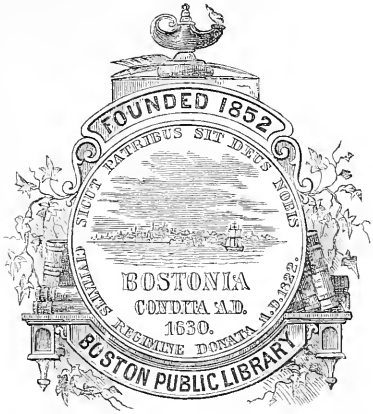

PAMPHLETS.

Funeral sermons.

Rec'd Mr. Gently

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21

Dr. Thacher's SERMON

AT THE *INTERMENT* OF

GOVERNOR SUMNER.

Young & Minns, Pr's.

1799

21

A

SERMON

PREACHED JUNE 12, 1799,

BEFORE

His Honor MOSES GILL, Esquire,

LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR AND COMMANDER IN CHIEF;

The Honorable the COUNCIL, SENATE and HOUSE of REPRESENTATIVES,

OF THE

Commonwealth of Massachusetts,

AT THE *INTERMENT* OF

HIS EXCELLENCY

INCREASE SUMNER, ESQ.

WHO DIED JUNE 7, 1799, ÆT. 53.

BY PETER THACHER, D. D.

BOSTON:
Printed by YOUNG & MINNS, Printers to the Government of MASSACHUSETTS.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

In SENATE, *June* 13, 1799.

ORDERED, That the Hon. JOHN TREADWELL, Esq. with such as the Honorable House may join, be a Committee to wait on the Rev. Dr. THACHER, and thank him for the Sermon preached by him, at the request of the two Houses, at the Funeral of His (late) Excellency INCREASE SUMNER, and to request a Copy thereof for the Press.

Sent down for Concurrence,

JOHN C. JONES, *President pro tem.*

In the HOUSE *of* REPRESENTATIVES, *June* 13, 1799.

Read and Concurred, and Mr. FESSENDEN, and Mr. SMITH of *Boston*, are joined.

EDW. H. ROBBINS, *Speaker.*

SERMON.

I. SAMUEL, XXV. 1.

And SAMUEL died, and all the Israelites were gathered together, and lamented him, and buried him at his house in Ramah.

THE frailty of human life; the vanity of human greatneſs; and the uncertain nature of all human events, are now preſented to us in a light the moſt ſtriking. The ſable urn before us contains all that was mortal of one of the moſt amiable and excellent of men; a man who was happy in his family, warmly beloved by his friends, and elevated by the free ſuffrages of his fellow citizens to the higheſt ſtation which it was in their power to beſtow! In the midſt of his days; while the honors of the world crowded thickly upon him; and while we hoped that he might be uſeful and happy for many years to come; Death, with inexorable hand, has ſeized him; his ſun has gone down at noon; and we are now aſſembled to pay our laſt reſpects to his remains, to conſign them, with decent ſolemnity, to the tomb where

where they ſhall moulder into duſt, and ariſe no more "till the trumpet ſhall ſound, and the dead ſhall be raiſed!"

To aſſiſt us in improving this melancholy providence, is the deſign of the following diſcourſe. And how could we more naturally introduce it than by the account of the death and funeral of SAMUEL, who was long the Chief Magiſtrate of *Iſrael*, who travelled for many years through the nation to diſpenſe judgment and juſtice, who maintained a fair and honorable reputation to the end of life; and who, when he died, was attended to the grave by the heads of the tribes of *Iſrael* with deep and ſincere regret?

SUCH a teſtimony in favor of any man, and ſuch univerſal ſorrow when he is taken away from life, are ſtronger evidences of his real virtue than any which the poetic page, or the ſculptured marble can produce. We do not lament the uſeleſs or the wicked. We do not mourn for thoſe whom we did not eſteem and love. A whole community is never involved in woe and ſadneſs, unleſs it has loſt a friend, a benefactor, and a uſeful ſervant. And thus, the tears of the public embalm the memory of a wiſe and virtuous Ruler. They will tranſmit his name with honor to poſterity in the annals of his country.

SAMUEL does not appear to have poſſeſſed the fire of imagination and brilliancy of genius which too often aſtoniſh and delude the world. He was not

a conqueror

a conqueror who extended by arms the dominions of his Country, or gave it a falſe glory by ſplendid victories. He had a ſtrong and capacious mind, which could eaſily diſcern the juſt and the fit, and could ſteer calmly the veſſel of State when a more impetuous pilot would have daſhed her on the rocks. An underſtanding clear and informed, a will regulated by reaſon, and never warped or corrupted by paſſion; with affections warm but not violent, ſincere but not ardent; a knowledge of the tempers and feelings of mankind; and an acquaintance with the events of paſt times and the hiſtory of the world, rendered SAMUEL more competent for the place which he filled, than would thoſe ſhining talents which too often lead their poſſeſſors to diſtreſs their country and deſolate the world, that they may procure to themſelves the fame of victory and the glory of conqueſt.

EARLY and ſincere piety formed a ſtriking trait in the character of SAMUEL. Dedicated to GOD by a pious parent, he was ſtationed in the tabernacle from his youth. Through a long life he preſerved the "fear of GOD which is the beginning of wiſdom," and the reſpect to duty which is the ſtrongeſt incentive to public virtue, and the moſt powerful reſtraint from a breach of truſt. We find him ſtrictly attentive to the ordinances of religion and the inſtitutions of divine worſhip. But we find him more careful of the weightier matters of the law, of the great duties of morality and obedience. For, he expreſsly declares to SAUL, when he had neglected

ſubmiſſion

ſubmiſſion to the plain will of God, under pretence of reſerving an offering to the Lord, "to obey is better than ſacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams."

In the preſent age of wonders, when the reſults of the wiſdom and experience of many ages are viewed as the dreams of aged and feeble inſanity; when nature is placed in the throne of nature's God; and the religion of Christ, mild, gentle and benevolent, like its Divine Author, is repreſented as a cruel and ferocious ſuperſtition: In this age of theory and innovation, Religion has been conſidered by ſome men and ſome nations as an injury to ſociety, and incompatible with the character of a good Ruler. But, when we conſider the deep influence which Chriſtianity felt in its power, has upon the very tempers and diſpoſitions of men; how it leads them to fear doing wrong ever ſo privately, and deſire to do right, though no praiſe ſhould attend them; how it places us always under the eye of the Deity, and brings death and judgment near to our view. When we thus view Religion in its nature and effects, we ſhall perceive it to be one of the moſt powerful and energetic principles which can operate upon the human mind. This principle reaches where no human law nor earthly conſideration can extend. It operates as powerfully when no eye beholds it as when ſurrounded by thouſands. It penetrates the heart. It governs the temper. It guides the conduct. It fortifies us againſt affliction, and renders proſperity more valuable and ſweet. The Ruler who embraces the ſpirit, and copies the example

ample of CHRIST; who relies on the promiſes, and is animated by the hopes of the Goſpel, will "ſerve his generation according to the will of God," and will be "received into everlaſting habitations."

WHEN a man is under the influence of Religion, it will make him ſtrictly upright, and will lead him to pay a cloſe attention to the great duties of juſtice and integrity. This effect had religion upon SAMUEL. For many years he was a Judge among the People, and diſtributed juſtice to the aggrieved and oppreſſed. "And SAMUEL," ſays the ſacred hiſtorian, "judged *Iſrael* all the days of his life, and he went from year to year, in circuit, to *Bethel* and *Gilgal*, and *Mizpah*, and judged *Iſrael* in all thoſe places, and his return was to *Rama*, for there was his houſe, and there he judged *Iſrael*, and there he built an altar unto the LORD." His patient attention to the parties who litigated, his enlightened endeavors to find out the truth, and his candid, impartial deciſions according to the evidence produced, procured him the eſteem and veneration of all, even of thoſe whom juſtice obliged him to condemn. We find SAMUEL always honored and eſteemed in the nation of *Iſrael*. He was received with the utmoſt reſpect wherever he went. His deciſions were implicitly followed. "When the ear heard him, then it bleſſed him, and when the eye ſaw him, then it gave witneſs to him."

WHEN he acted as Chief Magiſtrate of *Iſrael*, he "approved himſelf to every man's conſcience in the ſight of GOD." Although his ſons conducted im-

properly in their ſubordinate capacity, yet it does not appear that he countenanced or ſupported them, nor do we ever find a ſingle charge of incapacity, of partiality or injuſtice brought againſt him. His adminiſtration was eaſy to himſelf and uſeful to the People, and would have continued to the end of his life, had not that love of change, which ſtrongly marks the human character, but often defeats its own purpoſes, led the People to deſire a King. Then how muſt his heart have triumphed, when, with the firm and manly voice of dignified integrity, he could appeal to the aſſembled tribes of *Iſrael*, in this energetic language! "Behold, here I am; witneſs againſt me before the LORD and before his Anointed. Whoſe ox have I taken? Or whoſe whoſe aſs have I taken? Or whom have I defrauded? Whom have I oppreſſed? Or of whoſe hand have I received any bribe to blind mine eyes therewith? And I will reſtore it to you." His ſatisfaction muſt have been perfect, when the People with one heart and one voice replied, ſaying, "Thou haſt not defrauded us nor oppreſſed us, neither haſt thou taken ought of any man's hand." Happy Magiſtrate! Who was not only "approved of GOD, but accepted of the multitude of his brethren!"

SAMUEL was a man of mild and gentle manners. When the moſt direct attacks were made upon his family, and when the People applied to him to reſign his power, he poſſeſſes, perfectly, calmneſs of mind. We do not hear a reproachful word from him, nor a ſingle reflection on the ingratitude of thoſe whom he had ſo long and ſo faithfully ſerved. Mildly he

remonſtrates

remonſtrates with the People upon the impiety and folly of their conduct. He does not ſuffer himſelf to be affected with the perſonal ſlight to him which their application implied. He does not aſſail them with the aſperity which ſtings, or the bitterneſs which provokes. This mildneſs of manners, this patience of contradiction, is of great uſe to thoſe who rule over men, becauſe it gives dignity to the character. It diſarms reſentment, and conciliates eſteem.

But with all this mildneſs of manners the Patriarch of *Iſrael* ſtill poſſeſſed the firmneſs and deciſion which his religion dictated, and his ſtation required. When the Hebrews required to have a King, like the nations about them, Samuel did not heſitate to reprove them ſeverely for their ingratitude to God, who was then their Ruler, and to ſhew them that they were enſlaving themſelves and their poſterity, in order to attain an empty pageant. Superior to the love of popularity, which induces a man to conceal his ſentiments or flatter a multitude, he firmly and decidedly proves to them that they are injuring themſelves and deſtroying their own ſecurity. So honeſt and independent was he, as to hazard the diſpleaſure of the People and his own influence over them, rather than encourage them to that which was hurtful to their true intereſt. It was in obedience to God alone, that the Prophet fixed Saul on the throne; and God gave them a King in his anger, and took him away in his wrath."

It

It was the earneſt ſolicitude of the Prophet of *Iſrael* to eſtabliſh ſuch a conſtitution of government as ſhould guard them from the dangers which they had precipitately brought on themſelves. "Then Samuel told the people the manner of the kingdom, and wrote it in a book, and laid it up before the Lord." He knew that ſuch a precaution was neceſſary to prevent the *Iſraelites* from becoming ſubject to the capricious humors or tyrannical paſſions of their King. Where the powers of Government and the liberties of the People are accurately defined, and proper checks are eſtabliſhed to prevent the encroachments of one upon the other, there true freedom is enjoyed, and there alone man exerciſes his rights. From this principle, the wiſe, the patriotic and the good have always exerted themſelves to form and to ſupport definite and free Conſtitutions of government.

The love of God, and his country, animated this good man, to exert himſelf in the cauſe of Religion and liberty. Theſe noble principles warmed his boſom, governed his mind, and regulated his whole conduct. A reſpect to the approbation of God, "who hath pleaſure only in uprightneſs," a ſincere wiſh to promote the ſpiritual and temporal happineſs of the People, whom he loved, induced him to exert his utmoſt energies in ſerving the religious and civil intereſts of his fellow-citizens. The proſperity of his Country gave him the moſt ſenſible pleaſure; and when the clouds of adverſity inveloped it, when it

ſuffered

ſuffered from its own folly and raſhneſs, his joy was turned into ſorrow.

THE unſullied reputation and the faithful ſervices of SAMUEL, during his life, made his death a ſubject of deep regret to the people of *Iſrael*. They loved him while his exiſtence here was continued, and when the common lot of all men befel him, they deeply mourned the melancholy event. The tribes of *Iſrael* aſſembled; they bedewed his hearſe with the tears of genuine affection and gratitude, and buried him honorably in the tomb of his anceſtors. This is the duty which we are now called to perform.

The character, briefly drawn, of SAMUEL in the paſt diſcourſe, ſo ſtrongly reſembles that of our deceaſed Friend and Governor, as that little need be ſaid in addition to it. Your own minds muſt have made the application.

ENDUED with ſtrong and vigorous faculties of mind; favoured with the advantages of a public and liberal education; impreſſed with a ſenſe of that Religion which forms men to virtue, kindneſs and charity, he was early called by his fellow-citizens to fill places of public truſt and honor. As a Magiſtrate, a Legiſlator, and a Judge, he diſcovered the wiſdom, the firmneſs, and impartiality which are ſo juſtly celebrated in the character of the text. His honor and integrity were never impeached, and had he made the ſame appeal to the People as SAMUEL did, he would have received the ſame anſwer.

His

His wise and faithful conduct in offices of less dignity; their confidence in his patriotism, integrity and abilities, led the People of this Commonwealth to call him to the office of their Chief Magistrate. This confidence was fully gratified. The warm and decided Friend of our Federal and State Constitutions; the warm and decided *enemy* of all foreign interference in the affairs of our government; the watchful Guardian of the Civil, the Judicial and the Military interests of the Commonwealth, he was daily more and more esteemed and respected. His appointments were judicious, and he meant to confine them to men of virtue and abilities. He supported the honor of the State with dignity. His own deportment, while it was easy and agreeable, while it discovered the mildness of manners, the unassuming kindness which formed so striking a part of his character, was never such as to diminish our respect and esteem for him.

Kind, charitable and good; wishing well to every one, and desirous of promoting their interests, Governor Sumner was universally beloved and honored. He was among the few men who, though he had many friends, warm and affectionate friends, yet, so far as my knowledge has extended, never had a personal enemy. Even those who on political subjects differed from him, and the interests of whose party led them to oppose his election, expressed personal respect for him in life, and now profess deeply to lament his death.

of

THIS good man was a warm and decided friend to the Religion of CHRIST. He early profeſſed this Religion, and his life appeared to be formed by its divine and ſacred precepts. Thus influenced by its temper, and governed by its commands in life, he was animated by its hopes, and ſupported by its conſolations, when he came to die.

SHALL I call upon you, my brethren, on this occaſion to admire and imitate the tender huſband, the wife and affectionate father, the dutiful ſon, and the faithful friend! The grief which rends the boſoms, and the tears which fill the eyes of thoſe to whom he was thus related, prove the juſtice of this part of his character, and diſplay its amiableneſs in the moſt ſtriking manner.

AND now, ſeeing "a Prince and a great Man has fallen in our *Iſrael* this day," let us humble ourſelves under the divine correction! Let us admire and adore thoſe diſpenſations of Providence which we cannot comprehend! And let us learn the leſſons of wiſdom, which an event ſo ſolemn and affecting is calculated to teach us.

HIS HONOR, the Commander in Chief, while he laments the Friend, whom, with ſo much harmony, he accompanied in the public walks of life, will hear the voice of Providence ſpeaking loudly to him, and teaching him that the moſt elevated ſtation, the moſt affluent circumſtances, and the warmeſt eſteem and affection of our friends and fellow-citizens, cannot

ſecure

ſecure us from the arreſts of the King of Terrors. The duties, to which he is now called, are difficult and important. May God give him wiſdom and grace to diſcharge them uſefully and well! "As his day is, ſo let his ſtrength be alſo!" And when the common lot of the great as well as the ſmall, the rich as well as the poor, ſhall befal him, may he, like his excellent Predeceſſor, leave behind him the "good name which is better than precious ointment."

Let me call upon our Civil Fathers of the Council, the Senate and the Houſe of Repreſentatives, to contemplate the ſolemn ſcene before us, and ſee the vanity of human greatneſs, the inſufficiency of the higheſt honors to "retain the ſpirit in the day of death!" There you behold the end of all fleſh!—There you ſee the goal at which every man, who runs the race of life, muſt, ſooner or later, arrive!—Thence you may learn that the hour haſtens when all thoſe diſtinctions, after which many men eagerly pant, will ſoon be levelled, and become lighter in our view than the duſt of the balance!—Although "ye be called Gods," yet here you find that "ye ſhall die like men and fall like one of the princes!" Remember, when diſcharging your important public truſt, that the eye of God is upon you; that "he has pleaſure only in uprightneſs;" and that when your bodies ſhall lie under the cold hand of Death, like the beloved duſt before you, it will be of more importance in your view to be conſcious of one act of true Religion or of public virtue, than to have

poſſeſſed

poſſeſſed the higheſt honors which man can beſtow. Learn, from this affecting Providence, to be more diligent, active and faithful in all the relations of life; ſo that, when you ſhall be gathered to the duſt of your fathers, thoſe around you may "mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace!"

With the afflicted widow, the fatherleſs children, the bereaved ſiſters, and the numerous relatives and friends of this excellent man, we mingle our tears! We hold out to them, while we wiſh to feel ourſelves, the conſolations and ſupports of Religion. We do not "mourn as thoſe who are without hope." Our Friend is gone from us, but we truſt that his unembodied ſpirit now inhabits the courts of glory, and has become "a pillar in the temple of our God!"

And now behold, my brethren and fellow-citizens, behold how the "faſhion of this world paſſeth away!" See how inſufficient are the beſt earthly enjoyments to ſatisfy the cravings of the immortal ſoul, or to protract for a moment our exiſtence in this world! Learn that the faith of Christ and the diſcharge of our duty, is the "one thing needful;" that while life, and health, and reaſon are granted us, they ſhould be improved for the purpoſe of preparing for another world by performing the duty which we owe to God and man in this! "Now is the accepted time"! Let us improve it to ſecure "an intereſt in the better part which can never be taken away from us," and to prepare

pare us for the "reſt and the triumph which remain to the people of God!"

The Religion of Christ, our guide in life, and our ſupport in death, which regulates us in proſperity and gilds our darkeſt moments with light and comfort—This Religion teaches us to look beyond the grave to an heaven of infinite glory! It teaches us to depoſit the precious remains of our Chriſtian friends in the duſt, with "a ſure and certain hope of their reſurrection unto eternal life." Yes, my brethren, Death ſhall not retain his dominion over them! They ſhall burſt aſunder his iron bands! They ſhall awaken to a new and eternal life! They ſhall aſcend to "their Father and our Father, to their God and our God;" and "with the ranſomed of the Lord ſhall return and come to Zion with ſongs and everlaſting joy upon their heads!"

Amen.

A

SERMON

PREACHED AT

LYNN,

JULY 17,

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF

MR. MILES SHORY AND *WIFE*,

WHO WERE INSTANTLY KILLED BY LIGHTNING,

July 10, 1803.

BY THOMAS CUSHING THACHER, A. M.

MINISTER OF A CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH IN THAT PLACE.

BE YE ALSO READY.....JESUS CHRIST.

PRINTED AT *SALEM*....BY WILLIAM CARLTON.

1803.

A SERMON.

MAN is a reflective being. The voice of ſorrow and impreſſions of grief ſtrongly take hold of the human mind. There is a time when ſolitude has a charm; when cheerfulneſs gives place to melancholy; and when the houſe of mourning is better ſuited to the ſoul than the houſe of mirth. There are periods when with complacency we give our attention to hiſtories of woe, ſit ſpectators to ſcenes of ſorrow, and devote the hours to melancholy and tears. Such is the preſent, when regret for the dead and ſympathy for the living ſo deeply impreſs the mind. To cheriſh theſe, our better ſenſibilities, and to produce moral improvement from an afflictive diſpenſation of heaven, let us;

"Hear attentively the noiſe of his voice, and the ſound that goeth out of his mouth. He directeth it under the whole heaven, and his lightning unto the ends of the earth. After it a voice roareth; he thundereth with the voice of his excellency; and he will not ſtay them when his voice is heard."

JOB, 37....2, 3, 4.

This antient poem contains the hiſtory of a righteous man fallen from the height of proſperity into ſcenes of deepeſt ſorrow. Deſpoiled of his goods, bereaved of his children, and ſmitten by diſeaſe, his heart bled with all the varieties of pain. In the courſe of his complaint he ſighs the genuine voice of ſorrow, and unburdens his ſoul in lamentation and woe. In the impreſſive language of eaſtern eloquence he depictures the evil day, ſhews us the dark ſide of things, and preſents to view thoſe ſhades in the picture of human life which muſt one day meet our eye. How uncertain are the enjoyments of mortals! Our hopes are frequently blaſted in the bud, and our deſigns defeated in the very moment of expectation.--- When after much labor and care we have reared the goodly ſtructure; when we have fenced it as we fondly imagine, from every ſtorm that blows, and indulge the hope that it will endure forever, an inviſible hand interpoſes and overturns it from the foundation. "Who knoweth what is good for man in this life"? Who knoweth what awaits him in life? Who knoweth the changes through which he is deſtined to paſs? Son of proſperity! From thy fancied tower thou lookeſt forth; thou now glorieſt in thy excellence; thou ſayeſt that thy mountain ſtands ſtrong, and that thou canſt not be moved. But before the mighty God of Jacob, and by the blaſt of the breath of his noſtrils, "the graſs withereth and the flower fadeth."

Now, O man, thou rejoiceſt in thy ſtrength, but know that for thee the bed of languiſhing is ſpread; for thee, the "cup of trembling is prepared," and "the wine of aſtoniſhment is poured out." The whirlwind is often preceded by the calmeſt hour, and it hath thundered in the ſereneſt ſky.

Our Father and our God, we are children of the duſt, whoſe ſtrength is weakneſs, whoſe goodneſs is imperfection, and whoſe life is altogether vanity! Our Father and our Sovereign, "teach us to number our days, that we may ſee how frail we are," grant us the aſſiſtance of thy good ſpirit, ſanctify thy mercies and thy judgments, and as we feel new motives for habitual preparation for death, may we ſeize the preſent which is the accepted time and the day of Salvation!

We will conſider the univerſal reign of death---the uncertainty of the *time* and *manner* of its approach---the infinite danger of delaying preparation for our laſt hour.

Every thing in this inferior ſyſtem tends to diſſolution, neither is man an exception to this univerſal law. As if we were born only to die, the firſt ſtep we take in life, is a ſtep to the grave. Immortality was an attribute of our primeval nature. The ſeeds of eternal life were planted in

the frame of the firſt man. But this noble ſhoot of celeſtial origin was blaſted by ſin---Becoming ſinful man became mortal. It is the decree of Almighty God, that after few and evil days, he ſhould return to the duſt from whence he was taken. At this moment of time, while I am ſpeaking, how many are ſtretched on that bed from which they ſhall riſe no more. The bloom is fading from the cheek, the breath is going out, and the ſpirit is taking its departure for the world unknown.

Unwelcome as theſe reflections may be, it is our duty, as mortals to make them. Mankind in general are much averſe from indulging ideas, in their own nature humiliating, and which point out to them the imperfection of their being. Such thoughts as thoſe are injurious to their pride, and attack the very ſource of all their paſſions. To think that we are to die, to be torn from all we loved and enjoyed, and from all that in which we gloried, to deſcend into the grave, into the gloomy caverns of the earth; to become the food of worms, and an inhabitant of the tomb; it is a thought which hurts our feelings, darkens our imaginations, embitters the pleaſures and throws a dark veil over the glories of the world. And why endeavor to divert from the mind an habitual remembrance of death? Why try to blindfold ourſelves, that we may not ſee the evils into which

we are plunging? Why go unprepared to our bed of death, like the victims of Pagan ſuperſtition to the altar, with a bandage over our eyes, crowned with garlands of flowers, in the midſt of dancing, feſtivity and joy. If by keeping the thought of death at a diſtance, we could keep death at a diſtance, there might be ſomething rational in our way of proceeding; but think of it or not, it makes rapid and continual advances towards us, and the want of preparation will only ſerve to ſharpen the ſting, by the ſurpriſe with which it may ſtrike.

The rage of death is cruel and inexorable. It chills the vigorous blood which flows in the moſt youthful veins; nips in the bud the fairſt flowers; changes the beauty of the loveliſt countenance into a ſpectacle of deformity, takes from the favorites of fortune their accumulated wealth and extenſive poſſeſſions; precipitates the ambitious from the height of his dignities; hurries the man of pleaſure from the theatre of his pleaſures, to a land where nought but deſolation and horror dwells. Univerſal is thy reign O death! before thee, "ſtrong men bow themſelves, and the keepers of the houſe tremble; the grinders ceaſe; the daughters of muſic are brought low; the ſun and the moon and the ſtars are darkened; the ſilver chord is looſed and the golden bowl is broken; the duſt returns to the duſt as it was, and the ſpirit aſcends

to God who gave it." When we look back on the morning of our days, how many do we find who began the journey of life along with us, cut off in the midſt of their career and fallen at our ſide. They have gone before us; one day we muſt follow them. The decree is gone forth and the time appointed for its fulfilment is approaching faſt. To mortal man a ſhort period is alloted. In a little time the ſcene changes, and the places that knew us ſhall know us no more. Man who art born of a woman! one day thou muſt die.

Death is not more certain, than the *time* and *manner* of our diſſolution is *unknown*.

"The land without any order," is the ſcripture characteriſtic of death. "Man knoweth not his time; as the fiſhes that are taken in an evil net, and as the birds that are caught in a ſnare; ſo are the ſons of men ſnared in an evil time, when it falleth ſuddenly upon them." As the fiſh bounds in a limpid ſtream, haſtens with joy to take nouriſhment, and ſwallows death; as the bird expands its variegated plumage to the ſun, flies from ſpray to ſpray, and cheers the heart of man with its enchanting melody, while the net is ſpread in which it muſt ſhortly be deprived of liberty, perhaps of life; ſo the children of this world exult with vain joy in a full tide of proſperity, in a ſtream of pleaſures, riſe on the wings of aſpiring ambition to

the ſummit of earthly grandeur, or revel in feſtive joy, with their aſſociates in criminal delights.--- And behold, while their poſſeſſions increaſe, while ſucceſs ſmiles on all their aims, the cold hand of death ſuddenly ſeizes on them. How ſeldom do we ſee men running the full career of life; falling aſleep in the arms of nature; coming to the grave like a ſhock of corn fully ripe. How often do we ſee the aged ſurvive themſelves, outlive life as to uſefulneſs, and ſtalk about mere ſhadows of what they once were, while his arrow pierces the heart of the young and proſperous? Behold the feeble carrying the vigorous to the grave, and the parent building his children's tomb; behold all ages and conditions ſwept away without diſtinction, the young man juſt entering into life, the father of a family from the embraces of his wife and children, and the man of the world at the very criſis of expected enjoyment, and ſay, is not "death the land without any order"?

Without order alſo is the *manner* of death's approach. The king of terrors aſſumes a thouſand forms. Preying upon mortal men, he blaſts the bloom of youth, or waits till the decline; makes them pine by ſlow degrees, or in an inſtant hurries them to the world of ſpirits.

Infinite then is the danger of delaying preparation for our laſt hour.

What is it that we do by delaying? We allow corruption to ſtrengthen itſelf; we give double force to temptation; we weaken the power of conſcience, and with our own hand throw obſtacles in the way of our reformation. Do we conſider that poſtponing the work of our ſalvation to ſome future period, is little better than a firm determination that we will never begin it at all?--- Do we reflect that the time to come, if it ever comes, will be the ſame to us *then* that the preſent time is to us *now?* At any future time, will not the ſame difficulties deter, the ſame pleaſures allure, and the ſame dangers terrify us? It is a fact, and deſerves all our attention, that in ſcripture there ſtands not recorded a ſolitary inſtance of the converſion of a ſinner who delayed his repentance. Zacheus yielded to the influences of that grace to which before he had been a perfect ſtranger. The Jews had propoſed to them a new idea, the Lord of glory, whom they with wicked hands had crucified and ſlain. The Gentiles were converted by the working of miracles, and hearing preached the doctrines of ſalvation, which never before had reached their ears.

To the duty of immediate repentance we are encouraged by the ſuperior light and information derived to the world by the religion of Chriſt.--- What noble ideas of the Divine Being may be drawn from the oracles of revelation! With what

majeſty do they point out to us the true and living God, ſelf exiſting from eternity to eternity, grand ſource of exiſtence to all creatures. At his command, the fair ſyſtem of nature ariſes from the formleſs maſs; chaos is compoſed into order, and faſhioned into beauty. He holds in his hand the chain of events. He determines the deſtiny of empires, and plans the revolutions of ages. Glory and power are excluſively his own. Theſe luminous conceptions of the divine character, which are calculated to impreſs us with a deep ſenſe of our dependence on the ſovereign Ruler of the univerſe, were at no time entirely baniſhed from the minds of men, not even amidſt all the wanderings of error and iniquity. But the idea of ſuperior power, ſeparated from the idea of the qualities which make it amiable, has produced effects more dangerous than thoſe which have been enſpired by impiety itſelf. When the Deity appeared encompaſſed only with terrors, fear not love was the motive of men's devotion. Before the introduction of Chriſtianity, when the world lay in darkneſs as well as in wickedneſs, a ſenſe of guilt and a dread of future puniſhment drove the nations to a variety of expedients to make an atonement for their ſins. Hence various rules and ceremonies were inſtituted. Hence ſo many ſacrifices were offered up, and ſo much blood was ſhed...Hence altars were erected by fear only, and frequently the unfortunate father thought it his

duty to behold with a tranquil eye the blood of his child ſtreaming upon the altar, to appeaſe the wrath of his imaginary Gods.

But oh! bleſſed be our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, who hath publiſhed to mortals his amiable law, taught us a liberal and noble mode of worſhip and inſpired us with that conſoling piety, which is the fruit of confidence and love. To Chriſtians the idea of the Deity is dear and precious; it nouriſhes their gratitude and calms their fears without diminiſhing their reſpect or veneration. Never was the gate of mercy ſhut againſt the true penitent; never was the prayer of the faithful neglected in the temple of heaven. Free to all the fountain flows, unreſtricted is the divine benignity. "Come unto me," is an univerſal call. And if we are obedient to the call, God aſſiſts us with the aids of his ſpirit; he lifts up the hands that hang down, he ſtrengthens the feeble knees and perfects his ſtrength in our weakneſs. He that confeſſeth and returneth ſhall find mercy. The ſacrifices of God are a broken heart and a contrite ſpirit. Thus ſaith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whoſe name is holy, "I dwell in the high and holy place, with him alſo that is of a humble and a contrite ſpirit, and who trembleth at my word."

To an immediate preparation for our laſt hour,

we are urged from the important conſideration that the preſent time is the moſt proper and may be our *only* opportunity.

The ſenſe of the excellence of virtue and of the obligations to embrace it, is ſo deeply impreſſed on the human mind, that no man can act in contradiction to it with impunity. Diſſatisfaction and remorſe are the ſcourge of tranſgreſſion, and various methods are adopted by wicked men to furniſh a temporary relief from that ſcourge. But in theſe they are in general great ſelf deceivers. Either they do not think themſelves ſo bad as they really are, which is a common deceit; or they flatter themſelves that God will not be ſevere againſt them. Or, what is equally common, tho' they may think themſelves very wicked at preſent, yet they are not reſolved to continue ſo. On the contrary, they promiſe to themſelves, that they will grow better; ſome time or other before they die, they will repent, and turn to "the keeping of God's commandments." They ſuffer no doubts to enter their mind reſpecting the long continuance of their life; and they flatter themſelves that long before it draws to a cloſe, they ſhall have time ſufficient for reforming, and preparing for heaven. Deceived by this falſe hope, they proceed from one vice to another, without much diſturbance from the reflections of their own mind, whoſe re-

monſtrances they have thus fallen on a method to ſuppreſs; or, more properly ſpeaking, only to divert, ſoon again to be rouſed in a more dreadful manner than ever. Theſe faint purpoſes, and diſtant views of repentance, are far more dangerous than a thoughtleſs indulgence in vice. For they harden the heart more, and to its habitual diſpoſition to ſin and folly, they add a habit of duplicity and deceit, which of all things is the moſt dangerous to virtue, and the moſt powerful ſupport of vice in the heart of man.

After the great things done for us by Almighty God may we not fear that now is our *only* time to turn and live. We may not plead the want of motive or the want of warning to this great duty. We have heard the voice of conſcience and felt its alarm. Our hopes have been invited to anticipate the joys of heaven, the rivers of pleaſure which are at God's right hand, the happineſs of the bleſſed, the triumphs of eternity. To excite our fears, we have had ſat before us the horrors of hell, the worm that never dies, the fire that is never quenched, everlaſting deſtruction from the preſence of the Lord and the glory of his power. We have been implored by the grace of the Goſpel, and by the tender mercies of the God of mercy, and by the love of a Saviour dying on the croſs for the redemption of the world, we have been exhorted to repentance. Will we die im-

penitent, die in our ſins? And is this the improvement we make of that longer day of grace with which heaven has been pleaſed to favour us? Is this the return we make to the divine goodneſs for prolonging our lives, and indulging us with a longer day of repentance? Have we in good earneſt determined within ourſelves that we will weary out the long ſuffering of God, and force deſtruction from his reluctant hand? Have we one hour in our hand? Have we one minute at our diſpoſal? Boaſt not thyſelf of to-morrow: Thou knoweſt not what a day may bring forth. Before to-morrow multitudes ſhall be in another world. Are we ſure that we are not of that number? Are we prepared for death? Do we live and act in ſuch a manner as becomes probationers for eternity? Is our converſation in Heaven, from whence we look for the Saviour and the Judge? Are our loins girt about, our lamps burning, and we ourſelves like unto men who wait for the coming of their Lord? If not, I call upon you to repent and reform your lives.

Men, Brethren and Fathers; let me ſeriouſly exhort you, and as one who muſt give an account, to "hear attentively the noiſe of his voice, and the ſound that goeth out of his mouth." In theſe days of inveſtigation into the laws of nature, the theory of thunder and lightning is well underſtood. From them the moſt important ben-

efits are derived to the human race. Purifying the atmofphere, vigour is given to the mind and health to the body; noxious vapours being dedeftroyed, a free and healthful refpiration is greatly affifted. But is there evil in the city and the Lord hath not done it? Are not the laws of nature at the difpofal of the God of nature? Can we flee his prefence; can we evade his arm? I wifh not to excite your horror, but do wifh to engage your attention. We ought not to judge of our fpiritual concerns in a fright which entirely unfits the mind for that calmnefs and ferenity, which the nature and importance of the fubject demands. But that man muft be aftonifhingly infenfible who does not reflect upon the late awful difpenfation of divine providence in this place, with wonder and amazement. That the fame bolt fhould feparate over the heads of two of our fellow creatures, though at fome diftance from each other, and inftantly deprive them of life; that the lives of a large houfehold * fhould be preferved; that the mother fhould be taken and the infant left, though clinging to her anxious bofom, muft convince the moft unreflecting of the agency and defign of an unerring markfman.

I turn to thofe whofe lives have been thus furprifingly preferved. You have literally been

*There were nineteen perfons in the houfe, at the time it was ftruck.

ſnatched as brands from the burning. You are living, you are in the houſe of God once more, you ſtill ſee the light of day and enjoy the means of grace. The clouds have paſſed over, the thunder has ceaſed to roar, and the forked lightning does not flaſh before your eyes. Let me repeat the idea, you are living, you are ſpared, ſtill to watch over, and to educate your children, and to enjoy the ſociety of your friends. What will you render unto God for all, particularly for this great benefit? Gratitude when genuine, dwells in the mind, venting itſelf on all proper occaſions. The memory is full of the ſenſe of the benefits received, the affections are fixed on the goodneſs of the benefactor, the tongue is ever ready to ſing his praiſe, and all the active powers of the ſoul combine to expreſs its ſtrong ſenſe of his kindneſs. Take care then, that your gratitude be of this kind, and not like a ſudden flaſh that ſoon diſappears; not like the ſhooting of lightning that in a moment vaniſhes; but like the light of the ſun, which abideth forever, and whoſe vigour is not exhauſted. Give to your gracious Preſerver, your hearts, your ſpared lives, your all. I charge you, in the preſence of Almighty God, and I affectionately exhort you as your real friend, never to permit thoſe impreſſions of ſerioufneſs and of gratitude, which this moſt extraordinary providence muſt have excited, to eſcape your minds. For you to live may it be gain, and to die exceeding joy.

My duty and my feelings command my attention to the bereaved family. We weep with the aged Parents * of our deceaſed friend and neighbour, and they have cauſe to weep... To them we waft our beſt wiſhes, and for them, O God, to thee we addreſs our prayers. Comfort them with the rich conſolations of thy grace, ſupport them under the burden of years and the preſſure of this great affliction. May they conſider that circumſtances as well as the event are equally under the recognition of thy wiſe and holy providence, and "know that their Redeemer liveth."

To the widowed Parent we extend our moſt ſincere ſympathy. At the moment of friendly maternal viſitation † her heart was pierced with theſe tidings of death. The "fire of God" had fallen from heaven, and her children were not. Great God, ſuch was thy will and "thy will be done," may our hearts reply. Could we ſuppreſs her ſighs, could we reſtore her children, could we dry up her tears, ſhe would weep no more. But he who has wounded can only heal; he who has taken away can only make up the loſs, or ſupport her under it. To the God of Heaven, to him who is the "Father of the fatherleſs and the widow's God," we commend our ſorrowing friend.

* The Parents of Mr. SHORY reſide in New-Hampſhire.

† Mrs. BREED, the Parent of Mrs. SHORY, was providentially on a viſit to this place, when this event took place.

r the Orphan children. Though heir great loſs, though incapable of those tenderilities which are excited by a Parent's grave, how truly diſtreſſing is their ſituation. If for children to loſe one of their parents excites our grief, how much more ſo, when in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye they are bereaved of both. Fatherleſs and motherleſs, in this unfriendly world, may the univerſal Father take them up. May friends and benefactors be raiſed up to them, who will cultivate their minds as well as take care of their bodies, who will educate them for God, as well as provide for them in the world.

We weep with the Brothers and Siſters of the deceaſed. May the Lord ſupport them, the God of Abraham, of Iſaac and of Jacob bleſs them... Your dear and valued relatives are taken from you in an affecting manner, in the midſt of their days and uſefulneſs. As one tie connected their hearts, one ſtroke ſummoned them to the world of ſpirits, and one grave has received their remains. "Lovely and pleaſant in their lives, in their death they were not divided."

MEN, BRETHREN AND FATHERS,

"Suppoſe ye that theſe Galileans were ſinners above all the Galileans, becauſe they ſuffered ſuch things? I tell you nay, ſays the Saviour, but

except ye repent ye ſhall all likewiſe periſh. We may not judge of the characters of perſons from their outward circumſtances. It is to be remembered, that the preſent life is not a ſtate of recompence, but a ſtate of trial; conſequently men are not dealt with in outward diſpenſations according to their true character. The Lord reigneth king forever. The dominions of the dead are part of his kingdom; time and eternity, the world that now is, and the world that is to come, confeſs him for their Lord. I beſeech you, my fellow mortals, in the bonds of friendſhip and in the bowels of our Lord; by the tender mercies of the God of peace; by the dying love of a crucified Redeemer; by the precious promiſes and awful threatenings of the Goſpel; by all our hopes of heaven and fears of hell; by the worth of our immortal ſouls, and by all that is dear to men, I conjure you to accept without delay the offers of mercy, and to fly from the wrath to come!

AMEN.

The Gofpel to be pre

ILLUSTRATED

SERM

DELIVERED, IN *WI.*

At the *EXECUTION*

Samuel Freeman,

A MULATTO,

November 6, *A. D.* 1805,

For the MURDER *of*

HANNAH SIMONS.

TOGETHER WITH AN

APPENDIX,

CONTAINING,

MEMOIRS *of his* LIFE,

A SKETCH *of his* TRIAL,

HIS APPEARANCE AFTER CONDEMNATION,

CONFESSIONS, &c.

By *MOSES C. WELCH*, A. M

PASTOR OF THE CHURCH IN *NORTH-MANSFIELD.*

WINDHAM : PRINTED BY *JOHN BYRNE.* 1805.

The Gospel to be preached, &c.

MARK XVI. 15.

AND HE SAID UNTO THEM, GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD, AND PREACH THE GOSPEL TO EVERY CREATURE.

GOD is love. In the exercise of the infinite benevolence of his own heart, he formed an eternal plan of creation and providence. In that plan, which involved the fall of man, was included the purpose of redemption, and raising a church out of the ruins of the apostasy. To accomplish this divine purpose the coequal Son of God was appointed, and, voluntarily undertook to appear among men, in the flesh, and do and suffer all that was necessary to effect an atonement. "Ye know, saith the apostle the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that tho he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye thro his poverty might be rich."

The divine Savior, according to the counsel and appointment of God, was born in Bethlehem, under the reign of Tiberius, and, in the course of about thirty three years and an half, performed and accomplished the greatest, and most important work. After a scene of labors, poverty, contumely and abuse, beyond any thing ever before witnessed, he finished his sufferings by dying on the cross. That the scriptures

concerning him might be fulfilled, and the purpoſe of God carried into effect, his body was laid in the tomb; and on the third day, triumphantly aroſe from the dead, and thus finiſhed the work of redemption.

The reſurrection of Chriſt was an unexpected event; and was, therefore, not believed by the apoſtles but upon the fulleſt evidence. The report of Mary, after ſhe had ſeen him, was rejected; and ſo was that of the two diſciples who ſaw, and converſed with, him on the way to Emmaus. Nor were they convinced until he appeared to the eleven when they were together—ſhew them his hands and his feet, and gave them the moſt indubitable, convincing evidence of the intereſting fact. To them, after removing all doubts from their minds, he gave the commiſſion in the text, *Go ye into all the world, and preach the goſpel to every creature.*

This commiſſion, in the nature and ſpirit of it, extended to the miniſters of Chriſt in every age of the world. Not only the eleven, but all in after ages were included, and the duty of every one who ſhould, in any period of time, be called to the evangelical miniſtry, was, conciſely, pointed out.

The words before us, in this view of them, may lead us, on this intereſting occaſion, to notice the following things.

I. What are we to underſtand by the goſpel.

II. The commiſſion to the miniſtering ſervants of Chriſt.

III. Thoſe called to the work are to preach the goſpel to every creature.

I am to conſider,

I. What we are to underſtand by the goſpel.

Before attending, particularly, to this point, we may pauſe a moment, and conſider that the goſpel is deſigned for two very important ends. One is the glory of God, and the other, the ſalvation of periſhing ſinners. If the glory of God, in a diſplay of his true character, require it, all muſt periſh. But he has deviſed the beſt poſſible way to diſplay his character, and do honor to his divine perfections. This is done not ſimply by rendering the ſalvation of ſome of the fallen race poſſible, but by making it, in fact, a part of the divine plan. In view of this, infinitely wiſe and benevolent plan the prophet might, truly, ſay, "Mercy and truth are met together; righteouſneſs and peace have kiſſed each other." This renders the goſpel, infinitely, important, as well as, unſpeakably, precious. If the goſpel be deſigned to make a glorious diſplay of the divine character, in the ſalvation of ſinners, then it is intereſting to every creature to ſearch into it and ſee what it is.

Some have ſaid we are to underſtand by the goſpel, a gracious conſtitution of God for the recovery of ſinful man, from that ſtate of miſery into which he had fallen, by ſending his own ſon into the fleſh, to make an atonement for ſin by his death, and procure pardon and ſalvation for man.

The goſpel is conſidered by ſome, and not improperly, as *good news*. This may be underſtood as the proper meaning of the word, in the original of the New Teſtament. And it conveys a juſt idea when we conſider the goſpel as opening to the ſinner, who is deeply convicted of his loſt and miſerable ſtate and immediate expoſedneſs to eternal death, a way of

recovery to life and happineſs. In this view the goſpel is, emphatically *good news*. Were a number of perſons confined in priſon, under ſentence of death, and the day appointed for their execution, a proclamation of pardon would be good news, indeed, to them. Should one come from the chief magiſtrate, and announce the public will that on condition of friendſhip to the government, they ſhould be ſpared and ſet at liberty, the herald would be conſidered as a meſſenger of peace, and the heart of every convict leap for joy. So the goſpel, which opens a door of peace, and offers terms of pardon to the ſinner, is, and ought to be, conſidered as *good news*. Hence the meſſenger from heaven, when he announced to the ſhepherds the birth of Chriſt, introduced the joyful meſſage with a, *Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which ſhall be to all people.*

But in this diſcourſe, I ſhall not confine the idea to the obedience and ſufferings of Chriſt, and the conſequent atonement; nor to the offers of life preſented, in the New Teſtament, to the ſinner. I ſhall conſider the goſpel as compriſing the whole ſyſtem of truth—the doctrines, in general, revealed in the bible. All theſe doctrines, either directly or more remotely, have reſpect to redemption and ſalvation. The ſalvation of ſinners, thro Chriſt, was the great object which employed the mind, and heart of God from everlaſting; and to accompliſh this was all that variety of great events, from the morning of time, till Chriſt expired on mount Calvary. This, as a golden thread, runs thro the ſacred volume; and to this, the whole ſyſtem of revealed truth has reſpect. All the doctrines of revelation are connected with one another, and connected, alſo, with the plan of God for the ſalvotion of his *elect*. All the preaching of the prophets, from Abraham to Moſes, and from Moſes to Chriſt; and all the ſacrifices and offerings, pointed

to Chriſt, the great ſacrifice of atonement. Yea, and all were founded on the firſt promiſe of God, after the lapſe of our firſt parents, that *the ſeed of the woman ſhould bruiſe the ſerpent's head.* This brought into view the purpoſe of God, and contained the eſſence and foundation of the goſpel. It was, indeed, the very beginning of a preached goſpel to fallen man; and on this were founded all the promiſes to the patriarchs, and all the doctrines pertaining to redemption and ſalvation.

Were it not for the divine purpoſe which was bro't to view in the promiſe that *the ſeed of the woman ſhould bruiſe the ſerpent's head,* the goſpel never would have been preached to man, nor could ſinners ever have had a ſingle offer of mercy. But, this notwithſtanding, as there are a number of pillars which ſupport a building, ſo there are certain truths of holy writ which are the fundamental ſupports of the goſpel, and are, therefore, moſt important and eſſential. Among theſe, and as the firſt in order, it may be obſerved that, there is one only ſupreme, eternal God, infinite in every natural and moral attribute—the firſt cauſe and creator of all things.——It is equally true that God governs his creation, even every part of it, according to a plan fixed and determined from eternity; and yet that this is done in ſuch a manner as, in no ſenſe or degree, to infringe upon, or affect the freedom of any rational creature. Men are perfectly free—they act voluntarily in all they do.

The goſpel teaches, alſo, that God exiſteth in a myſterious manner, in three diſtinct perſons, called in the ſcriptures, FATHER, SON and HOLY GHOST; and that this God, even, each perſon of the Trinity acteth an important part in the affair of ſalvation.

That mankind, tho created in the image of God, in

a ſtate of complete holineſs, are become univerſally corrupt, and totally ſinful, is a plain doctrine of the bible, and is, completely, verified by the conduct of men.

No leſs plain is the idea that God, from everlaſting, determined to ſave a part of the human race; and did, by an eternal act of his own will, chooſe them to ſalvation as the end, and to repentance, faith, and ſanctification as the means.

It is, alſo, a doctrine of the goſpel that the elect are juſtified only for the ſake of Chriſt, who, by his obedience, and meritorious ſufferings, has wrought out a perfect righteouſneſs—a righteouſneſs that is ſufficient for all—that is offered to all in a land of light—that might be accepted by all if the heart were not, obſtinately, oppoſed to God, and his methods of grace.

It follows as a divine truth that a total, and real, change of heart is neceſſary, in order that man may repent of ſin, and believe on Jeſus Chriſt. Repentance and faith are the exerciſes not of the natural man, but of the renewed heart; and without theſe we cannot be ſaved. *The natural man receiveth not the things of the ſpirit of God—they are fooliſhneſs to him. Except a man be born again, he cannot ſee the kingdom of God.*

We are taught, further, that ſuch as are born again, and united to Chriſt by faith, ſhall abide, and live in the *true vine*—that nothing ſhall ever ſeperate them from the love of God—that they ſhall be kept, by his mighty power, thro faith unto ſalvation.

God has told us, that at ſome period, yet unknown to man, he will raiſe all the dead—that he will cauſe a univerſal judgment, when all men ſhall be treated

according to the real temper of their hearts. The consequence of this will be interesting, and eternally important to saints and sinners. The saints, or those who have repented of sin, and embraced the Lord Jesus by faith, will be seated on his right-hand, with crowns of glory on their heads, and songs of everlasting joy in their mouths. They will inherit unspeakable blessedness with God and the Lamb, and shine, amidst countless millions of saints and angels, as eternal monuments of divine grace.——But the wicked, how awful their state! How, unspeakably, dreadful their condition! Seperated, forever, from the congregation of the righteous, they will be driven from the judgment seat, and doomed to unspeakable woe—to remediless, eternal torment, in the prison of hell.

This, for substance, is the gospel. These are some of the leading and most important truths of the bible. In these, the minds of good people, generally, meet; and in these christians agree and rejoice.

We will notice,

II. The commission of Christ to his ministering servants.

The commission to the first ministers of Christ, we have in the text.—Their call was extraordinary, and their qualification miraculous. A new system of religion was to be established, and extraordinary means were necessary to effect it. Ignorant fishermen were called from their nets, and amply furnished to their work. Cloven tongues of fire came upon them, and by the immediate gift of the Holy Ghost they were enabled to speak all the languages of the east, and to silence the learned priests, the able philosophers, and all the bitter cavillists of that day. Thus qualified

they received an immediate and ſpecial command from Chriſt, to go forth and preach the goſpel. Their call was extraordinary.—Thro them and their ſucceſſors were others, in after ages, to be commiſſioned to the work. When furniſhed with competent knowledge and abilities, and ſanctified by divine grace, they were to be commiſſioned by thoſe in office. Perſons authoriſed in this way are the miniſtering ſervants of Chriſt, as truly as thoſe commiſſioned, immediately, by him. They go forth in his name, and, by his authority, declare the glorious goſpel of the bleſſed God.

Thro the miniſtry of theſe the great Lord is pleaſed to bring home the loſt, the wandering ſinner—to gather thoſe who are naked, and feed on huſks, to eat bread in his houſe, and wear goodly raiment. Thro the inſtrumentality of ſuch the intereſt of the Redeemer is ſupported, his cauſe maintained, and new ſubjects, from time to time, brought into his kingdom.

I now obſerve,

III. Thoſe called to the work are to preach the goſpel to every creature.

God has not excluded any from hearing the goſpel. He has, expreſsly, ordered his miniſtering ſervants to preach the goſpel to every human creature. They are to open their mouths boldly, and declare to men, in every ſituation, thoſe truths which form the eſſence of chriſtianity—which conſtitute the goſpel of Chriſt. They are to preach to kings and great men in office. However exalted the character, or dignified the ſtation, no one is exalted above the goſpel.—There is the ſame moral pollution—the ſame neceſſity of a change of heart—the ſame need of an atone-

ment, and the ſame accountability in one as another. Kings and Princes—great men and the nobles of the earth, have the ſame need of the goſpel as others.

To the poor alſo, the goſpel is to be preached. So it was when Chriſt was in the fleſh, and this was one evidence given to John's diſciples that he was the Meſſiah.

No one is ſo low in life as to be neglected of God, nor any ſo poor as to be deſpiſed of Jeſus. Among the poor he has many precious friends, rich in grace, and heirs of eternal glory. *God has choſen the poor of this world.*

Further,

The goſpel is to be preached to mere moraliſts.—Do not ſome vainly imagine that becauſe they are not ſo openly vicious as others, and avoid many of the groſſer acts of ſin, and do, as they think, many good deeds to commend themſelves to God, they are high in the divine favor, and ſhall obtain a ſeat in heaven? But theſe are deluded ſouls, ſtrangers to their own hearts, and have never known the truth. Such need a change—need an atoning ſacrifice—need the truths of religion to be brought home to their ſouls.

We are, moreover, to preach the goſpel to the vileſt and moſt abandoned ſinners. Swearers and blaſphemers, drunkards and thieves, adulterers and *murderers*, are to be invited to repent and embrace the truth. Yes, ſuch as have wantonly, ſhed human blood, are to hear the ſound of the goſpel. If the murderers of the Son of God—if thoſe vile characters who crucified the Lord of glory, and ſported with his dying agonies, had the firſt offers of peace from a riſen Savior, then, ſurely, no one is ſo vile as to be ex-

cluded from the offer—none ſo odious that he may not be invited to Chriſt. We are ordered to preach the goſpel to all—to high and low—to rich and poor —*to every creature.*

According to the commiſſion from Chriſt, his ſervants have labored, and are ſtill laboring in the world. Peter acted under this commiſſion when, on the day of pentecoſt, he preached to the multitudes aſſembled at Jeruſalem, and brought many to the ſtandard of Chriſt. And ſo did Paul when he travelled in the eaſt, preaching the goſpel to his fellow ſinners, and ſpread chriſtianity thro all the provinces of the Roman empire.

In the execution of this commiſſion, the goſpel is now preached in all our towns and ſocieties—in our new ſettlements, and among the ſavages of the wilderneſs. And this will continue until the time ſpoken of by the prophets, when the fulneſs of the gentiles ſhall come in, and all Iſrael be ſaved—when men ſhall love as brethren; ſwords and the inſtruments of death being converted into the uſeful inſtruments of huſbandry—when the wilderneſs ſhall bloſſom as the roſe, and *Ethiopia ſhall ſtretch out her hands to God.*

IMPROVEMENT.

We are led to remark,

1. That the good man exalts God to the throne of the univerſe. Amidſt the variegated ſcenes of life the ſaint is ſupported by the idea that the Lord reigns.—Many things take place which are croſſing to the natural feelings of the children of God. But we may know there is a God whoſe government is over all his creatures. *He is the rock; his work is perfect*—What

tho we look round the world and ſee confuſion and devaſtation—adverſity and diſtreſs—wars and contentions? What tho iniquities prevail, and men bite and devour one another? Yet, we may know there is a God on the throne who *maketh the wrath of man to praiſe him*; and will, in the end, render all theſe things ſubſervient to his own glory, and the happineſs of the ſaints.

We infer,

2. That the goſpel is free to all. Men are ſinners. Sunk in depravity; all are gone out of the way. God is merciful. He has opened his bowels of grace in the plan and work of redemption. God, in mercy, ſent his Son into the world, to make an atonement by his death, and prepare the way for men to become reconciled to God. Chriſt, in compaſſion to men, when he had completed the work of redemption, made proviſion for publiſhing it to the world, by appointing a preached goſpel. And he has made proviſion for a general offer—a general proclamation of terms of peace and reconciliation. *Go ye into all the world, and preach the goſpel to every creature.* And the goſpel thus offered is free to all. Hear, for a moment, and liſten to the language of Chriſt in his word. *Ho, every one that thirſteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money: come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money, and without price.**

Come unto me all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you reſt.

If any man thirſt, let him come unto me and drink.

And the Spirit and the bride ſay, Come. And let him that heareth ſay, Come. And let him that is athirſt come. And whoſoever will, let him take the water of life freely.

The invitations of the goſpel are made to all; and

* Isaiah, lv. i. The prophet speaking in the name of Christ.

they are as free to one as to another. The reaſon why any periſh is not that they have no offer, but it is becauſe they have no heart to comply with the terms God is holding out to them. The reaſon is that given by Chriſt in his lamentation over Jeruſalem. *O Jeruſalem, Jeruſalem, thou that killeſt the prophets, and ſtoneſt them that are ſent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathers her chickens under her wings, and ye would not !*

The divine conduct is ſuch as to take away every ſhadow of excuſe from ſinners, and ſhut their mouths in ſilence, while the divine character will ſhine, forever, bright, and, unſpeakably, glorious.

It follows,

3. That thoſe who reject the goſpel will meet with an awful condemnation. He that knows his Lord's will and does it not, ſhall be beaten with many ſtripes. Was there no proviſion made for ſaving ſinners, their continued impenitency would not be ſo, aggravatedly, criminal ; for it could not be avoided. Or were the terms of reconciliation kept from their view they would have ſome color of excuſe. But there is an ample and complete atonement. Divine truth is revealed. Salvation is offered to all. We have the bible in our hands, and Chriſt is preached, and ſalvation thro him offered to every ſoul. To impenitent ſinners of this deſcription, therefore, there remains an awful condemnation. The reaſon is obvious. It is becauſe they are enemies of God, and love darkneſs rather than light.

All impenitent ſinners love darkneſs. They love, and delight in, the ways of ſin. The drunkard loves his cups, and the vile perſon his evil ways. The murderer loves his malice, and to gratify the evil pro-

penſity of a corrupt heart he goes, deliberately, and, in open violation of the law of his mind, ſheds the blood of his fellow. The condemnation of theſe will be that they acted freely, and of their own choice in going the way that leads down to death.

There is light enough to convince, even, the moſt abandoned infidel, were it not that his heart, is, inveterately, oppoſed to God and his revealed truth. Let a man only follow the internal teachings of his own conſcience, and weigh the evidence in favor of chriſtianity with that rational candor which he exerciſes in the common concerns of life, and infidelity would vaniſh as the ſhades of night fly before the riſing ſun. But they love darkneſs. They will not come to the light. The light of revelation reproves them—condemns their deeds—points out their danger, and threatens them with future puniſhment in hell. This makes infidels. This makes the bitter enemies of Jeſus ſhut their eyes againſt the light, and ſtrive to put it out. This makes them ſearch for arguments againſt chriſtianity. It is only to quiet conſcience, and make themſelves eaſy in ſin. They hate the bible for the ſame reaſon that Ahab hated the prophet of God. He owned Micaiah was a prophet of the Lord. His conſcience, at that time, forced him to own the truth; but the enmity of his heart overleapt the bounds ſet by his conſcience, and he broke out, *I hate him; for he doth not prophecy good concerning me, but evil.*—Divine revelation points out no good, but evil, to the wicked; and they hate it—they ſwear eternal war with the truth of God. Will not infidels, then—will not all ſuch as reject the goſpel meet with an awful condemnation ——?

4. The ſubject points out, clearly, what is the buſineſs of the ſpeaker to-day. It is not to tell you how to be great and rich in the world. It is not to

point out to you the beſt mode of enjoying the pleaſures of ſenſe. It is to treat with immortal beings about things of infinite weight; nothing leſs than the eternal ſalvation of the ſoul. I am to preach the goſpel to this great aſſembly of my fellow-ſinners.

To you, SAMUEL, the unhappy criminal, I come in the name of the Lord Jeſus; and to you I am to offer the words of eternal life. You ſtand in an affecting, in an awful ſituation. Having been accuſed of the crime of ſhedding human blood, the Grand-Jury of the county, after a due inveſtigation of the caſe, have indicted you for Murder. You have been brought to the bar of the Honorable Superior Court, and aſſiſted in your defence by able and learned counſel. But the evidence was ſo clear againſt you as to induce twelve ſober, judicious, diſintereſted jurors, on their oath, to pronounce you guilty. The ſentence of death, according to the law of the land, has been paſſed upon you; and the day—the important day is come, that you are to die. Before three of the clock this afternoon you are to appear an unbodied ſpirit, before God. You may expect to know, this day, your eternal doom.

It is not my buſineſs at this time to tell you that you committed the fact. I know not, certainly, that you are guilty of the crime for which you are to die. The truth is known to God and your own ſoul. But this I know, that you have confeſſed to the perſon now addreſſing you, that you have been a great ſinner—that you have violated God's holy ſabbaths, profaned his great name, ſlighted his religion, and deſpiſed his word. If you murdered Hannah Simons, and perſiſt in denying it, however you may confeſs your other ſins, you will die with a lie in your right hand. Are you now in the gall of bitterneſs and bond of iniquity, you are not yet out of the reach of mercy. It is now

a day of grace ; but this is the laſt. As I have repeatedly told you in private, I now tell you in public, and for the laſt time, upon repentance towards God, and faith in the Lord Jeſus, you ſhall be ſaved. Otherwiſe you muſt periſh forever. Let a conſideration of the great mercy of Chriſt—of his boundleſs love in dying for ſinners, ſhow you the evil of ſin. Let this affect your heart, and lead you to godly ſorrow for all your iniquities.

Remember the blood of Chriſt is ſufficient to cleanſe from all ſin. Remember a thief on the croſs, and a Mary Magdalene found mercy. Remember a murderous Manaſſeh, who filled Jeruſalem with blood, obtained a pardon. Remember the Goſpel began at Jeruſalem. Yes, *Samuel*, they that imbrued their hands in the blood of Jeſus, were the firſt, after his reſurrection, to have the offer of a pardon through that precious blood they had ſhed. To you, alſo, though a great ſinner, the door of mercy is yet open. Fly, therefore, Oh ! fly—this moment fly to Chriſt ; and, as a broken-hearted penitent, make his righteouſneſs all your hope, and all your dependence. To an infinitely merciful God we commend you, and in the hand of an infinitely righteous God we, cheerfully, leave you.

To this great concourſe of people I muſt now ſay, you have, exhibited before you, *my friends*, the evil of ſin, and the great danger of forgetting God, and lightly eſteeming his divine authority. There you ſee one whom ſin, at an early period, has brought to a violent, untimely death. God ſuffers this as a ſolemn warning to every ſoul preſent. Oh ! come not here as idle and ſtupid ſpectators ! Look not upon the awful ſcene as a mere amuſement. Realize the juſtice of God, and fly from the wrath to come. The goſpel which has been preached by men miraculouſly qual-

ified, and immediately called, is this day offered you. Jesus invites, and calls you to-day to hear and obey that gospel which he ordered his apostles to preach to *every creature*. I invite, and, in his name, intreat you to hear, that your souls may live.

Let it be remembered there is a period approaching, and the *roll* of ages will bring it on, when you must appear before the once crucified Jesus—when the despised *babe of Bethlehem*, the suffering man of Calvary, will appear as the *Mighty* God, the judge of all. I must, therefore, before I dismiss the subject, point you to the solemn period when *The Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the Archangel, and the trump of God.* Until that day we shall never meet again. Then, and not till then, we shall all assemble before our Judge. We shall stand on a level with the unhappy criminal who is this day to finish his course. Happy, gloriously happy will that day be to the righteous! But dreadful, unspeakably dreadful, to the wicked, who in the agony of wild despair, will *call to the rocks to fall on them; and to the mountains to cover them from the face of him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb.*

Now is the accepted time; behold now is the day of salvation. The time is short. A few days and life will end. When the scene of mortal things is once closed, the ministry of reconciliation will cease forever. *Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us: we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God.*

Beware, therefore, lest that come upon you which is spoken of in the prophets, Behold, ye despisers, and wonder, and perish.

APPENDIX.

WHEN man is ſo deſtitute of a ſenſe of morality and the fear of God, and, by the commiſſion of enormous crimes, becomes ſuch a dangerous member of ſociety, as to render it neceſſary that he be taken off by the hand of juſtice, the feelings of the public are, in ſome degree, intereſted in his hiſtory. To gratify that curioſity which is, uſually, excited on ſuch occaſions; but, more eſpecially, to afford a leſſon of inſtruction and admonition to mankind, it is judged expedient to publiſh the following account of the unhappy man whoſe untimely death occaſioned the foregoing diſcourſe. The writer of this narrative had frequent opportunities, and much converſation with the criminal, after condemnation, upon the intereſting ſubjects of death, judgment, and eternity. He appeared to be a perſon of good natural underſtanding, but of ſmall doctrinal acquaintance with religion, as may, naturally, be expected in perſons who indulge, and allow themſelves in a ſtated inattention to religious inſtruction, and a fixed diſregard to divine things.

At one interview, about three weeks before the day of execution, he was aſked whether he was willing to give a general account of his life. He replied that he had no objection, and that he would freely anſwer any queſtion that ſhould be put to him. He then went on and related, for ſubſtance, as follows.

His father was a negro, and his mother an indian woman. He was born at Johnſton, in the ſtate of

Rhode-Iſland, about the year 1780. When he was four years old he went from Johnſton with his parents to Providence, where they reſided a few months, and from thence went to Boſton. He lived in Boſton with his parents about ſix, or ſeven years. When he was eleven years old, or thereabouts, he went with one Mr. Boyd, a merchant, to Portland, with whom he tarried about nine or ten months, and then returned to Boſton. His parents being gone, he reſided a year and half with Primus Hall, a negro, in Boſton.—His mother then making a viſit at that town, probably, in ſearch of him, he went with her to Mendon, where they lived together ſome months, from whence they went and reſided in Wrentham a year and half. From that period he lived alternately in Wrentham, Franklin, Bellingham and Mendon, until the ſpring of 1803. When he was in the 23d year of his age, he was married to a girl whoſe name was Alathea Newman, by a civil officer in Mendon. By his wife he had one child, only, that ſurvived her—which is now between two and three years old, and lives with his mother. His wife died in November, 1804. In the ſpring following, he came to Aſhford, where he reſided, principally, until the calamitous affair which occaſioned his confinement in priſon.

His advantages, as is common with that ſort of people who live a wandering unſettled life, we may naturally conclude were ſmall. But yet, he had education enough, had he been well diſpoſed, to have done, regularly, common buſineſs, and to have made a decent, valuable citizen. His father, he obſerved, had a pretty good common education, and took pains to learn him to read and write. He went to a ſchool one month, taught by a writing maſter, and a ſhort time to a woman, which was all the opportunity of inſtruction he ever enjoyed, except what his father taught him. But with theſe advantages he was able to read and write intelligibly.

Hannah Simons, an indian woman, for the murder of whom he was ſentenced to die, he obſerved, he ſaw at Mendon, about three years ago, in company with a man with whom ſhe lived, but who was not her huſband, having never been lawfully married to him. He never ſaw her afterwards, till he met with her at a tavern in Mansfield, laſt April. The ſame day at evening, he ſaw her at a public houſe, in Aſhford, when ſhe agreed to leave the man with whom ſhe had cohabited, and live with him. With her he acknowledged he cohabited, and lived in an unlawful manner until the fatal day when her death brought on him the ſuſpicion of murder, which he was never able to wipe away. Alas! how dangerous to ſtep on forbidden ground! Stolen waters, tho ſweet at firſt, are bitter in the end. Many things which give the ſinner a momentary ſatisfaction, at length, will *bite like a ſerpent, and ſting like an adder.*

Here it may be proper, and ſerve to ſatisfy the public mind, to give a ſtatement of the principal facts which appeared on trial. This appears expedient on the ground that it is known the criminal denied, even to the laſt, his having deſignedly killed the woman.

At the trial before the Hon. Superior Court, it appeared by ſubſtantial evidence that on the 24th day of May, 1805, Samuel Freeman, the priſoner, and Hannah Simons, an indian woman, went in company, to the houſe of Azariah Ruſs, in Aſhford, where they tarried ſome time. While at that houſe Hannah lay down on the bed, complaining of wearineſs and great fatigue. Samuel inſiſted on her getting up and going home to the hut where they reſided, which was in an adjoining lot, at the diſtance of about ſixty or ſeventy rods. When ſhe appeared unwilling to go, urging that ſhe was tired and wanted reſt, he replied that he was tired, alſo, and they would go home and reſt there.

She then got up and went out with him. While paſſing thro the garden, on the back ſide of the houſe, ſhe ſtopped, and appeared unwilling to go forward. He addreſſed her then, *Come along, damn you, come along.* On her not regarding this, he ſpoke with increaſed heat and anger, *God damn you, come along.* She then followed him to the fence on the further ſide of the garden, where ſhe again diſcovered an inclination to return. There he was heard to treat her with rough language, but the words were not diſtinctly underſtood by the witneſs. They, then, got over the fence, into the road, walked on together a few rods, paſſed over a pair of bars into the paſture where their houſe ſtood, travelled on towards the houſe, and the witneſs ſaw them no more.

Within about an hour and a half, S. came back to Ruſs', and enquired of the family whether H. had been there—ſaid ſhe was gone off, and he could not find her.

It appeared, alſo, that people in oppoſite directions from the paſture into which they were ſeen to enter, and at the diſtance of nearly half a mile, heard an outcry, repeatedly, and in theſe words, *O dear! O dear!* The preciſe time when this cry of diſtreſs was heard, the witneſſes could not aſcertain; but it was, in their opinion, about two or three o'clock in the afternoon. He was ſeen the ſame afternoon travelling faſt about the neighborhood—of ſome perſons enquiring after H.—paſſing by others in a hurry, and talking to himſelf, manifeſting a mind uneaſy and diſturbed. In the courſe of the afternoon, he was heard to call H. aloud, a number of times in the paſture. When enquired of by a perſon whether he had looked for her in the grove in the paſture, and where her body was, eventually, found, he replied, *yes, I have looked every where there.*

Toward night, he went again to Ruſs', and carried the hat, gown and ſhoes which H. had on when they were there together at 2 o'clock, and left them with the family, telling them that when ſhe went off, ſhe left them in the houſe.

Theſe things took place on Friday. From that time, for ſeveral days, there was enquiry after H. and her being gone, was the ſubject of much converſation in the neighborhood. There were various conjectures on the ſubject, and ſtrong ſuſpicions were excited that S. had murdered her.

On Saturday, S. went to Mansfield, in ſearch of an indian man and woman, with whom he had been intimate. They went to his hut, and tarried with him over the ſabbath. Some time in the courſe of the ſabbath, ſoap was procured from a neighboring houſe, and, as S. afterwards related, the indian woman waſhed a ſhirt for him.

When on his way to Mansfield, he was at a houſe about a mile from the place where he had reſided. The woman of the houſe had not heard that H. was miſſing, but having often ſeen them in company, aſked after her. He replied, *She is down there.* The woman replied, *Is ſhe down at Ruſs' ? Yes*, ſaid he, *ſhe is down there at work.* At another time it being ſuggeſted to him that H. was dead; he obſerved to this effect, *if ſhe is dead, I am glad of it, for ſhe has been a plague to me, and every body elſe that had any thing to do with her.*

The next week on Friday, her body was found in a grove of buſhes and ſmall trees, in the paſture where they were laſt ſeen together; and in the direct courſe, very nearly, from where they entered the paſture, to the houſe, and about fifty rods from the houſe. The

information being given to a magiſtrate, a warrant was iſſued, immediately, to apprehend S. and a jury of inqueſt empannelled. When he was conducted to the body of the deceased, he obſerved to this effect, or in theſe words, *I muſt ſuffer, tho I'm innocent, becauſe there was nobody to ſee the affray. If any one had ſeen it, he would not have thought I did enough to kill her.* On this occaſion he undertook to ſtate the manner in which ſhe left him. At firſt he ſaid to ſome preſent, that they went home, and lay down on the bed—that he fell aſleep, and when he awoke, ſhe was gone, and he never ſaw her more. To others he gave an account, which he continued to declare was fact, viz. that they went home and lay down on the bed—that while he was drowſing, but not in a ſound ſleep, ſhe got up—that he inquired of her where ſhe was going—that ſhe ſaid ſhe was going out at the door for a few minutes. He then, he ſaid, concluding ſhe was going out on ſome neceſſary occaſion, felt eaſy and fell aſleep. When he awoke and found ſhe had not returned, he went out and ſearched for her, and could not find her.

On examining the body there was diſcovered a bruiſe on the back ſide of the head, which as the body was in a ſtate of high putrefaction, occaſioned the ſcalp to ſeperate, eaſily, from the ſcull, while the ſkin adjoining was much more tough and firm.

There were, alſo, on one arm, a number of livid ſpots, apparently, the effect of bruiſes. A large handkerchief or ſhawl was tied round her neck; and, as the neck was much ſwollen, was drawn extremely tight. One corner of the handkerchief was drawn up over her chin, and the other down upon her breaſt. One of the jury of inqueſt obſerving that he ſuſpected her throat was cut, and that it was beſt to take off the handkerchief and examine; S. ſaid, *her throat is*

not cut. The handkerchief being taken off, it appeared that the throat was not cut; but there was a ſtab under each ear, directly againſt the jugular veins, of conſiderable depth, and apparently done with a knife. Theſe were conſidered as the fatal wounds.

Her ſtockings appeared to be too large for her feet, and, of courſe, by putting on the ſhoe, there were plaits or wrinkles formed from the toe towards the heel; which, by wearing ſeveral days previous to her death, and being cotton, would remain after the ſhoe was taken off. Theſe plaits were perfectly ſmooth in the ſtocking feet when examined by the jury of inqueſt, and the bottoms no more ſoiled or diſcolored, than the other parts of the ſtocking; tho if, according to the account given by S. ſhe left her ſhoes in the houſe, ſhe muſt have walked fifty rods at leaſt, on rough ground, a conſiderable part of the way among buſhes, and up an aſcent, in order to have gone a direct courſe. If in a circuitous route, ſhe muſt have gone through plowed ground.

No knife, or inſtrument of any kind could be found near the body, with which ſhe could have wounded, and deſtroyed herſelf.

Theſe were the principal facts that were given in evidence. On theſe facts the Bill of Indictment was founded, by the grand jury; and theſe the petit jury were, unanimouſly, agreed were ſufficient to ſubſtantiate the fact charged in the indictment, and they found the priſoner guilty of *Murder.*

The criminal perſiſted uniformly in a denial of the fact; and declared, even, to the laſt, that ſhe left him when he lay on the bed, as ſtated above; and that he never ſaw her body after ſhe went out at the door, until he was taken by warrant, and conducted to the

ſpot by the Officer. He did alſo uniformly ſay that he did not know but his treatment of her was the occaſion of her death; and would ſometimes ſay, he was inclined to think it was. He acknowledged after his trial and ſentence, that the night before ſhe was ſuppoſed to be murdered, and late in the night, when returning from a houſe where they had been together, a diſpute aroſe, and he ſtruck her twice with his fiſt, once on each ſide of the neck, and knocked her down —that after ſhe got up and followed him he gave her a ſevere ſtroke in the ſtomach, with his elbow, and that after they returned home from Ruſs', and ſhe had lain down, a controverſy aroſe which occaſioned him to pull her off the bed, and draw her about the floor.

Tho it is not the preſent deſign either to remark upon the facts, or opinionate upon the caſe, yet it is natural to notice, and every individual will notice, the ſhort ſpace of time after they went from Ruſs' until he returned there; and what muſt have paſſed, according to his account, in that ſpace. By his account, they went home, and lay down, and had an affray, in which he pulled her off the bed and drew her about the floor—they became quiet and lay down again, and he fell into a drowſe—he was diſturbed by her getting up, and enquired where ſhe was going—ſhe anſwered his queſtion, and went out—he fell into a ſound ſleep, awoke, got up, made diligent ſearch after H. and returned to Ruſs', all in the ſhort ſpace of one hour and a half.——This is poſſible, but whether probable is left to the candid to judge. And tho men, and the beſt of men may err, yet there is a day approaching when perfect juſtice will take place, and *God will bring every work into judgment, with every ſecret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil.*

Notwithſtanding the criminal denied that he ever

intentionally killed Hannah Simons, yet he confeſſed a black catalogue of other crimes; and acknowledged, at ſome times, that he ought to die. It appeared by his confeſſion, at the time referred to above, when he gave an account of his life, that he began his career of ſin at a very early period. This is a common caſe with thoſe that come to an untimely end. They uſually begin young, and go on to that pitch of wickedneſs that public juſtice cuts them off, to render ſociety ſafe, and free the world from an intolerable burden. So it was in this inſtance. When S. was a ſmall boy he ſtole from his father's purſe a ſmall ſum, not exceeding, perhaps, a few pence, for which his father gave him proper correction. This was the firſt inſtance of theft which he acknowledged.

While he lived with Mr. Boyd, at Portland, he opened a drawer in the ſtore, and took half a dollar. This piece of iniquity was diſcovered, and he was puniſhed, which was the probable reaſon of his leaving his maſter, and returning to Boſton.

He acknowledged, alſo, that when he was a lad he went to a ſtore in Wrentham to buy a penknife, and obtained one in a way which he conſidered as theft. The gentleman that tended the ſtore laid a number of knives on the counter, one of which he took, and paid for, putting the knife in his pocket. After the ſtore-keeper had taken the money, and put up the knives, there remained one on the counter. This being offered him as the one he had purchaſed, he took it, put it in his pocket, and did not inform the owner of the miſtake. This, or conduct of the kind, may, poſſibly, be juſtified by the wicked world; but it is theft in the eye of an holy God, and was ſo conſidered by S. in view of eternity. Theſe he ſaid were all the inſtances of theft he ever committed; and theſe are enough to ſhow a corrupt, depraved diſpoſition, and

appearing in early life, even in childhood, indicate great danger of increasing in wickedness 'till ripe for ruin.

Profane swearing is a sin to which he was exceedingly addicted. He acknowledged that he had profaned God's holy name in the most awful manner! Nor did he pay any regard to the law of the sabbath. In his catalogue of crimes he, particularly, acknowledged this as what denominated him a great sinner in the sight of God. He confessed, that when he lived at Bellingham, the young people used to come to his house and request him to fiddle for them on the sabbath, that he complied, tho at first with some reluctance, and that they used to dance at the house where he lived, spending the Lord's day in frolicking and mirth. This, it is conceived, he designed to represent as what frequently took place. That it was a heaven-daring sin, is not to be doubted. Should this, providentially, fall into the hands of any of those young people, they are, seriously, desired to take warning and repent, lest the judgments of God overtake them in this life, and S. be a swift witness against them at the day of judgment.

S. observed that his mother often advised him to keep out of bad company, but he rejected her advice. And his frequenting bad company, particularly the company of bad women, he considered as one thing that had great influence in bringing him to an untimely end.

He confessed that he was a disobedient son, often treating, especially, his Mother, with foul, abusive language. His abusive, ill treatment of his mother, he thought, had a tendency to harden, and lead him on in other sins. And the idea was, undoubtedly, just. *Honor thy father and thy mother, is the first com-*

mand with promiſe. Scarce any ſin is more provoking to God, than diſobedience to parents. The feelings of a poor condemned malefactor, are a ſolemn warning to children, that they honor and obey their parents in the fear of God, leſt they become hardened in ſin, and be given up to ruin. No doubt, many a youth has, from diſhonoring his mother, gone on from ſin to ſin, till he has become a candidate for public execution.

It having been reported that his abuſe and cruel treatment of his wife occaſioned her death, he was aſked, when giving an account of his life, whether he and his wife lived happily together? He ſaid, they did not, and intimated that her imprudent conduct was the cauſe of contention. He was then inquired of whether he ſuppoſed he was the means of her death? He obſerved, that tho he uſed to ſtrike and abuſe her, yet he did not accuſe himſelf of having occaſioned her death, unleſs it was by neglect, when ſhe needed his attention. He ſaid ſhe was never well after lying in—that ſhe languiſhed, and died with the conſumption—that he ſuppoſed he let her ſuffer, and in that way might occaſion her death. Before the day of execution, however, he made a more full diſcloſure of his baſeneſs in that affair. He confeſſed, of his own accord, that he pulled his wife out of a chair upon the floor—that he beat and bruiſed her—that ſome little time after this affray, ſhe had an immature birth, produced, as he ſuppoſed, by his beating her, and that ſhe, from that time, languiſhed, and died.—He ſuppoſed, therefore, that his vile conduct did occaſion the death of, both, the mother and child. And he told the writer of this, even, when walking to the gallows, that he was willing the world ſhould be informed that he viewed himſelf as having cauſed the death of his wife.

He freely confeſſed, and, of his own accord, acknowledged that he had been a man of lewdneſs—that, even, when he lived with his wife, he was, in a variety of inſtances, guilty of unlawful commerce with bad women. And, indeed, tho painful to relate, yet, as an evidence of human depravity, and to warn the living of the great danger of venturing on forbidden ground, it ought to be mentioned that he was ſo abandoned to vice, that he made repeated attempts to commit filthineſs with beaſts! This he confeſſed more than once, and particularly the night before his execution; driven to it, as appeared, by the convictions of his own conſcience, and the horrors that preſſed hard upon him in view of eternity.

He appeared, after ſentence was paſſed upon him, to be fond of the company of miniſters of religion, and other ſerious perſons. The fore part of the time between ſentence and execution, tho he was ſober, and converſed with ſome freedom about death and eternity, yet there appeared no great degree of anxiety on his mind. When it was mentioned to him that his time was ſhort, and that it was important for him to think ſeriouſly, and be prepared for death; he would acknowledge it, and ſaid, he was preparing himſelf as faſt as he could. It appearing by his converſation, that he placed much dependance on reading the bible, and his prayers, to prepare himſelf for death; the danger of ſelf-dependance, the neceſſity of a new heart, of ſincere repentance, and faith, were, from time to time, preſſed upon him. As the time of execution drew near, his anxiety increaſed, and for ſome days he manifeſted an overwhelming ſenſe of his danger as a great ſinner.

On the day of execution, he behaved with a degree of fortitude, and ſteadineſs, manifeſting, however, to thoſe converſant with him, a very great weight and

burden on his mind ; and, eſpecially, in ſome of his laſt moments, an inward perturbation and horror truly affecting.

