhaps would never press his hand again. When he was nearly home, his fear was lest father should be distressed by his alteration for the worse. And, likewise, his chief joy in reaching home was to look on that beloved face, to hear that voice, to hold priceless intercourse, to listen to those words of pious instruction, and to a father's prayers.

As it had been one great object in life, the inspiration of his endeavors, the joy of his successes, to accumulate something for his father's use and comfort; so the chief pang of halting midway in his career was the cutting off of his hope of one day providing a home where his father, securely and at ease, might spend the evening of life.

I have already alluded to one scene, to which I now recur, as further developing this love and tenderness for his father. One morning, while I was bathing him, he seemed exceedingly happy; gave very emphatic expression to his happiness, and repeated some of its sources, ending: "And I have a father whom I have loved all my life with my whole heart"; then, after a short pause, he added, "but I have treated him shamefully,"

and burst into a loud, wailing cry, which was heard outside the chamber. Alarmed at the violence of his grief, I strove to comfort him; but his delicate sense of "truth and justice" admitted no extenuation of his guilt; to speak of his father's love and readiness to forgive, was to increase his sorrow. A stranger, to have witnessed this penitential outburst, would have thought he had been a disobedient, thankless child, rather than the most loving and devoted of sons. It was the grief of love — such penitent sorrow as only the purest love can know.

One more spectacle there was of this contrition for the imperfect, erring past. His father thus recorded it: "July 11th, 1869, Sabbath. Had a long and affecting conversation, in which he spoke of his grief — 'more grief than for all other things' — that he had not been more tender of my feelings, more kind and respectful; was agitated, and wept much — more than I ever saw him since he was a child. The weeping was mutual. I tried my utmost, amidst my tears, to comfort him — confessed my *own* faults, that had excited *him;* referred to his constitutional excitability and impulsiveness, which mitigated the blame; and how earnestly I assured him that there was nothing, *nothing* to awaken a painful thought, or to prevent a pleasant, and even joyful, remembrance of him, as a loving, dutiful son, all

that my heart desired; and I should always feel gratitude and joy that such a son had been given me. He remarked that his chief regret was leaving his friends, 'especially his parents'; he 'had loved his father more than all others, and had expected he should be able to provide for him'; spoke of the 'pleasure he always had, from a child, in *being with his father*, — no person he was so glad to meet.' I alluded to the fact that, 'while my own life had been a failure,' it was not so with *him*; he had *done* the work assigned him, faithfully, fully; had no neglect to complain of, or cause of regret, from his entrance on his business; his employers gave him the highest testimony of confidence and affection; his name would be precious to us all. Our conversation became more cheerful, and we went down to tea."

Rev. George Mooar, writing from Oakland, California, Oct. 1st, 1869, thus adverts to this rare love between father and son:

"Rev. S. C. Jackson, d.d.,

"*My Dear Sir*, — Owing to my absence from home, on a short trip to Santa Barbara, in the southern part of our state, I was late in noticing, in the Congregationalist, the fact of Charles's death. I feel prompted to write a line to you, expressing my sympathy in this sad event.

"When it was my privilege to spend so many

weeks in your household, subsequently, as I sat of an evening in your society, I noted how close the intimacy between you and Charles was growing. I saw, too, that this intimacy was both the sign and, in no small degree, doubtless, the occasion of his mental growth. It has pleased, and not surprised, me to learn since how promising his young manhood had become. Even in the very slight opportunity afforded me, last summer, of renewing acquaintance with him, I could not fail to mark his fine maturity. Nor could I fail to note also that his father's intimacy had added to itself the tenderer element of dependence on him and trust in him. And there was also a tenderer element still — your anxiety concerning his failing health. I could not fail to hope, with Mrs. Jackson, that this was something incidental and transitory; but your fears were too well founded!

"The unusual sadness with which Mrs. J. wrote to us in the spring, about the time when Susan, William, and Charles had left for the South, admonished me that the danger had made itself very apparent. As we had heard nothing since, I hoped the southern air had restored his health. When, then, I read the brief record, I could not help feeling how sharp your grief had been. It might have been so otherwise! It seemed as if it were going to be so different from what the event proved! Be sure, my dear friend,

my heart goes out in special interest and prayer for you all."

