PERSONAL REMINISCENCES

OF

LYMAN BEECHER.

BY

REV. JAMES C. WHITE, M.A.,
AUTHOR OF "RELIGION AS IT SHOULD BE."

NEW YORK:
FUNK & WAGNALLS,
10 & 12 DEY STREET.
1882.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES

OF

LYMAN BEECHER.

BY

REV. JAMES C. WHITE, M.A.,
AUTHOR OF "RELIGION AS IT SHOULD BE."

NEW YORK:
FUNK & WAGNALLS,
10 & 12 DEY STREET.
1882.

December 27, 1882. PRICE, 10 CENTS. No.

THE

STANDARD SERIE

[OCTAVO]

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES

OF

LYMAN BEECHEI

BY REV. JAMES C. WHITE, M.A.
AUTHOR OF "RELIGION AS IT SHOULD BE."

(PRINTED WITHOUT ABRIDGMENT.)

NEW YORK
FUNK & WAGNALLS, Publishers
10 & 12 DEY STREET

Subscription Price, per year (52 Nos.) $10, payable in advance.

Entered at the New York Pos
as second-class matter

INDEX.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES

OF

LYMAN BEECHER.

PART FIRST.

PREFATORY.

THESE personal reminiscences of Lyman Beecher, D.D., refer, first to his life in Boston, Mass., from 1825 to 1832, and, secondly, to his residence at Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, Ohio, from 1840 to 1850. The author was a convert under Dr. Beecher's preaching in Boston, and is an Alumnus of Lane Theological Seminary. So far as he knows, these incidents are not to be found in any publication of the present day. They were presented in an address before the "Cincinnati Club" of the Alumni and Faculty of Lane, at the Seminary, March 1880.

They are now written out for publication by the author, and completed on his seventy-sixth birthday, October 12th, 1882.

HANOVER STREET CHURCH.

My first acquaintance with Lyman Beecher was in the year 1825, in Boston. A new and spacious church edifice of stone had been erected on Hanover Street. In the base-

ment story were the headquarters of the American Board and of the American Tract Society. I was then a clerk in a dry goods store near by, and also resided in that part of the city. A church had been organized in 1822, with but thirty-seven members, and had not at this time a settled pastor.

I was a member of the society when Dr. Beecher was first invited to preach to this church for two Sabbaths, as a candidate for our pulpit. He was then settled in Litchfield, Conn., but looking for some opening where he could better provide for his family, for he was in straitened financial circumstances. Well known as he was as a preacher of pre-eminent ability, his salary of eight hundred dollars was insufficient for the support of his family. His only other pastoral change at East Hampton, L. I., had been made for the same reason. Dr. Beecher accepted the invitation of the Hanover Street Church and society for two Sabbaths, and improved the occasion to make a visit to Portland, Me., with his second wife, who was a Miss Porter, formerly of that city. The arrangement was made for them to come in their own conveyance by land, and for him to preach in Boston one Sabbath, both going and coming on their journey.

FIRST GLIMPSE OF LYMAN BEECHER.

My first glimpse of the noted preacher, whose fame had reached our ears, was had one autumnal Sabbath morning as he rode up to the door of our new and elegant church, with his wife, in a poor country chaise covered with white cotton cloth. The horse and the minister were both alike very unattractive as well as the chaise.

We lads were watching for his coming in front of the church, where also stood the Committee of Reception prepared to extend their welcome and to introduce him to the people and the pulpit. I can now vividly remember my own feelings at the time, and the looks of those

in waiting, which seemed to say: "Well, we are sold this time!" We took our places in church with an unmistakable air of grim disappointment. Dr. Beecher opened the exercises and went into his work with a will and with such an unceremonious freedom that our Boston sense of propriety stood abashed! Soon, however, the fire began to burn, the truth began to pinch, and the audience began to rally from their despondent wonderment, and to look around as if saying, "What's the matter?" We all saw then and there that the new candidate for Boston honors was master of the situation. The old horse and chaise were forgotten, and the three sermons of that day were the topic of conversation for the week, and prepared the way for the second Sabbath on his return from Portland. The same cut-and-thrust style of preaching was repeated, which, while it shocked all our notions of pulpit etiquette, made it a foregone conclusion that this was the man for the new enterprise. It must be remembered that he had now reached the so-called dead line of fifty.

BOSTON IN 1825.

The orthodox Congregational churches of Boston at this time were just entering a new era of spiritual life, and in their devotion and enthusiasm, great anxiety was manifest in regard to the new minister for the new Hanover Street Church.

From the very beginning of Lyman Beecher's labors in Boston a most remarkable revival of religion commenced in this church, which continued almost without interruption for four years, and until the church building was burned down in 1830. This house was the headquarters of a new phase of a living and aggressive orthodoxy and also of missionary and tract operations. When it caught fire, public sentiment showed itself by a marked indifference among the firemen to subdue the flames. The destruction was complete.

The characteristics of this revival under Mr. Beecher's preaching are worthy of note. We had the ordinary preaching services of the Sabbath, morning, afternoon, and evening; the weekly lecture on Tuesday evening, regular Friday evening prayer-meeting, regular inquiry meeting, and special meetings for prayer. There was no outside aid of an evangelist or layman, but an increased and more earnest effort on the part of the membership in closest sympathy with their pastor. He often said, "Brethren, it is my business to draw the bow, yours to see where the arrow strikes and to bring in the wounded." In addition to the services I have mentioned, we had two regular sessions of Sunday-school each Sabbath, which the pastor seldom attended.

The church was very small at first, but every member was a prayerful worker, and they carried their pastor as really as he carried them. Their co-operation was perfect.

REVIVAL FRUITS.

I united with the church by profession of faith September 1826, during the first year of Dr. Beecher's labors, together with a company of about sixty. At the previous communion there were about seventy-five received. These new recruits were mainly young men and maidens, the majority being young men. They were a superior class, and they all entered at once with enthusiasm upon the work of the church. So far as my knowledge goes, they never turned back or became idlers in the vineyard. There were fifteen present at the pastor's first inquiry meeting. He was unwilling to call such a meeting without assurance of there being at least fifteen who would attend. At the second meeting the number was twenty, at the third thirty-five, and at the fourth three hundred! Deacon Lambert thought that the people had mistaken the notice for a preaching service. But the pastor was enthusiastic and replied, "No they haven't, it's the finger of God!" And so it was found to be.

Soon after this, in the second year of his ministry, two new churches, colonies from Hanover Street, organized Salem Church at the North End, on Salem Street, and Pine Street Church at the South End of Boston. This movement marked a new era of great interest in the orthodox movement in Boston. Dr. Beecher was aroused to an unusual degree of spiritual power. He appeared as one of the old Puritan fathers risen from the dead. His residence was on Copp's Hill, No. 18 Sheafe Street, and near by his house reposed the dust of "The Mathers." Oftentimes as he came to the weekly prayer-meeting and lecture there was in him a mighty uplifting of passionate emotion, both in his prayers and sermons, a tender but grand upheaval and on-moving power which was like the rolling of a tidal wave on the beach of the sea. Sometimes in his prayers I have heard him say, "Come, Lord Jesus! here are the bones of the fathers, here the crown was torn from thy brow, here behold thy scattered flock upon the mountains! Come, O good Shepherd, gather them to thy fold, for they stumble in the darkness of error!"

CHURCH EXTENSION.

One of the fundamental ideas of Lyman Beecher for extending the kingdom of Christ, was that of church colonization. He would often compare an overgrown church to a large hive of bees, that consumed all the honey, leaving none for a new colony. "So then, *swarm early and often*," he would say, "and thus keep the old bees a-working!"

I well remember the original meeting which had reference to the question of forming a new church from the new Hanover Street one. The pastor was all ablaze. A vote was about to be taken on the question. Mounting a chair he cried out in clarion tones, "I move we organize TWO, one for the North End and one for the South End!" The motion was seconded and carried with enthusiasm,

and $30,000 were subscribed on the spot with which to commence.

YOUNG MEN'S ASSOCIATIONS.

It was this year, 1827, that the first "Young Men's Christian Association" was formed in the Hanover Street Church. The next year one was organized in Salem Church, one of the new colonies from Hanover Street. Being one of the ninety-six original members, drafted from the Hanover Street association, I joined that in Salem Church. These associations in each church were a great power, and in their combined efforts were not equalled by any organization of the kind from that day to the present. Our meetings were never open to any but the working members. Our councils and our efforts were known only to ourselves; but we worked for the public good, and through all public channels. There was in Lyman Beecher the most enthusiastic sympathy with young men in all their efforts for personal or public improvement. In our meetings he was always an inspiring power. "Young gentlemen," he would say, "*anything* can be done that *ought* to be done." One incident only would I note as the result of our efforts.

BOSTON COMMON.

Booths and tables for the sale of intoxicating drinks and small wares were allowed from time immemorial on Boston Common. On all public days old Boston Common was as free as Faneuil Hall to the first comer. It was the public playground long before the "Boston boys" of the Revolution used it for sliding down hill on their sleds. When the English troops interfered with this boyish sport, young America remonstrated with emphasis against this invasion of immemorial rights. This almost defiant protest prevailed, and led the commander to report to the English Government that it would be a difficult matter to subdue such a people, for the very

boys breathed in the air of freedom and stood up boldly for their rights!

This preëmptive right of the people to the old Common for any purpose which they might choose had thus far been unquestioned till we of the Y. M. C. A., under Dr. Beecher as our captain, assaulted the stronghold of intemperance in these liquor booths. It was a mighty struggle—first, with the municipal authorities; second, with the judiciary; and lastly, with public sentiment. But we won the victory almost in the dark, for no one knew from whence came the power that triumphed. Those ancient privileges of liquor-selling and of riotous revelry on Boston Common on public days, have never been restored in the least degree to this day.

This was one of the grand results of the preaching of those everlastingly famous "SIX SERMONS ON INTEMPERANCE," by Lyman Beecher, which I heard him deliver in the Hanover Street Church. A greater, grander, more difficult, or more useful victory for the good of the Commonwealth of America or the Commonwealth of Israel has, perhaps, never been effected than was seen in this utter overthrow of liquor-selling booths on Boston Common a half century ago.

A MOVE UPTOWN.

After the burning of the stone church on Hanover Street in 1830, Dr. Beecher came with many of his people to worship temporarily in our new Salem Church, at that time without a pastor. His first sermon was from the text, Isaiah 64 : 11 : "Our holy and our beautiful house, where our fathers praised thee, is burned with fire; and all our pleasant things are laid waste." It was the culminating hour of Dr. Beecher's greatness in Boston. The sermon was great and tender, sublimely heroic and sublimely submissive, to the highest point of human conception!