This narrative, as well as numberleſs inſtances of perſons ſtupid when death is viewed at a diſtance, and alarmed when brought near, ſhows the wiles of ſatan—the deceitfulneſs of the heart, and the deluſive nature of ſin. It is ſeriouſly deſired that all, into whoſe hands theſe lines may happen to fall, may profit by what they read. By an early indulgence of ſin, and becoming hardened in the ways of vice, the unhappy man, of whom ſome things have been related, prepared himſelf for great horror of mind, and to die, when a youth, by the hand of public juſtice.

Reader, remember the danger of ſinning againſt God ; and that *He* who will be your judge ſaith, *He* that, *being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, ſhall ſuddenly be deſtroyed, and that without remedy !*

THE CHRISTIAN'S CONFIDENCE.

A

SERMON,

PREACHED AT WENHAM,

AT THE

FUNERAL

OF THE

REV. RUFUS ANDERSON, A. M.

FEBRUARY 15, 1814.

BY SAMUEL WORCESTER.

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1814.

A

SERMON.

II. TIMOTHY, i, 12.

NEVERTHELESS I AM NOT ASHAMED; FOR I KNOW WHOM I HAVE BELIEVED, AND AM PERSUADED THAT HE IS ABLE TO KEEP THAT WHICH I HAVE COMMITTED UNTO HIM AGAINST THAT DAY.

THE gospel supplies the best consolations in time, and the most glorious hopes for eternity. Of its supreme excellency, in both these respects, no person perhaps ever had higher experience, than the apostle of the Gentiles; as certainly no one ever spoke of it in terms of higher praise.

This eminent servant of Christ, at the date of this second Letter to Timothy, was a close prisoner at Rome. It was a time of violent persecution under the cruel Nero. So struck with dread were the Christians at Rome, that when the apostle made his first defence before his judges no one durst stand by him. Though judgment was not then passed against him, yet such was the rage of his persecutors, that his friends all forsook him and fled from the city, excepting only his faithful companion Luke; and the apostle himself was fully persuaded, that he must soon seal his testimony to the name of Jesus with his blood. "I am now ready to be offered," said he, "and the time of my departure is at hand." But as he had not himself shrunk, so neither would he have Timothy shrink, from the reproaches or perils of the cross. "Be not thou therefore ashamed of the testimony of

our Lord, nor of me his prisoner: but be thou partaker of the afflictions of the gospel, according to the power of God; who hath saved us and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began; but is now made manifest, by the appearing of our Saviour Jesus Christ, who hath abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light by the gospel: whereunto I am appointed a preacher, and an apostle, and a teacher of the Gentiles. For the which cause I also suffer these things. *Nevertheless I am not ashamed; for I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day.*"

Such, my brethren, was the firmness of the apostle, and such were the sentiments by which he was sustained and animated, when actually in bonds, and in full expectation of soon suffering death, for the name of *his* Lord and *ours*. He was not ashamed of the cause, to which he had devoted himself, and for which he was suffering: for he knew Jesus Christ in whom he trusted, and was immovable in the confidence, that what was committed to him, he was able to keep, until the great and final day. That we may be impressed with the justness and force of these admirable sentiments, let us,

I. Attend to some particulars, which were comprised in Paul's knowledge of Christ, and on the ground of which he felt secure;

II. Consider what he had committed in trust to Christ; and then,

III. Contemplate, more directly, the reason which he had not to be ashamed.

First, then, what did the holy apostle know of Christ? *I know*, he says, *whom I have believed.* His knowledge of Jesus Christ, we may assure ourselves, was

correct, ample, deep, and experimental. He knew Christ to be a person in the highest sense divine;—he knew him to be the propitiation for the sins of the world;—he knew him to have been raised from the dead, and exalted upon the throne of the universe;—he knew him to have power to restore to the divine favour all true believers in him—he knew him to be the resurrection and the life—and he knew him to be the final Judge of all.

Paul knew Jesus Christ to be a person in the highest sense divine. Of this we have plenary evidence in his own writings; but my limits require that my citations be few. In the first of Hebrews, asserting the supreme dignity of Christ, he quotes the eternal Father saying to the Son, "Thy throne, O GOD, is forever and ever; a sceptre of righteousness is the sceptre of thy kingdom."—"And, thou Lord in the beginning hast laid the foundation of the earth, and the heavens are the work of thy hands; they shall perish, but thou remainest; and they all shall wax old as doth a garment; and as a vesture shalt thou fold them up, and they shall be changed; but thou art the same, and thy years fail not." Here he shews Christ to be God; the Creator of all things, and himself absolutely immutable. Accordingly in the last chapter of the same epistle, he asserts "Jesus Christ" to be "the same, yesterday, and to-day, and forever." This most strongly expresses at once, his absolute immutability, and his eternity. In the fifth of Ephesians the apostle speaks of "the kingdom of him who is the Christ and God."* In the second of Ti-

*The rendering here adopted, of this passage from Ephesians, and of the following one from Titus, is according to the rule, first laid down in form by Granville Sharp, and since approved and established by criticks of the first distinction.—It was not indeed within the design of this discourse to go largely into the proof of Christ's DIVINITY: but as this great article "of the faith once delivered to the saints" was evidently a capital one in

tus, he solemnly refers us to "the glorious appearing of our great God and Saviour Jesus Christ;" or, more emphatically, according to the original idiom, "of the great God, even our Saviour Jesus Christ." And in the ninth of Romans, he devoutly extols Christ, as "over all God blessed forever more."

So full was this holy and inspired man, in his views and acknowledgments of the absolute divinity of the Saviour in whom he trusted. "He honoured the Son, even as he honoured the Father." He declared him to be "the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of his person." In exalted strains of thanksgiving and praise, he utters his assurance, that "in him dwell all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge," even "all the fulness of the Godhead bodily;"—that he "filleth all in all;" that "by him and for him all things were created, that are in heaven and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers;"—that "he is before all things," that "in him all things consist;" and that he "upholdeth all things by the word of his power."

Paul also knew Jesus Christ, as the propitiation for the sins of the world. "Great," said he, "is the mystery of godliness: God was manifest in the flesh." "For when the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth his Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that are under the law." "There is therefore," he affirms, "one Mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus, who gave himself a ransom for all:"—"who died the just for the unjust;"—"hath tasted death for every man;"—"hath loved us and given himself for us an offering and a sacrifice to God of a

our apostle's knowledge of him; it had an indisputable claim to the place which it here occupies, and to the support, from the apostles' own testimony, which is here exhibited.

sweet smelling savour;"—"hath been made a curse for us, and borne our sins in his own body on the tree;"—"and by his own blood hath entered once into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us." Such are some of the many expressions, used by the apostle, on this momentous subject; a subject, on which he delighted to dwell, on which he insisted with inimitable energy and pathos, and which it was the principal design of his epistle to the Hebrews to establish and illustrate.

This apostle likewise knew Christ to be raised from the dead, and exalted upon the throne of the universe. To the Corinthians he says, "I delivered unto you first of all, that which I also received, how that Christ died for our sins, according to the scriptures; that he was buried, and *that he rose again*, according to the scriptures." To the same purpose he further testifies, that when "Christ had by himself purged our sins, he sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high—far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named, both in this world, and in that which is to come;"—"that he is head over all things to the Church;"—"that he is Lord of all;"—"and must reign until all things are put under him."

Paul knew Christ to have power to restore to the divine favour all who believe in him. As Christ "was delivered for our offences," so he "was raised again for our justification;"—"and for this cause he is the Mediator of the New Testament, that by means of death for the redemption of the transgressions under the first covenant, they which are called might receive the promise of eternal inheritance." Therefore, "through him is preached the forgiveness of sins; and by him all that believe are justified from all things from which they could not be justified by the law of Moses." "There is now,

then, no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus;"—"for through him, being justified by faith, we have peace with God, and rejoice in hope of his glory." "Who then shall lay any thing to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died; yea rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us."—Such is the grateful and triumphant manner, in which this apostle was accustomed to express himself, on this most important particular comprised in his knowledge of Christ.

Farther, Paul knew Christ to be the resurrection and the life. "If in this life only we have hope," says he, we are of all men most miserable." "But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept. For since by man," i. e. Adam, "came death, by man," i. e. Christ, "came also the resurrection of the dead." Hence, to his believing brethren he says, "Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth:—for ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God; and when Christ who is your life shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory."—"For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. Then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, "Death is swallowed up in victory." Enraptured with this glorious prospect, the holy apostle breaks forth in triumph, "O death, where is thy sting! O grave, where is thy victory! The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law: but thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Once more—Paul knew Jesus Christ to be the final Judge of all. To Timothy, in this second Epistle, he says, "I charge thee before God, and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead at his

appearing and kingdom." And to the Corinthians, in holy exultation, "We are confident, and willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord. Wherefore we labour, that whether present or absent we may be accepted of him. For we must all stand before the judgment seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to what he hath done, whether it be good or bad."

Such, brethren, were some of the leading particulars, comprised in Paul's knowledge of Jesus Christ. Had he not then solid ground for his firm persuasion, that Christ was able to keep, until the great and decisive day, what he had committed to him? Did he know Christ to be the great God and Saviour—to have died for sinful men, and obtained with his own blood eternal redemption for them—to be risen, and exalted at the right hand of Majesty in the heavens, with unlimited dominion over all worlds—to be a great and merciful high Priest in the holiest of all, ever living to make intercession, and able to save all who come unto God by him—to have power to raise the dead, to judge the world, and to fix for eternity the destinies of all men? What, then, could be wanting to constitute the strongest possible ground for his confidence, that Christ was able to keep what he had committed to him, in perfect safety?—Let us, then,

II. Consider what Paul had committed in trust to Christ.

To his Thessalonian brethren the apostle said, "I pray God your whole spirit, and soul, and body be preserved blameless, unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." In this prayer, unquestionably, we have a comprehensive view of what he had himself committed to Christ. His *deposite*, as the original phrase is, com-

prised his whole spirit, soul, and body; his entire person, his life, his happiness, all his interests.

The grand doctrine of the gospel which Paul preached is—eternal salvation by Christ. This doctrine imports, that mankind in themselves are ruined: "for we thus judge," says the apostle, "that if one died for all, then were all dead." Naturally dead in trespasses and sins, their ruin is complete; and but for the Saviour, irretrievable and everlasting. Their bodies and their souls, their lives and their interests, for time and for eternity, are forfeited. But the Lord Jesus Christ came "to seek and to save that which was lost." He came to redeem men from the curse of the law, from condemnation, from sin—from death; that by him they might "obtain salvation with eternal glory." In this salvation are comprised, the forgiveness of sins—renewal unto holiness after the image of God—complete restoration to the divine favour—and the everlasting life and happiness of soul and body in the divine presence and kingdom.

This is the salvation which Christ offers to men; this is the salvation for which all true believers trust in him; this is the salvation, which, according to the apostle's own expression, is "the end of their faith." When, in the exercise of faith, men truly embrace the offer of the gospel, feeling and acknowledging their naturally lost state, they humbly and gratefully resign themselves, soul and body, with all their interests, into Christ's hands, trusting in him as their all-sufficient Redeemer and Saviour. To believers, therefore, the apostle says, "Ye are not your own; ye have been bought with a price; ye are Christ's:" and this sentiment no man perhaps ever more strongly felt, than the apostle himself.

To Christ, then, this holy man had entrusted the whole vast concern of his eternal salvation. Into Christ's

hands he had committed his body and his soul; his life, his character, his happiness—all that pertained to his glory, and honour, and immortality. This was his grand deposite, which he was persuaded Christ was able to keep until the great and decisive day. Hence, he could say, *I am not ashamed.* Let us then,

III. Contemplate more directly the reason he had, not to be ashamed.

Men have reason to be ashamed, only when they have done wickedly, or unwisely. Had the apostle then done either? He had committed the whole concern of his welfare, temporal and eternal, to Christ, and sacredly devoted himself to Christ's cause.—*Had he, in this done wickedly?* Was it not the express will of God that he should thus do? Was he not called upon by infinite mercy thus to do? Was he not required under pain of eternal wo thus to do? Was it not then his duty? and had he not done it, would he not have been chargeable with infinite guilt?—*Had he then done unwisely?* Was it unwise in him to comply with the will of God?—to hearken to the voice of eternal mercy?—to do what was absolutely necessary for him to do, or perish forever with unbelievers—with the ungodly?—Was it unwise in him to commit his whole interest for eternity to Him who made him, who redeemed him with his own blood, who has the universe in his hand—who ever liveth to make intercession in the heavens, and is able to save unto the uttermost—who holds the keys of hell and of death, and will judge both the quick and the dead at his appearing and kingdom? Was it unwise in him to secure his own salvation, and devotedly to seek the salvation, the eternal happiness, of millions!

True, in consequence of thus giving himself to Christ, Paul had suffered much. Once he was popular, and held an honourable rank among the first characters of

his nation. But his worldly popularity and rank he lost: he was subjected to the reproaches, the contempt, the hatred of those, by whom he had been caressed and held in esteem; he was made, as he himself strongly expresses it, "the offscouring of all things." But what then? Had he not committed his character, his good name, to Him who hath said, "Him that honoureth me I will honour;" whose praise is infinitely more valuable than that of men, and in whose kingdom his name shall flourish with immortal honours?—Should he then have been ashamed? He had been obliged to forsake his earthly connexions, and was despoiled of his goods, until he could say he had "suffered the loss of all things." But was it not for Him whose word is sure:" There is no man that hath left house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come life everlasting." Had he not committed all his earthly interests to Him, who would assuredly turn them to the best account for the eternal welfare of himself and of many? Should he then have been ashamed?—By those of his nation who were zealous of the law, he was held as an apostate, and his doctrine was denounced as erroneous, pernicious, blasphemous. But had he not in this regard committed his cause to Him, from whom he had received the revelation of the truth; in whose name alone there is salvation for men; and by whom he was authorized in the most solemn manner to pronounce, "If any man preach any other gospel, than that which I have preached, let him be accursed!"—Should he then have been ashamed?—He had been "persecuted from city to city;" had been "in perils by land, in perils by sea, in perils among false brethren;" had been beaten, stoned, and imprisoned: and

when he wrote this last epistle to Timothy, he was held bound with a chain to answer at the bar of Cesar, and expected soon to be led forth to a public and ignominious death. But had he not committed his body and his soul to Him, who, after having himself endured the cross, despising the shame, was exalted on the right hand of Majesty in the heavens; whose cheering word was sure, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life;" and who would not fail to receive his soul into Paradise, to raise his body from the dust, incorruptible and immortal, and to make all his sufferings, both of pain and of ignominy, redound to his eternal felicity and glory? Were not all his sufferings incurred by his devotedness to Christ, and his zeal for the salvation of men? And might he not triumph in the sure prospect of ample reward in heaven, and of the many thousands saved by his instrumentality, who would join him before the throne of God and the Lamb, with ceaseless joys and thanksgivings?—Ought he then to have been ashamed?

Paul, indeed, was persuaded that Christ was able to keep what he had committed to him, until the grand consummation. Had he any reason to be ashamed of this persuasion?—Ages after ages indeed were to pass away. The world was to be "overturned, and overturned, and overturned," with convulsions and revolutions in long and awful succession. At length "the heavens were to be rolled together like a scroll, the elements were to be melted with fervent heat, and the earth and all things in it were to be burned up." Yet might not Paul safely confide, that He to whom he had entrusted his deposite, would himself preside over all the fleeting ages—over all the successive convulsions and revolutions of the world—over the stupendous catastrophe of the last day! and therefore, that through the

whole, not only his soul, but also his sleeping dust would be kept in perfect safety: and that at last, in the presence of the assembled universe, all his reproach would be wiped away; his righteousness be brought forth as the light, and his judgment as the noon day; his soul and body, re-united, and made perfect in the image of Christ, be presented before the throne with exceeding joy; and all which he had committed in trust be produced and displayed with immortal glory!—Surely, then, this faithful, but suffering servant of Christ had no reason to be ashamed.

REFLECTIONS.

1. Our subject opens to us a glorious view of the riches of divine grace presented in the gospel.

It is affecting to reflect how the gospel is treated by mankind. By many indeed it is regarded as a blessing; yet no more perhaps than as a blessing of common providence. By others it is treated as a matter of indifference, which they may attend to or not at their pleasure. By others still, it is utterly despised and discarded.

But, my hearers, is it not a fact, as certain as it is solemn, that we are a fallen race of beings?—that mankind universally have sinned—have broken the law of God and incurred its penalty? Is not the law, however, perfectly good, and its penalty perfectly just? Then certainly we and our whole guilty race might justly have been left to perish without hope;—to pass our lives here without a single solace, and to close them in eternal sorrow. But thanks to infinite mercy, we have not been so left. A Saviour of most exalted character has appeared for our help. He "who was in the bosom of the Father," and "thought it no robbery to be equal with God," has come down from heaven to redeem and save us. To deliver us from the curse of the law, he

was made a curse for us. He died for our sins, and rose again for our justification; and now from the right hand of power, from the throne of celestial mercy, he offers us pardon and peace, even salvation with eternal glory, as the purchase of his own blood. All who humbly believe in him he will assuredly save unto the uttermost. He is able to save them from sin and from hell; to support them under all the trials of this evil world; to cheer them with the light and the prospects of heaven, in the hour of death; to place their spirits in the abodes of bliss, and preserve their dust for a glorious resurrection; and finally to crown them, soul and body made perfect in his likeness, with immortal happiness and glory.

Is there not in all this, my brethren, a most wonderful display of divine grace? If we felt it as we ought, should we not all be ready to join with Paul, in the rapturous expression of his gratitude, "Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift!"—And with John, "Herein is love; not that we loved God, but that he loved us!" And are we not astonished at our indifference, and the indifference of others, in regard to this great salvation!

2. Of what infinite importance is a true knowledge of Christ.

Many, it is evident, who assume the name of Christians, are far, very far from feeling and acting like Paul. What can be the reason? Is it not that there is some great defect in their knowledge of Christ?—either in their speculative, or their experimental knowledge? Is it indeed possible, that the man who does not acknowledge the divine dignity of the Saviour, nor atonement by his blood; but regards Jesus Christ as a mere creature, and his mission to have been only for instruction

and example:—is it possible, that the man who thus regards Christ, should feel as Paul felt. Is it possible, that he should commit the infinitely weighty concern of his salvation—of such a salvation as the gospel represents to be necessary for men—to such a Saviour? Is it possible he should be able to say, "I count all things but loss, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord?"—Or, "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ?"—It was certainly from his knowledge of Christ, that Paul's unlimited confidence in him resulted; and all who know the Saviour, as he knew him, may exult with him in the same glorious confidence. But in proportion as men are defective, either in their speculative knowledge of Christ, or in their spiritual views of his glory, his cross, and his kingdom; they will also be defective in their christian faith, their christian hope, their christian love, their christian zeal, their christian self-denial, and in every thing pertaining to the true christian character.

Yes, I repeat it, all who know the Saviour, as Paul knew him, may exult with him in the same glorious confidence. Their views, their feelings, their sentiments, their devotedness will be like his; their hopes for eternity rest on the same solid basis; from day to day they fiducially commit themselves with all their interests to the same almighty Saviour; and come what may, whether afflictions, reproaches, temptations, or death with its utmost terrors, they need not be dismayed, they need not be ashamed. As the life which they live in the flesh is by faith in the Son of God, who loved them, and gave himself for them, they are prepared for any event. In the near view of death, they may abide unshaken; and, serene as a cloudless evening of summer, may triumph in the prospect of the bright and glorious morn of an immortal day.

I need not tell you, my brethren, how happily these sentiments have been exemplified in the instance of him, whose mortal part now lies in the shrouds of death before us. Of him you expect me to say something; and it is right that something should be said: for the "memory of the just is blessed," and ought to be embalmed in the hearts of survivers.

This beloved servant of Christ was born at Londonderry, (N. H.) on the 5th of March, 1765. Blessed with pious parents and a religious education, his mind was early imbued with the truths of the gospel; and by means of those truths, under the power of divine grace, he appears to have been early brought to a saving knowledge of Christ. Having devoted himself to God, his thoughts and his heart were gradually turned to the gospel ministry, until he became settled in the persuasion, that duty required him to consecrate himself to this sacred work. Under this impression, and with this object steadily in view, he commenced and prosecuted a regular course of study; during which, as he has been often heard to say, his great concern was to qualify himself for the holy vocation which his heart had chosen. He was graduated at Dartmouth college in 1791. After spending about three years, partly in direct application to theological studies, and partly as a licentiate preacher, on the 22d Oct. 1794, he was ordained the pastor of the second church in North Yarmouth, where he continued about ten years. His labours there were abundant, and in no small degree successful; his trials were arduous, but salutary in their influence, and happy in their results. Many precious seals of his ministry there, as we are warranted to believe, will be his joy and crown, at the appearing of the Lord Jesus. His separation from that people was with good mutual understanding; and under circumstances, which appear to

have fixed no imputation of particular blame, on the one side or on the other. On both sides, however, it was tenderly painful, and the necessity of it was deeply regretted. The dear flock at North-Yarmouth, once his special charge, he ever continued, as I am witness, to bear on his heart, with most affectionate regard and concern; nor am I without personal knowledge, that among them his memory has been cherished with great tenderness and respect.

Of the beloved flock in this place, he was installed the pastor, on the 10th July, 1805. Concerning his ministry here, I need not be particular. "For yourselves know, brethren, what manner of entering in he had unto you;"—and "you have fully known his doctrine, manner of life, purpose, faith, long suffering, charity, patience;—how gentle he has been among you, even as a nurse cherisheth her children;—how affectionately desirous he was of you, even to a willingness to have imparted unto you not the gospel of God only, but also his own soul, because ye were dear unto him;—how holily, and justly, and unblameably he behaved himself towards them that believe, and towards all men—warning every man, and teaching every man, in all wisdom." These distinguishing traits of apostolick character should not be applied by me, to my deceased friend and brother, under the present solemn responsibility, were I not confident of a ready testimony in your consciences, that the application is strikingly just.

Mr. Anderson was possessed of good natural talents, improved by diligence in study, especially in the study of the Holy Writings. His mind was active and efficient; and, in regard to objects deemed by him important, would easily kindle into ardour. His passions, naturally quick and strong, restrained and sanctified by divine grace, diffused around him, a mild and benign,

a warming and cheering influence. In his various relations, as a husband, a father, a friend, a brother, a pastor, a citizen of his country, and a denizen of Zion, the benevolence of his heart was manifest, in constant endeavours, and in desires unequivocally expressed, for individual happiness, and for publick good. His conversation was distinguished for its simplicity and godly sincerity, and for being always with grace seasoned with salt; and the man is rarely to be found, of whom it might be said with more evident appositeness, "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile."

As a minister of the gospel, he was "not as many who corrupt the word of God;" nor as many who deem it prudent to conceal, or but indistinctly, or ambiguously to declare their views of divine truth; but "renouncing the hidden things of dishonesty, not walking in craftiness, not handling the word of God deceitfully; but by manifestation of the truth," he seemed anxious only to "commend himself to every man's conscience in the sight of God." A firm and enlightened believer in the doctrines, distinctively denominated the doctrines of grace, of these doctrines he was never ashamed; but to bear his testimony to them, to shew their truth and importance, and to press them home to the consciences and hearts of men, was the great business of his life. He was a preacher of Jesus Christ, and him crucified: of Jesus Christ, as truly God and truly man; and of him crucified, as the propitiation for the sins of the world, and the only name given under heaven among men, whereby we can be saved.—His thoughts, his sentiments, and his manner, were his own; his thoughts were luminous, his sentiments were rich, his manner was plain and unaffected, but solemn, affectionate, and impressive.

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - "Much impressed
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,

And anxious mainly that the flock he fed
Might feel it too; - - - - - - - - - -
By him the violated law spoke out
Its thunders, and by him, in strains as sweet
As angels use, the gospel whispered peace."

He was eminently a man of prayer; and his prayers were distinguished for the spirit breathed into them of unaffected piety and lively faith. In them, as in all that he did, his devotedness to Christ and his cause was manifest. Zion, the purchase of the Redeemer's blood —Zion, the object of God's everlasting love—was ever near his heart. He took pleasure in her stones; he favoured her dust. His heart kindled at whatever concerned her prosperity: he was forward to lend his aid to the measures for her enlargement which distinguish and brighten the present age; and he hailed with holy gladness the evident advances of her King, to put an end to the days of her mourning, and to "extend peace to her like a river, and the glory of the Gentiles like a flowing stream."

As he lived, so he died. His last days were serene. Knowing whom he believed, he was persuaded, that he was able to keep what he had committed to him. "I have the assurance," he repeatedly said, "I have the assurance of faith: though not constantly the assurance of hope." In the truth of the doctrines which he had preached, he maintained an unwavering and lively confidence; and his greatest grief appeared to be that any should preach another gospel. His tender concern for his dear people, his ardent love to Zion, his sacred devotedness to Christ, were conspicuous to the last.

Such was the servant of Christ, who statedly, for years, dispensed the word of life, from the sacred place in which I stand. But the eyes that have seen him here,

will see him here no more. At a much earlier day, than our affections and wishes would have marked for the event, his divine Master, whose will is always good, has called him to rest from his labours. To him we believe it is gain; to us only who survive it is loss. Upon his dear family, upon this church and people, upon our ministerial circle, and upon our Zion, the breach is great.—Might an expression of personal feeling be indulged, I would say, I am distressed for thee, my brother Anderson; very pleasant hast thou been unto me!—But the sorrows of others claim condolence: the sorrows particularly of the afflicted widow, and fatherless children, and of this bereaved flock.

Upon you, dear Madam, the stroke is heavy. But the anguish of it is relieved, we trust, by the consideration that it is from the hand of your heavenly Father; and we pray that his consolations may not be small with you. Thankful should you be in this day of your mourning, that you have not to sorrow as others who have no hope. The lover and friend indeed, who is now put far from you, will not return to you;—but you must go to him. Follow him then with your affections and desires to that better world. Let the precious gospel which he preached, and which was all his salvation and all his desire, dwell richly in you; look steadily forward to the end of your faith: and the time will not be long, ere your spirit shall join his, in the presence of God, where there is fulness of joy, and at his right hand, where there are pleasures forever more.

Dear Youth, Sons of the deceased, he who has been your friend, your guardian, your guide, your example; who gave you to God, who has instructed you in the way of peace, who has sought your welfare with many prayers and tears;—your worthy and beloved father—is now no more with you. He has left you at a critical

age, and in an evil world. But his dedication of you to God, his instructions, his examples, his prayers and tears will not, we trust, be in vain. They constitute a precious legacy; a legacy more valuable, than thousands of gold and silver; a legacy in the possession of which, you may be truly rich and happy. "Know then the God of your father, and serve him with a perfect heart and with a willing mind:" and he will be your God; will supply all your need; will guide you with his counsel, and afterward receive you to glory.

Brethren and Friends of this Church and religious Society, the present is a solemn day to you. He who has watched for your souls with most affectionate care, is gone to render up his account to *his* Judge and *your* Judge; and you are left as sheep not having a shepherd. We grieve for your loss; we feel a deep solicitude on account of your destitute state: we are devoutly desirous that this solemn dispensation may be sanctified to you. We pray God the breach made upon you may not be irreparable. Has not your beloved and lamented pastor left a testimony in all your consciences, that he is pure from your blood;—that he has not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God;—that he has taught you the way of life in truth and with all fidelity. And as he is now gone to render up his account, does it not behove you individually and seriously to reflect, how the account must stand as it regards you. Happy, if you have received the truths of the gospel, dispensed by him, into good and honest hearts; and are built up and established in the most holy faith. Mournful the fact, if in regard to any of you, he has laboured in vain, and spent his strength for nought, and been only a savour of death unto death!—His great concern in his last days was, lest "after his departure grievous wolves should enter in among you, not sparing the flock." "Therefore,

we beseech you, watch, and remember, that by the space of eight years, he ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears." And could he now speak to you from his bright abode, what could he more, than repeat in effect the instructions, exhortations, and entreaties, which while here he so affectionately delivered to you. Brethren, it is not a small thing, if a prophet has been among you. O may his message abide in your minds and in your hearts; may even his death be as life from the dead to many of you. May the dews of heavenly grace yet cause the good seed, here sown by him, to spring up into a rich and glorious harvest; and may the breach here made by his removal, be soon repaired by the great Shepherd and Bishop of souls.

My Fathers and Brethren in the ministry, our beloved brother and fellow labourer is gone. Let us deposite his sacred remains, to be kept by Him to whom his all has been committed; affectionately drop a tear upon his grave; embalm his memory in our bosoms; and return to our labours with quickened diligence, fidelity and zeal. Soon will our Lord call also for us. What we do for him, and for the souls committed to our care, we must do quickly: we are dying—our people are dying. Let us seize the moment, and, in view of the judgment seat, declare to them all the counsel of God, warning every man, and teaching every man with all wisdom and fidelity. God grant we may so preach, and so live, and so die, as to save ourselves and our dear people.

My hearers of this numerous assembly, the hope and the end of the true believer have been set before you: the hope is full of glory, the end is peace. But, alas! how different the hope, and the end of them that believe not! They live without God in the world; in continual transgression of his law, abuse of his grace, and refusal of his Son the only Saviour. Die they must; but when

they die—ah! what will become of them! Their souls and their bodies they have neglected to commit to the Saviour's hands. Their sins are not forgiven; their persons are not sanctified; they have no title to heaven—no preparation for that holy place—no treasure laid up there. In the dark valley of death, no light from heaven cheers them; no convoy of angels attends them; no friendly hand is extended to guide or support them. Hopeless and forlorn, the distracted soul is torn away from its earthly tenement, and hurried by demons down into the abyss of eternal darkness and wo; and the body is consigned to the dust—to rise indeed, when the trump of God shall break the slumbers of the grave—but to rise to shame and everlasting contempt. At the final day, when the heavens are passing away with a great noise, and the earth is dissolving before the splendors of his throne, they must stand at the bar of their Judge;—whose mercy they have refused, whose blood they have spurned, whose terrors they have defied;—and hear the dreadful sentence, "*Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.*"—O be warned, my hearers, every one of you, and flee from the wrath which is to come. Flee for refuge to the hope set before you. Repent and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ; and live the life, that you may die the death of the righteous, and your last end be like his. AMEN.

THE

SERVANT OF THE LORD.

A

SERMON,

OCCASIONED BY THE

Death

OF

THE LATE REV. T. COKE, LL. D.

PREACHED AT SHEERNESS AND BROMPTON, KENT,

BY SAMUEL WOOLMER;

WHO WAS BROUGHT TO A KNOWLEDGE OF THE TRUTH UNDER THE DOCTOR'S MINISTRY,

IN THE ISLAND OF BARBADOES, IN THE WEST INDIES.

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1815.

A

SERMON,

&c. &c.

ROMANS i. 1.

A Servant of Jesus Christ.

THERE is a natural propensity in the human heart to perpetuate the memory of those we have highly esteemed in life. This disposition is manifested both in ancient and modern history: we see it inscribed on the scupltured marble, the splendid monument, and the homely tombstone: we read it in the refined sentimental elegy, and vulgar epitaph. When the deceased has answered the great design of creation, the eulogy is worthy to be revered.

The word of God is a grand repository of characters of the highest worth; a sacred monument enriched with names that shall never perish: God himself insures the perpetuity of their excellencies: "The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance." We read with more than ordinary pleasure, the piety of Enoch, the meekness of Moses, the resolution of Joshua, the patience of Job, the devotion of David, the beauties of Isaiah, the faithfulness of the

Prophets, the wisdom of St. Paul, the zeal of Peter, and the affection of St. John; and are constrained to say, "The memory of the just is blessed." But this honour is not confined to those gracious men; days of more recent date are fond to panegyrise those characters that have been eminent in their Master's work. Does not a Missionary Sermon appear incomplete, if not adorned with the names of Luther, Wesley, and Whitefield? men so highly distinguished, and blessed of God. May we not hope, when Missionary exertion is the subject of a discourse in future, that the name of Coke will not be forgotten? A minister so indefatigably zealous in circulating Truth, deserves more than a second rank in the annals of Missions; his name is worthy to be perpetuated to all future generations. It is not merely as a father, or a friend, to whom I am called to pay this tribute of respect; though in both these characters I revere him. It is in a character of higher distinction; it is as a servant of our Lord Jesus Christ. A servant of this description is of the highest order, and the greatest importance, if we consider, *his Work—his Qualifications—his Faithfulness—his Privileges.*

I. His Work. The solemnity of the present occasion sufficiently indicates, that in the character I am about to represent, I confine myself to a servant of Christ, officially employed in the ministerial service; hence he immediately derives his work from his Master. The present opportunity is so very limited, that it will not admit of my giving more than an outline of the principal branches of this work.

The grand work, which particularly employed our Lord,

was, to destroy the work of the devil; to save souls from ruin; to glorify God. Hence the servant discovers it to be his business,

1. *To destroy the work of the devil.* "For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil." In order to accomplish this, it is necessary to explain the nature of Satan's devices, to expose their fallacy, and to guard the children of men against their pernicious influence. Had Peter listened to the voice of his Master, he would have been preserved from the snare of the devil. With the caution given, our Lord connected advice to vigilance: Satan hath desired to have thee; Watch and pray, lest thou enter into temptation. Bitter experience taught him the value of our Lord's very important lesson; and after his recovery from his fall, he attacked and exposed the artifice and malignity of the devil in the most pointed manner. Hear him convicting Ananias; "Why hath Satan filled thine heart, to lie to the Holy Ghost, and to keep back part of the price of the land?" Mark his advice; "Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour; whom resist, steadfast in the faith." By being properly apprized of the designs of our enemy, we guard against him, we oppose him, we defeat him. It is impossible to be courageous without being victorious. His influence must be destroyed.

2. Another principal branch of our Lord's work was, *to save souls from ruin.* Our Lord asserted, that he "came to seek and to save that which was lost." St. Paul bears

a striking testimony to this: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." Nevertheless, he employs his servants in this work; and the work of salvation is sometimes ascribed to them. Thus St. Paul to Timothy; "Take heed unto thyself, and unto thy doctrines; continue in them, for in so doing, thou shalt both save thyself, and them that hear thee." Certainly the apostle did not intend to insinuate, that Timothy was the author of his own salvation, or of that of his auditory; he knew how to discriminate between the author and the instrument. He was ever bold to affirm, "Salvation is of the Lord;" that there is "no other name given under heaven by which a sinner can possibly be saved, but the Lord Jesus Christ." However, he engages his servants to explain to the children of men, the nature of salvation in all its branches, the absolute necessity of it, and the dreadful consequences of neglecting it. By such discoveries they are induced to seek it. When the depravity of human nature, and the turpitude of the heart have been exposed, the sinner has recognized his own likeness, he has been filled with shame and confusion. When the displeasure of God has been represented, as revealed from heaven against sin, he has dreaded the consequences. When the redeeming acts of Christ have been displayed, he has seen the all-sufficiency and suitability of Christ as a Saviour, he has embraced him with all his heart, and all glory is given to God.

3. *To glorify God.* Our Lord, at the close of his public ministry, informs us, that this had particularly engaged his

attention. "I have glorified thee on the earth: I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do." In his public ministry he gave a grand display of the love of God, in that impressive address to Nicodemus: "God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." He represented, by the most striking objects, the providence of God: "Behold the fowls of the air; they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns, yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet, I say unto you, that even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith!"

He was faithful to all his covenant engagements, as a Servant, Son, and Saviour. In the most impressive and authoritative manner he asserted his divinity: "He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father also: I and my Father are one." The servant is called to imitate his Master, by strict attention to all his covenant engagements; by giving clear and extensive discoveries of the love of God; by enlarging on the superintendence and providential care of God over his creatures; and especially, by dwelling on the Divine excellencies of our Lord Jesus Christ; his redeeming acts; his official character; the names he assumed; the titles he bore: ever hailing him as "Lord of all;" giving him the pre-eminence in all things. What rendered

the apostle Paul so illustrious? It was his strong attachment to Christ. It was the exalted strains in which he exhibited the Lord of life and glory. Herein is our Father glorified. The Gospel without Christ, would be like the world without a sun, a body without life, and the temple without its glory.—Such displays of the Gospel, evidently testify the servant qualified for his work, which will appear clear, if we consider,

II. His Qualifications. To decry human science, and to reckon human acquisitions of no value, would be absurd, and calculated to promote a disposition to idleness, and to cramp the very sinews of genius. Nevertheless, human learning, however extensive, should never be estimated higher than a subordinate auxiliary. Servants that our Lord and Master employs, are divinely taught;—having their minds richly stored with the word of God, the Spirit leads them into all truth, unfolding luminous views of the beauty and glory of the Gospel of Christ; taking indeed of "the things of Christ," and revealing them to the mind, which the apostle styles, "the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ." Hence the apostle speaks of his commission to preach the Gospel, as derived immediately from God, thus, in his epistle to the Galatians: "For I neither received it of man, neither was I taught it by man, but by the revelation of Jesus Christ." Our Lord assured Peter, that whatever knowledge he had of Christ, the Son of the living God, he had not received it through any human medium; "flesh and blood had not revealed it unto him, but his Father which is in heaven."

The servants of Christ are not only represented as having been divinely, but also fully taught. "For all things, (saith their Master,) that I have heard of my Father, I have made known unto you." "The Spirit leads them into all truth." All the doctrines of the Gospel are fully and clearly made known to them, whereby they are rendered capable of conveying truth to their fellow-mortals, which their Master is pleased to accompany with a Divine power. Are they engaged to destroy the works of the devil? Their ability is equal to the contest. "The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strong holds." Are they engaged to save souls? Their strength is in the Lord. "We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord." The apostle, in a very striking manner, observes to the Thessalonians, "Our Gospel came not unto you in word only, but also in power, in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance;" which was fully confirmed, by "their turning from dumb idols, to serve the living and true God." Hence, wherever the Gospel is preached, it will prove "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." Are they engaged to display the glory of God? They are well qualified for this glorious exhibition, being divinely illuminated by the transcendent radiancy of the Sun of Righteousness. "God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined into their hearts, to give them the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ." Enjoying this superlative blessing, must they not necessarily shed forth more than an ordinary lustre in this "ministration of glory?" And will not the servant of Christ set more than a common value on this

heavenly treasure? Undoubtedly; which will evidently appear in

III. His Faithfulness, which will be manifest in the improvement of his talents. Indolence, in any character, is contemptible; in a servant of Christ, it would be highly criminal. Rather let him discard the sacred office, than bury his Lord's talent in a napkin. "Occupy till I come," is the imperious command of his Master. Hence to have still more enlarged views of the doctrine of salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ, and of all the requisitions of the Gospel, engages his constant study, his deep research, his fervent prayer. His faithfulness is not less conspicuous, in the communication of Divine truth. St. Paul's advice to Timothy, is properly valued by him: "Neglect not the gift that is in thee; meditate upon these things; give thyself wholly to them, that thy profiting may appear to all." And in his second epistle, "Study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." Dr. Doddridge has some striking thoughts on this subject:—It is possible that this is an allusion to what the Jewish high-priest or Levite did, in dissecting the victim, and separating the parts in a proper manner, as some were to be laid on God's altar, and others to be given to those who were to share in the sacrifice. Others think it refers to guiding a plough aright, in order to divide the clods in the most proper and effectual manner, and make straight furrows. But perhaps the metaphor may be taken from the distribution made by a steward, in delivering out to each person under his care, such things as his office and their necessities required.—

The servant of Christ is often represented by his Master as a steward, and commanded to "give to all meat in due season," with the promised blessing, "Blessed is that servant, whom his Lord, when he cometh, shall find so doing." A truly faithful servant will be equally as active in circulating truth, as in communicating it. What I mean by this assertion is, he will embrace every opportunity to promote his Lord's interest, entering in at every open door to preach the word, teaching, and commending himself to every man's conscience in the sight of God within his sphere of action; and thus he insures his Master's approbation; which is fully confirmed, if we consider,

IV. His Privileges.—A servant of Jesus Christ. The appellation itself is truly significant, and expressive of the highest honour. And in order to value his privileges correctly, we must view his Master selecting him for the work,—blessing him in it,—and rewarding him for it.

1. *In selecting him for the work.* This has been partly anticipated in his qualification; but the more we enter into the subject, the more we discern the dignity of the office. To be chosen from among the innumerable tribes of the children of men for this special business, cannot be a small mark of distinction. An ambassador for Christ! No doubt the apostle introduced this grand title, by way of magnifying his office. That we may estimate this important employment accurately, it requires that our views be raised to the most exalted pitch; to contemplate the greatness, the grandeur, the grace of him that employs; the nature of the embassy, and the characters to whom the offers of

reconciliation are presented. But the faithful servant is not merely privileged in being appointed to the work; for,

2. His Master is pleased *to bless him in it.* It has been already asserted, that the servant of Christ is represented as a steward of the manifold gifts of God, dispensing to all the flock of Christ "a portion of meat in due season." And shall he administer the bread of life, and not feed himself on this heavenly manna? Shall he lead the flock of Christ to the wells of salvation, and not drink of the water of life? Shall he discover to the children of God their great privileges, and not feel his own interest? Shall he behold the redeemed of the Lord enjoying the ordinances of God's house, indulging on marrow and fatness, and not participate in the feast? Shall he encourage in them a hope blooming with immortality, and not enjoy it himself? He that ministers at the altar, must be here, in the strictest sense, a "partaker of the blessings of the altar." This is his privilege. And, moreover, the Lord is pleased to crown his labours with success, in the work of the ministry, in the conversion of sinners, and edifying and supporting the saints. The Lord blesses him in it. But his privileges do not end here.

3. His Master *rewards him for his work.* In addition to those blessings already mentioned, which are only pledges of future felicity, his reward is in heaven; finely expressed by the evangelist, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them." To die in the Lord, certainly implies to

die in the work of the Lord, faithfully engaged in his service, fulfilling his commission. We naturally say of a hero, a Nelson, an Abercrombie, or a Wolf, that has fallen in battle, that he died in the cause of his country. Hence we may with propriety say of a saint, and a servant of God, that he died in the work of the Lord.

To die in the Lord, is to die depending upon the Lord; not looking to past services as a recommendation to Divine notice, or expecting a reward for faithfulness. Such a thought would be discarded with indignation by a dying servant of Christ. He feels himself nothing but an unprofitable servant. He depends alone on the blood, and merits, and righteousness of Christ. He passes through the valley of the shadow of death triumphantly, and his reward is with the Lord; and it comprises every source of felicity that can possibly constitute an immortal spirit happy. Introduced into glory by the gracious welcome and honourable plaudit, "Well done, good and faithful servant;" presented with "a crown of life from his Master;" "led to the Fountain of living waters;" fed by the "Lamb in the midst of the throne;" cheered by "the Sun that shall never set;" happy at the sight of those who have entered into heaven through his instrumentality, and are to be "his crown of rejoicing for ever;" transported with the gracious company of his Master, angels, and archangels, with all the celestial choirs of glory, and charmed beyond description to unite in the heavenly anthem, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing. Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, unto him that

sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever."

From the description I have given you of a servant of Jesus Christ, I have no doubt that you have recognized several features of our late much-respected friend; but which will appear in a much stronger light, if I give you a brief view of his extensive labours—his ministerial abilities—his devotedness to God—his disinterestedness—his success in the ministry—and his death.

1. *His extensive Labours.*—It may not be uninteresting just to observe, he was born at Brecon, in South Wales, Oct. 9, 1747. His father was a physician in that town, and died when the Doctor was young. He was educated at the public grammar-school there. Hence he removed to Jesus College, Oxford, where he graduated. While at the university he was a Deist. When about twenty-five years of age, he filled the office of chief magistrate of the corporation of his native town with great reputation, and greatly promoted the good order of the town. He was said to be awakened to a sense of his need of regeneration, by reading Dr. Witherspoon's treatise on that subject. He was curate of Road, and afterwards of South Petherton, both in Somersetshire. About the year 1770, he met with Mr. Fletcher's Answer to Messrs. Shirley and Toplady, which was instrumental, in the hand of God, of opening his eyes more fully, to see the nature of justification by faith, the witness of the Spirit, and the beauty of holiness. Some time after this, Mr. Wesley remarks in his Journal, "Being at Kingston, near Taunton, I found a clergyman,

Dr. Coke, late Gentleman-Commoner of Jesus College, in Oxford, who came twenty miles on purpose to see me. I had much conversation with him, and an union then began, which, I trust, will never end." Soon after this interview, he began in good earnest to labour for his Master; and continued, to the end of his work, a faithful servant of Jesus Christ, which is fully confirmed by his extensive labours. His work was often very laborious, which is particularly manifested in his Missionary exertions.

In the month of May, 1784, Mr. Wesley appointed him to superintend the American Methodists. Sept. 8, 1784, he began his voyage. On his arrival there, by Mr. Wesley's direction, he gave the American Methodists the episcopalian form of church government, which they have prized ever since, and which has proved a blessing to them.

On the 24th of September, 1786, he commenced his second voyage for America; but, by very remarkable contrary winds, was driven to the Island of Antigua; where the Doctor, in his Journals, remarks, "By the powerful hand of God, we have been brought to this Island." There he found a society, which had been raised by the instrumentality of the united labours of Nathaniel Gilbert, Esq. and Mr. John Baxter, an officer of his Majesty's Dock-yard, of Chatham. From this period commenced the Methodist Missions in the West-Indies, which the Doctor visited several times after, and established societies in all the principal Islands. And I believe I am correct, if I assert, that, going and coming, he crossed the Atlantic twelve times on Missionary business.

In 1799, he proposed a plan for preaching to the poor Irish peasantry in their native language. In 1800, he presented a plan to the Conference, for sending Missionaries to North Wales, who should preach in the Welch language. Added to this, he introduced home Missions, for the purpose of visiting towns and villages where the Gospel had not been preached, and which could not be visited by the regular itinerant Preachers. He was likewise very zealous in getting a Missionary and Schoolmasters for Sierra Leone for the poor Africans, and another for Gibraltar. His zeal was equally manifested, in behalf of the French prisoners of war, who in consequence were favoured with two or three Missionaries, that preached to them in their own language. His soul was all alive whenever a Missionary subject was introduced; then he anticipated the pleasure of making the ignorant and wicked acquainted with the Gospel. For this he wept in secret, prayed and preached in public, and travelled tens of thousands of miles by sea and land. His Missionary zeal appeared almost unbounded.

In the beginning of the year 1813, while the bill was pending in the House of Commons for renewing the East-India Company's Charter, he remarked to a friend, "It is impressed on my mind to go to the East-Indies." The Parliament having inserted a clause, granting toleration to all his Majesty's subjects in India, under certain restrictions, the Doctor continued in the same mind till the Conference in Liverpool, 1813; he then laid his views before the brethren, who admired his zeal, and approved of his design; and his almost dying testimony confirms

the full persuasion he had in his mind, of its being his duty to go to Asia. In his Journal, about two months before he died, he remarks, " I hasten with alacrity to Asia: if the clouds had been ever so obscure, if all human aid had apparently withdrawn from these Missions, the interests of which are interwoven with the very strings of my heart, my Divine call to Asia has been so undeniably clear, that I should have been obliged to have thrown every thing into the hands of my God, and to have said, 'Send me to Asia.' "

His Missionary work was not only very laborious, but often of a very fatiguing and trying nature, especially in soliciting pecuniary aid in behalf of the Missions; for though he generally succeeded, yet sometimes he met with rough and unpleasant language, and marked opposition, from the enemies of the Gospel; and it was no small drudgery to go from door to door, in most of the large and populous towns of the kingdom, to solicit support for the Missions among the African Negroes in our West-India Islands. Some towns he visited several times, and in his last Journal he remarks, " Yet I cannot repent of the thousands of hours I have spent, in the vile, the most glorious drudgery of begging from house to house. The tens of thousands of pounds which I have raised for the Missions, and the beneficial effects thereof, form an ample compensation for all the time, and all the labour.—The whole was in God."

But though a great part of his work was very laborious, and other parts of it extremely trying to the mind; yet it

pleased the Lord to give him favour in the eyes of his brethren, who often honoured him with the distinguished offices of President and Secretary at their Conferences. He was five times appointed President of the Irish Conference by Mr. Wesley; and since Mr. Wesley's death, at the request of the Irish Preachers, he has been appointed to preside among them nineteen times by the British Conference.

In the years 1797 and 1805, he was appointed President of the British Conference, and filled the office of Secretary nineteen times since Mr. Wesley's death. Being so very much engaged in travelling, begging, and preaching, he had but a small portion of time to devote to literary labours; however, he improved his leisure hours in preparing for the press his Commentary on the Old and New Testaments, comprised in six quarto volumes; a History of the West-Indies, in three volumes octavo; the Life of Mr. Wesley, in conjunction with Mr. Moore; several useful Sermons on important subjects; besides his Journal, and other pamphlets. Thus having given a view of his diversified labours, I may now present you with a short sketch of

2. *His Ministerial Abilities.*—He possessed naturally a good understanding, and a lively imagination. His judgment was well informed, and his mind divinely enriched with the important truths of the Gospel. His principal *forte* in preaching, was bold assertion and warm declamation. He was generally too warm for a theological reasoner. His subjects were seldom in an argumentative

strain; but he was sound, sensible, and lively, calculated to arrest the attention, and captivate the heart. He was rather luminous than profound. His style was generally glowing and flowery; and often eloquent and sublime. When opposing the adversaries of his Master, especially the Arians and Socinians, he was violent, hardly knowing when to put his sword into the scabbard, and sometimes rather unguarded in his expressions, which were more calculated to provoke anger, than to convince of evil. In his address, especially in soliciting support for the Missions, he was graceful and courteous, happily uniting the Minister, Christian, and Gentleman. As a friend, he was affable and pleasant. His temper was irritable, and sometimes became exceedingly warm when opposed; but he was ready to claim pardon if he conceived he had in the least offended, and ever ready and happy to forgive an injury. In all my intercourse with him, I never knew him to depreciate or speak unkindly of a brother behind his back; and several respectable brethren can unite with me in this testimony—Whenever he expressed his disapprobation, it was to the person concerned. He courted not applause, and set but a small value on the abundance that was conferred upon him. He was exceedingly popular in all parts where he travelled; and whenever his name was announced to preach, crowds assembled to listen to his voice. But the best qualification that he possessed was,

3. *His Devotedness to God;*—which was clearly and fully expressed, in that union and communion he enjoyed with God. He remarks in his Journal, in his second voyage to America, "I esteem my little bed-chamber

a state room, a peculiar gift of God; here I can be with God; and, blessed be his name, he does make it my Sanctum Sanctorum, the Holy of Holies, filling it (my soul at least) with light and glory." Again, his devotedness to God was manifested in his resignation to the Divine will, when exposed to danger. He observes at one time, "If my heart did not deceive me, I calmly and sincerely prayed that God would take me to himself, if the peculiar work in which I was engaged was not for his glory." And, in a violent storm at sea, he remarks, "Our Lord sitteth above the water floods. What reason have I to desire to live? I have really forsaken all for Christ, and have neither motive nor desire to live, but for the church of Christ. And why should my desires be so strong on that account? With what ease can the Lord fill up my province with one that is infinitely better qualified than I am; I am therefore willing to die. I do love my God; and have an indubitable assurance, that whatever is wanting he will fully supply, before he take me into the world of spirits." In his fifth visit to America he asserts, "Six times I have been in the very jaws of death, upon or near the water; and yet I am still preserved, a monument of mercy in every respect."

His resignation under persecution was not less conspicuous. Often, when his life appeared in imminent danger, his mind was quite composed. In one of his visits to Jamaica, he remarks, when much insulted, "I felt a spirit which I think I never felt before, at least in the same manner; I believe it was a spark of the proper spirit of martyrdom. At the conclusion of a pointed, though

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short address to the rioters, I told them, I was willing, yea, desirous to suffer martyrdom." We find this devotional, resigned spirit continuing with him to the end of his journey.

In his last Journal, about two months before he died, he writes, "O how sweet is the word of God! I have loved it, since I came into the ship, more than ever I did.

'Jesus gives me, in his word,
Food and medicine, shield and sword.'

I now feel the value of retirement, silence, and tranquillity of mind, and can say of my God, what Virgil did of his Augustus, 'Deus nobis hæc otia fecit.' God himself has favoured me with these leisure hours." We do not wonder at his being so graciously blessed of God, in being permitted to enjoy this sweet communion, when we consider,

4. *His Disinterestedness and generous Spirit.*—He observes in one of his Journals, in a very impressive manner, "O that God may grant me the only hire I desire for my labours, the salvation of souls. When a gentleman in Antigua intimated to him, on his first visit there, "If five hundred a year would detain him in that Island, he should not leave it;" he exclaimed, "God be praised, five hundred thousand a year would be to me a feather, when opposed to my usefulness in the church of Christ." This is evident, when it is certain that he spent nearly the whole, if not all, of his private fortune, (previously to his marriage,) in the cause of God. And after altering his situation in life, and being blessed with two ladies of fortune,

a great portion of their money was devoted to the same glorious cause. He was likewise at considerable expence in fitting himself for his East-India voyage; and though God did not see fit, in his unerring Providence, to grant his faithful servant the desire of his heart in this business, yet his former labours were most signally blessed, which appears from,

5. *His amazing Success.*—When he first went to the West-Indies, there was but a small society; but by his instrumentality, and that of the brethren he superintended, it had increased to the number of near 20,000. In America, when he first went, there were only 14,986, and now 214,20 in society; only 88 Preachers, and now 678; beside the increase in other places, which were favoured with his Missionary labours. I do not presume to ascribe this extraordinary increase entirely to his exertions; but I view him as one of the principal leaders, and we know, when great victories are obtained, who generally comes in for the highest portion of glory. However, all praise be given to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, I can speak personally and feelingly of his success, twenty-one years ago, in the Island of Barbadoes, in the West-Indies. He found there a young man void of understanding, carried away with the vanities of life, gay, dissipated, and often profane; yet it pleased God, through the preaching of the word by his servant, deeply to affect the heart, and inform the judgment, of this young man; and when the Doctor represented God as serious, Christ as serious, good men as serious, devils as serious—Oh, sinners! will you trifle any more? he received a negative from one present. I hope,

without presumption, I may in a great degree say, he has been faithful to his vow; and were I to address you to-night with this pointed interrogation, what answer may I expect? I can assure you now, from one and twenty years' experience, I reflect on that period with inexpressible delight; and cannot meditate upon it without having my heart overwhelmed with gratitude to God. Indeed, when I review my conduct previous to this period, I am astonished at the long-suffering of God toward me, and now tremble at the very thought—if the Lord had cut me off in the mad career of my sin and folly. I can, therefore, from these reflections, and from the unspeakable peace and felicity I have enjoyed since I embraced religion, recommend it to you to be serious from this night. I hope the solemnity of the present occasion will impress every mind with seriousness; for though we are not privileged with hearing his voice, we are called to improve by

6. *His *Death.*—I am aware this unexpected stroke, this sudden departure of our dearly-beloved friend, will be

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* Since the Sermon was preached, an official account has been received from the Missionaries. The following is extracted from their Journal:—

"Tuesday, May 3.—This day God has visited us with a most awful and afflictive dispensation. Our highly esteemed and venerable leader is taken from us. *Dr. Coke is dead.* This morning he was found dead in his cabin. While we view every circumstance of this most distressing visitation, we are led to wonder and adore. The event would have been less alarming had he been encircled by his friends, who might have heard his latest testimony.

misconstrued by those who love not the Lord Jesus Christ; and they may represent it as a bad omen, in a cause they do not esteem good; and probably there may be beings

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received his dying instructions, and obtained directions how to proceed in the work of this great Mission; but these advantages were not enjoyed, and we are now left to lament the departure of our Elijah, and to tremble for the cause of God. *He is gone!* and he is gone to receive a crown of righteousness that fadeth not away. His death, though a very great loss to us and to the cause of God, to himself is infinite gain. Though sudden, his death was glorious: he died in the work of God, with his soul fired with an ardent desire and zeal for the enlargement of his church, and the Divine glory. For some time before his death, it appeared that he had no desire to live, but to see the Gospel established in Asia. He frequently observed, that he had given up his life to Asia; and it is astonishing with what assiduity he pursued his object. Though near 67 years of age, in a short time he acquired so competent a knowledge of the Portuguese language, that he had written many sermons in it, and translated many hymns into it: this work he was engaged in but yesterday, and is now enjoying his reward. Thus did he

> 'His body with his charge lay down,
> And cease at once to work and live.'

"About 6 o'clock this morning, the captain sent for brother Clough, and communicated to him information of the death of Dr. Coke, which had been first discovered by the servant, upon his entering to call the Doctor, at half past five, which was his usual practice. He found him lying upon the floor in a lifeless state. Brother Clough immediately opened the melancholy subject to brother Harvard in a prudent way. Upon the first mention of the distressing circumstance, brother Harvard could scarcely receive the information; but at length being prevailed upon to

that are called Infidels, that may rejoice in the affliction. But we have this consolation, that though a very principal servant is called away, our Master still exists; and how-

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believe it, he hasted to the cabin of the late Doctor, when, alas! he found the fact to be mournfully certain. The corpse of the Doctor, which had been moved from the floor, was laid upon the bed: it appeared discomposed but little: a placidity rested upon his countenance: his head appeared turned on one side. The surgeon, after examining the body, gave it as his opinion, from the Doctor's habit of body, that his death might have been produced by an attack of apoplexy. It is supposed, that he rose in the night to reach something that he wanted; and, the stroke coming upon him, he fell in the posture in which he was found by the servant: this must have been about midnight, as, when discovered, the body was quite cold and stiff. It is evident that the Doctor must have had an easy death; since neither Captain Birch nor Mr. Harvard heard any struggling or noise, which they would undoubtedly have done had there been any, as each of their cabins immediately joined with the Doctor's, and were only divided from it by a very thin wainscot partition.

"Captain Birch very kindly offered a boat to proceed to the Melville, and brother Harvard wrote a note to the brethren on board that vessel, to prepare their minds for the scene which awaited them. When the note was read, all were as though thunderstruck; the brethren felt as if they were electrified even to stupidity, and could scarcely believe what they read. While thus exercised, sometimes gazing on the note, and then speechless looking at each other, the surgeon of the Lady Melville entered their cabin, with a letter from captain Birch to captain Lochner, stating that Dr. Coke was dead. All their fears were now realized, and they hastened to their brethren on board the Cabalva; our meeting on this occasion may be more easily conceived than expressed. After consulting together, it was resolved to apply to

ever severe the wound may be in our Zion, the God of Zion can easily heal it. In reference to our dear departed friend I would assert, that though this unexpected stroke

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captain Birch, for the preservation of the mortal remains of our *departed father in the Lord.* Brothers Ault and Clough waited upon the captain; he heard them with great attention, but stated difficulties so many and so insuperable, that after maturely weighing the subject, we all concluded that it was most proper to desist. Captain Birch wished us to pursue our own plan, with respect to the interment of our venerable friend, and politely sent a note, desiring to know how we intended to proceed, stating his desire *to shew every respect to the memory of so worthy and excellent a man.*

"At five o'clock in the evening, the corpse was committed to the deep; this was a very solemn and affecting time; the captain, the passengers, and the whole of the ship's company, shewed him every respect; the deck was crowded on the occasion; a large thick deal coffin had been made, and holes left in the bottom. The body was placed therein, and being nailed up, was laid on the leeward gang-way starboard side, respectfully covered with signal flags. The awning was spread, the soldiers drawn up in a rank on deck, the ship's bell called together the passengers and crew, and all seemed struck with silent awe. Four cannon balls had been placed in the coffin, decently tied up in as many bags, and placed two at the head and two at the feet of the corpse. Brother Harvard read the burial service; brother Ault then delivered an address suited to the subject, in which he spoke of the character, respectability, and general usefulness of the Doctor, and of the happiness of the righteous dead; and from the sudden and unexpected dissolution of one who was but yesterday in life, took occasion to shew the necessity that lay on each individual to make a speedy preparation, and stand in constant readiness for death. Brother Lynch then read the 51st hymn, on the 53d page, *Hark, a voice*

is mysterious, it is not doubtful. The most holy men are not exempt from those fierce diseases that kill at a stroke, nor from unforeseen accidents that terminate their existence. Here they are liable to the common lot of man. Death makes no distinction between the prince and the peasant. The young and the old, the good and the bad, the wise and the ignorant, the minister and the private Christian. "All things, in this sense, come alike to all." But though sudden the stroke, he was not unprepared for it. His remarkable and constant devotedness to God, testified his readiness and preparation to meet the summons. To him would apply the observation of the eminent George Whitefield, "Sudden death, sudden glory." The unexpected nature of his death, deprived him of human aid in his last moments: but the faithful promise of God insured *divine*, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." Though there was no human friend to witness his last expiring groan, the angel of the Lord, that encompasseth round about them that fear him, could not be absent.

His death was mysterious, but it was merciful. He had long indulged in his mind a wish to go and preach the Gospel in the East Indies. The interesting researches of

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divides the sky, &c. and concluded with an appropriate prayer. The whole of the service was interesting and impressive, and the solemnity of the occasion appeared to be felt by all present; some were visibly affected: may the impressions issue in their salvation! The corpse of the Doctor was committed to the deep, South Lat. 2 deg. 20 min. East long. 59 deg. 29 min. to wait the resurrection of the just."

Dr. Buchanan increased his desires. The description of the horrible idol Juggernaut aroused his spirit: he prepared to attack this grand work of the devil. The Inquisition at Goa affected his heart; he longed to bear a public testimony against this engine of cruelty. The abominations of India were calculated to grieve his righteous soul from day to day. He was delivered from this evil. His death was attended with mercy; nay, it was more than mercy, it was an invaluable blessing. He had longed indeed to be a witness of the purity of the Syrian church, which Dr. B. mentions; but he was called away to drink of the fountain that maketh glad the city of our God. He anticipated the pleasure of embracing with the right hand of fellowship, the venerable bishop of Syria; but he was invited to meet the "Shepherd and Bishop of souls." Hence for him to die, was to triumph, to enter into glory, to join the general assembly and church of the first-born, to mingle with the "spirits of just men made perfect."

His death was mysterious, but not irreparable. He had finished the work that was given him to do, and, as I just now hinted, his Master called him away, even he "who works all things after the counsel of his own will." He can use whatever instrument he thinks proper to accomplish his purposes, and he requires not the interposition of mortals to effect his designs; but he has condescended to honour them with his commission, and to accept of their services. Nevertheless, the removal of the most eminent cannot derange his plan. His works are perfect, and his ways past finding out; and, blessed be his holy name, he has not forsaken his servants. Though deprived of their

leader, father, and friend, the Lord hath given them more than ordinary favour in the sight of strangers. I have no doubt that the absent place of our departed friend, will be filled with an instrument of God's choice.

It is probable that, if we take the Doctor in every point of view, in his extensive range of Missionary exertions, in his success in raising sums of money for Missionary uses, and if we consider the tens of thousands brought to God in his day, through the labours of those Missionaries, of which he was so distinguished a leader; we may say, that he has seldom, if ever, been exceeded as a Missionary. Probably his zeal provoked the great Missionary spirit that now prevails, among different denominations of Christians. The late very pious Mr. Pearce, a Baptist Minister of Birmingham, observes in his Journal, that hearing a sermon from Dr. Coke, "Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God," aroused in him a Missionary spirit.

The importance of this subject prevents my apologizing for intruding on your time; I shall therefore close the subject, by intreating you to improve by what you have heard. Consider, it is no small affliction when God removes his ministers. Compare your own zeal, and love, and exertion for God, with that of this holy man, and mourn over your deficiencies. Remember, death is no respecter of persons. Recollect, we all may be the subjects of fierce diseases, or cut off at a stroke. Then prepare for this momentous hour. And may I not expect that many, in this large assembly, are seriously and deeply affected with the very important and awful truths that

have this night been delivered? May I not indulge a hope that many are secretly praying, Oh! "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his?" May I not conclude that you are forming resolutions to live to and for God, and to "glorify God in your bodies and spirits that are his."

Many of you, I know, live the life of the righteous, and enjoy the blessing of the righteous, and with pleasing delight anticipate the death of the righteous. You feel more than a common interest in this very afflictive dispensation. You have been favoured a few times with his ministry in this place; then you listened to his voice with delight. You were charmed with the striking representations he gave of his Divine Master. You sung for joy of heart, when he proclaimed good tidings of salvation to perishing sinners. You participated largely in the blessings that he administered. You now recollect those seasons with gratitude, and are affected with the mournful thought, you shall hear his voice no more. From the wonders that God wrought by him and his colleagues, and those Missionaries he superintended, in the West-Indies, in the conversion of so many thousands of poor African and West-Indian Negroes, no doubt you had formed large calculations, of the immense good Ceylon, and other parts of the East-Indies, should receive, from his active zeal, and burning love for souls. Your estimations, in reference to him, have failed. He had completed his measure of honour as an ambassador for Christ, and his labours were finished, which, in a comparative view, like the apostle Paul, were "more abundant." His Master called him to enjoy an

infinitely higher degree of honour, without labour or toil. Nevertheless, your expectations and prayers shall not be disappointed. Though the dispensations of God are inscrutable, and his ways are not as our ways, and his thoughts as our thoughts; the fruitful shower shall not fail. Hear the prophet: "For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater; so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth; it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." Then be strong in faith, giving glory to God. Your prayers shall not fail; his promises cannot fail. We have no ground for despair. We may still exercise hope, that even idolatrous India shall be regenerated, and "become an eternal excellency." He that will perform this, is wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working.

Hence, my dear friends, go on in the name of the Lord Jesus from grace to grace and strength to strength. Persevere to the end; then death shall not be a summons to you, but an invitation, and you shall hail the messenger as the deputy of your Master, and "so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly, into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." Amen, and Amen.

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A

SERMON,

PREACHED AT THE FUNERAL

OF

THE REV. DAVID ELY, D.D.

WHO DIED AT HUNTINGTON,

FEB. 16th, 1816; AGED 66.

BY ELIJAH WATERMAN, A. M.

PASTOR OF THE CONSOCIATED CHURCH IN BRIDGEPORT.

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1816.

A SERMON, &c.

EZEKIEL II. 5.

And they, whether they will hear, or whether they will forbear, (for they are a rebellious house,) yet shall know that there hath been a prophet among them.

THE death of an able Minister of Jesus Christ, is an event which calls us to considerations of eternal moment. It is not, that in a single instance the sentence is fulfilled—*Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return:* it is not merely that one of our fellow-mortals has put off his house of clay, and departed to the world of spirits; and that his wife is left a widow, and his children fatherless: No, these would be truly afflicting events, and excite the tear of sympathy, and the sigh of affection: the death of an individual may indeed break the tenderest ties of friendship, and clothe in mourning a circle of relatives:—But the death of a faithful pastor of a flock of Christ, calls both "young men and maidens, old men and children," all the families of a congregation, not only to mourning, but to the most solemn pause of consideration on spiritual and eternal things.

An ambassador of God, sent to a Church and congregation with a message, involving the highest interests of the life or death, of the body and the soul, has no ordinary work to perform, no indifferent trust committed to his charge, and no inferior reward of joy or sorrow annexed to the result of his labours. A representative of the King of Zion, and a watchman on the walls of his visible Church, if he lift not up his voice, and give the warning to sinners to flee from the wrath to come, the blood of souls will be required at his hand.

In the commission of the prophet Ezekiel, to go to the captives of Babylon, he was charged to be faithful and vigilant in delivering the message of God, and under no pressure of rebuke, from no threats of death, or hopes of worldly gain, was he to yield any diluted and temporizing terms of deliverance to that rebellious house. What, in substance, was *then* the restrictive message of God, in the mouth of his prophets, is *now*, in the mouth of his ministers. These also, commissioned of God, speak in his name, deliver his testimony; and to those to whom they are sent, whether they will hear, or whether they will forbear, will be either a savour of life unto life, or of death unto death.

Such a watchman God has been pleased to send with a message to this Church and congregation: he has been continued many years, in active labours, but his Lord has now recalled him; his course is fi-

nished, his mouth is shut in death, and he is gone, to resign up his commission, and to give an account of his ministry, to Him who sent him. And you, the dear people of his charge, whether you have heard or forborne to hear the word at his mouth, shall know that there has been a minister of God among you.

Permit me, then, my brethren and friends, while the remains of your beloved pastor are still before you, in the name of Jesus, to call your attention to the import of the text, under the following particulars:—

I. The ministerial character of your pastor, and the doctrines and duties which he taught you from God.

II. The character of those hearers who have received, and of those who have not received, the word at his mouth.

III. That both shall know that there has been a minister of Christ among them.

I. You will please to attend to the ministerial character of your deceased pastor, and the doctrines and duties which he taught from God. I shall but briefly sketch his birth, education, and settlement among you, and the services which he rendered to, and the honours which he received from, the university of Yale-College.

Dr. Ely was born at Lyme, July 7th, 1749, O. S. He was graduated at Yale-College, 1769; and li-

censed to preach the Gospel, October 1st, 1771. On the 27th of October, 1773, he was ordained over this Church and congregation, colleague pastor with the Rev. Jedidiah Mills, the first minister of this parish, who died January, 1776; and in 1788, he was chosen a member of the Corporation of Yale-College. For many years he was one of the Prudential Committee of that Board, for the management of the secular concerns of the Institution; and in 1810 that body conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. The following extract from President Dwight's letter to one of the afflicted family, bears testimony to the high estimation in which he was held by the Board of Trustees. "In your excellent father, I lose one of my best friends; the College, one of its best patrons; and the Church, one of its best ministers." Dr. Ely kept the records of this Church, including admissions, baptisms, marriages, and deaths, with that accuracy and punctuality which distinguished him in the discharge of all his official duties. He continued his public labours until the third Sabbath before his death; being animated with the hope of a harvest in a revival among his people; and died February 16, 1816, aged 66 years and 7 months, in the 43d year of his ministry.

Dr. Ely united those natural and acquired abilities, that activity and habitual diligence, which qualified him for usefulness in the sphere of life which was assigned him by Providence. Being, as he be-

lieved himself to have been in early life, the subject of a work of grace in the heart, his soul was humbled and enlarged with complacent views of the majesty of God, the purity of his law, the perfection of his government, and the wisdom of the plan of redemption. The Bible was his chosen volume. He loved and treasured up its precious truths in its own language. In this he saw himself, as in a glass, and did not forget that he was a sinner of the apostate race of Adam. In this volume he was taught to glory in the cross of Christ; and from it he was furnished with the noblest objects of pursuit, the best principles of direction, and the strongest motives of action, in the conduct of human life. He was a scribe well instructed in the mysteries of the kingdom; and the Articles of Faith, sanctioned by the Fathers of New-England, in the *Westminster Confession and the Assembly's Catechism*, were cordially received and unwaveringly held by him, as a concise and luminous summary of the doctrines, duties, and means of grace. He was a *Calvinist* of the old school; and well understood, from personal acquaintance with the *Institutes* of Calvin, the genuine principles and systematic views of the doctrines of religion, maintained by that illustrious Reformer. He often expressed his deep concern for the purity of the faith of the Churches, in view of those speculative and practical errors which he apprehended were prevailing among those who held the two ex-

tremes of metaphysical and heretical theology, as being alike adapted to propagate the prejudices and the poison of each other.

In his public performances, Dr. Ely made no pretensions to refined elocution, or the ornaments of polished style; but he aimed at usefulness: and, possessing a happy talent of communicating the precious truths of the Bible, in a plain and affectionate manner, and by very apt allusions, he would more strongly impress those truths upon the memory, than all the studied eloquence of language could have done. He laboured not to preach himself, but Christ Jesus, to the edification of his hearers, and the deliverance of his own soul.

In prayer, he had a fervency, an appropriateness of expression, and such a facility of reference to the language and allusions of Scripture, adapted to the immediate occasion, as have been equalled by few, and excelled by none. How often have your hearts, in this house, melted under the unction and spirit of his devotion, before the throne of grace! How has he led your affections up to Jesus the Mediator, within the vail of the heavenly sanctuary, and there wrestled with God, through Him who offers much incense with the prayers of all the saints, for the pardon and acceptance of your souls, and for the out-pouring of the Holy Spirit, especially on the hearts of this people! And has he not left you an earnest that his prayers shall be heard and answered? How has he mourn-

ed over you, in public and private, that his labours appeared so much in vain! Many were the groans which he uttered; many the tears he has shed for you, the beloved people of his charge! I have been witness to some of them; you have been witness to more, and God has been witness to them all. In truth, your pastor *was a good Bishop of Jesus Christ; a lover of hospitality; a lover of good men; sober, just, holy, temperate, holding fast the faithful word, as he had been taught, and able by sound doctrine both to exhort and convince the gainsayers.* Tit. i. 8, 9.

He taught you, with emphasis, the fall and corruption of our race, by the apostacy of Adam: *That by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin, and so death passed upon all men; for that all have sinned.* Rom. v. 12. He taught you, that Jesus Christ, who took upon him the seed of Abraham, was God over all, blessed for ever. And say ye, who heard him, how fervently did he dwell on the heavenly theme of redeeming love; upon the Person, the Priesthood, the atonement, the power, the wisdom, and the grace of Christ!

With no less ardour, he enforced the divinity of the Holy Spirit, and his exclusive agency to convince the world of sin and misery, to enlighten the mind in the knowledge of Christ, to renew the will, and to persuade and enable the guilty and helpless soul to embrace Jesus Christ, freely offered to him in the Gospel. And again, let your hearts answer,

how he testified to you, in the imperishable words of his Lord and his God, *Ye must be born again*—that the incorruptible seed, the undying principle of eternal life, must be implanted in the soul by the Holy Spirit, or you could neither see nor enter the kingdom of God.

And while he urged the necessity of being created anew in Christ Jesus unto good works, how earnest was he to have prayer offered in every family, and devotions in every closet! He pressed upon you the duty of dedicating your children to God in baptism, that, as lambs of the flock, they might be trained up in the Church, a seed to serve God, when he and you should be here no more. He catechised your children himself, and urged parents to be unceasing in that primary duty. Your eyes have seen and your ears have heard, the fervent and elevated devotion of his soul, at the *Lord's table.* Remember, I beseech you, how he magnified Christ, and him crucified, and copy his example in your future celebrations of that Institution, which is the memorial of the death of Him who loved you, and gave himself for you, an offering and a sacrifice unto God, for a sweet-smelling savour. He has illustrated, in the plainest manner, the moral duties of the Gospel, and pressed you with eternal motives, by the worth of your souls, by the blood of Jesus, by the sorrows of perdition, and the joys of salvation, *to be zealous of good works, to deny ungodliness, and worldly lusts, and*

to live soberly, and righteously, and godly in this present world. And here say, what more could he have done, that he has not done, to persuade you to deny yourselves, to take up the cross daily, and to follow Christ?

But the time would fail, to retrace his ministerial course, for a period of more than forty-two years. Many who have heard him, and many who have forborne to hear, his message, have gone before him to the invisible world, and to God, the Judge of all. But what think ye, who survive him, who have enjoyed his labours in the fulness of his strength, and the ripeness of his experience—has there not been an able Minister of Jesus Christ among you? And now, whether you have ever been serious in self-examination, or whether you have not, come, and let conscience speak—have you heard, or have you refused to hear, the word of God at his mouth? And that you may more correctly determine this momentous question, I will,

II. Describe those hearers who have, and those who have not, received his message from God.

1. Those persons who have had an ear to hear the instituted preaching of the word, have hailed with pleasure the arrival of the evening and the morning of the Lord's day. The cares of the world have been put off, and they have girded more closely to their souls the whole armour of God. They have endeavoured to make the Sabbath and its service a delight; esteeming the Church below as an

emblem feebly shadowing the great assembly above. They have come early, and been seasonably in the house of worship. The heart has been solemnly impressed, in secret devotion, with a sense of the words of Christ, that they *who worship God, must worship him in spirit and in truth.* They have called to mind their sins, their mercies, and their wants; that they might devoutly offer " their desires unto God, for things agreeable to his will, in the name of Christ, with the confession of their sins, and a thankful acknowledgment of his mercies*."

2. Those who have inclined their ear to the law and the testimony, have received the word preached, *not as the word of men, but (as it is in truth) the word of God, which worketh effectually in them that believe.* 1 Thess. ii. 13. Using the means of grace, with a single eye to obtain the end for which they are appointed, they have believed, that *without Christ they could do nothing;* and therefore they have sought and depended on the influences of the Holy Spirit, which alone leads to Christ, and effectually conforms the soul in which it dwells, to his image.

3. Those whose ears have been circumcised to receive the word from the mouth of their minister, as the ambassador of Christ, have been jealous for the cause and the prosperity of Zion. They have sought by all means, to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. If at any time they have wandered

* Assembly's Catechism.

from the right way, they have readily received reproof, and anxiously returned to the path of duty, with more vigilance to pursue the end of their calling. These have willingly ministered of their earthly things, for the support and comfort of him who laboured among them, that he might give himself wholly to the ministry of the word, and to prayer. They have respected their pastor, and honoured him in his office, as commissioned of God to do his work; and have affectionately shared with him his burdens, in his trials and labours, and defended his reputation and conduct from unjust aspersions. They have been stable in the faith, and, by their prayers, they have held up his hands, when the children of Amalek have opposed the progress, and sought to destroy the usefulness, of their pastor, and the union of the people in their worship. If those hearers who have received their minister as the ambassador of Christ, have not been active in all these particulars, they have had at least something of the disposition to be so; and have, with more or less stability, *thought upon and done those things which are true, which are honest, which are just, which are pure, and which are of good report.* Phil. iv. 8.

But I pass to show who those hearers are who have not received the message of God by his servant. And,

1. These have been occasional hearers, who, entering the sanctuary without considering the objects, and regardless of the nature of divine worship, have

sought their own pleasure, and not the glory of God. Mere idle spectators, without ears to hear, they have observed the things and persons about them, while they have forgotten their souls, and their immortal destination. They have regarded their minister only as a man, like themselves, who was speaking to them for hire, of things to which they were indifferent, never casting one sober reflection, on the account which both he and they must give to God, for the use which they made of the sacred season of devotion. These are the occasional, careless, self-serving hearers, to whose taste the ordinary truths of the Gospel are insipid, and the essential doctrines disgusting. And such, probably, have indulged in light behaviour, trifling thoughts, worldly schemes, and vain whispers, under the most solemn preaching of the word of God.

2. Others have come to the house of worship, with *itching ears.* These have been curious to be amused with something new, with mere words in polished order; or with nice speculations upon mysterious subjects, with rhetorical flourishes or pointed stories; and, as they came for no higher purpose, so they have seldom been entertained; and though sometimes startled with that two-edged sword which pierces and troubles the heart, and lays open to itself its thoughts and intentions; yet, alas! the life-giving wound has fretted and closed, without discharging the deadly corruption. These curious hearers may have been pleased with the pathetic

movements of the animal passions, as they would be gratified with the relation of any tragical event. These are those hearers whom God describes to the prophet Ezekiel, chap. xxxiii. 31, 32. *And they come unto thee as the people cometh, and they sit before thee as my people, and they hear thy words, but they will not do them; for with their mouth they shew much love, but their heart goeth after their covetousness. And, lo, thou art unto them as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument; for they hear thy words, but they do them not.*

3. Some have heard the word preached, with a disposition to cavil and criticise upon the language used, or the things taught. Averse to the thoughts of death and judgment, and unwilling to be probed to the heart by the sword of the Spirit, lest they should know its plague and deceitfulness, they have girded on their self-righteousness, and justified themselves, as being good enough, or as good as others. They have brought with them, into the very sanctuary of God, a pride and arrogancy of temper, which prompted them to measure the doctrines taught and proved from the Scriptures, by their own wills, passions, and interests, without once searching the Bible to see if these things were so. These are the hearers who, when the word preached is applied to their own conscience, and they are cut to the heart, rise in rebellion against both the truth and the preacher; and, like those high-minded, self-willed professors of

old, who were uncircumcised in heart and ears, they resist the Holy Ghost. Often these cavilling hearers become irritated hearers, because the minister does not preach what they believe, nor justify what they practise; and, instead of making war upon their own opinions and habits, they turn their hostility upon the ambassador, and the instructions of God. Like Ahab, in his evil course, they hate the prophet who tells them the truth, and would gladly have him imprisoned, and fed on the bread and water of affliction, while they presumptuously contend for peace, in their wicked ways, and in defiance of the counsels of the Lord. 1 Kings xxii. 8. 27.

Now all the several hearers of this class are alike in some respects. They none of them hear with a meek and teachable spirit. They mix not that faith with hearing, which renders the word profitable. The weight of their individual guilt may vary, not only in the degree in which they wrong their own souls, but also as they superadd their obdurate efforts, to break down, divide, and scatter the covenanted family of Christ.

Having thus concisely stated some things which characterize those who have heard, and those who have forborne to hear, the word of God at the mouth of his servant, I shall proceed,

III. To show, that both shall know that there has been a minister of Christ among them.

1. Those who have received, with meekness, the word preached by their pastor, have *searched the Scriptures to see if these things were so*, and, comparing the one with the other, they have already acknowledged him to have been commissioned of God. They know this, by the delight which they have found in the service in which he has led them, and in the doctrines, duties, and promises which he has taught them; by the communion they have had with him, and the fruits they have gathered from his lips; *for do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? The tree is known by its fruits*, and under his ministry they have relished the essential doctrines, tasted the sweets of forgiveness, and rested in the grace of the promises, which he has held out to them, and which, like the clusters of Eshcol, were a token that their minister had seen the good land himself, and could lead others in the right way to its possession.

But those who have received the ingrafted word, shall most assuredly know, in the day of final retribution, that their minister was commissioned of God; when, having received that Jesus whom he preached, they shall be admitted into the joy of their Lord, to the visions of the divine glory; for, in the day of the Lord Jesus, they shall be his crown and rejoicing —then both pastor and hearer shall know as they are known, and, in sovereign, ineffable, and eternal blessedness, shall see Christ as he is, be where he is, and be like unto him.