From the city of Geneva, in Switzerland, comes the same note of appreciative sympathy. A frequent visitor in the household through all Charley's lifetime, and who, therefore, "knew whereof she affirms," writes to me, Oct. 2d, 1869: "The news of Charles's death has only reached me a few days ago. . . . . I think often of your father. How heavy and irreparable the loss is to him. It is rare that a father has such a son to lose. He combined great practical wisdom and talent for business with strong and cultivated intellectual tastes and, more and better than all, a Christian faith. The heart of a father always leans on his eldest living son; but I have never known to exist between them such mutual friendship, affection and confidence as between your father and Charles."

SICKNESS AND DEATH.

The winter of 1867–68 Charles concluded to spend at home, instead of boarding in the city, as he had done for the two or three previous years. He wanted to take, himself, the care of a fine horse which had come into his possession. Moreover, it was difficult to find such a place as he liked, if he went into Boston. But the arrangement was not wise. He felt that he must go in the

first train, and this necessitated an early breakfast, and earlier rising.. His nights were too short, his meals too hastily taken, his exposure too great. Very soon he began to droop; his eyes became inflamed so much as to prevent all use by lamplight. He depended on others to read his papers to him, and his mother read frequently to him from such works as he desired. Finally, he was convinced that a change was necessary, and he therefore engaged a room and board at the P—— House.

He left home on the first day of April; it was a fine day, almost as mild as June. So impressed was he by the fact of warmth and spring air, that he left his heavy overcoat at home. But spring kept not its early promise, cold wintry blasts returned, and long easterly storms; the overcoat was needed, its absence ocasioned a severe cold. Moreover his room, dependent on furnace heat, was not sufficiently warmed; thus chilled within doors and without, his cold increased, a cough developed itself, the citadel of vital force was menaced. Still, for a time, he felt remarkably well; the change, in other respects proved favorable; he had a hearty appetite, and satisfied it with the most nutritious diet. But the artificial strength thus temporarily created, soon began to break down. He came home for a day or two. His father made particular investigation into his

case, and discovered with alarm a very unnaturally quick pulse.

As Charles grew no better, father's alarm increased, and he took Charles to consult Dr. Bowditch. After examination, Dr. Bowditch pronounced the apex of the right lung slightly diseased, and gave a trivial prescription; but no decided and important directions.

Returning from school about the middle of July, I found Charles at home; he had been at home for a few weeks trying rest from business, He did not seem very ill, though he exhibited unwonted lack of physical vigor; he was chilly and sleepy and disinclined to exertion. The firm suggested that he should go to New York for a change, taking, in part, Mr. Hersey's place there. Most of the family favored the plan. He went. He remained a week or more, then returned to give account of his transactions. From this time he continued making trips back and forth, staying a week, or two or three weeks, in New York, then remaining for a week at home, until Thanksgiving. In New York he felt better than he did in Boston, the air seemed more healing, he had a better appetite; so far the change was beneficial, but the exposure of the journey to and fro, frequently added to the irritation in his throat, and the business, being new and involving much responsibility, was too great a task for an invalid.

He should have had, not only *change*, but *rest*. 'Tis easy now to say what might have been, to discover what should have been done; we then did what seemed best, the result is painful, but it was suffered by the Lord who ordains the means as well as the end.

Sept. 16, 1868. Charles writes me respecting his final boarding-place in New York. He had tried many places before, boarding at Yonkers, Orange, etc., to test the effect on his health. After describing his room, he writes: "I enjoy my *eating* about the best of anything I do. It relieves me of all the trouble in my throat for the time being, which has become very annoying. It continues nearly all the time now. Otherwise than this, I feel very well. Never had a better relish for my food, and should sleep well if my cough was'nt so bad. I expect to go home Friday night, and, if it is so that I can, I will stop at Providence over night. Have sometimes thought that the work here is more than I ought to do, and that I had better take a trip out West, but do not know."

Sept. 25th he writes: "I failed to call on you when I went on to Boston, but I shall go to the wedding (Mr. Hersey's) next week..... Will call on you..... I enclose two photographs of myself, which do not represent me, I think, as much reduced. Have been feeling nicely for the last

week. Have a great appetite and feel quite strong. Went to see Dr. Bowditch when in Boston. He told me he thought there was no increase of my trouble. Said I was better than he thought I should be last spring."