A new house of worship was erected on Bowdoin Street

for the Hanover Street Church. It was more "uptown," in a more aristocratic neighborhood, but, alas! the spell was broken! The hero of a thousand battlefields never recovered his mighty power or felt at home as before.

A CALL TO THE WEST.

It was under these circumstances that the call from Lane Seminary reached him, accompanied by the offer of Arthur Tappan, of New York City, of $20,000 to the institution on condition of Dr. Beecher's acceptance. The question for him to decide was one of deep and far-reaching interest both to himself and the churches of New England. His heart had always been warm for the West. His well-known "Plea for the West" is sufficient evidence of this. The great battle of Gog and Magog was to be fought in the Ohio and Mississippi valleys. He longed to have a personal part in it. But it was a fearful thing to pull up a New England oak by the roots at a ripened age and transplant it to the soil of the West. The point that seemed at last to turn the scales was the munificent offer of Mr. Tappan. Dr. Beecher said at last, "I shall never bring so much again," and accepted. The Boston churches yielded with great reluctance. It was a sacrifice of no ordinary character. And to myself as well as others, it appeared to be the great mistake of his life; for he was not a systematic or careful theologian, nor was he a disciplinarian, but a preacher, pre-eminently; and was never at his best, even in the pulpit, after leaving Boston. Still, I gladly recognize his great and good work for the Second Presbyterian Church of Cincinnati, while its pastor, in connection with the Seminary. It is claimed by many that he rescued that church and made it what it is to-day, a power in this city. Beside this, the spirit of devoted enthusiasm with which he inspired the students of Lane, and which lingers with us to this day, was of priceless value.

APOSTOLIC ELOQUENCE.

For learned dulness he had no compassion. Tinsel and glitter, moonshine and icicles he abhorred! He would say to us, "Better animated noise than lukewarm knowledge! Tear passion to tatters, rather than carry a dull piety and a graveyard solemnity! Theological students need a mustard plaster all over the body to wake them up, and to stimulate them to intense animation! We need true apostolic eloquence, or we shall have the theatrical, artificial declamation, the flash and start and stare eloquence!"

It was in the vast valleys of the West that Dr. Beecher confidently expected the last great conflict would be fought. He never presented a grander militant figure than when he stood sounding an alarm all along the line and calling for troops for the West. "YOUNG MEN FOR THE WEST!" was a more stirring battle-cry by Lyman Beecher when in Boston than was ever Horace Greeley's favorite exhortation from New York.

DR. BEECHER'S STRUGGLES.

The four years' work in Boston by Mr. Beecher from 1826 to 1830, gave new and permanent life to questions of reform, and also to new institutions, by the unparalleled quickening of the public pulse, and the rallying of young men to the conflict, whose love for the cause knew no danger, and who shrank from no service or sacrifice.

It was one intense, protracted struggle. Sometimes the great preacher was down in the deepest, darkest valley of humiliation and despondency. Physical causes helped to depress. Dyspepsia was a constant attendant, and he found it a desperate foe. Sometimes he would turn down a chair upon the floor before a brisk fire, and lying with his head upon it, toast his feet. Then rolling over upon the floor with constant groanings, he would say, "Well, I'm done for. It's all over with me now! I shall no

more see good! It is hard to see such an open door and not be able to enter!"

At times it did seem to others as well as himself that he would really die. But as soon as the disease yielded, he was up and at work again with all his mind and might.

Shovelling sand back and forth from one side of his cellar to the other, and sawing wood, formed his constant exercise. His violin and his children were never-failing sources of amusement. His peculiarities were marked, and most noticeable in his preaching, his prayers, and in the inquiry-meeting. His prayers were original, comprehensive, short and sharply defined. In the inquiry-meeting he was always at home, and on the alert.

He always seemed filled with fresh unction from on high, and was eminently judicious and successful. The intense emotion with which he entered upon his ministerial services, whether of prayer or preaching, seemed fitly pictured in the magnificent incoming of the ocean surge on the beach.

BEECHER'S OIL JUG.

To show the wide-spread and abiding power of his influence after he had left Boston, I give a single incident: Four or five years after he had removed to Ohio and seven years after his great "Stone Fort," the church on Hanover Street, was burned, I occupied a store on the old site. I employed two Irishmen to dig a cellar at the rear end of my store. They cut a trap door through the floor, down which they worked in a dim twilight. I was standing one day on the floor of the store watching them work.

One of the Irishmen was picking at one of the stones of the old church building, which had been left with other rubbish from the fire to fill up the rear of the former basement and cellar. After picking at it for some time, the other Irishman said, "Mike, what have you got there?"

The man replied, "An' faith, I don't know, unless it be *Beecher's ile jug!*" The point to this reply lies here. Our pastor's temperance practice was always ridiculed by the liquor men in order to break the force of his preaching. One of the current stories was that a grocery porter, in taking to Dr. Beecher's house some oil in a jug, thought he "smelt a rat," and taking out the stopper found that the jug was filled with *New England rum!* Now these Irishmen knew that they were on the site where stood the church seven years before, and about under the place where the high pulpit was from which stairs led down into the basement. So, while no word had been said to suggest the subject, when the Irishman found the round stone in the dimly-lighted hole, his reply to his comrade showed that Mr. Beecher and his temperance preaching were memories running in his mind, though the bold reformer had been in Ohio for years. "Faith, an' I believe it is Beecher's ile jug!"

A FIGHT WITH LOTTERIES.

The circumstances of his ministry in Boston were intensely exciting. The great Unitarian controversy was in progress. The subjects of temperance, slavery, infidelity, Romanism and lotteries were hotly discussed. It was Lyman Beecher who stamped indelibly the brand of infamy on lotteries as well as intemperance. I saw and heard him do it, and remember it as though but yesterday.

The Legislature of Massachusetts was in session. A bill was before it in behalf of Bunker Hill Monument, which then stood a monument of reproach to New England enterprise; for it was but half finished, and had remained thus for many years. It seemed that the only way to secure funds for its completion was by a State lottery. The final vote on the bill was to be taken on Monday. During the previous week Dr. Beecher prepared a special sermon in opposition, and had a personal

invitation given to the members of the general court to attend its delivery on Sunday evening. All the body pews of the church were reserved for them. There were galleries on three sides.

The house was filled to its utmost capacity. The attention given was most absorbing. The discourse was intensely dramatic and personal. The public and private effects of lottery gambling were portrayed with simplicity and honesty of description, but with startling and terrific coloring. Youth, morals, business interests, social order, widowed mothers and orphaned children, the wreck of homes and character, the blight, the ruin, the remorse of conscience and the woes of the lost in hell through the direct or indirect influence of lotteries, were worked up with marvellous vividness and power from the first stroke of the master's pencil to the close. There was an intensity of momentum that was almost painful till the matchless climax came. Then the passionate preacher stopped as suddenly as did the white horse and his rider in the apocalyptic vision. His spectacles were taken off. His manner became subdued and solemn. Leaning over the pulpit, with his right hand and index finger thrown sharply forward, with a fiery penetration of eye, and a marvellous inflection of voice, with a most adroit assumption of the personal character and feelings of the petitioners themselves, as if they themselves stood before the court, willing to assume the undertaking, he exclaimed: "Gentlemen and honorable members of the General Court of Massachusetts assembled, *all these things will we do for you if you will vote for our bill to-morrow! and we will finish Bunker Hill Monument into the bargain! Will you do it?* WILL YOU DO IT?"

He stood waiting as if in anxious silence for an answer. And there seemed to go up a long-drawn, silent vote of relief. "NO MORE LOTTERIES!" It must have been registered in heaven. It was, at least, reiterated and confirmed in the Legislative Hall at the State House the next

day, and entered upon the public records, never more to be called in question.

A FAST-DAY DISCOURSE.

The personal characteristics of Dr. Beecher, both in his private relations and in his public work, were many and original. They were, of course, interesting and instructive. He was a bundle of eccentricities, but of them he seemed entirely unconscious. The good pastor was once preaching on the subject of Atheism and Deism on a Fast day. He was sarcastic, humorous and witty in his descriptions of a supposed fortuitous concourse of atoms in their wanderings and assimilations until this beautiful earth was the result, and then the more wonderful and beautiful man was built up and finished off with heart and lungs, and eyes and ears, together with a marvellous thinking machine on top, and all covered with a most delicate and wonderful membraneous tissue. And all this by chance! The audience saw the absurdity of the assumptions of unbelief so ludicrously sketched in detail by the preacher and were wrought up to an uncontrollable spirit of laughter all over the house. Suddenly Dr. Beecher stopped, stood silent, took off his spectacles, twirled them with his fingers a moment, and then with most provoking seriousness said, "Well, I'm glad Fast day comes once a year, and I mean to improve it!"

Some time after this it was suggested to him by some of his official board that it was unwise to give so prominent attention to a mere handful of obscure and uninfluential objectors to Christianity, when he replied with inimitable *naïveté*, "I tell you, my friend, that *a small drove of hogs will root up a great field of corn!*"

AN ESCAPE FROM THE PULPIT.

At another time, during a course of Sunday evening lectures on Mormonism, his morning and afternoon sermons having got complete possession of his mind, he

found it necessary to break the connection by some desperate effort. So he gave out a long hymn for the choir to sing, took his hat and slipped down the inside pulpit stairs into the vestry and out on to the street quite unobserved by the congregation, except those in the gallery. A friend of mine met him headed for Boston Common, half a mile away and on the full run! It was then a time of great excitement among the Roman Catholics, who were violently against him, and my friend assumed that he was running away from a mob at the church. He therefore raised an alarm and ran down to Hanover Street. There he found the congregation all quiet, but waiting for the preacher. When the choir had sung the long hymn no preacher's head appeared above the high pulpit. As Dr. Beecher sometimes was so lost in improving and altering his sermon while the choir was singing, it was thought that he might now be thus employed. So one of the deacons went up the pulpit stairs, as often before, to remind him to go on with the services. But he found that the pulpit was vacant.

The deacon signified to the organist, Lowell Mason, to play a voluntary until they could find the preacher. I well remember the runaway's return. He came up the same private stairway to the pulpit. He now was himself. He *had* broken the connection with his previous discourses that day and at once took up an entirely new subject, and in a new train of thought, with all the fiery earnestness of old John Knox.

There was the most remarkable vitality, energy, and passion in his speech both in the pulpit and on the platform, and yet it was wholly free from the least taint of sensational clap-trap from any mannerisms. The West never knew Lyman Beecher in the fulness of his pulpit power. I am persuaded that in his new relations here in Cincinnati he was not entirely at home. Like a mighty locomotive engine, he had leaped his track in coming West.