2. So also, on the other hand, those hearers who have been careless, curious, or cavilling, shall know that a minister of Christ has been among them. Some of them have doubtless acknowledged this truth, here in this life. For those who have lived under the light of the Gospel, have the convictions of the Spirit, sometimes accusing them of holding the truth in unrighteousness. These rebellious hearers have some solemn moments, some painful agitations of soul, when they tremble like Felix, in the view of death and judgment, and are compelled to say with Judas, *I have sinned*, and to admit, with bitterness and anguish, that the minister has been faithful in his warnings, as a watchman of the Lord. And when *the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life*, have failed to yield their gust of pleasure, they have been painfully brought to the reflection, *How have I hated instruction, and my heart despised reproof! and have not obeyed the voice of my teachers, nor inclined mine ear to them that instructed me!* Prov. v. 12, 13.

But admitting that the uncircumcised in heart and ears should have no pangs in their death; yet, when the judgment shall be set, and the books opened, then shall they acknowledge the faithful minister, and the truth of his message; then will the testimony of sermons disregarded, ordinances despised, and instructions hated, rise against them, and, under the pressure of the sentence, *Depart from me, for I have*

called, and you have refused, they shall go away into everlasting punishment.

And now, all ye who hear me this day, understand and know assuredly, that the minister who holds his commission from God, to preach his word, and administer his ordinances, stands in a dignified and awfully responsible office. And you, whether you will hear, or whether you will forbear, will know that the word preached by the faithful minister shall not return unto him void, but shall accomplish that whereunto God hath sent it, either in being a savour of life unto life, or of death unto death.

The brethren of this Church, and the people of this congregation shall know, that the pastor who has so often and so affectionately warned them from this desk, and who is now separated from them by death, was an able minister, commissioned and sent to them by Jesus Christ. Come ye, who were the dear people of his charge, incline your ears to the testimony of your pastor on his dying bed. It was at a moment when the soul was trembling on the eve of its departure from the body, now worn down to a skeleton by disease and distress, that he said to a brother in the ministry: *I have not shunned to declare unto my people, according to the best of my understanding and abilities, the whole counsel of God; I believed—and therefore have I spoken.* O ye who were the people of his charge, let these words sink deep into your hearts, and be prepared to hear them again from his lips,

when he shall meet you at the judgment-seat of Christ. Take heed, I beseech you, lest you fail of the grace of God; and, under the rebuking weight of the slighted calls of mercy, sink in that day into endless perdition.

But, in my anxiety for your wise improvement of this holy dispensation of Providence, I must not forget to call the attention of the afflicted family to a few observations.

Dear Madam,

It is your covenant God, who has again taken from you a beloved husband. He has put the cup of sorrow into your hand; but has he not mingled with its bitterness, the sweetest consolations of his grace? He was indeed a husband, in the most endearing sense of the word; he was, too, a minister of Christ. You have shared deeply in his affections, his counsels, and his prayers. He has left you all the consolation which his hope in Jesus, and his ardent desire *that he might have a joyful transplanting from the Church militant to the Church triumphant*, can afford. He has taught you, at the awful moment when his spirit was on the point of leaving its house of clay, that *it was safe trusting in the Hope of Israel.* Dear Madam, let your hope and trust, in this affliction, be more strongly fixed in the Lord your God.

Respected Children,

Your father was a minister of Christ. He stood

in both of these interesting relations to you. Strong and endearing were the ties with which you were bound to him;—but death has broken them, and he will speak to you no more, as a father or a minister, in this world. Come, then, and retrace in your minds the counsels he has given you, the fervent and affectionate prayers he has offered for you, when, in seeking the good of *your* souls, he has poured out all *his own.* Was he not a dear father? Was he not, too, in his family, a faithful minister of Christ?—And have you received his counsels? Oh! search and see! They were weighty counsels, the counsels of a minister and a father. Remember them now, therefore, O ye children, and depart not from the words of his mouth. Call to mind his labours, his cares, his watchings for you, from your tender infancy; and let the weight of his love for your souls, press you to be doubly in earnest for them yourselves, now he is gone, and can counsel and pray for you no more. He was ripe in years, and in piety; he served his generation with zeal, prudence, and success, and has finished his course with joy. Consider, that it is the God, to whom he devoted you in your infancy, who has ordered these things so graciously, and who now afflicts you so severely. Cast, then, all your cares on him, and look more earnestly to him, for he careth for you. You have seen your dear father, in the severest distress of body, waiting his appointed time, till his change

should come, and praying for an enlargement of soul, in spiritual communion, that he might be enabled to say, *Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.* You have witnessed his faith, his patience, and his hope, unwavering and unabated, in his last trying scene. You have received his blessing from his dying lips. I too have seen those graces flowing with vigour and comfort from his heart. Permit me to add—he was my friend: nor will I forget his parting words, when, with an expressive look and clasping hand, he said, " My Brother, *may the good will of Him who dwelt in the bush be ever with you!*"—He could no more—it was enough—it bespeaks the man, the friend I have lost. Permit me, then, while I write these words on the table of my heart, with no indifferent feelings, to reciprocate to you, his beloved children, the same comprehensive blessing—*May the good will of Him who dwelt in the bush be ever with you.*

The occasion reminds me of the duty of addressing a few words to the Ministers of Christ, who are here present.

Dear Brethren,

God has called us together, and his voice this day is also directed to us. Our father, in the consociated Churches in this district, has finished his course, and gone to surrender up his commission, and to give his account to his Lord. This event admonishes us, that we have this treasure in earthen vessels,

which must one day crumble to pieces, beneath the hand of death. Our work is great, our time is short, and the account of our stewardship will be solemn. Oh, how awakening the thought, that we must appear before the tribunal of the heart-searching Judge, to give an account of the souls committed to our charge! And say, have we been faithful *to warn every man, and to teach every man, in all wisdom, that we might present every man perfect in Christ Jesus?* Let us unsparingly examine our own selves, and see what answer we shall return, on our part, to Him who hath placed us on the walls of Zion. Awful indeed will be the doom of the self-serving and sect-serving watchman, at whose unfaithful hands the blood of unwarned sinners shall be required. Our departed father has left us an example of activity, punctuality, and faithfulness in his high calling, not only in his own Church, but as a member of our Association and our Councils. And although in them we shall meet him no more, yet his ability to moderate, to plan, and execute business; his constant and seasonable attendance, his love of peace, and of the Church's prosperity; his cautious attention to watch against innovations in doctrine and discipline, and his firm adherence to the principles of both, as handed down from the first fathers of the State, you, all of you, have seen: and, by his example, we, all of us, may still profit. He possessed, among his many good qualities, a most happy talent at healing breaches,

quieting contentions, and fulfilling all the duties of the blessed office of a peace-maker. Hospitable at home, and cheerful abroad; a lover of order, and an opposer of changes in Church and state; and a friend to liberty of conscience, and an enemy to bigotry; he moved in his sphere of life with ease and dignity, and fulfilled the duties of his station with usefulness and honour. Considering these things, my Brethren, and observing how our fathers have been removed, who were our guides in counsel, what a mournful breach is made among us! what a frown of Providence upon us and our Churches, is the death of Dr. Ely! But to Jesus, our Master, belongs the kingdom, the power, and the glory; and he does all things well. Our brother has been taken from us, like a shock of corn from the field, fully ripe. Our loss is his gain; and we may believe, that, dismissed from his labours here, he is gone to receive a prophet's reward in the mansions of glory. Let us be faithful unto death, and we shall, with him, receive a crown of life.

A word of advice to this bereaved Flock, and I shall have done.

We loved and confided in the piety and prudence of your deceased pastor. He was indeed worthy both of our confidence and of yours; but he can neither counsel us, nor instruct you, any more. You will no more converse with him at the fire-side, nor meet him in this house of God. You are now, for

the first time during a period of more than ninety years, left without an earthly shepherd; and this calamity has befallen you at a time when God is beginning, as we humbly hope, a gracious work of the Spirit among you. The heart of your pastor was cheered by gathering some of the first-fruits, which, he could but hope, were the earnest of an abundant harvest and ingathering of the souls of this people. Ponder well on that active and affectionate concern which he manifested for your souls, and the souls of your children. He has sown the seed of the good word among you with an unsparing hand, and his prayers for you are in remembrance before God. Oh, be sober, vigilant, and give yourselves to prayer. Satan is an enemy to *revivals*, and, with all subtlety, perverts the work of the Spirit, and the right ways of the Lord; but there is One who is stronger than he, whose counsel shall stand, and who will do all his pleasure; One who has, by his blood, prepared the way and the means, and has sent the Spirit to make them both effectual, in bringing the children of wrath into the privileges of the children of grace. Take heed, and look, in humble confidence, to the Rock of Israel, from whom flows the water of life. Do this with a submission, proportioned to your need, under your bereavement, and you shall taste and see that the Lord is good in his chastisements and rebukes.

My Brethren, you need a pastor, to lead your devotions, to hold forth to you the word of life, and to

break to you the bread of life. Be not discouraged; the Shepherd of Israel still lives; acknowledge him in your ways, and lean not to your own understandings; and he shall direct your path, and supply all your need, according to his riches in glory, by Christ Jesus. AMEN.

Discourse
on the death of
Paul Cuffee
by
Peter Williams
a man of colour

A DISCOURSE

DELIVERED

On the Death of Captain Paul Cuffee,

A MAN OF COLOUR.

A DISCOURSE

DELIVERED ON

The DEATH of Capt. PAUL CUFFEE,

BEFORE

The New-York African Institution,

IN

The African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church,

OCTOBER 21, 1817.

By PETER WILLIAMS, Jun.

A MAN OF COLOUR.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST OF SOME MEMBERS OF THAT

INSTITUTION.

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PREFACE

TO

The ENGLISH EDITION.

PAUL CUFFEE, an American and a man of colour, to whom the following Discourse relates, was well known to many in this country, not only as an efficient agent of the AFRICAN INSTITUTION in London, and a zealous coadjutor in its benevolent exertions; but also as a firm and active friend of the whole African race.

Soon after Captain Cuffee had been in England, the Editor published a Memoir of him in the year 1812, which, though brief, contains a more full account of events respecting his life, than was likely to be intro-

duced in a Discourse; yet in this will be found some interesting particulars, which are not in the Memoir.

These, however, are not the principal inducements for publishing the Discourse, which is the production of a YOUNG MAN OF COLOUR, and said to be delivered extempore. It does not indeed possess the polish of refined erudition, or of a highly cultivated mind; but its imperfections enhance its value; because they evince that the Author's unadorned eloquence, is the result of *natural* powers, which, like those of the individual concerning whom he spoke, contribute an additional striking proof, that superior abilities do not attach more to a white than to a coloured skin.

DISCOURSE

ON

CAPTAIN PAUL CUFFEE.

ALL around us is crumbling to ruins. The globe totters on the brink of fate. The sun and moon, with all the lesser lights of the firmament, are about to be extinguished, and this whole creation to sink in the night of chaos. Already has that fearful sentence of Jehovah, "dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return," been executed on the bulk of Adam's race. Compared with those who have taken up their abode in the silent mansions of the tomb, few are they who remain on the face of the earth. Before the strokes of Death, the generations of men have fallen and perished, even as the leaves before the autumnal blast; and so widely and thickly scattered are their remains, that the whole world has become a Golgotha, in the which there is scarcely left a spot whereon one can set his foot, without standing on the bones of our ancestors and brethren.

Contemplating this scene of desolation, a train of reflections, incomparably gloomy and afflictive, overshadows the mind, and drives down the mounting spirit. What is the destruction of splendid edifices, of flourishing cities, of the most noble works of genius and art, compared with that which death hath made in the family of man! Over the wide and still expanding empire of death, humanity wanders mourning her offspring, the noblest workmanship of God, creation's pride and head, laid prostrate in the dust; the prey of corruption and of worms. Among the fallen, she recognizes her favorite sons, those excellent ones of the earth, whose deeds shed a lustre over her character, and deserve to be held in everlasting remembrance. At their tombs she stops, and recounting their virtues, gives vent to her feelings in loud and bitter lamentations. While, with her, we weep over the graves of departed merit, our attention is peculiarly drawn to the spot which contains the mortal part of our late worthy brother, Capt. Paul Cuffee. There, whatever other occasion we may have to mourn the triumphs of the mortal foe, we find cause for the liveliest expressions of grief. There, without the least tincture of flattery, may be inscribed—"*Here lies one whose exertions, in behalf of oppressed humanity, have entitled him to the esteem of the world, and the grateful remembrance of latest posterity.*"

Draw near, O! ye sons of men, and learn, not merely what the common subjects of mortality teach, that "the days of man are but as vanity—that he cometh forth as a flower, and is cut down—that he fleeth as a shadow, and never continueth in one stay;" but the more important lesson of so conducting yourselves as to secure respectability in life, peace in death, and unfading felicities in a future state.

Draw near, but let it be with respectful steps. That GRAVE is peculiarly consecrated to SORROW. Over it Europe and America mourn; and Africa, unhappy, bereaved Africa, pours a deluge of tears.

Were I required to delineate a character of distinguished greatness, I would not seek, as my original, one whose blood has been ennobled through a long line of ancestry, who has had all the advantages of fortune, education, wealth, and friends to push him forward; but for one who, from a state of poverty, ignorance, and obscurity, through a host of difficulties, and with an unsullied conscience, by the native energy of his mind, has elevated himself to wealth, to influence, to respectability, and honor; and being thus elevated conducts with meekness and moderation, and devotes his time and talents to pious and benevolent purposes.

Such an one's character deserves to be drawn by the ablest artist, and to be placed up on high for public imitation and esteem; nay, the portrait should be placed in our bosoms, and worn as a sacred treasure ever near to the heart. Such an one was PAUL CUFFEE, the son of a poor African, whom the hand of unfeeling avarice had dragged from home and connexions, and consigned to rigorous and unlimited bondage; subjected to all the disadvantages which unreasonable prejudice heaps upon that class of men; destitute of the means of early education; and more frequently struggling under the frowns of fortune than basking in her smiles: by perseverance, prudence, and laudable enterprize, he raised himself to wealth and respectability: and, having attained that eminence, he so distinguished himself by his amiable and upright deportment, and his zealous exertions in the cause of humanity and religion, that he became, not only an object of general notice and regard throughout the civilized world; but even the untutored tribes, that inhabit the regions of Ethiopia, learnt to consider him as a father and a friend.

If ever there was a necessity for me to apologize to an audience for my inadequacy to my subject, I feel it so on the present occasion. I knew the man. I had the honor of an intimacy with him; and having, from the first moment of my

acquaintance, an exalted opinion of his worth, which time and a more thorough knowledge of him has served to heighten and confirm, I cannot but regret my inability to present him to you, AS HE WAS. In the minds of those who were acquainted with him, my deficiences will be readily supplied by their recollections; but of those who knew him not, I must beg that they will consider what will now be offered, not as a finished picture, but as the rude outlines of the character of a man who was truly great.

In his person, Capt. Cuffee was large and well proportioned. His countenance was serious, but mild. His speech and habit, plain and unostentatious. His deportment, dignified and prepossessing; blending gravity with modesty and sweetness; and firmness with gentleness and humility. His whole exterior indicated a man of respectability and piety. Such would a stranger have supposed him to be at the first glance.

To convey a further idea of him, it is necessary to recur to his history. He was born in the year 1759, on one of the Elizabeth Islands, near New Bedford. His parents had ten children—four sons and six daughters. He was the youngest of the sons. His father died when he was about 14 years of age, at which time he had learnt but little more than his alphabet; and having from thence, with his brothers, the care of his mother and sis-

ters devolving upon him, he had but little opportunity for the acquisitions of literature. Indeed, he never had any schooling, but obtained what learning he had by his own indefatigable exertions, and the scanty aids which he occasionally received from persons who were friendly towards him. By these means, however, he advanced to a considerable proficiency in arithmetic, and skill in navigation. Of his talent for receiving learning, we may form an estimate from the fact, that he acquired such a knowledge of navigation in two weeks, as enabled him to command his vessel in the voyages which he made to Russia, to England, to Africa, to the West India Islands, as well as to a number of different ports in the southern section of the United States.

His mind, it appears, was early inclined to the pursuits of commerce. Before he was grown to manhood, he made several voyages to the West Indies, and along the American coast. At the age of 20, he commenced business for himself, in a small open boat. With this, he set out trading to the neighbouring towns and settlements; and, though Providence seemed rather unpropitious to him at first, by perseverance, prudence, and industry, his resources were so blessed with an increase, that, after a while, he was enabled to obtain a good sized schooner. In this vessel h enlarged the sphere of his action; trading to

more distant places, and in articles requiring a larger capital; and thus, in the process of time, he became owner of one brig, afterwards of two, then he added a ship, and so on until 1806, at which time he was possessed of one ship, two brigs, and several smaller vessels, besides considerable property in houses and lands.

In this part of his history, though not the most interesting, we may discover one of those distinguished traits of character, which rendered him so eminently useful, *i. e.* a steady perseverance in laudable undertaking, which overcomes obstacles apparently insurmountable, and attains its object while others fall back in despair.

Shall I say to you, my African brethren, "*go and do likewise?*" Subjected, as we too generally are, to the multiplied evils of poverty, made more intolerant by the prejudices which prevail against us, his example is worthy our imitation. It is only by an honest, industrious, and prudent husbanding of the means which are placed in our power, that we can hope to rise on the scale of society.

Persons in indigent circumstances, even while neglecting to do what good they can, are very apt to entertain so exalted an opinion of their own benevolence, as to suppose, if they had wealth, they would abound in deeds of philanthropy and charity. But when, in the vicissitudes of human

affairs, their condition becomes improved, their charitable intentions generally decrease, in the same ratio that their abilities to execute them increase. Thus the same man, who was once loudest in his declamations against the rich, for their want of liberality and compassion to the poor, on a change of circumstances, is frequently found equally as unfeeling and illiberal as they, towards those, whom Providence has continued in the humble walks from which he was raised. But Capt. CUFFEE was a noble exception. He rose like the sun, diffusing wider and wider the rays of his beneficence; until having attained his zenith, even the nations beyond the seas were made to rejoice in his beams. Inspired, in early life, with a desire of benefiting his fellow men, the extent of his means might always be determined by the sphere of his usefulness.

When the state of his affairs were such as to render it necessary that all his resources should be employed in the promotion of his private interests, he was nevertheless, as far as was consistent with this primary object, always willing to advance the interests of his friends, and of the community at large.

Hence, during the rigours of winter, when he was detained from going abroad in the pursuits of business, he usually devoted his time to the teaching of navigation to the young men of the

neighbourhood and the family. And, even on his voyages, when opportunity would admit, he employed himself in imparting to those under him a knowledge of this invaluable science. In these ways he has raised up a number of skilful navigators, both white and coloured. I said that even when it was necessary that all his resources should be employed to his own private advantage, as far as was consistent with this primary object, he was always willing to advance the welfare of his friends and the community. But I was wrong. He went farther. He was so conscientious that he would sooner sacrifice his private interests than engage in any enterprize, however lawful or profitable, that might have a tendency, either directly or indirectly, to injure his fellow men. For instance, he would not deal in ardent spirits, nor in slaves, though he might have done either without violating the laws of his country, and with great prospects of pecuniary gain.—O! that all Christian traders had been actuated by a similar spirit! It would have made the aggregate of human misery an hundred fold less than it is.

In the year 1780, Capt. C. being just then of age, was with his brother John, called on by the collector to pay his personal tax. At that time the coloured people of Massachusetts were not considered as entitled to the right of suffrage, or to any of the privileges peculiar to citizens. A

question immediately arose with them, whether it was constitutional for them to pay taxes, while they were deprived of the rights enjoyed by others who paid them? They concluded, it was not; and, though the sum was small, yet considering it as an imposition affecting the interests of the people of colour throughout the state, they refused to pay it. The consequence was, a lawsuit, attended with so much trouble and vexatious delay, that they finally gave it up, by complying with the requisitions of the collector. They did not, however, abandon the pursuit of their rights; but at the next session of the Legislature, presented a petition, praying that they might have the rights, since they had to bear the burden of citizenship; and though there was much reason to doubt of its success, yet it was granted, and all the free coloured people of the state, on paying their taxes, were considered, from thenceforth, as entitled to all the privileges of citizens. For this triumph of justice and humanity over prejudice and oppression, not only the coloured people of Massachusetts, but every advocate of correct principle, owes a tribute of respect and gratitude to John and Paul Cuffee.

In 1797, Capt. Cuffee, lamenting that the place in which he lived, was destitute of a school for the instruction of youth; and anxious that his children should have a more favorable opportunity of ob-

taining education than he had had, proposed to his neighbours to unite with him in erecting a school-house. This, though the utility of the object was undeniable, was made the cause of so much contention, probably on account of his colour, that he resolved at length to build a school-house on his own land, and at his own expense. He did so, and when finished, gave them the use of it gratis, satisfying himself with seeing it occupied for the purposes contemplated. I would not draw a contrast, brethren. The neighbours, no doubt, have long since atoned for their conduct on this occasion in a generous sorrow. But let not prejudice denounce such a man as possessed of an inferior soul.

But it was in his active commiseration in behalf of his African brethren, that he shone forth most conspicuously as a man of worth. Long had his bowels yearned over their degraded, destitute, miserable condition. He saw, it is true, many benevolent men engaged in releasing them from bondage, and pouring into their minds the light of literature and religion, but he saw also the force of prejudice operating so powerfully against them, as to give but little encouragement to hope, that they could ever rise to respectability and usefulness, unless it were in a state of society where they would have greater incentives to improvement, and more favorable opportunities

than would probably be ever afforded them where the bulk of the population are whites.

Under this impression, he turned his thoughts to the British settlement at Sierra Leona; and, in 1811, finding his property sufficient to warrant the undertaking, and believing it to be his duty to appropriate part of what God had given him to the benefit of his and our unhappy race, he embarked on board of his own brig, manned entirely by persons of colour, and sailed to the land of his forefathers, in the hope of benefiting its natives and descendants.

Arrived at the colony, he made himself acquainted with its condition, and held a number of conversations with the governor and principal inhabitants; in which he suggested a number of important improvements. Among other things, he recommended the formation of a society for the purposes of promoting the interests of its members and of the colonists in general; which measure was immediately adopted, and the society named "*The Friendly Society of Sierra Leona**." From thence he sailed to England, where, meeting with every mark of attention and respect, he was favored with an opportunity of opening his views to the board of managers of the African Institution; who cordially acquiesc-

* The "Memoir of Capt. Cuffee" contains an Epistle from this Society, to their countrymen in different lands.

ing in all his plans, gave him authority to carry over from the United States a few coloured persons of good character, to instruct the colonists in agriculture and the mechanical arts. After this he returned to Sierra Leona, carrying with him some goods as a consignment to the "Friendly Society," to encourage them in the way of trade; which having safely delivered, and given them some salutary instructions, he set sail and returned again to his native land.

Thus terminated his first mission to Africa; a mission fraught with the most happy consequences; undertaken from the purest motives of benevolence; and solely at his own expense and risk.

Returned to the bosom of his family and friends, where every comfort awaited his command, he could not think of enjoying repose while he reflected that he might, in any degree, administer to the relief of the multitudes of his brethren, who were groaning under the yoke of bondage, or groping in the dark and horrible night of heathenish superstition and ignorance. Scarcely had the first transports of rejoicing, at his return, time to subside, before he commenced his preparations for a second voyage; not discouraged by the labours and dangers he had past, and unmindful of the ease which the decline of life requires, and to which his long continued and earnest exertions gave him a peculiar claim. In

the hope of finding persons of the description given by the African Institution, he visited most of the large cities in the union, held frequent conferences with the most reputable men of colour, and also with those among the whites who had distinguished themselves as the friends of the Africans; and recommended to the coloured people to form associations for the furtherance of the benevolent work in which he was engaged.

The results were, the formation of two societies, one in Philadelphia, and the other in New York, and the discovery of a number of proper persons, who were willing to go with him and settle in Africa. But, unfortunately, before he found himself in readiness for his voyage the war commenced between this country and Great Britain. This put a bar in the way of his operations, which he was so anxious to remove, that he travelled from his home at Westport, to the city of Washington, to solicit the government to favor his views, and to let him depart and carry with him those persons and their effects whom he had engaged to go and settle in Sierra Leona. He was, however, unsuccessful in the attempt. His general plan was highly and universally approbated, but the policy of the government would not admit of such an intercourse with an enemy's colony.

He had now no alternative but to stay at home and wait the event of the war. But the delay,

thus occasioned, instead of being suffered to damp his ardor, was improved by him to the maturing of his plans, and extending his correspondence, which already embraced some of the first characters in Great Britain and America. After the termination of the war, he with all convenient speed prepared for his departure, and in Dec. 1815, he took on board his brig 38 persons of the dispersed race of Africa; and after a voyage of 55 days, landed them safely on the soil of their progenitors.

It is proper here to remark that Capt. C. in his zeal for the welfare of his brethren, had exceeded the instructions of the Institution at London.—They had advised him not to carry over, in the first instance, more than 6 or 8 persons; consequently, he had no claim on them for the passage and other expenses attending the removal of any over that number. But this he had previously considered, and generously resolved to bear the burden of the expense himself, rather than any of those whom he had engaged should be deprived of an opportunity of going where they might be so usefully employed. He moreover foresaw, that when these persons were landed at Sierra Leona, it would be necessary to make such provision for the destitute as would support them until they were enabled to provide for themselves.

For this also he had to apply to his own resources, so that in this voyage he expended out of his own private funds between three and four thousand dollars, for the benefit of the colony.

Whether this sum will ever be made up to his heirs, is not for me to determine, but whether it is so or not, this act of his deserves to be placed on record, and handed down to posterity as a proof of the warmth of his benevolence, and of the purity and disinterestedness of his attachment to the African race.

On the arrival of Capt. Cuffee at Sierra Leona, he presented his passengers to the Governor, who gave to each family a lot of ground in the town, besides from 30 to 50 acres of land, according to their number, on a spot about two miles distant from it. Afterwards, in a letter which he wrote to England, in answer to one which he had received, requiring him to say what should be done for the advantage of the new comers, he prudently advised, that a house should be built for the accommodation of their families on each of their farms.

His stay at the colony, at this time, was about two months, and when he took his departure, particularly from those whom he brought over with him, it was like a father taking leave of his children, receiving the tokens of their overflow-

ing affection, and with pious admonition, commending them to the protection of God.

Oh! never, never to be forgotten scene. When the doleful tidings shall be there announced, that he is numbered with the dead, what tears will flow at the recollection of its every circumstance.

The exclusion of American vessels from the trade of the British colonies, by the late treaty, rendered Capt. C. (in order that he might prosecute his designs) very solicitous to obtain a licence for his vessel to trade to Sierra Leona. He had, indeed, been urged to connect himself with the institution of London, and to sail as supercargo in British bottoms and to British ports; but with this he was unwilling to comply, though he knew the business would be very lucrative. Considering himself, to use his own phraseology, as a member of the whole African family, he was unwilling to leave that part of it which was in America, in its present state: "My wish," said he, "is for the good of this people universally." His last voyage had been undertaken at the risk of having his vessel and cargo seized and condemned; and, though he escaped, he could not think it advisable to run the same hazard again. He, therefore, wrote to his friends in England, to try to obtain a licence for his vessel, and to make some other arrangements which he deemed necessary for another voyage. Whether these

arrangements were ever made, I cannot say, but if they were, it was not until after he was seized with that complaint which terminated his labours and his life. He was taken ill some time in February, and expired on the 7th day of September, in the 59th year of his age.

During his illness, the subject of ameliorating the condition of his brethren, continued deeply impressed on his mind, and occupied his decaying powers in an extensive correspondence with their friends; and, though he was unable to serve them as he had done, he was gratified at finding his views adopted by a number of the most benevolent and influential men in the American Union.

Such was his public character. Such was the warmth of his benevolence, the activity of his zeal, and the extent of his labours, in behalf of the African race. Indeed his whole life may be said to have been spent in their service. To their benefit he devoted the acquisitions of his youth, the time of his later years, and even the thoughts of his dying pillow.

As a private man, he was just and upright in all his dealings, an affectionate husband, a kind father, a good neighbour, and a faithful friend. Pious without ostentation, and warmly attached to the principles of Quakerism, he manifested, in all his deportment, that he was a true disciple of Jesus; and cherished a charitable disposition

to professors of every denomination, who walked according to the leading principles of the gospel. Regardless of the honors and pleasures of the world, in humble imitation of his divine master, he went from place to place doing good; looking not for his reward among men, but in the favor of his heavenly father. Thus walking in the ways of piety and usefulness, in the smiles of an approving conscience, and the favor of God; he enjoyed, through life, an unusual serenity and satisfaction of mind, and when the fatal messenger arrived to cut the bonds of mortality, it found him in peace, ready and willing to depart. In that solemnly interesting period, when nature with him was struggling in the pangs of dissolution, such a calmness and serenity overspread his soul, and manifested itself in his countenance and actions, that the heart of the greatest reprobate, at beholding him, would have responded the wish: "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

A short time previous to his exit, feeling sensible that it was near, he called his family together to bid them adieu. It was an affecting scene. A scene of inexpressible solemnity—of tears and bitter anguish, on the one hand, and christian firmness and resignation on the other. His wife and children, and several other relatives, being all assembled around him, the good old man

reached forth his enfeebled hand, and after shaking hands with each, and given them some pious advice, he commended them to the tender mercies of Jehovah, and bade them all a final farewell. After this his mind seemed almost entirely occupied with the eternal world. "Not many days hence," said he to one of his neighbours who came to visit him, "Not many days hence, and ye shall see the glory of God; I know that my works are all gone to judgment before me;" but he subjoined, "It is all well; it is all well."

I could add many particulars, but it is unnecessary. He is gone. He lived the life, and died the death, of a christian. He is gone whence he shall never return, and where he shall contend no more with raging billows, and with howling storms. His voyages are all over; he has made his last, and it was to the haven of eternal repose. The clods of the valley now cover his mortal part, and screen it from the tempests which rage and spread desolation on the earth; and, his spirit made free from the wearisome load, has fled to its account at the bar of its God. Thither could we follow it, we should learn the importance of fulfilling our duty to our Creator, to our fellow-creatures, and to ourselves. He is gone, and where shall we find his fellow? Among the almost innumerable multitudes that have sprung from the land of Ethiopia, where shall we find

one that is qualified to fill his place? Oh! why was he not longer spared? For bleeding Afric's sake why was not the mortal shaft warded from his bosom, and lodged in the hearts of some of those monsters who prey upon her blood? O, Lord! we presume not to arraign thy councils. Thou knowest what is best. Though clouds and darkness are around thee, justice and judgment are the habitation of thy seat. Teach us, O heavenly father! teach us resignation to thy will, and we shall find it all to be right in the end.

My brethren of the African Institution, he is gone! and he has left it as his dying request, that you should continue together for the furtherance of the great work in which he was engaged. Hear an extract from one of his late letters on the subject. After mentioning the societies, that which we compose, and that established in Philadelphia, he says: "I wish these Institutions to be brought as much into action as possible; by these means the coloured people of these large cities would be more awakened than from an individual, and a stranger, and thereby prevailed upon for their own good."

Will you then regard this earnest desire of his heart, or will you now, that he shall be no more among us, neglect the object for which we were formed, and depart every man his own way? Oh,

no! let us continue, if not from respect to his memory, from regard to the great interests of Africa, which, at this moment, require that you should watch over them with peculiar care. You should now supply the place of Paul Cuffee. Your exertions may have much influence over those important measures, which are now in agitation about colonizing the coloured people of these states.

My brethren of the African race in general, Capt. C. was an advocate of African colonization. He wished to see that part of our nation, which are dispersed and kept in a state of bondage and degradation in christian countries, returning to the land of their ancestors, carrying with them the light of science and religion, and diffusing it through those vast benighted regions. By this means he hoped, that our curse would be converted into a blessing, and Africa speedily brought to enjoy all the advantages of civilization and christianity. My brethren, Capt. C. was a judicious and a good man. His thoughts run deep, and his motives were pure. Such was his reputation for wisdom and integrity, that his neighbours always consulted him in all their important concerns; and, oh! what honor to the son of an African slave, the most respectable men in Great Britain and America were not ashamed to seek to him for counsel and advice!

Moreover, brethren, he was our friend. Let us not then hastily condemn a measure to which every fibre of his heart clung, and from which it could only be separated by the strong hand of death; a measure in which he was made the instrument of interesting a number of the wisest and most benevolent men, both here and in England, and which is generally approbated by those who have proved themselves friendly towards us. Let us suspend our judgments of it, until we see its further developement. Let us watch over it as that from which God, in his providence, may be intending to bring us good; and if, after we have seen the whole arranged, and carefully examined its parts, we find cause to disapprove, it will then be time enough to rise up in opposition against it.

In the meanwhile, let us instruct our children in the knowledge of letters, the necessary mechanical arts, and all the branches of useful science. Let a spirit of union and friendship prevail among us, and every facility in our power be given to all who are endeavouring to rise to wealth, to knowledge, and respectability. Above all, let us endeavour to promote morality and the interests of the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. So shall we be the better prepared for whatever may be our future destinies; we shall pay the most suitable

tribute of respect to the memory of our departed friend; we shall improve our condition in this life, and attain the felicities of God's kingdom, when this scene shall close.

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OF THE

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SERMON.

Psalm xv.—1, 2. "*Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill? He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.*"

If there is any one virtue, which awakens a more profound admiration than all others, it is integrity, residing in the inmost heart, and manifesting itself throughout the whole life. There never, in any community, civilized or uncivilized, was a system of morals, whether ascertained by positive description, or existing only in general public sentiment, in which integrity has not been placed among the highest of the virtues. There is an instinctive emotion of admiration and of reverence in the most uncultivated and even in the most depraved hearts, whenever this sublime attribute is manifested or mentioned.

I would appeal to the student of classic history, and ask, whose character, in the long catalogue of the great and wise whose names are recorded there, is contemplated by him with the deepest and purest satisfaction and admiration. He will answer, if his

judgment is guided by correct and elevated principles of moral taste and discernment, "ARISTIDES," the Grecian patriot, whom the people, in a moment of folly and madness, banished because he was "Just"—because he did what he thought to be his duty, no matter how unpopular might be the act—because he uttered what he thought to be the truth, no matter how many might be offended. The passing generation of the small community of which he was a member, injured and calumniated him, and rejected him from the midst of them, but he held fast his integrity, and would not let it go, and his name is hallowed in the admiration of the countless millions of all subsequent generations.

In the first chapter of the Gospel of John, we find a brief notice, in the simple and characteristic style of the sacred writers, of an interview between Jesus and a man named Nathaniel. He is mentioned but once more in the Scriptures, and then in such a manner as to inform us incidentally of the fact that he was a fisherman on the lake or sea of Tiberias. A few lines contain all that is known to man of the humble individual, who thus painfully, and in an obscure calling, gained his daily bread by his daily labor. But these lines, few and simple as they are, contain a eulogy, the highest and best to which man can aspire. "Jesus saw Nathaniel coming to him, and saith of him, *Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile.*" These were the words of him who knew what was in man, and coming from him, they convey an encomium the value of which can neither be questioned nor estimated.

The memory of the poor Israelite whom they describe, will be cherished and honored wherever integrity and sincerity are honored. And all men in every age have honored them. The more the world is advanced in a knowledge of sound principles, and in the cultivation of moral sentiments, the greater will be the honor paid to these virtues; and the time will surely come, if it has not already come, when the praises of kings and warriors, and of men of every other description of renown, will be poor and insignificant when compared with the declaration which Jesus made, when the humble, but upright, fisherman of Galilee, approached him. "An Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile."

Our text describes such a man as was the heathen Aristides and the Jewish Nathaniel, and it declares that such a man shall abide in God's tabernacle and dwell in his holy hill, shall enter the abodes and partake of the joys of Heaven. Let us examine the description which it contains of a man of integrity, of sincerity, and of honor—a man in whom there is no guile.

"He that walketh uprightly." In this clause we are presented with the definition of a character and life, which are established upon the principles of virtue, and upon a sense of duty. The man who always acts and speaks and moves under the guidance of the rules of a high morality—who, in every step which he may be called to take, instead of consulting his selfish interest, temporary expediency, worldly customs or principles, worldly applause or censure, inquires of his conscience, and his God—

is it right? And, if they answer in the affirmative, moves fearlessly on, to do or to suffer. This man "walketh uprightly."

"Worketh righteousness." This expression implies not merely good and upright conduct, but activity in the performance of it. The man, whom the Psalmist would describe, is one who, by industrious continuance in well doing, renders himself useful and valuable in society—who is ever actuated by an enlarged and benevolent zeal to promote happiness and virtue—whose hand is ready to be put forth in every good enterprise—whose time and faculties are steadily and strenuously devoted to beneficial employments—who is willing to make exertion, and takes delight in making it, to relieve the suffering, defend the defenceless, and reward the worthy—who constantly strives, while providence permits him to dwell on the earth, to promote the great object of its administration, by faithfully and earnestly exercising all his energies in every direction in which they can usefully be put forth. This is the man who "worketh righteousness."

"And speaketh the truth in his heart." This is the last point in the character described in the text. It implies that strict veracity is observed, that nothing but truth is spoken. But it implies more than this. It requires, when taken in connection with the previous clauses, that the truth should *always* be spoken—that even, when selfish considerations would prompt to silence, there should be, not merely a willingness, but a disposition to declare and defend the truth without regard to private expediency, or

fear of personal consequences. The man, who comes up to the description of the text, will always feel within him an original, positive and urgent impulse to bring forward his testimony and countenance in favor of the true principle, and the righteous cause ; he will feel that the Divine Being has commanded him to promote and sustain on all occasions, under all circumstances, that truth, which proceeded from him as from a fountain, and which, by the ministry of his faithful and fearless children, is at last to have free and wide course, and be glorified throughout the earth.

He who merely abstains from aiding in giving currency to what is false, does not do all, nor the best part, of his duty. He must come forward and speak out the truth, or what he thinks to be the truth. He must give utterance boldly, and without reserve, to his own honest opinions, or he cannot be considered as having discharged his whole duty to his fellow men, or to Him, who called him, by the gift of reason, to the sublime pursuit of truth—who, when he kindled the light of intellect within him, ordained that it should shine around him upon others. If there were not so much timidity and indifference among good and enlightened men with respect to the prevalence of truth, if all were disposed openly and fearlessly to express their sincere opinions, the public sentiment of every community would be far more sound and correct than it now is, or ever has been, and the cause of truth would receive an impulse which it has never yet felt among men.

The expression, "in the heart," has an important meaning, and must be carefully taken into consider-

ation. It determines that it is not required of a man to maintain or to speak the actual, abstract truth, but the truth, according to his *apprehension of it.* If, after an honest, fearless, earnest and diligent exercise of his faculties upon a subject, he arrives at a certain result concerning it, and declares that result, even if it be not the actual and abstract truth, still it is truth "to his heart" and he speaketh the truth in his heart.

The character described by the Psalmist, we have now seen, is that of a man who, in all his conduct, is governed by a supreme regard to principle and duty, who industriously and earnestly exercises his faculties upon useful and benevolent designs and employments, and who zealously seeks, at all times and under all circumstances, to sustain and advance the cause of truth. Such a man he says "shall abide in God's tabernacle, and dwell in his holy hill." Heaven is his portion, and he is secure of the favor and blessing of his Creator and Father.—In this world he may suffer tribulation, but "he cannot be moved." There is a virtue that goeth forth from his example and his memory, and when death shall have spent its power upon him, he shall be raised in honor and in glory, and be transported to a world where eternal rewards shall be conferred upon truth and virtue, and there, in the bosom of his God, he shall dwell forever beyond the reach of change, and suffering, and sin.

We need not be troubled therefore, my friends, when the just and upright die. It surely will be well with them. We have a promise resting upon

the word of God that they are pleasing in his sight, and that an entrance shall be ministered unto them into the kingdom of Heaven. How glorious is the reward which is thus assured to the pure, and just, and upright! and what a rich consolation is given to those from whom such are removed!

To us, my friends, is this consolation given—and we all, at this moment, can appreciate it. The infinitely wise ruler of the universe has removed from the midst of us, an honored and venerated member of this congregation and church. He was pure, just, and upright. He was a man "in whom was no guile"—during a long life he "walked uprightly, worked righteousness, and spoke the truth in his heart." Let us be comforted, therefore, by the blessed assurance that he will "abide forever in God's tabernacle, and dwell on his holy hill."

It is well known to you that it is not my custom to invade from this place the private sorrows of bereaved families, by any particular allusions to the causes of their affliction. Consolation is best administered to the hearts of mourners in those private and domestic retirements where their loss is chiefly felt. There is a tenderness of sensibility in the bosoms of the sorrowing, which shrinks back from public exposure. Yet I cannot but feel that the present is an occasion which demands a departure from the principle which usually governs me. If when a great and good man, whose life and character have ever illustrated the principles of virtue and religion, whose example of integrity and duty if presented to the community would surely inspire a love and admi-

ration of its own excellence, and whose influence has always been given to the promotion of those ends for which the pulpit has been erected--if, when such a man dies, and the whole community is mourning his loss--the pulpit does not improve the favorable opportunity to impress upon all a deep sense of his virtues, and thus excite a desire to imitate them, it is false to its trust. I therefore beg the indulgence of those, to whom this our severe bereavement has carried the keenest affliction, while I attempt to discharge (would that more strength were given me to discharge it),* the duty of my office, by presenting to you, my friends and people, and urging upon your imitation the virtues of that great man who has just fallen in the midst of us.

Our country has lost one of its purest and most patriotic—one of its most honored and useful citizens—but his character will ever remain among its richest treasures. This ancient town has lost one of its most active and virtuous inhabitants—but his name will forever be written high among the highest in the catalogue of its illustrious sons. This church has lost one of its most worthy and devout members —but never, never, while memory remains, shall we forget that venerable and dignified form—those noble features, upon which our eyes have delighted to look, when assembled here to commemorate our Saviour, or to worship our God.

If this were the place, or the occasion, I might rehearse to you his honorable and brilliant career of

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* This discourse was prepared in great haste, and while the author was suffering from indisposition.

public service and usefulness, from a period long anterior to the American Revolution, through all its scenes of blood and suffering, and in stations of great public trust and importance, since the commencement of the government of the nation, almost to the day of his death. He not only served faithfully this his native commonwealth and the nation at large in the general government, but his name stands among the fathers and founders of another commonwealth, one of the largest in the union. At the time of his death he was among the last surviving members of the convention, which framed the present Constitution of the great State of Pennsylvania, and his zealous exertions procured the insertion into that instrument of the all-important article, the object of which was to *secure to the whole people* of that commonwealth the blessings of education, by a legal and certain provision for the gratuitous instruction of the poor. But I must not allow myself to enter into an enumeration of his great and various public services. That has been done by others elsewhere,* and the cause of truth and justice and virtue imperiously requires that a full and thorough delineation of his upright and illustrious life and character should be transmitted down among the historical treasures of future generations. His venerable image will be preserved in the hearts of his countrymen. His worthy example will shed a guiding and cheering light upon the years that are to come, and a high place will be assigned him among the descendants of the Puritans and Pilgrims, and among those noble and fearless

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* See Appendix.

men, who by their great actions and services rendered their own age, the heroic age of their country.

Our venerable and honored friend possessed, and through life exhibited virtues, which it well becomes us to commemorate in this place, and aspire to in all places. I can only glance at some of the most striking traits of his character. He was distinguished for the *native simplicity of his heart and manners*. This characteristic is especially worthy of notice when we consider the high rank which he held among the distinguished men of the nation, the dignified places he had occupied, and the wide space which his reputation has filled in the history and opinions of his country. Although he must have been conscious of all this, still we never perceived the least effect arising from it, to diminish the simplicity, and ingenuousness of his deportment. He literally knew no guile. The feelings of pride, jealousy and suspicion seem never to have entered his heart. He would listen with respect and confidence to all, however humble or however young, who might be thrown into his company. In his manners and in his feelings he carried the great Christian doctrine, that we are all of one blood, brethren of the same family, children of the same parent, heirs of an equal inheritance, into the most perfect development. He looked not on the most humble as his inferiors, and never abased himself by flattering the most exalted. In this sense, which is its only legitimate and should be the only allowable sense, he was the most thorough *republican*, with whom I have ever been acquainted.

The next striking attribute of his character was its *firmness*. For this he is known and distinguished throughout the whole nation. When his mind was once made up with respect to the course marked out by his views of duty and principle, there was indeed no power which man could wield, no inducement which this earth can offer, that would be sufficient to appal or to allure him from pursuing it. There was a noble grandeur, a sublime magnanimity in his character in this respect, which all have acknowledged and applauded. And those who may have thought proper to pursue a different course, so plain was it that he was governed, not by pride or pertinacity of opinion, but solely by his conscientious sense of duty, even they have ever regarded his firmness with lively admiration and with sincere respect. This attribute of his character naturally led him to the formation of the most fixed and decided opinions of men and things, which to a superficial observer sometimes assumed the appearance of prejudice. I allude to this because it affords me an opportunity to mention, what has always seemed to me the most extraordinary point in his admirable character. *He was not a prejudiced man*—he was remarkably free from prejudice. The nature and the evil of prejudice is that it discolors the whole moral vision. The man who is subject to it, when he has conceived a dislike to a particular person, on account of something wrong in his actions or character, is rendered unable to see or to appreciate whatever there may be in him that is good and praiseworthy. It was not so with our venerable friend; and my estimation of his pure and upright mind never

rises so high, as when I remember instances in which he has been the voluntary, the earnest defender of individuals, towards whom he has entertained a strong feeling of disapprobation for real or supposed faults, when they have been undeservedly assailed, or their actual excellencies have been denied. He was disposed to do justice to all men. He could not bear to sit in silence when manifest injustice was done even to his enemies.

While his mind was thus elevated by its supreme love of justice, above the reach of prejudice, it is true that he entertained the most fixed and decided opinions, as has just been observed, of men and things. And it was perfectly natural that he should. As he was governed, in the formation of those opinions by the most conscientious principles, it was impossible for any doubt or hesitancy to arise from *within* respecting their correctness or justice. And every one who has witnessed his great intellectual vigor, as it appeared in his unrivalled conversation, and in the unsurpassed clearness, purity and simplicity of his nervous and powerful writings, must immediately have perceived that his apprehension of character, of duty and of truth, could not have been otherwise than strong and decided. All good and great men have entertained, every good and great man must necessarily entertain, fixed and determined views and opinions.

He was a most *active man.* I mean by this that he was willing and anxious, upon principle, to fill up as high as he could the measure of his duty—to be as useful as his faculties and his circumstances would enable him to be. He felt that he was re-

sponsible to their giver for the use of his powers, and he acted upon a prevailing sense of the duty of doing all that he could do for the improvement and welfare of his fellow creatures, while he remained among them. He seemed to regard this as the condition upon which his life was given and continued to him. The great variety and number of his public services and social employments illustrate his love of activity and his disposition to be useful. It must be fresh in the memory of us all, with what zeal and energy he devoted himself, not many months since, when the call of misery reached us from a distant and famishing land, to the compassionate purpose of providing the means of answering that call. This was the last great service which he rendered to his fellow men, and it was a fit termination of a life of continued active beneficence.*

He was remarkable for his *pure, deep, unfailing love of truth.* On every subject he sought to attain to it, in every direction he pursued it. It was uttered in all that he spoke—it shone in his whole life—it prompted to every act—it was written in his countenance—it was never violated at his hands.

All, whose privilege it was to enjoy an intimate

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* The name of Timothy Pickering well deserves to be enrolled among the benefactors of the suffering people of Greece. He presided at a meeting of citizens, convened in Salem, at his request, for the purpose of deliberating on their claims to compassionate regard, and on the best mode of contributing to their assistance—was Chairman of the Committee of Relief then chosen—and wrote the admirable Address which was circulated by that Committee throughout the County of Essex. All who co-operated with him in that humane movement, take pleasure in declaring that he imparted to it its life and energy, and that the sufferers who were relieved by the generous contributions of money, food and clothing then made, owe to him pre-eminently their gratitude. He was at this time 83 years of age.

acquaintance with him, will ever cherish the recollection of the *gentleness of affection and tenderness of sensibility* which existed in a rare and beautiful combination with the sterner features of his inflexible character. To the world at large the aspect in which he was chiefly contemplated may have been that which presented to view his energy and firmness, but they who were permitted to be with him, in those scenes and relations, in which the heart gives way to the impulses of its nature, can never forget exhibitions of a tenderness of soul which the rough collisions of life could not harden, of a sensibility which time did not impair.

But I must hasten to present to you the character of our honored friend in another and a still brighter light.

He was a religious man. He was a devout believer in the Christian revelation. This was the fountain from which his virtues drew their strength, their beauty, and their grace. He was not only a devout, but he was a studious christian. It is but seldom that you will meet with a man, even of that profession of which the Bible is the text book, so thoroughly and minutely acquainted with the scriptures of both covenants. His knowledge of the sacred writings appeared in the most natural and beautiful illustrations drawn, in the course of free and familiar conversation, from every part of the volume that contains them. And it was impossible to be at all in his company, without discerning how thoroughly and how frequently he must have meditated and reflected upon the doctrines and prospects

of religion.* All who have worshipped in this assembly must have noticed with what constancy he waited upon the services of the sanctuary—neither distance, nor inclemency of the weather could detain him from the worship of the Sabbath. In this respect how well did he represent his pilgrim ancestors! what a good example has he left behind him!

His *religious opinions* were in harmony with those which are here presented and entertained. He was led to them by the deliberate exercise of his mature understanding, and he recommended and adorned them by a long course of virtue and piety. They were at all times a source of consolation to him, they shed light upon his path in life, and gave him an unfailing support and refuge, in a hope that was fixed in heaven. They imparted to him calmness, faith, and peace of mind, upon the bed of death. It was my sorrowful privilege to be with him, for a few moments, not long before his departure, and to join with him in a service of devotion. "I had hoped," said he, "to live a little longer," (for a purpose which he proceeded to mention to me), "I had hoped to live longer; but," he continued, directing his venerable countenance upward, "I bow to the will of God, I am ready and willing to die."

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* As an instance of his familiarity with the topics of religion, and his skill in the scriptures, the writer would mention, that in consequence of a conversation which he happened to hold with his venerable friend, not many weeks before his death, on the question "*How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come?*" he received from him, the next morning, in the form of a commentary on the passages in John xx. 19, 20. 24. 26 and 27, which had been adduced during the discussion of the previous evening, a criticism that would have done honor to a professional biblical scholar.

Thus lived, and thus died, our beloved and venerated friend and fellow-worshipper. While the history of his country records his actions, and the hearts of his countrymen cherish his memory—let us, my friends, all strive to imitate his example, to cultivate his virtues, to strengthen ourselves by his principles—then may we hope like him to leave a character behind which will be esteemed by all who contemplate it, and will grow brighter with truth and time, and to follow him to those rewards which await integrity, purity, benevolent usefulness, and piety, in a better world; for our text assures us, that all, who, like him, walk uprightly, work righteousness, and speak the truth in their hearts, shall abide in God's tabernacle and dwell in his holy hill.

NOTICE OF THE LIFE

OF

COLONEL PICKERING.

[*The following notice was published in the Salem Gazette of January 30th; a few particulars have been added.*]

With emotions of the deepest sorrow we have this day the painful duty to announce the decease of the *Great* and *Good Man*, the pure *Patriot* and illustrious *Statesman*, the

HON. TIMOTHY PICKERING.

He departed this life yesterday morning, after a sickness of a few days, in the 84th year of his age, and has thus closed a long and brilliant course of patriotism, integrity, truth, disinterestedness, and public service.

Though he has died as full of years as of honors, the departure of a character so much celebrated, respected and esteemed by the public, and so much beloved and admired in the circle of private friendship and domestic life, will create no ordinary sensation of unfeigned grief. He has left no one of his associate patriots surviving, except the illustrious and venerable *John Jay*, whose life is so much identified with the whole of our national history. From the peace of 1763 till a very recent period, he was a zealous, strenuous, intrepid, and influential actor in all the scenes and vicissitudes through which our country has passed; he participated in the discussions and troubles arising from the Stamp Act, was one of the most ardent and zealous Whigs, and when the Colonies were menaced with hostilites from the mother country, he was the foremost and indefatigable in arousing his countrymen to resistance, and devoted his time and exerted his influence to array and discipline our military forces for the defence of our liberties. When the struggle came he shrank not from the encounter; at the darkest and most gloomy crisis of the Revolution, he led a Regiment of Volunteers, consisting of the flower of the young men of this town, to reinforce the feeble band of Washington in the Jerseys, in mid winter, when the army was without pay, without a commissariat, without tents, or a hospital. The discerning and sagacious eye of Washington selected him for an honorable and arduous station in the General staff of the Army; he shared in all the scenes of hardship, peril, and suffering endured by our patriot forces till the Peace of 1783. His constancy, fortitude, toils, services, en-

title him to the affection, and endear him to the memory of all who glory in our Independence, and exultin the enjoyment of our free institutions and Republican liberty.

Col. Pickering was born in this town, on the 17th July, 1745, and was descended from a respectable family, who were among the earliest emigrants. He received a liberal education and was graduated at Harvard University in 1763, at the moment when the Peace between Great Britain and France had liberated the Colonies from a harassing war, and left them at leisure to investigate and ascertain their Rights in relation to the mother country. The controversy, that soon arose, engrossed his feelings, and enlisted all the powerful faculties of his mind on the side of his country. He soon became the champion and leader of the Whigs in this vicinity.

The disputes between Great Britain and her American colonies (which now form the United States) commencing with the Stamp Act in 1765, and revived in 1767, by the act of parliament for raising a revenue in the colonies, gave rise to two parties, which at length were distinguished by the names of Whig and Tory; the latter acquiescing in British claims of taxation; the former resisting them. In 1767 the Assembly of Massachusetts sent a circular letter to the speakers of the other Assemblies, for the purpose of promoting the adoption of uniform measures, (by petitions and remonstrances) to obtain a redress of grievances. Most of those assemblies concurred with that of Massachusetts. In 1768, a letter from Lord Hillsborough required the Assembly of Massachusetts to rescind the vote of their predecessors for sending that circular letter. This was peremptorily refused, by a majority of 92 to 17. The representatives of Salem, Col. Pickering's native town, were among the 17. At the next election, they were neglected, and Whigs chosen in their stead. This was the crisis of the political revolution in Salem. Col. P. was then four-and-twenty years old. His elder and only brother, the Hon. John Pickering, was chosen one of the representatives: and from that time he was himself actively engaged in all the Whig measures which were preliminary to the final revolution and independence of the colonies. Always a member of the committees of inspection and correspondence, the burthen of the writing rested upon him. The memory of one of those Documents, characterized by the most magnanimous and generous sentiments, is preserved by Dr. Ramsay, in his elegant "History of the American Revolution."

When, in 1774, the British Parliament, by an act usually called the *Boston Port-Bill*, shut up the capital of Massachusetts from the sea, thereby prostrating its active and extensive commerce, the seat of the provincial government was removed from Boston to Salem. Sympathizing with the sufferers of Boston, the inhabitants of Salem, in full town-meeting, voted an address to the new governor, General Gage,

the great object of which was, so far as an expression of their sentiments would go, to procure relief for their brethren in Boston. *That address was written by Col. Pickering*, and he was deputed as one of a Committee to present it in person to Gov. Gage. Its conclusion Dr. Ramsay has justly thought worth transcribing on the page of history. It here follows with his introductory observation:—

"The inhabitants of Salem, in an address to Gov. Gage, concluded "with these remarkable words—'By shutting up the port of Boston, "some imagine that the course of trade might be turned hither, and to "our benefit. But nature, in the formation of our harbor, forbid our be-"coming rivals in commerce with that convenient mart; and were it "otherwise, we must be dead to every idea of justice, lost to all feel-"ings of humanity, could we indulge one thought to seize on wealth, "and raise our fortunes on the ruins of our suffering neighbors."

While the seat of government remained at Salem, Col. P. received a note from the secretary of the province, informing him that the governor wished to see him at the secretary's house. He went, and was introduced to Gen. Gage. Taking Col. P. into another room, the general entered into conversation on the state of things, the solemn league and covenant, and the non-importation agreements. In the conclusion, the general said—"Well, there are merchants who, notwithstanding all your agreements, will import British Goods." Col. P. answered—"They may import them, but the people will use their liberty to buy them or to let them alone." These incidents are mentioned as evidences of the confidence he had acquired among his fellow-citizens, from an early period of our political disputes with Great Britain.

Prior to the war he was elected by the citizens of this County Register of Deeds. After the commencement of hostilities, when Massachusetts organized a provisional government, he was appointed a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, and also Sole Judge of the Maritime Court to take cognizance of Prize causes, pursuant to the resolutions of Congress, for the middle District, comprehending Boston, Marblehead, Salem, and other ports in Essex. Into these ports were brought most of the Prizes taken by the armed vessels of Massachusetts. The number of Prizes while he held the office, which was until he joined the Army under Gen. Washington's immediate command, amounted to about one hundred and fifty.

On the 19th of April, 1775, was the battle of Lexington. About nine o'clock in the morning, Col. Pickering being in his office, (the registry of deeds for the county of Essex) a captain of militia from the adjacent town of Danvers, came in and informed him that a man had ridden into that town, and reported that the British troops had mached from Boston to Lexington, and attacked the militia. This officer, whose company belonged to Col. P's regiment, asked for orders, and received a

verbal answer, that the Danvers company should march without waiting for those of Salem.

Immediately Col. P. went to the centre of the town, and met a few of the principal inhabitants. A short consultation ensued. Those who knew the distance of Lexington from Salem, and its relative situation to Boston, observed, that the British troops would certainly have returned to Boston long before the Salem militia could reach the scene of the reported action; and that to march would therefore be useless. It was nevertheless concluded to assemble the militia, and commence the march; *and for this sole reason,—That it would be an evidence to their brethren in the country, of their disposition to co-operate in every measure which the common safety required.* This idea, however, of the fruitlessness of their march, was so predominant, that they halted a short time, when about two miles from the town, expecting every moment intelligence that the British troops had returned. But receiving none, they resumed their march, and proceeded to Medford, which was about five miles from Boston. Here Col. P. first received certain information that the British troops were still on their march, and on a route which rendered it possible to meet them. He hastened the march of the militia on the direct road to Charlestown and Boston; until, on an elevated part of the road, the smoke was seen from the fire of a small number of militia muskets discharged at a distance, at the British troops. He halted the companies, and ordered them to load, in full expectation of coming to an engagement. At that moment a messenger arrived from Gen. Heath, who informed Col. P. that the British troops had their artillery in their rear, and could not be approached by musketry; and that the general desired to see him. Leaving the companies in that position, he went across the fields and met Gen. Heath. They soon after saw the British troops ascend the high ground called Bunker's hill. It was about sunset. The next day they entered Boston.

In the fall of 1776, the army under Gen. Washington's command being greatly reduced in numbers, a large reinforcement of militia was called for; 5000 from Massachusetts. Col. P. took the command of the regiment of 700 men furnished from Essex. When the orders came, he assembled the militia in the First Church in Salem, harangued them, and exhorted them to step forward in defence of our liberty in that hour of peril. After having sent round the drum and fife, as the signal for volunteers, he stepped forward as the first; his patriotic example was quickly followed by large numbers. The quota of Salem was composed of volunteers.

This tour of militia duty was performed in the winter of 1776—7; terminating at Boundbrook, in New-Jersey; Gen. Washington's headquarters being at Morristown.

Soon after his return home, Col. P. received an invitation from Gen. Washington to take the office of *Adjutant-General.* This he accepted, and joined the army under Washington's command at Middlebrook, in New-Jersey. The following letter was addressed to the President of Congress by Gen. W. :—

"MORRISTOWN, MAY 24, 1777.

"SIR,—I beg leave to inform Congress, that, immediately after the receipt of their resolve of the 26th of March, recommending the office of Adjutant-General to be filled by the appointment of a person of abilities and unsuspected attachment to our cause, I wrote to Col. Timothy Pickering, of Salem, offering him the post in the first instance, and transmitting at the same time a letter for colonel William Lee, whom Congress had been pleased to mention, to be delivered him in case my offer could not be accepted. This conduct, in preference of colonel Pickering, I was induced to adopt from the high character I had of him, both as a great military genius, cultivated by an industrious attention to the study of war, and as a gentleman of liberal education, distinguished zeal, and great method and activity in business. This character of him I had from gentlemen of distinction and merit, and on whose judgment I could rely.

"When my letter reached colonel Pickering, at first view he thought his situation in respect to public affairs would not permit him to accept the post. That for colonel Lee he sent immediately to him, who in consequence of it, repaired to head-quarters. By Col. Lee I received a letter from colonel Pickering, stating more particularly the causes which prevented him accepting the office when it was offered, and assuring me that he would in a little time accommodate his affairs in such a manner as to come into any military post in which he might be serviceable, and thought equal to.

"Here I am to mark with peculiar satisfaction, in justice to colonel Lee, who has deservedly acquired the reputation of a good officer, that he expressed a distrust of his abilities to fill the appointment intended for him ; and, on hearing that Colonel Pickering would accept it, he not only offered but wished to relinquish his claim to it in favor of him, whom he declared he considered, from a very intimate and friendly acquaintance, as a first military character ; and that he knew no gentleman better or so well qualified for the post among us. Matters being thus circumstanced, and colonel Lee pleased with the command he was in, I wrote to colonel Pickering on his return, who accepted the office, and is daily expected,

"In this business I beg Congress to be assured, though colonel Lee was postponed in the first instance, their recommendation had its due weight ; and that no motive, other than the regard to service, induced me to prefer colonel Pickering. His acknowledged abilities and equal zeal—without derogating from the merits of colonel Lee, who holds a

high place in my esteem—gave him preference; and I flatter myself the cause will be promoted in his appointment, especially as we shall have two good officers in lieu of one, who, I am persuaded, will do honor to themselves in the line in which they move.

"I have the honor to be, &c.

"GEORGE WASHINGTON."

Gen. Howe having embarked his army at New-York, to proceed, as it was understood either to Delaware or Chesapeake Bay, Gen. Washington's army marched from New-Jersey to the State of Delaware; and thence into the adjacent part of Pennsylvania, to oppose the British army then marching from the Head of Elk for Philadelphia. On the 11th of Sept., the battle of Brandywine took place. After carrying Gen. Washington's orders to a general officer at Chadsford, Col. P. repaired to the right, where the battle commenced; and remained by the General's side to its termination at the close of the day.

On the 4th of Oct. Gen. Washington attacked the British troops at Germantown. Col. Pickering was in the field during the action at this place.

In December, 1777, the army marched to Valley Forge, and took up their winter quarters in log huts which they erected at that place.

Before this, the Congress, then sitting at Yorktown, in Pennsylvania, had elected Col. Pickering a member of the *Continental Board of War.* Gen. Gates and Gen. Mifflin were elected members of the same board, and before the expiration of the winter, they all repaired to Yorktown, where the board sat. In this station Col. Pickering remained until Gen. Greene resigned the office of Quarter-Master-General. Very unexpectedly, that office was proposed to him, and Roger Sherman, then a member of Congress,—a man whose name in the annals of his country will descend to posterity among those of her eminent patriots and statesmen. This office was a most arduous undertaking; the performance of its toilsome and embarrassing duties had tasked the great abilities of Gen. Greene and cost his feelings the most painful anxiety. Col. Pickering accepted the office and performed the duties of it to the end of the war.

The project of besieging the city of New-York, in 1781, having been relinquished, and the siege of Yorktown, in Virginia, resolved on, Col. P. received Gen. Washington's orders to prepare immediately for the march of a part of the army at that place, and for the transportation of artillery, and of all the stores requisite for the siege. This was done. The event is known to every body. Lord Cornwallis and his army were made prisoners. This decided the fate of the war. In the succeeding winter, the British government, despairing of conquest, abandoned all offensive operations in America; and in November, 1782, articles of peace were agreed on.

When the Continental Army was disbanded, he became a resident in the city of Philadelphia. A few years afterwards, a violent controversy, threatening bloodshed and civil war, arose between the State of Pennsylvania and certain emigrants from Connecticut, who claimed and had settled an extensive tract of territory in the "Beautful vale of Wyoming." Col. Pickering was deputed by the government of Pennsylvania to adjust and compose those difficulties; the performance of the trust was attended with personal hazard, but he undertook it with fearlessness. A daring outrage was committed on his person in that country, the details of which are interesting, and even romantic. The following account of it is extracted from a narrative, written by himself in the year 1818, at the solicitation of one of his sons, to whom it was addressed. A few copies of it were then printed and circulated among his friends.

Col. Pickering in that narrative says,—

"Such was the state of things, when I was requested by several of my respectable friends in Philadelphia, where I then resided, to accept of a mission from the legislature to attempt a reconciliation and submission of the Connecticut settlers, to the government of Pennsylvania. It was the autumn of 1786. In September I had passed through their settlements, on my way with a surveyor and two other gentlemen to view that body of lands in and about the Great Bend of the Susquehanna, in which I was interested, and to which I had then thought of removing—not having business in Philadelphia to maintain my family. I saw the Starucca tract, and there I had contemplated pitching my tent: the same tract on which your brother Timothy settled in 1801.

"Having received some information of the mischievous dispute relative to the Wyoming lands, I embraced every opportunity, while passing among the settlers, to learn their feelings, and ascertain the footing on which their peaceable submission to Pennsylvania might be effected.

"On my return home to Philadelphia, Mr. Wilson, then a distinguished lawyer at the Philadelphia bar, and afterwards a Judge of the supreme court of the United States, called to see me; and he diligently inquired concerning the temper and desires of the Connecticut settlers. I informed him that they were entirely satisfied with the constitution of Pennsylvania, and were ready to submit to its government, provided *they could be quieted in possession of their farms.* They had settled them, they said, in the fullest confidence that they were covered by the charter of Connecticut: they had made very valuable improvements, built houses and barns, and raised good stock of cattle, and an abundance of the necessaries of life—when the whole were laid waste and destroyed by the common enemy, in 1778—and more than

all these things, a great number* of their brethren had perished in battle: That from these calamities they had not recovered: they were poor, and incapable of removing and seeking new settlements.

"The next news I heard on this subject, was from my friend Dr. Rush. He told me that the General Assembly, then sitting in Philadelphia, had just passed a law, erecting the Wyoming settlement, and a large extent of country above and below it, into a new county, by the name of Luzerne;† that the usual county offices would be created, all of which would be conferred on me, if I would accept them. That being a New-England-man, the Connecticut settlers would place a confidence in my information and advice, which they would be inclined to withhold from a Pennsylvanian; and thus I might be the happy instrument of putting an end to an inveterate and disastrous controversy.

"Mr. Wilson also encouraged and advised me to take the step proposed by Dr. Rush. And after taking time for consideration, I informed Mr. Wilson that I would engage in this business, *provided I might assure the Connecticut settlers that the Legislature would quiet them in their possessions.* I particularly asked his opinion as a lawyer—as I also did that of Myers Fisher, a distinguished lawyer of the society of Quakers—"Whether an act of the Legislature would be competent for that purpose, against the claims of Pennsylvania, under titles of the same lands, derived from the proprietaries: or rather, *Whether the power of the Legislature was competent to enact such a law.*" Both the gentlemen answered in the affirmative—to accomplish a very great public good.

"With this understanding, I received from the Executive, appointments to various county offices; and an act of the Legislature authorized me to hold elections of such officers for the county as were in the choice of the people; and, in a word, to organize the county.

"The first object was, to reconcile the Connecticut settlers to the government of Pennsylvania. For this purpose, I went to Wyoming, in January, 1787; called meetings of them in their villages, announced the erection of the new county, by which, in all suits at law, justice would meet them at their own doors; and in jury trials, they would be safe in the hands of their peers, their neighbours,—instead of being dragged a great distance from their homes, and tried by Pennsylvanians, adherents of Penn, whom they deemed hostile to their equitable

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* To the best of my recollection, they told me that the number of their slain and that died of their wounds, amounted to about 170.

† This was in honor of the Count de la Luzerne, who had been the French minister to the United States, during several years of our revolutionary war.

rights.* I spent a month among them, and with great difficulty succeeded, on the ground of their being quieted in their possessions; assuring them, that I had strong reasons to express the opinion, that the Legislature would pass a law for that purpose. But just as I was clossing, prosperously, as I thought, my month's labour, a pretty shrewd man, John Jenkins, a major of their militia, the second † leader in the county, in the interests of the Susquehanna Company, rose and said they had too often experienced the bad faith of Pennsylvania, to place confidence in any new measure of its Legislature; *and that if they should enact a quieting law, they would repeal it, as soon as the Connecticut settlers submitted, and were completely saddled with the laws of the State.* This was prophetic—but I had then no faith in the prophecy. A new argument then occurred to me, and it was my last. I remembered, that whatever might have been the conduct of Pennsylvania in times past, I was perfectly satisfied that *now* she was amicably disposed, and sincerely desirous of a fair accommodation; and that if its Legislature should once pass a law to quiet them in their possessions, it would never be repealed. And to give them the strongest evidence in my power that my confidence was not misplaced, I observed, That all the offices conferred upon me were of small value, because of the scanty population of the county; that I should need some other resource to maintain my family, such as the product of a farm: that I would therefore purchase of any of them who had land to sell, what would be sufficient for a farm; that in doing this I would purchase the Connecticut title only, and thus place myself precisely on a footing with them: and that if, as I confidently expected, a quieting law passed, I should hold the land; if not, I should lose it. A number of the persons present (and it was a public meeting) immediately declared—They could ask no more.‡

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* These they called *Pennamites*—and by the latter, the Connecticut settlers were called *Intruders* and *Yankees*.

† The first, a man, able, bold and energetic, was John Franklin, a native of Connecticut, and who, at this time, was in Connecticut, consulting with the Susquehanna Company (or its active members) on the means of defeating the pacific measures of Pennsylvania here mentioned. Such are my impressions of the fact, from what I then heard; and the actual state of things, joined with the events of 1787 and 1788, warrants the conclusion.

‡ The father of this Major Jenkins had been a leading man, and one of the judges of the county court, when Connecticut exercised a jurisdiction over them. He had died before I ever saw that country. His son, Major Jenkins, had called to converse with me, at my lodgings, some days prior to the occurrence just stated. A sensible old gentleman, (Mr. Stansbury, then about 80 years old,) originally from New-Jersey, but who had long resided at Wyoming, was present during the conversarion. When Jenkins had re-

"I then recommended to them to petition the Legislature, which was in session in Philadelphia, to enact a law to quiet them in their possessions. They requested me to write a petition for them. I did so. The great body of the settlers signed it. I carried it to Philadelphia, and presented it to the Legislature. It was referred to a committee, who promptly made a report favourable to the petitioners, and the committee were directed to bring in a bill accordingly. The committee put their report into my hands, and requested me to draw the bill. I made a draught, which was necessarily long, to provide for the various matters incident to the quieting and confirming of the Connecticut claims. The principal difficulty arose out of the claims of a considerable number of persons who had received grants of the best parts of the same tracts of which the Connecticut settlers were possessed—grants made prior to the revolution, under the authority of the Penn proprietaries, to whom belonged all the vacant land in the state, as heirs to Willam Penn, the original patentee of the whole province. If the lands purchased of the proprietaries were to be taken from the purchasers, to quiet the Connecticut settlers, justice required that those purchasers should receive an equivalent. If at any time the state of Pennsylvania had been possessed of adequate funds, those purchasers might have been indemnified out of the public treasury: but the state had no money, and the state certificates like those of the United States, were then worth only four or five shillings in the pound. It was in the power of the state, however, to give a complete indemnity, without increasing its financial burthens. There were some millions of acres of new, unappropriated lands, of which the Indian title had three years before been extinguished.—These were at the disposal of the state.* I therefore introduced into

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tired, he described the Major's character, as crafty, selfish and unprincipled, and concluded with these words, slowly and emphatically pronounced—" and his father before him had more sense than honesty."

* I think it was about the year 1778, that the Legislature of Pennsylvania, by a law enacted for the purpose, stripped the heirs of William Penn, of all the vacant lands (probably six millions of acres) in the state; leaving them only a few tracts of unsettled land, called Manors, which had been actually located and surveyed; and engaging to pay them only one hundred and thirty thousand pounds sterling by way of indemnity; when, at that moment, there were due to those heirs, about five hundred thousand pounds sterling, for lands they had sold to the inhabitants, and for quit rents. The pretence for this act of violence against the just rights of those heirs, was (as stated in the preamble to the law) that so large a property in the hands of a few individuals, endangered the liberties of the people. But the principal heir lived in England; and the others, John and Richard Penn, had gone thither; a condition of retaining their estates might have been, their not re-

the bill a section to provide for an equitable appraisement of the tract claimed by the Pennsylvanians, in the Wyoming territory; and in lieu thereof, authorizing them to locate, where they pleased in the great body of vacant lands, such qualities as would be equivalent to those lost at Wyoming; not acre for acre, but value for value.

"The bill, with very small alterations, was enacted into a law.—Commissioners, of whom I was one, were appointed to examine the claims on both sides; those of the Connecticut settlers, to ascertain who were entitled to hold by the terms of the quieting and confirming law;—those of the Pennsylvanians, to ascertain the quantity and appraise the value of each tract.

"Here it is necessary to mention the rule of discrimination prescribed by the confirming law, in regard to the Connecticut settlers.

"The decision of the federal court, at Trenton, on the controversy between Pennsylvania and Connecticut, was made on the 30th of December, 1782, in the words following:

'This cause has been well argued by the learned counsel on both sides. The court are now to pronounce their sentence or judgment.'

'We are unanimously of opinion, that the state of Connecticut has no right to the lands in controversy.'

'We are also unanimously of opinion, that the jurisdiction and pre-emption of all the territory lying within the charter boundary of Pennsylvania, and now claimed by the state of Connecticut, do of right belong to the state of Pennsylvania.'*

"This decision, pursuant to the articles of the confederation of the states was final. But although the *state-claim* of Connecticut was thus forever barred, the case of the innocent settlers under that claim, was entitled to commiseration; and I early understood that the Judges of the Court recommended it to the government of Pennsylvania, to make some equitable provision for their relief—a recommendation, to which that government paid no regard. In drawing the bill for the confirming law, I marked the line between the settlers *prior* to the decree of Trenton, and *subsequent* settlers; the former entered in full faith of the right of Connecticut; the latter entered with their eyes open—with knowledge that the competent court had decided that Connecticut had no right: the former only were to be quieted in their possessions.

"The Susquehanna Company, claiming solely under the state of

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turning to America. At any rate, a compromise, bearing even a distant approach to an equivalent, might have been adopted, to the entire satisfaction of the Penns. If I mistake not, the conduct of the Legislature of Maryland was similar, or worse, in relation to the heirs of Lord Baltimore, the original proprietor of Maryland.

*Journals of the old Congress, vol. 8, pages 83, 84, January 1783.

Connecticnt, ought, like the state, to have abandoned their claim: but defeated at law, they had recourse to intrigue, and all the arts of disingenuous and cunning men. In addition to the actual settlers at the time of the decree, they invited and encouraged emigrations from the states eastward of Pennsylvania, of all men destitute of property, who could be tempted by the gratuitous offer of lands; on the single condition that they should enter upon them *armed*,—"to man their rights," in the cant phrase of those people. These emigrants were called "Half-share men," and were to have each half of a share in a township, which I believe, was 160 or 200 acres; a whole share being 320 or 400 acres. By this management, the Susquehanna Company hoped to pour in such a mass of young and able bodied men, as would appear formidable to the government of Pennsylvania; and to subdue and expel whom, would require a considerable military force, to be raised and maintained at a heavy expense of treasure, and perhaps of blood; and that to avoid the evils of such internal war, Pennsylvania might be induced to a compromise; not merely to quiet the actual settlers prior to the decree of Trenton, and the half-share men also, but to permit the company to take—if not their whole pretended Indian purchase, 120 miles in length, and in breadth about a degree of latitude—yet so much as would make all the members rich. Such a project, to be accomplished by such desperate and flagitious means, it might be expected would meet no countenance from, much less be the very offspring of men, of whom some were of respectable standing in Connecticut: yet such was the fact: and such men, with their associates, were the authors of the outrages committed upon me, while I resided at Wyoming.

In May, 1787, a quorum of the commissioners met at Wyoming, now Wilkesbarre, and gave notice of the mode in which they meant to proceed in examining claims, and calling on the people to prepare the requisite evidence to support them, to be presented to the commissioners at their next meeting. This next meeting took place, at Wilkesbarre, in August or September following.* Many claims were then presented, and examined; and the commissioners were proceeding regularly, with a fair prospect of completing their work, in a reasonable time: when they were interrupted, and, for their personal safety, obliged to retire from the county. John Franklin, a shrewd and resolute man, the prime agent of the Susquehanna Company, and the chosen commander of the militia, with the title of Colonel, had been for some time visiting all the settlements, to stir up the people to an open and forcible opposition to the government of Pennsylvania. Evidence of these practices having been communicated (I know not by whom) to Chief Justice

* I moved my family to Wilkesbarre in July, 1787.

M'Kean, he issued his warrant for the arrest of Franklin, on a charge of *Treason* against the state. The sheriff of the county (for it had been completely organized, under the authority committed to me, as before mentioned) chosen by the people (according to law and the usage of Pennsylvania) and living among them, was not deemed the proper person to execute the warrant, though a very worthy man ; but who either would not have been able to arrest Franklin, or by doing it, rendering himself obnoxious to the mass of turbulent men, might be in too great danger of their vengeance. The Chief Justice therefore directed his warrant to four gentlemen of known fortitude, two or three of whom had been officers in the revolutionary war. On their arrival, they shewed me the Chief Justice's warrant. Franklin was at that time about 20 or 25 miles lower down the river, preparing his adherents for the explosion. In three or four days he came up to Wilkesbarre. The four gentlemen seized him. Two of their horses were in my stable, which were sent to them, but soon my servant returned on one of them, with a message from the gentlemen, that people were assembling in numbers and requesting me to come with what men were near me, to prevent a rescue. I took loaded pistols in my hands and went with another servant to their aid. Just as I met them, Franklin threw himself off from his horse, and renewed his struggle with them. His hair was dishevelled and face bloody, from preceding efforts. I told the gentlemen they would never carry him off, unless his feet were tied under the horse's belly. I sent for a cord. The gentlemen re-mounted him, and my servant tied his feet. Then, one taking his bridle, another following behind, and the others riding one on each side, they whipped up his horse, and were soon beyond the reach of his friends.

But this open aid given by me and my servants, in securing Franklin, exposed me to the vengeful resentment of his adherents. I would have avoided this step, if I had not believed the welfare of the good people of the county and the public peace depended on securing the person of that daring man. My particular friends, discreet men, who knew infinitely better than I, the character of his adherents, assured me they would assemble, and retaliate on me the treatment of their leader, and probably do me serious bodily harm ; and advised me to go out of the way and secrete myself, until the fury of the storm should pass over. This was in the afternoon of the 2d or 7th of October. I retired to a close wood not far from the house I occupied. In the evening I returned to my family. Some of the well disposed neighbours assembled with their arms. The rising of Franklin's men was expected from the opposite side of the river. I desired my friends to place sentinels along the bank, where they might discover the first movements for crossing the river ; and then sat down to sup with my family. Before I had finished

that meal, a sentinel came in haste from the river, and informed me that Franklin's adherents were crossing in boats. My house was within a furlong of the river. I took up a loaded pistol, and three or four small biscuits, and retired to a neigbouring field. Soon the yell of the insurgents apprised me of their arrival at my house. I listened to their noises a full half hour ; when, the clamour ceasing, I judged that the few armed neighbours, who had previously entered and fastened the doors, had surrendered. This was the fact. The rioters (as I afterwards learnt from your mother) searching the house for me, and for concealed arms, if any there were.

"While I was listening, Griffith Evans, secretary to the board of commissioners, and a lodger at my house, retiring from it, fortunately taking the same course, joined me. Believing that when they should have searched the house in vain, they would proceed to the near fields, to find me, I told Mr. Evans, it would be well to retire still farther. When we had gained the side of Wilkesbarre mountain, we laid ourselves down, and got some sleep. In the morning I descried, at the distance of a mile, or more, a log house, which was on a lot of land I had purchased, and near a mile from the village, and occupied by an honest German, whose daughter lived with your mother, as a maid. I proposed to Mr. Evans, as he had no personal injury to apprehend from the rioters, to go to the log house, and ask the German, in my behalf, to go down to my house, (which, as his daughter was there, would be perfectly natural) and if he could see your mother, enquire what was the state of things, and whether I could return with safety. Mr. Evans waited his return ; and then brought me word, from your mother, that I must remain concealed ; for they were still searching for me.—It was now about eleven o'clock. I told Mr. Evans, that as I could not return to Wilkesbarre, we had better proceed for Philadelphia, and inform the Executive of the state of things at Wyoming. He readily assented ; and we immediately commenced our march. It was through pathless woods ; and we had no provisions except the three or four biscuits I had put in my pocket the preceding evening. That we might not get lost, I proposed turning short to our left, to strike the road leading from Wyoming ; and thence take our departure with more safety. We did so ; and then again darting into the woods, proceeded, as nearly as we could judge, in a line parallel to the road, but not in sight of it.—A little before sun-setting, we came to a small run of water, which I supposed to be the "*nine-mile run*," being at that distance from Wilkesbarre. I therefore desired Mr. Evans to go cautiously down the run, till he should strike the road which crossed it. He did so ; it was not far off. On his return, we concluded to lie down, to get some sleep ; intending to rise, when the moon should be up, at about two the next morning, and prosecute our

journey. About two miles from the nine-mile run, was Bear Creek, a stream perhaps 40 or 50 feet wide, and without a bridge. Having several times travelled that road, I knew when we approached it. There I thought it probable the insurgents had posted a small guard to intercept me, leaving their main guard at a deserted cabin four miles back. Mr. Evans proposed to advance alone, to reconnoitre ; and if he discovered there any armed men, to halloo, that I might escape into the woods. I told him that was impracticable ; fatigued, and destitute of provisions, I could not fly ; that each of us had a loaded pistol ; that I presumed the guard at the Creek would not exceed three men ; that if they attempted to take us, we must each kill his man, when the third would be glad to escape. With this determination, we proceeded. The Creek was not guarded ; we forded it, and then marched at our ease. In the morning, we reached the first inhabited house, about 25 miles from Wilkesbarre. Here we were refreshed with a comfortable breakfast, and then we went on our way. Having travelled some miles farther, we came to some farmers' houses, where we hired horses ; and then continued our journey to Philadelphia.