Still no important advice from the doctor. The anxiety of the family at home, especially of his father, was, however, on the increase.

Induced by unfavorable reports from home of Charles' condition, I wrote to him early in October, offering to go to New York to cheer and to nurse him. He replied Oct. 9th: "It would be very pleasant indeed to have you here with me, especially if you could be with people whose society you would enjoy, but, though pleasant, I am not certain it would be best. I suffer no disquietude or longing after society. I enjoy solitude, and think it a good thing to be obliged to take care of myself..... I feel now very comfortably situated. I also feel better in health, there is no mistake about it. Do not see much change in cough or pulse, but I feel better, stronger, less affected by cold. Under this state of things, I do not deem it advisable to make any change now. Of course, I do not know what the future has in store. I may be only too glad to secure the services of any friend, and at any sacrifice to them or to me, and that before many months, but it does not seem so now."

As he objected to what he called "sacrifice" on my part, it was suggested that Mary should go to New York to bestow whatever care was needful. He writes to her Oct. 12th: "Just now, I am as well able to take care of myself as I ever was. If I should not be able to attend to my business, I should come home at once; of course it would be of no use for me to stay here. ..... Then I do not see how mother could spare you this winter. She certainly needs some one to help her more than I do. She has had to wait upon me for twenty-five years and more, and it would be too bad for you to leave her on my account, when she needs you more than I do."

Through October he seemed to be really gaining. He lived, almost, on grapes, and the effect which they produced on his old chronic trouble of the bowels was surprising. But now, as through all his sickness, our fears were allayed for a little while, only to be again renewed with increased intensity. Early in November a slow fever came on. Nov. 14th he writes me his *last letter*.

"*Dear Sister*, — Your kind letter came to me this morning. Should have got it yesterday, but was not at the store. I am quite poorly. I can't now undertake to describe how I am. Am just able to be out and not do anything. Suffer much loss of appetite and sleep, which is the worst thing

about it. Think now I shall go home about the middle of the week. Think I will go right through to Boston and Andover.

From your affectionate brother,

CHARLES."

Mr. Cary speaking of this period writes: "But instead of his health improving, it was evident that it was declining. He said very little before October about it; and then only alluded to it by saying it was difficult for him to get up and down stairs."

Nov. 10th he writes: "I have been quite unwell since coming on here last. Have had a slow fever, and if I am no better, I shall not be able to leave my room."

He could not attend to business, and telegraphed us Nov. 12th to "send checks and shipping orders direct, for present must give up." We may well stop here and think with what saddened feelings Charley penned those words — "must give up" — give up a loved business, lay by the results of years of training, and at the very moment of attainment of the coveted position — of successful business arrangements, to write, "must give up." — All the aspirations of his generous and filial heart, to be possessed of means to provide for and cheer loved parents at home, "must give up."

Nov. 14th, he writes: "Am feeling about the same. Don't get much relief yet. Suffer considerable loss of appetite and sleep, which I regret most of anything. Am here at the office for an hour or so to-day. The weather is so pleasant, thought I would come out." Nov. 19th. Telegraphed: "Come home to-morrow. Tell William." Nov. 20th. He was at the office and made a purchase of merchandize; the *last he ever made*, and wrote: "Bad weather, cannot risk by boat. Shall come by cars in the morning, hoping to reach Boston in time to go home that night. Yours truly," etc. These were the last words he wrote us from New York. He came home, but it was some time before he visited our store, and I think he was never in our new store."

They entered their new store in April 1869, when Charles was in Georgia. Too fatigued to visit it as he passed through Boston on his return, too feeble when he went down to consult Dr. W., as Mr. Cary remarks, he never went to the new store, but still, to the very last, his interest was as keen in everything pertaining to the transactions of the firm as if he were expecting to live and participate in their results.

Thanksgiving week dear Charley returned to us who were awaiting him with fears and dark forebodings. And yet none but father had any just estimate of the degree of danger. So when

father requested Mary to relinquish a plan she had formed of going to spend Thanksgiving at W——, "because it might be the last Thanksgiving we could ever spend together," we thought him unduly alarmed. But so it proved.