PASSION FOR WORK.

His passion for work, especially for preaching, was boundless and tireless. He often remarked, "I wish there were two Sundays in a week." The pulpit was his grand arena of conflict. "Mr. Organist," he would say, "when you see me enter the church door, fire up! FIRE UP! I don't want to march up the broad aisle to the slow and solemn measures of a funeral dirge."

To us, the students in Lane Seminary, he would say, "I'd rather you would tear your subject all to tatters than to reel it off so mechanically." He had no patience with lukewarmness. It was as repugnant to him as to our Saviour.

PULPIT EXPLOSIONS.

Dr. Beecher used to pin together the leaves of his sermon. In his Boston pulpit he would sometimes knock his manuscript to pieces by some sudden, impassioned gesture. The leaves would fly down among the people in every direction, like snowflakes in a wintry tempest. Then the deacons would have to gather up the leaves and carry them to him in the pulpit.

Once I saw him strike a prism-pendant which hung around the pulpit light, and send it whizzing half way across the church. At another time with a side blow he struck the globe that shaded the gaslight. Fortunately it was not broken. At once he adjusted it as best he could without the least pause in the rapid run of his thoughts and utterance. The gas was something new in those days. The people were afraid of it, and anticipated danger at the slightest disaster.

The coolness of the preacher on this occasion, and his undisturbed interest in his discourse, actually convinced one of his hearers that Dr. Beecher was a true and honest man of God. From that time he became a regular attendant, and at last a true and honest man of God himself.

STREET SCENES.

One Monday morning he took his market basket on his arm and went to Faneuil Hall Market to get provisions for dinner. He was followed and watched, as he often was, by a young man who was the chorister of the Universalist Church. The minister soon came to the fish market. Here Dr. Beecher picked up a fine-looking fish and asked the fisherman if it was fresh and sweet. "Certainly," replied the man, "for I caught it myself yesterday," which was the Sabbath. Dr. Beecher at once dropped the fish, saying, "Then I don't want it," and went on without another word. The young man who was watching him was instantly convinced of the minister's honesty and sincerity in practising the principles which he preached, became a regular attendant and a true convert, and for more than a quarter of a century was known as Deacon Thomas Hollis, the druggist. He was a prominent official in the Orthodox Church, and a valued director in the benevolent and charitable institutions of the city until his death.

I have myself watched Dr. Beecher on the streets of Boston while he was following, watching, stopping, and listening to a sailor who was "half seas over" with drink. Never did a cat watch a mouse with more eager interest. I have also watched him as he plunged along the street eating an orange as he would eat an apple, unpealed. He did not seem to know what he was eating. It only seemed good to eat it. He would bite from it full mouthfuls, rind and all, making the juice of the orange fly in all directions over his coat, vest, and shirt-bosom.

His gait was always quick and nervous, his left arm crooked at the elbow and swinging with a jerk. He never seemed to know that any one saw him, or that anybody was about who could see him. He was oblivious to all appearances and to all persons when on the street.

The store in which I was employed was on his direct

way to the post-office, the market, and his church. Thus it was I saw him daily. Once he passed the store carrying one end of a piece of timber on his shoulder, fearfully crushing one side of his hat. At another time he might be seen carrying one side of a heavy basket, to the utmost dismay and pain of the one who carried the opposite side, for he seemed never to know when he was tired, or that any one with him could be.

THE WOOD-SAWYER.

His wood-saw was a constant companion. When his own wood was sawed he would go out on the street for work.* One day he took his saw, shouldered his buck, and went out in search of a job. Soon he met with a man at work on a large pile. "Halloo!" said the Doctor, "you have a big job on hand. I guess I'll give you a lift, as I have nothing else to do." And at it he went with a will. His saw was always keen, and it was always worked as if by steam power. "Why! what a jolly saw you have," said the wood-sawyer. "Yes," replied his unknown helper, "I always keep my tools sharp for quick work."

The conversation was soon turned to the one great topic of the day, namely, the new preacher. "Have you ever heard old Dr. Beecher preach?" said the wood-sawyer. "Oh, yes, frequently," replied the stranger, putting still more vigor into his work. "Well, what do you think of him?" "Oh, I don't think so much of him as some do," was the reply. The conversation at length came so close home, Dr. Beecher stopped work and said, "I guess I must be going." "But where did you get that saw?" inquired the old man; "I wish I had one like it." "Well, if you wish, I'll swap with you." And so they swapped saws, and the Doctor shouldering his buck start-

* Another version of this story, I learn, has been published, which is adorned with adjuncts somewhat apocryphal.

ed back on a trot through the alley behind his own house. The old sawyer began to cogitate. A new idea loomed up before him. He followed at a safe distance, noted the back gate at which he entered, went round to the front and noted the number, and soon learned that it was no other than Dr. Beecher himself with whom he had been sawing and chatting. From that time that old wood-sawyer was one of the pastor's attendants and adherents. I knew him well, and have often seen him at church, sitting in the front row of the gallery, on the right-hand side near the pulpit.

ABSENT-MINDEDNESS.

On one occasion, after an evening's service at church, Dr. Beecher, in his usual brown study, went into the wrong house of the block in which was his own. Every house in the block was of one and the same pattern. The house which he mistook for his own was occupied by a well-known hatter by the name of Rhoades, a Unitarian. The Doctor put his hat on the stand in the hall, went into the back parlor, where Mrs. Rhoades and the family were gathered, drew a chair up to the fire, put his feet on the mantel over the grate to warm, turned back his chair, and leaned back his head simply thinking.

In this attitude he noticed a French clock under glass upon the mantel. "Wife," he exclaimed, "where in the world did you get that clock?" No answer. No one could answer, they were so full of merriment over the good minister's absence of mind. "I say, wife, where *did* you get that clock?" Mrs. Rhoades was a lady. She put her hand gently upon his shoulder, and in her sweetest tone said, "Dr. Beecher, you have made a mistake, and got into the wrong house." The surprised intruder cast a quick glance around upon the family circle, sprung from his chair, and with a bound was out of the house, without a word of explanation or excuse.

LOVE OF FUN.

Dr. Beecher was fond of amusements and of real fun, as well as of hard work and preaching. His violin was as often heard as his saw, and heard not only in his study, which was in the upper story of his house, but also in the family circle and at family prayers.

At times, he was so absorbed in writing his sermon when called to family worship, that he would call for his violin, and with its lively notes break the connection and free his thoughts for the service in hand.

There was a perennial fountain of boyish spirits in the heart of Lyman Beecher. I once called at his house with a young friend to see his children, soon after his arrival in Boston. One of the daughters responded to the call. After an introduction she said, "We are having fun with father in the dining-room. Come out and see us." So we both went out to see the fun. And, sure enough, there was Dr. Beecher on "all fours," with two children on his back playing "riding horse." He would run horse fashion, trot, gallop, stop, run back, kick up, throw the riders, and then run away, with all the children after him screaming with delight.

THE LOST BANK-NOTES.

When Dr. Beecher moved his family from Litchfield to Boston, he took a house with double parlors, dining-room and kitchen on the first floor.* The parlors remained unfurnished, and the ladies of his congregation waiting some time for opportunity to call, learned from Mrs. Beecher that they had neither suitable furniture nor money with which to purchase. The ladies soon made up a purse of one hundred dollars, and gave it to the pastor, with the remark that it was expressly designed for furnishing the parlors.

* This incident is very briefly alluded to in the "Autobiography," by Charles Beecher. 2 vols., Harper Brothers, 1865, page 227.

After proper waiting they called again, but no parlor furniture appeared. Yet again, but the parlors still remained unfurnished. Mrs. Beecher was kindly informed that a sum of money had been given to her husband to purchase furniture. She, however, had known nothing of the matter. He was therefore called to an account. The forgetful man was in a maze. He said that he rather thought they had given him something, but could not remember what he did with it. It must be in his pockets somewhere, he thought. Having searched his vest pockets, his pantaloons, and his coat, he found no money anywhere. Thus Mrs. Beecher reported to the ladies, under great mortification.

There was no way left but to collect another hundred dollars, which in those days was quite a sum, and then, as they had learned a new lesson, to purchase the furniture themselves. They did so and saw it put in its proper place with their own hands. This done, the next step was an "investigation" for the missing money. Little by little, they found, not the money, but where it went to. Of course the minister had neither spent nor lost it, but he had tucked the roll of bills hard down in his vest pocket, and remembered no more about them. Now all this happened at a time of great excitement about a six days' line of stage coaches from Albany, N. Y., to the West, in opposition to the old Sabbath-breaking line, in which a Mr. Bissell had a great interest. Public meetings were held, speeches made and collections taken in aid of the new enterprise. Dr. Beecher was prompt and prominent at these meetings. As the contribution-box came round on the platform he felt for a dollar, almost with the feeling of a man dead broke! When lo! his fingers clutched the pressed roll of bank-bills in his vest pocket, and without a single look or thought, put them all in.

The persistent investigation of the ladies brought out the fact that a wonderful contribution had been made by

some rich unknown banker as was supposed. They little dreamed that the money came thoughtlessly from the pocket of a poor, improvident parson. His wife thereafter was the keeper of the treasury.

Such then, in his greatness and weakness, was Dr. Lyman Beecher, and such was his work in Boston, before he came to Lane, a work and a man the like of which had never been seen in those days.

PART SECOND.

DR. LYMAN BEECHER IN THE WEST.

It was in 1839 that I met Dr. Beecher for the first time in the West. He was at a public hotel on the Ohio River, near its junction with the Mississippi River. I was on a collecting tour through the West connected with my own mercantile business in Boston.

Never was the country in a more disastrous and demoralized condition, financially, than at that period. Dr. Beecher was then on a visit to his son, Edward, at Galesburg, Illinois. In those days we "Beecher boys" never travelled on the Sabbath, not even on a river steamboat, though we might be a thousand miles from home. Nor did our teacher. We were on different boats, but left them on Saturday evening at the same place. We spent our first Sabbath together most unexpectedly, after a separation of seven years. It was, indeed, a very unexpected but happy meeting, and we made the most of it. After a rattling talk over Hanover Street and Boston affairs, my old pastor plunged into the discussion of "Lane Seminary" with a will. The early professors of that institution were full of enthusiasm for their work. They were always beating up recruits for Lane, or foraging the country for provisions for its students.

A NEW RECRUIT.

"Now is the time for you to wheel into line," said Dr. Beecher to me, with all his characteristic energy and passion for winning young men. "Now do what you ought

to have done long ago, enter the ministry and help us fight the battle here in the West."