"On my return to Wilkesbarre, I was informed that the arrangement of the guards, to intercept me, was precisely as I had conjectured. A subaltern's command marched to Bear Creek, where they waited till night, when they returned to the cabin ; concluding that I had reached the Creek before them.

"The insurgents, soon brought to reflection, and deprived of the counsel and direction of their leader, Franklin, began to relent, and sent a petition to the executive council,* acknowledging their offence, and praying for a pardon. This was readily granted ; and Colonel Denison, the Luzerne Counsellor, went up with the pardon. It was natural to infer from this, that I might return in safety to my family. I proceeded accordingly : but when within 25 miles, I sent, by a servant who was with me, a letter to your mother, desiring her to consult some of the discreet neighbours, who were my friends, relative to my return. She did so. They were of opinion, that I could not return with safety at present. So I went back to Philadelphia.

"In September, 1787, the Convention of Delegates from the several states, to form a Constitution for the United States, which had been sitting several months in Philadelphia, concluded their labours. They recommended that the Constitution should be submitted to a Convention

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* The first constitution of Pennsylvania was then in force. It vested the executive power in the Supreme Executive Council, consisting of a President, Vice President, and one Counsellor from each county. The legislative power was vested in a single body, called the General Assembly.

of Delegates to be chosen in each state by the people thereof, under the recommendation of its legislature, for their assent and ratification. Such a convention being called by the Legislature of Pennsylvania, *the people of Luzerne county chose* ME *their delegate, to represent them in it!* This convention assembled in Philadelphia (where I still remained) I think early in December. After a great deal of discussion, the convention assented to and ratified the Constitution. It was engrossed on parchment, and received the signatures of nearly all the Delegates, including the opposers while under discussion, with the exception of some three or four obstinate men, and, to the best of my recollection of their characters, as ignorant as obstinate. The opposers of its adoption were the extra-republicans, or democrats—the same sort of men who afterwards were called anti-federalists, and who uniformly opposed all the leading measures of the federal administration of the general government.

"I could now no longer doubt that I might return to Wyoming. I arrived there the beginning of January, 1788.

"Franklin remained in jail, at Philadelphia. This put a stop, for a short time, to the unwarrantable measures of the Susquehanna Company; and damped the zeal of their partisans at Wyoming. Next to his confinement, they seemed to have thought my influence in the county was most adverse to their schemes. How to get rid of me was the question. I presume it engaged their attention for some months. In the spring of 1788, as early I think as April, there were indications of some plot against me; and then, or soon after, it was menacingly intimated to me by Major Jenkins, (I doubt not in pursuance of instructions from the Susquehanna Company) in the hope, probably, so to alarm, as to induce me voluntarily to quit the country. In this they were disappointed. I felt no inclination to abandon my farm and buildings, which had cost me more money than I could again command,—nor to relinquish the cause in which I had engaged; so I pursued my occupations, as usual.

"By the month of June, the indications of some sort of an attack upon me, became more apparent. To guard against it, by shutting myself up in my house, would have been fruitless; because, if determined to arrest me, my house was not strong enough to exclude them. Besides, if I must abandon my business, I might as well abandon my country. I therefore remained at my post.

"On the 26th of June, at about 11 at night, when your mother and I were asleep, and your brother Edward, nine months old, was lying on my arm, I was awakened by a violent opening of the door of the room. "Who's there?" I asked: "Get up," was the answer. "Don't strike," said I, "I have an infant on my arm."—I had no doubt that the intruders were ruffians come to execute the long menaced attack.

I rolled Edward from my arm, rose, and put on my clothes. Your mother slipped out of the other side of the bed; and putting on some clothes, went to the kitchen, and soon returned with a lighted candle. Then we saw the room filled with men armed with guns and hatchets, having their faces blacked, and handkerchiefs tied round their heads. Their first act was to pinion me; tying my arms together with a cord, above my elbows, and crossed over my back. To the middle of this cord they tied another, long enough for one of them to take hold of, to prevent my escaping from them. They told me it would be well to take a blanket or outer garment, for I should be a long time in a situation where I should want it.* I desired your mother to get me an old surtout, which was in the chamber.† She quickly returned, and I received it on one of my arms. They then led me off, and hastened through the village of Wilkesbarre, in perfect silence. Having travelled a couple of miles, they halted a few minutes. Then resuming their march, proceeded to Pittstown, ten or eleven miles up the river from Wilkesbarre. Here they stopped at a tavern and called for whiskey—offering some to me, which I did not accept; I drank some water.

"In twenty minutes, they left this house, and pursued their march.—There were about fifteen of them—arranged in my front, my rear, and on both flanks. We were in the darkness and stillness of night. As we proceeded, one of the ruffians at my side thus accosted me—"Now if you will only write two or three lines to the Executive Council, they will discharge Colonel Franklin, and then we will release you." Instantly I answered—"The executive Council better understand their duty, than to discharge a traitor to procure the release of an innocent man." "Damn him, (exclaimed a voice before me) why don't you tomahawk him?" This wrath of the ruffian was excited by the word "traitor," applied to their old leader, Franklin. No more words were uttered on this subject.

We soon reached the river Lachawannack, about two miles from the tavern. After searching a little while, they found a canoe, in which some of them passed over. On its return I stepped in, with the others of

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* When I stepped out of bed, the first garment I took up was a coat, in a pocket of which was a packet of letters which I had written to one or more of my acquaintances, members of congress, (then sitting at New-York) detailing the conduct and characters of some of the leaders in the nefarious measures of the Susquehanna Company; which letters Mr. Andrew Elicot, then at Wilkesbarre, and who was to set off for Philadelphia the next morning, was to take with him. I dropped the coat, and felt for a pair of fustian trowsers, and fustain jacket with sleeves. These I put on—and my shoes.

† Your mother afterwards informed me that one of the ruffians followed her to the chamber, and threatened to tomahawk her, if she made any noise.

the gang. The water was low, and the canoe touched the bottom, before we reached the shore. I was going to step out and wade to the shore. "Stop"—said one of them, who had a pack at his back. He waded to the shore—laid down his pack—returned to the side of the canoe, *and carried me on his back to the shore!*

"Proceeding upwards, we in a little while came to a ferry. The day had dawned. They crossed over in a scow (a large flat-bottomed boat) to the western side of the Susquehanna; and we continued our march, on the shore of the river, for an hour or two; then struck into the woods, and pursued the course upwards, out of sight of the river. About four in the afternoon, they arrived at a log house near the bank of the river about thirty miles above Wilkesbarre. Here they had victuals cooked, and I ate with a good appetite; having fasted since I was taken the preceding night.

"Seeing a bed in the room, I laid myself down upon it. I do not recollect when they unpinioned me. I had lain but a little while, when a man arrived in a boat from Jacob's Plains, a small settlement about two miles and a half above Wilkesbarre. I knew the man. The ruffians (supposing that I was asleep) inquired with eagerness, what was the news below; and whether the militia had turned out to pursue them. He answered in the affirmative.—I immediately saw that I should not be suffered to keep my place on the bed. In a few minutes, one of them came to the bed side and said "get up." I rose, and they took me directly back from the river, a quarter of a mile; and behind a rising ground they rested for the night. It thundered; and a heavy rain soon wet us to the skin. At day-light one of the crew went to the house: and finding all quiet, he returned, and we all went thither. The drying of our clothes, and eating breakfast, employed us till about ten o'clock. Standing with them on the bank of the river, I observed a man on the other side, leading a horse. It was on the shore of the river. Being near sighted, I did not know him. But one of them exclaimed—"There goes Major Jenkins, now,—a damned stinking son of a bitch." By this *courteous* observation on the second man of the party, and the first in Franklin's absence, it was apparent, that after encouraging and engaging them in the diabolical outrage upon me he had deserted them. He, in fact, kept on his route, went into the state of New-York, and there, being a land surveyor, found employment, during the residue of the season, and until tranquillity was finally restored to the county.

"By this time, the blacking had disappeared from the faces of the ruffians; when I found two of them to be sons of one Dudley, a carpenter, and a near neighbour at Wilkesbarre. The others were all before unknown to me.

"They now prepared to cross over to the eastern side of the Susque-

hanna. Gideon Dudley came up to me with a pair of handcuffs, with which to manacle me. To this I objected, as they were going to cross the river in a small canoe, and I desired to have a chance of saving my life by swimming, if it should overset. At this moment Mr. Earl (whom I had not known, but who was father to two of the party) interposed—telling Dudley that there was no danger of an escape, and advising him not to put the irons upon me. He accordingly forebore.—We crossed the river ; and they pursued their march. In an hour, they halted ; the leader of the band selected four, and bid the rest go on—With these four and me, he darted directly into the woods. This excited some apprehension in me, of personal mischief; especially as one of them, by the name of Cady, sustained, as I understood, a very bad character. The leader of this band was a hunter, and had his rifle gun with him. As we proceeded a fawn was started, and as he bounded along, the hunter shot him, and in five minutes had his skin off, and the carcase slung on his back. At the distance of three or four miles from the river, they halted, close by a very small run of water. A fire being quickly kindled, they began to cook some of the venison. The hunter took his first cut. They sharpened small sticks, at both ends, running one into a slice of the fawn, and setting the other end into the ground, the top of the stick bearing so near the fire as to broil the flesh. Being hungry, I borrowed one of their knives, and followed their example.—I observed the hunter tending his steak with great nicety ; and sprinkling it with a little salt. As soon as it was done, he with a very good grace, presented it to *me !*

"Before night, they cut down some limbs of trees, and formed a slight booth, to shelter us from the dew. One of them taking post as a sentinel, we lay down on the ground : my pillow was a stone.—In this situation we remained about a week. At first, they had some good salt pork, and wheaten bread that lasted two or three days ; after which they got Indian meal, which they made into cakes, or fried, as pancakes, in the fat of the pork. Of the pork they were very sparing ; frying only two or three small slices at a time, and cutting them up in the pan. Such was our breakfast, dinner and supper : my share did not exceed five mouthfuls of pork at each meal.* They fared better—sopping up, with their bread or cakes, all the fat in the pan, of which I felt no inclination to participate.—It was here I told them they would repent of their doings ; and instead of being supported by four hundred men in the county, as they had professed to believe, that they would be abandoned to their fate.

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* Yet I never felt more alert and vigorous in my life ; which I ascribed to my *necessary extreme temperance.*

"From this station they marched a few miles, and took another, in a narrow valley, a sequestered place, and about two or three miles from the Susquehanna. We had no sooner halted, than they came to me with a chain five or six feet long, having at one end a band like the bands of horse-fetters. Col. Franklin, they said, had been put in irons, in the Philadelphia jail, and they must put irons on me, although it was not agreeable to them to do it; "but their great men required it." Satisfied that it would be in vain to remonstrate, I was silent. They fixed the band of the chain round my ankle, securing it with a flat key, which they twisted, to prevent its being got off without a tool to untwist the key. The other end of the chain they fastened by a staple to a tree. In this situation I remained an hour or more; and they employed themselves in forming a booth with the boughs of trees.—This chain, besides its conformity with the orders of their "great men," saved my gentlemen from the burthen of mounting guard every night. When we lay down, they placed me in the middle, and one of them wrapped the chain round one of his legs; so that I could not rise to attempt an escape, without waking him up. But I determined not to make the attempt—for I soon considered that my life was not in danger; and I expected them to grow weary of their enterprise: so I patiently endured present affliction. Besides, if I escaped they could take me again, unless I quitted the county; which was the precise object of the outrage—to get rid of me.

We had been in this valley but two or three days, when, one morning, whilst all my guard were fast asleep, I heard a brisk firing of musquetry. It was a skirmish, I had no doubt, between the "Boys" (as these fellows called their party) and the militia, who had come from below to discover *them*, and rescue *me*. But I let them sleep on; nor did I tell them of the firing, after they awoke. After breakfast, one of them went down to a house by the river, in their interest, and returned in haste, to tell his comrades that the "Boys" and militia had met, and that in the battle, captain Ross, who commanded the militia, was mortally wounded.* At the close of this, or the next day, they marched down to the river, and sought for a canoe to cross over to the western side; but could find none. We were now at Black-Walnut Bottom, about 44 miles above Wilkesbarre. Thus disappointed, they marched back into the woods, and we lay down for the night. The next day, towards evening, they went again to the river, and crossed it. It was so dark, that at the distance of thirty or forty yards, we might pass unseen. They passed through a thick wood to the house of one Kilborn, father to two of the party. There we lodged. The next morning they

* He was badly wounded, but recovered. Gideon Dudley received from the militia a ball through his hand.

pushed back into the woods, about four miles from the river. This was the third and last station. This changing from place to place, was to prevent their being discovered by the militia, who came from below, at different time, to find them.

"On the 15th of July, Gideon Dudley (who now appeared to have the command) with two others, came out to our station. It was late in the afternoon. After lounging about for some time, as if they did not know what to do with themselves, they approached me ; and Dudley asked—"Don't you wish to be set at liberty ?"—"To be sure I do"—was my answer. After a little pause, Dudley again accosted me—"What will you do for us if we will set you at liberty ?"—"What do you wish me to do for you ?" was my reply. "Will you intercede for Colonel Franklin's pardon ?"—"No, I will not." This answer was evidently unexpected ; they were confounded ; and retiring, they for some time laid their heads together. Then again coming near, one of them asked—"Will you intercede for *our* pardon ?"—After a momentary pause, I answered—"While I have been in your hands, you have told me of your 'Great Men,' and that you have been acting in obedience to their orders. By them you have been misled and deceived. Give me their names, and I have no doubt of obtaining *your* pardon."—This they could not do, they said, without going down to their Head-Quarters, and consulting the main body ; and turned on their heels to depart—"Stop," said I, "and knock off this chain." They instantly took off the chain, that I had carried about for ten days.

"I lay down with my guard that night, not doubting of my speedy release. As soon as it was light, I rose, put the fire-brands together (in the woods, a fire is generally kept up at night even in the warmest weather) ; mixed up some of their miserable coarse Indian meal for cakes, spread the dough on pieces of hemlock bark (the usual trenchers) and set them to the fire. As soon as it was light enough to see *our green tea*, I went to gather it. This was the *winter green*, bearing red berries, which went by the name of partridge berries. Infused in boiling water, the winter green makes a tolerable warm beverage.*

By thise time my guard were awake, the tea was boiled and the cakes were baked. I told them that expecting to be released, I had risen and got the breakfast ready, in order to gain time ; for if released, I had a par-

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* They once asked me if I should like a dish of coffee. "A dish of coffee by all means," I answered. They went to work. Boiling water in their iron pot, to make it clean, then emptying it, they set it over to heat. They next strewed into it some Indian meal ; and when this was roasted, they poured in water ; and as soon as it was boiled, the coffee was made. It was an agreeable change for our green tea.

ticular desire to reach home the next day.† I then proposed that we should go to their head-quarters, without delay ; where, if released, it would be well; if not, I would come back with them again into the woods. They readily assented—took up their kettle and frying-pan—(our kitchen furniture) and down we marched. When arrived near to their head quarters, they halted. One went to announce our arrival. Two or three came out, Gideon Dudley at their head—when he put to me the original question, "Will you intercede for Colonel Franklin's pardon?" "I will answer no question till I am set at liberty," was my return. They conducted me into Kilborn's house.

"It was now the 16th of July. Nineteen days had passed away, while I had been their prisoner. Having no razor, nor a second shirt, I had neither shaved nor changed my linen during that whole time.—They had told me, if I desired clothing or any thing else from home, and I would write for them, they should be brought to me. I accordingly wrote to your mother for clothing—and for a book. She sent them up as directed, and they arrived at Zebulon Marcy's at Tunkhannock; and there I found them, after I was released. The shirt I wore from home, I repeatedly took off, and washed as well as I could, in cold water and without soap.

"As soon as I entered Kilborn's house, they brought me a razor and soap to shave, and a clean shirt, and pair of stockings; and told me I was at liberty. They roasted some chickens, and gave me as good a dinner as the poor wretches could furnish.

"While dinner was preparing, they renewed their request, that I would intercede for Franklin's pardon. This I again peremptorily refused to do. Then they made the same request for themselves; and I again told them that I could venture to assure them of pardons, if they would give me the mames of their "Great Men" who had instigated them to commit the outrage I had endured at their hands. They consulted together for some time; and finally told me they could not give up their names. "This (I said to them) is a very unwise determination. Here are two-and-twenty of you (I had counted them) who may all obtain pardon, if you will give me the names of your employers; and among so many, some one at least, to save himself, will turn states's evidence; you had better therefore give me the names of the men who have engaged you in this wicked business." "Whoever does it (said Gideon Dudley) ought to go to hell, and be damned everlastingly."

"They then made a last request, that I would write a petition for them to the Executive Council praying for pardons, and carrying it

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† It would be the 17th of July—my birth day.

with me to Wilkesbarre, take an opportunity to send it to Philadelphia. With this, undeserving as they were, I complied.

"It was now late in the afternoon; and unless I went to Tunkhannock (distant twelve miles) that night, I could not reach home the next day. They had a good boat in which they carried me down. It was dark when they landed. I had only set my foot on shore, when the two Earls came to me, aside, and offered to become evidences for the state upon an assurance of pardon. This I ventured to give them: but the rogues, when brought before the court, divulged none of the names of their "great men;" and reluctantly furnished any evidence against their companions.

"Walking from the landing place about a mile, across the Tunkhannock bottom land, we arrived at the house of Zebulon Marcy, to get supper and lodging. There I found the bundle of clothing which your mother had sent up for me; and there, also, I found an inhabitant of Pittstown, going down the river as far as Lachawonnock Creek.* And Tuttle, one of the "Boys," said he would go down with us, and take his chance. The next morning, we three set off in a canoe. Landing the man destined for Lachawonnock, the other went on with me to Wilkesbarre. On the way, he told me that he had joined the "Boys" but two or three days before, in order to discover where I was, and get me rescued out of their hands.

"Stepping ashore at Wilkesbarre, I walked directly to our house. You were standing at the front door. As I drew near, you looked a moment—appeared frightened—-and retired. Before I reached the door, your mother came with Edward in her arms. Consternation marked her countenance—as if I had been an apparition. My return so soon was wholly unexpected; and she looked at me as if to satisfy herself of the reality.

"Without waiting the result of their petition to the Executive Council, most of the actual perpetrators of the outrage upon me, fled to the northward, to escape into the state of New-York. On their way, as they reached Wysocks creek, they encountered a party of militia, under the command of Captain Roswell Franklin, and exchanged some shots. Joseph Dudley was very badly wounded. The others escaped. Dudley was put into a canoe, and brought down to Wilkesbarre, a distance of perhaps 60 or 70 miles. The doctor who was sent for, had no medicine. I had a small box of medicines which had been put up under the care of my good friend Dr. Rush. Of these, upon application of the physician, I furnished all he desired. But Dudley survived only two or three days. On his death, his friends sent to your mother, to beg a winding sheet—which she gave them.

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* Small rivers are, in Pennsyvania, called *Creeks*.

"In the autumn, a court of *Oyer* and *Terminer* was held at Wilkesbarre, by M'Kean, Chief-Justice, and Judge Rush. A number of the villains had been arrested—were tried and convicted—fined and imprisoned in different sums, and for different lengths of time, according to the aggravation of their offence. The poor creatures had no money to pay their fines, and the new jail at Wilkesbarre was so insufficient, that all of them made their escape excepting Stephen Jenkins, brother to Maj. John Jenkins. Stephen was not in arms with the party; but was concerned in the plot. He might have escaped from the jail with the others; but chose to stay; and in consequence received a pardon, after about two months confinement.

"The fate of Captain Roswell Franklin, a worthy man, whom I have mentioned on the preceding page, I sincerely commiserated. Wearied with the disorders and uncertain state of things at Wyoming, he removed with his family into the state of New-York, and sat down on a piece of land to which he had no title. Others had done the same.—The country was new, and without inhabitants. They cleared land, and raised crops, to subsist their families and stock. In two or three years, when all their crops were harvested, their hay and grain in stack, and they anticipated passing the approaching winter comfortably, Gov. George Clinton sent orders to the sheriff of the nearest county, to raise the militia, and to drive off the untitled occupants. These orders were as severely, as promptly, executed; and the houses and crops all burnt. Reduced to despair, Captain Franklin shot himself. This, as well as I recollect was in the autumn of 1792.

"Governor Clinton was distinguished for energy of character. Had like prompt and decisive measures been taken at the beginning, with the Connecticut settlers at Wyoming, it would have been happy for them and for Pennsylvania; the actual sufferers would have been few in number: but the unstable, and generally feeble measures of that government, instead of intimidating, rather encouraged hardy men, destitute of property, to become intruders; and thus, eventually, a great many families were involved in calamities.

"John Franklin, so often mentioned, having been indicted on the charge of treason, for which he had been arrested, remained a good while in jail. At length he was liberated, on giving bond, with a large penalty, And finally all opposition to the government, in Luzerne county, ceasing, he was fully discharged. The people of the county, afterwards chose him to represent them in the state legislature, where, in the house of representatives, he sat, I believe, for several years. During this period, chance, once or twice, threw him in my way. He was very civil, and I returned his civilities."

In 1790 Col. P. was elected a Delegate to the Convention of the State of Pennsylvania, for the purpose of revising the Constitution of that State, in which he was associated with many eminent men, among whom were

Thomas Mifflin, Thomas M'Kean, William Lewis, James Ross, Albert Gallatin, and Samuel Sitgreaves. At the instance of Col. Pickering, the following wise and benevolent provision was made an article of the Constitution :—

"The Legislature shall, as soon as conveniently may be, provide by law for the establishment of Schools throughout the State, in such manner that the poor may be taught gratis."

From the year 1790 to 1794, Col. Pickering was charged, by Gen. Washington, (then President of the United States) with several negociations with the Indian nations on our frontiers: In 1793, in a joint commission with Gen. Lincoln and Beverly Randolph, Esq. of Virginia, to treat of peace with the western Indians: And in 1794, he was appointed the sole agent to adjust all our disputes with the six nations ; which were terminated by a satisfactory treaty.

In the year 1791, General Washington appointed him *Post-Master General.* In this office he continued until the close of the year 1794; when, on the resignation of Gen Knox, he was appointed *Secretary of War.* In August 1795, Mr. Edmund Randolph having resigned the office of Secretary of State, General Washington gave Col. P. the temporary charge of that department also. Some time before the meeting of Congress, which was in December following, he also tendered to Col. Pickering the office of Secretary of State, which, from unaffected diffidence he at first declined. But as soon as Congress assembled, without speaking to Col. P. again, Washington nominated him to the Senate to be *Secretary of State*: and the Senate approved the nomination. He continued in this office until May, 1800; when he was removed by the late President Adams, and was suceeeded by John Marshall, the present Chief Justice of the United States, then and ever since his friend and correspondent.

At the close of year 1801, Col. Pickering returned to live in Massachusetts. In 1803, the Legislature appointed him a Senator to represent the State in Congress, for the residue of the term of Dwight Foster, Esq. who had resigned. In 1805, the Legislature again elected him a Senator, and for the term of six years.

Being in debt for new lands purchased some years before in the Middle and Western states, and by the appreciation of which he had hoped to make eventual provision for his children; and having no other resources—as soon as he was removed from office, in 1800, he carried his family from Philadelphia into the country ; and with one of his sons went into the back woods of Pennsylvania, the Wyoming country, where, with the aid of some labourers, they cleared a few acres of land, sowed wheat, and built a log hut, into which he meant the next year to remove his family. From this condition he was drawn by the kindness of his friends in Massachusetts.—By the spontaneous liberality of those friends

in taking a transfer of new lands in exchange for money, Col Pickering was enabled to pay his debts, return to his native state, and finally to purchase a small farm in this County, on which he lived many years, cultivating it with his own hands, and literally with the sweat of his brow.

Col. P. continued to sustain the office of a Senator in Congress till 1811, when he devoted himself entirely to the labours of agriculture.—Soon after he was chosen by the Legislature of this state a member of the Executive Council, and, during the late war, when apprehensions were entertained that the enemy contemplated assailing our towns and cities, he was chosen a member of the Board of War for the defence of the State. In 1814 he was chosen a Representative in Congress, and held his seat till March, 1817.

In his retirement he enjoyed the respect and esteem of his contemporaries; his devotion to his favorite rural pursuits, his extensive correspondence with eminent and worthy men in various parts of our country. his love of literature and science, and his zeal in promotion of the interests of our best institutions, furnished his mind with active employment.

The activity of his life, and the magnitude and variety of his public labors, left him little leisure for solitary and continued application to the pursuits of science and literature; he made no pretensions to either;—yet few public men possessed knowledge so various and extensive. The productions of his pen bear testimony to his ability, power, elegance, and vigor as a writer. The charms and the variety of his powers in conversation were unrivalled, and made him a favorite of the social circle. The grave and the gay, the aged and the young, were delighted with his colloquial eloquence, and instructed by his wisdom.

In public life he was distinguished for energy, fidelity, firmness, promptitude, perseverance, and disinterestedness. The many arduous and honorable offices he filled were in no instance sought by him, but were conferred on him solely for his fitness and ability to discharge the duties of them to the advantage of the public.

Of his private virtues there is no difference of opinion. All men of all parties speak of them with admiration. This voluntary homage has been paid to his character amid all the vicissitudes of party. In all the private relations of life he was honest, faithful, and humane. No man ever impeached his integrity with any color of justice. *Love of Truth*, and Integrity that could not be shaken, were his characteristics. "Where *Truth* led the way, he did not fear to follow." His manners were plain and simple, his morals pure and unblemished, and his belief and profession of the Christian Religion were, through a long life, accompanied with practice and conduct in accordance with its divine precepts.

During the past year he had been employed in preparations for writing the *Life of Alexander Hamilton*, a task he was eminently qualified to execute, as well by the intimacy of the friendship that long existed

between them, as from his familiar and personal knowledge of and participation in the events and measures to which it related. If his life had been prolonged, it cannot be doubted that he would have reared a monument to the memory of that eminent Statesman, worthy of the brilliant reputation of his fellow soldier during the war for independence, and his colleague in the cabinet of Washington. But the wing of ruthless Time has swept away "both the poet and the song."

The following notice of the early conduct of Col. Pickering in the Revolution, is taken from the new and improved edition of *Dr. Holmes' Annals*, a standard work in American History:—

"On the 26th of February, [1775] Gen. Gage, having received intelligence that some military stores were deposited in Salem, despatched Lieut. Col. Leslie from Castle William, with 140 soldiers, in a transport, to seize them. Having landed at Marblehead, they passed on to the draw-bridge leading to Danvers, where a large number of people had assembled, and on the opposite side of which Col. Pickering had mustered thirty or forty men, and drawn up the bridge. Leslie ordered them to let it down; but they peremptorily refused, declaring it to be a private road, by which he had no authority to demand a pass. On this refusal he determined to ferry over a few men in a gondola which lay on the bank; but the people, perceiving the intention, instantly sprang into the gondola, and scuttled it with their axes. There was danger of instant hostility; but the prudent interposition of Mr. Barnard, minister of Salem, and other persons, prevented that extremity. To moderate the ardour of the soldiery, the folly of opposing such numbers was stated; and to moderate the ardour of the citizens, that, at so late an hour, the meditated object of the British troops was impracticable. The bridge was at length let down; Leslie passed it, and marched about 30 rods; and the evening being now advanced, he returned, and embarked for Boston. Some particulars of this transaction are taken from the MSS. of President Stiles; where he farther writes, that the British soldiers pricked the people with their bayonets; that Leslie kept his troops at the bridge an hour and a half; that he at length pledged his honor, that, if they would let down the bridge, he would march but thirteen rods over it, and return without doing any thing farther; that the line was marked; and that Col. Pickering, with his forty brave men, like Leonidas at Thermopylæ, faced the King's troops." He had been chosen Colonel of the Salem Regiment of Minute Men, on the 13th of the same month in which this occurrence happened.

ERRATA.

Page 19, line 13 from bottom, dele *the* before *foremost*.
" 23, " 3 " " insert *the* before *service*.
" 24, top line, insert *a* before *preference*
" " line 18 from bottom, for *and* read *by*.
" " " 7 " " for *at* read *to*.
" 25, " 3 " " for *stock* read *stocks*.
" 27, line 13 from top, for *remembered* read *remarked*.
" " " 22 " " for *product* read *products*.
" 28, " 19 " " for *any* read *that*.
" 29, top line, for *tract* read *tracts*.
" " line 4 from top, for *qualities* read *quantities*.
" 30, " 13 " bottom, for *calling* read *called*.
" 32, " 9 " top, for *searching* read *searched*.
" 33, " 21 " " before *Bear Creek* insert *the deserted cabin whence three men were detached to*.
Page 34, line 17 from bottom, for *country* read *county*.
" " " 8 " " for *my country* read *the county*.
" 36, " 12 " " for *stinking* read *slinking*.
" 43, " 15 " " insert *the* before *year*.

THE

MERCIES OF

SANCTIFIED AFFLICTIONS:

A DISCOURSE,

DELIVERED IN THE

SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN LAFAYETTE,

SABBATH MORNING, JAN. 17, 1847,

ON THE DEATH OF

MRS. NANCY G. ELLSWORTH,

(WIFE OF HON. H. L. ELLSWORTH,)

WHO DIED JANUARY 14, 1847.

BY REV. J. G. WILSON.

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MDCCCXLVII.

[PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.]

Printed by JOHN ROSSER, Lafayette, Ind.

A SERMON.

"*It is good for me that I have been afflicted, that I might learn thy statutes.*"—PSALM 119; 71:

"*Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grevious, nevertheless afterward, it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness, unto them which are exercised thereby.*"—HEBREWS 12; 11:

"GOD only is great." His presence fills the universe, his voice reaches the most distant inhabitant of his empire, and wakes into melody, the songs of the whole creation. Sinai's trumpet proclaims the nature and demerit of sin, the sweet accents of Calvary, invite to a participation of the Saviour's love, while a voice from the tomb, summons us on this solemn occasion, to contemplate the vicissitudes of life, preparatory to the unchanging realities of eternity. Bitterly are we disappointed, grievously are we afflicted, sorely are we chastised, and solemnly are we reminded of the frail tenure, by which we hold all earthly blessings.

The first year of a residence in a new country, had been completed. The summer with its enervating influences had passed away, autumn with its changes and its chills, justly named the sickly season, had made its mournful procession, leaving sad and indellible impressions upon many hearts; but there was one family still untouched, who rejoicing in the signal evidences of Providential preservation, might, almost have been tempted to believe, that they had a pledge of life and health, for at least another year. Already death had marked his victim, though his insidious approach was not perceived.

A few days ago, she whose untimely end, we are called to mourn, was apparently in perfect health; but stepping from her

door, she slipped and fell, and by some unaccountable casualty, received the injury, which after protracted suffering of twenty-six days, borne with remarkable fortitude and christian resignation, terminated in her death. [See note A.]

The long anticipated stroke has fallen and she, who a little while ago, in vigor of life and health, was the light of the domestic hearth, the star of the social circle, and the joy of our hearts, *is no more.*

> "Leaves have their time to fall
> And flowers to wither at the North-wind's blast,
> And stars to set, but ALL—
> Thou hast ALL seasons for thine own, O DEATH."

Surprised by the stroke, stunned by the shock and overwhelmed by the magnitude of the calamity, when one sustaining the responsible relations of daughter, sister, wife, mother and friend, and discharging the arduous duties of her station with skill, energy, fidelity and zeal, is suddenly removed, her days not numbered and her work apparently not completed, leaving her friends to mourn her untimely end, we turn instinctively for consolation, to the treasures of heavenly wisdom. the promises which Revelation affords, and that our minds may embrace some definite idea, some fundamental principle connected with the Rock of ages, I propose for consideration, in accordance with the suggestion of the text, "THE MERCIES OF SANCTIFIED AFFLICTIONS."

It is a singular fact, and to any one observant of the vicissitudes of Providence, eminently consolatory, that so large a proportion of the Bible is comprised of promises, encouragements and consolations. Through the loss of property, or reputation, or health, or friends, *all* are *afflicted ;* and addressed in the language of kindness and sympathy.

1. This is a world of trial. To those who humbly apprehend the import of Providential chastisements, they are drops of mercy from a father's hand. To those possessing a receptivity for the divine, they are the means of re-impressing on the heart, the law of heaven, developing the original and essential elements of humanity, *once* perfect and harmonious, but *now*, perverted, depraved and covered over by selfish-

ness and sin; as the beautiful plain adjacent to a volcanic mountain, is sometimes overwhelmed by the melted lava, exhibiting when cooled and crusted over, a degree of desolation and wo, which the light of heaven only renders more hideous and repulsive.

To lose the benefit of an affliction is an irreparable loss. Chastisements are sent in mercy, and are designed to promote our spiritual welfare. They may be regarded as means of grace. "When Thy judgments are abroad in the earth, the inhabitants of the world will learn righteousness." Uniform prosperty flatters us, that our hopes are here, but afflictions direct our thoughts to Heaven. They are motives of an extraordinary character, produced and applied by the Supreme Disposer of all events, in trying circumstances and in view of momentous results, when the strongest and best balanced natures pause and deliberate, to stimulate the deficient energy of the living principle, in maintaining the life of faith, and to spiritualize the affections, and bring the law of the feelings and sensibilities into harmony and coincidence, with that of the reason and conscience; and thus to unite us more closely to the Divine Mind.

2. Many of our most valuable lessons are learned in the school of adversity. Who would have a just appreciation of the value of property if it were obtained without an effort, or held by a firm tenure, or of friends if they were never separated from us, or of reputation if it could not be tarnished, or of health if it were never impaired? The metals and gems of the earth, are valuable relatively, in proportion to their scarcity, and difficulty of access. We do not properly appreciate the value of air, or water, or light, because they are abundant, and free of access. Yet every one has in them a personal interest of priceless value.

Good is known principally by contrast with evil. Every pain and toil and suffering, and event in life, is a tree of knowledge of good and evil, affording us an experimental acquaintance with the qualities and principles of the natural and spiritual worlds.

3. The universe of matter and of mind is made subject to the dominion of law. "Even chaos, termed in the Theogony of Hesiod, the first of all beings, possessed constituent elementary rules of action, whence in process of time, resulted the order, harmony and beauty of nature."

The conception of a being without law, is a negation, involving the idea of the annihilation of all created existence. Man exists and acts as a part of a comprehensive whole, with natural relations and dependencies, in accordance with the laws divinely instituted. It is as impossible for any one, severed from his moral and spiritual relations, to maintain the laws of his being, and attain the exalted station and dignity of the sons of God, as for a planet separated from the solar system, to retain its orbit, and be sustained by the attraction and illumination of the sun.

"Laws are essential emanations, from the self-poised character of God,
And they radiate from that sun, to the circling edges of creation."
"God is the origin of order, and the first exemplar of his precept."

"Throughout the universe of matter, the substance of visible creation, there is not an atom out of place, nor a particle that yieldeth not obedience." Thrones, dominions, principalities and powers, angels and arch-angels, flaming ministers and breathing chariots, and various degrees and ranks in approximation toward perfection, are subject to the control of law, and the chain of ORDER "is unbroken down to man, and beyond him the links are perfect,"

"But he standeth solitary sin, a marvel of permitted chaos"

To correct this "seeming error in the scale of due subordination," to restore man to his proper place in the divine order, and maintain the authority and supremacy of law, is the ultimate design of God, in all the dispensations of Providence and grace.

"Love hath a power and a longing to raise a gathered world,
And rescue universal man from the consequences of his doings."

Could we lift "the sable curtain that hideth the mystery of Providence," we should doubtless perceive most striking illustrations of the mercy and faithfulness of God, in our af-

flictions; for under the control of him who maketh the wrath of man to praise him—

> "Pain and sin are CONVICTS, and toil in their fetters for good,
> The weapons of evil are turned against itself, fighting under better banners,"

Often while writhing in agony, we are in the reception, subjectively of the richest blessings, for the good of one meek thought produced thereby, should outweigh years of suffering.

4. The experience of evil developes the qualities of the mind and heart, that are requisite to resist and overcome them.—The loss of property and the failure of our plans induce industry, circumspection, self-reliance and dependence on God, blessings far transcending any temporal inheritance. The loss of reputation and friends affords a test of character enabling us to ascertain whether we love God for what he *is*, or for what he *does*, and surely it is better to lose the gift, than to be deprived of the Giver. Trials and afflictions often check us in our selfish career, and forcibly remind us of the existence and claims of that Government, whose authority we have disregarded. They teach us the relative value of the *seen* and the *unseen* the temporal and the eternal, and severing the ties which bind our hearts to earth, induce us to seek an interest in an incorruptible inheritance. They are merciful visitations of Heaven, to enable us to form and perfect our characters, after the image of Him who created us. Good qualities are of slow growth, and like the products of a rugged climate, and barren soil, partake of the characteristics of the circumstances by which they are produced.

Were there no trials, there could be no greatness nor eminent goodness. The faith of Abraham, the meekness of Moses, the patience of Job, the zeal and energy of Paul, and the philanthropy of Howard, were the legitimate results of the trials and providential visitations to which they were subjected. "Despise not then the chastening of the Lord; nor faint when thou art rebuked of Him, for whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth." Be not therefore impatient nor in haste to remove the

afflictive stroke. Nay more, though it seem a paradox; "Count it all joy, when you fall into divers temptations *i. e.* trials, knowing this, that the trying of your faith worketh patience—but let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing." It has been forcibly remarked that afflictions fall upon the Christian, not as the lightning upon the scathed oak, blasting it more and more, but rather as the strokes of the sculptor upon the marble block, fashioning it into the image of life and loveliness.

It is a beautiful thought, that the furnace of affliction is to the believer, as the fire to the gold, refining and purifying it from its dross, that it may shine with unalloyed lustre; and it is a consolatory one, that the Saviour goes with his people into the midst of the fire, assuaging its violence, and restraining its power; for when Moses looked upon the bush that burned, behold it was not consumed; and when the three brethren were by the wrath of men, but by divine permission cast into the burning fiery furnace, Nebuchadnezer the King, was astonished and rose up in haste and said: "Lo I see four men, loose, walking in the midst of the fire, and they have no hurt, and the form of the fourth, is like to the Son of God."

5. The cross is the symbol of the Christian's life. The first lesson on entering the school of Christ, and the last on leaving it, is to take the yoke and bear the cross. It is the only mode of holy living, compatible with a sinful state. Life is a school of goodness, teaching us the value of light by darkness, of harmony by discord, of rest by anxiety, of joy by suffering, and of every blessing by experimental trial; and while from the smoking mount of human experience, we receive upon our hearts the principles of the divine law, our heavenly Father encourages us by the affectionate inquiry, "What son is he, whom the father chasteneth not?" Settle it then as a fundamental principle, that the *present* is a life of suffering. The Saviour himself in assuming our nature, was not exempt from this universal law of humanity. "The disciple is not above his master, nor the servant above his Lord." In his baptism of suffering the Christian must

participate, at least in some degree, as the banks of the river are watered and refreshed by the mist and spray of that flood of waters, which, at Niagara, pours forth its eternal anthem of praise to the Creator. But assured, that if we suffer we shall also reign with him, and knowing that our afflictions are mercifully adapted to our necessities, let us go forth and look upon the gathering clouds, and approaching storm, without an emotion of fear; for in the lightning's flash is revealed a Father's face, on every dark clould are inscribed the symbols of his love, and in the very hailstones of affliction are conveyed the choicest mercies, which infinite love can confer.

And while the sun is eclipsed and the stars blotted out, HE cheers our drooping spirits and enlivens life's weary pilgrimage, by permitting us to behold as our light, the bright and morning star, the harbinger of eternal day. In the darkest and most disastrous hour, faith assures us, we are safe in the mighty keeping of our Father in heaven—"For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time, are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us." "The life which we now live, we live by faith in the Son of God." Were we permitted to walk in the field of open vision, and in the sun-light of sensible manifestations, faith could never attain that high degree of invigoration, which our circumstances demand.—In the consummation of the mysteries of Providence and Redemption, it is necessary that God should sometimes wrap himself in the majesty of darkness, that we may learn the lesson of following him who is invisible, whether revealing himself to us, in the pillar of fire, or of cloud.

The soul, in all its wanderings, retains its natural relation to God, as its centre, and can find no rest, until it returns to him. All objects of affection, except the Father of spirits, draw it below itself. There is a relative adaptation, which every creature seeks, and in which it is at rest. The soul descended from heaven, can be happy, only in a higher good. "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain togeth-

er until now." All things strive to ascend, and ascend in striving.—An ancient Pagan Philosopher thanked God, that his soul was not tied to an immortal body. All lower natures find their highest good in the semblance of that which is higher and better, and each class as it ascends in the scale of being, leaves death behind it. "The metal at its height of being, is a mute phophecy of coming vegetation, into a mimic semblance of which it crystalizes. The blossom and flower, the acme of vegetable life, divides into correspondent organs, with reciprocal functions, and by instinctive motions and approximations, seems impatient of that fixure, by which it is differenced in kind, from the flower shaped psyche that flutters with free wing above it."

The distance between the two distinct worlds of being, the natural and the spiritual, is impassable. We cannot even conceive of them, as parts of the same system, or subjects of the same laws. The most etherial portions of matter, are as destitute of original causative power, and as subject to the dominion of the necessary laws of nature, as a stone or mass of lead. In all the movements of the material system, we feel that there must be an originating will somewhere, however many impulsive forces may have intervened.—The spirit, possessing duality of being, resolves itself into subject and object. Its characteristic is self motion, or voluntary action. It alone possesses true individuality, a free will, its law within itself, and its motive in the law, bound to originate its own acts, in harmony with the law of the Infinite Spirit, not only without external aids, but even against opposing influences.

Such was the condition of Angels in Heaven, and, of MAN in Paradise, but having fallen into the bondage of nature, we perceive in the present state, only a dawning of that spiritual light.

"I see another law in my members warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin, which is in my members." To be delivered from this false position, and restored to harmony with God, requires a consecration so minutely explorative, and so thoroughly destructive

of all selfish influences, and a process so painful, as to be justly termed the crucifixion of self, the death of nature, the new creation, the baptism with fire and the resurrection of the life of Christ in the soul. With reference to it, the Apostle Paul, cheerfully endured a life of labor and of suffering, if by any means he might attain unto the resurrection of the dead. To secure such a result, he suffered the loss of all things. The great husbandman looking for fruit in his vineyard, subjects the *unfruitful* vine to a severe and trying discipline. He drives from the heart every idol, that has enthroned itself in his temple.—Property, health and friends, melt away successively, severing every tie that binds the affections to the world. The fountains of inward consolation ministering to self love, are dried up; and the victim "smitten within and without—scathed and peeled with the lightnings of Heaven, to the extremity of human endurance," learns by this dreadful baptism, that God's will is imperative and supreme.

Having all things in God, he commences the truly apostolic life, having nothing, yet possessing all things; and winning souls to Christ by the attractive influence of a holy example, and by the power of the word of God. Having entered into his REST, he finds his happiness *complete* in God. From this death of nature springs eternal life and immortal power.—Christ liveth in him. Within the sphere of divine co-operation, his will is operative precisely as God requires. "What a blessed thing it is, says Dr. Payson, to lose one's will. Since I have lost my will, I have found happiness.—There can be no such thing as disappointments, for I have no desire but that God's will may be accomplished."

6. The last and severest of the afflictions of the present life, is death itself, which though it supervened in consequence of the offence, is a regular step in the economy of the moral world, demanded by our constitution and character, as one of the series of events in the remedial system of the covenant of grace. We have reason to believe that an earthly immortality, would be fatal to our highest interests and sub-

stantial happiness. Well may we rejoice in the *present constitution* as devised by infinite wisdom, with special reference to our moral character and eternal destiny. Following with the eye of faith, the track of the departed saint, we may name among the blessings of affliction, the release of the imprisoned spirit, and its freedom and exaltation among principalities and powers in heavenly places. Though the breaking up of the animal machinery, is attended with appalling circumstances, in severe physical sufferings, in the violent disruption of social ties, and in distressing spiritual forebodings, it is necessary to the perfect development of character, and may be the occasion of progress, advancement, augmentation of power, and enhancement of happiness, to a degree that at present, transcends our powers of conception. It does not arrest, nor intercept the process of life, but changes its mode, preparatory to a more rapid and perfect development. It is the means of evolving higher principles, with a view to the ultimate advancement of our nature, to its proper station with the kings and priests of the Most-High. It is the breaking up of the bondage of nature, in order to a new constitution of the elements of life, to greater advantage, and in a more perfect form, that the spirit may have complete ascendency over its corporeal instruments and appendages. It is a temporary separation of the flesh and the spirit, that the powers and habits most enfeebled and restrained in this earth-realm of bondage, may be brought to maturity, and that with a new balance of the powers of human nature, there may be no conflict between the elements of life, no disharmony in the play of the affections, and no contrariety in the objects of pursuit.

The spirit, separated from the body, or adorned with a form of celestial mould, with spiritual intuition and unrestricted freedom, surrounded by objects of stupendous magnitude, sensible principally of moral qualities, and enjoying an intense consciousness of its spiritual relations, like an Æolian Harp moved by every breath of Heaven, will vibrate in delightful harmony, or in harsh discord, according to its

relations to the divine mind. In that state, where the spheres of the holy and the unholy, draw to themselves respectively all of kindred quality, the rule of relationship, or the law of attraction, is not a balance of merits, but *moral quality*. All those whose affections are quickened toward the moral perfections of the Supreme Being, and who feel the constraint of the attractive love of Christ, shall be exalted as kings and priests unto God.

Sin, the element of separation, being removed, the soul returns instinctively to its proper centre, assuming the natural relations in accordance with its moral character. Holiness cannot be separated from God, any more than a ray of light can be cut off from its intercourse with the sun. "God is love, and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him." To such an one, death is but a transition from the light of the moon and stars through the twilight and fogs of an Autumn morning, to the light and brightness of a glorious day. "To die is to burst upon the blaze of uncreated light, and to be sensitive to its beams, and to nothing else;" and to commence the eras of eternity, in learning all that is comprised in the felicity of Heaven.

Within the veil is a glory, which imagination in its most lofty flights has never conceived. The transformation, perfect in kind, but not in degree, will admit of progress, with vast accessions of knowledge and power, and clear perception of the amazing scenes of the interior and spiritual world, and intimate communion with substances and causes, and eternal realities, with continual approximation toward the Supreme Being; who is essentially and necessarily, in his natural perfections, *infinitely*, above the highest possible elevation of any finite being.

Man shall be equal with the Angels, moving among the highest, with susceptibilities as acute, capacities as vast, objects of pursuit as elevated, joys as pure and ecstatic, and energies as untiring, and shall wear a crown which he would not exchange for that of any higher order of beings, since it

is the symbol of his intimate relationship to the divine mind, though the person of Jesus Christ, who binds together all orders of the heavenly hierarchy.

"He shall have wings of glory, and shall soar
To the remoter firmaments, and read
The order and the harmony of stars;
And in the might of knowledge, he shall bow
In the deep pauses of Arch-angel harps,
And humble as the Seraphim, shall cry
Who by his searching, finds thee out, Oh God!"

"I knew a man in Christ, whether in the body or out of the body, I cannot tell," who "caught up into the third Heaven, heard *unspeakable* words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter."

"Who shall imagine immortality, or picture its illimitable prospect?
How feebly can a faltering tongue express the vast idea?"

"For since the beginning of the world, men have not heard, nor perceived by the ear, neither hath the eye seen, O God! besides thee what he hath prepared for him that waiteth for him."

7. In giving utterance to these consolatory truths, I feel no restraint nor hesitation on the present occasion. One of the most painful duties, connected with a pastor's life, is to minister at the funeral obsequies of one who gave no satisfactory evidence of preparation for another life; but when a Christian dies, apart from personal sympathies and an aching heart, there is nothing painful, in exhorting survivors and friends to imitate him, wherein he imitated Christ, and to prepare to participate with him in the Christian's triumph. When a friend has successfully made the voyage of life, having escaped the storms and perils of the ocean, and reached the haven of rest, though we mourn on account of our loss, faith bids us rejoice in view of the ultimate result.

She whose conflict and triumph, we commemorate in this discourse, was emphatically a child of the covenant, and the subject of many prayers. Her grand-father was the Rev. Elizur Goodrich, D. D., of Norfolk, Connecticut. She was the daughter of Hon. Elizur Goodrich, and Anne Willard

Allen, of New-Haven, by whom she was consecrated to God, in the ordinance of his house, and trained for his service and glory. Brought up in the midst of a highly cultivated and literary society, and educated with the greatest possible care, with a mind originally active and suggestive, she made extraordinary proficiency, not only in the ordinary branches of learning, but in many of the higher departments of a liberal education.—With a retentive memory, and a highly discriminative taste, she laid the foundation in youth, for those extensive and varied attainments, which on all proper occasions, have been laid under contribution, for the benefit and gratification of her family—her associates and friends. To the instruction and example of her mother, she was greatly indebted for those habits of order, industry and economy, and the various domestic qualities, which were pre-eminently characteristic of her life, and which perhaps are rarely so perfectly combined, with high intellectual endowments and keen relish for literary pursuits.

Her religious education being blessed to her conversion, at an early period of life, she made a public profession of religion, about the seventeenth year of her age, in connection with the College Church at New-Haven, under the care of her pastor and friend, Rev. President Dwight. Her early religious experience was of a most interesting character, attended with strict self examination, a spirit of earnest enquiry, and personal consecration to God, and the whole tenor of her life, and her triumph in death, tend to prove that she had built upon the rock of ages.

She was married by Dr, Dwight, to Mr. H. L. Ellsworth on the 22d of June, 1813, and during a period of thirty three years, successively at Windsor, Hartford, Washington City, and Lafayette, adorned the various relations of life. Tried in prosperity and adversity, in joy and in sorrow, among friends and in a land of strangers, she proved herself equal to every emergency, and magnified the grace of God, by a life adorning the Christian profession.

In a personal interview with two of her former pastors, last

summer, I distinctly remember that they spoke of her, not only with tenderness and affection, but in terms of the highest commendation. To those who knew her best, she was most endeared, and among her personal friends and correspondents were many, of the finest intelects and purest hearts. With personal endowments of a high order, and advantages rarely surpassed, and carefully improved—she made high personal attainments, and exhibited a rare combination, of those intellectual, moral and social qualities, that constitute the perfection of the female character. To the stranger she was affable, and courteous, to her guests hospitable, to the poor a friend, to the afflicted a minister of mercy, and to every philanthropic and Christian effort, for the amelioration of human suffering, she uniformly tendered her sympathy and co-operation. The law of kindness was upon her lips, and she rarely spoke of the faults of others, except in extenuation. She had "a heart formed for pity, and a hand open as day to melting charity."—With her it was a principle, and habit of life, to minister to the comfort and gratification of others, endeavoring as she herself expressed it, "to exemplify the principles of the law of love," a trait of character which shone out so conspicuously, even in the midst of her sufferings, on the fatal night, when she received the injury, as to attract the attention and excite the admiration of her attendants and friends. This was I apprehend, a prominent characteristic in her life, and may perhaps sometimes have induced excessive deference to the opinions and customs of others, and detracted something from that calm self-reliance, which is the crowning virtue of mind; or at least, may have diminished her sources of happiness, by rendering her unduly sensitive, to praise and blame.

She drew the line of distinction, accurately, between the courtesies and proprieties of Christian life, and the frivolous customs and maxims, of the fashionable world, and was ever ready, to relinquish even innocent amusements, when they were the occasion of "*offence*" to others. With an

elevated standard of Christian character, she "followed after, if by any means she might apprehend that, for which also, she was apprehended of Christ." As a Christian she was *humble*, entertaining low views of herself, and exalted conceptions of the glory of God. To her the Saviour was inexpressibly precious, and his mercy and grace, was the theme of delightful, and habitual meditation. Her faith was decidedly evangelical, partaking largely of the spirit of the theology of Dr. Dwight, whose memory she revered, and with whose published writings, she was intimately acquainted. She conscientiously subjected herself, to the most scrutinizing self examination, and scarcely dared to rely upon the evidences of her acceptance, even when her pastor and friends, entertained the most perfect confidence, that she was a child of God. Often, even in health, she said, I am so unworthy; may I rely on the promises of God? are they designed for one whose religious character is so imperfect? She longed, during the last few months of her life, especially, for higher attainment, and for clearer evidences of her adoption. Her confession of sin, was sincere and explicit, not in the abstract only, but in the specifications, not with reference to the external form merely, but to the spirit and life of actions, when none but the eye of omniscience, could detect the slightest error. Hers was a religion of *principle*, rather than of emotion, and her spiritual exercises, in health and in sickness, were such, as I should have anticipated, in any one of her mental character and nervous temperament.

Yet she did not always retain the distinct and vivid emotions, characteristic of the Christian life. In too intense devotion to the *apparent* interests of the present life, she sometimes declined in spirituality, and lived comparatively, in a state of moral estrangement from the Saviour, without the assurance of faith, or visible progress in the divine life, a *fact* of which she experienced keen conviction and genuine repentance, a fact which she uniformly lamented in the retrospect of her Christian life, and which should be here

indicated, in order to a just appreciation, of her exalted worth, as well as to the praise of the abounding grace of God.

There were three bright periods in her religious history, to which from a sick bed, she looked back with fond delight, during which she thought she enjoyed the Christian's privileges, and had the witness of the spirit, that she was born of God—the period of her conversion and profession of the Christian faith—a few years of her residence in Hartford, under the pastoral care of Rev. Dr. Hawes—and the time of her residence in Lafayette, especially since the precious revival of religion, enjoyed last spring. We rejoice, that in the morning, at noon, and in the evening, of her Christian life, she enjoyed an unclouded sky; though, at intervals, the heavens were overcast, and she was encompassed with clouds and thick darkness.

"We have perhaps often gazed at the setting sun, when dilated to its fullest orb, it seems to linger, at the end of its course, bathing the landscape with mellowed hues, and converting the clouds into a pavillion of glory, and then melts away and disappears. We stand fixed to the spot, where we caught the last lingering rays, and amidst the surrounding gloom can scarcely realize, that it is still shining on other lands." Thus her sun has set on us, only to shine more brightly on other realms. She died as the Christian would wish to die, having in mortal conflict achieved the victory over the last enemy.—She was calm and self possessed in anticipation of her change, partaking of the hidden manna which no man knoweth, save he that receiveth it. She possessed a quiet faith, a steadfast hope, patient submission, and an intelligent anticipation of rest.

She said she had great peace, but neither joy nor transport. Her favorite expression descriptive of her spiritual state was, "I am tranquil," but on one occasion in answer to her pastor's morning salutation, she said "I am *happy*," I had last night such revelations of God's glory, as I never enjoyed before." Her sick chamber was a consecrated spot,

a bethel, where the Lord met her, and shewed her the ladder Jacob saw, with the Angels of God, ascending and descending upon it. Instead of finding myself called, as a pastor, to sustain the trembling steps of fear, while treading the dark valley, I found myself strengthened and instructed, and I do rejoice, that I have been permitted to witness such a demonstration of the truth of the Gospel, in its adaptation to the Christian's triumph.

In all this I behold the reward of faith and the answer of prayer. When, about the ninth day after her injury, I informed her of its *possible* termination, and of her imminent peril, she was startled, and remarked, "I had not thought of this. I anticipated long confinement, with excruciating suffering, and perhaps lameness during life; and prayed for grace to endure the affliction, and I feel that God has answered my prayer: but I am not prepared to die;" when she covered her face and engaged in prayer.

She then commenced a process of close self-examination, writing bitter things against herself, and pleading for pardon through the merits of Jesus Christ. She recapitulated the great doctrines of the Cross, apprehending them as God's appointed system of salvation; and then instituted the inquiry, whether, by a proper subjective appropriation of them, she had obtained the RECONCILIATION. She said she did not rely upon any former states, or experience. A *present evidence* was the object of her search.

She besought me to notice any error in her faith; any defect in her religious experience; any error of life; any unkind word, or unworthy motive, which had escaped her own observation; and to deal faithfully with her, that, by repentance and faith, she might not fail of planting her feet on the rock of ages.

Again her prayer was heard, and the answer received, in the tranquil state of mind, and happy acquiescence in the will of God, which marked the last few days of her life; while she stood on the verge of Heaven, progressing daily in sanctification, and waiting only for the signal, to step from the outer court, into the Holy of Holies.

During this delightful period, she conversed freely of her approaching end, sent appropriate messages to her friends, conversed with the members of her family, ever mindful of their spiritual state, dictated a letter to her son, and greatly to her surprise and joy, was enabled to "to resign, her husband, her beloved and only daughter, and even the great question of her son's salvation, into the hands of the Judge of all the earth." She repeatedly expressed her feelings of gratitude to God, for the many mitigating circumstances attending her affliction, for the presence of her husband, who had intended in a few days to leave home for a few weeks, for the care of skilful and attentive physicians, for friends provided in a land of strangers, and *especially* for SPIRITUAL BLESSINGS, and often invited her friends and family to unite with her in special praise and thanksgiving to God.

A few evenings before her death, at her request, she participated, with her family, and a small circle of friends, in the celebration of the Lord's supper. It was a solemn and impressive scene, suggesting to those present, lessons never to be forgottten. As her strength declined, and her power of conversation diminished, her taste for elevated sentiments seemed to be increased, and her spiritual sensibilities, to become more acute, and she had exquisite enjoyment in listening to some favorite pieces of lyric poetry, as read or sung by her family and friends. [Note B.] On the last morning of her life, to a friend entering her room, she said, "I feel great exhaustion, and endure severe suffering, but I have been praying for submission;" and then added, "O Lord, have mercy upon me and hasten my departure, if it is thy will, and for Christ's glory." She was unable to converse much during the day, but when informed that she was probably near her end, she answered, "I have said, Thy will be done—I now say it again, and I hope I say it understandingly."

In answer to the enquiry of her affectionate husband, when the pulse was scracely perceptible—do you know me, she replied, "yes, perfectly," and subsequently requested

him to sing a favorite hymn, commencing "Jesus, lover of my soul:" and almost in the last moments of existence, in answer to a similar inquiry, she gave with her hand, her accustomed affectionate signal of recognition.

To her friends it is consolatory to reflect, that, throughout her protracted illness, her consciousness was perfect, and her reasoning powers and taste, unimpaired to the last, and that having endured as seeing Him who is invisible, she sweetly slept in Jesus, without a struggle or a sigh, on the 14th Jan., 1847, at half past 6 o'clock, P. M., aged 54 years and 14 days.

8. She has gone, and we are left behind, to gaze upon the path she trod, and wait the time to come, when we shall hear a voice from Heaven, saying, "come up hither."

The spirit, which we watched in breathless suspense, until we thought we could almost see her go forth, *still lives*, in the perfection of all her qualities, with consciousness awake, and sensibilities unimpaired. She stands amidst an innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect.—She has taken the harp, and commenced the anthem, which shall be prolonged throughout eternity!

Dear friend, farewell!

Thy work is done—thy conflicts are o'er—thy presentiments of approaching evil, more than realized, though in the participation, the cup is transmuted into the water of the river of life!

We bury thee by the side of thy beloved Edward.—There soft be thy slumbers, till the morning light dispells the darkness of the tomb.

Blessed spirit! thou art happy!

"Who but now
Would share thy triumph, and thy hope?
Thy triumph is begun! 'Tis thine to hail
Amid the chaos of a world convulsed,
A new creation rising!"

Thou hast commenced the song of praise which shall never end. And O could we look in upon thee, in thy new home, could we witness thine employments, and appreciate thy

joys, we would not call thee back, nor even desire thy return.

"Shall we wish the robe that now
Is stainless, washed by a Redeemer's blood,
To be again with touch of sin defiled?
Or that freed spirit, escaped from every snare,
Forever safe within those sacred walls,
Stamped with SALVATION, and whose gates are praise,
Called back to earth again?"

She is *gone*, *not lost*, neither to *herself* nor to *us*. She LIVES in renewed vigor, in perpetual youth, in greater activisy, on a wider theatre, with noble compeers, with more ecstatic joys, and I doubt not, with sympathies unbroken, and greatly strengthened, for you, her husband, her children, her far distant son, her father still surviving, and for *all*, with whom her heart was in sympathy, while she was yet with us.

"O! that in unfettered union
Spirit could with spirit blend;
O! that in unseen communion
Thought could hold the distant friend.
Will she there no fond emotion,
Naught of early love retain?
Or absorbed in pure devotion,
Will no mortal trace remain?
Can the grave those ties dissever,
With the very heart-strings twined?
Must she part, and part forever,
With the friends she left behind?"

To the afflicted family and friends, I desire to present the consolations of the text. *Surely* there are MERCIES in your afflictions if ye be *exercised* thereby. Ye are CHRISTIANS: Bow beneath the stroke, and say in filial confidence and affection, it is the Lord, let him do what seemeth good in his sight. "Hearts were made to feel and tears to flow, but let, not *your* sorrow be as that of those, who have no hope.

MY BELOVED FRIENDS:—When one so capable and so willing to minister to our welfare, and whom we seem to need so much on earth, is taken away, it requires, the grace of God in large measure, to enable us heartily to say thy will be done, but we are assured that the Lord had need of her, and he in mercy proposes to confer *grace* according to the day

of trial. "The Lord is a sun and shield, the Lord will give grace and glory, no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly."

Eternity will doubtless reveal, that God hath often wrought out his designs of mercy, and brought many sons to glory, by humiliating and afflictive dispensations of Providence.

"God, before his Son that brought mercy, sent his servant the trumpeter of repentance, to level every high hill, to prepare the way before him, making it smooth and straight. Christ never comes, before His way-maker hath laid even the heart with sorrow and repentance. Not only knowledge, but also every other gift, which we call the gift of fortune, have power to puff up earth. Afflictions only level those mole hills of pride, plough the heart, and make it fit for wisdom to sow her seed, and for grace to bring forth her increase. Happy is that man, therefore, that is thus wounded, to be cured—thus broken, to be made straight."

It is a *mercy* in your affliction, that leaving satisfactory evidence of preparation for her change, she hath gone, to receive the reward in another life.

"She hath gone
To sit down with prophets, by the clear
And crystal waters, she hath gone to list
Isaiah's Harp and David's, and to walk
With Enoch, and Elijah, and the host
Of the just men made perfect. She shall bow
At Gabriel's hallelujah, and unfold
The scroll of the Apocalypse with John,
And talk of Christ with Mary, and go back
To the last supper, and the garden prayer,
With the beloved disciple. She shall hear
The story of the incarnation told
By Simeon, and the Triune mystery
Burning upon the fervent lips of Paul.

She shall no more thirst,
Nor hunger, but forever in the eye,
Holy and meek of Jesus, she may look,
Unchided, untempted, and unstained.
Tell me! oh mourner for the child of God;
Shall we bewail our sister—that she died?"

APPENDIX.

[Note A.]

The following letter from the medical attendants, explanatory of the nature of the injury, and its attendant circumstances, will be acceptable and gratifying, especially to the distant friends and relatives of the deceased:

Lafayette, Jan. 15th, 1847.

Rev. J. G. Wilson,

Dear Sir:—In compliance with your request, we furnish the following brief history and description of the case of the late Mrs. Ellsworth:

The injury, which terminated in her death, was an *oblique compound fracture* of the Leg. The fracture was situated about three inches from the ancle joint. The Tibia, (or large bone of the leg,) pierced through the muscles and skin immediately over and in front of the seat of the fracture.

The fractured bones were brought into perfect apposition, at the first dressing, and were carefully retained in that position by an apparatus, which, while it afforded support to every portion of the limb concerned in the accident, gave no pain, by undue pressure, at any point.

From the first, until the eighth day after the injury, the condition of Mrs. E. was such that we entertained strong hopes of her ultimate recovery. Less constitutional and local excitement than usual in such injuries, were the only marked incidents of that period. On the ninth day, the limb was more swollen and painful, and in the evening she had a violent Chill—this chill was followed by alarming symptoms of prostration and general constitutional irritation.

The external wound, which had united, was again broken

open by the pressure of a *sero purulent* fluid and a wasting suppuration from the part became inevitable.

The most alarming symptoms connected with the case, were so far controlled by appropriate remedies and the efforts of a constitution, (allowing for the influence of age,) that we were again led to believe her recovery not improbable until the 18th day after the injury.

Great irritability of stomach, we were informed, had been a prominent difficulty under which Mrs. E. had suffered in previous attacks of indisposition.

This difficulty was present, in a slight degree, after the constitutional symptoms supervened, resulting from the injury; but was not sufficiently violent to excite serious apprehensions until after the 18th day.

Being unable, from that period, until the close of her illness, to retain food or even stimulents long enough to obtain their strengthening influence, while her vital powers were being wasted by a copious discharge from the wound, and the depressing influence of the general irritation, arising from the local disease, her death became inevitable.

Respectfully, yours &c.,

J. B. McFARLAND, M. D.,
D. T. YEAKEL, M. D.

[NOTE B.]

The following beautiful hymns were among those most precious to Mrs. E., during the last few days of her life.

CHRIST THE REFUGE.

1. JESUS LOVER OF MY SOUL;
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide
Till the storm of life is past
Safe into the haven guide,
O! receive my soul at last.

2. Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee,
Leave, oh! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed
All my help from thee I bring,
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in thee I find,
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name—
I am all unrighteousness,
Vile and full of sin I am—
Thou art full of truth and grace.

"Oh Lord I know that in very faithfulness thou hast afflicted me."

For what shall I praise thee, my God and my King?
For what blessings the tribute of gratitude bring?
Shall I praise thee for pleasure? for health, or for ease?
For the spring of delight, and the sunshine of peace?

Shall I praise thee for flowers that bloomed on my breast,
For joys in perspective, and pleasures possessed?
For the spirits that heightened my day of delight,
And the slumbers that sat on my pillow by night?

For this should I praise thee—but if only for this,
I should leave half untold, the donation of bliss;
I thank thee for sickness, for sorrow, for care,
For the thorns I have gathered, the anguish I bear.

For nights of anxiety, watchings and tears,
A present of pain, a perspective of fears;

I praise thee, I bless thee, my King and my God,
For the good and the evil thy hand hath bestowed.

The flowers were sweet but their fragrance is flown,
They yielded no fruits, they are withered and gone,
The thorn it was poignant, but precious to me
The message of mercy, it led me to thee.

The Christian's Hope and Triumph.

Who would not be a Christian? Who but now
Would share the Christian's triumph and his hope?
His triumph is begun! 'Tis his to hail
Amid the chaos, of a world convulsed,
A new creation rising! 'Mid the gloom
Which wraps the low concerns of states and kings,
He marks the morning star, sees the far East
Blush with the purple dawn, he hears a trump
Louder than all the clarions and the clang
Of horrid war, swelling and swelling still
In lengthening notes, its all awakening call
The trump of Jubilee! Are there not signs,
Thunders and voices, in the troubled air?
Do ye not see upon the mountain tops
Beacon to beacon answering? Who can tell
But all the harsh and dissonant sounds, which long
Have been, are still, disquieting the earth
Are but the tuning of the several parts
For the grand chorus, which shall usher in
The hastening triumph of the Prince of peace.
Yes, his shall be the Kingdom, He shall come
Ye scoffers at his tarrying. Hear ye not
E'en now the thunder of his wheels? Awake
Thou slumbering world! E'en now the symphonies
Of that blest song, are floating through the air
Peace, peace on earth, and glory be to God.

A

SERMON,

DELIVERED

IN HALLOWELL,

OCTOBER 23, 1848,

AT THE INTERMENT

OF THE

REV. ELIPHALET GILLETT, D. D.

BY BENJAMIN TAPPAN, D. D.
PASTOR OF A CHURCH IN AUGUSTA.

HALLOWELL:
MASTERS, SMITH & CO., PRINTERS.
1848.

SERMON.

HEBREWS XIII, 7. "Remember them, * * * * who have spoken unto you the word of God; whose faith follow, considering the end of their conversation."

"THE relations of man with man do not cease with life. The dead leave behind them their memory, their example, and the effects of their actions." Long after the decease of the first king of the ten tribes of Israel, we read of his descendants walking in the ways of Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, who made Israel to sin. Such an influence of the dead upon the living is a direful calamity. But let the memory of the good be cherished as one of our choicest treasures.

> "The sweet remembrance of the just,
> *Should* flourish when they sleep in dust."

It is well that their power over us should remain; that they should be with us in solitude and in society—should "speak to us in the silence of midnight," and amidst the tumults and temptations of the world. Saints in glory, as we fondly believe, remember us with affection; let us cherish on earth an affectionate remembrance of them.

In my text the Hebrew christians are exhorted to remember those, who have spoken to them the word of God; and considering their end, to follow their faith. In discoursing from this passage, I would speak of the preaching of faithful ministers; of the end of their conversation; and of the injunction to remember them, and to follow their faith.

I. The preaching of the faithful ministers of Christ — they speak the word of God. The apostles were inspired men, and in their instructions we have *the mind of Christ; not the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth.* The faithful minister of our times, though not inspired, does make it his constant aim to *speak as the Oracles of God.* These he receives and follows, as his guide. In conformity to this infallible rule, he sets forth the character of God, as *glorious in holiness and plenteous in mercy — a just God and a Saviour;* the rightcous demands and sanctions of His law; the entire unholiness of the natural heart; the necessity of its renewal by the Holy Spirit; the essential deity and vicarious, propitiatory sufferings of the Lord Jesus Christ; the final salvation of all true believers; and the certain endless perdition of the impenitent and unholy. By teaching these and other kindred doctrines, the faithful minister of Christ may not in every instance please men. But whether men hear, or forbear, he will *not shun to declare the whole counsel of God.* As the ambassador receives his instructions from the sovereign, by whom he is sent, and must faithfully adhere to them, so the messenger of the Lord of Hosts, must speak His word, must preach the preaching that He bids him. "If there is any one trait of a faithful preacher, more obvious than another, it is this; he is not afraid nor ashamed to say whatever God has said before him in His word." Having spoken of the preaching of the faithful minister of Christ we are now to consider —

II. The end of his conversation. By conversation here, as elsewhere in the scriptures, we are to understand course or manner of life. The good minister of Christ not only preaches the word of God, but loves and obeys it. In common with other christians, he has been convinced of his own utter sinfulness and just condemnation. Despairing of the favor of God on the ground of his own merit, he received the atonement, made by Christ crucified, and found peace. From that moment, the Saviour was precious to him, and he gladly devoted himself to follow and serve Him. That he might honor His name, and promote the interests of His kingdom, were his leading objects in entering the ministry. He loves to proclaim to a

perishing world the unsearchable riches of Christ. For Him he esteems it a privilege to spend and be spent. For Him he is willing to be accounted a bigot or a fool; to be treated, *as the offscouring of all things*, and to go to the scaffold, or the stake. The religion which he preaches is his own rule of action, with respect to God, his neighbor, and himself. He is devout, just, benevolent, temperate. Habitually, his manner of life is in accordance with the precepts of the Gospel. To such ministers, who have lived, as well as preached, the religion of Jesus, the text refers, when it exhorts us to consider the end of their conversation. By the end of their course of life, their peaceful, happy death must be intended. There may have been special reference to the death of Stephen, and of the apostle James, who was beheaded by order of Herod. They had died as christian martyrs; and their firm faith, and blessed hope, and excellent spirit of love and forgiveness toward their persecutors, in the hour of trial, both friends and foes would do well to consider. *Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace.* Our blessed Saviour, *having loved his own, loveth them to the end.* When they are called to encounter the last enemy, the Captain of their salvation gives them the victory. Trusting in Him, they pass undismayed through the dark valley; and the nearer its termination, the more clearly do they discern the glory and blessedness beyond. However sharp may be their bodily sufferings, you find them submissive to the will of God, choosing to be in His hands and to wait His time. They tell you how good and gracious the Lord is, and call on you to join them in praising Him. The teachers of irreligion and infidelity, as death approaches, very often betray their want of confidence in the doctrines, they have taught; but not so the men, who have spoken the word of God, and have lived under its influence. They may not be wholly free from doubt respecting their own piety. But you do not find them doubting the truth of the Gospel; nor calling in question the efficacy of the blood of Jesus, or disbelieving his power to save. Of the strength of the foundation they are fully assured; though they may not be equally sure, that they have builded upon it. In the cause of Christ, in the prosperity of Zion, they manifest to the last

the deepest interest. In the chamber of sickness, on the bed of death, their prayer is, that religion may prevail, that souls may be converted, that the church may be edified; and with their dying breath they beseech the impenitent to be reconciled to God, and the friends of Christ to be more devoted and faithful. If the ruling passion of the man of avarice and ambition is strong in death, so is that of the christian minister; and while in him the love of Christ shows forth its ascendency over every earthly attachment, who does not acknowledge its superior excellence — its heavenly origin and tendency — and who does not unite in the wish, *let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.*

III. We are now to notice the injunction, to remember those who have spoken to us the word of God, and considering the end of their conversation, to follow their faith. As we are directed, while they live, to *esteem them very highly in love for their works' sake*, so, when they are gone, to remember them with affection, and with lively interest to call to mind their instructions and example. From such a remembrance have often resulted the happiest effects; and the seed, that was sown in a barren soil, has then taken root, and brought forth fruit unto eternal life, when the hand, that sowed it, was motionless in the grave. The holy useful life, the peaceful happy death, of one that has spoken the word of God, may well be regarded as strong incentives, not only to cherish his memory, but to follow his faith, in the firm belief of those great principles, which constituted the ground work of all his virtues, of all his happiness, in the open, manly profession of them, and the steadfast, practical adherence to them. The tree is known by its fruit. A system of delusion, or imposture, would not be productive of such effects, as do result from the Gospel of Christ. Christianity is from God; for it transforms the soul of man into the image of God, and prepares it to glorify and enjoy God here and hereafter. Most impressively are we admonished, in view of those holy men, who have spoken to us the word of God, and having finished their course with joy, are gone to receive their reward, to hold fast their faith, and never to shrink when duty calls, from an open confession of it, but always to glory in the Gospel of Christ. Especially are we admonished to

follow their faith, by entrusting our own souls, with all their immortal interests to the glorious Redeemer, and making it the great object and employment of life to honor and serve Him. A faith, merely intellectual, not attaching the heart to Christ, nor bowing the will to His authority, nor controlling the life in accordance with His commands, was not the faith of those, who have died in the Lord. Theirs was the faith, which *worketh by love;* a love, that constrained them *to live,* not to themselves, but *to Him.* This is the faith which we need; the faith which justifies and saves; the faith which will deprive death of its sting, and the grave of its terrors; the faith which will open to us the gate of Heaven, and secure to us, through grace, a joyful admission into God's everlasting kingdom. Well then may we be exhorted, when those who have spoken to us, in love and faithfulness, the word of God, are removed from their earthly labors, affectionately to remember them, and to follow their faith, considering the end of their conversation.

In many hearts will be cherished the remembrance of him, who, after having served God in the Gospel of his Son for more than half a century, has recently been called away to the services and joys of a higher, holier region. At his request I address you on this occasion; and while I would not be unmindful of his desire, that I should not say much respecting him, I cannot meet your expectations, nor satisfy my own convictions of duty, without an attempt to delineate, however imperfectly, his life and character.

The Rev. Eliphalet Gillett, was born at Colchester, Conn. on the 19th of November, 1768 — was graduated from Dartmouth College, N. H. in 1791 — after this was employed some time as a teacher in Wethersfield, Conn.— studied theology with Dr. Spring in Newburyport, and was ordained as the first pastor of the church in Hallowell (the first and only place, where he had preached as a candidate for settlement) in August, 1795. Here he labored to very good acceptance, and during some years of his ministry with very encouraging success, until, at his request, his connexion with this people was dissolved, in May, 1827.

Dr. Gillett's mind was one of high order, and must have

received in the earlier part of life diligent cultivation. He had a fine classical taste, and in the productions of his pen was often exceedingly felicitous, both in sentiment and language. Many of his discourses, rich in thought and expression, by the request of those who heard them, were given to the press. His annual missionary reports were much and justly admired; and who has not felt the charm of his communications to the Christian Mirror?

He possessed an uncommon degree of sensibility and delicacy of feeling — of gentleness and kindness of spirit — very readily rejoiced with those who rejoiced, and mourned with those who mourned — was a lover of hospitality — and enjoyed very highly the society of his friends. Nor was he in the social circle a mere recipient of pleasure. He largely contributed to the enjoyment of others. Where was he not a welcome guest? And who found not an hour in his company pass pleasantly away? Few men are so extensively known; few so universally esteemed and beloved. Those who did not agree with him in religious belief, and might at times be annoyed by the peculiarities of his creed, could not but love him as a man, and respect him for his conscientiousness and consistency, as a disciple and minister of Christ.

In the earlier part of his ministry he was addicted to metaphysical discussions, and was no mean proficient in that school of theology, at the head of which were Hopkins, Emmons and Spring. He loved an argument and was a ready, logical, and keen debater. Seldom, however, did he introduce into the pulpit any other, than those great doctrines, in which Trinitarian and Calvinistic divines are very generally agreed. These he taught with great plainness; and maintained, even in circumstances peculiarly trying to a man of his nice and delicate regard for the feelings of others, with unyielding constancy. Never was he ashamed of the doctrines of the cross; being fully persuaded, that they are *the wisdom of God, and the power of God.*

When he became the pastor of this church, Hallowell was yet in its infancy. The church was a feeble band, consisting of but 12 members. No other congregational churches existed at that time within what are now the counties of Kennebec,

Franklin, and Somerset, except those of Bloomfield, Winthrop and Augusta; and these were destitute of pastors. All the ministers, who took part in his ordination, except Dr. Robbins of Plymouth, Mass. who preached the sermon, were from Lincoln, Cumberland and York. The prayers were offered by Mr. Emerson of Georgetown, and Messrs. Gilman and Anderson of North Yarmouth. The charge was given by Dr. Hemmenway of Wells; and Mr. Bradford of Wiscasset, being the nearest and youngest of the number, gave the right hand of fellowship. In this new and rising community it devolved on him to lay the foundations; andto give, not only to the church and people under his pastoral care, but (to some extent) to the region around him, an impress and character, for many generations. From the beginning his influence was exerted in favor of education and good learning, of social order and refinement, sound morals, evangelical truth, and vital, practical godliness. How extensive and powerful this influence has been, it would not be easy to estimate. To the church of which he was pastor, upwards of 220 persons were added, during the 32 years of his ministry; and the number of members, at the time of his dismission had risen from 12 to about 150.

When the Maine Missionary Society was organized in 1807, Dr. Gillett was chosen its secretary; and this office he continued to hold, until his death. For the last 20 years of his life, he has been constantly employed in watching over its interests, conducting its affairs, and seeking its prosperity. In the cause of Home Missions in the State of Maine, his heart was bound up; and he never ceased to pray and labor for its advancement. Some of the topics of conversation in my last interviews with him related to its concerns; and among the subjects of his last thankful acknowledgement, was the ability that God had given him, so long to attend to his official duties. Upon him, as secretary of that beloved institution, came the *care* of nearly *all the churches;* and for the assiduity and faithfulness with which he fulfilled the trust, his *praise* was *in all the churches.* The feeble churches in the state, and the missionaries sent forth to minister to their necessities, ever found in him a sympathizing friend and counselor. In prosecuting the work committed to him, he did not shrink from any

labor and fatigue, which he thought himself able to bear. After he had passed his three score years and ten, he traversed the wilderness, inquiring into the state of the new and scattered settlements, and cheerfully partaking of such accommodations, as the log-cabin or camp might afford him. When the business of the society and the wants of the destitute required his attention, neither inclement skies, nor the winter's cold could detain him. Forgetful of his own ease, he lived and labored for the good of others.

It pleased God to lengthen out his life, (and for this we would be truly and fervently thankful) until he had reached the age, within one month, when human *strength is* but *labor and sorrow*. For the most part he was blessed with comfortable health and with unimpaired vigor and vivacity of mind. The Author of his being had endowed him with the excellent gift of a fine flow of spirits, and this in subordination to the sustaining influence of God's word and Spirit, had been a valuable support, and a cheering cordial, under the burdens and trials of life. This excellent gift he retained; and never had he appeared more cheerful and happy, than during the last summer. In the meetings of the General Conference in June, and of the American Board in September, he took a lively interest and returned from them with a mind refreshed by intercourse with christian friends, and animated to new zeal and effort by God's continued favor to the kindred enterprises — both dear to him — of domestic and foreign missions.

From Boston he returned home on the 19th of Sept. with a hoarse cold. For nearly a fortnight, however, this did not occasion unusual distress, or alarm; and he was expecting on the first Sabbath of the present month, to administer the sacrament of the Lord's supper to the church in Hallowell, and in the course of the following week to assist in an ordination in the town of Phillips. But on that Sabbath he was not able to go abroad; and his disease assuming a more serious character, on Wednesday the 11th inst. a physician was called in, who pronounced his case to be one of bronchitis. This affection of the throat was followed by neuralgic pains, affecting at first the limbs chiefly, but afterward other parts of the system. From these he suffered most intensely for several days and nights, with

but little intermission, until he found, as we humbly trust, a termination of all earthly sorrows in that rest, which remaineth for the people of God.