Soon after his return, father took Charles again to Dr. Bowditch who pronounced the disease much advanced since his last examination; but while exciting the saddest fears, the doctor still refrained from giving any specific directions or prescriptions. The next day father saw the doctor alone; but only to have his worst fears confirmed. Dr. Bowditch said, substantially, that nothing could be done for Charles except to make him comfortable and happy;—did not advise his going away from home.

This later interview was never communicated to Charles. However, influenced by the lack of encouragement given by Dr. Bowditch, he made up his mind that a long period of inaction was before him and being unable to render his share of service, from a sense of honor he resolved to resign his connection with the firm of Low, Hersey and Cary. When his intention was made known to these gentlemen, they generously and decidedly responded that "while Charles lived, he should be considered as one with them."

To some of us these were days of bitter trial,

for we recognized the way God was leading us, we struggled with the strong current of human feeling, and at last bowed to the Divine Will. But the realization of things to come was not given equally to all at that time. Mother's strong confidence in Charles's ultimate recovery did not fail until our summer visit to Dr. W——. With us all there were subsequent ebbs and flows of hope — never quite reaching either extreme till all was over.

Jan. 1st, 1869, I came home to nurse my sick brother. Then he was quite comfortable, except for his cough and the irritation of his throat. We used to drive out together pleasant days, Charles harnessing the horse for himself, although it was winter. "Sally" was very spirited, and it took considerable strength to control her, but Charles never appeared inadequate. But as the winter wore away he was evidently wasting; an occasional feverish attack would prostrate him, and before he could recover the ground lost, another attack would come on.

Feb. 22d, at his most earnest desire, he was permitted to start on a journey southward. No point was fixed upon; Richmond was talked of, Philadelphia also; Macon, Ga., was the place ultimately reached. I need not recapitulate the events of the journey already made known to you by my letters written daily from our departure till our return.

Charles experienced a sad disappointment at the outset, as, comparing the spring with the previous autumn, he noted how he had continually failed since he was in New York before, and that the change of air did not now produce the same relief as formerly. When we reached Philadelphia, the weather was the severest of the whole year; no suitable and sufficiently comfortable accommodations could at once be obtained. We pressed on, amidst discomforts indescribable, through Washington, Richmond, Charleston and Savannah, to Macon, Ga. And oh! how little of comfort was *there!*

But why should I sadden your hearts with the story of trials that are now forever past — issued in "joy unspeakable and full of glory?" There was still some light on the picture, — the kindness of our host and hostess, the courtesy of the southern people, the beautiful flowers which Charles enjoyed so much, and then, for a time, the hopes that were kindled by his increasing strength. We were both encouraged by his obvious improvement, so much so, that he accepted an invitation to visit the cotton plantation of Mr. E—— B——, now the largest in Georgia. We were to start on Monday, May 3d, but Saturday, May 1st, Charles had a strange, alarming turn that seemed like a fainting turn, — his improvement was at an end,

he began to have a great accession of fever, the decline became rapid.

Yet he could not quite relinquish his plan of seeing a great cotton plantation; so, persuading himself in a few days that he was better, we set out on that journey, to which I can apply no softer term than *dreadful*. The paucity of common comforts and conveniences (or what are such at the North), on a southern plantation, is inconceivable to any one who has not witnessed it. The meagerness of the table would amaze a northern laborer; dress is of little account; literary and religious privileges, there are none. The habits of speech and thought and action, resulting from the experience of generations past, under the "peculiar institution," are a constant source of exquisite suffering to one of northern education and sentiment; *how* I will not here delay to explain. Here the baleful fever again kindled its fires, and threatened to consume the fragile invalid; here the hope of life expired.

Oh, let us thank God that in this world duration is marked off by days and nights! that time must roll on, and bring them to an end, so that, although "weeping may endure for a night," there is still a hope left us that "joy cometh in the morning!"

At last this time of suffering in mind and body ended; we arrived in Macon. In thus speaking,

I may not do full justice to the kind intentions of our southern friends. They meant to treat us with hospitality, and were themselves insensible, from long use, to what caused us intense suffering. What they had to contribute to the welfare of the sick, they gave with unsparing bounty.