"Why, sir, I may not have a dollar left when this fearful commercial panic is over!" "Don't care a copper," said he. "The Lord will provide." And he shouted, "JEHOVAH JIREH! don't forget Abraham."

"But I have an invalid wife and a young child, and they are travelling with me for their health." "That's just the thing! You won't have to go back to Boston for them. I see God's hand in it already. It's all providential, you now can go right into the work." "Yes, my good pastor, but you forget that I am thirty-three years old, the full life-time of the Saviour, I'm too old to begin now." "Not a bit of it," he replied, "you have already learned human *natur*" (as he always pronounced the word) "and you know how to manage it, which the other students have to learn after they leave the Seminary. Why, you'll be ahead of them, you have been practising ten or fifteen years. Now just come up to Lane for six months, attend lectures, read up theology a little, and you'll be all right! Take a short cut, and we will see to it that you have a place to work and enough to do. Make a place for yourself. *Will you come?*" "But, Doctor, don't push so. You don't see how I am situated. There is my business in Boston, all unsettled. I am expecting to return at once, and—then—if—" "No ifs about it," he exclaimed, "don't you go back! There are Lambert & Slade" (old merchants connected with his church), "dear old friends, they will settle up your business for you. Come, begin at once. Get Alexander's 'Evidences,' and —and—read as you go around collecting, then recite to Dr. Humphrey of Louisville when you arrive there to see your family at headquarters, and then come to Lane and top off."

A SUDDEN CHANGE.

It was done. There was an end of argument. His well-known enthusiasm and magnetic influence over

young men prevailed. I know it will appear to others Quixotic and ill-considered, but outsiders know nothing of the importunity of that old professor of Lane. I felt then and there in that strange place where we chanced to meet at the confluence of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, as though God had sent his good evangel with a special message to me. He came just where I could not consult with flesh and blood. So I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision, but followed without questioning and without delay.

Complying with the urgent advice of my spiritual father and my former pastor, I procured books, read, studied, and recited to Dr. Humphrey of Louisville six months with no small degree of interest. In the following March, forty years ago, I found myself a student at Lane, on a "short cut!"

THE PROFESSORS AT LANE.

There was at that time only BEECHER and STOWE for instructors at Lane. At the opening of the succeeding fall term ALLEN was added. More whole-hearted and devoutly consecrated men it would be difficult to find. After a six months' course with Dr. Humphrey and six months' "topping off" at Lane, I became convinced of the necessity of a full course, and entered upon the regular curriculum. I pursued uninterruptedly my studies for the next three years. Nor did I return to Boston for seven years from the time I left it in 1838.

I have thus dwelt upon my own case in order to give a single, practical example of Dr. Beecher's influence over young men. It was not Lane Seminary that drew me on, but Dr. Beecher; for all the radical tendencies and preferences of my mind at that time would have led me to Oberlin.

Dr. Beecher and his most efficient and practical wife at once secured for me the position of a city missionary at large at Cincinnati, also the appointment of chaplain at the county jail and at the Commercial Hospital. These I

believe were the first appointments of the kind in this city. The position of missionary was given me by the Ladies' City Missionary Society of the Second Presbyterian Church, of whom Mrs. Beecher was the president. I received my first commission to preach the Gospel from that society, and also my first ministerial salary. It was through Dr. Mussey, senior, that I received my appointment as chaplain to the jail and hospital.

I entered at once upon my work in Cincinnati and preached in each institution every Sabbath. For two years I continued my labors thus, without interruption; also as Bible distributor, employed by the American Bible Society. At the end of that time I resigned these appointments to take charge of the Tabernacle Presbyterian Church, which I had meantime gathered and organized on Betts Street, Cincinnati; Rev. Horace Bushnell was appointed in my place, which position he holds to this day. It is a position for life with good support, to the honor and praise of this same Ladies' City Missionary of the Second Church. Nor should it here be overlooked that Horace Bushnell was one of the first students and one of the first teachers in the Literary Department of Lane from 1829 to 1832.

To show the sympathetic and co-operative spirit of Lane in those early days, not only did Beecher, Stowe, and Allen give me a helping hand in my pioneer labors in the city, but their wives were also hearty coadjutors. I shall never forget, too, the labor of seminary students at the Tabernacle, for I greatly needed them and was greatly cheered by their brotherly assistance, coming as they did from Walnut Hills, more than two miles away, and afoot. Nor can I fail to record such names as Albert Bushnell, missionary at Sierra Leone; Campbell, who also died in Africa; Chandler, Mussey, Walton, Pyle, Hicks, and others of sainted memories, true yoke-fellows, noble men as were ever gathered within the walls of a theological seminary.

I have already referred to the change in my plans, and those of the Doctor at the close of my "short cut" term of study. This "short cut" had brought me into a theological wilderness, and I could not see my way out.

A THEOLOGICAL WILDERNESS.

Dr. Beecher and myself now held another consultation. "You're in for it," said he. "Well, I think I am, and I can't see my way out," I replied. "All right. You have got all you can do, and you are doing it well. You have a permanent situation and a fair support. *I told you so!* Now just hold on contented. Let up a little in your hard study, join the grand new class that's coming in, and go for a three years' course. We're going to have a glorious time here the next three years. Come, join us. The Lord will provide." It was done. I joined that noble band of thirty-eight which composed the class of '40–'43. And while I worked hard for my own support and my invalid family, without one dollar from any board or institution, I studied hard in all departments with my class, and with private teachers in Greek, German, and music. I did not lose more than three lessons in Hebrew in three years. With all this I kept up city work and country preaching, gave temperance and anti-slavery lectures, labors at that time most intensely exciting, and I have never regretted the three last years, especially the last one, though they cost much travel of foot and no less travail of soul.

For two and a half years I preached twice a week without a license from Presbytery, but with its entire approval, footing it to the city nearly every day in the week. I was also busy planting, digging, and marketing a hundred bushels of potatoes. Removing my family to the west end of Cincinnati, I rode on horseback three miles to my daily recitations. The new Tabernacle church enterprise also was all this time on my hands.

SEMINARY LIFE.

At the opening of the term of 1840 we had three professors, all from New England. All honor, most tender and reverent, to their memory. They were poor, the institution was poor, and we were all poor, but we were true and loyal to the core. We were as Presbyterians, "true blue, but not too blue."

Beecher, Stowe, and Allen were each as unlike the other as could well be imagined, yet they were a threefold cord that was never broken. Their personal peculiarities were specially adapted to the work of each. Allen was the most lovable, Beecher the most inspiring, and Stowe was appreciated the more we knew him, especially the third year.

Dr. Beecher was never weaned from New England and Boston, although here he was on the great battle-field which his younger days had pictured with heroic delight as the place of all others for a great captain.

Sitting at my own fireside one day with a visitor from Boston, who was a member of the Hanover Street Church, Dr. Beecher came in. The conversation soon turned to scenes of other days. "Well, Doctor," said the visitor, "I suppose you often look back to the good times when you were with us in Boston." "No, I don't," he quickly replied, with that sharp, incisive tone which was peculiar to him when touched in a sore or tender spot. "'Twouldn't do! It would entirely unfit me for my present duties. I have deferred all that until I get to heaven, where I shall meet my old comrades, and then we will have a good time, sure."

DR. BEECHER AS A PASTOR.

His position as pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of this city was never of great inspiration to him, nor fully satisfactory. This probably arose, in part, from the contrasting and divided relations which he sustained

to the church and the seminary. He could not work easily in double harness. It was with him as with Paul. "This *one thing* I do." And then the habits, manners, and *esprit de cœur* of the church were so different from his own temperament, and so different from his former pastoral relations, that it was but natural that he would feel the contrast sharply. Beside, he sought radical changes which resulted in serious disappointment. His first effort was to secure a change in the session by a flanking movement of military device. But he was no tactician, and he was a coward when he was called to a square, stand-up fight with his friends. He was no match for them in sharp practice. He had six elders in his session who can hardly be said to have entered with spirit into his revival views and his impetuous plans of church work. Dr. Beecher, therefore, secured the election of six additional elders, young men, full of youthful enterprise, but, as he told me with an air of sadness and despair, "It was no go; I was worse off than before, for, like Pharaoh's kine, the six lean ones swallowed up the six fat ones." In Boston he did not have to carry the church, the church carried him. He did not have to plan or manage for its usefulness; it rather preceded him, and prepared the way for the master-mover of the field to cut a clean swath of giant width, swiftness and power.

It has seemed to me, that it would have been better both for Dr. Beecher and the Second Church had he never assumed its pastorate. He could not be the preacher here which he was in New England. In some way he was shorn of his power. In some respects this failure was a benefit, for it threw him back with all the more intensity upon his work in connection with the seminary. This personal opinion is freely expressed with the most kindly and brotherly regards for the church as well as for the pastor. In it I do not overlook the fact that Dr. Beecher accomplished a great and good work for the Second Church. The times were troublous and exciting. He

carried his people through a perilous period of formality and theological strife. By those to whom I bow with deference, it is claimed that the Second Church owes its salvation to Dr. Beecher. I rejoice to know that the church holds his memory embalmed with most affectionate regard.

THE CLASS OF '43.

The class of '40–'43 was the largest which ever graduated at Lane; and, if I may be pardoned, it was the best, and in some respects the most remarkable. It was a unit, a compact whole, intensely practical, revival and missionary in its spirit. The Doctor used to say of one class which seceded before its graduation, that it aggregated more talent and brains than could be found congregated in any class of theologues in the land.

But the class of '43 had more practical good sense, and a larger heart for the kingdom of Christ. Its incoming with the advent of Professor Allen gave a wonderful impulse of inspiration, and of new hopes for the future of the institution. Dr. Beecher had then somewhat recovered from the influences unfortunately connected with Lane in its earlier days, growing out of the slavery question; also from the divisions in the Presbyterian Church and General Assembly, and from the effects of his own trials for heresy in the church courts.

IDIOSYNCRASIES OF DR. BEECHER.

Personally, intellectually, and spiritually, Dr. Beecher was *sui generis*. He scarcely weighed three pounds when born, and was so feeble in vitality as to lead his deceased mother's sister, who took charge of the family, to say, "he is hardly worth trying to raise." All through his life his health was far from being robust or resilient, for dyspepsia was his constant enemy. Yet he battled manfully and persistently with his ailments and endured hardships of self-discipline that he might have strength for work. He seldom wore an overcoat or gloves

or carried an umbrella, except in extreme cases. It was his love of work and play, intense and earnest, that saved him. His large and most peculiar family, especially the boys, gave him great aid and such as he needed.