At what period, in his own judgment and that of others, he was made a subject of renewing grace, I am not able confidently to state. It is supposed, that this event occurred during his collège life; and that he became, while yet an undergraduate, a member of the visible church. He was not accustomed very freely to converse respecting his own religious exercises, nor did he keep a record of them in writing. But no one, it is believed, who knew him, called in question the sincerity of his religious profession, or the genuineness of his christian character. In his life there was such an exemplification of *the fruits of the spirit*, of the meekness and gentleness, the humility and disinterestedness of Christ, and such a consecration of himself to the interests of his kingdom, that no one could fail to perceive, whose he was, and whom he served. He did not, perhaps, at any time, experience that rapturous enjoyment, nor fall into that deep religious melancholy, to which some christians are subject. But he seems to have cherished with a good degree of constancy the christian hope, and to have partaken in seasons of perplexity and trouble of christian consolation. He bore the extreme distress of his last sickness, as he had borne other afflictions, with uncomplaining submission. "All's well," he said; and "no one can have greater reason for thankfulness, than I have." His views of his own sinfulness, he said, had been at times "overwhelming," and if he were saved, it must be "by a miracle of grace." "Should we obtain places in heaven, it will be a blessed thing. But if we should not, we shall have no reason to complain. I at least shall have none." He expressed the firmest confidence in that system of truth, which he had been accustomed to teach, spoke of the fear of death as taken away, gave up his family into the hands of God; and after some hours of comparative ease and quietness, at 8 o'clock A. M. on the 19th inst. without a struggle or groan, he fell asleep in Jesus.

In relation to him, then, we would apply the injunction, Remember them, who have spoken to you the word of God; whose faith follow, considering the end of their conversation.

Much, that is both consolatory and edifying, will the bereaved family find, in the remembrance of that revered, beloved man, who was permitted so long to sustain the interesting relations of husband and father. Let them be grateful for the goodness and mercy, which followed him all his days; for the virtues of his life; for the consolations of his death; and for the joys of that immortality, upon which he has now entered. Let them be grateful, that he was useful and happy to the end of his days, that he died in full possession of the esteem and confidence of all who knew him; that trusting in his Divine Redeemer, and committing into his hands both himself and them, he departed in peace, and *like a shock of corn fully ripe in its season*, is gathered into the heavenly garner. And now, while they consider and rejoice in the end of his conversation, let them esteem, as unspeakably precious, that sure word of God, which was the guide of his life, and on which he rested in death. From that hallowed name may they derive the sweetest consolation, the firmest support. Embracing and following his faith, the faith of Jesus, may they find in his God and Saviour their refuge and strength; a friend who will never leave, nor forsake them; their guardian and guide in life, their comforter in death, their portion forever.

Of the original members of this church not one is now among the living. This indeed might have been said, when the aged Deacon Sewall was taken to his rest. And now the first pastor of the church is numbered with the dead. I speak in the hearing of those, whom he gathered into the fold of Christ; who for many years looked on him as their spiritual guide; to whose prayers and instructions, in the sanctuary, and in their own dwellings, more especially in times of sickness and bereavement, they listened with lively interest; and who gave him, as long as he lived, a large place in their respectful and affectionate regards. To them I say, remember him still, and bless God, that he gave you such a minister and friend. Remember him still, as having spoken to you the word of God; and hold fast those precious truths, which you were accustomed to hear from his lips. Consider the end of his conversation — his hope in death — his blissful, glorious home in heaven — and give diligence, that you may follow his faith,

giving up your hearts to its transforming, sanctifying power, and in your lives bringing forth its fruits in *all righteousness, goodness, and truth.*

Some in this assembly, who have often heard from him, whose lips are now sealed in the silence of death, and from other ministers of Christ, the word of God, *the word preached did not profit ;* not being received in faith, nor followed by obedience. On them I call to remember those, who have spoken to them the word of God, and not them only, but the truths, precepts, admonitions, invitations and reproofs, which the great God has sent to them by the ministry of His servants. *The word, which they have spoken, the same shall judge you in the last day.* For the inquiries and decisions of that day be entreated to prepare.

Beloved brethren in the ministry, let us bless God, that our venerable friend and father was continued with us to a good old age; that we were permitted to enjoy so much of pleasant fellowship with him in the decline of life; and that we can now rejoice in the persuasion, that for him *to live* was *Christ, to die* was *gain.* Nearly thirty years ago, in a discourse commemorating the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination, he expressed with much feeling the desire, so to spend the residue of his days, that it might be inscribed upon his tombstone, he served God to the end. That petition was granted. Emulous of his example, shall we not make his petition our own, and apply ourselves in the strength of Christ, with increased zeal and diligence to the service required. An important part of that service consists in speaking the word of God; and in doing this, as *workmen needing not to be ashamed,* we must imitate the apostles, in first setting forth the great doctrines of the christian faith, and then, in close connexion with these, the various duties of the christian life. A few months since, Dr. Gillett expressed the belief, that "one reason of the long continued and wide spread dearth of divine influences, was the want of plain, pointed and discriminating doctrinal preaching. "I want to see some of those old-fashioned revivals of religion, before I die; where they are born into the kingdom by the truth, and in love of the truth, rooted and grounded, like the forest oak, unmoved and unmovable. In some places at times,

there is a reviving extensively, embracing numbers. But they will not stay revived. It all flats away, sometimes suddenly and disastrously. Is there not a lack of doctrinal truth? a marvellous paucity of barbed weapons?" In these remarks he did not wish to be considered, as speaking *ex cathedra.* With characteristic modesty he said, "I view myself as one among a multitude of brethren, at the feet of many of whom I would gladly sit to receive instruction; and with reason, as there is left to me only the fragmentary part of a man, forescore years having done much towards winding up the concern. I cannot but believe, however, that there is some truth in the remarks, and that they are not altogether untimely." He was of the same mind with the excellent Cowper, that what "is injuriously called Calvinism, but is in truth the divinity, which Paul preached, and Paul's master, is the root of the goodly tree of holy living." Is this our belief? Then let us use our best endeavors to plant that "root" in the minds of our hearers, that from it may arise that "goodly tree," bearing *fruit* that shall *remain.* Soon shall we be called to give account of our stewardship. Let us *take heed to ourselves and our doctrine, that we may both save our own souls, and the souls of those who hear us.* Remembering our deceased father in Christ, who has so faithfully spoken the word of God, and who *being dead yet speaketh,* may we follow his faith, considering the end of his conversation. In the earnest desire and joyful expectation of an end like his, let us give diligence, that both as disciples and ministers of the Lord Jesus, *we may glorify his name on the earth, and finish the work, which* He hath *given us to do.*

In conclusion, I would call your attention for a moment to the words following my text: *Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.* His ministers are *not suffered to continue by reason of death. Our fathers, where are they? and the prophets, do they live forever?* Fain would we keep them with us, that we may be instructed by their counsels, quickened by their examples, encouraged by their prayers; but they pass away, and we shall soon follow them. But the sacred, precious cause, dearer to the friends of Christ than life itself, will not die with them, nor with us. The King of Zion ever

lives, [illegible] er the same, and He will take care of it. When *the godly man ceaseth and the faithful fail from among the children of men,* He does *not fail,* He is not *discouraged.* The missionary enterprize He will not abandon. Maine has been given to Christ for an inheritance, even the uttermost parts of it for his possession. *The* LORD *shall comfort Zion. He will comfort all her waste places; and he will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of God. Joy and gladness shall be heard therein; thanksgiving and the voice of melody.* In the good work of enlarging, building up and comforting Zion, the venerable secretary of the Maine Missionary Society has labored for many years with commendable zeal and constancy, with continued increasing success. Into his labors and those of his associates other men will enter, and others into theirs; and so the work will go on, and with it kindred enterprises, domestic and foreign, until THE WORK SHALL BE DONE, and heaven and earth shall rejoice in the tidings — THE KINGDOMS OF THIS WORLD ARE BECOME THE KINGDOMS OF OUR LORD, AND OF HIS CHRIST, AND HE SHALL REIGN FOR EVER AND EVER.

Since the delivery of the foregoing discourse, a letter has been received from the Rev. BEZALEEL PINNEO of Milford, Conn. containing some additional particulars, relative to the life of Dr. Gillett. Some extracts from this letter will be read with much interest.

"I could but be deeply afflicted and much distressed by the death of my much loved and long tried friend, brother, relative and classmate, Rev. Dr. Gillett, with whom for the long space of 70 years, I had enjoyed a most intimate and endeared friendship, that knew neither interruption, nor abatement. Our friendship commenced almost in childhood. Our parents living at no great distance from each other, we were often together and engaging in the same studies and pursuits, our intimacy and mutual affection were continued and increased during our

preparatory studies and college life, and since we were separated, an occasional visit and a brisk correspondence have kept alive and nourished the affections of early life.

"Dr. G. was a descendant of a Huguenot ancestor. His mother and my father were grand-children of a pious Protestant of my name, who fled from France to this country during the persecution of Louis 14th, at the revocation of the edict of Nantes. * * * Dr. G's great excellence lay not in any uncommon talents, or learning, but in those amiable qualities and dispositions, which form the christian character. Not that he was deficient in point of talents. As a scholar, he took a high standing in his class, less brilliant, however, than solid, accurate and thorough. * * * Although his disposition and deportment were naturally amiable, and he was a sober and modest youth, yet he did not become especially interested in the subject of religion, until (if I mistake not) the former part of his junior year. After a season of deep anxiety and distress, he became through grace, as is believed, a well established, cheerful and happy christian. He soon united with the college church, and although modest and humble, he took a decided and active part in the cause of Christ. He[illegible]r diffident Dr. G. might be respecting his own piety, I think [illegible]o one could be much acquainted with him, without being satisfied of his christian character, and indeed of his eminent devotedness to the cause of Christ. Happy man! that death found him, although at so late a period of life, actively employed in his Master's business. He had enjoyed good health during a long life; and after a short season of suffering, has gone to his heavenly rest."

A DISCOURSE,

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF THE

HONORABLE GEORGE TIBBITS,

BY

REV. R. B. VAN KLEECK, A. M.

A DISCOURSE,

COMMEMORATIVE OF THE

HON. GEORGE TIBBITS,

PREACHED AT HIS FUNERAL,

On the Seventh Sunday after Trinity,

IN

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, TROY,

BY

ROBERT B. VAN KLEECK, A. M.,

RECTOR OF SAID CHURCH.

TROY, N. Y.:

PRESS OF PRESCOTT & WILSON, CCXXV RIVER-STREET.

1849.

Now then, my Way, my Truth, my Life,
Henceforth let sorrow, doubt and strife
  Drop off like autumn leaves;
Henceforth, as privileged by thee,
Simple and undistracted be
  My soul, which to thy sceptre cleaves.

Gambold.

TROY, *July* 24, 1849.

REV. R. B. VAN KLEECK,

Dear Sir: The undersigned, members of the Vestry of St. Paul's Church, respectfully solicit you to furnish a copy of the very appropriate Discourse, which you preached at the funeral of the late GEORGE TIBBITS, for publication.

We remain respectfully,

Your obedient servants,

JACOB BISHOP,
L. GAY,
DAVID BUEL, JR.,
NATHAN DAUCHY,
HENRY NAZRO,
JONAS C. HEARTT,
WALTER W. WEBB,
J. M. WARREN.

ST. PAUL'S RECTORY, TROY,
July 26, 1849.

Gentlemen: The Discourse which you ask for publication, was prepared only with a view to improve a sad occasion, and as a heartfelt tribute to the memory of a valued and revered friend. In deference to your desire and judgment, I have placed it at your disposal, only desiring that its publication may minister some comfort to his bereaved family, and be of some profit to his many surviving friends.

I am, respectfully and faithfully,

Your friend and servant in the Gospel,

R. B. VAN KLEECK.

DISCOURSE.

GENESIS XXV. 8.

Then Abraham gave up the ghost, and died in a good old age, an old man and full of years, and was gathered unto his people.

THERE is a deep and lively interest in the inspired pictures of the Patriarchal age. From lisping infancy to hoary age, its stories never tire. While looking on these hallowed scenes, walking amidst their dim shadows, and holding profitable converse with the venerable forms and noble spirits which there pass before us, we seem transplanted to another age, and raised above the din and bustle of this lower world. There is a stern simplicity and noble dignity in such characters as Noah, and Abraham and Job, which we meet not in the ordinary walks of life. The scenes which surrounded them, and the circumstances which

moulded them, were most favorable to just such a result as they produced. Conversing ever with nature in her rugged wildness, climbing the mountain top, or crossing the desert, dwelling in tents, with no settled homes, and their possessions in flocks and herds, they were trained to hardness, to a simple purity of life, and ready both to be and feel "as strangers and pilgrims on the earth." Thus they passed their long and happy days, in high communion with nature in her works, and in holier fellowship with God, until one by one, they passed away, weary of earth, and looking for the rest of Heaven, or in the expressive language of the spirit, "they gave up the ghost, and were gathered unto their people." Such have we here; the brief impressive record of the end of Abraham, "the father of the faithful and friend of God." His wanderings were over, his visions numbered, his trials ended, his work finished, his faith made perfect, and his rest at hand. "Then Abraham gave up the ghost, and died in a good old age, an old man, and full of years, and was gathered unto his people."

How beautiful the picture, and how calm and sweet these images of rest and peace. Not torn away nor driven from the scenes of life, but giv-

ing up the ghost willingly and piously, "coming to the grave in a good old age, as a shock of corn cometh in his season;" *an old man*, always an honored monument of God's sparing goodness, and of his faithful promises, the measure of his years now full alike of blessing and of woe, and gathered to his people in a calm rest and peaceful hope that kindred dust might mingle in the sepulchre, and their happy spirits meet in realms of bliss. The patriarchs walked by faith and died in faith. We need this key to solve their noble characters and high hopes in life, and their calm tranquillity in death, as well as the deep interest they ever manifested even in their bones and dust, that they might sleep in death, not in a stranger soil, but in the land of promise and of hope. They thus in life and death, proclaimed their strong desire "of a better country, even an heavenly," and their earnest seeking of a joyful resurrection, and a happy home "in a city which hath foundations, whose builder, and maker is God." The scene before us is a striking commentary on the text, and aids most powerfully reflections such as these. A venerable friend and father has given up the ghost, and died in a good old age; an old man and full of years, long spared,

and largely blessed, is this day gathered unto his people. A Patriarch, indeed, in age, simplicity and dignity, who as formed by nature, blessed by Providence, and crowned with grace, was worthy to have walked with Patriarchs, and would have been hailed *a man*, honored and loved, in any age or land.

But my object is not now his eulogy. The stern simplicity and unassuming dignity which marked his life, would meet me at the outset, should I attempt the task. My simple aim will be here in the house of God, and in the solemn presence of death, who levels all, and spares no age, nor rank, nor wealth, nor tender ties, to present some thoughts suggested by the sad occasion, which may, by help divine, be profitable to the living here to-day, and in the ears of all, "young men and maidens, old men and children," proclaim the vanity of life, the certainty of death, and the nearness and the issues of eternity.

In order to arrange these thoughts and lessons, we will consider them under the several heads of his large prosperity, his public services, and his religious character.

I. And first, his large prosperity. This had its origin in small beginnings. With no advantages

of early education, and under Providence, the architect of his own fortune, he never was ashamed to tell of or look back to this "his day of small things." In nothing was his strong good sense more plainly seen. The true nobility, in a free Christian land like ours, is that of worth, and it is the sheerest affectation for any here to set up lines of aristocracy, either of birth, or wealth, where all comparatively, are of humble origin, and of equal opportunities. Those who from birth or education, might lay claim to more, are always the most simple and unassuming in their tastes and their pretensions. The wheel is ever turning, and it gives no evidence of an advancement in nobility to be forgetful of worthy but humble ancestors, and unmindful of the debt which never can be paid to their integrity and virtues. It was not so with him who lies before us, for he would have been one of nature's noblemen, alike in poverty or wealth, in high or low estate. As life rolled on, he was blessed with large prosperity. All that he turned his hand to seemed to prosper, until he had acquired a large estate, and an ample fortune. In looking for the causes of his prosperous lot, some would resolve them into his own capacity and efforts, and only see in them the

natural result of his energy and perseverance. These as aids and second causes, doubtless had their place. From early life he had been sober and prudent, frugal, and industrious. In all these things he is a model to young men; and these qualities are usually their own reward. But even these are not sufficient to account for a prosperity like his, for others who set out with him, perhaps as sober, as prudent, as frugal, as industrious, have struggled on through life, with adverse fortune and disappointed hopes. He rested not himself in these second causes, for he had learned too well the lesson which the world wide wisdom of Solomon and of God have taught us, "that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favor to men of skill; but time and chance happeneth to them all." When we have attributed all that they deserve to second causes, we yet can see a higher hand, an overruling Providence, and must feel and know that "it is the Lord who maketh poor and maketh rich, he bringeth low and lifteth up; for the pillars of the earth are the Lord's, and he hath set the world upon them."

Our venerable friend has often told me that he knew not why nor how he had been so greatly

prospered, and that there had been turning points in his life on which large results depended, when he knew not of himself what course to take. He has often said of late, he knew not why he had been so much blessed of God, except as a reward of the virtues of his mother. I never saw so high a veneration for a mother's memory, as he cherished, even to the end of life, speaking of her honored name, on the very morning when in pain and weakness, he was ready "to give up the ghost." A beautiful example of filial duty and devotion, cherished even to old age, and strong and vigorous in death. I know not how it may appear to others, but it seems to me, a striking instance of God's faithfulness to his first command, with promise, "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land, which the Lord thy God giveth thee." LONG LIFE AND HAPPINESS were this old man's portion. Let all the young then who desire the promise, love too, and cherish the command.

However this may be, the evil of our age is that of Israel in days of old, the tendency of which they were so often warned of God, lest "when thou hast eaten and art full, and hast built goodly houses and dwelt therein; and when thy herds and thy flocks

are multiplied, and thy silver and thy gold is multiplied, and all that thou hast is multiplied; then thy heart be lifted up, and thou forget the Lord thy God," the trials of an humbler lot, the guiding hand and goodness of the Lord, and his crowning blessing, "and thou say in thy heart, my power and the might of my hand, hath gotten me this wealth. But thou shalt remember the Lord thy God for it is He that giveth thee power to get wealth." O that all who are rich in this world would remember this, how humble and thankful would it make them, how it would save them from trusting in uncertain riches and incline and lead them "to trust in the living God, who giveth us all things richly to enjoy, to do good, and to communicate, laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come that they may attain eternal life," Then they would feel their heavy obligations to the God of Heaven, their high responsibilities to Him, their blessed privilege as the stewards of God, as enriched and blessed by him, and as accountable to him; they would then seek earnestly the true riches, and with hearts of love and bounteous hands lay up "treasure in Heaven," ever mindful of the solemn truth, which is here urged upon us,

"We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out." Happy then are all they, who when God calls, shall be found "rich in faith and heirs of the kingdom which he has promised to them that love him."

II. We come next to the public services of our venerated friend. These were neither few nor small. We name them not, to dwell upon them now, but would draw from them a lesson congenial with our present services, as furnishing a bright example of diligence in duty from high principle, and of stern fidelity to every trust. Though he was deprived of early advantages, and emphatically self-taught and self-made, he was yet a thoroughly educated man, in all that pertained to the stations which he occupied, and the trusts which he assumed. He was a man of common sense, eminently a practical man, so that when he brought his vigorous mind to bear upon the subjects of his thought and study, he had only to acquire the information necessary, and his sound judgment and sagacious mind made it at once available, and turned it to the best account. In the just and beautiful tribute paid to his memory by the vestry of this church, it has been truly said,* "few men

*At a Meeting of the Vestry of St Paul's Church, held at the Rectory, on Thursday, 7½ P. M., July 19, 1849, present, Rev. R. B. Van Kleeck, Rec-

in this great state have rendered more important services to the public than GEORGE TIBBITS, and we might dwell largely on his exalted character, as a practical statesman and political economist." He represented this district in the Congress of the United States, with credit to himself, and satisfaction to the people; and for clearness and vigor of mind, a wise forecast, and an enlarged view of public measures, he in a different line of life might have taken his stand among the most eminent statesmen of the day. He also rendered very valuable services in the Senate of this State at an

tor; JACOB BISHOP, Warden; DAVID BUEL, Jr., JONAS C. HEARTT, HENRY NAZRO, NATHAN DAUCHY, JOSEPH M. WARREN, WALTER W. WEBB, Vestrymen; the Hon. DAVID BUEL, Jr., offered the following preamble and resolutions, which were adopted unanimously:

The summons for our present meeting informed us that a great man has fallen in our midst. Whilst the Pestilence is sending the destroyer through the length and breadth of the land, in his most terrific form, we are called to contemplate death as a kind messenger sent by a merciful God to remove our venerable friend and father from protracted pains and suffering, to meet his Lord, for whose coming he had long patiently waited.

Few men in this great State have rendered more important services to the public than GEORGE TIBBITS, and we might dwell largely on his exalted character as a practical statesman and political economist. But we deem this not to be the fit occasion for such a notice. We desire now only to make a brief record of an aged Christian and venerable member of our church and vestry, MR. TIBBITS was strongly and steadily attached to the services of the church of his choice. He loved her public worship and rejoiced to the latest period of his life to participate in her public ordinances.

And although he has long been unable to repair to her courts without assistance, he continued, whenever his health permitted, even to the last of our communion seasons, to have his venerable form borne to the consecrated place to join with his brethren in the affecting prayers of our Liturgy, and in celebrating the death of his Lord and Saviour.

important crisis, and his posthumous fame will be identified with that of De Witt Clinton and others, in settling the policy, and maturing the measures which have brought the waters of our inland lakes to mingle with the ocean. In all the freighted treasures borne along our great canals now for so many years, there have been so many daily witnesses of the sagacious forecast and practical wisdom of our lamented friend. He was also the chief magistrate of this city of his choice and love, for many years. His name will ever be identified with its growth and prosperity. His prac-

As a vestry, and as members of the church, we rejoice to have been so long permitted to enjoy his presence and his prayers; and we feel grateful to God that he has caused the declining sun of our venerable friend to shed its mellowed rays among us for a period prolonged far beyond his own, or our expectation.

In view of the departrue of our illustrious brother amidst so many grounds of consolation,

Resolved, As the sense of this vestry, that the removal of the venerable George Tibbits, the oldest member of this vestry, and one of the earliest members of the congregation, from his protracted pains and suffering, to meet, as we trust, the Lord, for whose coming he had long patiently waited, affords great consolation to those who have so long enjoyed his friendship and counsels, and greatly alleviated the sorrow produced by the reflection that we shall see his face no more.

Resolved, That as a testimonial of our respect for the memory of the deceased, the members of the vestry will attend the funeral in a body, and wear the customary badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these proceedings be signed by the Rector, and communicated to the children of the deceased, and also published in the city papers. R. B. Van Kleeck, *Rector.*

[A copy.]

Walter W. Webb, *Clerk.*

tical wisdom, his personal services, and his untiring energy, were always devoted to her interests, and if he has no other monument, with those who shared the labor of the enterprise, the salutary waters flowing through our streets, which are under Providence, to us a fountain of health, and our best protection from the ravages of fire, will murmur still his epitaph; sweet emblem of the gentle flow of his quiet, useful, peaceful life. May all who shall be called to any public trust, be found as honest and as wise as he, as true to duty, and to conscience, as honored, and as useful, as the venerated man we this day mourn.

III. This brings us in the last place to his religous character. Of this there are some aspects which it may be profitable to contemplate. For a long time wavering and unsettled in his religous views, he at length found satisfaction in the doctrines and services of the church of his choice and affections. His name appears as one of the Vestrymen of this church since 1805, so that for the long period of forty-four years this parish has enjoyed his counsels and his influence. He also at different times represented the parish in the convention of the Diocese. Though at the time of his union with the church, he was engross-

ed with cares, and in the full vigor of his mind and strength, he thought it not too soon to turn his thoughts to higher things of God and Heaven, he deemed it wise, with all his gains, to make the calculation "what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the world, and lose his soul?" He was not ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified, before the world, in the vows of Baptism and of Confirmation, and he sought in the holy communion at once to discharge his bounden duty and to renew his spiritual strength. Though in its early stages his religious character was sore-let and hindered by his worldly cares, yet none who knew him doubted its sincerity. It was reserved for later days, and long and weary years of suffering and pain, to chasten and subdue his spirit, to withdraw his mind and heart from cares of earth, to give him clearer views of truth and duty, and though "tribulation, patience and experience," to settle and sustain his faith and hope. Though for twelve weary years he has been feeling the infirmities of age, and for a great portion of that time has been chastened with strong pain, while his limbs refused their office, and his strength was weakened, so that it often seemed a miracle how life could be prolonged, yet he bore his suffer-

ings patiently, he saw in them the hand of God, he felt that they were wise and well, he reaped their blessed fruits, and with his overflowing child like gratitude to God, for what he often called "his multiplied mercies to him," he failed not to acknowledge *this*, his sparing goodness, that taught through suffering, and chastened by his grace, he might know more of God and of himself, and be more meet for death and Heaven. The general tenor of his Christian life, was just what we might look for from his previous habits, his large possessions and his many cares. Of these he paid the penalty, in doubts and fears, in weakness and discouragement.

Thus in his weary sufferings of body, and his mental struggles, he verified the Saviour's warning words, "How hardly," (with what difficulty and through how many hindrances) "shall a rich man enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. Verily I say unto you, it is more easy for a camel to go through a needle's eye, than for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of God." How hard is it for them who are rich in this world to be really humble, to be truly penitent, to have a lively faith, to live and feel, as strangers here, to renounce the world in heart and hope; and to

lay up treasures in the Heavens. All these hindrances he deeply felt and mourned, and it is a matter of devout thanksgiving, that he was laid aside and spared so long, for higher meditations and for holier hopes. He never spoke with confidence of his spiritual state. He said to me at different times, (and I made a minute of his words,) what may give a good idea of the general tenor of his feelings and his thoughts. "I feel," said he, "that in a few days I am to change my associations, and to be with beings with whom I am not as familiar as I ought to be even in thought." "In looking over the *ups and downs* of my affairs, I see nothing that I can rely upon but the cross, and I hope to be able to remain steadfast at the foot of that cross, and clinging to it in the great change which lies before me. I am to change my home, my residence on earth, and enter on a new and untried existence. This will be to me a state of happiness or misery, and I pray for more full assurance, and can only trust and hope, that if my repentance be not sincere, and my faith right, God may make it so. In him I must trust at last. This is about my condition."

These were his very words, and from such a man are a strong testimony to the power and

preciousness of the gospel of Christ. Of late, he has, if anything, been more humble and tender, more full of love and gratitude, more meek and earnest in prayer, and more wholly given to the meditation and contemplation of death and its issues, of a future state and its employments, and of the recognition of friends in another world, where he often said he hoped to meet his lamented wife and venerated mother. Ye have been witnesses, how well he loved the house of God; and to the other evidences which his life had given, of his attachment to the services of the Church, he was borne in weakness and in pain, whenever his strength permitted, despite all obstacles, to the consecrated place of prayer and praise. On the first Sunday in this month, he here* received his last communion. It was an impressive and affecting scene, which drew tears from many eyes, and moved all hearts, when his weak hands were stretched out to receive the consecrated symbols of his Saviour's body and blood, the tears coursing down his cheeks, and his sinking eyes raised to Heaven, meet tokens of his trusting faith, his humble penitence, and trem-

*His rapid failure and condition at the last, prevented his receiving it again before his death.

bling hope. Another Sunday after, two weeks ago to-day, his venerable frame was here all day.

Our sermon on the morning of that day, was from the words of dying Jacob, "I have waited for thy salvation, O Lord," and while we dwelt on Jacob's faith, and the last words of David, and the sweet song of good old Simeon, "Lord, now let thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation," we little thought that they would prove prophetic of the speedy change of that loved and venerated form, as we trust they were the earnest of his happy entrance into rest.

Farewell, dear friend and father; I ask no better friend; and as a father, thy name shall be revered. Thy words of wisdom, thy trembling tones of tenderness, and thy warm tokens of affection, shall be engraven on my heart. And to say nothing of the very many young and old to whom it has been my privilege to minister in this parish, who have passed away, and the venerable fathers and mothers in Israel, who have entered into rest, on whom I might fondly dwell, to have enjoyed the confidence and friendship, and to have been permitted as an humble instrument, to minister to the spiritual comfort, in life and in death, of two such laymen as Stephen Warren and

George Tibbits, will be among the highest, purest satisfactions of my ministry, while life shall last, and in its issues and its memories for ever!

And now, why tarry we? It only yet remains to bear the precious treasure to its resting place. We sorrow most of all that we shall see his venerable face and form no more. And yet "we sorrow not as those who have no hope." The very silence of this scene is eloquent; and here ye see, my friends, the way of all the earth, the end of human life. However prosperous, however long, however cherished and beloved, *the end must come*, and then, all that remains for mortal man, when life's fitful dream is over, *is a coffin and a sepulchre.*

Draw near, ye living men, and see the end of all your toils and cares, and earthly hopes. I see before me many honored men of energy and enterprise, and uprightness, kind and useful in their sphere, and cherished and beloved by many hearts, who take not yet their open stand "on the Lord's side," and "are yet ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified." What are you living for, my friends? Not for this world alone, I trust, for it will soon leave you and forsake you, and you must leave behind its faded

honors, its corrupted treasures, and its unsatisfying joys, to tread *alone* the dark and shadowy vale of death. In that dread hour it will avail you nought to have been shrewd and active men, rich men, honored men, but to have been truly Christian men, "humble and holy men of heart," with your firm trust in God through Christ and your hearts and hopes above; this and this alone will be your welcome watchword at the gates of death, your passport to the joys of Heaven. Will ye not, one and all, then seek the things which are above? A few short days and we all, "like leaves and flowers shall pass away." The places which now know us shall know us no more. God's warnings are abroad, "The pestilence walketh in darkness, and the sickness is wasting at noonday." "Then boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."

My aged friends, another of your little band is taken, your venerable ranks are thinning fast, your end is drawing nigh, are you prepared to meet it with a steadfast Christian faith and cheerful hope? And as the aged pass away, as one by one the pillars of the City and the Church are taken down, who is there ready to supply their places, "to be

baptized for the dead," and to be made the pillars in the temples of our God? "Instead of the fathers shall be the children," is the faithful promise. May the Lord fulfil it in his time, and may the mantle and the spirit of honored, pious, parents passed into the skies, fall "on their children and their childrens' children" to cheer the Church and bless the world.

Thomas A. Thacher

A Discourse

COMMEMORATIVE OF

PROFESSOR JAMES L. KINGSLEY;

DELIVERED BY REQUEST OF THE FACULTY,

IN THE

CHAPEL OF YALE COLLEGE,

OCTOBER 29, 1852.

BY THOMAS A. THACHER,

PROFESSOR OF LATIN.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

The Address at the Funeral,

SEPTEMBER 1, 1852,

BY THEODORE D. WOOLSEY, D. D.,

PRESIDENT OF YALE COLLEGE.

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Address at the Funeral.

It is but a few hours since the intelligence reached me in a remote part of the State, that Professor Kingsley, whom a fortnight since, the evening before leaving town, I had visited and found in comfortable health, was no more. I hurried home as speedily as possible, that I might join in paying the last honors to one whom I had not only loved, but honored during his life. But it is both desirable and proper, in the highest degree, that among these last honors, there should be some due notice of the life and character of our deceased friend; and there are some reasons why I should undertake the duty. I felt, when this was proposed to me, that our friend whom we are assembled to honor, who has more than once employed his classical pen in giving a funeral tribute to departed colleagues, would have shrunk from doing this at so short notice; and that words more deliberate and chosen, should of right be bestowed upon one who never uttered anything which was not well considered and matured. That such a tribute will be given to him at some future time, by some friend capable of doing justice to his memory, I do not doubt. At present, let me, without anticipating that pleasing, painful office, say what my feelings prompt, and what the occasion seems to call for.

The life of one who has passed fifty-four years, out of the seventy-four assigned to him, in one place and in a literary institution, where year after year repeats the same story and brings the same employments, is not eventful; and its outlines are nearly as familiar to most of my audience as to myself. He was born, Aug. 28, 1776, in Scotland, a parish of Windham, Connecticut, of respectable parents, whose circumstances enabled them to give him the advantages of a classical education. He entered the then infant college of Williamstown in 1795, and after remaining there a year or over, transferred his relations to this College, where he spent the greater part of the three last years of his collegiate life. He left college with the reputation of an exact scholar, and after teaching school at Wethersfield, returned here in 1801 to discharge the office of a tutor, which he filled at first in company with his but lately deceased, eminent class mate, Moses Stuart. His tutorship was continued for some time; and, that discerning man, President Dwight, perceiving in him rare qualities which the college needed, he received from the corporation the appointment, in 1805, of Professor of languages and ecclesiastical history. He continued, however, until about 1812, to take a division of a class and to carry it through the studies of the three first years; after which time his especial office of Professor of the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages engrossed his instructions. Hebrew and Greek were part of his province, until in 1831 the one, and somewhat later the other, of these studies was allotted to a separate instructor. In 1851, after fifty years of unbroken connection with the College as a teacher, he resigned his Professorship of Latin, and received most honorable testimonials of the estimate in which his services had been

held by the Corporation, with the request that he would continue his connection with the College as professor emeritus. The last year he has, from choice and as a pleasure, given some instructions in his former department; and it was a great pleasure to his colleagues that the same low tones of that old familiar voice had not ceased to be heard within the walls of the recitation-rooms, which had been through his life the chief scene of his labors. He still continued, also, to occupy a study at college and receive visits there, but gave notice during the Summer that he should relinquish his chamber. Hardly had he quitted it, when a summons came to him to leave these earthly scenes and this tenement of clay, in which he had been a lodger beyond the ordinary term of human life; and in a good old age, full of honors, enjoying and being enjoyed by his friends to a greater degree, perhaps, than ever before, in circumstances of great temporal prosperity, with his family circle unbroken except in a single instance, he was called away from this world, by a disease comparatively without pain, on Tuesday, Aug. 31, having just entered on the seventy-fifth year of his age.

I propose to speak of Professor Kingsley as a scholar, and man of letters; as a college officer, and as a man.

As a scholar and man of letters, the high rank which he occupied in the estimation of his colleagues, his pupils, and the literary public, was owing to the variety and the exactness of his knowledge, as well as to the power and raciness of his pen. In variety of acquirments he has rarely been equaled by American scholars. In the Hebrew and Greek languages his attainments were highly respectable. In Latin he had that rare maturity, that his criticisms, and his elegant selection of words in Latin

composition, alike showed him to be a master. I doubt if any American scholar has ever surpassed him in Latin style. With several of the modern languages, and their literature, he was familiar. In the mathematical sciences he made great proficiency in early and middle life, and I well remember his assisting Prof. Fisher in his calculations of the orbit of a comet. In the moral sciences also, he was by no means a novice, as he showed whenever it became necessary on an emergency for some one to supply the place, for the time, of the regular officer in these branches. He was uniformly selected for this work, and showed by his success in undertaking it, that he thoroughly knew the ground on which he stood. His acquaintance, likewise, with Theology was that of one who had carefully examined different systems, comprehended them, and settled in his own mind their relative claims. But it was in history that he always seemed to me to be strongest and to surpass himself. This was true to some extent of modern history, both civil and ecclesiastical, since the coming of Christ; but American history, above all that of New England, and of his native State, had been not only studied by him, but investigated profoundly. Am I wrong in saying that no citizen of Connecticut, since Dr. Trumbull's time, has gone beyond him in acquaintance with its past times, or has been better qualified to write an account of them? And as for the history of the College, who ever thought of going to any other authority, whether he was in quest of date, document, or fact? It is among the causes why we do not feel that we can spare him yet, that the history of the College, which he was solicited to write by its authorities, has not been undertaken, and that much of what he

had treasured up in his ample and exact memory must die with him.

When to this it is added that he was well versed in English literature, and that these acquisitions were made under unfavorable circumstances, while the College had few modern books, while there was no one on whom he could draw, or who could guide his studies, and while he suffered from a long continued weakness of the eyes, which scarcely allowed him, for years, to study at night; our respect for his enlightened and determined spirit of progress must be greatly increased. He made advances, and attempted new studies, long after he had reached that period of middle life when very many become rigid, and feel that their life-work is nearly done.

In characterizing Mr. Kingsley as a writer, it will be necessary to anticipate what would naturally occur when we bring the traits of his character under review; for style and authorship are emanations of a man's personality. His great diffidence and caution, made him reluctant to come much before the public under his own name, and prevented him entirely from writing on subjects where he did not feel himself quite a master. To judge of what he effected as a writer—while some few works, as the Life of President Stiles, in Sparks's Series, have his name added—we must look chiefly to his anonymous contributions to the periodical literature of the country; and to other occasional works, in which, if his name did not appear, it was easy for those acquainted with him to trace the man. In this field he not only commanded the high respect of those who are best able to judge, but rendered signal service to the cause of letters by rectifying errors and exposing false pretensions to scholar-

ship. If his pen was sometimes a formidable weapon to advocates of *shams*, it was not because it was an envenomed shaft, but because it always hit the mark, and was wielded with power, and obeyed the voice of truth and justice.

His style was eminently happy. Like the man—without pretension or ambition, aiming at the point before it, it was sparkling with wit, and conveyed the meaning of the writer precisely; for, as no man ever better understood what he wished to say, so no one could choose more appropriate words to say it in. His style was like his taste in composition. He rejected whatever aimed at effect, whatever was uncommon and odd in expression, as carefully as some writers search for it; and by his raciness, clearness, felicitous choice of words, method and happiness in argument, showed that he who has forgotten himself in his production, will, if otherwise capable, succeed the best.

Viewing him as a college officer, we may look especially at his instructions, his discipline, and his general influence upon college affairs. His instructions, if not attended with that rare power which his classmate, Prof. Stuart, possessed, of kindling enthusiasm in the pupils, were characterized by brief but happy illustration, and carried a conviction to those who heard him, that he perfectly understood the subject. He had the art, too, of conveying his own meaning precisely in his oral remarks as well as in his writings, so that the student carried away from his class-rooms a clear apprehension of the author. In discipline, while he agreed uniformly with the other college officers in their views of government, he would rebuke offenses committed in the recitation

room, or some other public place, by a word conveyed with such spirit and meaning as pretty effectually to prevent a repetition, at least in his presence. I may say here, perhaps, that some of these keen, but just censures, coming, as they did, fraught with his peculiar wit, sometimes during his earlier years rankled in the minds of those at whom they were aimed; but in this there seemed to me a marked difference as he advanced in years. The shaft was equally polished, but did not reach to the quick. With all this, no one in the Faculty was more lenient in general to offenders, or inclined more to the side of compassion. If there was an exception to this, it was when a peculiarly mean and base offense had occurred, when he felt strongly—so strongly one might say, that the knowledge how he felt would have been sometimes sufficient punishment of itself.

His influence upon the prosperity of the college in other ways, not included under these two heads, was very great;—greater, perhaps, than any one, not intimately acquainted with its internal affairs, will be able to understand. As librarian, which office he filled during nineteen years, the choice of books fell to him; and he enriched the library with the best works in various departments, and thus prepared the way for higher scholarship. The extensive purchases which he made in Europe six years ago, are but the carrying out of this system. He, perhaps more than any one else, introduced new text-books of a superior character into our course of study. Although habitually disinclined to make changes, yet there came from him as much silent influence in favor of change as from any other person; and if the College has grown or improved in the last half century, much of that improve-

ment is to be attributed to him. Another source of his influence lay in his ability to fulfill those numberless duties which devolve on no single college office; it may be said that he had by far the most of these laid upon him. If there was to be a defense of the system of study pursued in the institution, it fell to him; if a sketch of its history was to be prepared, he was applied to; the triennial and the yearly necrologies of the last ten years witness to his diligence in another direction. In short, as he wielded the pen of a ready writer, almost every college document was his production.

Passing now to the qualities of character for which he was remarkable, we may name first among his traits great perspicacity. I do not suppose that this quality was ever denied to him by any one; and it appeared equally prominent whether he formed judgments of character, or looked into questions of matter of fact, or was called to decide upon plans and projects. He saw through the fallacies of arguments with clearness, and disentangled sophistries with uncommon logical power. He ran to the strong points of a case with great quickness, and being able to place them, by his power of representation, in a striking light, could produce a vivid impression upon the minds of others.

In connection with his quickness of discernment may be named that sparkling wit, for which he was somewhat famous. This quality, as it has presented itself to me, did not partake of the nature of sarcasm, nor was it the power of exhibiting things in ludicrous lights. Its character was best seen, perhaps, in repartee, where his quickness and the vividness of his conceptions had free room to act. I never saw anything ill-natured or malig-

nant in the wit of Prof. Kingsley: it rather gushed forth from a soul full of kindly feeling; and he carefully restrained himself from giving offense. To perspicacity he united an uncommon degree of caution. His anxiety to be right, and his fear of making mistakes, led him to look through every part of a subject; and he never ventured upon expressing an opinion, especially upon a contested matter of fact in history, without fully exploring the ground beforehand. From this quality, and from perspicacity, flowed his exactness, which was carried along by a memory that retained even the minuter details of things; so that it was a familiar thing to appeal to him in regard to dates, and to precedents in college affairs. From this same caution, united with great sensitiveness, arose his reluctance, already mentioned, to appear in his own name before the reading public. He was not, however, a timid man in the sense of fearing personal danger, or of being deficient in moral courage: far from this; he never was afraid to act or think for himself, or to differ from the majority in his judgments.

To this exactness his love of truth contributed; while, perhaps, habits of exactness may have re-acted in strengthening the other quality. He had an honest, impartial mind, one which, though strong in its feelings on some subjects, did not allow itself to be blinded by biases any more than by deceptions from abroad.

Having thus named some of his moral traits as connected with his intellectual, I proceed to speak of his kindly and friendly feelings. His feelings were not expressed in words, and especially, those which had himself for their object: in fact, he was reserved so far as they were concerned. But his intercourse with his friends,

above all, in the later years of his life, has given them delightful assurances of interest taken in their welfare, and willingness to take trouble for their sakes. If any one ever imagined that he was a morose and distant man, he certainly must have lived at a distance from him and not in his immediate fellowship. No man has been more communicative, more willing to assist, more sociable, and companionable. But for this he needed to be at his ease—on terms of familiarity, and, as it were, in a corner.

I must forbear to refer to some other traits, and pass on to his moral and religious character. What this is, above all what are felt to be his relations to God, is the great question to be asked of any character; for, however superior his critical and logical powers, he is to go before a judge more discerning, more perspicacious, who will place the true piety of the feeblest mind above the highest powers without it. Our deceased friend felt that this was the great question. In early life he had given his full assent to the general system of Christian doctrine taught by Dr. Dwight, and felt that salvation could come to man only by divine grace through the Savior. Of his faith in this system of doctrine and his Christian hope, he made a public profession in his youth, from which he has never swerved. Its influence has appeared in strictness of morality, in regulating his family on Christian principles, in subduing faults, in supporting him under affliction. He was not forward to talk of himself, still less was he of his deeper feelings, and least of all, of his religious ones. Perhaps to the reserve on this subject which is common among New Englanders and among literary people, he added

some of his own, to be ascribed to caution and diffidence. Perhaps he might have done more good to others had he had less of it, and might thus have cultivated his own religious character more successfully. But we believed that the religion was there; and hence, when his eldest son met a sudden death by falling off a dock at night while in search of a steamboat, his friends were not disappointed in seeing the apparent submission with which he bore this heavy burden. During his last illness, also, he has distinctly had death in view, and declared his reliance on Christ alone for salvation, and his faith in the Christian verities which he had professed to receive. The expression of faith and hope from such a man, who abhorred show and mere profession, and was habitually sincere, is an unspeakable source of satisfaction to surviving friends.

But that man of years and rare acquisitions and rare endowments is with us no more. That sun which as it descended into the evening sky shed more and more placid light around, has gone; and we shall not soon behold another person with equal gifts so happily blended; one, whom—while the public, not aware of the secret workings of his mind and his insensible influence, could only estimate him at second hand—the friends and companions of a corner and of a retirement alone could value according to his true worth. For one, may I express freely at this time my feelings—that it has been one of the happiest things connected with my residence at Yale College, for more than twenty years, that I have been brought into somewhat intimate contact with Prof. Kingsley? When I came here his professorship was divided, and one branch assigned to me; he received me with the kindness of a father, or older brother;

and never—never, certainly, unless by my fault, has a shade passed over the harmony and pleasantness of our intercourse. The outpourings of his private hours, at his chamber in college, or upon the walk from prayers home, have been among the refreshments of my life. He has, more than any person, influenced my movements where questions of importance were stated: I have sympathized with him in his sorrows, and he with me. And now, when the grave is about to close over all that is mortal in him, when his sparkling wit, his keen observations on life, his exact re-production of impressions made by what he has seen, his valuable experience and stores of information, his interest and curiosity in all that is new, his opinions on politics or literature, are missed; and that low voice to which friends have listened with delight, is hushed;—I feel that a person of a most uncommon union of qualities, and of a most rare individuality, has left us;—a truly academical man, one, the like of whom his alma mater, though she may see as able and devoted to her interests, will not soon look upon.

In bringing these hasty remarks to a close, may I be allowed to express a few words of sympathy and exhortation to his family and surviving college friends? To his widow, I would speak as to one who has known illness and sorrow, and those consolations which are derived from a higher than earthly source; and who in declining life is waiting for a summons which will not find her unprepared: We sympathize, madam, in your bereavement; and pray that the great Finisher of Faith may work the peaceable fruits of righteousness thereby. For his children I would implore the blessings of a God and Savior, to whom they have been

dedicated in Baptism, in the knowledge of whom they have been trained, and whose word of truth one of them has begun to preach. May they see the hand of God in this dispensation, and take it to heart as those who may be summoned from the world in the earlier part of life, and may ere long follow their father! May they prize the inheritance of a name which he has made honorable, and fall not short of that high standard of character of which they have been taught the value; and may that one of their number, who will be startled on his journey for health in a distant land by the intelligence of this loss, meet it with the submission and spirit of trust in God, which becomes the Christian profession! To his college friends, whether now or formerly his colleagues in office, I would say, Respected and revered friends, our ranks are now for the first time in many years, thinned by death. But in the natural course of Providence, so long an exemption from mortality cannot happen again. Who will be called next and how soon, whether the venerable head on which the crown of years is wreathed with a garland of honor, or some younger member of our body; whether the invalid who has been shut up for months in domestic retirement, or the man in full vigor of life, God only knows; but he warns us by this event to be ready for our summons. It is a small thing for us, let us feel, to acquire a literary reputation for ourselves or to honor our college. Let us lay to heart the great end of living, and the assistances to fidelity we shall meet with by the way, if we seek for them. Let us keep in view, more than literary men are sometimes wont to do, the distinctive peculiarities of Christ's religion as a gospel to sinners, and be more in earnest to spread it among our pupils. Then, whether

we die with the harness on, or pass before death into that delicious repose in old age which is so bright in the prospect, we shall be alike ready, alike joyful in the consciousness of having served God in Christian fidelity, and alike animated by the best hopes of acceptance through Christ.

DISCOURSE.

I CANNOT enter upon the duty assigned me on this occasion without expressing the feeling, that the honor of our deceased friend would have required that his life and character should be set before you by one who was earlier if not more intimately associated with him, and one possessed of more ability and skill to perform the task worthily. But I have yielded to the request of others and to the propriety of the occasion, and must ask your indulgence if my words fail to do justice to the man who held, and deserved to hold, so high a place among American scholars. It is a consolation that his memory depends not on what may now be said of him; that his name, which, now that his career is finished, is laid up as a part of the safe and garnered treasure of this ancient seminary, has gathered for itself a luster, which we could not easily increase or dim. It is indeed true that his useful years have been spent in the seclusion and retirement of an academic life. But to his retreat thousands have come from a thousand different places, to be trained by him for the public contests of life, and have gone out again to places still more numerous and remote, carrying with them a lively and abiding admiration of his varied

learning, his refined taste, his delicate sensibility of mind and heart. These thousands of educated men, now scattered throughout the world, would need no new assurance of the eminent qualities of their departed teacher. Nay, I feel sure that anything which one could say on such an occasion as the present, would give pleasure to them only as it served to *recall* to their minds those characteristics with which they were already familar, and thus aided to restore to their view, for a moment, the dear friend who has passed forever from human sight. His memory, therefore,—the memory of his excellences and his usefulness—is secure, whatever may be my inability to do him justice; and his name will henceforth be mentioned with those of Stiles and Dwight and whoever else shall have given the ripeness of their learning or their wisdom to the interests of this institution.

Twenty-one years have passed away since I first saw Professor Kingsley, venerable even then, to my eyes, for age; and although those years have borne him irresistibly on, to and over the limit of his earthly life, I shall yet ever feel grateful to them, that, as they passed, they were bringing me to the knowledge and familiar acquaintance and friendship of one possessed of so rare excellences. But this friendly intercourse has been abruptly terminated; and I feel as though a light had been suddenly put out, which had been constantly, though I might add unconsciously, shining on me, not only to guide, but to shed a cheerful brightness on my path. This disappearance may well bring a shadow over my thoughts and feelings; and not only on me, but on all my colleagues, who all, save one venerable

head, have been at sometime in their past life his pupils; nor on us only, but on all this group of families and this collection of youth who compose the community to which he belonged. As we gather, therefore, on this occasion with members of his afflicted family and other near friends, in this familiar place, to restore him, if possible, more vividly to our view for a little time, by recalling the events of his life and enumerating the traits of his character, we find our pleasure mingled with sadness; for we are at the same time more vividly reminded that, with all his genius, with all the richness and sincerity of his nature, with all his intellectual graces and acquirements and vigor, which made him so much our reliance and ornament for many years, he has ceased from among us.

James Luce Kingsley was born in Scotland, a parish of Windham, Conn., on the 28th day of August, in the year 1778. He was of English Puritan origin, being a lineal descendant in the sixth generation from John Kingsley, one of the seven men who, in 1636, constituted the first church in Dorchester, Mass. His father Jonathan Kingsley, was a man distinguished in the community in which he lived, for integrity, good judgment, and benevolence. It is evidence of the estimation in which he was held, that, besides being charged with other public duties of inferior importance, he, in the year 1805, was chosen representative of the town of Windham to the legislature of the State. In private life, as a member of the family, he was particularly remembered by his children, and is still remembered by his only surviving child, as being disposed to retire for the most part from observation and from intercourse

with men, and in modest seclusion to employ in reading the hours of leisure which remained from his agricultural pursuits. An inland town in Connecticut, seventy years ago, could have furnished, as a general thing, but few opportunities for gratifying a literary taste of this kind. But Mr. Kingsley did what he could toward supplying the deficiency. He became a member of an association who sustained a circulating library of valuable books; and although he was under the necessity of going to the neighboring town of Canterbury, where the library was kept, for every exchange of books, it is believed that the privileges it afforded were enjoyed by him to their full extent. This library held an important place in his life, especially in his later years, when an increasing difficulty of hearing cut him off, even more than he would have desired, from the pleasures of social intercourse.

The mother of Professor Kingsley was equally distinguished for intelligence and good judgment, and was always remembered by her son with the highest respect and affection. It does not appear that she was characterized by that sensitive diffidence which marked her husband, and which was inherited from his father by her son; but, in practical benevolence towards those who needed their kindness, as well as in the liberal plans they designed for the education of their children, the parents were well agreed. Their family consisted of four children, two sons and two daughters, of whom James Luce was the oldest.

Professor Kingsley, in speaking of his father, the evening before he died, seemed to desire to bear testimony to his worth, and to the very great obligation

which he felt for certain strong impressions and fixed habits which he had derived from him. He said that he had often thought that the training which he had received in his childhood, was the best he could have had, to prepare him for the course of life which had been appointed him.

Among the intimate friends of this family, at an early period, so familiar, indeed, as almost to make a part of it, were two aged persons, who deserve particular mention. These were John Whiting and his wife. There was no tie of consanguinity between the families, but Mr. Whiting had been a relative of Mrs. Kingsley's first husband. These aged people showed as much interest in the children of this young family, and as much partiality for them, as if they had really been their grand parents, as they were habitually called by them. Mr. Whiting graduated at Yale College, a member of the class of 1726, and died the 28th of August, 1786, having been for some time preceding his death the oldest of the living graduates of the College. On the day of his death, the oldest of these "grand-children" completed his eighth year.

From Capt. Whiting, as he was called, the lad whose history we are tracing received undoubtedly much information respecting Yale College, and was perhaps led by the interest thus early awakened to desire to be educated there, a desire which he very early entertained, and for which his father gave up, as it will afterwards appear, a somewhat different plan. But whatever effect the veteran graduate may have had in determining the preferences of the boy, it is least certain that he first initiated him, when less than eight years old,

into the mysterious abbreviations of the Triennial Catalogue of the College. Professor Kingsley himself alluded to this circumstance not long before his death, and his surviving sister still remembers her wonder at the interest her little brother manifested in so strange a book. In this connection it is interesting to add, that no number of the Triennial Catalogue has been issued for the last fifty years, without Professor Kingsley's superintendence.

The childhood of Prof. Kingsley showed the same characteristics as his mature life. He was intelligent and cheerful, but extremely diffident and sensitive, and disposed to withdraw himself from all observation, and bury himself in his book. When his image recurs to his surviving sister, a book is always brought into the view with it. Books withdrew him from play, and almost made him an uninteresting boy to his more active companions; and sometimes they interfered with more important occupations. On one occasion, at least, during the busy season of the farm, he was sent home, or taken home from the fields by one of the workmen, who "did not want a boy to drive oxen, who held a whip in one hand and a book in the other." A lad thus accustomed to find his pleasure in books, rather than in active sports, would naturally excel those of his own age in the school room; and that was the case in this instance. His mates despaired of ever being able to excel him, and wished that James Kingsley was not in their school; while, at the same time, his excellence attracted the attention of the venerable Dr. Jas. Cogswell, who volunteered the advice to his parents, that he should receive a collegiate education. The powers of his memory especially had surprised Dr.

Cogswell, who presented him with a book, for repeating, or showing that he could repeat, the whole of the catechism from beginning to end, question and answer. The uncommon knowledge of the Bible which remained with Prof. Kingsley through life, and enabled him to tell *what* was in the Bible, and *where* it was with surprising readiness, was doubtless acquired, to a great extent, in his childhood. In this familiarity with the Bible, as well as in his ready and retentive memory, he resembled his mother. He resembled her also in personal appearance; and I may add here, that his attachment to her was strong, and was characterized by that affection which a diffident and sensitive boy feels towards one to whom he has given his full confidence.

But the hint of their pastor was not needed by his parents, who had from his earliest years determined to train up their son for a collegiate education. He was accordingly at the age of ten years sent away from home to be instructed by a competent teacher at Plainfield, Conn. I do not learn how long he remained at Plainfield; but it appears that he was, at some time after this, instructed by Mr. Elliott, of Windham, from whom he was subsequently transferred to the family of the Rev. Mr. Weld, of Hampton. With the last-named clergyman he remained until he was fitted for college. At the age of seventeen, he was sent to Williams College, where he was admitted a freshman in the year 1795. I have not been able to learn what led Mr. Kingsley to overrule the preferences of his son respecting the place of his collegiate education, unless it was the fact that several young men from Windham, and the neighboring towns, were, at that time, pursuing their studies

at that newly established institution. But this reason has more weight with us when we learn that the son, who, from his early childhood, had nearly confined his attention to the contents of books, or to the thoughts of his own mind, suggested by them, knew but little of the world without and around him, and would therefore be unskillful in adapting himself to a change of circumstances. His health, moreover, was habitually delicate, and his parents may, therefore, very properly have attached more importance to the circumstance alluded to, than would have been reasonable in other cases. But he remained at Williamstown only a year.

There is a short chapter of his history, which follows next after the year spent at Williamstown, to which Professor Kingsley scarcely ever alluded during his long life. The recollection of it was doubtless painful to his sensitive mind; but since it is valuable, not only as a portion of his history, but also because it occasioned the transfer of his relations to this college, I have concluded briefly to narrate it.

At the close of the vacation which followed his freshman year, his father went with him to Lebanon, and saw him set out in a public vehicle for Hartford, whence he was to go by stages to Williamstown. He reached Hartford in safety, where he spent the night. He was about this time, for a considerable period, in very feeble health. The next morning, by some misdirection, he took the wrong conveyance; and when he reached the end of his long journey, during which his mind was probably more occupied with his own subjects of thought, than with any occurrences about him, he found, that instead of being in Williamstown he was in

the city of New York. In his perplexity, and feeling too unwell to undertake immediately the return journey, he determined to seek out some quiet place, where he might recover his strength by a few days of repose. He accordingly crossed over into the State of New Jersey, and having found lodgings that suited him, he remained there about two weeks, when, his health having been gradually restored, he set out on his way homeward. When he reached home, he was too unwell to explain at once his unexpected return. Indeed, his restoration to his wonted health was very slow, so that he did not leave home again until the next spring. It is said, however, that his father's consent that he should go to Yale College after his recovery, was one of the most efficient of his remedies.

In May, 1797, he went to New Haven, and was admitted a member of the Sophomore class. It is said that he was examined at the same time, and in the same room with Moses Stuart, his classmate, with whom he was afterwards intimately associated, and whose career was from that time of deep interest, and in many respects of profound gratification to him, to the very end of his life. As a member of college, he was faithful to himself and to the requirements of the institution. He was regular in the performance of his duties, and was an industrious, thorough, inquisitive student. He gave nobody any trouble, unless it was by his questions respecting the subjects of study. But he was always very retiring and unobtrusive. Wit and repartee may have been thrifty in his thoughts, but they did not yet venture to the light. He seemed to be happy to escape observation; and so evident was his delicate sensibility,

that, for that reason, and on account of the feebleness of his health, he was treated with marked delicacy by his fellow students.

Mr. Kingsley graduated as Bachelor of Arts with his class in 1799. The next year he spent in Wethersfield, as a teacher of a select school. One of the chief enjoyments of his residence in that place was derived from his acquaintance with Judge Stephen Mix Mitchell, an acquaintance which he always remembered, and often recurred to with pleasure. And he commended himself so far in his station as a teacher, that when, after twelve months, he returned home to spend the next year under the paternal roof, two sons of Judge Mitchell accompanied him as his pupils.

On the 10th of September, 1801, he was appointed tutor in the college, and entered upon the duties of his office at the beginning of the academic year, which commenced the 21st day of October. As this appointment introduced him to what was to be the permanent business of his life, it may be proper to mention here the few important changes in his external relations, which subsequently occurred, and then proceed to give some description of the man, in connection with his history as an officer and teacher in the college.

After having discharged the duties of the tutorship with singular success for four years, he was, in 1805, appointed professor of the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin Languages, and of Ecclesiastical History. It may surprise some that he should have been set over so extensive a province; but it appears less strange when we learn, that up to the time of this appointment, there had never been a professor of any language in the

college. All the instruction in that department of learning had been given by the tutors, with some aid from the president. Indeed, it may be added, that up to the time when Mr. Kingsley was appointed an officer of the college, there had been in the whole course of its history, but five professors in all, including President Stiles, who, when president, acted as professor of Ecclesiastical History.

Professor Kingsley held his appointment unchanged till, in 1831, a separate professorship of Greek was established. He continued till the year 1835 to teach the Hebrew language, to such as chose to study it. Since that time, the instruction in that language has been given by the professor of Sacred Literature in the Theological department. With regard to Ecclesiastical History, it was said by Professor Kingsley himself, that the appointment was only a nominal one, having been designed to keep the subject before the eye of the public, but not to impose the business of instruction in that department on the nominal incumbent, who was fully occupied with his other numerous duties. He, nevertheless, during a long period of years, delivered a series of lectures on history to the Senior class. He does not appear, however, on the annual catalogue as professor of history after the year 1816. From the year 1831, he considered the Latin language and literature his only proper department; although he did not cease till a few years later, to instruct in Hebrew and history. From the year last named till his resignation in 1851, he had no other designation on the annual catalogue. In August, 1851, just fifty years from the time of his first appointment as an officer, he resigned his place, and

asked to be released from his official connection with the institution. His resignation was accepted in a resolution of the Corporation, expressing their sense of the great value of his services to the college, and requesting him to retain the nominal connection of a professor *emeritus*. He complied with the request, and continued to occupy his study in the college buildings, till two or three weeks before his last sickness. He then, while still in perfect health, removed all his books and papers, and college furniture, to his own house, as if having finished to the very end, his official life. During the half century of his connection with the college, he was never absent for any length of time, except in one instance. In April, 1845, he volunteered to go to Europe at his own expense, for the purchase of books for the library, at which time he was absent about eight months.

In more than one instance, steps appear to have been taken, to secure the services of Professor Kingsley for other institutions. In the year 1810, the trustees of the Theological institution in Andover, were looking about for some one to fill the office, which was afterwards filled with such eminent ability and usefulness by Prof. Stuart. Mr. Stuart was at that time the pastor of the first church in New Haven. One day he came into Mr. Kingsley's room with a letter in his hand, and said to him that he was requested to inquire of him, whether he would accept the office spoken of, if he were appointed. Mr. Kingsley said in reply—"No, Mr. Stuart, you are the man for that place, and if you go there, in six months you will make the young men there feel, that a knowledge of Hebrew is as essential to success in the ministry, as air

is necessary to animal life." The last part of this anecdote has already been published, in connection with the memoir of Prof. Stuart.

Mr. Kingsley was married September 23d, 1811, to Miss Lydia Coit, daughter of Daniel Coit, Esq., of Norwich. Of his family, his widow and three children survive to mourn his great loss. One child, George Theodore Kingsley, a graduate of this College of the class of 1832, died ten years before him.

To return now to the time when he was appointed tutor in this College:—I may say that to this office he brought uncommon qualifications. In the first place, there was a deep and lively interest in the institution. From his earliest years, as we have seen, he had been familiar with it, and had begun to study even the titles of its honors, while yet a mere child. Then the interest with which the facts he had learned, aided by his imagination, had invested the institution, had been deepened by a residence here as a pupil—a foster son of the nourishing mother, who had found him ever dutiful and devoted. Those of us who have been familiar with Prof. Kingsley, and know to what extent he identified himself with the College in after life, can easily imagine how strong may have been his attachment to it, even when, fifty-one years ago, he entered on his tutorship here. Nor is this by any means an unimportant element in calculating his value to the institution. The heart prompts the head no less than the head the heart. In the second place, he was familiar with its system, with the plan of instruction in detail, and knew the defects as well as the merits of that system, in its practical workings; and he began his instructions here, with the determination

that, so far as he was concerned, the defects which he had observed, should not exist, if he could prevent it. Again, he brought with him a literary taste, a love of thorough substantial learning, united with a habit of great accuracy and exactness in its acquisition, a genuine appetite for the *nutrimentum spiritus*, which eminently fitted him for an academic life. He brought with him a soul quick with sensibility, which could not, as it did not, fail to take hold of the interests of those placed under his charge as pupils. He brought with him great humanity, as that word is used in a large and better sense. He brought with him uncommon mental endowments—in short, he brought great ability to labor, and great adaptedness to, and love for, his field.

And he was destined to accomplish a great work here,—as great a work, so far as the internal literary advancement of the institution is concerned, as has been accomplished by any other man. Others may have, and doubtless have, done more for its wide-spread reputation; may have superintended and controlled its affairs with that indispensable wisdom which so commands our homage, without which his labors would have been profitless; may have offered to it a greater gift of a fame of their own, already brilliant; but no man has been more concerned in the internal progress of the College, step by step, from the comparatively low degree at which he found it, to the height at which he left it, than Professor Kingsley. Nor is it strange that it should have been so. He held a position here which no other man has ever held. During eleven years he instructed the students in all the branches pursued by them, from the beginning of the Freshman year to the end of the Ju-

nior year; and as he, by growing familiarity with the continually recurring series, became increasingly sensible of one defect after another, he was instinctively prompted to suggest successive changes. He was not a man of enterprise, but rather the contrary. No man was more disposed than he, to "let well enough alone." But no man was more sensitive than he, to feel what was not well enough, and but few, if any, would have been more skillful than he to devise changes for the better in our academic course. The eminent divine who then presided over the institution, and made the name of Yale College more illustrious for its connection with the name of Timothy Dwight, the Professor of Natural Philosophy and Mathematics, and the Professor of Chemistry and the Natural Sciences, filled each his own important sphere in the instruction and government of the College. But from the nature of the case, their relation to the detail of College studies, as they were chiefly occupied with lectures delivered to the Senior and Junior classes, was very different from that of Professor Kingsley. I will illustrate what I have said by a few particulars.

When Mr. Kingsley became an officer in this college, candidates for admission to the Freshman class were examined in no Greek but that of the four Evangelists. The only Greek required during the college course, was the remaining portion of the Greek Testament. The study of that language in this college was then chiefly fostered by the Berkeley annuity, to receive which, it was necessary to pass a much more extensive examination in classical Greek. The other studies of the Freshman year were Latin and Arithmetic. In the Sophomore year, the study of the Greek Testament was continued, the same

attention was paid to Latin as in the Freshman year while, instead of Arithmetic were substituted Geography, the Elements of Chronology and History, a scanty Algebra, aud a brief treatise on Geometry. In the Junior year, the Greek Testament and Latin as before, with other studies, which it is unnecessary to particularize. The requirements for admission to college were, so far as Latin was concerned, quite respectable, if the examiners were able to insist on a thorough study of the books required. Nor do I doubt but that very respectable attainments were made in the knowledge of that language, in the use of which, within a somewhat limited range of subjects, not a few scholars gained a kind of vernacular facility. But the Greek language was studied very little; and it was this defect in the course of instruction, which seems to have at first attracted the attention of Professor Kingsley. He had been here but a short time when he proposed to have the Iliad of Homer introduced as a text-book. Dr. Dwight objected, that as Greek was recited on Monday morning, it would tempt the students to study Homer on Sunday. Professor Kingsley replied, that it was as wrong to study Greek on Sunday in one book as in another. His request was finally granted, so far as to allow him to hear any persons recite in the book spoken of, *who chose to do so.*

In 1804, an edition of the Græca Minora was published in Cambridge, Mass. The next year after it was published, it was introduced as a text-book here, and studied by the first class which was admitted after Mr. Kingsley was appointed professor, that class having been required to pass an examination on the whole of the Greek Testament before admission to college. After this

important beginning was made, the change was rapid. Not many years later the first volume of the Græca Majora was made a text-book in the classes; and this was followed after an interval by the second volume of the same work. These two large octavo volumes, containing copious selections from the best Greek authors, continued to be the text-books in Greek, till after Professor Kingsley resigned his professorship of that language in 1831. It is believed that this work was first introduced into this country for the use of college classes by Professor Kingsley, and that the first class who used it in this college, were supplied with copies imported from Edinburgh at his order. Before the death of Dr. Dwight, the Græca Minora and the Greek Testament were required for admission to college,—twice as much in quantity, and still more in quality, doubtless, than had been required for a degree, sixteen years before.

But improvements suggested and carried out by Professor Kingsley, aided by the wise counsel of his colleagues, were not confined to the department of the Greek language. Similar changes, though fewer, because fewer were demanded, were made in the Latin studies, both in those required for admission and those pursued afterwards. His services, however, in this department, aside from the influence of his exact and elegant scholarship, were of great value, especially in preparing editions of Latin authors for the press, for the use of the students. But in this connection the fact already mentioned should be borne in mind, namely: that from first to last there was no proficient in the languages above him or before him, whom he might consult, and thus obtain the guidance

of another's experience in those branches of instruction, or the fruit of another's greater learning.

Nor did he enjoy those facilities of intercourse with foreign countries, which are now so common, which bring to our hands with so little delay all the most valuable results of European scholarship. Doubtless there are now thousands of persons in this country who are supplied with more valuable facilities for classical study than he enjoyed during the first twelve years of his labor here. But with this scanty supply of books—a want which he deeply felt and repeatedly spoke of as a great trial—with almost no society in his studies, and diverted moreover, by the necessity of giving instruction in whatever other branches of literature or science his class might be pursuing, he yet secured a marked progress in this, as well as in the Greek department of classical studies.

I have said that Mr. Kingsley's attention was diverted from the proper studies of his professorship by his duties as a teacher of other subjects, especially of the various branches of mathematics. Although this is true, yet it was not without pleasure to himself, or profit to the institution, that he performed these duties also. He carried into these studies the same wakeful mind, as ready to be interested in the facts and investigations of science and the skillful processes in mathematics, as in the more elegant pursuits of literature. A casual observer might even have thought mathematics a favorite department of study with him. Nor would he have been entirely mistaken; for he acquired a fondness for them which he never lost. It is not strange, therefore, that he should have given similar evidence of his desire for the advancement of the institution in these severe studies, as we have

noticed before, in the languages. He was not alone in this department of instruction, it is true. There was a professor at its head, who, though engaged in instructing only the Senior and Junior classes, by lectures, yet, during the early period we are speaking of prepared the series of books for the instruction of the students, which is still in use in the college. Nevertheless, some valuable suggestions were made by Professor Kingsley, whose closer connection with the scholars in their daily recitations, brought more constantly to his attention whatever defects might exist, and kept his mind on the alert to discover what substitutes there might be for those parts of the system which needed change. Thus the study of Euclid was introduced at his instance, though not without some opposition from the president, who thought the short course of geometry, contained in Ward's mathematics, sufficient.

Professor Kingsley was, moreover, the first person who, in this college, ever heard a class recite fluxions, except as that study was pursued as an optional one. His last service to the college as a teacher, was rendered in assisting to examine in algebra some of the candidates for admission to the Freshman class at our last Commencement.

In the autumn of the year 1812, Professor Kingsley was allowed some relief from the numerous duties which up to that time had been laid upon him, and ceased to take the tutorial care of a class, or to give regular instruction in any other than his own department. He employed the leisure thus gained, partly in preparing a course of lectures on language, and another on history which he delivered to the Senior class. These lectures

gave evidence of ingenuity, research, and sound judgment in literary matters, and were highly valued by the classes who heard them. They constituted another addition to the literary advantages of the institution.

But it is unnecessary to go further into particulars. Enough has been said to show that the scholarship and good judgment of Professor Kingsley, his love for the College, and his interest in the cause of thorough and advancing education, were doing a great work here during the earlier years of his official life. It may be doubted whether this institution has ever during any other period of the same length made more substantial progress than during the first sixteen years of this century. That progress may be considered the rich first-fruits of the plan, adopted during the presidency of Dr. Dwight, of having permanent instructors at the head of the various departments of study, who should be always engaged in giving instruction in the College, and in connection with this, should make proficiency in one department the great business of their lives. And it may be added in this connection, that it has been one of the most valued blessings of this institution, and one of the most delightful to recur to, that the three men who, in pursuance of that plan, received in their youth appointments from the Corporation near the beginning of this century, have remained here in the active performance of their duties, till one by one, having passed the limit of threescore years and ten, they have laid down their office, amid the regrets of their associates and their pupils. One of them, yielding to the requests of his associates and the Corporation, consented after his resignation to resume his duties, and yet for a brief

space continues to give us the golden fruits of his autumnal years. Today we are called to mourn that death has begun to break up this band of veteran associates.

But to return from this digression, I may remark that it was not only by his successful efforts to secure the advancement of Yale College as a place of liberal culture, that Professor Kingsley evinced his great value to the institution. He was one of the main elements of strength in the body of instructors. His learning, united with his ability to use his acquisitions and his powers with effect, made him, as I have already said, a great reliance, a general resource, so to speak, of the institution. He was a master in nearly every department, so that there was no branch of learning pursued in the College, except perhaps chemistry, which he could not, if occasion required, have taken up and carried on with credit. And, even in the new and growing science of chemistry, although it may be doubted whether he could have undertaken with any success the manipulations of an instructor, he yet manifested a lively interest, attending the lectures and watching the experiments, both public and private, of the pioneer in those pursuits. It was no rare thing for him to be called on to supply occasional vacancies. When the lamented Fisher was contemplating his fatal expedition to Europe, Professor Kingsley was looked to for aid in maintaining the department of mathematics. And during the interval which elasped between the death of Dr. Dwight and the appointment of his successor, he occupied the place of president, so far as the president was concerned in instructing the Senior class. And numerous other instances might be mentioned, in which he was the

ready and able help of his associates. I shall have occasion, in another connection, to allude to the services rendered by him to the college by his pen.

By his mental character and habits he exerted a great and beneficial influence on the whole collegiate community. He understood the main object of education, and was quick to see what course was best adapted to secure this object. He knew, and knew it as an ever-influencing truth, that superficial study neither added vigor to the mind, nor increased its stock of reliable knowledge. The idle, careless student, therefore, who only seemed to desire to study just enough to carry him through his recitation without the appearance and shame of total ignorance, who studied more to discover how little he might study, than to discover anything else more important, sometimes found him an uncomfortable teacher. He made his pupils feel that one true, steady, finished exercise of the mind, however brief, one intelligent tracing and comprehension of a thought, however simple, one voluntary act of intelligence, was worth ten thousand semi-conceptions, or confused efforts, if efforts they could be called, at intelligence. One fact, one principle in science or in language, truly comprehended, would be as food to strengthen the mental powers. On the other hand, the careless mental processes of those who never cared to see a thing clearly, or steadily, or completely, who were satisfied with guessing, but never cared to know certainly, were injurious to the faculties of the mind, weakening them, and rendering them more and more unfit for any steady, successful exertion. All this was to Mr. Kingsley as a thing of intuition. He needed no reflection to persuade him-

self that it was best to study thoroughly. Anything else was out of harmony with his nature. Anything less than knowledge was valueless to him as knowledge. Inklings and guesses might be valuable as guides *towards* truth, but they were nothing *to rest in* for him. He wanted the kernel, and none enjoyed it with a higher relish than he.

The same character which made him contemn the superficial, led him to regard the *false* with aversion. A false account of pretended facts had no interest for him, because it had not that essential *truth*, which his mind lived on. Every shade which went beyond the exact truth, or varied the coloring of the truth in any way, was in a high degree distasteful to him; for the very reason, that nothing but the exact truth, *where truth was the object*, could give any other than a very foolish self-deluding gratification. Why should any one professing to entertain him with a narrative of facts imagine that the truth would be improved by a little admixture of the unreal? To him fiction and truth were entirely distinct; each might be enjoyed in its place. But to confound them was not only an *error* to his mind, but a most *senseless* error, so long as truth was the object. He had no patience with the historian or traveler, who made or colored his facts. A discovery of any such dishonesty in narrative; of any affectation of *sentiment* even which did not really exist, was uncongenial to his very soul. He felt that every man was under obligation to say only what he knew to be true, unless he gave notice that he was entering on the field of conjecture. A book was worth but little to him in which he found, in any instance, that he could not rely on the truthfulness

of the author. It was the nature of his mind to know, it was the unprompted desire of his mind to find more knowledge, and the only object of knowledge is truth. This appetency for the reality of things, quickened as it was by the acute sensibility of his nature, so as to be an instinct before it was a principle, and indeed as long as it was a principle, I consider to have been the first characteristic of Mr. Kingsley's mind. Many avow and really possess the principle; but in how few does it have such a vital existence!

I might here add, that the sincerity, if I may so call it, of his intellect pertained no less to his moral nature. He was a true man. He never smiled on what he disapproved. He made no affectation of gladness or of grief, or of any other sentiment. He was sometimes silent when he did not approve, but the observer could easily see that it was not a silence that gave assent.

Nor did this characteristic ever decline in Professor Kingsley. It rather grew by what it fed on. His appetite for truth, unadorned truth, never abated. This was the spring of all his efforts at *criticism*, and the secret of his powers as a *critic*. He who through carelessness or design corrupted the truth; he who colored facts to sustain a theory; moved his indignation. His soul delighted in correcting such a man's errors; and yet, not so much for the man's sake, as for the truth's sake. The truth was abused when the world was taught to believe that which had no foundation in reality, and his nature suffered a distress till the error was corrected. He loved to show the world what the truth was, and set it side by side with the error they were in danger of learning, to take the truth out of the charge of blunderers, or out

of the false envelopments and leading strings of theorists, so to speak, and let it stand by itself in its own independence. And I might ask, who that has read the productions of his pen in the field of criticism, has not admired the clearness, and steadiness, and singleness with which he addressed himself to his work, and proceeded step by step to the end, and how he with unthinking sincerity placed *himself* out of the field of view, and let the shafts of truth gain the whole victory. And in this he understood a secret of human nature, that there is no other victory like truth's. Her victories are final. A man may recover from abuse, and insult, and unfounded satire, and exclamatory denunciation. But he who is shown to be at variance with the truth is *for ever defeated.* Yet in such a contest for the truth, satire and ridicule are not excluded. They are often the most effective, quick-moving, light arms of truth. But they are utterly valueless to an honest mind, if their essence is not truth. Nay, they lose their power just in proportion as they are discovered to be at any remove from the truth.

Mr. Kingsley's disposition was not to *say* that a man was in error, but to show that he was, not to *call* a man a careless or superficial observer, but to *show* that he was so. The severity, therefore, of his criticism, his satire, his ridicule, his wit, resulted from this element of truth. As another has so happily expressed it, his shafts were effective, not because they were poisoned, but because they hit the mark.

There is also a criticism which pertains to style. In this his taste was cultivated, but just. An inflated, bombastic style contained no worthy *substance.* Great words were out of place when they were applied to little things.

Indeed, great words were always suspicious things to him. He preferred to let the clear thoughts of the mind find their utterance in simple language, language that should attract no attention, but act only as a minister to transfer the thought to the minds of others. The thoughts might be beautiful, imaginative, poetic, cheerful or playful, as well as grave—he could enjoy all, but he would require language always to play a subordinate part. Of course he found a field for his criticism in his place as a teacher, and his usefulness in that field cannot easily be estimated. I consider it one of the most important elements of useful influence, which this college has exerted over the minds of its students. His character in this particular was so well known that his influence was ever felt, cutting through shams in style, as well as shams in scholarship.

Mr. Kingsley was aware, as I have already implied, that nothing was so satisfactory to the human mind generally as evident truth, and this was the secret of the charm of his *conversation.* His conversation was full of incident and anecdote. But he was careful to reveal the chain which connected any anecdote he might relate, with persons or things which those who heard him knew to be real existences. He rarely related any anecdote respecting Mr. Somebody. The almost inexhaustible fund of incident which his retentive memory had without any apparent effort accumulated, was rarely drawn out, except to add interest to some character or some event already known, and in most cases, already alluded to, by the person with whom he was engaged in conversation. This habit of uniting incident with what was known to be true, invested the incident also

with the charm of a living reality, and if it related to a person instead of an event, it had the further charm of adding a line to the delineation of a character, of making more complete and thus more attractive the individuality of some fellow of our species, towards whom our sympathies are always quick to move. This Mr. Kingsley always seemed to realize.

The attractions of Mr. Kingsley in conversation were uncommon. He did not like many hearers. He shrank from attracting attention. The group could become so large as to make him feel uneasy. But when he was unrestrained, he needed not to hold you by the button, lest he should lose his hearer. Nobody ever accused him of being tedious. On the contrary, who that has known him with any degree of familiarity has not felt the exhilarating effect of his conversation. His range of topics was wide, but of persons still wider. He had something of a naturalist's interest in the human species; only his interest was higher and more worthy, by as much as man is higher and more worthy than the lower animals. Whatever was developed in the history of a human being interested him. But it did not interest him if it was not true, any more than Æsop's stories of the conversations of the beasts and birds would interest the naturalist. Every fact, therefore, which came to his knowledge respecting an individual whose existence and character had for any reason impressed itself on his memory, was likely to take its place in its right connection in his mind, and have its effect in making more complete his conception of the individuals whom it concerned. Thus there were multitudes of men to whose history he had given a kind of completeness

and individuality by this almost unconscious habit of grouping in their natural connection the scattered facts of personal history, which were accidentally brought to his knowledge. So if you should take that strange book of his childhood, the Triennial Catalogue, you would find hundreds, and I might perhaps say, thousands of names, the outlines of whose history, or the striking lines of whose character, he could give you, not in dry details, but in most relishable incident. This tendency of Mr. Kingsley gave to the people of his mind a personality which heightened very much his own interest in them, and the effect of his conversation respecting them was at times quite similar to that of an introduction to the living person.

But Mr. Kingsley was not merely a man of facts. He was not another Dr. Dry-as-dust. He had a soul as well as a mind. The love of truth was there, but induced upon it was the love of whatever was ornamental and beautiful in the world of intellect.

His proper department in the college was literature, as distinguished from science, and, as is well known, the best energies of his mind were given to the elegant literature of ancient times. It is chiefly as a *classical* scholar and teacher that he is and will be remembered. Although he was almost entirely his own teacher, yet he carried himself to a very high grade as a finished and elegant scholar in this department. He had a just idea of scholarship, combining accuracy and a cultivated taste. One is at a loss to decide whether exactness of scholarship or elegance prevailed. He doubtless insisted more on the former with his pupils, but in himself he quite as much illustrated the latter. So far as his example

was concerned, he led his pupils through accuracy to elegance. His translations into English strikingly illustrated both of these qualities, and often awoke the admiration of the student, to whom they served not only for instruction in Latin, but in the idiomatic use of his own language. He was also an elegant writer of Latin. In this Cicero was his model, and he was certainly a successful imitator of his style,—surprisingly successful when we consider how he was dependent on himself for instruction.