Not long did we tarry in Macon, but homeward set our faces, with our longing hearts.

May 28th, the birth-day,—the last birth-day,—occurred while on the journey. In my pocket-diary I find this brief memorandum: "C.'s birth-day. Is it his last? We had a glorious trip through the mountains, right across the state (Pennsylvania), from Pittsburg to Harrisburg. It was showery so that the distant prospect was somewhat obscured; but enough was seen to delight us. In one place the road, descending, went around a sharp horse-shoe curve. It was too dark to see the Susquehanna. How much I have felt, this day! Arrived after ten P.M. Our hotel damp and cold. Great change in the weather, since we crossed the mountains." Next day we went on to New York.

I have often thought with pleasure of an unknown young man, who rendered us great assistance on arriving at Jersey City, and in New York. God bless him! May he never want a friend in a trying hour!

I have told you of the conversation on board

the steamer, in which Charles expressed his opinion of his own case. I need not tell you of the first few days at home; you cannot forget them. Perhaps I ought here to close my record; for all that remains is still fresh in your memory. But time dims the brightest, deepest impressions; hence I am impelled to write down some circumstances, notwithstanding they are familiar.

In other connections, I have already related the principal events from the time of our return, till the very last days came.

Here, then, at the final scene, we stand. Let me simply copy the brief memoranda of my pocket-diary during that solemn, precious last week.

"Saturday, August 14th. Charles went out early (9 P.M.) to sit in the sunshine. He gave directions to C—— about trimming the vines. I read to him some hymns, which drew him to express recent meditations on the Trinity — his difficulty in accepting, if apprehending, the orthodox statement. He found it not easy to distinguish between the Second and Third Persons. Christ, he said, seemed to be the especial manifestation of Deity for the world; the Holy Spirit, nothing distinct from Christ, but the spiritual, inner manifestation of that which in bodily presence was Christ. Then, as to the *equality* of Christ with the Father, there must be a sense in which Christ was not *fully* "equal in power and glory" with

the Father. Scripture language, in many places, implies this. Wanted me to go and get commentaries to see what was said on certain texts. Said the reason Beecher was so popular was that he preached a more *intelligible* gospel than others.

"Dr. K—— called in the afternoon. Said Charles had failed very much, since he saw him before — more emaciated, etc."

"Sunday, Aug. 15. Rained all day. Only William went to church. Read a few hymns to Charles. He was much pleased with, 'It is thy hand, my God.'

"Monday, Aug. 16th. Read a little from the 'Character of Jesus' to Charles. He expressed great admiration for the work. Assented to the remark of a British critic, that 'Nature and the Supernatural' is the greatest work of its kind since 'Butler's Analogy.'

"Tuesday, Aug. 17th. Poor Charley can scarcely talk at all, his throat is so filled. He sleeps in his chair most of the time; grows very emaciated. To-night, seemed more like his old self than for a long time, as he talked with Will about the horses. He can no longer go up stairs without aid.

"Wednesday, Aug. 18th. Charles completed his will to-night. J—— and A—— came up to witness it. He was very weary, having sat down stairs most of the afternoon seeing us pare peaches

to can. Late at night, as I sat with him, I told him of the unwilling death of an old schoolmate. Suddenly, articulating with difficulty, he said, '"I know that my Redeemer liveth."' This morning, wanted a map of Jerusalem to trace out Gethsemane and Calvary.

"Thursday, Aug. 19th. Charles very much weaker. Could not walk from the dining-room into the kitchen. C—— and J—— drew him, in the rocking-chair, out and in again. After dinner went with Mary to ride in the chaise. Had it brought up to the front door, but could hardly get in. Enjoyed the ride; was out some time; had much difficulty in getting out of the chaise. Looks very bad.

"Friday, Aug. 20th. Charles very feeble. William had to go off in the first train, so could not dress him as usual, and he was not dressed all day, for the first time. About eleven o'clock he got up, and had on dry flannels, was wrapped in a long flannel night-robe, and sat by the fire. Dr. K. came in about four P.M. Says Charles is going very fast, and I must not be surprised if a great change in his symptoms occurs at any time.