I have already spoken of his absent-mindedness. This showed itself in amusing ways. When on horseback his mind was so absorbed in some object ahead, that it caused an earnest, forward leaning of his body, as if intent on reaching the end of his ride in advance of his horse. When he reached the terminus, he would sometimes leave his horse to take care of itself as he leaped from the saddle and pushed for the pulpit. Indeed, I have known him to spring from the carriage when he had arrived at the church door, leaving his wife as well as his horse without a thought. He would rush into the church, and then, when near the pulpit, he would rush back again, seeming to remember that he had forgotten something and hastened to find out what it was.

THE LOST HORSE.

He once rode on horseback to New Carlisle, near Springfield, Ohio, some seventy-five or eighty miles, to attend a camp-meeting. Those were days of *Presbyterian* camp-meetings. In riding into the grove he left his horse in an out-of-the-way hollow. He fastened him with the bridle to a low limb of a tree before dismounting. He then pushed for headquarters, and went to work without another thought of his horse until he was wanted for a return home, some two days after.

No one knew how Dr. Beecher came, and no one had cared for the poor horse. Another horse had to be provided. His own was finally found and kept till it recovered strength from its two "fast days." It was not an act of intentional cruelty to animals, but simply the result of his habitual absent-mindedness. The good man was never entirely safe without an attendant who knew him well.

THE MISSING MONEY.

A great convention of churches was once called to confer on evangelical work for the West at the Second Church of Cincinnati, of which he was then pastor. In this convention he expected to take a prominent part. His good wife felt that he must have a new suit of clothes, so she went with him to Luken's on Main Street, near the present Court House, and had him measured. The contract was to be filled the day before the convention. The price was $25. On the day named Mrs. Beecher called for the new suit. It was not ready, but would be ready the next morning in season for the opening of the convention. As the Doctor started for the city in the morning, his wife gave him the money, with strict injunctions to call for his clothes on his way down to meeting and pay for them and put them on. He must "be sure not to forget," as those he had on were quite seedy, and he would not be presentable on the platform in such a rusty attire.

It was an all-day meeting. Mrs. Beecher did not see him again until night. When evening came, and he returned, behold, he was still wearing his old clothes, for he had forgotten all about the new ones. His wife gently chided him for his remissness and asked for the $25, saying, "I'll go down early in the morning and get them, and see that you have them on before you go to the convention. Just give me the money." Money! He knew nothing about the money. Search was made all over and through him wherever money could be hidden, but no money could be found. "Now, husband," with no little tremor of anxiety, "*what have you done with that money?*" It was a great sum in those days for a Lane Seminary professor's wife to have. The Doctor was innocent as a lamb. He had no recollection, he said, of having had any money. And there they stood; both were alike confounded.

No new clothes and no money, what could be done?

A great western convention of ministers and laymen in session at his own church, and he in seedy garments! Luken trusted them for the new suit, but the money was gone. A long search and much inquiry brought to light the fact that a collection had been taken in the convention, and Dr. Beecher finding *something* in his vest pocket as the box passed him put it in without a moment's thought of how much it was or how it came there! It had gone on its errand of love and mercy like the hundred dollars to Bissell and his stages. It never more returned.

THE REPEATED LECTURE.

On one occasion Dr. Beecher came into our class-room with the same lecture which he had delivered the previous day. It was some time after he commenced its delivery before any of the class could muster courage to remind him of his mistake. When he was at last spoken to he stopped suddenly, took off his glasses, twirled them in his peculiar way, silently, and then, with a queer twinkle in his eye, said, "Yes, yes, I know it, but as you paid such poor attention to it before, and as I thought it was so good a lecture, I am in hopes it will do you good to hear it over again." On he went with its delivery with more than usual enthusiasm.

Among his best thoughts were those which came on the spur of the moment, in the heat of a free debate after the lecture was finished. I think one of the highest qualifications of Lyman Beecher as a preacher was his matchless power in answering the objections of a supposed opponent. The freedom he gave to the class to ask questions or to state objections, drew from him a marvellous amount of information treasured in his heart and mind from experience, observation, and study. The richest mines of wisdom and of love were thus opened to us his students and made applicable to many practical purposes. As I have already said, Dr. Beecher had no dovetailed, invulnerable system of theology, and the class would at

times drive him into a corner, and the end would sometimes be a harmless and ludicrous comedy.

CAUGHT IN A SNARE.

At the close of his usual lecture one day we "went into him" with a will. Of course we were entirely respectful and loving, if a little audacious. Leading questions and well-put difficulties brought our teacher with unguarded concessions into a snare. He soon became inextricably entangled in a web of metaphysical subtleties. He was adroitly and completely cornered. Standing at bay for a moment or two in silence, as if cogitating an answer, every one of the class on tip-toe with excitement to see which way our good professor would jump, he suddenly exclaimed with an air of ludicrous assurance, "Young gentlemen, I too would ask you one question. What would have become of Elijah if the Lord had happened to drop him just before he'd got him safely into heaven?"

The question had not the slightest connection with the subject under discussion. But it was put so suddenly and put so sharply, that we in turn were for the moment taken by surprise and utterly confounded. The peculiar intonation of his voice and the appearance of reality in his manner of putting the question to us actually set us a wondering what *would* become of Elijah if there had been a slip! We seemed to be in a kind of stupid horror watching the final catastrophe when the aged prophet should reach the ground. Before a word could be said, the Doctor had snatched his hat and disappeared.

THE DUTCHMAN'S CHASE.

While at work in his garden with a hoe one day, in company with a stolid Dutchman—who was a big boy of all work in the family—the Doctor suddenly gave his hoe a tremendous fling, and exclaimed, "Now I've got it. I've got it now, sure!" He started upon the run for the house, with the alarmed Dutchman at his heels. The

Doctor plunged for the end door next to the garden, which opened into his study, but it was fastened inside. He then sprang for the front door. That also was fastened. He turned and went through the back porch and through the front hall, with the "flying Dutchman" puffing close behind him. The delighted philosopher shouting his "Eureka," entered his study by the study door from the hall, dropped down into that old, green chair which to this day stands in an adjoining room, snatched up a quill and began to scribble. The inquisitive Teuton stood peering over his shoulder to see what curious or precious thing it was which the Doctor was so overjoyed to find! *He had found an idea*, and had hastened thus to put it on paper before it should escape his treacherous memory. While digging the earth with his hoe, a rift had opened in the metaphysical cloud which had enveloped him. Suddenly a truth was revealed, which made him shout, "I've got it, I've got it!" and gave speed to his steps as he ran to make it fast on paper.

VEHEMENT DECLAMATION.

The Doctor was always impatient of indifference or tameness in our speaking on exhibition or recitation days. "Have something to say, and say it as though you meant it; I would rather have you tear your subject all to pieces with passion than to treat it so gingerly. Fire up! fire up! until you get all ablaze!" He practised what he taught.

Once on a time when the subject of temperance was "all ablaze" in this community, an anti-temperance meeting was called at the old Court House, and the students went down to see and hear. Dr. Beecher was there to see also. He sat back in the audience watching the proceedings with the eagerness of a hound waiting for its prey.

One of the speakers cited Massachusetts as having retreated from its former position on the subject of temper-

ance, and as having "let go" from some of its fundamental principles.

The old hero of the temperance battlefield could hold in his war-horse no longer. Starting for the platform almost upon the run, he turned not right or left to go up the side steps, but putting his hands on the edge of the platform he leaped upon it with the agility of an athlete, and landed in the midst of a crowd of distillers, saloon-keepers, and topers. Without a word of apology he shouted, "Old Massachusetts 'let go!' old Massachusetts 'let go!' *I tell you she has only let go to spit on her hands!*" And then he poured forth a tremendous tempest of thunder and lightning, roaring, blazing, scorching, crackling and burning, hurling hot thunderbolts crashing through and through all the mighty breastworks which the liquor army had thrown up for the defence of their business.

We, the students, were greatly excited. We stamped and clapped and cheered our valiant captain all the while, as he was carrying the fort of the enemy in glorious triumph. At the close of his speech the meeting closed, and closed without a word in reply. Reply! They might as well have replied to a tornado. And as we returned we went shouting home with triumphant song, "Glorious old Lane on the Hill."

A MISSIONARY SPEECH.

Dr. Beecher was one of the earliest, most faithful, enthusiastic, and unceasing friends of the A. B. C. F. Missions. I attended the annual meeting of the Board in the old Broadway Tabernacle, New York City, about the year 1845. Dr. Beecher was present; he always expected to speak, I think, at its annual meetings, and the people expected him no less.

He had come from the "Far West," as it was then called. He was a little seedy outside, perhaps, but bright as a new dollar within. For some reason, known only to

the managers of the meeting, he was pushed aside, and another speaker substituted without consultation or apology. The substitute in his opening began with an expression of regret that, owing to the infirmities of age or fatigue of travel, the celebrated Dr. Beecher was excused, and he, the speaker, was called "most unexpectedly and regretfully" to take his place. Dr. Beecher was on the platform, wholly ignorant of this change of programme. He looked on with amazement, and then sprang to his feet and cried out, "Mr. Moderator, Mr. Moderator! there is some mistake here. Infirmity! Why, sir, I was never better in my life. I don't understand it, sir!"

There stood the substitute in silence, as though he had been struck and paralyzed. The audience, too, were full of anxious surprise. Before any one could recover from the sudden interruption or have courage to speak in explanation, Dr. Beecher was off at full speed. He electrified the audience with a missionary speech such as had seldom been heard even on such an occasion. It was spontaneous, and simply grand and magnificent. It was full of fire, impulse, and Beecherism. The unfortunate substitute, meantime, had retired to a back seat, feeling "regrets" for his own unfortunate venture quite as poignant, evidently, as those which he had expressed for Dr. Beecher's supposed "infirmities" of age.

CARE FOR STUDENTS.

Our president and professor always manifested a royal pride in the students of the seminary, and this without partiality; for his interest in our behalf was of the most fatherly character. These traits were also characteristic of the faculty and their wives. Poor students we were, most of us, and the hard work which kept the board bill of the "commons" table at *eighty-seven and a half* cents per week, and good at that, was cheerfully shared by the faculty. They went with the students into the surround-

ing country in a truck wagon, soliciting donations from the farmers for the students' table. And even this small sum for board was more than some of them could afford, and therefore they boarded themselves at the cost of forty-five or fifty cents per week, and earned the money by sawing wood, keeping stable, and other chores for the neighbors, rather than call on the Education Society. This, to my personal knowledge, was true of the late Dr. Albert Bushnell, the honored missionary of African memory, my classmate and kinsman.