He pursued his classical studies not from a sense of duty merely, but because he loved them. In those earlier years of his official life, when his duties and labors in the college were so numerous, he earnestly desired, and expressed the desire for more leisure for these pursuits. And, when at last he had laid down his armor, and had retired from all public employment, new studies in this field claimed a portion of his time.

It is hardly necessary to add, that one whose taste was cultivated and refined by such familiarity with the matchless monuments of ancient literature, had a genuine relish for the elegant *literature of our own language.* He was familiar with the best English writers in prose and verse, enjoying a kind of personal acquaintance with Addison, and Johnson, and Milton, and Shakspeare, and many others whose writings he relished the more, from his habit of giving a personal existence to the writers. He took an interest in their history; and when a few years since, he visited England, the streets and corners of the capital seemed to be peopled almost with the old worthies of his library, from Johnson with his ghost in Cock Lane, to Milton in St.

Giles's, Cripplegate. One could easily have imagined at times, from observing the heartiness of the pleasure he derived from the more elegant writers of past times, both classical and later, that he might even join in Walter Pope's Wish, and ask for retirement from the world, to live in intellectual converse,

> "With Horace, and Petrarch and two or three more,
> Of the best wits that reigned in the ages before."

As a *writer* of English, Professor Kingsley enjoyed a high reputation. His style was like his thoughts, perspicuous and forcible, not attracting attention by any excess or want of ornament. He had something to say, and he said it,—in obedience to a homely rule of rhetoric which he loved to quote. Yet he wrote with great care, bringing the keenness of his own criticism to bear on everything which passed from his pen. Few writers have equaled him in the faultlessness of his classical diction or the finish of his periods; and in some of his productions, written in the style of the best English Essayists, you are reminded of the quiet charm of the pen of Addison. His characteristic love of exact and true statements, and his carefulness in the investigation of facts, already spoken of, united with a retentive memory, to fit him eminently to be a historian. His mind was a great storehouse of written and unwritten history. There is probably no man living more familiar with the affairs of his native State, from its first beginnings to the present day, not in the more important outlines merely, but in the minute details which fill up and give life to the picture. How many

have expressed the wish, that he would write that history and save from oblivion the great mass of valuable knowledge which he would have embodied in it! How many mourn that in his death so much minute observation, with its accumulated treasures, has passed away, leaving no monuments! But not all is lost. He made many contributions to history. He performed a most valuable service by his criticisms of historical works. I speak not merely of his more extended articles, which were furnished to our Quarterlies or Monthlies, but the numerous and more brief notices given to the public, and to the frequent and important aid rendered privately to writers and compilers of such works, in the form of suggestion, correction, or actual contribution. And he seemed to delight in such private labors. He was not niggardly of his knowledge. He was not reserving anything for his own use; but, on the contrary, he seemed to enter warmly into the plans of any writer who had asked or was willing to receive his aid, and, from a natural impulse, to do all that he could do for him short of becoming officious. Nor has his kindness of this sort failed of honorable acknowledgment. Says Dr. Bacon, in the preface to his volume of Historical Discourses: "I must be allowed to add my acknowledgment of the aid which I have received in these studies from the learning and kindness of Professor Kingsley. Certainly it was a rare privilege to be able to avail myself continually of hints and counsels, from one so familiar with the written and unwritten history of New England, and especially of Connecticut."

Some of the most valuable papers which Mr. Kingsley published, were on historical subjects. When the citi-

zens of New Haven desired, in the year 1838, to celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of the settlement of their town, as might have been expected, they requested him to prepare a discourse for the occasion. That admirable discourse, which, with its appendix of notes, forms an octavo volume of more than one hundred pages, will serve in all coming time honorably to connect his name with the history of New Haven, as one of the most reliable authorities respecting it.

In the year 1835, Professor Kingsley wrote for the American Quarterly Register, a compendious history of Yale College. This work contains within the compass of fifty closely printed octavo pages, all the more important facts in the history of the college from its foundation to the time the publication was made. It is of very great value; and yet scarcely any friend of the college will take it into his hands without a feeling of deep regret, for he will be reminded how much more on the same subject might have come from the same pen—much that has now perished. The wish was often expressed to him, that he would expand this work, and so write an extended and minute history of the college. Indeed the request was made in form by the Corporation, a number of years before his death, and was afterwards repeated in a modified form—modified to make it more likely to prevail with him, and secure the object so much desired. But the time for undertaking the task never came. There are, however, other contributions to the history of the college to be found in three articles written by him for the Biblical Repository, in review of President Quincy's History of Harvard College, as well as in his "Remarks on the present situation of Yale College,"

published in 1817, and his "Report on the course of Instruction in Yale College," presented to the Corporation in 1828. His life of President Stiles, furnished for Spark's American Biography, and his beautiful Eulogy on Professor Fisher, may also be considered as belonging to the same class. On many occasions of inferior importance, his pen rendered essential service to the college, when he was called on to represent it to the public.

Of Professor Kingsley's power as a critic, I have already spoken. His publications in this capacity were numerous. Some of them have already been mentioned. He contributed papers to the North American Review, the Christian Spectator, the New Englander, the American Journal of Science, the Biblical Repository, and other periodicals. As a critic, he has been called severe. The old etymologists called that man severe who was accustomed to sift out the truth. In this sense, as it has already been implied in another connection, he was severe. It cannot be doubted but that he enjoyed the process of setting things right. But when he indulged in a severity which, in the view of some, might perhaps have been mitigated, there existed an urgent reason for it—often a combination of urgent reasons, which could not properly be set aside. Among these reasons, however, a wanton disregard of the feelings of those whom he criticised had no place. He may in some instance have been moved by his sense of justice to inflict a castigation; he may in some other instance have been led by a regard for the reputation of American scholarship to manifest surprise, and to speak out the clear opinions of an intelligent scholar. But he was a man of principle. He

acted in obedience to the dictates of duty. And if as a censor in literature, he at any time by an indispensable severity occasioned pain to a worthy person, he felt the pain himself, and remembered it, and was at times inclined to doubt whether he ought not to regret that he had inflicted it. A few hours before his death he alluded to his feelings on the subject. He spoke particularly of a literary controversy which he had been engaged in with a distinguished man, whom in youth and manhood he had known as a familiar acquaintance. The pain produced by having perhaps occasioned pain, was still alive after so many years, and led him to say that perhaps some things which he had written might better have been omitted.

But sensitive as he was on this subject generally, it may be doubted whether any jury of fair-minded, competent scholars, keeping in mind the great object of literary criticism, would judge that his writings which belonged to this class were marked by excessive severity. For it should be remembered, that his was not the severity of *abuse*, but of showing the errors of his author.

His English writings would fill a number of volumes if they were collected, and we doubt not there are many among his pupils and friends, to whom such a collection would be most acceptable.

Thus far I have spoken of Professor Kingsley as a scholar, interested in the advancement of classical education, and as a writer. He also occupied an important post as a governing *officer of the college.* He was possessed of great influence over the students, who regarded his opinions of propriety, and were incited to studiousness by his earnestness for sound learning, by his

readiness to aid their efforts, and by the shining example of scholarship which they saw in him. He was dignified in all his official intercourse with them; but admitted without distance or reserve to a pleasant familiarity, such as sought his acquaintance in private. Nor did he thereby diminish his personal influence. On the contrary, the great respect for his talents and learning, which his public instructions inspired, was sure to be increased by more unrestrained intercourse. There were, and perhaps still are, some who cannot forget his censures, however well deserved; for it is well known that he could bring wit and satire to his aid, in exercising control in the recitation-room, as well as elsewhere. His own sense of propriety was so active as well as delicate, that he sometimes, not without indignation, inflicted a penalty which could not be deemed slight. But this was when the punishment followed close upon the offense; nor was it a trifle to receive one of those bolts from his lips. It is not strange that it should be remembered, not only by the man who received it, but by all who saw it fall. It was, therefore, generally thought unsafe to go very far in indulging improprieties of speech or behavior in his presence. Yet, no one who desired to do well had any reason to dread a rebuke from him.

In deliberations for the punishment of misdemeanors he always seemed to bear in mind the impulsiveness of youth, and unless the person accused was guilty of some gros turpitude, he leaned to the side of forbearance. He had a great abhorrence of meanness and baseness. He was more indulgent to occasional faults than to habitual neglect of duty. His approval, especially of their intellectual efforts, was very highly valued by the students,

and as much desired as that of any other person. The effect of this was to make his refined and severe taste in some measure a standard in the college community.

As a colleague, Professor Kingsley was respected and beloved by his associates, who feel that by his death not only one of the main pillars of the institution is taken away, but also that they have lost a personal friend, —a friend, who, without any pretension, and inclined even to make himself of but little importance,—by his daily society—by his conversation, which ever held them delighted—by his quick sympathy, which sought to relieve the tedium of sickness, or, not with the mockery of words but the deep emotion of his soul, shared in the sorrows of those who mourned,—by his readiness to aid them in their public labors, however slight the urgency,—in short, by all that he did and all that he was, made himself one of the chief sources of their happiness from day to day. He was one with them. That friendly harmony, which came down with him and his life-associates from the beginning of the century, never ceased in the body to which he belonged. He was united with them in one great object—the welfare and good progress of the college. They were a part of it to him, and his life was bound up in its prosperity.

In the family he was the center of affection and respect. His great and varied learning and intelligence were united with a striking simplicity, which allowed no trace of any consciousness of superior dignity to appear. And yet, although he felt more than the usual interest of a father in the happiness and daily plans of each member of the domestic circle, he, nevertheless, showed himself singularly and delicately unobtrusive respecting

their plans for the future and their present employments. This quality, which also showed itself in his friendships, had its foundation in the delicate *sensitiveness* of his nature—a sensitiveness which also prevented, to a great extent, the expression of his own thoughts and feelings respecting himself. He took great pleasure in communicating knowledge in every form, but as if it were contrary to his very nature, he shrank from opening his *heart* to any one. Much, therefore, which pertained most intimately to his habitual life, was known only to himself. With this sensitiveness was joined a high degree of *sensibility*, which was ever manifest as a trait in his character, or rather as a quality affecting the whole man. It appeared in his countenance, in his eye, in his voice, and indeed, in his whole frame, showing the deep emotion of his soul. It existed like a higher degree of life, animating his whole being, making him feel all things more keenly than other men. I know of no other man whose eyes so often filled with unbidden tears as his. Now, however reserved such a man may be towards his family and friends, we can have no doubt of his affection for them, nor will it fail of being at some time fully revealed. Who that knew of it will soon forget the depth of his sorrow for the death of his oldest son?—a sorrow that never departed from his heart while he lived. For years after the occurrence of that sad event, he could testify, that no day had passed over his head without bringing the remembrance of that son. He loved the society of his household, and in it he spent his life, deeply interested in every member, more ready to communicate knowledge than advice, and showing the depth of a generous love, less by words than by

numerous acts of kindness. How little can our sympathy, sincere and constant as it may be, compensate to this bereaved household for their perpetual loss!

The lively sensibility of Mr. Kingsley's nature showed itself also in his keen *sense of justice.* He was carefully just in all his dealings with men, and inculcated the same on his children. He was just also in his opinions. He rejoiced in the prevalence of justice, nor had he any sympathy with injustice, however fortified by authority or by reasons of moral or political expediency.

He was a man of *punctual* and *careful* habits. He was never late at the class-room, or at prayers, or at the meetings for college business. He was sometimes absent, but he was never late. He habitually took great care of whatever pertained to himself or was committed to his charge.

He showed a special carefulness of books. He was very sensitive to their abuse. From his infancy a book had been something more to him than paper and ink. With a great portion of his own books, and indeed with very many in the college library he enjoyed, as it were, a personal acquaintance. He took them up with an interested friendly look, and told their age and history almost as if they were his children; and he noted their loss as something more than the loss of property. He was careful in the management of property; but it was not a carefulness that prevented generosity on his part. He made no boast of his gifts; on the contrary, some of the most generous have scarcely been known. In later life, Providence so increased his means that he

was in easy circumstances, and beyond the apprehension of want.

Allied to carefulness is *caution.* This was a prevailing trait, and has perhaps stood in the way of his usefulness and his fame. So severe was the standard by which he judged others, and by which he would judge himself, that he rarely allowed himself to appear before the public, unless called out by some emergency. To this, therefore, must we charge it, that one who possessed so rare qualifications for authorship, even refused urgent and honorable invitations to appear before the public, and confined himself to the works, which, considerable as they are, are themselves evidence that the soil which produced them might have borne more abundant fruits.

The picture of Mr. Kingsley would not be complete if I should omit to mention his great *simplicity.* It might be called a marked peculiarity, for all the peculiarities of such a man stand out in bold relief. He was by no means wanting in shrewdness. Indeed, most persons would say, and probably with truth, that he had more shrewdness than simplicity. Each quality had its place. As an observer or listener, or a learner in any other way, he had all the simplicity, and manifested at times all the gladness of a child. But when he applied his judgment to what he had learned, he showed uncommon shrewdness.

In the year 1845, as I have already mentioned, Professor Kingsley went to Europe to purchase books for the college library. He executed his commission with great judgment and with great satisfaction to those inter-

ested in the library. His purchases were made chiefly in London, Paris, Amsterdam, Berlin, and Leipsic. This expedition gave him high enjoyment. In the first place, it gratified his inclination to gain an acquaintance with books. He went on his daily errand with a feeling of interest in what was before him, and with the feeling that he was gathering rich treasures which he and his colleagues would soon be rejoicing in at home. In the second place, he enjoyed the visit to foreign lands. He was much exhilarated by the novelty of the scenes which were passing before him. He was interested to see the scenes of great events, and the abodes of men with whose names he had been familiar from his childhood, as the authors of great achievements in the state or in literature. He was interested to observe the different habits and modes of life and modes of thought, which prevailed in diverse nations. These travels, also, gave him an opportunity to see and hear, and become acquainted with some distinguished living men; to see brilliant pageants, and compare the splendor of royalty with republican simplicity. He enjoyed every thing. It was a continual feast of fat things. Even the inconveniences and distresses of traveling, had their pleasant side. They were human experiences at least, and they were his. His eye constantly shone with new delight. So numerous were the new phases of human life, and so various the products of human skill in the beautiful city, that again and again, the walk of a half a mile consumed the best hours of the morning. And after his safe return home, his life seemed to have a new element of gladness in it, in the recollection of his successful travels. His health, moreover, appeared to

have been improved by the expedition, and soon after his return, he resumed his duties with new vigor, which did not abate while he remained an officer of the college. Yet, he soon began to look forward to the decline of his powers. When he reached the age of seventy years, he informed me that he intended to resign his office at the end of three years, at which time he should have been fifty years an officer in the college. In reply to objections to his resolution, he said that his mind was made up, and he desired me to remind him of his promise when the time came round, playfully expressing the apprehension, that by that time he should have lost his usual judgment respecting himself. When the time came there was no decline in his powers—no diminution of his ability or his willingness to discharge the duties with which half a century's service had made him familiar. And although he persisted in his cherished determination, he still felt unwilling to give up at once the business of his life. Accordingly, he spent a part of the year which followed his resignation, in instructing the Junior class in those writings of Cicero, which discuss the doctrine of the immortality of the soul.

On the 24th of last August, he attended the funeral of Dr. Æneas Monson, who, before his death, was the oldest living graduate of the college. He was unwell when he went out. When he returned to his house, it was for the last time. It was evident to the physician, who was soon called, that he was seriously ill, nor did the remedies used avail anything to check the progress of the disease. He, himself, seemed almost disinclined to know that it was anything more than a slight sickness, from

which he should soon be relieved, and declined as much as he could, the services of others. But the day before his death, which occurred in the morning of the last day of summer, the truth seemed to have taken possession of his mind, and in reply to his wife, who carefully communicated to him the opinion of his physicians, that he was in danger and might not recover, he quietly replied, "I did not know that you were aware of it." So calmly had he, who had enjoyed the rational pleasures of a useful intellectual life with almost unparalleled zest, and whose keen appetite for these elevated enjoyments was not yet at all blunted by the approach of age, resigned all, and composed himself to die. When in the evening of the same day, he was asked if a familiar friend, who was a clergyman, should be called in to pray with him, he said, "I do know that it would be right to pray *absolutely* that my life should be prolonged—I have already gone beyond the usual limit of human life—and the present may be the best time for my removal."—"*Constans et libens fatum excepisti!*"

How like a philosopher! How closely in keeping with the spirit of that page of the Roman philosopher with which he closed his classical instructions!—"*Nos vero, si quid tale acciderit, ut a deo denuntiatum videatur, ut exeamus e vita, . . . eo simus animo, . . . ut nihil in malis ducamus quod sit vel a diis immortalibus vel a natura, parente omnium, constitutum.*" But it was not philosophy which sustained our departed friend in that last conflict. Or rather it was the highest philosophy—the philosophy of the soul which confides in the wisdom and goodness of God. On that bed of death, in a calm conversation with his dearest friend, some hours

before his departure, he avowed his trust in God through Jesus Christ, and responded to the Christian hope, that all the members of that dear family should finally be gathered for more blessed and everlasting society. Nor was this delightful testimony to the sustaining power of the religion of Christ the only evidence of his religious character.

In the year 1808, he made a public profession of religion, and he adorned that profession by an unblemished life. He wrought righteousness. He worshipped God with his household every passing day. And all along the course of that half century, the heart which he instinctively strove to keep from the view of men, was so far revealed, that we see that it cherished and was cheered by the truths of religion. In his last conversation with one of his colleagues he said, that from early childhood, when he enjoyed the instructions of a Christian mother, his mind had been occupied with the subject of religion—that there had been a time, when his mind had been aroused, and a crisis in his life had seemed to occur. He, at the same time, expressed himself with earnestness, as being under the greatest obligations for the impressions on this subject he had received at home. He was a student of the Bible. He had been accustomed, particularly of late, to spend much time in reading its contents in other languages. In his family there had been observed a growth of religious feeling, especially discoverable in the daily prayers of the household. He acknowledged our dependence on the grace of God, speaking with peculiar earnestness of our "infinite need of the regenerating influences of the Holy Spirit." But the delicacy of his

nature had generally during his life prevented his giving frequent utterance to his religious feelings. Who can tell how much he may have been troubled with this unwilling reserve, or how carefully he may have considered it in his heart? The phases of the Christian life are as various as are human hearts.

His life is ended, and as we contemplate it in its great usefulness, its completeness, and the crowning glory of its purity in obedience to God, which through faith made its close so calm, we feel that all is well.

> "Why weep ye then for him, who, having won
> The bound of man's appointed years, at last,
> Life's blessings all enjoyed—life's labors done,
> Serenely to his final rest has passed;
> While the soft memory of his virtues yet
> Lingers, like twilight hues when the bright sun is set!"

Memorial of

NATHANIEL W. TAYLOR, D. D.

MEMORIAL

OF

NATHANIEL W. TAYLOR, D. D.

THREE SERMONS:

BY

LEONARD BACON, D. D.,

PASTOR OF THE CENTER CHURCH;

SAMUEL W. S. DUTTON, D. D.,

PASTOR OF THE NORTH CHURCH;

GEORGE P. FISHER, A. M.,

PROFESSOR IN YALE COLLEGE.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

NEW HAVEN:
PUBLISHED BY THOMAS H. PEASE.

1858.

A SERMON

AT THE FUNERAL OF NATHANIEL W. TAYLOR, D. D.,

IN THE CENTER CHURCH, MARCH 12, 1858,

BY LEONARD BACON, D. D., PASTOR.

IF, in these obsequies, we might regard exclusively the grief that darkens the circle of domestic love and the wider circle of personal and private friendship, we could not but turn to some of those familiar themes of Christian consolation which are always fresh and bright in the hour of sorrow. But the grief which brings us together in this concourse, is something more than an ordinary sympathy with those who are following the remains of a husband and father to the grave. A great and honored institution of sacred learning is here to-day as a mourner. Hundreds of the public and official ministers of God's word—some of them veterans in the service—some of them in this assembly, and some far away in the remotest regions to which the intelligence of this bereavement has been conveyed on the lines of magnetic communication—feel in their hearts the breaking of the tie that bound them to their venerated teacher. Not the aged members of one church only, but all these churches, share in the bereavement. A great light has been extinguished: no, not extinguished, but removed to shine on us, henceforth, only from the historic past; removed to shine in that high and blessed sphere where "they that are wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever."

The public relation, then, of these funeral services, leads me to select, as the subject of brief discourse, and as opening a field of thought appropriate to the occasion, the words in which our Saviour spoke of John the Baptist and his ministry.

JOHN V. 35. HE WAS A BURNING AND A SHINING LIGHT; AND YE WERE WILLING FOR A SEASON TO REJOICE IN HIS LIGHT.

The man of whom these words were spoken had a remarkable eminence as a minister of God and a preacher of righteousness. Not only was his special function one that made him eminent

above all ancient prophets, but he was eminent in the greatness of his gifts, in the power of his preaching, in the impression which he made upon his hearers, in the wide agitation and inquiry that were caused by his labors, and in the general movement of expectation and of personal repentance and reformation which he inaugurated, as preparatory to the coming of that new kingdom of God which the Christ, long promised and waited for, was then about to establish.

Christ himself is the light of the world—the true light—the sun of righteousness, with healing in his wings. He himself testifies, "I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." His coming into the world is the rising of an infinite light on them who were in darkness. He makes God, duty, sin, and the relations of the conscious soul to God and eternity, manifest in this dark world, and "that which maketh manifest is light." Where he is made known in the story of his incarnation, of his life on earth, of his death and resurrection, and of his ascension and kingdom—where he is made known in the divine beauty of his character, in the simple grandeur and power of his teaching, and in the ineffable condescension and ineffable glory of his redeeming work—there is light; for there God is revealed to men, and especially revealed to every attentive, trembling, penitent and believing soul.

Yet Christ says to his disciples, "Ye are the light of the world." They are the light of the world because he shines in them, and by means of them he makes God manifest to men. Every believer in Christ becomes a witness for him, and an instance and illustration of his power to save. Every believer in whom Christ is the hope of glory, and who, being in Christ, becomes a new creature, renewed in knowledge and true holiness, shines as a light in the world, holding forth the word of life. Christ is with them—he hath given them light; and therefore, where such men are, there God is known—there God's government, God's holy displeasure against sin, God's mercy and forgiveness, and all the soul's relations to the unseen world, are felt to be realities. Where such men are, an illumination from Christ strikes on the consciences of all who become acquainted with their principles, aims, sympathies and hopes. It is by virtue of their relation to Christ, and of the testimony which they give for him, that they are the light of the world.

Thus it becomes evident in what distinctive sense it is that every true minister of Christ is, in the measure of his gifts and of his fidelity in using them, a light in the world. His work is

to make Christ known—to call men to Christ—to overcome, by teaching and persuasion, the difficulties which hinder men from seeing Christ and feeling the attraction of the cross—to say, as John said, when he saw Jesus coming to him, "Behold the Lamb of God." His work is like that of Christ's immediate fore-runner, of whom we read, "The same came for a witness, to bear witness of the Light, that all men through him might believe. He was not that Light, but was sent to bear witness of that Light."

It is no misapplication, then, of the words in which the Saviour spoke of John the Baptist, if we use them as descriptive of that eminent preacher of Christ, whose work of almost half a century is now finished. We honor Christ when we say of his departed servant, "He was a burning and shining light, and ye were willing for a season to rejoice in that light."

More than forty-eight years ago, the First Church in this city, having rejoiced for a season in the stirring and powerful ministry of Moses Stuart, was deprived of its pastor by his removal to that different service in which he afterwards became so widely celebrated. Two years and three months elapsed before the vacancy was filled. At last, on the 8th of April, 1812, forty-six years ago, another pastor was ordained. He was the only candidate on whom, in all that period, the choice of the Church and Society had fallen. Once he had declined their invitation, and it was only in deference to a second and more harmonious call that he consented to accept the weighty charge.

It was indeed a weighty charge which he accepted. The brief ministry of his immediate predecessor had been attended by a memorable revival of religion, the first great awakening which this Church or this town had known in half a century. A revolution had been effected in the character of the Church and in its religious habits and sympathies, bringing it over to the side of what was then called "New Divinity." But the new order of things had hardly been consolidated. There were elements in the Church, which might easily have fermented into discord, and which required special gifts of power and wisdom in the pastor. A rash man, or a man of only moderate power in the pulpit, would have been wholly unfit to encounter the difficulties of the crisis. But the pastor who came to the task of guiding the Church, and of preaching the word of God to the people here, though he was a young man, less than five years a graduate, and though wholly unexperienced in pastoral responsibilities, brought with him a more than ordinary preparation for his work. In his study of theology he had had

the benefit of a special relation to his illustrious teacher. To say that he was a favorite pupil of President Dwight, does not adequately express the intimacy of the relation between them. Residing for two years in the family of the President, writing habitually from the dictation of those eloquent lips, he was not a mere amanuensis, nor merely a favorite pupil. In the relation thus established, there was the mutual attraction and mutual excitement of two powerful and kindred minds, unequal indeed in age and office, each differing from the other in many peculiarities of intellectual constitution, yet both alike profoundly interested in the great questions and debates which form the science of theology. It was in such an intimacy, and under such an influence, that the young pastor of this Church in 1812 had been trained to handle the great themes of God's revelation to men.

His ministry here was even more honored than that of his predecessor. Whatever lack of unanimity there may have been in regard to his settlement, all traces of it were soon removed by the unquestionable power and fidelity of his public ministrations and the suavity of his private intercourse with families and individuals. Those solid and massive discourses, full of linked and twisted logic, yet giving out at every point sharp flashes of electric fire, was just what was needed to carry on the work which his predecessor had begun. In the third year of his ministry, he began to see a great result of his labors. That year, 1815, was marked in the history of this Church, and in the religious history of the city and the College, as a year of awakening and of the conversion of souls to Christ. Another and more signal revival of God's work began in the year 1820, and continued till the close of the ensuing year. Some of those whose heads are now gray, remember with the deepest sensibility, that Sabbath, the last day of the year 1820, when more than seventy persons, old and young and of every condition in life, filled those aisles, as they came from their seats to take the vows of God upon them, and to enter into covenant with the Church. That was a day for which an earnest and willing pastor might well be willing to die. How many of that company, whom the pastor then counted with joy as the seals of his ministry, and whom he then welcomed to the communion of the saints on earth, have now welcomed him to the fellowship of the glorified in heaven!

His official connection with this Church was dissolved in December, 1822. The reorganization of the system of theological education in Yale College, restoring the original design of the

institution by giving to it a distinct Faculty of Theology, was in part the result of his great success in preaching the Gospel, and of those theological studies of his which were identified with the power of his ministry. There were those who believed that one so gifted as he was for the systematic exposition of Divine truth, and so successful in winning souls, ought to have the opportunity of employing his gifts, and of turning his experience and skill to the best account, in the special work of training men to preach the Gospel. I think I do not speak at random when I say that the Dwight professorship was founded for him, and that the Theological Department was planned with the expectation of making him a teacher of theology. At the age of thirty-six, he relinquished the pastoral office, and with a physical constitution seriously impaired by the intense and long continued mental excitement which had characterized his ministry, he entered on his new employment. His lecture room was soon filled; and his pupils, fascinated with the charm of his enthusiasm in the sublime science which he taught, were themselves enthusiastic in their admiration of his teaching. This is the thirty-sixth year of his service in that chair of instruction. In all, he has had nearly seven hundred pupils. Of these, not a few have been—not a few are now—widely honored for their work's sake. Their usefulness in the field, which is the world, is the expansion and perpetuation of his. Their grateful remembrance of him—their affectionate testimony to the exciting and guiding power of his great mind—is his living monument.

His retirement from the pastoral office did not imply in his thought any relinquishment of the work of the ministry. For a long course of years, his weekly labor in the pulpit was almost without interruption. To the congregation of his former charge he continued to preach, at the invitation of their committee, with great frequency, and to their great satisfaction, till he suspected that his readiness to do so was diminishing their sense of the necessity of choosing a new pastor. Only a year and a half after the settlement of his successor, he began to preach (Sept. 1826) to the Third Congregational Church, then just instituted, and till 1830 he was, in effect, though not in form, its pastor. For nearly a year he preached, statedly, to the North Church in Hartford. In the memorable year 1831, his labors, as a preacher, were abundant in these churches and elsewhere; for in the wide religious awakening of that year, such preaching as his was greatly sought after. There is no Congregational church in this city, almost none in this neighborhood of churches, which has not, in some vacancy of its pastorate, sought and enjoyed

his powerful ministration of the word. Probably in every one of these churches there are some who acknowledge, with grateful sensibility, the deep impression which the Gospel, ministered by him, has stamped upon their spiritual being forever.

Others may speak, elsewhere, of his theological controversies, and may criticise the peculiarities of his philosophical and theological system. But I may be allowed to say, that those who knew him best, know how painful controversy, as distinguished from discussion, was to him. He loved discussion; his mind rushed to an argument like a war-horse to the battle; he rejoiced in the well-guarded statement and strenuous defense of truth; his intellectual nature exulted in the discovery of a latent inaccuracy; he had an instinctive and ineradicable confidence in the power of logic to convince; but controversy, with its personal alienations, its exasperating imputations, and its too frequent appeals to prejudice and passion, was what his soul abhorred. In the earnestness of debate he might charge an opponent with absurdity and nonsense; but it was not his wont to charge a brother with heresy, or to represent an unguarded statement or an inconclusive argument as identical with heresy. How well he continued to love old friends, whom the sharpness of theological difference had alienated from him, they can tell who remember his brotherly visit to the death-bed of the one whom he loved the most, and who, in a pious but erroneous zeal, had done the most to destroy his good name. There were no dry eyes in that chamber of suffering when Taylor fell weeping on the neck of Nettleton and kissed him.

I may speak the more freely in commendation of him as a theologian—and perhaps with the more weight—inasmuch as it is no secret that there are some points in his philosophy, and some principles in his method of solving certain difficulties in theology, which I have never been able to accept. Let me say, then, that he was the last, as the elder Edwards was the first, of the great masters in the distinctive theology of New England. When I speak of great masters in theology, I do not mean all who have been useful or eminent as instructors of candidates for the ministry, or who have powerfully maintained and defended the accepted truth. I mean those who have contributed to the progress of thought by more exact definitions and distinctions in theology. The names in that succession, from the elder Edwards, are few,—Hopkins, the younger Edwards, Smalley, Emmons, Taylor,—and the last, not least in the illustrious dynasty. We need not claim for any of those great names the honor of infallibility. We need not accept the opinions of any

of them as great discoveries, free from all mixture of error—but these men have been the great originators of thought in the progress of the New England theology; and their spirits rule us, and will rule us "from their sceptered urns."

The chief contribution which the last of these great masters has made to the progress and defence of theological science, is in the clearness and fullness with which his teachings has developed the distinction and mutual relations between God's all-comprehending providence and God's government over his reasonable and responsible creatures. Doubtless this momentous distinction was recognized in theology before he began to illustrate and apply it, just as the distinction between natural and moral inability was recognized before Smalley defined and unfolded it. But the effect of his teaching is felt to-day by theologians of various schools and systems, who have never consciously accepted any of his formulæ; and it will continue to be felt when the distinctive theology of New England shall have been merged in the general and united progress which the universal Church is yet to make in the knowledge of God and of the glories of his word.

But I may not dwell upon this particular aspect of what this servant of God has done in the work of advancing the knowledge of truth. After all, it was by his power as a preacher of the word, more than by any power which he exerted as a mere teacher of theology, that he was a burning and a shining light. Those sermons of his, which have been heard by so many thousands, especially in times of religious awakening—those strong and terrible appeals to the conscience of the soul unreconciled to God—those magnificent and more than Miltonic portraitures of God's government—those expostulations in the name of Infinite Pity—those thunderings and lightnings from eternity—these, in the deep heavy tones of that trumpet voice, and with the impressive flashes of that eye through which the soul looked out from beneath the "dome of thought"—these live in our remembrance, and will live in tradition after us—these live in the impression they have made on our immortal nature. It was in times of religious awakening and revival, that he loved to preach. His favorite sermons were composed under such excitements; and to his own mind every one of them was redolent with blessed memories of success. A revived, awed, anxious state of religious feeling, in the community, was needed, that they might have their appropriate surroundings, and might produce their legitimate effect. All his theology was shaped and framed with reference to the doctrine and work of the conversion

of sinners to God. If he could have had his choice, he would have said, Let me die in a time of religious revival. He would chosen that his funeral should be attended by a throng of souls awake and alive to the great realities of responsibility and eternity. He would have chosen that the silence of his coffin should preach to souls oppressed with the sense of need and guilt before God. In such a time as those in which he most loved to labor for Christ, he would have chosen to "depart and be with Christ, which is far better."

Five or six weeks ago, he ceased from all his active work; and like Aaron on the mountain, he put off his garments and lay down to die. More than once, when he was reminded of a former recovery from similar weakness, he replied, "No, I have done,—I can only wait, committing myself, like Stephen, to the Lord Jesus Christ." And so, waiting in humble trustfulness, he has passed away. Meanwhile, unconciously to him, a religious thoughtfulness and earnestness has been spreading through this community, once so highly blessed with his labors. May we not say he has died in the midst of a revival of religion? Let us bury him with thoughts like those with which a conqueror is buried on the field of victory. Are there not in this assembly many whose souls are, even now, poised on the choice between the world and God, between death and life? "O, that *those* lips had language!" O, for one more utterance of the voice which death has silenced! O, might we listen to him yet again, here, in his old place of power! But no; one by one, God's ministers must depart, to utter his word no more with mortal voice. Yet God remains. His mercy endureth forever. His Gospel remains with its offers and its promises. "Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." The one true light of the world, the sun of righteousness, shines on, while the lesser stars, that reflect his glory, fade and disappear.

> "Nor sink those stars in empty night,
> But lose themselves in Heaven's own light."

A SERMON

Preached in the North Church, March 14, 1858,

THE FIRST SABBATH AFTER THE DEATH OF

REV. NATHANIEL W. TAYLOR, D. D.

BY S. W. S. DUTTON, D. D., Pastor.

HEBREWS XI. 3. "And by it he, being dead, yet speaketh."

The great English dramatist puts into the mouth of one of his characters this sentiment,

> "The evil that men do lives after them;
> The good is oft interred with their bones."

Very different is the testimony of God's word. While it does not deny that the influence of evil deeds and of evil men lives after them, it declares that the influence of good deeds and of good men, instead of being buried with their bones, lives after them with a special and superior vitality and power. Thus it is written, "The memory of the just is blessed, but the name of the wicked shall rot." God, by his providence and Spirit, watches over the good deeds and character of the righteous, preserving them in the minds of men, that they may speak with beneficial power to succeeding generations and ages. Thus four thousand years after the death of Abel, the sacred writer in text said of his righteous conduct; "By it he, being dead, yet speaketh." And it is equally true to-day, six thousand years after his death; "By it, he being dead, yet speaketh."

During the last week, in this city, there has passed away from among the living a Christian man, whom God richly endowed with the gifts of nature and of grace, and abundantly blessed with useful power. His eminent position as a pastor for many years, and as a preacher of Christ for nearly fifty years, in this community; his great influence for a third of a century as a teacher of sacred theology; his relation to this church and congregation, as one who, in the intervals of pastorates, has supplied your pulpit by his ministrations; and his relation to me as my teacher and friend, whose advice commended me to

you, and who by prayer and the laying on of his hands consecrated me here, in my youth, to your service for Christ's sake, in the work of the sacred ministry—these considerations strongly move me to improve this occasion by a sketch of his life and services, by which "he, being dead, yet speaketh."

He was born in New Milford, Conn., June 23, 1786, the son of Nathaniel Taylor, and the grandson of Rev. Nathaniel Taylor, who was for fifty-three years pastor of the Congregational Church in that town. He was named Nathaniel William—Nathaniel from his father and grandfather, and William from his father's brother, who graduated at Yale College in 1785. He fitted for college with Dr. Azel Backus, pastor of the Church in Bethlehem, and afterwards President of Hamilton College, who in his family prepared for college many youth, especially of Litchfield county. I have often heard my father, who prepared for college with Dr. Backus at the same time with young Taylor, speak of his early promise and especially of his boyish beauty and amiableness. He graduated at Yale College in 1807, six years from the time of his entrance, having been interrupted two years by sickness.

It was at some time during his college life, in his senior year I think, that he became decidedly a servant of Christ. Respecting that event I have heard him make a statement which is very instructive and monitory. There was a classmate and particular friend of his, who at the same time, by the working of the divine Spirit, was concerned for his eternal interests. The two friends communicated their feelings to each other. And one day, while walking together, they raised the question whether they should then call on President Dwight, who had invited all persons thoughtful upon religion to call and converse with him. At length, while still talking and doubting on that question, they came to President Dwight's gate. There they stopped and hesitated. At length Taylor said, "Well, I shall go in." "Well, (said his companion,) I think I will not, today." Taylor went in; and the result of his conversation with that eminent christian guide was that he gave himself to Christ in a covenant never to be broken, and became "a burning and a shining light" in his kingdom. His companion from that time thought less and less on the subject; and, though he lived for many years afterward, a respectable man, he died without giving any evidence of a saving interest in Christ. Such are the crises in the history of immortal souls. Such are the turning points in eternal destiny. Thus it is that companions travel together till they come to where they see plainly the open path

to Christ. They consider; they decide; the one taking the way to everlasting life, and the other pursuing the way to everlasting death. Oh, let all see to it that in these crises of eternal destiny, they act aright. Regard the divine warning, and heed the divine entreaty, "Quench not the spirit."

Mr. Taylor, after graduation, spent an unusual time for that period, five years, in the study of Theology; being two years of the time in the family of President Dwight, as his amanuensis and private pupil. In the year 1812, when he was twenty-six years old, he was ordained Pastor of the First Church in this city, as the successor of Professor Stuart, who had been removed to the newly established Theological Seminary at Andover. Ten years after, in 1822, when the corporation of Yale College, in strict accordance with the design of its founders that a chief object of the institution should be to prepare young men for the sacred ministry, established a theological school in connection with it, he was chosen, at the age of thirty-six, to the Dwight Professorship of Didactic Theology. This professorship had been endowed by the liberality of the late Mr. Timothy Dwight, the eldest son of Dr. Dwight, and was endowed by him chiefly that it might be filled by his admired friend, Dr. Taylor, who had already shown himself, both by his sermons and by his published defences of christian truth and doctrine, to be a master in sacred theology. In this position he remained until his death at the age of nearly seventy-two, a period of thirty-six years.

Dr. Taylor did not, however, on entering the professorship, relinquish preaching, which he greatly loved. He often preached to the students in college, especially in times of unusual religious interest, and he was always ready in his room to receive and direct inquirers in the way of life; and hundreds and hundreds of young men, afterward laborers in the Lord's vineyard all over this land and the world, have blessed God for his successful guidance of their awakened souls. When the Third Church was formed in 1826, he preached for them the greater part of the time till their first pastor was ordained, nearly four years. For the church which is now the College street Church, then the Free Church, he preached for a considerable period before the installation of the Rev. Mr. Ludlow. The pulpit of this Church he supplied a large part of the time during the interval of four and a half years between the pastorates of Rev. Mr. Merwin and Rev. Mr. Sawyer. When the Chapel street Church was organized, he preached for them. And then, whenever there was any unusual interest in religion, till his physical

vigor began to be impaired, he was ready to help, and on account of the great fitness and power of his preaching for such times, he was frequently called on to help, the pastors of the city. He has often been employed by the churches in neighboring towns, to supply their pulpits, when they have been destitute of a pastor. Very few are the churches in this county which he has not served in this way, and in which there have not been seals of his ministry. And few have been the Sabbaths during his long professorship, until the few years past of his advanced age, in which he was not engaged in his favorite employment of preaching the gospel.

Such is a brief outline of the life of Dr. Taylor, showing that not only the College, not only the Church of which he was once pastor, but all this community, and the people of many other communities, those to whom he preached in person, and those, far more numerous, to whom he has preached through the pupils whom he has taught to preach, have an interest and property in his memory.

The characteristics of Dr. Taylor's labors in the two departments in which he has been engaged as pastor and preacher, and as a teacher of theology, should receive our consideration.

Rarely has a pastor been so beloved by a people ; as is well attested by their treatment of him during the ten years of his ministry, and perhaps still more by the pertinacity and liberality of their affection for him during the thirty-six years after he left them. The reasons for this are plain. He was commended to them by his qualities both as a minister and a man. They knew that he loved their souls, and they admired the gifts and graces, the wisdom, love and power, with which he commended "the truth as it is in Jesus" to their hearts. And in his intercourse with them, as with all men, he was free, frank, affable, courteous, affectionate, free from all small and mean traits, liberal-minded, open-hearted and generous.

His physical qualities favored him much as a preacher—a fine expressive countenance, a beautiful and melting eye, and a powerful and sonorous voice. The first time I heard him preach, which was at the Commencement before I entered college, when he delivered his *Concio ad Clerum*, though I was a mere boy of fourteen years, and incapable of appreciating the intellectual merits of his discourse, there were some things which I could appreciate ; and the impression then made upon me that he had more of manly beauty than I had ever before seen, and was the prince of preachers, is vivid to this day.

The intellectual qualities of his preaching were thorough, lucid and scriptural exposition and discussion of his subjects; a full and frank meeting of difficulties; bold and powerful grappling with objections; fearless reference, in defence of Scriptural doctrine and precept, to reason and common sense; close and pungent applications to conscience; and earnest and touching appeals to the heart. He scorned to evade the difficulties of religion, and applied himself to their solution and removal. He never conceded the ground of reason to the infidel, but ever maintained, with triumphant confidence, the rationality of Christianity and the irrationality of infidelity and irreligion.

The language in which he clothed his thoughts was always elevated, yet terse and strong; and his imagination, though not exuberant, was vigorous, and sometimes, when his mind was filled and fired with divine ideas, it was truly Miltonic.

The truths which constituted the staple of his preaching were the excellent and glorious character and consequent authority of God; the nature, the righteousness and glory of the divine law and government; God's all-comprehending and beneficent providence; the guilty and lost condition of man on account of his unnecessitated and inexcusable sin; the magnifying of the law, and the provision of salvation, by the atoning sacrifice of the Redeemer, God manifest in the flesh; the necessity of the Holy Spirit's influence for the conversion and sanctification of men, and the motives, not to passivity but to action, involved in that truth; the universality, freeness and sincerity of God's offers of salvation, and his intense desire that they should be accepted; man's full power and consequent obligation, as a rational and accountable being, to obey all God's requirements, and of course to accept the offers of the gospel by repentance and faith; God's sovereignty in the bestowment of his Spirit; the terrors of the Lord in his wrath and everlasting punishment; the glories and joys of holiness and heaven; and the infinite pity and persevering love of Jesus Christ.

His preaching was specially designed and fitted to convict men of sin and lead them to Christ—to produce in them the beginning of a Christian life. This was the one point to which he made a large part of his preaching tend. A just criticism probably would say, that it was disproportionately devoted to this purpose—not enough to the edification, instruction and completion of the Christian character. This was owing to the fact that his ministry was in the early part of the era of modern revivals of religion, when the way of repentance and faith, of conversion to God, was confused and hedged up with theological

difficulties and inveterate obstacles in the public mind. He, therefore, turned all his mental powers upon the elucidation of the subject of reconciling sinful men to God through Christ by repentance and faith; and upon the doctrines and on the mental states and processes involved in that he shed great light.

In this special object of his preaching, the conversion of men, he was eminently successful, among his own people, and wherever he preached during his long dispensation of the word. In the time of "four days meetings," and "protracted meetings," and indeed in revivals of religion at every period, his labors were widely sought. There are doubtless many present who recollect, as I do, the impressive power of his sermons in the protracted meetings in this city in 1831 and 1832. No instrumentality at that period was more blest with success than his.

Such qualities of mind, and heart, and person, employed in the use of such truths, made Dr. Taylor one of the ablest preachers of his time. Indeed, for the effective presentation in a discourse of a solid body of pertinent scriptural truth,—for continued and powerful cannonading, more and more powerful to the end, on the fortress of the reason, the conscience, the will, and heart of those unreconciled to God, he had, in my judgment, no equal in his day among those whom I have had the privilege to hear.

We have seen that the chief part of Dr. Taylor's mature life, thirty-six years, more than a third of a century, he spent as a teacher of theology. In that period nearly seven hundred young men received his instructions, who have gone into all parts of our own country and the great missionary field of the world. A chief part therefore of any just estimate of his character and usefulness must consist in a right view of his character as a theologian and theological teacher.

One of his prominent characteristics, as a teacher, was his great confidence in the truth—in its reality and in its power. He regarded it as the instrument of divine wisdom, perfectly fitted for its avowed purpose of enlightening, convincing and correcting the understanding, and of moving and converting the heart; though he deeply felt, and always taught, that, owing to human sinfulness, perversity and obstinacy, it never has this effect unless attended by the Spirit of God. He had confidence in the power of all truth, but especially of the truth of God's word. He never allowed Christianity, so far as committed to him, to acknowledge any weakness, or to go begging in any respect, before the tribunal of truth and reason; but he always

challenged for it the fullest investigation before that tribunal, confident of victory in proportion to the fullness of the investigation.

This confidence in the truth, and in the capability of men under the divine guidance and assistance to know it and to defend it, he imparted to his pupils. He taught them to be thorough and independent thinkers—to call no man master, and to go for the truth themselves "to the law and to the testimony." This, doubtless, was right and wise; though it needed to be guarded against perversion—a perversion which has sometimes been seen, especially in the earlier ministrations of some of his students, in inordinate self-confidence, and a too liberal disregard of seniors and betters and good authorities. His method of instruction was one of the utmost freedom and frankness. He never dodged difficulties, nor evaded objections, but invited their free and full presentation and always met them kindly and fully. His mode was, after finishing his lecture of an hour, to invite questions, saying, "Now I'll hear you." And often for two hours after lecture I have seen him patiently and earnestly discussing the objections and difficulties of those who did not see the way clear.

Dr. Taylor aimed to make his students able to preach so as to bring men to repentance, faith and salvation. This was his chief aim. His theological instructions were to an uncommon extent clustered about the doctrine of regeneration—its nature, necessity, mode and means. This was natural. For when he entered on his professorship he came, as we have seen, from preaching in revivals of religion, and at a time when obstacles of a doctrinal and speculative kind in the path of repentance were far more prevalent than now. On the one hand was the plea of inability to repent and come to Christ, thoroughly believed, with some a natural inability or want of natural power, with others a misnamed moral inability, which differed from the other only in name—in either case a real and total *incompetency* to accept the offers of the gospel, and under the influence of which men felt that they had nothing to do but to wait for God to make them christians, or, as the phrase of the day was, "to wait God's time." Then there was the objection that God had wholly decided the case for them by an eternal and irresistible decree of election or reprobation; and the only reasonable course for them was to wait for its execution, in the use of such means of grace as reading the Bible, prayer and attendance on the Sanctuary. We have little idea, in these days, of the prevalence and strength of these obstacles as long ago as

the earlier part of this century. I have often heard my father say that in his childhood and youth he was educated in the full conviction that he could do nothing effectually to become a christian; and earnestly desiring to be a christian, and having received the impression that in the millenium all could become christians if they would, he used anxiously to reckon whether the millenium would come in his lifetime; for should he live till then, he could accept the offers of the gospel. On the other hand was the Hopkinsian doctrine that it was sinful to use the means of grace, and that all the acts of the unregenerate man are sinful—that all his trying to repent, by prayer or otherwise, is only an abomination to God. These objections and obstacles Dr. Taylor had cleared away in his own ministry; and he felt the importance of enabling his students to clear them away, and to teach that the path is open to come at once to Christ by repentance and faith; that what God commands man to do, man can do; and that the Holy Spirit is graciously bestowed, not to give him natural power to do it (for that he has as a rational and accountable being) but to overcome his unwillingness or disinclination to do it. And this cherished purpose he accomplished. His students did learn how to show the open way to Christ and to press men to immediate repentance; and they were very successful, especially his earlier students, in converting souls to God. No doubt his influence, by his preaching, his publications, and through those whom he taught, has been, in large part, the cause of the changed condition of the public mind respecting the practicability of coming at once to Christ by repentance and faith.

Dr. Taylor greatly excelled in what may be called the analytic way of teaching.

He had been a close student of the human mind, especially in the light of the Bible and actual life; and he had a profound, comprehensive and discriminating knowledge of mental states and operations, particularly with reference to morals and religion. Hence he was able accurately to analyze the acts and conditions of the mind in religion—to take a mental act or state to pieces, so to speak, and show its parts and processes, and whole nature, and how to do it, or to undo it. For example, repentance or conversion to God—he would show what it is, and would so unfold its constituent parts and processes that an inquirer would know what was to be done by him in becoming a christian, and how to do it. He did not stop with the direction, "Repent and believe," which to most persons was a blind direction; but he would show them what it is to repent and be-

lieve, and the way to do it—how to take the first step, and the second, till, by God's help, it was done. How well I remember the time when I went to him, asking what I should do to be saved! I had talked with others—they had moved my feelings and increased my earnestness, and thus were of service; but they did not tell me what to do, so that I could understand it. They had told me to repent and believe; but they might as well have told me to go somewhere they did not know where: for I did not know what it was to repent and believe, or how to do it. He saw in a moment my difficulty. In his calm, kind and earnest way, he told me just what it is to become a christian. He showed me the way to Christ by repentance and faith, step by step, so that it was plain; and I felt that I could go right to my room and fall on my knees, and by God's help, *do it.* I have never seen the man who had anything like his skill in dealing with inquirers for the way of life. And it consisted chiefly in his knowledge of the states and operations of the human mind, and in his analytic way of presenting it. By his preaching, and writing, and especially through those whom he has taught, he has, with others like him, been instrumental in making the way to Christ and salvation far more plain and practicable than it used to be. It has not been made more easy, in the sense of diminishing, in the least, conviction of sin, or of the strength and stubbornness of the human heart in its wickedness and aversion to God; but more easy, in the sense of being more *plain*—in other words, by answering more fully and particularly and practicably the great inquiry, "What must I do to be saved."

The central peculiarity of Dr. Taylor's theological system may be described thus. He so represented the divine side and the human side of religion as to make them harmonize—as to render theology consistent with itself and with all known truth. While he admitted that in so profound and comprehensive a subject as theology, the science of God and his government, there are mysteries, or things above and beyond our understanding, he abhorred and scouted the idea that there are in theology contradictions and absurdities—things which we see and know to be contradictory or absurd. While he maintained firmly the doctrines of human depravity, or sinfulness, and that by nature, of God's foreknowledge and foreordination of all events, of his electing grace, of the sovereignty of his Spirit, and of the perseverance of his saints, he so presented them as that they did not contradict the equally true and scriptural doctrines of human freedom, and just accountability. That doctrine of human

freedom, which he justly defined, not merely and only as liberty to do as we will, but also as liberty to will, power to will either way, he illustrated, and fortified, and defended, and carried through all parts of his system of morals and theology.* The result was the removal of many difficulties in theological science, and greater freedom and power in manifesting the truth to the consciences and hearts of men.

This feature of his theological system at one time was regarded with alarm, very much through misunderstanding, and he was called Arminian and Semi-Arminian. But time has fully proved that his mode was altogether the best for the refutation of Arminianism ; while it has done much to bring some who are called Arminian, some among the Methodists for example, to a substantial reception of many of the doctrines which they had rejected ; and thus it has helped on the harmony, which, we may hope, may at some time be complete between different parts of the one flock of Christ.

One peculiarity of Dr. Taylor's system of theological teaching, subordinate to the general one already mentioned, yet so important as to deserve special notice, was his solution of the difficult problem of the existence of sin, under the government of a wise and benevolent God. The common solution had been that God chose and ordained the existence of sin, when he might have prevented it in a moral universe, because it was the necessary means of the greatest good—because he could do more good with sin than he could without it. This solution Dr. Taylor rejected with all his heart, as dishonorable to God's truth and sincerity, as contrary to the divine law and to all rational views of government, of the nature and tendencies of sin and of holiness, and of known facts. He insisted that God, so far from regarding sin as that without which the highest good could not be done, regards it as good for nothing anywhere, as evil and only evil everywhere, in all its tendencies and relations ; and therefore he does not wish it, ever, or anywhere, but forbids it everywhere, and laments it whenever and wherever it occurs. His solution of the difficulty was that sin comes in, as a necessary and unavoidable result of such materials as God uses in a moral universe—to wit, free agents—that notwithstanding all that can be done, short of breaking down the freedom he has given, and thus contradicting himself, sin will come in somewhere in the moral realms. Whatever may be thought of the

* With reference to the statement, "They can *if they will*," he used to say, in his terse and strong way, "They can *if they wont*."

correctness of this solution of a difficult question, it must be admitted that it gives the preachers of God's word freedom consistently to represent sin as, everywhere and in all its relations, the abominable thing which God hates ; which freedom surely they can not have under the solution which he rejected.

A large part of Dr. Taylor's power as a preacher, and as a teacher of theology, consisted in his profound, comprehensive and sublime views of God as lawgiver and moral governor ; that is, governor by law and authority. Out of these grew his impressive views of law, of moral obligation, of the excellence of obedience, of the evil and guilt of sin, of the penalty of the law, and of the atonement, which takes the place, as the expression of God's mind, of the penalty, in the case of the penitent and pardoned. These views were not new with him, for they have been propounded from the time of the younger President Edwards ; but by him they were enlarged, confirmed and elucidated, and have been the most successful of the means, by which those errors which come under the name of Unitarianism have been withstood, and in a great measure subverted.

As Dr. Taylor never published any of those profound lectures, by which he taught ethics and theology, it is impossible for those who have not attended his lectures adequately to appreciate him. But the greater part of those who have had this means of knowing him, and are also familiar with the New England theologians, beginning with the elder Edwards, will estimate him as the ablest of them all. Such certainly is my judgment ; and such will be, I doubt not, the general verdict, when his works are published.

Having said this, I must also say, in the spirit of fair criticism, that there is one part of his theological system which, in my view, will not bear the test of time and of light. That is the self-love theory, or desire of happiness theory, as it has been called ; viz. that all motives that come to the mind find their ultimate ground of appeal in the desire of personal happiness ; and that the idea of right in its last analysis is resolved into a tendency to the highest happiness. This theory, though advocated by him, was not peculiar to him, and never should be attributed to him as a peculiarity. It was plainly taught before him, by Dwight ,and the elder Edwards ; though, with his accustomed frankness and boldness, he gave it, perhaps, greater prominence than they. But improvement in theology is not ended : in theology not as it is in the Bible—that can not be improved—but theology as it exists in the apprehension, interpretation, and exposition of men. And one of the improve-

ments, I confidently trust, will be the general acknowledgment that the idea of right can not be wholly resolved into the idea of expediency or utility; and that the idea of right and the sense of duty, are as real, and as *ultimate* grounds of appeal or motive in the mind, as the desire of happiness.

The greatest mistake, in my judgment, which Dr. Taylor has made in his theological life, was in spending so much of his precious time as he did, when so often attacked, in proving himself orthodox according to human standards. Whether one is orthodox according to the Bible, God's standard, is a worthy question; whether one is orthodox according to varying and imperfect human standards, is a very inferior if not wholly worthless question. The time thus spent by him, though he was completely successful, would have been far better employed in elaborating, and elucidating, and fortifying by the word of God and right reason, his own views of truth, and letting his reputation for orthodoxy take care of itself; or rather in letting God take care of it, whom he was endeavoring to glorify.

Still the mistake was natural and almost unavoidable: for he and many others thought that the usefulness and even the existence of the theological institution, in which he was a teacher, would be sacrificed by the numerous assaults made upon his theological reputation, unless he defended himself, and maintained his orthodoxy according to the standards of New England theology.

But it is time to close. It is pleasant to know that our beloved and admired friend's intellectual vigor did not fail before he was withdrawn from his active sphere. Even after he was confined to his house and his bed, his mind would fire up into a sacred fervor and eloquence, when he dwelt, as he often did, on his sublime views of God and Christ, of the law and the gospel. Such views made him regard as trifling the financial losses which have occupied so much of the public attention during recent months. In one of the last walks which he took in his feebleness, he met an old and familiar friend, who referred to those losses. "And what are they?" said he, with rising voice and kindling eye. "Should we not, like Paul, count all these things as dross that we may win Christ? What though the whole world should fail? It will work out for those who love Christ a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." And thus he pursued the theme till he arrived at his house.

He felt to the last an unabated and even an increased interest in those views of divine things, which he had endeavored to

present in his teaching; and said that he did not know how to die, there was so much more which he thought he could do here. When he became unable to read his lectures himself, and even during the two and a half weeks of his confinement to his bed, he used to request his daughter to read to him this and that one which he would indicate. Of one of them, the last which he wrote, written not more than two months before his death, his wife said to him: "How I wish that could be put into the form of a sermon and that you could preach it!" "And O, how *I* wish it," said he—"O that I could be permitted to preach again, and to preach to ministers!"

His gradual decline for several weeks was attended by his calm and trustful confidence in the grace of God in Christ and in the ministration of the Spirit, which he had spent his life in setting forth to his fellow-men. He said, "I wish to go, saying, as the martyr Stephen did: 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.'" After his mind through bodily weakness began to wander, his thoughts were upon divine truths and heavenly glories, and in a half unconscious way he frequently repeated the stanza,

> "See Salem's golden spires
> In beauteous prospect rise!
> And brighter crowns than angels wear,
> Which sparkle through the skies!"

A few days before he died, and while he was in full possession of his mind, he called to his bedside his wife,* (between whom and himself, as all the friends of the family know, there existed the most devoted, simple and beautiful affection) and, taking her hand, he said very earnestly, and in that plain Saxon style which he was so accustomed to use: "I shall not be with you long; and when I am called to go, I want you to be very calm and very quiet, and to *let me go;* and the widow's God will be your God." He had a strong aversion to an exciting death-bed scene.

Calm and quiet was the scene of his death, even beyond his wish. He passed away so quietly that it was not known when

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* He was married Oct. 15, 1810, to Rebecca Maria Hine, of his native town, New Milford, Conn. She was of his kindred, the daughter of his cousin. Her maternal grandfather and his mother were brother and sister, of the name of Northrop. Passing their childhood together, they were early joined in devoted affection. Referring to this early attachment, Dr. Taylor once said to a friend that they never were *engaged*, for there was never any need of it.

he died. His attendants, not long after midnight, had helped him to an easy position, and took their seats, leaving him apparently asleep. One of them made the remark that he was sleeping more quietly than usual, and after some time had elapsed, saying that he had slept longer than usual, he went to him, and found that he was dead. So the poet's phrase was literally true respecting him,

"They thought him sleeping when he died."

He is dead; and the places which have known him here will know him no more forever. But though dead, like righteous Abel, HE YET SPEAKETH.

Oh, that we, my christian friends, may regard his words, as they sound down to us from the past, exhorting us to be earnest in prayer and labor for the salvation of men. And, O, that you, who are out of Christ, would regard his words—those divine words, from which he used to speak with so much eloquence and power. "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have eternal life." "God is angry with the wicked every day." "Have I any pleasure at all that the wicked should die? turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die!" "Make you a new heart and a new spirit." "Is he not thy father that hath bought thee, hath he not made thee and established thee?" "Quench not the Spirit." "Now is the accepted time, and now is the day of salvation." Through his words let memory preach to you, and preach not in vain.

A SERMON

PREACHED IN THE CHAPEL OF YALE COLLEGE, MARCH 14, 1858,

THE FIRST SUNDAY AFTER THE DEATH OF

REV. NATHANIEL W. TAYLOR, D. D.,

Dwight Professor of Didactic Theology.

BY GEORGE P. FISHER,

Livingston Professor of Divinity.

DANIEL XII. 3. AND THEY THAT BE WISE SHALL SHINE AS THE BRIGHTNESS OF THE FIRMAMENT; AND THEY THAT TURN MANY TO RIGHTEOUSNESS, AS THE STARS FOREVER AND EVER.

WHAT glorious promises are held out, in the Bible, to those who spend their lives in bringing sinners to God! They are pronounced blessed even in their persecutions. Having a part in the sufferings of Christ, they go to reign with Him on high. They are forever lifted above the troubles of this dying existence, as the firmament is exalted above the earth. In the sphere to which they are removed, they are like the stars set in the tranquil sky. No man can pluck them down out of the hand of the Father. They are together there in heaven, shining on one another, with a mingled radiance, reflected from "the Lamb who is the light thereof." They do not die and pass away like the inhabitants of the earth, but they resemble the stars which have held their course undimmed, from the morning of creation until now. Their life is everlasting—an everlasting progress in knowledge, and purity, and blessedness. Yea, when the stars shall fall, and the heaven depart as a scroll, the Apostles of God will continue, near their Redeemer forever and ever!

We cherish the hope that the venerated father whose body we have lately committed to the grave, was a true minister of Christ; and that Christ was with him, according to the promise, unto the end, and that now he is with Christ in the mansions prepared for His followers. We honor the Creator when we recognize any real excellence to be found in his creature. We honor the Saviour when we admire the fruit of his grace, and

contemplate the work of those whom he has led by the hand. Only let us keep in mind the words of John the Baptist, himself "a burning and shining light:" "A man can receive nothing except it be given him from heaven."

Grant me your attention, while I attempt to delineate the virtues of the deceased, and interweave the leading circumstances of his life and death.

Nathaniel William Taylor was born in the town of New Milford, Connecticut, on the 23d of June, 1786. His ancestors were from England. His grandfather, for whom he was named, was the pastor of the town upwards of fifty years, and a member of the Corporation of this College about half that period—from 1774 until his death. He was a vigorous preacher, a wise and affectionate counsellor, and an ardent friend of liberty. During a part of the old French war, he was chaplain of a regiment of Connecticut troops; and his farewell sermon to the soldiers, preached at Crown Point, is an evidence both of his patriotic zeal, and his christian fidelity. His family were possessed of wealth. Two of his sons were graduates of the College; but the father of our departed friend was a farmer, and a highly respected citizen in his native town. There Dr. Taylor spent his early years. As a boy he was remarkable for his strength of body, and the activity of his mind. In every school to which he was sent, as his contemporaries remember, he was seen at the head of his class. An excellent mother made him, her youngest son, the object of a love peculiarly tender and watchful. Time never wore away her image from his grateful heart. For out-of-door sports, like hunting and fishing, he acquired a hearty relish, which he long retained. His especial fondness for domestic animals grew up in boyhood. He always took delight in his garden; and his uncommon skill in horsemanship, so well known to all his friends, gave him diversion in the midst of arduous studies. These characteristics may also be traced back to his early life.

He prepared for college under the tuition of Dr. Azel Backus, afterwards President of Hamilton College, who had established a select school for boys in his parish at Bethlehem. He was a man of original and decided character, with much intellectual force and depth of feeling. He became strongly attached to his young pupil; and I have heard Dr. Taylor describe a meeting which he had, soon after he had begun to preach, with his old instructor, when Dr. Backus, placing his hand on the shoulder of his youthful friend, expressed in a very simple and touching manner—the tears flowing down his cheeks—the joy

he felt at the report of his success. Dr. Taylor entered college in 1800, when he was only fourteen years of age; but he was soon attacked with an affection of the eyes, which compelled him to leave. He came back and joined the next class, but he was again obliged to lay aside study, for the same cause. Once more he returned, in the autumn of 1805, so far recovered as to be able to finish the course, and graduate in 1807. But his repeated disappointments, involving the loss of three years, had, for the time, chilled his aspirations, and he resumed his studies in the third instance rather to gratify his parents, than with any hope, or intention, of becoming a scholar. He said, himself, concerning this period: "Though I had previously felt an intense interest in study, I had, by that time, entirely lost it. Occasionally, however, my emulation was stirred; but it was to little purpose, as I had abandoned the thought of either doing or being much in future life." But this apathy was foreign to his nature, and could not long continue. It was in consequence of the encouragement which he received from Dr. Dwight, that he was aroused and inspired with fresh zeal for intellectual exertion. In his Senior year, he read in the presence of the class, and before the President, an essay on "The Foundation of Virtue." His classmates who had preceded him, had failed to apprehend the point of the theme; and the President had observed as each of them finished, that they did not understand the question, but after Taylor had read, the President remarked with great emphasis: "That is right,"—and added warm words of commendation, which made his young heart beat quick. His despondency was over; and to this event he attributed not only his revived enthusiasm, but also the direction which his studies afterwards took. The circumstance proves how much a few words of a teacher may effect, if spoken at the right moment. It was during his Junior year that he became interested in religion. His mind was profoundly agitated, and so painful were his convictions of sin, that Dr. Dwight feared that his reason would be deranged. He obtained, however, a faint hope in the mercy of God, which was kindled, as he once told me, by the affecting manner in which the President in one of his prayers in the chapel, quoted the passage: "A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench." But not until several years afterwards, when he had come to enjoy a more intimate intercourse with his revered guide, did he obtain a confirmed hope of everlasting life. His experimental knowledge of the guilt of sin, and of the awful condition of an unpardoned soul, gave rise to his solemnity in

expounding the moral government of God, and to the uncompromising earnestness with which he insisted on the doctrine of retribution. It was the testimony of his conscience given during his own personal struggle for salvation, that gave vitality to the deductions of his logic, and moved him towards them. The great source of religious influence over others, the source even of the best activity of a man's own intellect, is in the moral trials, and victories, through which he has gone himself.

During the next year after his graduation, Dr. Taylor was the private tutor of a son of Mr. Van Rensselaer of Albany, and spent several months in the city of Montreal, where he learned the French language. He then became a student of theology with Dr. Dwight, entering his family, becoming his amanuensis, and writing down, at the dictation of his teacher, most of the sermons which compose his Theological System. For this friend of his youth, his spiritual father, Dr. Taylor ever cherished a reverence such as he felt for no other man. May we not hope that both are now permitted to sit together at the feet of the Great Teacher! He obtained his license to preach in 1810, and entered on his work with the utmost ardor. Being called, soon after, to preach in his native town, with many young men among his hearers who had been his associates from childhood, he delivered a discourse from the text in John's Gospel: "If I say the truth, why do ye not believe me?" This passage is one on which, in after life, he was accustomed to dwell; one which he frequently repeated with peculiar emphasis. It is suggestive of the spirit with which he ever investigated the Gospel, and strove to bring his fellow-men to the same convictions with himself. It is Coleridge, I think, who observes, that a man who begins by loving Christianity more than truth, will love his sect more than Christianity, and be apt to end by loving himself better than either. Dr. Taylor was not of this class. He first loved the truth, and was a Christian, because he was thoroughly and conscientiously convinced that Christianity is true. There was something adventurous, almost chivalrous, in the tone in which he often avowed his readiness to go wherever the truth would lead him. All of his pupils will recollect certain sayings of his to this effect, and the gesture and the flash of the eye, which accompanied them. He had no faith for which he was not ready to give a reason. He addressed the understanding on all occasions, though his highest desire and ultimate purpose were to affect the feelings and change the will. Every sermon that he preached was an attempt to inculcate important truth, which he took care to establish by argument and evidence.

He deemed nothing gained, however his hearers might be interested, until their judgment was satisfied. He was unwilling to have them assent to what he said, unless they saw what they were agreeing to. Persons who came to him for spiritual counsel never failed to receive an intelligible, rational answer to their inquiries; a clear solution of their difficulties; and hundreds whom he has guided in this way, into the Saviour's kingdom, have thankfully testified to the lucid manner in which he explained to them what they had to do to be saved. He showed them the obstacles in their way, and they left him, in no doubt how to remove them. One of his most effective sermons was on the text "What is truth?" and none who have ever listened to it can forget how impressively the simple thought is presented, at the end, that the truth,—the great doctrines of religion,—is unaltered by the opinions of men, by their belief, or disbelief, but is everlasting,—a savor of life unto life, or of death unto death. Dr. Taylor had an enthusiastic confidence in the power of the truth, when fairly and earnestly proclaimed, to vanquish error. He despaired of no unbeliever who could be brought to lend a patient ear to reasoning. Many times I have heard him say that, were he a young man, he should be strongly inclined to go to Paris, and associate himself with students and educated men there, for the purpose of proving to them the claims of the Gospel. When fully possessed of a truth, he held it with an iron grasp, and it seemed to him a weapon "mighty through God to the pulling down of strong holds." It was not in a vaunting spirit, but from a glowing faith in the efficiency of the truth, and a knowledge that the truth must win the day, that once, when he was a young man, he said in a familiar conversation, in reference to preaching, 'it seemed to him that he could turn the world round.' Let it not be thought that his high esteem of the truth crowded out the sense of dependence on God. On the contrary, his hope in the truth was founded on his habitual feeling that the Providence of God is ever working in favor of it, and that His gracious Spirit is seldom denied when good men are faithful. He shrunk with diffidence from any station that involved much responsibility, and consented to take the pastoral charge of the first church in New Haven, as the successor of Stuart, only in consequence of the almost imperative advice of Dr. Dwight.

He was ordained in April, 1812. His sermons were written in terse, idiomatic English, and in so plain a style as to be level to the mind of the humblest auditor. His published writings are not distinguished for perspicuity, but his sermons are. Many who

have merely been acquainted with his reputation as a philosopher, have imagined that his discourses to the people were abtruse dissertations, or bold speculations in theology. So far from this, they were made up of great, simple thoughts, clothed in a garb so perfect that it was not noticed, and enlivened by striking illustrations from the Bible, and from common life. Like some of the Epistles of Paul, and his recorded discourses, the sermons of Dr. Taylor were, to use a favorite phrase of his own, specimens of "fervid argumentation." They never omitted a close, searching, pressing appeal to the conscience. When he had brought his truth out of the Scriptures, and set it in such a light that every one saw it, he demanded, in the name of God, the assent and obedience of his hearers. He insisted on an instant compliance with every known obligation. He demonstrated the fallacy, and folly, of the excuses of impenitent men for living without God, and with every warning and every pathetic entreaty, urged them to immediate repentance. Dr. Taylor was pre-eminently a solemn preacher. He spoke in the manner of a prophet. His person was beautiful, yet commanding, and the deep tones of his voice accorded well with the momentous doctrines which he was commissioned to enforce. As the ambassador of God, he knew no fear of man. Since the days of President Edwards, no one has preached with greater plainness and directness of application, what some call the severe truths of religion,—like the justice of God in the eternal punishment of the wicked. Another side of the Gospel, however, he likewise loved to present. Among his most useful sermons were some of a different character,—such as that on "the goodness of God leading to repentance," and that on the text: "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." The pungency of his preaching excited discontent, especially at first; but after a while, some who had been loudest in their complaints, came to him trembling inquirers for the way of life, of whom, at least one, became a noted minister of the Gospel. The labors of Dr. Taylor in the pulpit were remarkably blessed. While he was pastor, frequent revivals of religion occurred, and each generation of the young, as it came forward, was converted and brought into the church. Out of the pulpit, in intercourse with his people, he was proportionally zealous and successful. He followed them into their houses with his prayers, and affectionate, serious admonitions. He was careful to make himself conversant with the religious condition of the members of his parish, and sought out opportunities to confer with them on the great subject of salvation. I may mention, for example, that he once

persuaded the young lawyers in town to meet together, and allow him to talk to them on the infinite theme. The love of his people for him knew no bounds; and as the generation to which he had ministered passed away, their children and children's children grew up in the same reverent attachment. It may remind one of of the affection of the church at Kidderminster for faithful Richard Baxter.

But Dr. Taylor's sympathies were not absorbed in his parish. In the other Congregational church in town, his influence was scarcely less marked. He frequently preached in other places, his aid being often desired in revivals of religion. Of his services as a counsellor in ecclesiastical affairs, both before and after he resigned the pastoral office; of his agency in founding and building up the younger churches in this city, and in the neighborhood; of the zeal and effect with which he continued to preach until he was disabled by bodily infirmity; and of the gratifying results by which his labors were commonly attended, I have not time to speak. In the revivals of religion which have occurred in college, he was exceedingly active and useful. During the revival here in 1831, he preached to the students twice every week, besides holding a meeting for inquirers. There is a large number of ministers among our graduates, together with many in other professions, who date their conversion from interviews with him. His quick discernment of the mental condition of those who applied to him for guidance, which it is often so hard for themselves to express, was only equalled by the ready wisdom, and the paternal kindness, with which he pointed out the path of duty, the narrow way which leadeth unto life. Many years ago, a young man who is now an eminent Professor in one of our theological seminaries, who had long suffered under religious despondency, happening to hear Dr. Taylor preach in Philadelphia, though a stranger to him, ventured to seek his counsel, and was at once relieved by his judicious and cheering advice. Within a few days, a well-known pastor in Massachusetts has detailed to me how, after being in darkness for months, he was aided in a similar way by this departed servant of Christ. These are but two of the numerous examples of educated men whom he was the instrument of turning to righteousness.

Dr. Taylor entered upon his Professorship at the foundation of the theological department, in 1822. At that time he had come prominently before the public as a preacher, and also as a theologian, having taken part in the Unitarian controversy, and contributed able articles to the pages of the *Monthly Christian*

Spectator. For the last thirty years, he has been chiefly known, beyond this vicinity, as a theological writer and instructor. Contrary to what is, perhaps, the general impression, he was, in the earlier period of his life, an industrious reader. He possessed himself of the most important and useful books in theology, which were then to be obtained, and he studied them thoroughly. In the solid, doctrinal writers of the period that followed the Reformation,—I refer now to the English writers,—he was well read. Probably none of his contemporaries was so well acquainted with the great divines of the New England school of theology, beginning with the elder Edwards. The principal works of President Edwards, Dr. Taylor knew almost by heart; and in controversy, he sometimes perplexed an opponent, by unexpected citations from this New England father, whose authority has been so high among us. Such authors as Calvin, Owen, and Turretin, he had studied; and, what is more, he had mastered, and could instantly refer to the passages which he might require in an argument. On the subjects of metaphysical theology in which he was most interested, he read the English controversial writers on both sides, and, in some instances, provided himself with rare works, which it was not easy to procure. A year or two after his ordination, he seriously considered the question, whether he would not give up his parish, and go to Andover, for the purpose of supplying what he deemed to be deficiencies in his culture. Not long before his death, he remarked to me, that 'he wished he were a young man; then he would learn the Hebrew and the German.' He did not profess to be a critical interpreter of the Scriptures; but he availed himself of such helps as were within his reach, and brought to the sacred text his vigorous common sense.

Dr. Taylor is supposed by many who did not know him well, to have been moved to his studies by the love of recondite speculation. This is an error. His motives, from the outset, were intensely practical. His inquiries relative to human responsibility, and the character and ways of God, were prompted by difficulties in his own religious experience, which he felt obliged to solve, under the alternative of giving up his faith. From a necessity of his own heart, his studies took their rise. He was driven, moreover, to seek for answers to current objections brought against the doctrines of the Gospel, for the purpose of disarming opposers. He desired a Christianity that could be preached with a fearless tongue. He wanted to go before his impenitent hearers, conscious of his ability to beat down every refuge which gave them shelter from the arrows of conscience. In philoso-

phy, he set no value on what could not be translated into language intelligible to plain men, and would not bear the test of common sense. He was constantly appealing to the common, unperverted judgment of mankind, as revealing the facts of consciousness. Severely rational, he was impatient of whatever bordered on mysticism, and paid little respect to any thought that could not be cast into a lucid proposition.

It is not for me, on this occasion, to criticise the principles of his Theological System. This I will say,—that he held with his whole heart, and taught from the pulpit, and from his chair in the seminary, the fundamental articles of the evangelical faith, which gave life to the Protestant Reformation, and form the substantial contents of the Gospel. A symmetrical system, compact and complete, ascending from the first axiom of mental science to the topmost doctrines of Revelation, he constructed. Its main outlines were sketched by him when a young man. I have seen an Essay, which will be found among his papers, written not long after he began his ministry, wherein the leading peculiarities of his theology, as it was developed later, are distinctly stated and defended. He is the author of a Theodicy—a justification of the ways of God to men. The agency of God in the existence of sin and holiness,—the relation of the Decrees and Providence of God to human responsibility,—the grand question which the New England divines have debated for a hundred years, was the theme of his discussions. Whatever difference of opinion may exist in respect to his conclusions, pertaining, as they do, to the most profound and mysterious problems which have ever engaged the human mind; however critics may dissent from his views, extending, as they do, over so vast a range of topics, candid men will admire his ability, and appreciate the integrity, and devotedness of his character.

Dr. Taylor combined two powers, seldom found together,—the powers of a metaphysician, and of an orator. His faculty of long-continued abstraction was wonderful; and the subtlety of his analysis strained the attention of the most acute of his pupils. His powerful mind found its recreation in those forms of activity, which to common men, are a most irksome task. In the department of intellectual science, he stands, by general consent, in the first rank. Yet, mixed with the accurate, reflective, keenly discriminating habit of his mind, and glowing beneath it, was the fire of an orator. He loved to convince others, and to carry them with him. In the presence of an assembly, even with but a few congenial listeners, his mind would kindle, and his manner become eloquent. Among his most stirring, as

well as instructive efforts, were the extemporaneous decisions which he was formerly accustomed to pronounce in the students' debating society, over which he presided. Indeed, his mind seemed always to be in lively motion; and it was his complaint through his whole life, that he could get but little sleep. When the night came, his brain refused to cease from its work.

If you look for the secret of the uncommon influence which he exerted over his students, you may find it, in part, in the personal traits which have been already named. They were struck, on their first acquaintance with him, with the superiority of his intellect. There was a fascination in the manifest independence of his character. It was evident that he called no man master. He taught them to throw away the authority of names, and to think for themselves. He stimulated them by putting his propositions in paradoxical and startling forms. He gave them to understand that he was not satisfied with the expositions of theology in the current treatises; and that he lectured, because he had things to say which had not been said before. He challenged them to examine all his teachings in the light of their own intelligence, to bring forward all the objections which they could think of, urging them to propose questions, and ending every lecture with the words: "Now I will hear *you*." He made it clear that he was not discharging a mechanical function,—that he was not fettered by false notions of professional dignity, but that he was intent on his great object, and was ready to trample on any mere forms that might stand in his way. The courage of Dr. Taylor fascinated young men. For he was eminently courageous. He had never learned the trick of concealing his opinions. In controversy, he would know nothing of stratagem, but marched boldly up in the face of his antagonist. To the inuendoes of sly opponents, he replied with heavy blows. Conscious that his position was, in some respects, peculiar, his resolution to maintain it, and his confidence in his ability to do so, against all adversaries, never wavered for a moment. It was quite in keeping with the entire spirit of the man, when, in reference to a contingency that might require an armed defence of rights, he declared to a concourse of his fellow-citizens, that, old man as he was, he would be ready to shoulder his musket. When the Universalists came into his parish, and held meetings on two different occasions, with a view to a permanent organization, he went in uninvited, and having obtained leave to speak, he followed the preacher with such a refutation of his discourse, that they were discouraged from their purpose, although, the first time, they were so

angry, that they extinguished the lights before he had finished his remarks. In his later years, his pupils came to look upon him as a veteran, who had passed, with honor, through great battles in the cause of his Master, and listened, with delight, to the anecdotes of what he had done and suffered. But the chief charm of Dr. Taylor was his sincerity, and his affectionate devotedness to his students. They knew that he had no feeling towards them which he did not freely express. His heart was open: and how large and generous it was! He gave himself to his pupils, confiding to them everything in his mind, and in his history; spending hours after his lecture in discussion with them, or in friendly and instructive conversation; begrudging no time, precious as he deemed it, which they took from him. He loved young men. He loved their warmth, their willingness to look at new truth, their frankness, their bright hopes of the future. His tenderness was the more dear for the native dignity of his demeanor, and his entire freedom from the least taint of sentimentalism. To strangers, he did not always appear to have so kind a heart, and his love was the more beautiful as it came gushing through a thin crust of seeming austerity. He allowed no unseemly familiarity, and, when offended, he spoke out his rebuke on the instant, in blunt terms. But here the matter ended. No animosity lingered in his mind. This he appeared desirious to indicate by his marked kindness, afterwards, to any person who had incurred his censure. Not long ago, he mentioned to me that, the day before, he had reproved one of his class with more severity, perhaps, than the case required; expressing, at the same time, his grief, and adding, that he had been kept awake a great part of the night, by the thought that Christ would not have spoken so. Who will wonder that such a man drew to him the affections of his pupils? He has moulded the opinions of a great number of men, whom he has either instructed, or conferred with, on the nature of the Gospel. Through them, his influence has been widely exerted on the ministry of the various denominations throughout the country, modifying, everywhere, the type of theology, and the prevalent tone of preaching. There are many who do not subscribe to his philosophical tenets, and many more who know little of him, who still preach in a way quite different from that in which they would have preached, had he not lived. He has been properly styled the last of our New England Schoolmen,—in the special themes which absorbed his attention, in his method of handling them, and in the extent of his influence over the clergy, the compeer of Emmons and Hopkins, of Smalley and the Edwardses.

The animosities of theological strife die away. One generation stones the prophet, and the next builds his sepulchre. The memory of Dr. Taylor will be generally honored. His name will soon be historic ; and the College where he was educated, and where, for thirty-five years, he has taught, will be proud to place it high on the list of illustrious divines who have adorned its annals.

They who knew Dr. Taylor best, do not need to be further reminded of the depth of his affections, and the religious earnestness that appeared in his daily life. He held a stern mastery over his feelings, but now and then they broke through the barrier, and the floods of emotion that poured forth betrayed the depth of the fountain. How he loved his family, those long nights spent in prayer, when temptation or distress was impending, are a touching witness. How his sympathies flowed out to his parishioners, their lasting gratitude, and the tears of gray-haired men who followed him to the grave, are a significant proof. The cordiality of his attachment to friends and pupils, is seen in the sorrow of so many, scattered over different States of the Union, and in distant lands, who will mourn as personally bereaved.