"Saturday, Aug. 21st. Charles very feeble. Father stayed at home with him. In the morning I read, at his request, from Barnes's Notes, the twentieth chapter of John. In the evening, as he was lying on the bed, I asked: 'Shall we

sing?' 'Yes.' Mary proposed, 'Rest for the weary.' It gratified Charles, and he wanted it repeated. Then we sang, 'Oh, where shall rest be found,' 'Jesus, Lover of my soul,' 'There 'll be no more sorrow there,' and, at his request, 'Sweet hour of prayer.' [That was the last night he was able to have family prayers in his room.]

"Sunday, Aug. 22d. Mother and I stayed at home in the morning. In the afternoon Charles had a very distressed turn. In the evening again distressed and nervous. As we three sisters sat around the bed, William at the south window, mother at the bedside, and father at the foot, we sang again, 'Rest for the weary.' It was hard to sing — often one voice alone to carry the melody. Afterward we sang, 'Jesus, Lover of my soul,' and 'Nearer, my God, to thee.' He could hear no more. At night he was too weary and suffering to have prayers in his room. At tea-time wanted me to remain with him. Asked for the first time, for some one to stay with him through the night. He seemed so sick and restless William went to Dr. K.'s, and got a morphine powder. When he had taken this he soon grew easier. William sat up with him all night.

Monday, Aug. 23d, was the last day Charley spent with us. All the family rose very early in the morning, and hastened at once to the sick room. Father, mother and Carrie were already there when

I entered. Mary and I together approached the bedside. He looked up at us with a very pleasant smile. He was lying raised on pillows and seemed better than on the previous day. C—— was to leave us that day. A little was due him for wages, and Charles wished to pay it himself. So C—— came up to Charles's room to take leave. Charles handed him the money and, in a voice much clearer and stronger than for many days, said: "C——, I want you to be a man." Mother and I drove down town for some beef to make beef-tea. So much better had Charles seemed, we even thought of prolonging our drive. On our return finding Charles disposed to be quiet, I sat alone with him for a while. The evidences of failure were so marked that I could scarcely restrain my tears in his presence. "We shall not be able to finish our book together, I fear," I said." "No," he replied. "I shall have to finish it alone; but you will study the 'character of Jesus' in his own presence." "I hope so," he whispered. I could no longer keep back the long pent-up floods, but began to weep. "Dear sister," he said, "you must try to control your feelings." "I do try," I answered; "but, Charley, it is very hard to give you up; you have been so much to me." "I do not feel that I am worthy of such love from you all," he said. "I do not deserve that my friends should miss me

so; for I have not done much for them. I have been selfish; I have sought my own improvement too much, and have not thought enough about the improvement of others." All this was uttered slowly, brokenly, and with difficulty.

He inquired about mother's health. I told him she was better than she was last week, but could not be well while she felt so much anxiety about him. "Oh, she need not be anxious about me," he said; then, after a while, "I do not apprehend I shall suffer much. I am only afraid I shall not have strength to raise from my lungs by-and-by." Then he told me of a case which came to his knowledge, when in New York, of a young lady who died in that way.

After a while he fell asleep. Mother sat on the front side of the bed; Mary by the other side, keeping away the flies while he slept; I sat at the foot of the bed. His face became suffused, a heavy perspiration covered it. Mother feared he was dying. It was, indeed, the beginning of death. But when he awoke he seemed to have been refreshed by his nap, called for something to eat and made quite a hearty meal. At noon, William, who had remained at home on purpose to take care of his brother, took him up, rubbed him with brandy and changed his clothes. He sat up the remainder of the day, but was very weak, and, though perfectly uncomplaining, evi-

dently suffered much. He could not talk; he could not bear conversation in the room. At tea-time he asked me not to leave him. He only took part of a cup of tea himself.

Heretofore he had always welcomed the family to his sick-room, loved to have us all there and to listen to our conversation; but he could no longer enjoy it. He had that morning had family worship in his room, but in the evening could not bear it. So restless and distressed was he, that the family did not go in even to bid him good-night.

I gave him some morphine, as on the previous night; but this time it failed to give relief. William laid him again on the bed; but soon he began to cough in a weak, painful way. I lifted him up; he swung his feet off the side of the bed, and sat there resting his head on a little table. Gradually he grew more quiet. About nine William took my place, and I retired, expecting to rise at midnight and relieve William of watching. I did not know that death even then hovered over that room, aiming the final shaft.