THE VIOLIN.

Dr. Beecher was as fond of innocent diversions as of hard work and preaching. His violin was a source of relief and recuperation to the very close of his life.

A gentleman, an entire stranger, called upon Dr Beecher in his last days, while residing in Brooklyn, N. Y., to make his acquaintance. Before leaving he ventured to suggest to him that he had often heard of his skill in the use of the violin, and asked him if he would be pleased to give him a specimen of playing. The violin was sent for, and the stranger was entertained by a stirring and skilful performance, which showed the ability of the aged musician in the use of his favorite instrument. At family worship in the evening, when his mind was tired, jaded, and uncontrollable from the mighty current of the day's thoughts and labors, he would, after fruitless efforts at proper concentration for worship, call for his violin. And David, the sweet singer of Israel, never scattered the evil spirits, or the blues that come from over-study, more surely than did Dr. Beecher.

BEECHER'S HANDKERCHIEFS.

Lyman Beecher was not spoiled in the making, either at school or college. He was always himself, pure and simple, without feeling the restraint of company or etiquette anywhere.

Mrs. Beecher would sometimes provide her husband with two handkerchiefs for his pocket. One was a red bandana of large dimensions for the protection of his neck and for ordinary service. The other was a white cambric handkerchief intended for public duty. But he never could remember to keep them in different pockets or for different uses. So, in the heat and momentum of his discourse, one would come out, and then the other; now the delicate white linen one, now the big red bandana! Then both would be lying on the pulpit cushion, one on each side of his notes, or under the lid of the Bible. He brought out for use first the one and then the other. He took the white, the red and *blew*, much to the discomfort of Mrs. Beecher and the amusement of his hearers. This went on until, in the fervor of his emotions and the pungency of his thoughts, both speaker and hearers were carried above all surroundings, quite beyond the possibility of any injurious distraction on account of any of his oddities. These idiosyncrasies were harmless, his whole bearing being so characteristic, natural, and earnest.

HIS SPECTACLES.

Dr. Beecher was so forgetful, it was necessary to have him supplied with two or three pairs of spectacles, or he would find himself without any. On one occasion the discussions of Presbytery were absorbingly animated. Instead of twitching his steel-bowed glasses from his nose and twirling them between his thumb and forefinger, as was his wont, he threw them back upon his head and quite too far over. Soon he wanted them and reached up his hand to bring them down to their proper position. Failing to reach them he supposed that he had put them in his pocket. So, he jerked out another pair and put them in proper place. And there he stood, doubly prepared for duty, with two pairs of spectacles on his head, eyes in front, and eyes in the back of his head. One of the members of Presbytery shouted, "Now, look out,

brethren, for now Dr. Beecher is sharp *both ways* for an argument."

GOOD-NATUREDNESS.

Dr. Beecher never took notice of a joke, much less did he ever show resentment. He used to say to the students, "Never wash yourselves in a mud-puddle."

As for personal controversy, he had no taste for it whatever, although he had the reputation of a great polemic. He said that he was cured of all love for contention and strife many years before on this wise. Returning from a walk in the suburbs of the town with text-books under his arm, he saw an animal creeping slowly across the road just ahead of him. He thoughtlessly went for the animal, and let drive at him a whole body of divinity. In reply to this volume, the skunk—for such it proved to be—let fly at him a shower of that aroma which is his own peculiar weapon of defence. It could hardly be regarded "the odor of sanctity." Dr. Beecher remarked that he got the worst of it in that controversy. It was an encounter which taught him a lesson for life.

Dr. Beecher had no personal animosities to sour him. He nursed no ill-will toward any one, and carried no burden of weapons for secret attack or for defence. He always was in light marching order, and marched on the double-quick! He always cut corners and crossed lots, sometimes very unwisely, in order to reach his antagonist, or his post of duty, most expeditiously. He never wasted time, strength, or ammunition in beating around the bush.

IN SEARCH OF A WIFE.

After the death of his second wife at Lane Seminary, he went to New England in search of another. Never was Providence more manifest than in this important matter. His attention was directed to a Mrs. Jackson, who was keeping a kind of ministerial boarding-house in Boston, not a full square from where I was then boarding.

She was formerly a member of Bowdoin Street Church when Dr. Beecher was its pastor, and therefore not an entire stranger to him.

To her house he soon made his way, and, as the story goes in Boston, and I never heard it called in question, asked of her a private conference, in which he proposed marriage with almost desperate earnestness, and with not a little bluntness.

Mrs. Jackson was pre-eminently a practical business woman, and no less a Christian lady. But now she was taken by surprise, and could only reply, "Doctor, this is wholly unexpected. I can give you no answer at present. It is a very serious question. I will think of it, and make it a subject of prayer, and—" "Yes, yes, all right," said Doctor Beecher. "It *ought* to be made a subject of prayer. Let us pray over it now!" So down went the Doctor on his knees before the good Father in Heaven, and pleaded his own cause as few could plead in prayer; and he pleaded not in vain!

A more efficient or more suitable wife for a helpmeet than was Mrs. Jackson, no man ever needed or received. She was to be the mother of a large family of most peculiar and independent boys and girls, or rather young men and maidens.

But she was equal to the occasion. And not only those children and their father, but Lane Seminary and the Church of Christ, ought to give God thanks for his special guidance in the time of Dr. Beecher's great need. She was a rare woman, an elect lady of God's choosing.

Dr. Beecher was no Pharisee, no pietist, no ascetic, yet he was pre-eminently pious, prayerful, and submissive to the providence of God. He walked with God in a peculiar spirit of tenderness, independence and power. He rendered God service with a loyalty of devotion and a royalty of munificent consecration almost without a parallel! It was with a single eye and a whole heart!

His public prayers were unapproachable in their direct-

ness, terseness, comprehensiveness, importunity and assurance. There was never the slightest savor of cant or insincerity in any of his devotions, public or private. The following incident illustrates that fact.

UPSET IN THE DARK.

In coming up from the city one dark night, after evening service, with Mrs. Beecher and Mrs. Stowe with him in the carriage, he allowed his horse to go too near the edge of a high embankment, just at the foot of the hill, as we then came out of Butcher's Valley at the right. The carriage was upset and rolled over and over with its precious trio some fifteen feet to the foot of the bank.

On finding themselves but little hurt, the pious ladies united at once in thanks to the Lord for their providential deliverance.

It was too dark to see each other readily, or to determine where they were exactly, but the bewildered Doctor found himself in a pitiful plight. Having shaken himself from the dust and dirt in which he had rolled, and taking cognizance of sundry bruises received, he called out to his companions, whom he just then heard giving thanks, saying tartly, "Ladies, speak for yourselves! for I find *myself* pretty badly damaged!"

Now, there was not the least irreverence or ingratitude in this remark, but a natural outburst of sincerity, and an exhibition of practical caution and independence in ascertaining the full extent of personal injuries before reporting the case to headquarters.

AN ALLEGED HERETIC.

Dr. Beecher had little love or respect for metaphysical subtleties, ecclesiastical formulas, or legal precedents. His mind was intensely practical, catholic, and progressive; yet he could fight for the defence of the "faith once delivered to the saints," with all the boldness and persistency of the Apostle Paul.

In his trials for heresy and disloyalty to the Presbyterian standards before the ecclesiastical courts, Dr. Joshua L. Wilson prosecutor, Dr. Beecher rested his case mainly on this curt declaration: "I accept the Presbyterian standards as containing the system of doctrines revealed in the sacred Scriptures, as I understand those standards of the Presbyterian Church;" adding, "Don't you, Dr. Wilson, and you brethren of the court?" The Presbytery, Synod, and General Assembly sustained him throughout. How could they do otherwise and be true to themselves and the right of private judgment?

A ROYAL PREACHER.

Dr. Beecher was no pessimist, but an optimist, good and true. As a preacher we may say of him—as many others have said—that he was a ROYAL PREACHER. But we prefer to say that he was pre-eminently honest, earnest and direct. His practical preaching was doctrinal and his doctrinal preaching was eminently practical. He was not embarrassed and encumbered by any metaphysical, theological, or philosophical niceties. He had a rare faculty of stating his points, putting his questions, and answering objections. I have seen him as he stood on a meat-block in the old Fifth-street market, precisely where now stands the Tyler-Davidson Fountain, do this work of a debater with the most admirable tact and pungency. His lectures on atheism in the dim light and sooty atmosphere of a Cincinnati iron foundry and boiler manufactory were a remarkable exhibition of this power of argumentative eloquence. Not even Moody at his best could have better held, interested, or more permanently impressed such an audience as was then gathered around him in that cave of the Vulcans.

A CONSERVATIVE REFORMER.

In his preaching, Dr. Beecher was a reformer only to a limited extent; but in his heart he was abreast with the

foremost. This fact sometimes gave him the appearance of great inconsistency. He was for "colonization" on the one hand, and for immediate abolition of slavery on the other. He was liberal and progressive in practical doctrine and duty, yet conservative in his standing fast by the old paths and sound words.

He was naturally fearful of radical measures, and yet he was at the head of his column, a plumed knight with a Damascus blade, and who knew no fear amid the roar and carnage of battle! At the same time I have heard men tell of his feelings of utter despondency when voters in the parish were permitted by law to pay their church tax to any other than the regular, orthodox town meeting Parish Church. And when next he saw them permitted by the Legislature to pay it to an out-of-town church, and bring a receipt from the proper officer, or when finally permitted by law to go anywhere, or not go to meeting at all or pay church tax, except by personal choice, his heart utterly failed within him as he thought the bottom of the religious tub had entirely fallen out! All the while the Doctor was a leader in the Gospel team, while he was trying to be a steady shaft-horse in the hills. He never broke a hold-back strap, but was ever ready to break a hame-string at a hard pull at any time.

MANY-SIDED.

Dr. Beecher was a masterpiece of divers colors. He was looked upon not only as eccentric but inconsistent by those who did not know him. The red, white and blue mingled in wonderful combination, but the true blue always predominated. In fishing, he never missed a bite, nor waited for a second one. In hunting, he never rested his gun on a post or fence, but took his game always on the wing. This was characteristic of him both in the material and intellectual world. In his day he was as popular as his son Henry Ward has since been, and he drew as large audiences, even greater, comparing the

times in which they each have lived. The father was not as learned as is his son Edward, nor as poetical and imaginative as his daughter Harriet, but I venture the opinion that the father will be remembered when all his children are forgotten.

IN PRIVATE LIFE.