In the last days of Dr. Taylor, his well-known characteristics were strongly disclosed. His interest in political affairs, and in the passing events of the day, was undiminished. His enthusiasm for study outlived his strength. During the illness which confined him to his house about a year ago, he entered upon a laborious investigation of a difficult subject in Biblical Theology, and wrote out his results, amounting to an elaborate treatise. At the same period, I think it was, he occupied himself with the composition of an ingenious essay on the cosmogony of Genesis, as compared with the teachings of Geology. Of late, his strongest tie to life has been his concern for his family, together with his unquenchable love for his favorite studies. Dr. Taylor never touched upon his own religious feelings, unless he was naturally drawn to them by the current of conversation. He never alluded to sacred topics for form's sake, or from the conviction that he ought to appear pious. From that hateful species of affectation, he was utterly free. He was too spontaneous, too honest in everything, of too robust and sincere a nature, to fall into this weakness. In character, as in name, he was the Israelite in whom was no guile. Sometime since, when compelled by his infirmities to lay down his pen for the larger part of every day, he casually remarked to me that he occupied himself with religious meditation ; to that kind of meditation,

he said, his strength was adequate. More recently, when fully aware of the near approach of death, he expressed his calm trust in God, and his desire to depart as Stephen did, uttering the petition: "Lord Jesus receive my spirit." To his best earthly friend, he said: "When the time comes for me to die, I want you to be perfectly calm, and when I am called to go, I want you *to let me go;* and the widow's God will be your God." In one of his last conversations, he indicated his unshaken faith in the doctrines which he had taught, and his conviction of their importance to the world. On the morning of Wednesday, March 10th, several hours before the dawn, unobserved by his attendants in the room, he fell asleep. His body has been committed to the earth; his soul is with God who gave it.

It is hard for me to realize the fact that Dr. Taylor is dead. I expect to hear his familiar step at my door. I expect him to come forward and greet me as I enter his house. I think of him as an aspiring boy, journeying to college from his father's house, his future career all unseen before him. I think of him, as a vigorous youth, grappling with the hard problem of Foreknowledge and Will, with the determination to solve it, or to die in the endeavor. I think of the beauty of his person and the majesty of his eloquence, when, in the centre of his manhood, great congregations hung on his lips in rapt attention. I behold him as I first saw him, an old man, but with spirits still buoyant, and all the energies of his mind in full exercise, discoursing, in his lecture-room, on the grounds of guilt, and responsibility to God. I see him as he was but lately, when, weary under the weight of his years, and his trials, he walked through the streets with slow and painful steps, pausing, here and there, to talk with some old parishioner on the things that pertain to the kingdom of God; and again, as he lay in weakness on the bed from which he never arose; and at last I think of his noble features on which death had set his seal. Yet, his life seems unfinished. It *is* unfinished. He has not died, but gone to another life, leaving the worn garment of mortality, which he needs no more. Dark clouds may settle on the face of the evening sky and seem to blot out the sun, while that luminary is rising on other regions, and rejoicing as a strong man to run a race.

Yet his earthly life is ended forever. Never again will he enter this sanctuary where he has so long bowed in worship. In these places where he has been seen for half a century, he will never more appear. That deep-toned voice is hushed in death. That tongue is silent forever. Soon all that was mortal in him

whom we honored, will be mingled with the dust. To see so much manhood fade away,—shall it not impress on us the vanity of the earth! Shall it not rebuke the pride of the young who feel strong and safe in their strength! "For what is your life? It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." Let this solemn event turn our minds to the true purpose of life, and teach us how worthless, by themselves, are all earthly things. Of what importance, now, to our deceased friend, are the admiration and reproach which he received, both in so large a measure, from his fellow mortals? In itself considered, of how little moment that he rose to an intellectual pre-eminence among them! Or even that he has built up, with so much toil, a theological system that is called by his name! That system, whatever value it may have at present, will be supplanted, and in time will pass away. For the truth does not abide in one form of expression: it is ever showing new phases, and casting off the alloy of error.

> "Our little systems have their day;
> They have their day, and cease to be;
> They are but broken lights of Thee,
> And Thou, O Lord, art more than they."

"Whether there be knowledge it shall vanish away; for we know in part." "For now we see through a glass darkly." In the light of eternity, our departed teacher may have learned more, in these last few days, than in his life-time before. He has left behind an influence; he has borne away a character. Our joy is not in his talents; in the productions of his intellect; or in his earthly fame; but our joy is in the belief that he lived to glorify God, and that his controlling purpose was to do good. We rejoice in the confidence that, in the great ends which he set before him, he was an obedient follower of the Saviour, patiently endeavoring to do His will and humbly trusting in his His mercy for salvation. And the source of the satisfaction with which we review his life, is the fact that he was employed, by the Redeemer, as an instrument of turning a multitude to righteousness. To the Redeemer be all the glory!

In concluding this imperfect tribute to my venerated and beloved teacher, let me urge the young men of this assembly, in whose welfare my heart is deeply interested, to follow him as he followed Christ. Not to disparage other occupations to which you may be inclined, what can you do more worthy, than to devote yourself, like him, to the work of a Gospel minister? What object can you figure to yourself so high as the turning

of immortal men from sin unto righteousness? Whatever self-sacrifice may belong to it, what work will, on the whole, yield you so much peace while you live? Contrast the life of a faithful preacher, in its lofty studies, its inspiring and delightful duties, with the thorny path of political ambition!

But aside from the consideration of temporal happiness, when the hour of death shall come—and it will come much sooner than you can now realize—what life will you wish to have lived? At the portal of the eternal world, as you look back on the past, what work will you be glad to have done? O, how unspeakable is the privilege of him who, in that parting hour, can take to himself the promise of the text? Blessed are they to whom it is given to turn many to righteousness, and to shine as the stars forever and ever!

OBITUARY NOTICE,

BY CHAUNCEY A. GOODRICH, D. D.

Professor of the Pastoral Charge in Yale College.

From the New Haven Daily Palladium, March 10, 1858.

DEATH OF REV. DR. TAYLOR.

Died, in this city, March 10th, Rev. Nathaniel William Taylor, D. D., Dwight Professor of Didactic Theology in Yale College, in the seventy-second year of his age.

Although it has been known for some days that a great and good man was passing away from the midst of us, the tidings of Dr. Taylor's death will be received with no ordinary feelings by a large part of this community. There are few, comparatively, who can remember the time when he came to live among us. To nearly the whole of our active population he has *always* been here,—known of all as a man of pre-eminent abilities, justly regarded as one of the most powerful preachers of the age, sought out by the churches of his denomination as a wise counselor in their difficulties, revered and loved by his pupils for the clearness and depth and solidity of his instructions. Those who knew him in private life will naturally recur to his admirable social qualities, the frankness of his disposition, the generosity of his sentiments, the largeness of his views; his extraordinary conversational powers, his perfect independence and yet courtesy in differing from others, his richness and originality of thought, and his remarkable talent of giving lightness and variety to a discussion by passing "from grave to gay, from lively to severe." Those who enjoyed his friendship will dwell with deeper emotion on the warmth and constancy of his affections, the ready sympathy he extended to those around him in their trials and sufferings, and the strength they derived from his counsels and his prayers. All will unite in saying: "A great man has this day fallen among us!"

He was born at New Milford, Conn., in the year 1786, and graduated at Yale College in 1807. After residing for about two years in the family of Dr. Dwight, as his favorite amanuensis, he entered on the ministry; and was ordained pastor of the

First Congregational Church in New Haven, in April, 1812. How faithfully he discharged the duties of this office can be testified by some who remain among us, and is witnessed by the veneration and love with which he was regarded by the children and the children's children of multitudes who once sat under his ministry. His preaching was marked by extraordinary clearness, force, and pungency of application. He had great confidence, under divine grace, in the *power of truth*. Hence, he dealt with the hearts of men chiefly through their understandings; he enforced the claims of the Gospel, not by mere strength of assertion, but by vivid and luminous trains of reasoning; he turned the whole at last into an appeal to conscience; and the leading characteristic of his preaching was happily described by an eminent divine of Massachusetts: "He makes everything appear great: God, man, time, eternity!" His ministry was eminently successful. There were, in repeated instances, powerful and long-continued revivals of religion among his people; and these seasons of extraordinary interest were conducted with so much judgment, and care to avoid every kind of excess, that the whole community around saw and acknowledged that they were no mere ebullitions of excited feeling, but were marked by the peculiar presence of the converting grace of God.

When the Theological Department of Yale College was founded, in the year 1822, he was appointed Dwight Professor of Didactic Thology. But in accepting this office, he never thought for a moment of relinquishing the duties of the ministry. On the contrary, while preparing young men for the sacred office, he continued to preach in the churches of our city or neighborhood, with his accustomed fervor and success. For nearly a year, in 1825–6, he acted as the regular supply of one of the societies at Hartford, which was destitute of a pastor. As new Congregational churches have branched out from the two original societies on the Green, his counsels and aid have been called in for the furtherance of each successive enterprise. On some of them he bestowed an amount of labor which, if reckoned in continuous order, would make months and even years of pastoral duty. Hence, in all our Congregational churches, his departure will be felt as the loss of one who had endeared himself to the hearts of hundreds by his unwearied efforts for their spiritual good.

As a teacher in theology, it was his great object to make his pupils *think for themselves*. It required no ordinary effort to follow him through one of his lectures. They abounded in pro-

found principles and far-reaching views, which, to a reflecting mind, were eminently the "seeds of thought." A gentleman who exchanged the bar for the pulpit, once remarked, that never in the severest contests of the forum had he felt such a tension of his faculties, such a bracing and invigorating effect upon his mind, as in listening to the lectures of Dr. Taylor. Nearly seven hundred young men have enjoyed the benefit of his instructions. They are scattered throughout every part of the United States; and they will all testify that the great end at which he aimed in his theological system, was "to exalt God, to humble man, and to bring all to the cross of Christ."

Dr. Taylor died of no specific disease. He was simply worn out by hard study. About two months ago, he was no longer able to meet his class; and from that time he daily committed to one of their number a lecture to be read and discussed at their daily meetings. He told them his course was ended; and with a quiet and child-like submission to the will of God, he resigned himself to the prospect of a speedy death. To one of his friends he remarked, "My only hope is in the atonement of Christ; and my wish is to die with the words of the martyr Stephen on my lips, 'Lord Jesus receive my spirit.'" His closing hours were without struggle or suffering; *he rests from his labors, and his works do follow him!*

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

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This pamphlet will be forwarded by mail, *pre-paid*, to any part of the country, on receipt of the price (25 cents) in stamps.

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A Discourse, commemorative of the History of the Church of Christ in Yale College, during the First Century of its existence. Preached in the College Chapel, Nov. 22, 1857. With Notes and an Appendix. By GEORGE P. FISHER, Livingston Professor of Divinity. 100 pages octavo. Price 25 cts. in paper; in boards 38 cts.

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OBITUARY SERMONS,

ON THE DEATH OF

REV. HARRY CROSWELL, D. D.

OBITUARY SERMON,

PREACHED IN

Trinity Church, New Haven, March 16, 1858,

AT THE FUNERAL OF

REV. HARRY CROSWELL, D. D.,

BY

RT. REV. JOHN WILLIAMS, D. D.,
ASSISTANT BISHOP OF CONN.,

AND A

SERMON,

PREACHED THE FOLLOWING SUNDAY,

BY

REV. SAMUEL BENEDICT,
ASSISTANT MINISTER OF TRINITY CHURCH;

TOGETHER

WITH THE RESOLUTIONS OF THE CLERGY OF THE DIOCESE, OF THE VESTRIES OF TRINITY, ST. PAUL'S, ST. THOMAS', CHRIST, ST. JOHN'S AND ST. LUKE'S PARISHES, AND THE PARISH OF THE CHURCH OF THE ADVENT, BOSTON: WITH SOME NOTICES OF THE DECEASED, AND OF THE FUNERAL CEREMONIES FROM THE CITY PAPERS.

Published by order of the Vestry, for the use of Trinity Parish.

NEW HAVEN:
PRINTED BY THOMAS J. STAFFORD.

1858.

At a meeting of the Wardens and Vestry of Trinity Church, March 18th, 1858,

Voted, That Messrs. Beriah Bradley, Henry E. Peck, and Charles R. Ingersoll be a Committee to convey to the Rt. Rev. John Williams, D. D., Assistant Bishop of this Diocese, our grateful thanks for his prompt and obliging attention to our wishes, and the wishes of the Parish, in conducting the funeral service of our late revered Rector, Rev. Harry Croswell, D. D., and for his able, eloquent, and most appropriate Sermon on that occasion; and to request him to favor us with a copy of his Sermon for publication.

Voted, That said Committee be directed to cause the Sermon to be printed in an appropiate style, together with the Resolutions of the Clergy, of the Wardens and Vestry of the Parish of the Advent, Boston, of the several Vestries of the Episcopal Parishes of the City, and of such other Churches as may be communicated to us—with such notices of our late Rector as may seem to them appropriate.

Attest,

S. D. PARDEE, *Clerk.*

New Haven, March 25, 1858.

Rt. Rev. John Williams, D. D.,
Assistant Bishop of Conn.

Rt. Rev. and Dear Sir: The undersigned, a Committee of the Wardens and Vestry of Trinity Parish, New Haven, respectfully present to you the enclosed votes of the Vestry. Heartily concurring in the general wishes of the Parish expressed in these votes; hoping for a favorable answer to the request for a copy of your Sermon, we are,

Most respectfully, your obedient servants,

BERIAH BRADLEY,
H. E. PECK,
C. R. INGERSOLL.

Middletown, March 27, 1858.

To Messrs. Beriah Bradley, Henry E. Peck, and Charles R. Ingersoll, a Committee of the Vestry of Trinity Church, New Haven:

Gentlemen,—I beg to offer through you to the Wardens and Vestry of Trinity Parish, my sincere thanks for their very kind Resolution of the 18th inst., and also to acknowledge the equally kind manner in which you have done me the favor to communicate it. If I have been able in any way to be of service in connection with the solemn services at the interment of your late honored Rector, it will be a source of melancholy yet real gratification to me.

Were it not that I suppose my Sermon may help in some degree to make up the Memorial which you design to publish, I should be unwilling to see any other printing of it, than the report which has already appeared. As it is, I do not feel at liberty to withhold it, though you must pardon me for saying that I accede to the request for its publication with very great reluctance.

With assurances of my respectful regard, I am,

Gentlemen, your servant in the Church,

JOHN WILLIAMS.

SERMON,

BY RT. REV. JOHN WILLIAMS,
ASSISTANT BISHOP OF THE DIOCESE OF CONNECTICUT;

PREACHED IN TRINITY CHURCH, MARCH 16, 1858.

II TIMOTHY, IV. 7.

"I HAVE FOUGHT A GOOD FIGHT; I HAVE FINISHED MY COURSE; I HAVE KEPT THE FAITH."

An almost awful interest attaches to these words. They occur in the last Epistle ever written by the great Apostle of the Gentiles. Immured in a Roman dungeon, in the days of a tyranny when to be so immured was the almost certain warrant of martyrdom, writing to a distant son in the Gospel, he gives utterance to this sublime strain of glorious hope: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought the good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me, a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me in that day."

Far beyond those prison walls his eye was fixed; and though as it glanced onward to the end, it rested for a moment on the Roman magistrate, and the bloody sword, and the gaping crowds, still it was only for a moment; there were things beyond from which it would not be detained; "the tribunal of Nero faded from his sight, and the vista was closed by the judgment seat of Christ."

And, my brethren, even so, to each in his place and degree, may it be granted to all the faithful disciples of the Lord Jesus, thus to look forward, and thus to speak, as the appointed end of life draws on. Not every one, indeed,

can look back on what St. Paul could. Not to the memory of every one, can there come in that last hour, the thought of labor, and suffering, and achievement, such as his. Still, if the life has been a service of the Lord, and if the service has been living and faithful, then, no matter how limited the sphere, how humble the vocation, though we may not look back on what St. Paul did, we shall look forward to all which he beheld. The weakness of our mortality, shall be upborne by the faith that nerved his soul; the darkness of our death chamber shall be lighted by the love that illumined his gloomy dungeon; and far beyond the death struggle and the mortal agony, we shall behold with a joy that overpowers them both, the vision of peace, the house of healing, the home of rest, mother of cities, the Jerusalem of heaven.

It can hardly be regarded as pushing or straining beyond its natural import, that part of the Apostle's death song, which I have selected as my text, to say that it had for him, and has for us, a twofold import. He could give utterance to it, both as a man and an Apostle. With us, it may refer both to the people and the ministers of Christ. And in either case, it presents the follower or the minister of the Lord, first as the soldier in the Christian combat; next as the runner in the Christian race; and thirdly, as the trustee or depositary, to whom is committed the deposit of the Christian Faith.

To-day, in this presence, and beside these honored remains, it is right that your thoughts should be called to that view of the text, which connects it with the duties and the labors of the Christian ministry; and in which, its application must be so obvious to every one of us. Still, now and ever, it is true, that the personal and the official application of the Apostle's words, must meet and mingle with each other. Of no minister of Christ can they be fitly spoken, of whom they could not be spoken as an individual man. The pastoral warfare against sin

and evil, the pastoral labors in the fold, the pastoral teaching of the Faith, however abundant and however zealous to men's eyes, O! how little comfort would they bring to the dying hour of a minister of Christ, how few consoling thoughts and memories could they give to those who stood beside his bier, unless with them there had gone, the personal struggle in that minister's own heart, the personal race in his individual life, the personal faith in his own inmost soul! But here in that aged soldier of his Master, whose mortal remains we are about to commit to the sepulchre, we can feel that they do meet; and, therefore, to us these words may come to day, in all their fullness of consolation, of incitement and of solemn warning.

First in the enumeration, stands the pastoral warfare. It is a common figure; it presents appositely and in a striking way, one phase of pastoral life. And that phase involves its severest, and most wearing labors. For, it is not in the public ministrations of the sanctuary, in the public exhortations to the assembled flock, that this warfare against the corruptions and the temptations of humanity is chiefly carried on. No! It is in the continuous round of unseen labor, in the word spoken in the individual ear, in the private counsel, in the silence of the chamber of sickness and the gloom of the house of mourning, by the wayside, in the hovel of the poor and outcast, in the house of misery and the haunt of sin, that this work is done. It is in the personal communion, when the pastor's heart meets the individual hearts of his people, when the convictions, the struggles, the trials, the hopes and the fears of their hearts are brought to his sympathies, his counsels and his prayers, that his best victories for the Lord are won. Nothing can be substituted for this; no human machinery can be made to take the place of this divine arrangement, with safety to the souls of either priest or people.

No doubt it is a wearisome and trying warfare. It

makes the ministry an easier thing to leave it out. And yet, to do so, will almost ensure to him who does it, the loss alike of his labor and his soul. Look at St. Paul, standing on Mars Hill, at the very centre of the world's intellectual life, and proclaiming with a sublimer eloquence than ever issued from lips untouched with the fire of inspiration, the truth as it is in Jesus; and then remember, that a whole century went by before there was a Church in Athens, that had a "name to live." Look at him again in Ephesus, laboring for three years in the humblest and most secluded manner; "disputing in the school of one Tyrannus;" going about "from house to house;" "warning every man and teaching every man;" working, meantime, with his own hands in the lowly occupation of a tentmaker; and then remember, that there, from these labors, in his own life time, a Church arose, flourishing and prosperous, over which his own hands placed Timothy, his son, as its first Bishop, and for whose faith and love he gave unceasing thanks to God.

The rule then, is the rule now. And if as the Apostle of the Gentiles looked back upon his fight, he saw, not here and there one great achievement, and all a blank besides, but surveyed a long, continuous series of such contests as I have described, so any of his successors, in any of the "divers orders" of the Ministry, must, if he hopes to die with visions of the victor's palm before him, be able to look back, in his place and order, on the same good fight for Christ.

But I turn to the second point, the pastoral race. And here, much the same general line of thought applies, as that which has just occupied us. For here, too, must be exercised the same patience, the same watchfulness, the same unceasing diligence, the same care in seizing opportunities, the same subduing of the spirit and forgetfulness of self, that are involved in what has gone before. For, the course, to be well finished, must not be now a furious,

headlong rushing, and then an indolent and careless lagging, but a continuous, regular advance: with the forgetting of the things behind, and a reaching forward to the things that are before. It is here, if I may so speak, as it is in an earthly battle field. It is not the personal bravery of the soldier alone, that is of service then. Let him work out of line, and out of rule, and the braver he is, and the harder he labors, the more does he impede the plans of contest, and endanger their result. And so, it is not the occasional success of a brilliant effort, or the chance achievement of a sudden impulse, that will most advance the true interests of the Church of God. No! it is the subdued and chastened spirit, which loves to submit its own will, and finds in such submission a higher dignity and a truer independence than in yielding to that will; which works on patiently in the humble round of daily labor; which does not substitute lofty dreams about grand results, for the patient discharge of lowly duties; which remembers how the race is made up of single steps; it is such a spirit that wins the most solid and enduring triumphs for the Cross.

How little is this understood and estimated! Men see Christ's ministers in their daily work, and to them it seems a doing over and over again the same things; a repetition of the same acts and words, with few or no appreciable results. Day after day, and year after year, the pastor is beheld, receiving Christ's little ones into His fold, teaching and training them for heaven, exhorting the sinful and the careless, preaching the word, ministering the sacraments, attending on the sick and dying, providing for the poor, and burying the dead, and still the world, with its hurry and its crash, speeds on; and many who are borne along in its mad whirl, are ready to ask what all this amounts to, and what it means. It means that God's work is being done by the side of man's work, and amid the hindrances of Satan! It means that Christ's Minister is finishing his

course, the fruits and issues of which will be known in that day, when God shall make up his jewels!

We have reached the third point, the preservation of the Faith; THE FAITH; that sacred deposit of divine truth, that "form of sound words," which the Apostle elsewhere commands Timothy to hold fast; those things, which received from him, are to be committed to faithful men, who may be able to teach others. This holy deposit is entrusted to the pastor, for its keeping, as well as promulgation. It is given to him, not to speculate about, not to exercise intellectual ingenuity upon, not to modify, not to adapt to human fancies, not to mingle with human philosophies, but to keep "whole and undefiled," in all its divine completeness, and as he keeps it, so also to promulgate it in the ears of men. If our age, brethren, has one special danger for the Christian minister, it lies here. When the inspired lips of Apostles first gave utterance to the harmonies of the Faith amid the discordant sounds of antagonistic human teachings, when in the freshness of its youth, and the undimmed beauty of its divine original, it stood amid the effete and crumbling relics of human theories, it had for those who heard and saw it, not alone its eternal, living power, but also the charm of novelty. That age has long since passed away; and now it comes to men, as something to which generations on generations have listened; which is anything but new; which, however it may gather fresh lights and shadows from the changes of the world's brief day, still stands the same forever. It has, indeed, the same divine life, the same undying youth; but to the eyes of the world in a restless and changing period, it seems to wear marks of age; and those eyes readily turn to other things. To be faithful here, then, is a great thing. It demands nerve. It requires courage. It tasks faith. It is easier to play with new fancies about the head, than with this old truth to reach the heart.

And therefore it is, that here so many fail. "I have kept the faith." What simple words, and yet what meaning ones! Words that comforted St. Paul in his dungeon prison, on the eve of his departure from the world! Words that tell of unflinching fidelity, where faithlessness is easy; of self-restraint, when there are allurements abundant to let the mind wander at its will; of the simplicity of preaching, when the temper of the age is calling for bold and unlicensed speculation; in a word, of the submission of mind and will to the law and stewardship of the Gospel. O! what a contrast on their deathbeds, between one who has kept and taught the "Faith once given to the Saints," and one who has wandered in his own fancies, and preached them, instead of God's glorious truths! What a more awful contrast shall be seen, when, in the day of God, there shall gather round the one, those who shall be His hope, His joy, and His crown of rejoicing; and on the other, the blood of souls, deluded and driven far from Christ and His great salvation, shall set its mark of endless condemnation!

And now, brethren, standing here to-day, in this holy house and beside these mortal remains of a venerated brother—I might rather say, a father—in the Church of God, it is my duty and my privilege, before his kindred after the flesh, his brethren in the Ministry, and the people of his charge, to bear him witness, that he has fought the good fight, that he has finished his course, that he has kept the faith.

And there are no better words of eulogy that human lips could speak, than these.

This is not the place nor time for mere biographical details. Other hearts and other hands will care for them. I speak of Christ's veteran Soldier, who has gone to his welcome rest: of the Priest whom his brethren delighted to honor: of the Pastor who will live in the memory of his flock; and to him I bear the witness, which he would have shrank from bearing to himself.

His ministry was not only a long one, but he was permitted to live and work in it to the very end. Only one Sunday intervened, between the time when his mortal presence left God's earthly temple, and that in which, we trust, his spirit entered Paradise. And through all that ministry of three and forty years, how constantly did he seem to labor on the model, and by the plan, which I have just been sketching. It has been said of him, and how truly, "he *dwelt* among his people." And he dwelt among them, carrying on the pastoral warfare against sin and evil, running the pastoral race for Christ, keeping the faith, just in that patient, untiring self-sacrificing way, which has just engaged our thoughts.

His previous life had proved, that had he chosen, he might have seen what the world would have called a far more brilliant career than this, leading to worldly wealth, and influence, and honor. But he laid all this down at his Master's feet, and took up the pastor's scrip and staff, with a purpose and a singleness, in which he never wavered. And then, through a ministry that brought him into contact in its ministrations with four generations, he gave himself up to the pastor's labors; working in that one only way which he knew or cared to know, the way which the Church had taught him; trusting it, loving it, and therefore sure of the result. And the result was sure, as it ever is, when in this spirit, and in this way, duty is made the watchword. In the pulpit, as he faithfully kept, so he truly preached the Faith; not here a shred and there a fragment, but the whole counsel of God; that wondrous scheme which brings together God and man; which shows us the eternal Son of God made very man for us, purchasing by the sufficing satisfaction of His one sacrifice upon the cross, the forgiveness of our sins, whereby, through faith, we stand as justified with God, and that gift of the Holy Ghost, whereby, given to a living faith, through the sacraments and means of grace established in his Church,

we are united to Him, and through Him to the Father. That faith he kept, that faith he taught, entire, unmutilated, undefiled. In the parish, he was the watchful shepherd, and the sheep knew his voice. How untiring he was in his personal ministrations to the poor; how constant in his attendance on the sick and suffering; how careful in grounding Christ's little ones, in the elements of Christian faith and practice. From this round of patient labor and untiring service, nothing took him long away; while the extraordinary physical powers with which God blessed him, made the interruptions of illness few and of short continuance. So he labored, and as I have said, felt sure of the result.

The result came, and it bears a witness that the Church may well be thankful for. "The little one" has literally "become a thousand,"* and the work of the Lord has prospered in the hands to which it was committed. And how much of all this spiritual strength and increase, is not owing to those quiet, unobtrusive labors, which, beginning in that little wooden sanctuary where scarce a hundred families were represented, have ended where the more than tenfold increase gives hope of even a fuller harvest, in years to come! Well, indeed, may we say of him, he has fought the good fight; he has finished his course; he has kept the faith.

Into the sacred precincts of the home and the domestic life I have no right to venture. But who can help rejoicing in the thought, that though an honored place is vacant here on earth, strong ties of love have been re-knit in Paradise? Who can help thinking of that priestly son, so dear to all who knew him, the chronicler of whose pure life, by a strange Providence, was that priestly father?

* I have learned since this was written, that these words were the text of the Sermon, preached by Dr. Croswell, on the occasion of leaving the old Church in New Haven, for the present Trinity Church.

The "trembling hand and aching heart" of which the father spoke so tenderly and touchingly, are now at rest, and the communion of the living and the departed is made perfect in the skies.

My brethren of this congregation, to you let me speak in the name of my Master. For the last time you meet, in this sacred place, all that remains on earth of your honored pastor. Up that pathway, which his living foot so often trod, his body has for the last time been borne, and gathered round his coffin, you stand once more beside him dead, as you stood before him living. It is a solemn meeting. There can be but one more solemn one, and that will be when you stand with him at the judgment seat of Christ! What memories, what thoughts, must be with you now! Some few of you can recall the time when first, in the fullness of his manhood, he came among you. But for most of you, the memories of all your lives are associated with him and his pastoral labors. Those labors are ended now, that voice is hushed for you. You look in vain for that venerable form in its accustomed place, vainly you listen for those familiar tones.

And yet, there is a voice that speaks to you to-day, from the past and from the present; and it may be that words unheeded as they fell from the living lip, will gain power with you, as they seem to come to you from the coffin and the shroud. Are there not those among you, and that at various periods of life, who have shunned the Christian contest, and given no thought to the Christian race, and lightly esteemed the Faith as it is in Jesus? Are there not some of you who can recall counsels, exhortations, entreaties of your deceased pastor, to turn to the life, and the duties and the privileges of the Christian calling, which you have not heeded? Then, to you once more he speaks to-day, not with the uttered word, but by the remembered one. And beside his coffin, and before his sepulchre, I warn you, I beseech you, follow that wise

counsel. He calls you now by his death, as he once did in his life.

To those of you, whom by God's blessing he has been permitted to behold advancing in the way to heaven, he also speaks to-day by his own example, bidding you to be faithful to the end. Heed that exhortation then, more lovingly uttered now, than it ever was in life; and as he has done, fight your fight, and run your race, and keep the faith. So shall pastor and people in that coming day, bear to each other a witness, from which neither shall shrink away.

My brethren of the Clergy, I feel to-day, as almost never before, the strange "changes and chances of this mortal life." The last time I was called to stand beside the dead, it was to commit to earth a young soldier of our Master, who had not been permitted even to put on the armor of his calling in the Christian Ministry. And now to-day, I meet you here, to pay the tribute of our honor and affection to the veteran of fourscore years, and the Priest, whose years of active service outnumber those of many of our lives. So strangely does death deal with us. So does God warn us wherever in our lives we are, "to work while it is called to-day," because "the night cometh wherein no man can work."

Our venerated brother was associated for almost all of us, with all the memories of our ministerial lives. He had grown gray in the Master's service, when many, I may say when most of us, were sent into the field. And amid all the changes we have witnessed, he has stood as a kind of landmark for us. As years have rolled along, we have still seen him, the faithful sentinel, ever at his post, in sunshine and in storm, in calm and tempest, the watchful warder of the citadel, the careful steward of the mysteries of God.

A ministry so lengthened, so honored, and so blessed, teaches us all, dear brethren, a great and impressive les-

son ; a lesson which that lifeless presence speaks, more eloquently than any words of mine. It recalls to us, what was prayed for us when we were admitted to the lowest in the divers Orders, that we might be "modest, humble, and constant in our ministrations." It recalls to us the solemn exhortation on our advancement to the Priesthood; that we should "never cease our labor, our care and diligence, until we had done all that in us lay," to bring the souls entrusted to our care, "to that agreement in the faith and knowledge of God, and that ripeness and perfectness of age in Christ, that no room should be left among us, either for error in religion or for viciousness of life." It tells us of the pastoral fight well fought, the pastoral course well run, the Faith of Jesus kept. Let us take the lesson then to our hearts, and bear it from the temple of God, and the grave of His faithful servant, to our several fields of duty. Let it rouse the younger to a wise restraint, and a disciplined will; to patience, and self-sacrifice, and faithfulness in the humblest and most unseen labors. Let it nerve the older to stronger efforts and more constant service; so that "our loins may be girded about, and our lights burning, and we ourselves like unto men that wait for their Lord." Blessed, thrice blessed, are such servants!

One duty now remains. And as in doing it, we bear the Priest from these holy precincts from which we scarce can feel that he is gone forever, let it be with less of sorrow than of joy; with fewer thoughts of the grave, than of the glorious homes of those who sleep in Jesus; with less remembrance of partings upon earth, than of unsevered union in the better land; looking from this world up to heaven, and onward to the resurrection of the just; remembering that gracious promise—

He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment; and I will not blot out his name out of the book of life, but I will confess his name before my Father, and before His angels!

SERMON,

BY REV. SAMUEL BENEDICT,
ASSISTANT MINISTER OF TRINITY CHURCH;

PREACHED IN TRINITY, MARCH 21, 1858.

HEBREWS, XI. 4.

"BY IT, HE, BEING DEAD, YET SPEAKETH."

ABEL, of whom these words are spoken, was probably the first person who fell under the execution of the sentence of death. He also stands first in that glorious list of the faithful, enumerated in the chapter from which the text is taken, of whom it is shown, that they lived, and labored, and suffered, and "died in faith." So clearly, at the very beginning of death's sad work in the world, was it indicated, that while "death passed upon all men," yet, "blessed were the dead who died in the Lord." God's faithful servants do not escape the common doom. On the contrary, the righteous Abel dies first, first comes under the sentence pronounced upon sin. Yet, from his death, he speaks of a triumph over death. The faith in which he lived, and worshiped, was a faith in which he died, and by which death is vanquished in the very hour of its mastery. For though dead, he yet speaks of life from the dead. From out the first grave ever opened to receive man's corruptible body, comes forth a voice of hope. It utters a note of triumph. The dead speaks with more than the energy of life. That voice announces,—death through death overcome the victory of the grave broken,

the sting of death removed. From Abel's time on through all the ravages of the destroyer, all the faithful have died indeed; and yet from out their deaths, they still speak as he does, of hope in the prospect, of support in the agonies, of life beyond the act of death.

And that by which *they* speak is the same as that by which Abel yet speaketh, viz: by faith. By that strong assurance in the divine promise which regulated their lives, which cheered them in the suffering of this mortal state, which animated their labors, which supported them in their death. By this Abel, though dead, yet speaketh.

But what was the object of that faith, which thus made Abel's life so elevated, and his death so instructive? The verse pretty clearly intimates the object to which Abel's faith was clinging. "By faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain, by which he obtained witness that he was righteous, God testifying of his gifts; and by it, he, being dead, yet speaketh." The reason why Abel's sacrifice was more excellent, why it was accepted, was, that it was offered in faith. Faith in what? is the question that at once arises. Faith in all God had revealed, is the ready answer, particularly in all He had revealed concerning man's fallen state and a deliverance therefrom. Faith, in other words, in the promise of a coming Redeemer. The faith so highly extolled in this well known chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, was a confident expectation of all God had promised, a firm conviction of the truth of whatever God had revealed, and then, as a consequence, a ready obedience to all God required. Such a faith as this was Abel's, when acting under its powerful influence he brought a lamb, to represent "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world." For even then, it is altogether probable, there had been instituted bloody sacrifices in order to typify the true sacrifice, one day to be offered. At any rate, Abel offered what he had to offer, in a firm reliance on all God had revealed of the

way in which sin, and the consequences of sin, were to be done away, death and all its burden of mortal toils and pains forever lifted from the shoulders of a groaning race.

How clearly the Almighty had made known to our fallen parents the plan of salvation, we cannot now tell. All that is told, in the concise narrative of Scripture, is the declaration made to the tempter, "I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel." Doubtless, in this single verse is contained the substance of much that God then unfolded to our first parents, of His purposes of mercy. And, doubtless, Adam and his wife expected that at some future time one of their descendants should redeem the world, should through death abolish death, and free their fallen race from the power, the pollution, and the punishment of sin.

Abel's faith, then, was faith in a coming Redeemer, however dimly or however clearly the person and the character of that Redeemer were apprehended. A faith in the promise that the serpent's work should be stopped by one in the form of man, however vaguely he may have foreseen the mystery of "God manifest in the flesh." It was the same faith, indeed, with which the Christian now looks back to the cross and tomb of Christ. A faith which took form and definiteness in the lamb which, in accordance with some Divine direction or intimation, he offered, and which offering God accepted. The same faith as that which pervades the Christian's every act of worship, which sustains him in every suffering, which supports him in his death, which blesses his resting-place in the grave, and which, from out that grave, speaks to all who mourn his absence in the body, in the language of another faithful saint of that older and dimmer dispensation, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth, and though after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God."

And so the death of Christian friends is to us, all vocal of immortality. We have seen Job's ardent assurance verified in the life and death, and rising again of Him who is "the Resurrection and the Life;" who "hath brought life and immortality to light." As we take up the cold body of the departed Christian, and with measured march bear it to its bed of corruption, we may easily seem to hear a voice, more thrilling than ever spoke by those cold lips when in life, "He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and he that liveth and believeth in Me shall never die." He is not dead. Abel, the moment he breathed out his last breath, under the violence of his brother, was then set free from the curse of death. That moment his spirit was liberated from its decayed tenement, and that tenement itself laid up in safe reservation against the time when corruption shall put on its first incorruption, and mortal be restored to its pristine immortality. And that faithful Christian whom we have now borne to the grave is not dead, for Christ hath said "He shall never die." And he did not die. The soul is already disenthralled of its mortal bonds, and the body is given over to the safe keeping of Him who is "the Resurrection and the Life." The grain of wheat we cast into the earth, in the seeming dies, but in the reality, when it dies, in our common apprehension of what death is, then it just begins to be quickened; then it just begins to live. So also is it with the corruptible body of man. When it, in the grave, gets rid of its corruptible, then it begins to live, or rather, charged full of a new principle of vitality, is only waiting for the summons of Him who is "the Resurrection and the Life," to spring up in all the freshness of its immortal youth.

It is not, however, wrong, nor is it unmanly, for Christians to weep at the ravages of death. We are not yet so above this world of appearances, as to grasp completely the hidden verities, and at the first view, to look full over

into the realities of the world unseen. While in this illusory existence, the shadow of death has to the earthly eye all the awfulness of a real king of terrors, and we, like children in the twilight, have to reason, and fortify our hearts against spectral forms and unreal horrors. And then, this heart of ours that beats out its allotted moments of life, is a heart of flesh and blood, and tender and sensitive, as it is, is often too impetuous in its gushes of wounded affection, instantly to subside at the calm biddings of a clear and far-reaching, heavenly faith; nor, we say, is it wrong it should be so. He who combined in its highest perfection the throbbing tenderness of the human, and the calm, passionless serenity of the divine nature, He who was perfect man, as well as very God, himself gave vent to groans and tears at the grave of His friend. "See how He loved him," was the ready and sufficient apology for such display of grief from the Son of God himself. No wonder then, if "the disciple is not above his Master" in his ability to repress the gushing tear, or still the heaving sigh, or check the spreading loneliness of the bereaved heart. Jesus sanctified the overflow of natural sorrow, and allowed the burdened soul to bow awhile beneath the rod. But it must be for a time only. It must be only till the mist of tears begins to be dispelled, and the eye of faith gets a view again of things unseen, to which death is the portal, and the certainty of the eternal blessedness secured by death to him whose temporary withdrawal we lament, gets possession of our hearts. Then sorrow must give way to hope, and tears to glorious expectation, as we hear again the voice beside every believer's grave, as at the grave of Lazarus, "I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and he that liveth and believeth in Me shall never die," joined with that other cheering assurance, that the Son of man uttered, as it were, beside His own grave: "Because I live, ye shall live also."

Fortified by such abundant consolation and support, we may now resolutely face the bereavement under which not simply his family, in the earthly relation, mourn, but in which a whole parish and community lament for the departure of our long-loved and venerated pastor. It may be well to indulge for a moment the sad reflection that these walls, that never till now have failed to hear his voice on the holy day, shall no more re-echo to sound of prayer or praise, of instruction or admonition, from his lips; that his hoary head, his "crown of glory," shall never again remind us of that "way of wisdom" in which it was always found; that his hands, that for forty years and more have, at this altar, broken the bread of life and blessed the cup of salvation, shall never to you again distribute the memorials of a common Savior's love. Such is the sad reality. And the natural eye sees its sadness expressed in the drapery of mourning which this holy temple takes on to mourn for the departure, from these earthly courts, of its first and ever constant and faithful priest and minister.

And in the spiritual house the garment of heaviness is everywhere found. For more than forty years he has gone in and out among you, testifying the gospel of the grace of God. Unlike the short and changing pastoral relations of too many parishes around, you have enjoyed the life-long services of one who was indeed a father. His life was all devoted to you; all in its duration, all in its energies. Long before most of you arose in the morning to your worldly task, he was uniformly at his heavenly work, preparing the stores of wisdom, new and old, which, like a wise steward, he brought forth in their due season. In the nearly or quite two thousand families, that at different times have come under his parochial care, he ever felt the interest of a father. And nothing has so moved the heart of him who now stands in his place to speak inadequately of his merit and his memory, nothing has so moved his

heart with the feeling of the peculiar sacredness of such a long-continued pastoral relation, as the repeated declarations made to him, since his death: "He has been a true father to me;" "he has been everything to our family." Tales of trials cheered by his sympathy, of early inquirers after spiritual peace, guided by his wisdom, of souls instructed and saved by his ministry, of death made welcome in its approaches, of mourners comforted by his prayers, of whole households taught, encouraged, elevated to a true Christian respectability; such tales of sacred memory, with which this whole parish abounds, and every one of its older families treasures up, are the crowning glory of a long and laborious life. They show the aged man of God, ripe as he was in the fullness of his own spiritual graces, coming again from his sowing the precious seed, to which he went forth toiling and weeping, coming again with joy, "bringing his" full "sheaves" of glory "with him."

It is a strange fact in the constitution of man, that intense joy and grief so closely resemble each other, and that tears are the irrepressible symptoms of both. And so it seems hard in the throbbing, bursting emotions, with which we dwell upon the holy, earthly life and labor now drawn to a close, and the glorious spiritual life upon which our beloved pastor is entering, it seems hard to tell always whether grief or exultation rides upon the swelling wave of feeling. So near akin is joy to grief, particularly in such spiritual moods as these, that the transition is easy. May God teach you all the lesson, now that the heart is softened and made tender, of bringing everlasting peace out of this temporary sadness, and cause your grief now to ripen to the fullness and the depth of that pleasing, penitential sorrow, which is the first foretaste of the "joy unspeakable and full of glory."

True, you will miss him on his systematic round of watching, and of care, but the memory of what he was

may abide with you always. Friends will die, and his voice no longer utter words of consolation. They will be buried out of sight, and the next day you will look in vain for his appearance, as of old, to bring light to your desolated home, and comfort to your bereaved heart. Yet his words must ere this, if you have rightly prized them, have become like household words, remembered, treasured; and it will require no great effort to hear him repeating them again, not as things believed and hoped for simply, but as realities of which he now has the certain experience. No more will you join with him in the Communion of Saints here, but the thought that he is only just behind the veil, with you still, will quicken your perception of that glowing thought, he so often dwelt upon—

> "Angels and living saints and dead
> But one communion make."

And so may sadness give place to rapture, and absence of body be superseded by presence of spirit, and tears of grief be changed to tears of joy, as faith becomes more powerful than sight. So everywhere shall we hear his voice, as the voice of an angelic visitant, here in this sacred house, at this holy table, at our firesides, at the bed of sickness, at the graves of friends, at his own grave, bidding us, in tones more impressive and persuasive than ever he uttered while living, to "endure as seeing Him who is invisible." So from his death still continues to speak to us, our venerated father—and may God grant that, thus speaking, his voice may be regarded, even by some who for ten, twenty, or forty years even, sat unmoved beneath his faithful preaching of the Gospel of Christ.

And this is the last topic connected with this mournful, and yet pleasing theme, on which we will now dwell.

It certainly is the saddest of all the solemn and sorrowful thoughts awakened by this dispensation of God's providence, that to so many his ministry has been all in vain.

Oh! sadder than the mournful echoes of a funeral bell, more soul-sickening than the sound of the cold earth rattling upon the closed coffin, more awful than the silence and darkness of the grave, more distressing than the loneliness of church and parish, and the desolation of hearth and home, is the bare idea that that long and laborious labor of love has failed thus far, and probably will forever fail, to win many, who were the objects of his pastoral instruction, warning, and prayer, to a reception of Christ's salvation. It is a delight to recount how the bounds of God's Church were enlarged, souls gathered into the covenant, and trained up for eternal life, but it is an appalling thought, even for a moment suffered to enter the mind, that probably many more have been under the same ministry, preparing themselves for everlasting misery. Oh! consider, whoever ye are to whom his long service of the Gospel has as yet been but the savor of death, consider how this withdrawal by God of His messenger should startle you! His death, "full of grace and glory," is no earnest to you of your own happy exit from probation. Does it not seem rather the sealing up of that probation, when God takes away the ambassador by whom for so many years He has bidden you to accept the Gospel invitation, and bidden all in vain? His entrance upon his rest is no comforting encouragement of your rest with him in Paradise. Oh! does it not seem rather the closing of the doors of salvation upon you, when God removes the minister who, for forty years, has instructed you in the way of life, and who, in the combined power of precept and example, has so long in vain

"Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way?"

Particularly do I exhort those who are fast approaching, or have already past the bounds of threescore years and ten, and especially you who, by reason of strength, have reached the age of fourscore years, to which your deceased pastor had nearly attained, and who are still without a true

interest in Christ's salvation, who have gone almost through time, and yet have made no provision for eternity, to heed this last warning of your pastor, who now speaks to you from the grave. The last year has made fearful work in the little band of seniors, of whom, three years ago, he said: "they seem *like the last shaking of the olive tree*, or the *gleaning grapes, when the vintage is done.*" How few now are they who still remain, and with what a slender grasp do they retain their hold on life. It will be no surprising thing, nay, will it not be almost a thing of course, that within the next three years his contemporaries and seniors shall have entirely passed away? Oh! if there remains aught to do in this great matter of your salvation, it must be done quickly. Your sun of life is at the horizon. But a few feeble rays more, and it goes down in the darkness of death. Take heed that it be not the night of death eternal!

And, in conclusion, I know of no words in which to urge upon you all attention to the voice of him who, though dead, still speaks to you, than the words in which, three years since, he bade you profit by his living ministry. Imagine these words coming up from his grave, or rather, coming down from Paradise, and with these tender recollections of labor and care thronging in upon your hearts, in these sombre courts listen again to his earnest admonition: "When you feel and realize that time is rolling on, that our allotted days are passing away, that our years are brought to an end as a tale that is told, that our mutual labors here on earth must, ere long, terminate, and that the great account by which we are to stand or fall at the final day, is soon to be closed, will not these considerations quicken you to a more immediate sense of your duty? And will you not resolve, by the help of God, so to act in future that the ministers who watch for your souls, as they that must give account, may do it with joy and not with grief."*

* Pastoral Letter, p. 13.

APPENDIX.

[*From the New Haven Journal and Courier, March* 17, 1858.]

FUNERAL OF REV. DR. CROSWELL.

The mortal remains of Dr. Croswell were consigned to the grave yesterday afternoon, and the general outpouring of the people to pay the last tribute of veneration, exceeded any similar manifestation we have ever witnessed in New Haven. Long before the hour appointed for the services, the whole of Trinity Church, (the largest in the city,) except the portion reserved for the especial attendants upon the funeral, was densely crowded, and very many were obliged to go away without being able to obtain a foothold within the audience room. The church was shrouded in mourning. The lower part of the immense chancel window was covered with black; from the capitals of the tall pillars, the black cloth hung to the floor, the front of the galleries was covered with it; two series of black festoons were carried around the walls; the chancel and all its furniture were covered with it, and the organ loft also presented the tokens of grief. The lowering sky deepened the gloom which seemed to pervade the church and to strike a responsive chord in the sympathy of the audience, which awaited in silence the hour for the commencement of the ceremonies.

At about half past two, the tolling of the bell announced the approach of the mourners from the residence of Dr. Croswell. Bishop Williams, attended by Bishop Southgate of Boston, Rev. Dr. Eaton of Boston, and Drs. Beardsley and Littlejohn and Rev. Messrs. Benedict, Brewster, Huntington and Kellogg of New Haven, attired in surplices, met the corpse at the porch, borne on a bier by Rev. Drs. Mead of Norwalk, Todd of Stamford, Coit of Bridgeport, Hallam of New London, Goodwin of Middletown, Clark of Waterbury, Rev. Messrs Bennet of Guilford, and Vibbert

of Fair Haven, who were in their black gowns, and were followed by the family and relatives of the deceased, some thirty-five of the Clergy, and the Vestry of Trinity, St. Paul's, St. Thomas', Christ, St. John, St. Luke's, and St. Paul's Mission Churches of this city. The organ commenced a low dirge, and the procession moved towards the chancel, Bishop SOUTHGATE reading the sentences at the commencement of the Episcopal Burial Service, beginning with "I am the Resurrection and the Life." The bier being placed in front of the chancel, and so much of the procession as could find room, being seated, together with a large number of resident Clergymen of other denominations who were present, the choir sang the anthem of the Burial Service, taken from the 39th and 90th Psalms.

The Rev. Dr. LITTLEJOHN read the Lesson, after which the Rev. Mr. BENEDICT gave out a portion of the 13th selection of Psalms, which was sung by the choir. Bishop WILLIAMS then pronounced an admirable sermon from II Timothy, chapter iv, 9th verse: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

At the conclusion of the sermon prayers were offered by the Rev. Dr. BEARDSLEY, and the audience were offered the opportunity to pass through the aisles and take a last look at the deceased. This occupied more than an hour, there being many hundreds anxious to avail themselves of the privilege. The body lay in a long, deep, oblong box of black walnut, cushioned with satin. It was dressed in the officiating robes of a clergyman, and on the breast rested a garland of camelias, with evergreeens. The face retained a perfectly natural expression of repose, though somewhat thinner than when the deceased had last appeared before his congregation. The coffin was studded with silver screws, and a silver cross was inlaid in the lid. Near the coffin stood the baptismal font, filled with white blossoms and green leaves. It was affecting to witness the eagerness of the audience to take a last look at their Rector or friend, and to see the traces of emotion which the sad spectacle called out. There were the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the white and the black, all participating in the same grief, all silently witnessing to the universal grief at the loss of a man so well beloved. We have heard it frequently said in the last few days, "the poor will miss him most," and it was among persons whose

dress and manners gave token of humble circumstances, (and there were many of them,) that there seemed to be the strongest feeling of grief—none more sincere, perhaps than the colored members of his Church, who we were glad to see uniting on a common Christian ground in the expression of a common sorrow.

After the audience had passed in view of the corpse, the procession again formed and proceeded to the old Cemetery, where the last services were performed by Bishop WILLIAMS and Rev. Messrs. BENEDICT and BREWSTER, the Quartette Choir of Trinity Church singing the verse from Revelations, beginning, "I heard a voice from Heaven, saying."

Thus closed the impressive and solemn services of the day. The following is a list of the Episcopal clergy present at the funeral, being forty-eight in all:—Rt. Rev. Bishop WILLIAMS, Rt. Rev. Bishop SOUTHGATE of Boston, Rev. Dr. EATON of Boston, Rev. Dr. VAN KLEECK of New York, Rev. Dr. MORGAN of New York, Rev. Dr. PITKIN of Albany, Rev. Drs. RICHARDSON, LITTLEJOHN, BEARDSLEY, MEAD, CLARK, HALLAM, TODD, GOODWIN, Rev. Messrs. PURVES, CARDER, FISHER, GARFIELD, SCOTT, SHEARS, TOWNSEND, FLAGG, and TUTTLE of New York, ZELL, DEWEY, DESHON, JACOCKS, SHEPHERD, VIBBERT, BENNETT, COIT, BRYANT, HITCHCOCK, EVEREST, DAVIES, OLMSTED, HARRIMAN, PRESCOTT, PUTNAM, COVELL, FITCH, PYNCHON, HOLLEY, MORTON, HUNTINGTON, KELLOGG, BENEDICT, BREWSTER.

[*From the New Haven Daily Register, March* 13, 1858.]

DEATH OF REV. DR. CROSWELL.

The death of this good man, for several days expected, occurred this morning, March 13, at 10 o'clock; and the announcement of it produced a solemn sensation in our community, where his faithful ministrations, unpretending godliness, universal kindness, and great dignity of character, for nearly half a century, had won for him an admiration and respect, as general as it was deserved. For many years he was the only Episcopal clergyman in our city, and to his faithfulness must be mainly ascribed the rapid growth of the Church in our midst. Possessed of a heart that beat with the

utmost kindness for his fellow men, a rare intuitive knowledge of human nature, and great observation, he was equally useful, by the bedside of the sick, as the religious comforter, or the friendly adviser, and gifted beyond most men, in his capacity for administering consolation to the dying, and comfort to the bereaved, through the blessed offices of his holy calling. By night or day—in sunshine or in storm—he was at the pillow of the sick and the grave of the dead, as his services were requested—and as readily at the abodes of want and poverty, as at the gates of the affluent. Wherever he went, he was hailed as a messenger of love and hope, and as sent of God. From his lips, the beautiful service of the Church came as from one inspired, imparting a double influence from his majestic and venerable appearance, and his peculiarly impressive manner. He has lived through a life of usefulness, to a ripe old age, and fallen like a good soldier of the Cross, in the "full armor" of his Divine Master, and been gathered to the reward of his labors. His sepulchre will arrest the steps of thousands who have enjoyed his kindness, to drop a blessing and a tear upon the good man's grave. It will be the task of those better fitted, to furnish a proper biography of his life and services. But as we are of those who have known his great kindness in seasons of affliction, as well as of rejoicing, we have ventured to place our humble tribute of our love and veneration upon his tomb.

Rev. Dr. Croswell was born in West Hartford, in this State, in June, 1778, and at the time of his death was nearly eighty years of age. In 1814, he was ordained a Deacon in St. John's Church, New York, and after spending a few months in charge of Christ Church, Hudson, N. Y., he was called to the Rectorship of Trinity Church, New Haven, and entered upon the discharge of his duties in January, 1815, in which he continued over forty-three years, until the day of his death.

P. S.—Since the above was in type, we have been handed the following, from the pen of one of the parishioners and friends of the deceased.

This community again mourns at the death of a distinguished, venerable, and universally respected Christian minister. The Rev. Harry Croswell, D. D., has departed this life. He died on this morning, the 13th inst., at the advanced age of about fourscore

years, after a confinement of but a few days. It was a week ago last Sunday, that he attended church, and officiated in the services as usual, in the morning and afternoon. No one of the congregation then thought it was the last time his venerable form would be seen there. He was, however, it is believed, then seriously ill, but his devotion to the cause of his Divine Master enabled him on that occasion, to overcome "the ills that flesh is heir to." On his return home from church, he yielded to his bodily infirmities, as if to say, "not my will, but thine be done." It was evident from that time, the hand of death was upon him. Like a veteran soldier of the Cross, he has fallen with his armor on.

Dr. Croswell entered the ministry later in life than is usual. He was brought up a printer, and in his early manhood was the editor of a talented and influential newspaper, first in Hudson, and then in Albany, N. Y. It was when thus situated, and when surrounded by worldly friends, and in the midst of worldly attractions, to which most men would have yielded, that he turned his thoughts to the solemn subject of Religion, and the Christian duties that rest on our race. He soon withdrew entirely from secular pursuits, and devoted his vigorous intellect and manly talents to a thorough and systematic preparation for the ministry. From that time to his death, he has never attended a public meeting except for religious purposes, or given a vote in any political election. He was ordained about 45 years ago, by the late Bishop Hobart, of New York, according to the usages and requirements of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Soon after, in the winter of 1815, he was called to the Rectorship of Trinity Church in this city. The parish then consisted of but about 100 families, and their church edifice was a modest wooden building of moderate dimensions, situated in Church street, near the corner of Chapel.

From this beginning, and from this hive, if the expression may be allowed, and during the ministry of this excellent man, have proceeded the several large and flourishing congregations of the Episcopal denomination, now in New Haven. He has probably baptized more persons, united more in matrimony, and officiated at more funerals, than any other clergyman that ever lived here. No man in this community ever devoted himself to his calling with a firmer faith, or labored with more untiring diligence, in his ministerial duties.

Whether in the church, or out of the church—whether impressing on the minds of his hearers the pure precepts of Christianity from the pulpit, or comforting the sick at the bed-side in humble prayer, he never faltered. In the dwellings of the destitute, the afflicted and broken-hearted, he was a frequent visitor; wherever, indeed, it was known to him that consolation could be administered, the words of kindness and Christian encouragement be made acceptable, or good could be done, there he directed his footsteps. As a preacher, Dr. Croswell was eminently practical and impressive. His style was easy, vigorous, never elaborate, always pure and finished, occasionally eloquent. Respected, venerated, and beloved, he has ceased from his labors in a good old age. Though taken from those for whom, and among whom, he labored so long and so well, his good name, and his good deeds, will be cherished with affectionate regard, by them and by their children's children, long after the hand which pays this humble tribute to his memory and his worth, will have crumbled into dust.

[*From the New Haven Daily Palladium, March* 13, 1858.]

OBITUARY.

The Rev. Harry Croswell, D. D., Rector of Trinity Church in this city, departed this life at ten o'clock this morning, March 13th, at the ripe old age of 79 years, 8 months and 27 days.

Dr. Croswell was born at West Hartford, Connecticut, June 16th, 1778. He received his early education under the care of the venerable Rev. Dr. Perkins, as his Pastor, and of Dr. Noah Webster as his schoolmaster. The first years of his manhood were devoted to secular pursuits; and in that period of strong political excitement, Dr. Croswell occupied a prominent place. In 1802, he became Editor and proprietor of a newspaper at Hudson, N. Y., called "The Balance," which is even now preserved as an interesting and valuable work of reference. The trenchant wit and pungent sarcasm of his editorials, and especially his article in a paper called "The Wasp," brought him into collision with "the powers that be," and the able speech of Alexander Hamilton at his

trial, and in his defense, was, we believe, the last forensic effort of that distinguished man. Dr. Croswell afterwards removed to Albany, where he was also connected with a political newspaper; and he exhibited in this department of labor, a talent and power which would have enabled him to wield vast influence, had he made politics his permanent field of labor. But he became dissatisfied with the pursuit; and in 1812, conformed to the Church, and turned his attention to the study of theology. He was baptized in St. Peter's Church, Albany, N. Y., July 19, 1812; and on the following Sunday received the rite of Confirmation. He was admitted to Deacon's Orders, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Hobart, May 8, 1814, in St. John's Church, New York city; and on the following Sunday commenced ministerial labors in Christ Church, Hudson, N. Y. On the 1st of January, 1815, he commenced his services in this city, in an old wooden building standing in Church street; and was instituted into the Rectorship of the Parish on the opening of the new Trinity Church, Feb. 22d, 1816. He was admitted to Priest's Orders in Christ Church, Middletown, June 6, 1815, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Griswold. The honorary degree of A. M. was conferred upon him by Yale College, in 1817; and of D. D., by Trinity College, in 1831. At the close of the *forty-first* year of his ministry in New Haven, Jan. 1st, 1856, he had officiated personally at 2,553 Baptisms, at 837 Marriages, and at 1,842 Burials.

A full sketch of the late Dr. Croswell's life and character will, we presume, be given to the public. In this city, where he is associated with the earliest recollections of so many, it is scarcely necessary to say that the familiar form of the Christian gentleman of the old school, will be missed by all; and there are multitudes of the poor, who will feel that they have lost their best friend. In native shrewdness, sagacity, and judgment; in masterly power of self-control, and in the power of controlling others without effort, and apparently without design; and in conversational talent, he was one of the most remarkable men whom we ever knew.

As a preacher, his style of writing was pure, chaste, and neat. We have sat many years under his ministry, and never heard him utter a misapplied word or a slovenly sentence. He was always instructive; and during the latter years of his life, seemed, at times, to be more than usually earnest and impressive.

As a Pastor, Dr. Croswell's usefulness was preëminent. His knowledge of human nature, his gentleness of manner, and his Christian faithfulness, made him more than welcome to the chamber of sickness and the hearts of the desolate; and many a tear will be shed that the messenger of mercy to so many of the sorrowing, has at length fallen. Emphatically, Dr. Croswell "*dwelt* among his own people." Nobody ever heard of him at a fashionable watering place, or traveling about the country as a public lecturer. He was uneasy away from his Parish; and happy, only in his appointed work. And to this oneness of purpose, may, to a large extent, be attributed the almost unparalleled growth of the Church in this vicinity, from the little band of one hundred and twenty families, when he came to New Haven.

As an author, the fruits of his labor have been numerous. Several of them were anonymous; but all bear the marks of his clear head, his severe taste, and unfaltering fidelity to Christ and the Church. A full account of these belongs to another place.

Dr. Croswell was at his post on Sunday, Feb. 28, all day; and up to that time, had been unfailing in his attendance at the Lenten Services; and he was also busy in preparing his annual Class for Confirmation, at the Bishop's anticipated visitation.

His disease was complicated and remediless. Though apparently enjoying the best of health, and having a stout physical frame and a robust constitution, yet for many years he has struggled with an organic difficulty which has at times been excruciating to a degree known only to his near friends. During a portion of his last sickness, his mind was bewildered; but lucid intervals were granted, when the strength and "confidence of a certain faith," and "the comfort of a reasonable, religious, and holy hope," were fully evinced. He died at last like a Christian veteran, whose work is done and well done.

The Church where he has so long officiated, and where his memory is so deeply embalmed, is draped in the sable weeds of mourning; and the sadness of the large congregation on Sunday morning, showed the respect and affection which belong to the aged and faithful Pastor.

Dr. Croswell, for a long course of years, occupied the most important posts of usefulness and trust in the councils of the

Church, both in his own Diocese and in the Church at large. Few men in his Communion were more widely known, and his death will be universally mourned as a public loss.

[*From the New Haven Journal and Courier, March* 15, 1858.]

THE DEATH OF DR. CROSWELL.

Died, in this city, March 13, 1858, at 10 o'clock, A. M., Rev. Harry Croswell, D. D., Rector of Trinity Church.

Dr. Croswell was born in West Hartford, Conn., June 16, 1778, of Congregational parents. In his youth, he was clerk in a country store in Warren, which he soon left to learn the printer's art, in the office of his brother, in Catskill, N. Y. While very young, he evinced his aptitude for composition in anonymous and most acceptable contributions to the newspaper published in the office where he was learning his trade. These communications led, when traced to him, to his employment as Editor of the only newspaper then published in Catskill. In this place he married, Aug. 16, 1800, Miss Susan Sherman, of New Haven, whose virtues commended her to his love for more than half a century.

Soon after his marriage, he removed to Hudson, and established a newspaper called the "Balance," which, as early as 1804, became a "leading paper" of great influence and wide circulation. It was conducted with great ability and independence; and the tact and talent of the Editor drew the attention, and secured the confidence and friendship of a circle of remarkable men—chief of whom was Alexander Hamilton. That gentleman made in his behalf a speech, memorable as the greatest forensic effort of the greatest mind of his age, and which led to that constitutional immunity of freedom, that the truth, properly uttered, cannot be a libel.

By the persuasion of his political friends, who regarded him as "a gentleman of talents and great power as a political writer," he was induced to remove to Albany, in 1809, where his paper obtained a wide reputation; but owing to the condition of parties, then breaking up, it failed to be profitable, and was, after a short trial, and in a most touching and eloquent valedictory, discontinued.

In the political wars of that day, Mr. Croswell was intimately associated with the most eminent men of the time—men distinguished for their ability, their public services, and high principle. And it was in that society that he learned to distrust all partisans, for he saw clearly the tendency of all party ambition to lead to the use of sorrowful and defiling means to secure the best and worthiest ends; and turning from the war-field of politics to a higher and holier warfare, he never looked back.

At Albany, Dr. Croswell's attention was turned to the subject of the Christian ministry; and a careful examination led him to conform to the Episcopal Church, and to prepare to enter its ministry. In 1814, he was ordained Deacon in St. John's Church, New York, by Bishop Hobart. After preaching a few months in Hudson, he was, on the resignation of Mr. Whitlock, in Oct. 1814, invited to become Rector of Trinity Church, New Haven, which office he assumed, then in Deacon's Orders, Jan. 1st, 1815. He was subsequently ordained Priest, by Bishop Griswold, and was instituted Feb. 22, 1816, in the new church, which had been consecrated the previous day.

For over forty-three years, Dr. Croswell devoted himself assiduously to the arduous labors of a large and steadily increasing Parish. How effectual those labors have been, a brief statement will show. The Parish, which included not only the Town, but a wide, if sparsely settled, adjoining country, numbered, at the beginning of his ministry, about 130 families; in 1828, it had increased to about 500 families. At the time of the separation of St. Paul's, formerly a Chapel of Trinity, the families numbered between 700 and 800. For the first thirteen years, he labored alone; but in 1828, Rev., now Dr. Hawks, was called to his assistance, and, soon after, St. Paul's Chapel was erected, and was continued as a "Chapel of Ease," until 1845. Notwithstanding there are now eight Episcopal Churches within the original limits of Trinity Parish, the Parish retains a stable congregation of about 500 families. In a period of forty-one years, he administered 2,553 baptisms, married 837 couples, and officiated, alone, at 1,842 burials.

As a preacher, Dr. Croswell excelled in a clear, vigorous, polished style, admirably fitted to convey instruction—which was the great purpose of all his sermons. His views of the doctrines of the

Scriptures were accurate and solid, and he urged them in a method so clear and logical, and in language so pure and simple, and often with a pathos and tenderness so touching, that none could listen without being instructed, nor without being "pricked in his heart." He presented the claims of the Episcopal Church, and its views of the teachings of Scripture, as to doctrine and discipline, with great clearness and simplicity—never as a partisan of the Church—but in the proper discharge of his duty to enlighten and confirm his own people. He was a conservative, not a speculative, but a truly Christian Churchman; and, though always ranking with the High Church, he fell into none of the errors, and cherished none of the bitterness or arrogance sometimes ascribed to that party. He had an acute knowledge of human nature, which, with a generous spirit, enabled him to present, without personality, but with great power, the most practical lessons.

He was for many years Delegate to the Triennial Conventions, and one of the Standing Committee of the Diocese; and, in whatever office he occupied, his firm, wise, and sagacious advice, was always sought, and was ever influential. He had a large acquaintance, among men of all professions, and had earnest friends and reverent admirers in all places and in all ranks of life. His parishioners, accustomed to his kind attentions and counsel, relied upon him as a safe and discreet adviser in all difficulties, not only of doctrine and conscience, but in the conduct of business, and in troubles the most serious and delicate. He did not love to expose delinquencies; it was his chief desire and aim to reform and restore the wanderer. His cheering visits to the sick, his kind admonitions to the erring, his ceaseless charity to the needy, and his consolations to the afflicted, made him as a father to his people. His personal demeanor, always dignified, but gracious, scrupulous in the observance of all proprieties, but so simple and quiet in his way as to avoid all formality, won the confidence and encouraged the timidity of all who approached him.

His conversation was in the highest degree instructive and attractive. His retentive memory of the events of a long life, shrewdly observed, made him rich in anecdote, while his keen, but unoffending wit, his generous appreciation of others, and happy adaptation of topic to their habits and interest, with a faculty of rich illus-

tration, charmed his friends; and with all his dignity and use to society, he was a man of true modesty, and of sensitive delicacy. By nature, he was retiring, and seemed to avoid notice, so as sometimes to be thought cold, which was far from his true nature, which was sympathetic, affectionate, and firm in attachments.

Dr. Croswell was orderly, neat, and systematic in all his habits. He rose uniformly at four o'clock, and completed his allotted task of study before nine; and the rest of the day was carefully economized in the discharge of his pastoral cares—and so uniformly and regularly was his work performed, that he always seemed at leisure, for nothing behind hurried him. And with all these labors, he yet found time to prepare an admirable Compend of Daily Prayer, a most tender Memoir of his Son, and other works well known and largely used in the instruction of the Sunday Schools of the Church, which institution he first introduced in this city, if not in this country, as an auxiliary in his great business of teaching.

Such a man cannot depart without leaving a great void in a community; and the solemn toll of the bell, which, in accordance with a usage universal at his settlement, announced his departure, at the ripe age of eighty, carried sorrow into and awakened loving memories in every neighborhood within reach of its funeral voice. His majestic figure, and massive head crowned with silver hair, will never again rise behind the chancel rails on the eyes of his admiring congregation; but the vacancy will be long peopled with pictures of scenes innumerable, of those great events of life there ritualized in Baptism, or Matrimony, or the solemn Burial Service. The congregation left behind him are the children of his early flock, and will mourn him as the child mourns his father.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE VESTRIES.

At a meeting of the Wardens and Vestry of Trinity Church, New Haven, on the occasion of the death of the Rev. Harry Croswell, D. D., late Rector of this Parish, held Saturday evening, March 13, 1858, the following votes were unanimously passed:

It having pleased Almighty God to remove, by death, the Reverend Harry Croswell, D. D., the late Rector of this Parish—

Resolved, That while we bow with humble submission to the Divine will under this afflicting dispensation, we desire to express our heartfelt thankfulness, that we have been permitted, for so many years, to be benefited and blessed by the eminent, faithful, exemplary, and fatherly services of our late venerable and beloved Pastor, and our abiding grief at his removal from us.

Resolved, That when we reflect, that at the period of his being called to the Rectorship, more than forty-three years ago, there were only about one hundred families of the Episcopal denomination within the limits of New Haven, and that our own Parish now numbers more than three hundred families, and that during the same time several other large Episcopal congregations within the same limits have been organized and blessed with prosperity, we feel more sensibly impressed by his distinguished usefulness and the Divine favor which has so continuously sanctioned and sanctified his ministerial labors.

Resolved, That we tender to his afflicted family the assurances of our constant and cordial sympathy in their bereavement, and of our great grief at the severance of the ties over which they mourn—consoled by the reflection, that what is now accounted their and our loss, is the great gain of him whose absence they and we deplore.

Resolved, That Messrs. Beriah Bradley, Henry E. Peck, and Philip S. Galpin, be a Committee from this Vestry to superintend the funeral solemnities, and to confer with the family in reference to the same.

Resolved, That this Vestry will, in a body, attend the funeral of our Rector, and wear the usual badge of mourning.

Resolved, That the Clerk be directed to furnish a copy of the foregoing resolutions to the family of the deceased, and that the same be published in the daily papers of this city.

Extract of Record.

Attest,

S. D. PARDEE, *Clerk.*

At a Special Meeting of the Wardens and Vestry of St. Paul's Church, held in consequence of the death of the Rev. HARRY CROSWELL, D. D., March 14, 1858, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst, by death, the Rev. HARRY CROSWELL, D. D., Rector of Trinity Church in this city; and whereas, a large part of the congregation we represent, were once under his pastoral care, and still, after the lapse of many years, cherish a lively remembrance of his faithful services;—therefore,

Resolved, That in his death we have mourned the loss of a Minister of Christ, who, during nearly half a century of unbroken official service, exemplified the highest qualities of the Christian character, and adorned, by his pastoral devotion and fidelity, the sacred Priesthood of the Church.

Resolved, That to his laborious and faithful pastorate, and to his able and judicious defense of the distinctive principles and usages of the Church in times of opposition and prejudice, (now fortunately no more,) we ascribe a large measure of the present strength and prosperity of our communion in this city.

Resolved, That as the official representatives of St. Paul's Parish, we hereby express our grateful and abiding sense of the value and success of his labors in planting and ministering to the congregation which has finally matured into this Parish.

Resolved, That, together with this expression of our profound sorrow at the dispensation over which they are called to mourn, we tender to his surviving relatives our sincere sympathy.

Resolved, That we attend in a body the funeral of the venerated Rector of Trinity Church, on Tuesday next.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be conveyed to the family of the deceased, and that another be entered upon the Records of the Parish.

Resolved, That the above be published in the daily papers of the city.

Attest,

SAM'L B. GORHAM, *Clerk.*

At a meeting of the Rector, Wardens, and Vestry of St. Thomas' Church, New Haven, held March 13, 1858, the death of the Rev. Dr. Croswell being announced, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, the Rev. Harry Croswell, D. D., for more than forty years the beloved, faithful, and devoted Rector of Trinity Church in this city, "now rests from his labors, and his works do follow him;"

Therefore, resolved, That in the midst of our sorrow for this afflicted dispensation of our Heavenly Father, we bless His holy name for the long life and usefulness of His servant, for his unwearied watchfulness and fidelity in his duties as a Christian minister, and for his firm and steady bearing of the ark of Christ's Church, here in darker days.

Resolved, That we hold in grateful remembrance the kind and encouraging words which he spoke to us in the beginning of our Parish, his warm wishes for our progress and prosperity, and that as a mark of respect for his memory, we will attend his funeral in a body.

Resolved, That we tender to his afflicted family and flock our sincere and affectionate sympathy, and trust that they may derive consolation in this hour of their bereavement, from the supports of that religion so often pointed out to them by him whose departure we now mourn.

Resolved, That the foregoing preamble and resolutions be entered upon the records of the Vestry, and that the Clerk be directed to transmit copies of the same to the family of our venerable and deceased friend, and to the Wardens and Vestry of Trinity Church.

HARRY PRESCOTT, *Clerk.*

At a special meeting of the Wardens and Vestry of Christ Church, convened upon the decease of the Rev. Dr. Croswell, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Forasmuch as it has pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst the Rev. Harry Croswell, D. D., Rector of Trinity Church, we, the Vestry of Christ Church, desiring to record our feelings of sadness under this dispensation, and our testimony to the virtues and labors of this distinguished Minister of the Church, do

Resolve, That we cherish with affectionate remembrance his eminent devotion to the service of Christ; his untiring diligence in promoting the interests of the Protestant Episcopal Church; his wise counsels; his prudent administration of authority; and his generous regard for the stranger and the destitute;—

That we sympathize deeply with his family, bereaved of a father so loving and beloved, and with Trinity Church, deprived of its Pastor so eminent for Christian worth and Christian labors;—

That we will attend his funeral, wearing the usual badge of mourning, and communicate this expression of our profound sorrow and grateful appreciation to his family, and to the Assistant Minister and Vestry of Trinity Church.

Attest,

RICHARD F. LYON, *Clerk.*

At a special meeting of the Wardens and Vestry of St. John's Church, convened on the occasion of the decease of the Rev. Harry Croswell, D. D., late Rector of Trinity Church, in this city, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Forasmuch as it has pleased Almighty God to take to his reward our Father in the Church of Christ, the Rev. Harry Croswell, D. D., we, the Vestry of St. John's Church, desiring to express our filial bereavement and affection, do

Resolve, That we feel that a great and good man has passed away from our midst; one long and widely venerated as an earnest and devoted servant

of God, upon whom we have ever looked with grateful remembrance and high esteem.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with his bereaved family and Parish, and that while we with them look up after his ascending spirit, we can exclaim, with all Elisha's affectionate regard, "My Father, my Father! the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof."

Resolved, That we will attend his funeral, wearing the customary badge of mourning, and communicate this expression of our sympathy to his family and the Vestry of Trinity Church.

Attest,

EDWARD BROMLEY, *Clerk.*

Preamble and Resolutions adopted by the Wardens and Vestry of St. Luke's Church.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God, in the afflictive dispensation of His Providence, to call the soul of the Rev. HARRY CROSWELL, D. D., from his scenes of labor and usefulness on earth, to the enjoyment of that heavenly and glorious rest which remains for the people of God; therefore, be it

Resolved, by the Wardens and Vestry of St. Luke's Parish, That in this mournful bereavement we mingle our weepings with the faithful of the Church of Christ, throughout the country and the world, for the loss of one of the most devoted stewards of our Divine Master, and one of the ablest counselors of His Church on earth.

Resolved, That in our grief we do not sorrow for the dead as those who have no hope, but rather with an assured confidence and a reasonable and holy hope that our temporal loss is his everlasting and eternal gain.

Resolved, That we feel ourselves to be under increased obligations to bear this testimony to the illustrious virtues of the deceased, because we recognize in him, under God, the first spiritual guide and founder of our struggling Parish of the Church of Christ.

Resolved, That as a further testimony of our profound respect for the deceased, that this Vestry will attend his funeral obsequies in a body at the appointed time and place.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, to the Assistant Rector of Trinity Church, and to the Wardens and Vestry of that venerable Parish.

Signed,

H. S. MERRIMAN, *Clerk.*

New Haven, Conn., March 15th, 1858.

At a meeting of a large number of the Clergy in Trinity Church, New Haven, after the Funeral of the Rev. HARRY CROSWELL, D. D., the Rt. Rev. JOHN WILLIAMS, D. D., took the chair, and called the meeting order. The Rev. Mr. RICHARDSON was appointed Secretary.

A Committee was appointed to draft Resolutions expressive of the feelings of the Clergy in relation to the solemn event which had brought them together. The following were named by the Bishop: The Rev. William Cooper Mead, D. D., the Rev. Ambrose Todd, D. D., the Rev. Gurdon S. Coit, D. D., the Rev. A. N. Littlejohn, D. D., and the Secretary.

The following resolutions were reported, which were unanimously adopted:

WHAREAS, It hath pleased Almighty God to take out of this world the soul of our venerated Brother, the Rev. HARRY CROSWELL, D. D., Rector of Trinity Church, New Haven, therefore,

Resolved, That we bow in submission to this event, which has removed from our companionship the oldest Rector and one of the oldest Presbyters of this Diocese; and one greatly trusted and honored for many years in the councils of the American Church.

Resolved, That we recognize specially and with devout gratitude to God, the long continued and efficient services of the Rev. Dr. CROSWELL to the Church in this Diocese; who was well-instructed and sound in the Faith; loyal to the Church and jealous of her honor; wise in counsel; untiring in labor; and who was eminently instrumental in building up the Church to its present position of strength and prosperity.

Resolved, That we will carry with us to our several fields of labor and trial, the memory of the rare virtues which adorned his private and public char-

acter; and that in his removal we are both warned and encouraged to renewed fidelity in our Master's work.

Resolved, That we hereby tender to the afflicted family of the deceased, the assurances of our deep sympathy; and also, that we are with them mourners in their bereavement.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be furnished to the family of the Rev. Dr. Croswell, and to the Vestry of Trinity Parish, and also that they be published in the daily papers of the city, and in *The Calendar* and the *Church Journal*.

JOHN WILLIAMS, *Chairman*.

N. S. Ricahardson, *Secretary*.

Trinity Church, New Haven, March 16, 1858.

Boston, Mass., Parish of the Advent,
March 14th, 1858.

At a meeting of the Rector, Wardens and Vestry of the Parish of the Advent, holden this day at the Church immediately after evening service, the Rector announced the death of the Rev. Harry Croswell, Doctor of Divinity, and late Rector of Trinity Church, New Haven—whereupon the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, We have been informed of the death of the Rev. Harry Croswell, D. D., the father of the first Rector of this Parish, at the full age of fourscore years; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we cannot grieve as at the death of an ordinary friend, for one who is called home at his advanced age, and ripe not only in years and in honors, but also in all the graces which so well become the profession and the practice of the Christian Priesthood, in which he had served laboriously and fruitfully for nearly a half century.

Resolved, That, in the case of one who has thus departed in the communion of the Catholic Church, in the confidence of a certain Faith, an holy Hope, and in perfect Charity with all men, from the active exercise of his Priesthood on Earth to that holy rest in which, with his sainted son and the

souls of all the Faithful, he is in joy and felicity awaiting the consummation of all things, we see that the reasons which forbid us to mourn, also incite our sympathies for the Church at large, and especially for the Diocese and the particular Parish where his services were mostly rendered, and therefore must have been most justly appreciated.

Resolved, That we can estimate the value of those services, in some degree, by the remembrance of the strength and support which this Parish has ever derived from his friendship and coöperation, and also from the eminent endowments of his lamented son, our late Rector, who exhibited the highest qualities of a Christian Priest, as they had been formed in him by the grace of God, through the example and training of his honored father.

Resolved, That conscious of the void which his death will leave in all ecclesiastical, social, and private circles, in which he lived and labored, we hereby tender to the bereaved family and friends of the deceased, and also to the Parish from which he has been taken, our fullest and most heartfelt sympathies; and that as a mark of our respect for him, a Committee, consisting of the Right Reverend Rector of this Parish, the Reverend Asa Eaton, D. D., on behalf of our Clergy, and John P. Tarbell, Esq., and George C. Shattuck, M. D., the Wardens of the Parish, and Frederick H. Stimpson, Esq., of the Vestry, be authorized and requested to proceed to New Haven, to represent this Parish at his burial—and that they be instructed to present an attested copy of these resolutions to the Wardens and Vestry of Trinity Church, New Haven, and also to the immediate family of the deceased.

Attest,

HENRY M. PARKER, *Parish Clerk.*

Dr. Turner's Sermon.

MAY 8th, 1859.

SERMON,

IN

COMMEMORATION OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF THE LATE

BIRD WILSON, D. D., LL. D.,

DELIVERED IN

St. Peter's Church, New-York,

ON SUNDAY EVENING, MAY 8th, 1859,

By SAMUEL H. TURNER, D. D.,

Professor of Biblical Learning, and Interpretation of Scripture in the General Theological Seminary.

PUBLISHED AT THE JOINT REQUEST OF THE CLERGY OF THE CHURCH IN NEW-YORK, THE FACULTY AND TRUSTEES OF THE SEMINARY.

NEW-YORK:

PUDNEY & RUSSELL, PRINTERS,

No. 79 JOHN-STREET.

1859.

From Proceedings of the General Theological Seminary, June 29-30, 1859.

On motion of the Rev. Dr. Vinton—

Resolved, That the decease of the Rev. Bird Wilson, D. D., LL. D., late Emeritus Professor of Systematic Divinity, has deprived the Seminary of one of the brightest lights that for more than thirty years has guided the minds of a succession of Theological pupils, who, as the Clergy in the Church, have reflected the knowledge which he imparted.

Resolved, That the example of his meekness, of his conscientiousness in devotion to official duty, and of Christian Charity in his relations to mankind, which illustrate the name and memory of Professor Bird Wilson, D. D., LL. D., is a legacy of inestimable worth to the Church and to our country.