After I left him he grew restless again, wanted some more morphine, wanted to be lifted back into the chair. His requests were granted, but without avail; nothing brought relief; he coughed a great deal, and exhibited much distress till about eleven o'clock when he fell into a heavy,

lethargic sleep which lasted nearly two hours. Previous to his falling asleep, he had had a recurrence of the copious perspiration observed in the morning, and William had bathed his face and head. Just before he fell asleep, he looked up pleasantly to William, and said, "That is enough," and never spoke again. The breathing grew heavy and intermittent, and at last it ceased. Just as it seemed to fail, his eyes opened and looked on William. William called him; but he answered not; the spirit was free; it had "returned to God who gave it."

"At midnight came the cry,
'To meet thy God prepare!'

"His spirit, with a bound,
Left its encumbering clay;
His tent at sunrise on the ground
A darkened ruin lay.

"The pains of death are past;
Sorrow and labor cease;
And, life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

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

When the family had been summoned; when the last tender offices had been rendered to the form, precious still in death, I threw open the

blinds of the east window, and, lo! it was a glorious night. The moon was shining through the grand old elms; the air was hushed and still. When dawn crept up the eastern sky, nature herself seemed transfigured. We sisters watched the bright rising of the sun, and took comfort from this type of the final resurrection from the dead.

Thursday, August 26th, we called our friends to help us "bury our dead out of our sight."

Singularly it had happened that the vine last pruned by his direction had that day burst into bloom, while all the others were covered with fruit. We plucked the blossoming spray, and placed it in the hand that had planted and nurtured the vine. Choice flowers — the costly and beautiful offerings of loving, sympathizing friends — were laid upon the coffin, — tokens at once of the sweetness and the evanescence of earthly hopes, and of the immortal "crowns inwove of amaranth and gold."

A few neighbors, a few relatives and the surviving business partners sat with us while prayer was offered, and the favorite hymn sung; and then, through the doorway he will never enter more, we carried him out from his home, from our fireside, from our human communings. Along the way we had so often gone in company to the house of God we bore the precious dust. The

wind murmured from the tree-tops as we went, 'peace,' 'rest.' The cheerful sunlight illumined even our sorrowing hearts, symbolizing, as it did, the glory whither our beloved was now entered. We laid the 'mortal' before the altar where the 'immortal' had publicly consecrated itself to the King of kings, who had now "received it unto himself."

There the voice of prayer comforted our hearts, as Christ's servant, Professor Phelps, in 'the spirit of praise,' gave thanks for us at that hour, for all that the departed had been to us in his life with us; for all the mercy of God manifested to him through that life, giving him such endowments of character, of moral beauty and strength; for the success which had crowned that brief existence; for the tenderness of God, which had spared him to return from his wanderings to die among his kindred; for the gracious presence of the Lord in the time when hope failed and life waned till the bourne was reached at last; for the good hope we had of his "entrance into the everlasting kingdom."

And when we had sung another favorite hymn, we went out to the grave, and, with many tears, committed to our Father's care that which had been ours, but is ours no more,

> "Till the last angel rise, and break
> The long and dreamless sleep."

In the confident assurance of a triumphant resurrection we are comforted.

> " With us his name shall live
> Through long succeeding years,
> Embalmed with all our hearts can give,
> Our praises and our tears.

How great and dreadful is our loss! Each weeps apart his own especial bereavement. As time rolls on the great trial can only grow greater; for was he not our helper, our counsellor, our dependence?

Shall there be no compensation? Will not heaven be henceforth to each a new, more home-like place? Will not the passage of the dark river be henceforth less dreaded, since we have seen how the King of Glory comes even beyond the gates of death to welcome a child returning home? Shall we not walk these dusty, toilsome paths more hopefully of rest to come, more trustfully of the Good Shepherd's loving, though invisible presence? Beholding the gracious work of God, in sanctifying and preparing for a "home in glory" a weak, sinful brother like ourselves, shall we not have new conceptions of the blessedness of Christ's redemption by sacrifice, — shall we not henceforth live wholly unto him, in obedience, in suffering, in praise?