Lyman Beecher had no ambitions, no jealousies, no rivalries, no resentments. Nor had he any flaws, stains, taints, nor serious inconsistencies of private or public character to mend, defend, or conceal, during a long life of the most intense and radical service in the Church of Christ. He retired from the battle-field of life, on which he had been a captain of renown for more than half a century, with clean hands and a pure heart. He retired manfully, and with cheerful acquiescence. He was conscious that his work was done—and well done. He passed away to the better land, where, I doubt not, he was welcomed with the joyous greeting, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord!"

Property he never had, never sought, and never could keep, if he had it. Nor did he ever seek name, fame, or leisure. I once heard him affirm that, after forty years of intense and incessant labors in the ministry, he had never, at any one time, laid up money enough to have met his funeral expenses, had he died.

Less than one thousand dollars a year for his half-century services in some of the most conspicuous stations, would be a fair average of his yearly income, notwithstanding the support and education of an unusually large family of sons and daughters.

HIS CLOSING DAYS.

Dr. Beecher left Lane in 1851. He and Professor Stowe had given eighteen years of hardest work in laying foundation-stones. They had also imbued the people with a new inspiration with which to build a glorious

superstructure of education and religion in the great West!

Dr. Beecher's work was done. He retired to dear old Boston on a small annuity from his former parishioners and friends, and then in 1856 to Brooklyn, where, January 10th, 1863, he closed his long career of eighty-eight years in peace.

He was very dear to me. I loved him as my spiritual father. He led me to the Saviour. He received me into the Church and brought me into the ministry. He was my theological instructor, encouraged and aided me in my pastorate at Cincinnati, where we toiled side by side for ten eventful years. I anticipate a meeting with him ere many days, where our fellowship will be eternal. The sunset soon will give the signal that releases me from the harvest field.

As Horatius Bonar says,

> "From this right hand its cunning is departing,
> This wrinkled palm proclaims its work is done,
> Death in these pulses daily groweth stronger,
> Life's ruby drops are oozing one by one."

We shall not long be separated. I wait to greet him in the Heavenly Home! I wait in the patience of hope! I wait in the love of that ministry which he inspired me to undertake, in that love which knows no burden, and in that hope which has no fear!

HENRY WARD BEECHER

HIS LIFE AND CHARACTERISTICS,

WITH ANALYSES OF

His remarkable Pulpit and other abilities, with Incider Reminiscences, etc. etc.

Giving, as nearly as possible,

A PEN-PORTRAIT OF MR. BEECHE

Drawn by those who agree and by those who differ with him; and also Memorable Sermons and Addresses.

EDITED BY

LYMAN ABBOTT, D. D.

(EDITOR OF THE NEW-YORK CHRISTIAN UNION.)

ASSISTED BY A CORPS OF CONTRIBUTORS, AMONG WHOM ARE M OF THE BEST KNOWN WRITERS IN AMERICA.

[See names on next page.]

The chapters giving analyses of Mr. Beecher's wonderful power in the pulpit and on the platform, and his habits and characteristics, have been written specially for this work by the following representative men:

THOMAS ARMITAGE, D. D.
Of New-York.
CHARLES E. ROBINSON, D. D.
Of Rochester, N. Y.
E. P. INGERSOLL, D. D.
Of Brooklyn, N. Y.
LEONARD BACON, D. D., LL.D.
Written shortly before his decease.
JOSEPH PARKER, D. D.
Of London, England.
EUGENE BERSIER,
Of Paris, France.
PETER MACLEOD,
Of Glasgow, Scotland.
T. J. CONANT, D. D.
The eminent Hebraist.
Hon. FREDERICK DOUGLASS,
Gen. CLINTON B. FISK,
NOAH PORTER, D. D., LL. D.
Of Yale College.
C. B. SIMS, D. D.
Chancellor of Syracuse University.
WM. BURNET WRIGHT,
Of Boston.
JOHN G. WHITTIER,
The Poet.
J. O. PECK, D. D.
Of Brooklyn.
RABBI LILIENTHAL,
Of Cincinnati, O..
Dr. ZABRISKEE,
Editor of the N. Y. *Christian Intelligencer.*
Rev. Father KEEGAN, Vicar-Gen.
Hon. AMOS C. BARSTOW,
Of Providence, R. I.
EDWARD BEECHER, D. D.

AND OTHERS EQUALLY WELL KNOWN.

The aim of the book is to present Mr. Beecher as he is, neither praising nor blaming beyond reason.

It is a work that will prove equally interesting and valuable to friend and foe of Mr. Beecher. His remarkable career and genius are known of all men, so that pen-pictures of his life and analyses of his peculiar power will be of value to all, and most largely read everywhere.

The book will be richly illustrated with steel and other engravings.

A PARTIAL LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. FRONTISPIECE. A STEEL ENGRAVED PORTRAIT OF MR. BEECHER.
2. DR. LYMAN BEECHER'S HOME AT LITCHFIELD, IN WHICH HENRY WARD WAS BORN.
3. THE CHURCH AT LAWRENCEBURG, IND., IN WHICH MR. BEECHER FIRST PREACHED.
4. HIS HOUSE AT INDIANAPOLIS, PAINTED BY HIMSELF.
5. HIS CHURCH AT INDIANAPOLIS.
6. A FAMILY OF CLERGYMEN—LYMAN BEECHER AND HIS SIX CLERGYMEN SONS. (A GROUP.)
7. THE PEEKSKILL HOME.
8. MR. BEECHER'S WORKSHOP.
9. SEVEN PORTRAITS REPRESENTING MR. BEECHER IN DIFFERENT MOODS.
10. MR. BEECHER AND HIS FAMILY.
11. PORTRAITS OF MR. BEECHER AT DIFFERENT AGES.
12. PLYMOUTH CHURCH.
13. A SUNDAY AUDIENCE AT PLYMOUTH CHURCH.
14. ACROSS THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.
15. "EYES AND EARS."

Mr. Beecher's Childhood and Youth.
His Early Ministry.
Mr. Beecher as a Preacher.
His Methods of Study.
His Theology.
Mr. Beecher as a Journalist.
As a Lecturer and Orator.
Mr. Beecher in England during our Civil War.
Incidents Illustrative of Traits of Character.

ETC., ETC., ETC.

—✦—

MR. BEECHER IN ENGLAND.

The most remarkable triumph ever secured by an orator over an audience was witnessed when Mr. Beecher stood before the vast and hostile audiences at Liverpool and Manchester during our Civil War. By the marvelous power of his genius he not only compelled the mob to hear him, but he changed the current of sympathy of the British nation, and modified the policy of the Government. This was an achievement that will go down to history. Mr. Beecher's side of this story has never been told to the public. **It will be told in this book.**

—✦—

REASONS FOR PURCHASING THE BOOK:

Because, not anything so inspires the young or old as the biography of a great man.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime."

Because, no one can question, however bitter a foe he may be, that Mr. BEECHER has left an indelible impress upon his age. Recall the past: Before the war, when Mr. BEECHER's words, like thunderbolts, stirred the sleeping conscience of the nation; during the war, when in England, he faced with sublime courage the angered British populace, and by his speeches, which will stand forever as the marvelous creations of genius, changed the sentiment and the policy of the nation! Who can remember the past and not seek eagerly to read the life of this man?

Because, in this book we have the man's wonderful powers analyzed by many of the ablest brains in and out of the pulpit, representing every shade of ecclesiastical and philosophic belief. This will prove most deeply instructive.

Because, the scores of pages of anecdotes and personal reminiscences will be found more interesting than fiction.

Because, it is written and edited by one of the foremost literary men of the country, Dr. Lyman Abbott, editor of the N. Y. *Christian Union*, and author of "Jesus of Nazareth," "Notes and Comments on the Bible," "Old Testament Shadows of New Testament Truths," etc., etc.

Because, it contains many likenesses of Mr. BEECHER, produced in the highest art, representing him at different ages and in many different moods, thus giving a more varied portrait than ever before given, perhaps, of any man in a single book. It is, in itself, a splendid album. This feature alone is worth more than the entire price of the book.

Because, the book is so richly bound, that it will be a fit ornament to center-table or library.

Because, finally, the book is a memorial to Mr. BEECHER as he enters upon his seventieth birthday, his friends remembering him with loving affection, his enemies thinking of him as greater than his faults—a great-hearted and great-brained American.

John G. Whittier, the poet, says, in his paper written for this book: "I scarcely know how to class Mr. BEECHER as a theologian; but it seems to me that his influence has been felt throughout Protestantism in softening intolerance and promoting brotherly love and charity."

Gen. Clinton B. Fisk, says, in his paper written for this book: "His words inspired me with ambition to be a good man. I was, by his ministrations, brought nearer to my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

Abraham Lincoln said: "I regard Mr. BEECHER's mind as the most fertile I have ever come in contact with."

C. B. Sims, D. D., Chancellor of the Syracuse University, in his analysis of Mr. BEECHER's powers, written for this book, says: "He has the wonderful power of educating his hearers to the highest conception of, and efficiency in, performing the practical duties of Christianity."

James M. Hoppin, Prof. of Homiletics in Yale College, in an article in the *New Englander*, says: "We see in him, as in the old preachers and prophets, the high moral use of the imagination. He has the poet's quick eye to see the spiritual sense in the homeliest things, in the most common facts and events. * * Like Shakespeare, he first makes the people laugh, then weep. * * Mr. BEECHER is a poet, and it takes something of a poet to preach Christ's gospel."

William M. Taylor, D. D., of the Broadway Tabernacle, New-York, in the *Scottish Review*, 1859, says: "He is a true poet. Many of these sparkling fragments have as much of the creative element in them as would make the fortune of a score of poet laureates. * * He appears to be equally at home in the beautiful, the sublime, and the terrible; but he is most in love with beauty. When he chooses he can array himself in the rough garment of an ancient prophet, and bring before his hearers a vision of awful grandeur and appalling power."

Noah Porter, D. D., President of Yale College, in his analysis of Mr. BEECHER's power, written for this book, says: "His power of drawing ideal pictures of the mind's eye, and of gilding them with the sunlight of his own warm heart, is marvelous, if it be judged from the images of a single discourse. But, when estimated by the streams of sermons, speeches, and lectures, which seem to flow unceasingly from his fertile fancy in inexhaustible variety, it astonishes us by its productive power, as well as by the copious and felicitous diction which this creative power has ever at command."

Dr. H. R. Haweis, in the *Contemporary Review*, England, says: "There is something almost Pauline in the way Mr. BEECHER seems at times to lift the burden of each one individually, to hold on to the souls of his people."

R. S. Storrs, D. D., in his silver wedding address in 1873, said: "I should put next his [Mr. BEECHER's] quick and deep sympathy with men, his wonderful intuitive perception of moods of mind which make these stand out before him like a procession passing in the street. You say, 'This is genius.' Of course it is; but it is the genius, not of the dramatist or poet, it is the genius of the great preacher."

Burial of the Dead.

By Rev. George Duffield, D.D., and Rev. Samuel W. Duffield.

A Pastor's Complete Hand-Book for Funeral Services, and for he consolation an comfort of the afflicted. This work is a complete handy-volume for all purposes co nected with the Burial of the Dead. It is arranged, for ease of reference, in four part

Entirely practical, wholly unsectarian, and far in advance of all other Manuals the kind. Price, Cloth, 75 cents; limp leather, $1.00.

The Deems Birthday Book.

By Sara Keables Hunt.

This book is being gotten up in beautiful style, making it a very acceptable preser for birthdays or other occasions. It contains some hundreds of the choicest extr s the writing s and addresses of Dr. Charles F. Deems, the well-known pastor of the Churc of the Strangers, New York.

These extracts are printed on the left-hand pages throughout the book. On th right-hand pages are printed the days of the year; two dates to each page, one at the t and one in the middle of the page: for example, on first date page, *January 1st* is printe on the top, and *January 2d* at the middle of the page. Under each date there is space fo a number of friends to write their names, each name to be written under the date of th birth of the writer, so that at a glance at the book the owner can tell the birthday of eac of his friends.

The book thus serves as a most convenient autograph album.

Each volume contains a number of *autographs* of leading clergymen, as Spurgeon John Hall, Canon Farrar, Phillips Brooks, etc., etc. At the close there are a number o blank pages on which are to be written, in alphabetical order, the names of all you friends contained in the book. The book has for a frontispiece a very fine vignett portrait of Dr. Deems.

What could be a more pleasing and appropriate present than this book? Ever family should have one.

Price, Cloth, Plain Edges, $1.00; Gilt Edges, $1.25.

The Diary of a Minister's Wife.

By Almedia M. Brown.

One editor says of it: "Some Itinerant's wife has been giving her experience ou of meeting."

Says one who has lived in the family of a minister for over a quarter of a century "It's funny; yes, it's very funny; but it's true—it's all true. Let those who want t know the ups and downs of the life of a minister and his wife read this book."

Another reader says of it: "I have never read a book in which I was so much inter ested and amused at the same time. The story of the trials of Mrs. Hardscrabble wit the 'Doolittles' is alone worth ten times the cost of the book. Every one should bu it, and let his minister and his wife read it."

Complete Edition, 12mo, 544 pages; Handsomely Bound in cloth, Price $1.50.

What Our Girls Ought to Know.

By Mary J. Studley, M.D.

A most practical and valuable book; should be placed in the hands of every girl.

Intelligently read, it will accomplish much in the elevation of the human race.

The book is full of the most practical information—just what every girl ought t know—must know.

Clergymen and others who have occasion to address, in sermon or lecture, girls will find this book "crammed with suggestiveness."

The author, Dr. Mary J. Studley, was a physician of large practice and grea success. She was a graduate, resident physician and teacher of the natural sciences, i the State Normal School, Framingham, Mass., also graduate of the Woman's Medica College, New York: Dr. Emily Blackwell, Secretary of the Faculty, and Dr. Willar Parker, Chairman of the Board of Examiners.

Price, $1.00.

☞ The above works will be sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of the price.

FUNK & WAGNALLS' STANDARD SERIES.

These books are printed in large type, on good paper, and are bound in expensive postal card manilla. They are quarto in size except when otherwise indicated.

NOW READY.

No. 1.—**John Ploughman's Talk.** By Rev. CHARLES H. SPURGEON; and **On the Choice of Books.** By THOMAS CARLYLE. Both in one.... ... .Price, 12 cents.

No. 2.—**Manliness of Christ.** By THOMAS HUGHES.. ....Price, 10 cents.

No. 3.—**Macaulay's Essays**—"Milton," "Dryden," "Bunyan," "History," "Samuel Johnson," two Essays, "Athenian Orators," and "Montgomery's Poems."..... Price, 15 cents.

No. 4.—**The Light of Asia.** By EDWIN ARNOLD. A remarkable poem....Price, 15 cents

No. 5.—**Imitation of Christ.** By THOMAS A KEMPIS..... .. ..Price, 15 cents.

Nos. 6 and 7.—**Life of Christ.** By Canon FARRAR. Without Notes. Contents and Index complete. In two parts. Price, per part, 25 cts.

No. 8.—**Carlyle's Essays.** "Goethe," "Burns," "Luther's Psalm," "Schiller," "Memoirs of Mirabeau," "Death of Goethe."..Price, 20 cts.

Nos. 9 and 10.—**Life of St. Paul.** By Canon FARRAR. Without Notes. Contents and Index complete. In two parts. Price, per part, 25 cts.

No. 11.—**On Self-Culture.** By Professor JOHN STUART BLACKIE,..... . .. Price, 10 cents.

Nos. 12-19.—**Knight's Celebrated Popular History of England.** Notes, Appendix, and Letterpress complete in 8 parts. (Former price, $25.). ....Price, per part, 35 cents.

Nos. 20 and 21.—**Letters to Workmen and Laborers—Fors Clavigera.** By JOHN RUSKIN. In two parts. Price, per part, 15 cts.

No. 22.—**Idyls of the King.** By ALFRED TENNYSON. "Exquisitely beautiful." Price, 20 cts.

No. 23.—**Rowland Hill—His Life, Anecdotes, and Pulpit Sayings.** By Rev. VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH, with introduction by Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon...Price, 15 cents.

No. 24.—**Town Geology.** By CHARLES KINGSLEY (Canon of Chester) .....Price, 15 cents.

No. 25.—**Alfred the Great.** By THOMAS HUGHES ....Price, 20 cents.

No. 26.—**Outdoor Life in Europe.** By Rev. E. P. THWING. A new copyrighted book. Illustrated.....Price, 20 cents.

No. 27.—**Calamities of Authors.** By I. D'ISRAELI (Father of the late Lord Beaconsfield)..... .... .Price, 20 cents.

No. 28.—**The Salon of Madame Necker** (Mother of Madame De Staël). Translated by MARY STUART SMITH. Part 1..Price, 15 cents.

No. 29.—**The Ethics of the Dust.** By JOHN RUSKIN... .. .. Price, 15 cents.

Nos. 30 and 31.—**Memories of My Exile.** By LOUIS KOSSUTH. First American Edition. In two parts .. ..Price, per part, 20 cents.

No. 32.—**Mister Horn and His Friends; or, Givers and Giving.** By MARK GUY PEARSE. Illustrated ... Price, 15 cents.

Nos. 33 and 34.—**The Orations of Demosthenes.** Translated by THOMAS LELAND. In two parts.....Price, per part, 20 cents.

No. 35.—**Prendes Agrestes; or, Readings from Ruskin's "Modern Painters."** ....Price, 15 cents.

No. 36.—**Joan of Arc.** By ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE..... .....Price, 10 cents.

No. 37.—**Thoughts of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus.** Translated by GEORGE LONG ....Price, 15 cents.

No. 38.—**The Salon of Madame Necker** (Mother of Madame De Staël) Part 2... 15 cts.

No. 39.—**The Hermits.** By CHARLES KINGSLEY (Canon of Chester) .....Price, 15 cents.

No. 40.—**John Ploughman's Pictures.** By Rev. CHARLES H. SPURGEON. Containing 39 quaint illustrations... ..... Price, 15 cents.

No. 41.—**Pulpit Table-Talk.** By DEAN RAMSAY..... .. ....Price, 10 cents.

No. 42.—**The Bible and the Newspaper.** By CHARLES H. SPURGEON. .. Price, 15 cents.

No. 43.—**Lacon; or, Many Things in Few Words.** By C. C. COLTON..Price, 20 cents.

No. 44.—**Letters from a Citizen of the World.** By OLIVER GOLDSMITH.....20 cts.

No. 45.—**America Revisited** By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.....Price, 20 cents.

No. 46.—**Life and Work of Charles H. Spurgeon.** Octavo form....Price, 20 cents.

No. 47.—**John Calvin.** By GUIZOT. Price, 15 cts.

Nos. 48 and 49.—**Christmas Books.** By CHAS. DICKENS. Illustrated. Octavo form. In two parts ... . .Price, per part, 25 cents.

No. 50.—**Culture and Religion.** By PRINCIPAL J. C. SHAIRP. Octavo... Price, 15 cents.

Nos. 51 and 52.—**Godet's Commentary on Luke.** With introduction by JOHN HALL, D.D. Octavo.....In two parts, per part, $1.

No. 53.—**Diary of a Minister's Wife.** An excellent book. Octavo. Part I.... ..15 cents.

Nos. 54-57.—**Van Doren's Suggestive Commentary on Luke.** Octavo. In four parts... .....Price, per part, 75 cents.

No. 58.—**Diary of a Minister's Wife.** Octavo. Part II..... ..Price, 15 cents.

No. 59.—**The Nutritive Cure.** By ROBERT WALTER, M.D. Octavo... .. Price, 15 cents.

No. 60.—**Sartor Resartus.** By THOMAS CARLYLE. Octavo.....Price, 25 cents.

No. 61 and 62.—**Lothair.** By LORD BEACONSFIELD. Octavo. In two parts. Price, per part, 25 cts.

No. 63.—**The Persian Queen and other Pictures of Truth.** By Rev. EDWARD P. THWING. A new book. Octavo. Price, 10 cts.

No. 64.—**The Salon of Madame Necker** (Mother of Madame De Staël). Part 3. Just ready. Translated for this edition. Price, 15 cts.

Nos. 65 and 66.—**Conant's Popular History of English Bible Translation.** New Edition, edited by T. J. CONANT, D.D. Octavo. In two parts... Price, per part, 25 cts.

No. 67.—**Ingersoll Answered.** By JOSEPH PARKER, D.D. Octavo..... .. Price, 15 cents

Nos. 68 and 69.—**Studies in Mark.** By D. C. HUGHES. 8vo, in two parts.... Price, 60 cents.

No. 70.—**Job's Comforters.** A Religious Satire. By J. PARKER, D.D. (London). 12mo. Price, 10 cents.

No. 71.—**The Reviser's English.** By G. WASHINGTON MOON, F.R.S.L. 12mo. 20 cts.

No. 72.—**The Conversion of Children.** By Rev. EDWARD PAYSON HAMMOND, D.D. 12mo..... ....Price, 30 cents.

No. 73.—**New Testament Helps.** By Rev. W. F. CRAFTS. 8vo.....Price, 20 cents.