On motion of the Rev. Dr Vinton—

Whereas, the Rev. Professor Samuel H. Turner, D. D., at the joint request of the Clergy of the Church in New-York, and the Faculty of of this Seminary, has furnished for publication a copy of his Sermon on the character and services of the late Professor Bird Wilson, D. D., LL. D.:

Therefore Resolved, That the Secretary of the Faculty be directed to publish one thousand copies of the Sermon of Professor Turner, and that the Treasurer pay the cost of publication from the money of the General Theological Seminary.

SERMON.

Christ, the first fruits; afterward they that are Christ's, at his coming.
1 Cor. xv. 23.

The author of these words, who, by the most extraordinary providence and grace of God, was miraculously called to the ministry of that Jesus whom he was persecuting, has bequeathed to the Church a large proportion of the wisest and most profound instructions, and the most earnest and powerful persuasives to holiness of heart and life, that can be found in the inspired volume. And there they will remain as long as the human family subsists on earth, and with the advance of time become better known, appreciated, felt, and acted on, until their spirit and efficacy shall influence every member of the race. But, if the Apostle to the Gentiles had left no other written memorial than his discourse on the resurrection, this alone would have stamped his character on the world indelibly, and have placed him on a level with the most distinguished of men. The facts, statements, arguments, expositions, illustrations, and exhortations, which it contains, display before the attentive reader careful investigation, thorough knowledge, broad

views of truth, logical reasoning, and profound spirituality of mind and heart, which could have sprung from no other source than the Divine and the Infinite. The inspired man of God enters upon his sublime theme by establishing the great and all important fact of the resurrection of Christ. This he settles in the only legitimate way, by competent testimony: verses 1–11. He proceeds to develop the consequences of its denial, which are alike unworthy of the true God, and ruinous to Christian character, future enjoyment, and present hope and comfort: 12–19. Then, resuming the fact before proved, he develops its blessed results to the members of Christ's mystical body, in their future life and happiness, contrasted with the unhappy effects of natural connection with the fallen parents of mankind, and also in their present spirituality of character: 20–34.

The doctrine thus brought forward in a manner so luminous and impressive, is then illustrated from the vegetable, the animal, and the natural world in general; each of which, in its respective peculiarities, sanctions by analogy the grand Christian principle of progress and change, even to the point of resurrection. Thus the imperfect becomes complete, the weak strong, the merely physical and animal essentially spiritual. In a word, the feeble, miserable, decaying, dying children of frail, sinning Adam, become the happy, powerful, ever living and enduring brethren of the glorified Redeemer, and "sons of God being sons of the resurrection" (Heb. ii. 11; Luke xx. 36): 35–50. No won-

der, then, that the bright mind of the "chosen witness" (Acts xxii. 14, 15) bursts out in the exclamation, "Behold, I show you a mystery. We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump. For the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, DEATH IS SWALLOWED UP IN VICTORY!" 51–54. And no wonder that he concludes his masterpiece of composition by an ascription of "thanks to God," and the most natural and powerful exhortation to his "beloved brethren," to "be steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord:" 57, 58.

The departure hence of our long known and much venerated friend and brother, which has caused our present meeting, having been the occasion, also, of a former religious service in this house of God, when, in accordance with the judicious and long established usage of our Church, the portion of Scripture just noted was read, for Christian instruction, consolation, and hope, and the association in our minds of that solemn event with the great topic of our Lord's resurrection from the dead and triumph over all the powers of darkness, having consequently become the more intimate, will sufficiently account for the selection of the text. It is hoped that the few remarks in-

tended to be founded thereon, will not be regarded as inappropriate.

"Christ the first fruits; afterward they that are Christ's at his coming."

The holy Apostle expresses his idea in figurative language. It is taken from the natural productions of a cultivated soil, and is sanctified, also, by an allusion to the divine law of Moses, which appropriated the first gatherings of the ripened grain as an offering to the bountiful Father who, with characteristic generosity, had given the whole harvest to his earthly creatures: Levit. xxiii. 10, 11. "The Son of God," who had come down from heaven and taken upon him the nature of man, who had passed through his earthly pilgrimage, marked by the deepest humiliation, who had suffered death upon the cross, allowed his body to be committed to the silent tomb, and his soul to remain separated from the constant companion of its earthly existence—does, in his humanity, rise again to a new, glorious, and never ending life. "Being raised from the dead, Christ dieth no more; death hath no more dominion over him:" Rom. vi. 9. He rises, not to pass the time of his newly acquired life in going about again on earth, but soon to ascend "far above all heavens," and to take his most honorable position "on the right hand of the Majesty on high:" Eph. iv. 10; Heb. 1. 3.

"Christ the first fruits." Thus risen, ascended, and exalted "far above all principality and power" (Eph. i. 2),

has the glorified Saviour ceased all action in reference to the eternal salvation of those for whom he once condescended to "humble himself even to the death of the cross?" Phil. ii. 8. O, no! His language to the Apostles, just before his sufferings, does itself imply the very contrary: "I go to prepare a place for you. Because I live, ye shall live also:" John xiv. 1, 2, 19. In his elevated condition as Lord of the universe, he ever bears in mind that "eternal purpose and will of God," to do which he "came down from Heaven:" Eph. iii. 11; Heb. x. 11: John vi. 38. His it is to raise up to a participation in their Master's glory "them that are Christ's," and thus at his future coming to reward his followers. For this we have his promise thrice repeated on one occasion during his sojourn on earth, when, with incomparable earnestness of expression and profundity of thought, he was inculcating the absolute necessity of a spiritual union with himself. "I will raise him up at the last day:" John vi. 40, 44, 54. And to accomplish this result of his mediatorial action, does he direct the efforts of his glorified life.

The elevated Messiah is represented both in Old Testament prophecy and in apostolic instructions, as exerting the influence of his authority over the whole world. "The Heathen" are his promised "inheritance, and the utmost parts of the earth his possession. He shall have dominion from sea to sea, and unto the ends of the earth. All kings shall fall down before him, all nations shall serve him. Jehovah will send thy mighty sceptre out from Zion,

and thou shalt be for salvation unto the ends of the earth. The creature itself shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God:" Ps. ii. 8, lxxii. 8, 11, cx. 2; Isa. xlix. 6; Acts xiii. 47; Rom. viii. 21. Many are the forms of human government which develop themselves according to the mental, moral, spiritual and physical condition of the subjects. Constant are the changes which in the progress of human society are ever taking place. States and empires are continually rising, tottering, and falling, and others are springing up in their place, to be subjected to similar mutations. To a merely casual and superficial observer, the fluctuations to which humanity, in its numerous forms of existence, is liable, may seem to produce no other result but a return of the very same previously existing state of things; and indeed occasionally the movement may appear to be retrograde. But this is not so. The thoughtless, dreamy looker-on, as he reclines on the swelling ocean's bank, and sees the breakers dashing against the shore, and, by the force of the stroke, driven back again with impetuosity to the wide and raging deep, may lie still without perceiving the gradual but habitual advance of the rising tide, until its watery billows drive him from his sandy couch, and make him see that they are covering the extended shore with their inundations. Slow may be the process. But it is as sure as the daily progress of the sun in the heavens, breaking out of morning mists and clouds, till, scattering all shadowy opposition, he reaches the zenith of his glory, and spreads far and wide the light and heat of his radiance. And the

same is true respecting the human race. ONWARD is the divine motto, and the condition of every generation is an advance over that of the preceding. Doubtless, in the history of man, improvement, especially moral and religious, is very gradual, and at certain times and in some departments may be at a stand, and even fall back. But such facts are only exceptions to the general course of Providence, and also occasional, and rather tend to confirm the truth of the principle. It should never be forgotten, that he who holds in his hand the sceptre of the universe is the infinite and eternal and almighty Omniscient. All things, past, present, and to come, the most minute and the most immeasurable, are alike open to his eyes, and each in its peculiar adaptation is an agent to effect his will. His course of action, therefore, must not be judged by the rules which apply to the weaklings of an hour. With him "a thousand years are as one day:" 2 Pet. iii. 8. Influences now existing shall doubtless be made efficacious in advancing the good of God's creation millions of ages to come.

The truth and importance of the position laid down might easily be shown by developments of history, both civil and religious, particularly by the missionary efforts of Christ's church, from its original establishment until the present day, and especially during the last half century. But to do this is not my purpose, neither would it consist with the special object for which we are now convened. Let us pass on, therefore, in thought, and with

the spirit of faith, to the grand and fundamental truth impressed upon us by the latter portion of the text: "Afterward they that are Christ's at his coming."

It cannot be denied, nor ought it ever to be forgotten, that the satisfactions of the present state of being, are innumerable. And they are the more likely to be enjoyed and then abandoned to oblivion, because they are of such frequent occurrence, and, like daily sunshine, are constantly received with apparent indifference. Yet, on the other hand, its imperfections and multiplied sorrows are matters of general experience. Looking back upon the longest life, it appears like a day, the brightness of which is ever and anon obscured by clouds and mists of evil. At last comes on the evening close, and death shuts the eyes to every earthly object. In its present condition of a descendant of Adam, what event can be so solemn as death? It is the separation of soul and body; the removal of companions, connected by innumerable ties, intimately associated by the nearest of all affinities. It is the termination of earthly life, the dissolution of a union closer than even the most affectionate of human relations. Then must all objects be left, however dearly they may have entwined themselves about our hearts. The half executed purpose, the design just planned, must be relinquished. Death summons, and we cannot disobey. It is the entrance of the soul on a state of existence respecting the particular character of which, notwithstanding the light of the Gospel, we know but little, and

of the body on a process of corruption. These are considerations, which throw around the death-bed even of the true believer a degree of awful solemnity, which cannot be set aside, and must make a deep impression of shrinking reluctance to depart. The desire of life is reasonable. The distress of Hezekiah on the announcement of its termination, and the prayer of the Psalmist, " O spare me, that I may recover my strength before I go hence," (Isa. xxxviii. 3, Ps. xxxix. 13,) are nothing but the workings of nature. And although to the Christian, who by faith and repentance has secured an interest in that redemption which the Gospel reveals, it is declared that " there is now no condemnation" (Rom. viii. 1); yet the ignorance of nature and the weakness of faith will sometimes keep the sincerest in a state of uneasiness.

Nevertheless, strengthening faith reconciles the man to his lot, and disposes him to resign both soul and body into the hands of Him who made and placed them here. A full confidence in the goodness of God, and a recognition of Him as a reconciled Father, through his " well beloved Son," together with a firm belief in the doctrine of Him who is " the resurrection and the life" (John, xi. 25), that with God both body and soul are ever living under his superintending care, that death is but the transition point to a state of settled felicity, and that the time shall most assuredly come when the risen body, reunited to the soul, shall be glorified, and the whole man become everlastingly happy, are sufficient, by the grace of God, to make the

Christian concur with the will of his Maker, and respond to the call, "Surely I come quickly! Even so come, Lord Jesus!" Rev. xxii. 20.

The words, "They that are Christ's, at his coming," affirm the future resurrection of the members of his mystical body. It is true, indeed, that, in a certain sense, all created beings are Christ's, for He is the universal Lord. But they only are entitled to this honorable appellation, who are properly united to him. None others can possibly be intended, for of none others is the phraseology ever employed. Their character, spiritual associations, and condition, are determined by scriptural language. "They that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts:" Gal. v. 24. Although indeed we are elsewhere taught, that "all who are in the grave shall hear his voice, and shall come forth, they that have done good unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation" (John, v. 28, 29), yet it is the blessed resurrection of the saints to which, in the chapter before us, the Apostle directs attention. And in this he imitates the teaching of his Master, who speaks of those that shall be raised from the dead, as "the sons of God, and equal unto the angels:" Luke, xx. 36. And doubtless it was this which the earnest disciple expressed his hope to secure, when he tells us of his laborious efforts, "if by any means he might attain unto the resurrection from the dead:" Phil. iii. 11. Indeed, this view pervades the whole discourse addressed to the Corinthians, and

shows how beautifully appropriate is its use on the occasions for which the Church has reserved it. As Christ, the Head, is "the first fruits," so the true spiritual members, "they that are Christ's," constitute the glorious harvest, which shall rise in all its celestial magnificence, at the future coming of Him "who shall judge the quick and the dead:" 2 Tim. iv. 1.

The doctrine of the resurrection is a revealed truth. Ancient philosophers so called regarded it not merely as untrue, but worthy only of scorn and contempt. Imagining moral evil to be necessarily associated with matter, they held that the expectation of a future re-union of the body with the soul was nothing better than a hope for worms. The Athenians listened to the eloquent and bold defender of the truth, on Mars' Hill, until he spake of Christ's resurrection. Then "some mocked and others said, We will hear thee again:" Acts, xvii. 32. It would seem from the Apostle's statement respecting the error of certain persons who maintained "that the resurrection was passed already," (2 Tim. ii. 18,) that some figurative or mystical meaning must have been put upon this Christian truth. And it is not improbable that the Corinthians, whom their spiritual father reproves in the words, "Some of you have not the knowledge of God; I speak this to your shame," (ver. 34)—had fallen into the same error. Unhappily, it continued for a long time afterward to exert its influence.* This want of faith in

* See Clement's Epistle to the Corinthians, sections 23–26.

the doctrine of the resurrection springs from ignorance of the power of God:" Matt. xxii. 29. To this source may be traced all the objections which have been ascribed to philosophy. It has been argued, that the same body which is now animated by its living principle cannot be hereafter raised, because, at no one period of its earthly sojourn was it identically the same as at any other; and after its separation from the soul, it moulders, decays, changes, passes into other substances, becomes vegetable matter, may be eaten even by men, and thus form part of the substance of other human bodies. All this is true. But every one of Adam's posterity possesses a personal identity. Although every day, and every hour, and indeed every moment, he is undergoing some change, so that both physically and mentally he never consists of the same identical particles which constituted him at any previous time; yet he is conscious that he was, still is, and will continue to be, himself and none else. There is something peculiar to each individual, however undescribable, which distinguishes him from every other of his race. To God's all penetrating eye this element cannot possibly be hidden. And wherever in the vast regions of creation with which human beings can come in contact, this essential constituent of individuality may be, thence can the omniscient and almighty One take it, and give it its only right appropriation. However many and great may be the changes it undergoes, it ever exists, and suffers no annihilation. And the Omnipotent can develop it into the noblest and most glorious habitation for the same soul

which dwelt in it on earth. All the transformations which it may undergo, preparatory to its glorified state, cannot destroy its identity. The same grain which is sown in the ground, rises from its earthy sepulchre, not indeed "bare grain," but "clothed upon" with "its own body," nobly and beautifully prepared with such accretions as the Creator may choose to furnish. And thus also shall it be with the resurrection body of "those that are Christ's." Like the soul, in its natural sinful, and in its regenerated holy state, it is still in each development of its being one and the same thing. Now, indeed, it is corruptible, dishonored, weak, natural, earthy; yet, hereafter, it shall become incorruptible, glorious, powerful, spiritual, heavenly. Then the associations and connections of earthly physical nature shall no longer have any existence. "Death hath no more dominion." And, consequently, the precursors of death, pain, sickness, disease in every form and variety of present triumph, shall be forever unknown. "Equal unto the angels," humanity in its future state shall be holy, sinless, energetic, "excelling in strength to do God's commandments:" Ps. ciii. 20. At the resurrection, the state of sonship shall become complete. Here the regeneration is but commenced. Then it shall have attained a state of perfection, that ultimate adoption for which they who have now "the first fruits of the Spirit" are still waiting the final result of the Almighty Deliverer's action on the persons of the saved, namely, "the redemption of our body:" Rom. viii. 23.

My Brethren: The thoughts to which your attention

has been directed are naturally associated with the removal from this world of our reverend friend and Christian father, from respect to whose memory we are now assembled. Fact develops the truth that "all flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof as the flower of the field:" Isaiah, xl. 6. The summer growth fades and withers away, and its splendid beauty is too often forgotten, as the blasts and cold of approaching winter absorbs the senses in present feeling. One generation forgets the past, attracted by some imaginary future, on which its longing eye fixes the ardent gaze.

To the departed, whatever may be his condition, it is of no consequence whether he is here remembered or forgotten. All such minor interests are lost in those which are infinitely greater. Multitudes of the most excellent ones of the earth have indeed left behind them no commemorative name. No marble monument, raising its lofty and magnificent front, proclaims to posterity their merited praise. But, which is vastly better, the influence of their practical virtues has left its enduring image and superscription on the improved state of society; and, which is most desirable of all, their names are written and stand out in prominent characters in that Book of Life, which in the great future day shall be opened wide to the universe. Yet even in this imperfect state it is the order of Providence that the memory of many a good man shall be preserved for the benefit of posterity, for the satisfaction of those who in life were his most in-

timate companions, and for a partial reward of virtue, a reward the more agreeable as dispensed not to the individual himself, but to his best and most worthy associates. The due commemoration of departed excellence is in itself proper, and has been practised in all ages and countries. In support of this action, which harmonizes with the laudable feelings of natural friendship, we have the weight of scriptural example and positive authority. "Whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning" (Rom. xv. 4), and therefore the character of Abraham, "the friend of God," (2 Chron. xx. 7, Isaiah, xli. 8,) and of other ancient worthies, is held out by St. Paul in the eleventh Chapter of the Hebrews, as an honorable attestation of excellence, and a perpetual example of religion and faith. True is the wise man's saying—"The memory of the just is blessed; but the name of the wicked shall rot," Prov. x. 7: and true also is the Psalmist's declaration—"The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance:" Psalm cxii. 6.

In accordance with these views and feelings, I desire to say a few words respecting one whom it has been my privilege to know and admire upwards of forty years. It is not my purpose to go into detail, but merely to state some prominent facts and traits of character.*

* The brief notice of Dr. Wilson's father was obtained chiefly from the following publications: "Encyclopedia Americana," Article — James Wilson.—"Alexander Graydon's Memoirs of his own Time," edited by John Stockton Littell; 8vo. Phil.: Lindsay and Blakiston, 1846.—"History of the Origin, Formation, and Adoption of the Constitution of the United States," by George Ticknor Curtis; 8vo., 2 vols. Harper and Brothers, N. Y., 1854. In this work, Judge Wilson is very favorably

The Rev. Bird Wilson was the son of a gentleman of Scotland who was born in 1742. The Hon. James Wilson was educated at Glasgow, St. Andrew's and Edinburgh, and in part under the supervision of Drs. Blair and Robertson, men universally celebrated for superior talent and learning. Soon after his arrival at Philadelphia, in the year 1766, he became a tutor in the College, and acquired a high reputation as a classical scholar. Entering on legal practice, first at Reading, and afterward at Carlisle, his abilities and acquisitions soon made him conspicuous. In 1775, he was elected a member of Congress. Being a uniform advocate of American Independence, he signed the well known Declaration. In 1787, he was a member of the Convention which framed the Constitution of the United States, and one of the Committee that reported the draft. Two years after he was appointed by Washington a Judge

mentioned. The following extracts will show how highly he was appreciated: "The life of this wise, able, and excellent man, was comparatively short. The character of his mind and the sources of his influence, will be best appreciated by examining some of the more striking passages of his great speech on the Constitution." This is followed by a note, covering fourteen closely printed pages, all of which is quoted from the speech referred to; vol. i., pp. 462, *et seq.* In vol. ii., p. 520, he is represented as "one of the wisest and ablest of the framers of the Constitution."

For the few biographical statements respecting his son, I am indebted chiefly to private information, obtained from the most reliable sources. For the reader's satisfaction, I will mention the names of the Hon. Horace Binney, and the Rev. John C. Clay, D. D., who for a time was rector of the Church at Norristown while Dr. Wilson was one of its wardens, and also that of Miss Hollingsworth, the Doctor's niece, who resided with him the greater part of the time that he lived in New-York. The kindness of these gentlemen and this most estimable lady in replying to my request for information, is hereby respectfully acknowledged.

of the Supreme Court. He died at the age of fifty-six, leaving behind him three volumes of political and legal disquisitions, highly valued by intelligent men.

The son inherited his father's talent, and in due time made himself equally conspicuous. Born January 8, 1777, he graduated at the University of Pennsylvania, then known by the name of College, at the early age of fifteen, in the year 1792, about the time that the Rev. Dr. Ewing became Provost. He pursued the study of law, under the direction of Joseph Thomas, of Philadelphia, aided, no doubt, by the abilities of his father. His early companions and friends were gentlemen who afterward attained a grade of eminence in their profession which few jurists in this country have ever reached.* Of Mr. Wilson it is not too much to say, accommodating the words of the Apostle, that he was "not a whit behind the very chief of" his associates. In the exercise of his profession he was remarkable for the soundness of his counsels, founded on extensive knowledge of general principles and careful attention to the particular cases under consideration. He soon obtained a place in the office of the Commissioner of Bankrupt Law, and when a young man of only twenty-five, was appointed "President Judge" of the Court of Common Pleas, in a judicial district composed of several of the eastern counties of Pennsylvania, and known as the Seventh Circuit. His

* Among the distinguished persons alluded to, it is sufficient to mention the names of Mr. Horace Binney, Messrs. Chauncey, and Mr. John Sergeant.

residence was then at Norristown, where he was held in high respect and esteem for his virtues as a Christian man, and his integrity, uprightness and ability as presiding officer of the Judiciary Department. In this honorable position it was his habit thoroughly to examine all accessible data bearing on any litigated matter in question. Keeping in mind all the points of evidence, great and small, on both sides, he weighed them in the balance of equity with the utmost scrupulousness, drew his conclusions with most logical accuracy, and formed his judgment with the most conscientious carefulness. Indeed Judge Wilson was so distinguished for the soundness of his decisions, that only one was ever reversed in a superior court, and that simply because he had not access to a document which contained such information on the case as, if known, would have modified his view.

In the year 1813, the President Judge published Matthew Bacon's Abridgment of the Law, an English work, with considerable additions by a Barrister.* The American editor informs his readers that his object was "to incorporate into" his publication "the substance of the English decisions" which had been passed since the appear-

* The title of this publication is as follows: A New Abridgment of the Law. By Matthew Bacon, of the Middle Temple, Esq. With considerable additions, by Henry Gwillim, of the Middle Temple, Esq., Barrister at Law. The first American, from the sixth London Edition; with the addition of the later English and the American Decisions. By Bird Wilson, Esq., President of the Court of Common Pleas in the Seventh Circuit of Pennsylvania. In seven volumes. Philadelphia: Published by Philip H. Nicklin. 1813.

ance of the last London edition, "together with the cases upon the same subjects decided in America." The preparation of this work, which is in seven volumes, large 8vo, demanded great labor and research; and the additions are characterized by the editor's extensive investigations and well known accuracy.

During the time that Judge Wilson resided at Norristown, he so employed his moral and religious energies, as to induce the few Episcopalians of the place to erect the church which stands there at the present day. Of this church he was Warden for several years, and a delegate to the Conventions of the Diocese.

His deeply religious character led him, on an official occasion, when his kindly feelings were more than usually wrought upon, to turn his attention very decidedly to the sacred office of the Ministry, and on the 12th of March, 1819, he was ordained Deacon, by the Right Rev. Bishop White, in Christ Church, Philadelphia, and Priest about a year afterwards. I avail myself of the following extract from the Episcopal Address delivered to the Convention, May 3d, 1820, as it shows the esteem in which the venerated Head of the Diocese held two of his clerical sons:

"Our ministry has received a heavy loss in the much lamented decease of the Rev. Thomas P. May, Rector of St. John's Church, Norristown, and of St. Thomas's Church, Whitemarsh. After giving the fairest promise of future usefulness, he has been taken from us by one of the

inscrutable visitations of Divine Providence. It is an alleviation to the loss of the congregation, whose esteem and affection he possessed, that there was residing within their bounds, the Rev. Bird Wilson, recently ordained, but long known among them by his able and faithful discharge of the duties of a highly responsible office in the judiciary department; and who, without delay, was chosen and settled as their pastor."*

Our reverend brother occupied this place until toward the close of 1821. His intellectual and religious character had made him widely known and highly respected. At that time the General Theological Seminary was in operation in New-Haven. At a meeting of the Trustees, held in that city on the 24th of July, 1821, Dr. Wilson was appointed Professor of Systematic Divinity. In the following autumn a special General Convention was held, and on the 2d day of November the establishment was re-organized, by combining with it the Diocesan Institution of New-York; and thus was formed the present General Seminary. At the first meeting of the Trustees, held Dec. 19th, 1821, the appointment of Dr. Wilson was renewed,† and in the next spring he entered upon his office.

* Journal of the 36th Convention of the Prot. Epis. Church in the State of Pennsylvania, p. 10.

† See Proceedings relating to the Organization of the General Theological Seminary, &c. Compiled and arranged agreeably to a resolution of the Trustees. By a Member of the Board (the Rev. Abram B. Hart). New-York: Daniel Dana, Jr. 1854. 8vo, pp, 89, 95, 96, 122.

This position he continued to hold for twenty-nine years. To the duties required thereby, and to the general interests of the Seminary, he devoted this portion of his life. In November, 1823, he delivered the Annual Address in Trinity Church, which was published at the request of the Trustees. In this discourse, he takes occasion to represent the importance of cultivating the Science of Theology. He recommends attention to it, from its tendency to produce gratification and improvement both to the mind and to the heart—to restore to purity and holiness—and to prepare, by ennobling the human character, for the highest state of its existence. He then proceeds to note some causes of its comparative neglect, and concludes by showing the propriety and necessity of promoting its proper cultivation, especially in connection with the institution of which he appeared as the advocate.

A few years afterward the respected professor made so strong an impression on the minds of the students, by a sermon which he preached on Christian and particularly ministerial duty, that they requested its publication. I cite a clause from their note, because it shows how rightly they regarded the character of their instructor. "Deeply sensible of the various duties of the Christian ministry, the students cannot appreciate too highly the able exposition which the subject obtained at your hands, and the feelings which seemed to animate your bosom at the time of delivering the discourse. Neither of these, be assured, can they ever forget." These remarks apply to the whole

course of his professorial action. His instructions on grave and profound matters of Christian theology were conveyed, proved, defended, and inculcated, with a degree of feeling which showed that they had made a radical impression on the teacher's own mind and heart, a feeling so sincere and deep as sometimes to restrain utterance. And, indeed, I have occasionally witnessed the same result of inward experience and natural sensibility, in his pulpit discourses on devotional and practical topics. It is needless to add, that the evidence of such a truly religious character could not be without a salutary influence on the minds of thoughtful and well disposed young men, preparing for the ministerial office.

The character of "able exposition" which the authors of the request apply to this particular discourse, is equally applicable to his instructions in general. He was a thoroughly read English divine, had formed his opinions on all doctrinal topics, however litigated, with his characteristic calmness, perseverance, truthfulness, independence of undue bias, and profound reverence for the revealed Word, before the clear decisions of which he caused every consideration which savored of merely human reason to succumb. The Holy "Scriptures given by inspiration of God," (2 Tim. iii. 16,) were his only recognized infallible Guide, his only Rule of Faith. He never admitted an unproved claim to positive authority over the human mind. He was not a man to content himself with the limited view of

some truth, which might be taken in by a hasty glance from the contracted valley of a partial, one-sided theory. Acquiring all the important data within his reach, carefully weighing all fundamental considerations tending to the settlement of points seemingly doubtful, feeling the solidity of the ground of which he was making himself master, he advanced far above the narrow low lands on which hang the mists of uncertainty and error. Standing upon an elevated and wide and solid platform, he surveyed the noble domain of theological science, and included within the comprehensive range of his penetrating eye the various elements and scenes which constitute the divine paradise towards which his inquiries had been directed. His system of divinity harmonized with that of the more prominent English divines, whose teachings he fully understood and rightly appreciated. Quiet and composed, he thought for himself. He carefully examined received opinions; and, on finding them to be true, never suffered his faith in them to be shaken in the least by plausible objections, or even by inexplicable difficulties. He was a real conservative Episcopalian, and in his instructions never gave the shadow of a sanction to novelties whether in doctrine or practice. At the same time well knowing, from the condition and circumstances in which men are placed and the different character of different minds, that to expect unanimity on all theological points is chimerical, and unworthy of a man of enlarged understanding and

warm heart, he never thought of excluding from Christian fraternity any persons, merely because they differed with him and the Church of his thoughts and affections on points of doctrine or discipline not demonstrably essential to Christian truth. In this, as in many other respects, he set an example, closely to follow which may well be recommended to his survivors.

As a teacher Dr. Wilson's habits with his pupils were such as, in some respects, are worthy of the very highest commendation. His calmness of character never failed him. In examining into the degree of preparation which had been attained, he constantly kept in mind the agitation which is so apt to unnerve a modest youth, whose confidence in his own capacity is but moderate, and also the unreasonableness of expecting too much from one of slender abilities and imperfect education. The inquiries were simple and directly to the point. When not clearly understood, they were repeated in different terms, but equally plain. He asked no leading questions in order to suggest the right answer. Yet, when the diffident student's reply gave evidence that he was on the right track, but not so familiar with the road as confidently to march over it with firm and rapid steps, he encouraged and soothed him by occasionally setting up an index, or, like a tender father, leading him a few steps by the hand of affection. Very different from too

many teachers in all departments, he adapted himself to individual capability, not expecting a ready and in all respects perfected answer equally from each, but giving time to the student, if necessary, to collect his thoughts, and to clothe them in suitable language, without interrupting him to supply defects. And yet defects were not ignored; and the points omitted became the topics of subsequent inquiry. And let me repeat what was lately said of him by one of his Right Rev. pupils,* whom we all delight to honor, that, although he did not usually accompany his exercises with many remarks of his own, yet what he did say was always most directly to the purpose, and threw a bright ray of light on some theological point, which before was not sufficiently conspicuous to his hearers.

Dr. Wilson took up his residence at the Seminary building in October, 1827. At that time a very few country residences were scattered about in the neighborhood, and there was no place of worship, except one belonging to that religious body which has been distinguished for producing and sustaining Christian pioneers. The nearest Episcopal Church was St. Luke's. In order to accommodate the students themselves, and also the few church families of the vicinity, the Library room was soon opened for divine worship on Sunday mornings. Dr. Wilson and his resident coadjutor sustained this service several years. Not long after

* Bishop Horatio Potter.

its commencement a Sunday School was established. Multitudes of children, who had been accustomed to spend the Lord's Day in idleness and sin, were gathered into the fold of Christ, taught to "fear God and to keep his commandments," (Eccles. xii. 13,) and instructed in the true evangelical doctrines of our own beloved Church. The effort was blessed by its great Head. As the population gradually increased, and the rural district assumed the appearance of suburbs, the congregation also increased; and it was thought expedient to adopt measures to erect a temple to be consecrated to the service of the living God. Thus originated first the Chapel and afterward the Church of St. Peter's, the germ of whose respectable and increasing congregation was the Sunday School and small body of worshippers that assembled in the Seminary Library, and were edified by the instructions of our much valued friend.

In the year 1839 Dr. Wilson published his very interesting "Memoir of Bishop White,"* which abounds with facts and reasonings of the highest importance to Episcopalians. The limits to which the present discourse ought to be restricted, which I fear have already been overstepped, compel me to content myself with the statement of what is so generally known, without entering into any examination of the work itself.

On the 28th of June, 1848, he resigned his Profes-

* Philadelphia. James Kay & Brother: 8vo.

sorship; but, at the earnest solicitation of the Trustees, consented to withdraw for a time the resignation. Two years after, June 25, 1850, he renewed it, acting in conjunction also with another venerated Professor,* who was then feeling the infirmities of advancing age, though, by the good providence of God, his family and friends are still favored with his presence. As a token of their respect for both these gentlemen, the Trustees appointed each Emeritus Professor in his respective department. Here I must be permitted to repeat what they so fitly and respectfully added to their resolutions, and to avow the same personal motives which actuated that honorable body. I quote "the eloquent tribute of respect paid the retiring professors, contained in the address of the Right Rev. Bishop of Maine delivered to the former graduating class."†

"These remarks cannot well be closed without alluding to the event which will make this day memorable in the history of this Seminary; the appearance for the last time among its instructors of two most venerated men, whose eminent names, whose hereditary associations with the best recollections of the Church, whose consecrated learning, whose assiduous fidelity, whose judicial wisdom, and whose meek munificence, will ever be recalled in connection with the earliest

* Clement C. Moore, LL. D., Professor of Oriental and Greek Literature.

† See Proceedings before referred to, June, 1848, pp. 532, 534, 535; June, 1850, pp. 611, 612, 613; and Sept. 1850, pp. 652, 653, 654.

fruits, and with all the future honors of the Institution, which through such a length of years they watched and served and cherished, and whose foundations must be their monument. From the heart of the whole Church no other sentiments but those of reverence and gratitude, deep reverence and deep gratitude, will attend them to the retirement, where they shall await, as we trust, the recompense promised to patient continuance in well doing."

At the time of this action of the Board, Dr. Wilson was very nearly 74 years old. Although he had been favored during his whole life with remarkably good health, owing doubtless in no small degree to his uniform habits of temperance, exercise and general self-control; yet, having got so far beyond the ordinary period even of advanced life, he was not without experience of the weakness naturally associated with "three score years and ten:" Ps. xc. 10. And although he still continued to live according to the same uniform habits, yet in a few years his constitution radically failed, and he became in some degree paralyzed. The medical aid that was afforded him assisted his strong recuperative powers, and more than once he recovered from attacks which in ordinary cases would have completely prostrated the victim. A severe cold caught on the 9th of April last affected his whole system, which no human efforts could invigorate. In addition to general debility produced by this cause, its influence on the brain seemed almost to destroy his consciousness, and he gradu-

ally sank into a state of torpor. Apparently in the enjoyment of a long and quiet slumber, he reposed on the bed of death, and at 3 o'clock on the morning of the 14th "fell asleep" (Acts vii. 60) in Jesus so calmly, that his nearest relative by the side of his couch perceived at the moment no indication of the change. The whole period of his long and useful life, and also its earthly close, were alike marked by the characteristic which the divine word applies to the turning point of existence in a true servant of God. "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is PEACE:" Ps. xxxvii. 37.—"Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!" Num. xxiii. 10.

The prominent facts in the life of the departed, which the present occasion made it my duty to lay before this respected audience, are of such a nature, that they could not be fairly presented without being accompanied by some representations of his character. I shall, therefore, on this point, add to what has been already said but a very few brief remarks.

Our reverend aged brother was a model of Christian devotion. His religious services, whether on the bed of sickness or in the assembly of God's saints, were always marked by the most entire attention of the whole inner man. What is said by the speaker from personal observation for many years, may well justify him in comprehending within the same description his friend's private

family and social acts of religion. When, under the influence in some measure of the infirmity which at last dissolved the ties that bound him to earth, his mind on ordinary topics would wander, and imagination usurp the throne of his reason; if approach to the "Father of mercies and God of all comfort" were suggested to him, the devotional habits of his life would recall his thoughts, and direct them aright in prayer, and he would audibly join without any distraction of mind in the appropriate, simple, and heart-expanding supplications which the Church of his love had made familiar to his mind. In Public Worship he gave habitual evidence that his soul was absorbed in the exercise. Never did I see him turn his face to look upon objects around him. Its steady and unchanging direction always gave intimation that his thoughts and feelings were concentrated and bound up in the one solemn object which had led him into the temple of the Most High.

In necessary association with this element of his character, must be noted his remarkable conscientiousness. Recognizing the great truth, that the Maker of all things has furnished every one of his accountable creatures with an inward faculty to act in some measure as his own vicegerent, he felt the importance of keeping bright and clear this internal luminary, well knowing that "if the light that is in one be darkness," (Matt. vi. 33,) dark too must be the whole man. Right reason and Divine Revelation kept his conscience well informed, and made it a competent judge and director. And the decisions of this divinely

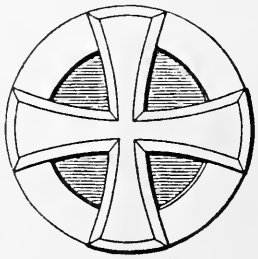
instituted court he did not presume to question, but bowed to their authority with becoming reverence, and made such legislation the standing rule of his conduct.

Another characteristic which marked the life of the deceased was his unostentation. Any desire to make a show of his talents or acquisitions or varied excellences either of head or heart, was farthest from his thoughts. His one great purpose seemed to be to conduct himself under all circumstances as a Christian gentleman. Accustomed from childhood to the very best society, he made no display in his domestic and social relations, but always behaved towards all persons with whom he intermingled, whether equal or inferior, with gentle and most courteous suavity of manner and retiring modesty of deportment. Any consciousness of superiority never seemed to occur to him, far less to exert any influence. And, springing from the same commendable source, his charities were always private, and he habitually obeyed the Master's direction, "not to let the left hand know what the right hand was doing." Matt. vi. 3.

I conclude this imperfect statement by noting two traits of character before illustrated, namely, his remarkable mildness of manner together with inflexible firmness and decision. Keeping his natural feelings under the restraint of reason and conscience, he never suffered any circumstances, however personal their

bearing on his own views or course of conduct, to excite him to hasty opposition, or went beyond the pattern of all excellence in his remark,—"If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil; but if well, why smitest thou me?" John, xviii. 23. Nevertheless, respecting the doctrines on which his mind was made up, or the action which he thought it best to pursue, he was inflexible, and shaped his course by an unwavering regard to truth. Consequently, while he made no attacks on others, he maintained the ground which he had himself rightfully secured with a firmness and decision worthy of the important positions both in the State and in the Church, which he filled with usefulness and dignity. He left it to his life to be the reliable witness of his character. And most assuredly, in this respect, he has bequeathed to us all a legacy invaluable and permanent.

Now to Him that giveth and taketh away, to the Lord of life and of death, who "hath the keys of Hades, who dwelleth in light which no man can approach unto;" (Rev. i. 18, 1 Tim. vi. 16;) to Him who hath left to his true followers the promise, "Ye shall bear the image of the heavenly; (1 Cor. xv. 49;) to the glorified Son, with the eternal Father and the Holy Spirit, one infinite God, be everlasting praises: Amen.



A

DISCOURSE

COMMEMORATIVE OF THE LIFE AND SERVICES

OF THE

Rev. CHAUNCEY ALLEN GOODRICH, D. D.,

PROFESSOR IN YALE COLLEGE.

BY

THEODORE D. WOOLSEY,

PRESIDENT OF YALE COLLEGE.

DELIVERED IN THE CENTER CHURCH, NEW HAVEN, MARCH 5th, 1860.

From the Advance Sheets of the New Englander for May, 1860.

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ROMANS XII, 11—13.

"NOT SLOTHFUL IN BUSINESS; FERVENT IN SPIRIT; SERVING THE LORD; REJOICING IN HOPE; PATIENT IN TRIBULATION; CONTINUING INSTANT IN PRAYER; DISTRIBUTING TO THE NECESSITY OF SAINTS; GIVEN TO HOSPITALITY."

It seems as if the great Apostle, in this summary of practical virtues, was unconsciously sketching himself; for who can fail to recall to mind the illustrations which Paul's own life supplied, of the qualities here commended? "Not slothful in business." What statesman with the weight of government on his shoulders, what merchant with a commerce ransacking every quarter of the globe, ever showed more untiring industry, or had a greater burden of cares than the Apostle? "Fervent" or boiling "in spirit." But to this load of duties, this drain on time, his zeal was equal. Instead of being exhausted by the care of all the churches, his soul rose with new desires to spend and be spent for Christ. He seemed to be made of iron, because his spirit kept boiling up through the force of the internal fire of love, and prompting him to new activity. "Serving the Lord," or as the true reading requires us to translate, "serving the time," that is, not time-serving, but watching for and seizing on the right occasions of doing work for God. How characteristic this of Paul, who, instead of contenting himself with what he was doing, was ever on the outlook to do more; who while others were resting or deliberating, had thrown himself into the opportunity, and was reaping the harvest! "Re-

joicing in hope." And this untiring zeal, this mass of new labors succeeding to or heaped on the old, could not have been endured or even undertaken without that joyful hope which so marks the Apostle's life. Natively hopeful and inclined to self-reliance, when he "was apprehended of Christ," he gave himself up to his Lord in strong confidence and in that hope which the divine promises inspire. He felt that there was an arm lifted up for his help: he looked on the bright side: in the discouragements of his old age at Rome, he speaks of his "earnest expectation and hope that in nothing he should be ashamed, but that with all boldness as always, so now Christ should be magnified in his body." Animated by such hope he was "patient in tribulation," "troubled on every side yet not distressed, perplexed but not in despair, persecuted but not forsaken," "waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of the body." And all this while he continued "instant in prayer." One might suppose that he could have had no time to pray, but his epistles rather cause us to wonder that his prayers left any time for action. The fact was, prayer fitted him for business, and gave such a tone and such a spirit to him, that his work was discharged smoothly and well, not in a hurry and without need of revision. And what is well worthy of remark, no man ever prayed more for others: for obdurate Jews, for unbelieving Gentiles, for the churches he had founded, for his intimate friends, his intercessions arose continually. Nor did he stop with intercessions: he distributed to the necessity of saints, and according to his power was given to hospitality. Without a home, without property, he could yet say, "these hands have ministered unto my necessities, and to them that were with me," and he was engaged in distributing to the necessity of saints at Jerusalem a collection which he had instituted among the Gentile churches, when he was seized and denounced by his countrymen.

My friends, I presume that when these words of Paul, verified in his own life, were read, you all felt that they were peculiarly applicable to that departed friend, whom we meet this day to commemorate. He was by temperament of the Pauline type. Some are men of speculation: their diligence and fervor runs into the construction of theological systems, or the presentation of divine truth in due order and sequence before the minds of men; and they have done their work well, when they have enabled the generations of the world to form nobler conceptions of the government of God. Others are rather men of meditation, of feelings tremblingly alive, of shrinking sensitive genius, whose acute perceptions of beauty start back from a fault of expression almost as if it were a crime. These do their work well, when the sermon at once profound, tender, and beautiful, remains in the memories of men, and fills their souls like an oratorio. Others calm, meek, wise, silent, gently flowing and filling their banks like a peaceful river, show by their balance of character, their self-forgetfulness and communings with God, how faultless a Christian man may become, before he goes to be with Christ. But to the class of speculative, or of meditative, or of calmly practical men, our departed friend did not pertain. He was rather, like Paul, intensely earnest, fervent in spirit, not to say vehement, full of resources and ever ready with counsel, fond of impressing himself upon the events of the world and of shaping them according to his own decided convictions; a man of the present and of the future, who linked together measures and results with far-reaching sagacity; a man, in short, of great practical ability, made for usefulness and for accomplishing important ends among mankind.

The life of a man with such a temperament, must necessarily have stood out before the eyes of his fellow-men more than that of most academical and scholarly persons.

Especially would this be the case in an age like ours, where so much preparation is made for every movement by the living voice and in the assembly of hearers, and where he who can advocate the cause of Christian benevolence has so much to do. It is probable, therefore, that those whom I address, especially elderly persons if any such are among my hearers, feel already better acquainted with the traits of character of Dr. Goodrich, than with those of most public men with whom they have been brought into contact. It is not, therefore, for the purpose of conveying new, or of correcting old impressions, but rather for that of presenting in one view the labors of mind, and indications of character, which have been scattered through the last half century, that I proceed to speak of the life and services of Dr. Goodrich.

He was born in New Haven, on the 23d of October, 1790, and was the son of our well remembered townsman, Hon. Elizur Goodrich, a lawyer by profession, who at different times of his life filled important public offices, as those of Collector of the port, Mayor of the city, Representative in Congress; who was appointed Professor of Law in Yale College, and was for thirty years the Secretary of its Board of Fellows. He, his brother, Chauncey Goodrich, an eminent member of the old Federal party, who was long a Senator of Connecticut in the national legislature, and filled also the office of Lieutenant-Governor of the State, and the Rev. Samuel Goodrich, of Berlin, were among the children of the Rev. Dr. Elizur Goodrich, of Durham, who, in his day, was almost at the head of the Congregational ministers of Connecticut, who, at the time of the election of Dr. Stiles, was a prominent candidate for the office of President of Yale College, and for twenty-one years was a member of its Corporation. Dr. Elizur Goodrich, when he became minister in Durham, married the granddaughter of his predecessor, the Rev. Nathaniel

Chauncey, of an ancient English family, whose first representative in this country was the Rev. Charles Chauncey, second President of Harvard College. From this source our deceased friend derived his first name; his middle name, Allen, came from his own mother, a daughter of Daniel Allen, of Great Barrington, Mass., and a sister of John Allen, who represented this State for several years in Congress.

Chauncey Allen Goodrich, after a training partly at the Hopkins Grammar School in this town, and partly under the Rev. Dr. Perkins of West Hartford, entered College in 1806,—the middle year of Dr. Dwight's presidency—and was graduated among the leading scholars of his Class in 1810. Next we find him rector of the ancient school where he received his own training, and in 1812 a Tutor in Yale College, which office he filled until 1814. It was in this year that he gave his first literary labor to the world, (undertaken by the advice of Dr. Dwight,) a Greek Grammar, founded on that of a Dutch scholar, Caspar Louis Hachenberg. The helps at that time accessible for the study of this important language were exceedingly meager. The German philologists, Buttmann and Matthiæ, had either not published their leading works, or these were wholly unknown in this country, and the very indifferent Westminster Grammar was the one in common use. It was a service to the cause of education, which this young adventurer rendered, when, with the best guide within his reach, he prepared this new grammar, which, by successive corrections and improvements became more and more fitted to accomplish its object. This work stood its ground for nearly a quarter of a century, until new works or translations from the German masters supplanted it. Meanwhile, its author returned to this first path of his literary life in 1832, and afterward by the preparation of a series of

Latin and Greek lessons, which were undertaken first to initiate one of his sons into those languages, and when published came into extensive use.

During his tutorship Mr. Goodrich began his studies for the ministry, under Dr. Dwight. From his early youth his mother had supposed him to be under the sway of Christian truth and principle; but he regarded himself as having met with a great religious change while an undergraduate in College. He mentioned to one of his family, that having been for some time more than usually thoughtful on religious truth, he went one day to the room of a Christian acquaintance, and as he drew near the door heard shouts of laughter from within. "These Christians," said he to himself, "have a right to be happy, but I have not." Under the feeling that there was a void in his heart which only peace with God could fill, he returned to his room, felt in a hightened degree the evil of his sins, and in no long time attained to a state of peace and hope. To the ministry of the gospel he consecrated himself, and when he had resigned his tutorship he preached with acceptance in several places, at Salisbury and Middletown in this State, and in Massachusetts at Worcester, and in the Park Street Church of Boston, where he labored for several months during a winter's residence at Andover. Three calls were in his hands at once from the Park Street Church, from Salisbury, and from Middletown. He chose the call from the latter, and was ordained in July, 1816. At about the time of his settlement he married Julia, second daughter of Dr. Noah Webster.

His stay at Middletown was brief, on account of the failure of his health; but long enough to endear him to his people, and secure for him a kind remembrance of him in their hearts. But another sphere was now opened to

him. Dr. Dwight having died at the beginning of the year 1817, it was wisely determined, on the accession of President Day in the same year, to constitute two new chairs in the College—a measure which the prudent management of the funds through a number of years rendered possible. The chairs were those of Divinity and of Rhetoric; and two young men, classmates as it happened and both natives of New Haven, were chosen to fill them—Eleazar T. Fitch and Chauncey Allen Goodrich. The chair of Rhetoric was filled by the latter—not without solicitations to go elsewhere—for twenty-two years. During the first year of his professorship—I may be permitted to mention—the Class to which Rev. Dr. Bacon and I belonged, being the Sophomore, fell under his instructions.

The infirm health of Professor Goodrich, for a number of years after he entered on his office, was a serious obstacle to the pleasant and steady discharge of its duties, yet he entered on them with that unshaken zeal and energy which marked his whole character. His routine of duties was something like the following. The Sophomores were instructed by him, through the summer term, in Jameson's Rhetoric. The Senior Classes were taught out of a text-book in higher Rhetoric and Criticism, and read compositions before him which were afterwards criticised in private. The two middle Classes, with the Freshmen, were exercised in declamation, with unwearied pains; and with equal labor to himself he introduced that careful preparation for the exhibitions of the Juniors and for the public Commencements, which has made the exercises of those public days so much more of a benefit than they were formerly, and so much more creditable to the Institution. After a time, with the growth of the number of students the business of his department became too great for any

one man, and he was allowed to employ an assistant in declamation. The importance of his instructions to the Seniors meanwhile was increased by the study of Demosthenes on the Crown, as the *chef d'œuvre* of ancient eloquence, and by a very interesting course of lectures on English Oratory. In the preface to his Select British Eloquence, published in 1852, he speaks of his method and object in his instructions, as follows: "The Author of this volume, in entering on the office of Professor of Rhetoric, in Yale College, more than thirty years ago, took Demosthenes's Oration for the Crown as a *text-book* in the Senior Class, making it the basis of a course of informal lectures on the principles of oratory. Modern eloquence came next, and he endeavored in a distinct course to show the leading characteristics of the great orators of our own language, and the best mode of studying them to advantage. His object in both courses was, not only to awaken in the minds of the Class that love of genuine eloquence which is the surest pledge of success, but to aid them in catching the spirit of the authors read, and by analyzing passages selected for the purpose, to initiate the student in those higher principles, which (whether they were conscious of it or not) have always guided the great masters of the art, till he should learn the *unwritten* rules of oratory, which operate by a kind of instinct on the mind, and are far more important than any which are found in the books."

The tone and tendency of the teaching of Dr. Goodrich was not so much æsthetical as rhetorical, and this harmonized with the practical end which he had in view. His aim was to form vigorous, effective writers, men who by their eloquence should be able to move and lead their fellow-men. Eloquence, therefore, the forcible statement of arguments, the strong appeal to the conscience and to the

feelings, occupied the front place. It will not be doubted that he did a good work for the College, and that he laid those foundations in his department on which the system pursued by his successor has been reared.

It is characteristic of Prof. Goodrich that he was not the man of a department or profession, but that his excursions out of his especial province were more useful to his country, and carried with them more power, than his ordinary labors. I proceed to speak of one or two of the enterprises in which he was concerned while he held his professorship of Rhetoric in Yale College.

The first of these in the order of time, and not the smallest in importance, was the formation of the Theological Department, in which he, together with Professor Fitch, had, as I suppose, the principal share. The Seminary arose in no spirit of theological antagonism or dread of heresies emanating from the earlier Institution at Andover, nor yet in the desire to form a center for the propagation of new doctrines; for its founders, at the beginning, to say the least, were not aware that they differed from the theology long taught in New England. But it was no new thought that instruction in theology ought to be furnished at this seat of learning, and indeed this was one motive for founding the Institution: Dr. Dwight, and Professor Fitch after him, had under their instruction Divinity Classes, consisting chiefly of graduates of Yale College; and Dr. Dwight is understood to have desired to extend the opportunities afforded for sacred study, and to have suggested to his son the making of an endowment for that purpose. To this, perhaps we ought to add that the great awakening in the College and town, in 1820 and 1821, created a demand for a new theological center—an Institution where earnest, practical preachers might be educated. The Theological Institution came into being in 1822, by a sub-

scription of fifteen thousand dollars, in which Professor Goodrich took part, who also pledged himself, in connection with Professor Fitch, for the interest on an additional sum of five thousand dollars, in case it could not be raised in any other way. Dr. Taylor, then pastor of this Church, towards whom all these movements looked, received the appointment of Dwight Professor of Didactic Theology, (so named from the principal subscriber to the fund,) at the time of Commencement in 1822, and soon after entered on his new duties. In the inception of this Seminary, and in soliciting subscriptions, Mr. Goodrich was prominent, I may say foremost. He had been on friendly terms with Dr. Taylor before, but was now drawn much closer to him, and embraced his peculiar modifications of the prevalent theology of New England. And here, perhaps, as well as in any other place, I may refer to the devoted and disinterested friendship towards Dr. Taylor, of which, Mr. Goodrich gave most substantial proofs through the course of thirty-five years afterwards. Nothing in his life, full as it was of kind deeds, did more credit to his Christian heart, and, if particulars could be told, they would show him, were there no other proof, to be a man who had spared no time, no pains, no expense, in doing good.

Another department in which, during a part of these years, he showed his efficiency and practical power, was the editing of the Christian Spectator. This magazine, established in 1819 as a monthly, was purchased by him in 1828 and put on a quarterly basis. He was its sole editor until about 1836, when it passed out of his hands. As long as he continued to edit it, it flourished every way, but its chief peculiarity was, that it became the decided organ of what a short time before had begun to be called Taylorism. Here the questions, Whether there is any sinful disposition before the first

sinful act, What is the power of the will to choose, when motives in favor of a good are set before it, What is the nature of virtue, and its relation to the desire of happiness, What is the true conception of Divine moral government,—these and connected questions, were discussed with all the ability which the three men—the two already named, and Dr. Fitch, who took the lead in New Haven theology—could command. The discussions may be said to have begun to wane when Dr. Goodrich left the Spectator: men had made up their minds, and the field had been thoroughly explored. Party lines had become drawn. By some, New Haven theology, in spite of its faith in the Holy Spirit and zeal for revivals, and adherence to the doctrine of election, and reverence for Calvin and Edwards, had come to be viewed as bald Pelagianism; to others it was the only scheme on which preachers could fairly offer salvation to men perishing in their sins.

Of the theological opinions of Dr. Goodrich let me say a word in this place. He had been brought up under Dr. Dwight, and in the main received the views of Christian truth taught by him, which were indeed at that time substantially the views of all New England theologians. To the peculiar opinions of Dr. Taylor he gave his adhesion, as being important for the earnest preaching of the Gospel; and he felt towards that eminent theologian the warmth of deep personal friendship. But at no time of his life could he be called a narrow theological partisan, and during the last twenty years he has been in his theological views one of the most tolerant and truly liberal of men. I have rarely seen a person who had less of what was sectarian, less theological narrowness, or bitterness in judging of religious character, or more willingness to allow and to do justice to diversities of opinion which related to the

non-essentials of faith. The importance of practical religion in his mind so far outweighed that of scientific as to exclude all theological biases, and as for sectarian biases, he never had them.

Passing over for the present Dr. Goodrich's efforts in behalf of the religious interests of Yale College, which were continued through his lifetime and will be spoken of in the sequel, we pass to his transition from the academical to the theological department, which occurred in 1839. He had long felt the necessity of another professor, besides the two already existing, whose office it should be to prepare the students of theology for the pulpit and for parochial duties. With this in view, and for the purpose of founding such a professorship, he offered to the President and Fellows of Yale College, convened specially to consider this subject, January 10th, 1839, the sum of five thousand dollars of his own property, and was seconded by two liberal gentlemen, Aristarchus Champion, Esq., then of Hartford, and Rev. Walter H. Bidwell, then of Philadelphia, now a well known editor of New York, the former of whom pledged himself to contribute for the salary of the professor six hundred dollars for ten years, and the latter, three hundred for five. In Dr. Goodrich's instrument it is provided that on the appointment of a new professor, "the President and Fellows, either as a body, or, by their committee, to consist of at least three of the clerical part of the Board, shall have a free communication with the professor elect on his views of doctrinal theology, and of the duties of the pastoral charge, such as is customary in our churches on the ordination and installation of ministers of the Gospel, and if they are satisfied of his soundness in the faith, of his personal piety, and his qualifications for the office, shall proceed to induct him into the same." By this, I understand him to express his preference of a personal examination of

religious teachers over any creed subscribed and professed. In an appendix to this instrument he expresses his desire that a regular meeting should be maintained on Saturday evening, especially during the two first terms of the collegiate year, for the instruction of the academical students and such others as may choose to attend, in the doctrines and duties of religion. He has, therefore, it is added, found a strong inducement to make the offer for an endowment, "in the hope that the President and Fellows would direct the Professor of the pastoral charge to exemplify in part the duties of his office before his pupils in the course of the familiar instruction before described." But he forbears to make this an imperative condition for holding the office.

The corporation of the college accepted these liberal offers, and appointed Rev. Dr. Joel Parker, then of the Tabernacle church in New York, to the "new chair." At the next meeting of the board he signified his unwillingness to take the office, and then Dr. Goodrich himself was elected to fill it. He accepted the appointment, and continued in this professorship until his death.

The regular duties to which Dr. Goodrich was now called were such as his past life had qualified him for in an eminent degree. He brought to the criticism on the composition and delivery of sermons, the rhetorical practice and judgment of the eighteen years which he had spent in his former professorship. For inculcating the duties of the pastoral care, he was qualified not only by his own brief experience, during his settlement at Middletown, but also by his truly pastoral labors in the college. The active interest which he had long taken in the various branches of the missionary work, enabled him to set before his students the claims of that branch of ministerial labor; and oftentimes he was the means of leading them to consecrate themselves to

God's service in that particular field. His courses of lectures on expository preaching, on missions, on revivals, and on the pastoral charge, were all fitted to form practical pastors, and for years he had a religious meeting once a week with the students in theology for the purposes of practical religion.

During the twenty years while he held this professorship his connection with the college proper did not wholly cease. Every week his voice was heard in the college chapel. His lectures on eloquence were delivered at once to the theological students and to the Senior Class in College, and were listened to with as much pleasure, as well as benefit, as any others in the course. Appearing no longer before the College students in the attitude of a disciplinarian,—in which quality he had always been thorough and strict,—freed also from some of those unpleasant collisions which his duties as an instructor and a critic brought with them, he was able now, more than ever before, to present himself to them in the light of a religious instructor and counselor. And here, I invite my hearers to look at him for a moment in his religious influence on the College, which, if he had done no other work in the world, would entitle him to the name of a useful man, and to most grateful remembrance.

His religious activity, which appeared in private counsel, in special efforts during revivals of religion and in his weekly religious meetings, dates back at an early period of his official life in the College. From the first he had taken, as he could not but take, a warm interest in its spiritual prosperity, but his energies were more especially directed into this channel after the great revival in 1831, and still more systematically after he occupied a chair in the Theological Faculty. In these works of love imposed on him by no official duty his heart beat most freely and warmly; and as he gathered experience of the hearts of others in their multiform phases

of doubt and distress, as cases of conscience were poured into his ear, and Christians in despondency came to him for advice and relief, as burdened souls, struggling against, or for conviction, brought by friends or led by their own necessities, applied to him for help, he grew in sympathy, in knowledge of religious life in its various aspects, in the readiness to act as a spiritual adviser, in the joy of being an instrument in God's hands to save men. As he grew in years his authority and paternal sway increased also. He had acquired a widespread reputation, transmitted from earlier graduates, of being wise, kind, and prompt in counsel. Hence, newly entered members of the college sought him or were recommended to him by others, and over numbers he could have a healthful influence from the very first. He was a hopeful counselor, inclined to look favorably rather than otherwise on the evidences of Christian character—not breaking the bruised reed nor quenching the smoking flax. Some came to him with perplexities such as so many young persons feel in regard to religious truth. He did not treat them with sternness, as though it were a sign of being no Christian to doubt, but led them gently back to truth, or showed them how by a false theory they had thrown into truth the confusion of error. Some came as to a confessor,—and would that there was more of private confession in the protestant churches,—to open to him the secrets of a wounded soul. He prayed and wept with them, and helped them to believe in the sympathy of Jesus. The most various cases were brought to him for counsel, not only by the Christian students, and those under serious impressions, but by older persons; some of them hesitating in the choice of a profession, deliberating perhaps whether they should enter into the missionary work, or having chosen it, how they should best engage in it; others, perhaps, ministers, meeting with impediments in their calling; others still solicit-

ing his advice as to the management of great religious charities. In short, no man probably in New Haven has been more resorted to as a counselor than he was during the last twenty or twenty-five years of his life; and they who went to him, as I have done, and multitudes of others scattered over this land, will not soon forget his wisdom and kindness, nor cease to venerate his memory.

The counsels and wisdom of Dr. Goodrich were especially called into requisition, whenever there was a time of unusual thoughtfulness on the subject of religion in Yale College. I am not aware that he had had any experience in conducting revivals, or that any had occurred during his connection with the College before the year 1820, but from that time onward he entered into them with zeal and hopefulness, he longed for them as the harvest times of the Church, and ere long became the most efficient laborer in them. In the great revival of 1831, in that of 1841, and in others down to 1858, his services to the cause of religion were inestimable and his labors untiring. Amid his pressing literary labors he was ever ready to give himself up to the public speaking and private counsel required at such seasons, as to his most important work.

In two essays he has given to the world his estimate of the value of religious revivals. In one of these, which appeared in Prof. Edwards's Quarterly Register for 1838, he follows their history down to that time in Yale College, and some years afterwards expressed an intention, which he never fulfilled, of continuing and completing the narrative. Being known as a person acquainted with the history of religious awakenings, and skilled in conducting them, he was requested by Dr. Baird to write the chapter on revivals which forms a part of that gentleman's work on "Religion in the United States of America." In that essay, Dr. Goodrich traces re-

vivals from their first occurrence in this country onwards, and then shows what there is in this peculiar movement to favor the progress of religion, what helps to Christian feeling and to earnest prayer, what helps to the thoughtful enquirer in the solemnity of the season and the sympathy of others around him. Dr. Goodrich firmly believed that all the work of life, except in peculiar cases, ought to go on during revivals as at other times, that students were more likely to enter upon a decidedly Christian life when they studied at such seasons than when they gave their whole thought and feeling to the subject of religion; he dreaded that too great tension of feeling which, dwelling upon one absorbing subject hour after hour produces, and believed that the mind cannot be absolved at such times from its ordinary laws of action. He regarded the phases of religion as infinitely diversified, and looked on the forms of piety at its birth in the soul with a most hopeful eye; yet his chosen way of dealing with the conscience of a person under religious impressions, was to lead him without delay to consecrate himself to the service of God and Christ.

The weekly religious meetings which Dr. Goodrich conducted were among his happiest means of religious influence. It had been Dr. Dwight's custom on a Saturday evening, which was the stated time for the meetings of the Church to go into them, to make an address on some religious topic, and then retire, leaving the younger members by themselves. This practice Dr. Goodrich and others resumed, but I cannot ascertain that it was steadily followed up for any long period. In 1839, however, on entering upon the duties of his new professorship, he determined to carry out the suggestions which I have already mentioned as accompanying his subscription for the founding of the chair. Weekly meetings, now begun, and held, either at first or not long afterward on Sunday evening, just after the evening meal, were continued

by him in strength and feebleness steadily until his last illness. These meetings will be associated by the later classes in the College with the name of Dr. Goodrich whenever it is mentioned, and probably they were the most useful labors of his life. Here the sins and evils of College life came up for rebuke. Here the vicious tendencies of literature and of the spirit of the time were met and counteracted. Here the sermon of the day in the Chapel was pressed upon the conscience. Here Christian fidelity and watchfulness were inculcated on the youthful professor of religion. Here, once a month, the wants of the heathen and the state of missionary enterprise were brought before the minds of the young, as points of cardinal interest for Christians. The addresses, short in compass, not occupying generally more than twenty or twenty-five minutes, earnest and eloquent in manner, wisely adapted in subject for the audience, were models of the Christian homily—they were, in the language of Scripture, nails and goads fastened by the master of assemblies.

Nor were these the only meetings for religious purposes in which his voice of prayer and exhortation was heard. I have already spoken of the meeting which he held with the theological students once a week for religious purposes. During several years he was the center of a religious gathering in which the families of the College professors were united. Then, on the installation of Prof. Fisher, five years since, he, with other older members of the Church, came into the meetings on Friday evening, in which, after the pastor, he never ceased to sustain the principal part.

In the great religious societies of the day he felt a warm interest, and generally took a very prominent place. When the movement in favor of temperance was started, he advocated it with zeal and joined in the efforts made in this town to promote its success. In the society for promoting college educa-

tion at the west, he was one of the most active and most trusted directors. In the operations of the Tract Society at New York he joined heart and hand, until his disapproval of the spirit shown by the Society nearly two years since, which he viewed as time-serving and irreligious, led him to publish a powerful remonstrance against their proceedings; he then withdrew from all share in the Society's proceedings, and supported the Institution at Boston. In the Bible Society, at the time of his death, he was a member of the important committee whose duty it was to determine how far the Society should undo the labors of the late committee of revision. Since the news of his death reached the managers of the Society, they have expressed their sense of his worth in appropriate resolutions. Perhaps his affections were more bound up in the American Board (of which he was a corporate member) than in any other of the charities of our day. Few members had more influence or urged the cause of the Board with more eloquence than he, when his health permitted him to attend the annual meetings. And few members gave more substantial evidences of their regard for the great work of Christian missions.

During these last twenty years of his life two secular labors occupied much of his time, which our sketch would be incomplete if it did not notice. The first of these was the repeated revision of Dr. Noah Webster's English Dictionary. His connection with this dictionary began soon after its publication by his father-in-law in 1828. He had made representations to Dr. Webster that an abridgment of the original quarto in two volumes would be highly important, and indeed serviceable to the sale of the larger work. But the lexicographer, now an old man, was indisposed to set about the task, although willing that Prof. Goodrich should undertake it. Accordingly, soon after the publication of the quarto edition, an abridged edition in

octavo appeared, executed by Dr. Joseph E. Worcester, under the superintendence of Prof. Goodrich. It became his property, and turned out to be a very popular work.

In 1840, another unabridged edition was carried through the press by Dr. Webster, and in 1843 this veteran scholar died at the age of 85. It was deemed important both for the interests of the family and for those of the Messrs. Merriam of Springfield, who had acquired an interest in the work, that a thorough revision of the unabridged dictionary should be attempted, and Dr. Goodrich was requested to undertake the labor. This revision, although he was assisted by several collaborators and scribes, cost unwearied pains and occupied a good part of the working hours of several years. It appeared in 1847, in one volume, small quarto; and being put, by the sagacity of the publishers, into such a shape, and at such a cost, that it could be purchased by a large part of the community, it had immense success. At the same time with this went on a revision of the octavo edition to which we have referred. Several years later Dr. Goodrich began a collection of synonyms, on which he bestowed great labor, and which, in its present form, is believed to be more complete and useful than any similar collection in the English language. This was introduced under the appropriate words first into two abridgments of the original dictionary, and then much enlarged into a new edition of the unabridged work, called the pictorial edition, which has recently seen the light, to which also an important appendix (of new words) was added by Dr. Goodrich. Nor did he cease to work upon English lexicography until the close of his life.

In 1852 was published his work entitled Select British Eloquence, which, in one closely printed octavo of nearly a thousand pages, contains the best speeches of the most distinguished English orators, accompanied by critical and

biographical sketches, arguments, and notes. This work has deservedly received high commendation. Its critical and biographical introductions are, in the case of the principal orators, as Burke, Fox, and the two Pitts, extended to a considerable length, so as to embrace all the important particulars of their lives, and a fair as well as thorough view of their styles of oratory, while the summaries of the arguments, and the notes, put the reader in a position to understand what he reads, nearly as well as could be done when the speeches were delivered. The author brought to the preparation of this work the opinions and critical estimates which many years of familiarity with British models enabled him to mature, and he took great delight in the subject. No one can help feeling that he was at home.

Such were the principal occupations—many of them self-imposed—with which the life of Dr. Goodrich was crowned. A life so full of work, even in its intervals of leisure, needed all the working hours of each day to carry on its tasks. And yet he was often interrupted in his pursuits by illness. In the earlier years of his office in the College the same ill health accompanied him which had required him to resign his charge at Middletown. At length, in 1825, he sought to reinstate his health by a tour in Europe, upon which he was absent a year from his post. Since then he has been liable to sharp and sudden attacks which prostrated him for a while, but from which the remarkable elasticity of his constitution enabled him soon to rally. About six years ago he had an alarming attack of an apoplectic nature, from which it was thought for a time that he would never recover. But he rallied again, and ere long threw himself into his manifold labors as earnestly as ever. Again, in the spring of 1859, just at the close of exhausting labor in lexicography, the overworked and wearied brain threatening a new assault on

the powers of life, obliged him to spend a considerable part of the warm season in repose and relaxation. He returned again to take up his old labors and commence new ones, with his mind as vigorous and his heart as large as ever; through the winter he discharged his wonted duties in the Seminary, carried on his Sunday evening meetings, and was strong enough to employ himself in literary work for several hours each day. It seemed as if his tenacious and elastic constitution might still hold out perhaps for several years to come. But God willed otherwise. On Friday afternoon, February 17th, he returned home from a lecture to his theological class, on the pastoral charge, feeling quite unwell, and his illness, as it grew upon him, proved to be bilious pneumonia. It was severe, but not alarming, when, on Saturday, February 25th, early in the morning, he had a shock of paralysis, which took away his power of speech. Another shock, or more than one, supervening later in the day, closed his life at 4½ o'clock of the afternoon. It was not given to him to testify in the mortal hour to the power of the Gospel which he had taught, and by which he had lived; but who needed from him that testimony? It was felt to be a mercy that his life, so strong and full as it had proved itself all along, was not left to a long grapple with death. He died with comparatively little pain, and in a moment.

This brief sketch of the life and efficiency of Dr. Goodrich must have made it evident, even to those who knew little of him, that he was no ordinary man. What now was the secret of his power, and where did that strength lie, which every one who was brought into contact with him felt and acknowledged. It lay not in endowments of mind by themselves, although he had a mind well constituted, and deficient in no quality which belongs to human nature. But it lay in that union of mental and moral traits, which makes the man ef-

fective and influential in the practical affairs of life. He had correctness and soundness of judgment. With a sharp eye he ran through the complications which present themselves to us in life, disentangled them and brought the leading causes with clearness before the minds of others. He discerned the probabilities of the future, and calculated accurately the contingencies of things. He judged with great correctness the weight of arguments, what force they had in themselves, and what influence they would have on different minds. This, united with other qualities, made him most able and convincing in argument, and gave him a sway over impartial minds which was very uncommon. United with judgment, in him was a quality which often overpowers it, but over which he was able generally to hold the reins. I refer to the ardor with which he threw himself into any cause he undertook, magnifying its importance, and increasing the desirableness of its attainment. To this characteristic was allied a very great activity of mind, seen among other things in forecasting the future and laying plans which reached forward far into distant years. No man that I have ever seen was more fertile in suggestions for overcoming difficulties, none more ready in devising the means by which the ends he had proposed to himself could be accomplished. Whilst he was in the College Faculty a very large part of the changes and improvements originated with him. If now he had been a timid man, this restless activity of his would have preyed upon his own soul. But he was hopeful and fearless, sanguine of success, and afraid neither to take responsibility nor encounter opposition. We must also, in estimating his practical power, take into account his accessibleness and readiness of access to others, his native kindliness, which opened the avenues of influence. To this is to be added his power of expression, which must have been native, however cultivated it

may have been by rhetorical studies. All these qualities combined, gave him, in enforcing truth, in discussing measures, in stating arguments, a very uncommon degree of impressiveness. I have heard him sometimes when I have thought him among the most cogent and eloquent speakers I ever listened to, and I have thought that with his great skill in bringing forward arguments in their best shape and order, his strength of appeal to the sense of responsibility, his clearness in presenting truth, he might have reached the highest eminence at the bar, if he had originally turned his talents in that direction.

To these powers he joined great rapidity in the movements of his mind, in devising plans and executing them. He was thus qualified to throw off work fast. And yet, to this was joined the seemingly inconsistent quality of unwearied painstaking. I have often wondered how such a man, so natively restless, and of so nervous a temperament, could endure the drudgery of drilling in speaking and composition, day after day, as he did while he was Professor of Rhetoric. It seemed as if, when he had once made up his mind that an end was desirable, the amount of toil to secure it became of no account. Or rather he was ardent without being impatient. He had an energy of will and of principle which kept him working till a thorongh result could be effected.

The religious character of Dr. Goodrich will be remembered by his students and his fellow-citizens longer than any of his distinctive moral or intellectual traits, and by those who knew him longest will be remembered as a character that went on steadily improving in purity, zeal for doing good, and self-consecration. Some of the Christian traits which show most brightly in him deserve to be mentioned apart. And, first, he was a *hopeful and joyful Christian.* This was to be observed especially in the latter part of his life. I have heard

him speak more than once in private of Christian joy, and that it might be reached and ought to be aimed at. His internal peace in his last years seemed to be disturbed by no serious doubts or fears. He looked out of himself at the great objects of Christian faith for consolation, and held the opinion that the tendency to search the heart and explore the motives which had been fostered by such books as Edwards's on the affections had been pushed too far, that gloomy self-distrustful Christians had been made by it, who by this means were shorn of a part of their power. He was *a man of prayer*, who believed in its efficiency with God, and not merely in its reaction on the petitioner, a man who prayed "always with all prayer and supplication in the spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints." All who knew him knew that he was a devout man, one who held constant intercourse with God, in public and private, in set seasons and in ejaculations, who prayed earnestly over his daily toils as well as over his spiritual interests, with whom the prosperity of religion was a constant subject of interest and of fervent desire. And this prayerfulness was associated with a living faith in a present Spirit, daily dwelling in the hearts of those who seek for him and guiding them in the ways of peace. He was a man of remarkable *Christian munificence.* We have already seen that he founded the professorship which he afterwards filled in the theological department by a very considerable donation. In the year 1853 he gave another considerable sum of money, to be employed as an accumulating fund for the uses of the same department; and in all the subscriptions made to Yale College, he was among the readiest and most liberal of its friends. In contributions to public objects, especially to the cause of missions, he was always foremost. Nor was there any means of doing good for which his purse was not opened. The wonder was

sometimes expressed where a man by no means wealthy found the resources which he parted with so freely. But the explanation lay in his sagacity, thrift, and economy. The revenues from his copyrights and literary labors were managed and husbanded with skill, and were used as not his own but God's. The large sum given for a theological accumulating fund was the fruit of years of careful saving for this express purpose. And with this munificence a *spirit of kindness* and sympathy ran parallel, which was manifested in a thousand ways towards the poor, the sick, the afflicted, those who were struggling to obtain an education, those who in any way had fair claims upon his compassion. To the widow and the female left destitute by visitations of Providence he was a bountiful and constant friend, and none will more warmly testify to his goodness than persons of this description. To his acquaintances in their afflictions he was the first and readiest of consolers, and the most prompt visitor in illness. It was not enough for him to contribute his money, but in cases of distress he invoked the aid of other benefactors; he found work for those who were out of employment; he spent his valuable time in counsel to those who sought it; he took the sick or the distressed into his house; in short, his activity in benevolence was as large as in the literary undertakings and the official employments which were the immediate business of his life.

I will only add, that he was always ready to converse on religious topics; not merely on theological opinions, or the meaning of scripture, or the operations of Christian benevolence, but on those spiritual truths which touch the heart, and on the inner life itself. He slid readily and willingly into these subjects. He showed that they were daily near and familiar. The reserve which is so habitual to many of the best men upon these deepest of subjects, had worn away from

his mind; they were great realities, in his judgment to be dwelt upon and spoken of as much as any other.

In endeavoring thus to estimate the life and character of Dr. Goodrich, I am naturally brought back to those words which stood at the head of this discourse: "Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord, (or seizing the opportunity;) rejoicing in hope; patient in tribulation; continuing instant in prayer; distributing to the necessities of saints; given to hospitality." Has not this whole discourse been an illustration of one or another of these practical Christian virtues; of untiring and sleepless industry and activity upon Christian principles; of ardor in doing good which took up God's cause as if it were his own; of a promptness and efficiency which had already planned and sometimes accomplished, while other men were thinking of setting out; of a radiant, trustful, hopeful piety; of prayerfulness in daily life; of a stream of charities and sympathies towards the servants and the cause of Christ, and those distressed ones whom Christ made his own by pitying them? There is yet one of these pencil-touches of the Apostle, which I have not noticed—"patient in tribulation." One son was taken away from him in childhood. Two bright-faced daughters graced his family, until they were given in marriage to young men of worth and promise. But in the very morning of their married life the mower's scythe cut them down in their new homes, and in the case of one of them without the father being near to see her die. This, though they died in hope, was *tribulation*, but it was tribulation patiently borne, and he surrendered submissively the gifts and the hopes which God had lent him.

To those survivors of his family whose turn has come to mourn for him, I need not attempt to act the part of a consoler which he has sustained towards me and towards so many. There is consolation, or rather joy, suggested by his life and

his death. That he lived to that epoch of old age beyond which life begins to be labor and sorrow, and just there passed away by no painful death, that he had spent a life full of accomplishment and results, that he had walked with God in near and nearer intimacy, these things surely are what, if anything, can take away sadness and gloom from death.

To the College, to its religious interests especially, his loss is exceedingly great, and as its oldest officer, I have felt it to be appropriate for me, once his pupil, then his colleague, and brought into near relations to him, to express on my own part, on that of my colleagues, and on that of the students, upon whom his hold was strong and close, our sense of the loss. Who shall fill the breach? What more earnest spirit of survivors, what new zeal of another and kindness like his own can perpetuate his influence? May God, who loves his own cause better than his servants love it, and has the resources of boundless wisdom, help where man fails.

ADDRESS

AT THE FUNERAL OF

LOUIS LOUTREL, ESQ.

SENIOR WARDEN OF L'EGLISE DU SAINT ESPRIT,
NEW YORK.

BY

REV. ANTOINE VERREN, D. D.

RECTOR OF L'EGLISE DU SAINT ESPRIT.

NEW YORK:
FRANCIS & LOUTREL, PRINTERS & STATIONERS, 45 MAIDEN LANE.

1862.

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NOTE.

The Funeral of Louis Loutrel, Esq., took place on Monday, August 25th, in St. John's Chapel, New York. The Rev. Dr. F. Vinton met the body at the church door, and performed the service appointed to be said in the church.

The Address was then delivered by the Rev. Dr. Verren, in the French language. After which, the funeral procession moved to Trinity Cemetery (153d Street), where the remainder of the service, appointed to be said at the grave, was performed by Dr. Verren, also in the French language.

It having been suggested, that many friends of the venerable deceased would be glad to have the Address in English, the following translation was made, with the author's approbation, and is printed for private circulation.

ADDRESS.

Dear Brethren and Friends:

We are here assembled this day, in response to the call of an afflicted and sorrowing family. We have come hither, in order to show them the interest which, from the bottom of our hearts, we take in their affliction; and to mingle our tears with those which they, who have so great reason, are shedding upon this coffin here before us. We are here, too, waiting to take a last sorrowing look at the mortal remains of him who was the father of this family, as well as my long-honored friend, and for thirty years my faithful helper in the position in which it has pleased God to place me.

His age, his many and increasing infirmities, could not but cause us all to fear that we should soon lose him from our midst,—soon see him snatched away, by the King of Terrors, from his

family and friends; but I did not believe, when a few days ago I hastened to gratify his wish to have me visit him, that it was to see him at the point already of breathing forth his last sigh; O, how calm! how tranquil! how resigned! how trustful! his hand in mine while in prayer with him! I did not believe, that my voice was so speedily to be compelled to render to our excellent and venerable friend this sad tribute due to a soldier and servant of Christ.

OUR EXCELLENT AND VENERABLE FRIEND!

I am not accustomed, as you know, dear brethren, in cases like the present, to utter panegyrics over those who have been our companions along the thorny road of life, and are continually falling at our sides; yet, on this occasion, I cannot but give utterance to the conviction, that Louis Loutrel was one of the most respected, and most worthy of respect, of our fellow citizens. You, who are Frenchmen here with me know well that he counted it a high honor to

be, by his ancestry and his birth, one of the most worthy of our compatriots in this city.

He did not, it is true, possess those virtues and excellences which are apt to cause a noise in the community, or of which a whole city indulges in talking; but it is simple justice for me to state that, during thirty-four years of my life passed in close intimacy with him, I have never known piety more rational, more wise, more sincere, more profound; or a more tender heart for compassionating the sorrows, the evils, the disappointments, the hardships, the miseries—both temporal and spiritual—of his fellow creatures, no matter from what country they had come, nor at what altar they had been baptized, nor what destitution their rags and tatters betokened. No, I have never known a better husband, or a more indulgent father, or a more devoted friend in the hour of need;—in truth, there is not one such living in our midst.

We were not able, as I just now said, reasonably to hope to keep him for a long time with us; you had, nevertheless, dear brethren and

sorrowing friends, desired and hoped to enjoy for some months, or some weeks at least, his pleasant smiles, his gentle speech, his loving intercourse; your downcast looks, your tears, inform me too well of this; and, if one could read my heart, it would be seen how truly I, too, desired and hoped for the same privilege! Your looks, and mine, let us lift them up to heaven; your tears, and mine, (we have seen him for the last time!) let us wipe them away; and, as we ought, on the contrary, from the bottom of our hearts, (I do it with transport,) let us gladly and joyously give thanks to our gracious Lord for the long life He was pleased to bestow upon him who was your father and our friend; let us rejoice that the pilgrimage of man through this world is a season of grace, wherein one may hope (as I am persuaded *he* hoped) to obtain the manifold blessings and mercies which God often pours forth, upon this weary journey of life, now brought to its close by our venerable friend.

In his case, dear brethren, has been accom-

plished to the letter, that promise made by the Lord himself,—his Lord and our Lord,—"I have carried you from the womb; and even to your old age I am he; and even to hoar hairs will I carry you; I have made, and I will bear; even I will carry, and will deliver you."* Yes, He has done it! the Lord, his helper, his support, and his constant resource, He has done it! In receiving him into Covenant through his Holy Catholic Church, He has shown him, by our Lord Jesus Christ from heaven, "the way, the truth, the life;" He has shown that death, all frightful as it is, death, which so many fear and dread, is only a way by which, in His divine wisdom, our compassionate Father brings to Himself the family of His elect. Yes, by His good Providence, He has led our venerable friend through a life of almost fourscore years; He has given to him, day by day, (how many times, with tears in his eyes, he has repeated these words to me!) according to His wisdom, the counsel and guidance which were necessary for

* Isaiah xlvi., 3, 4.

both body and soul; He has spoken to his inmost heart by numerous experiences,—blessed, blessed be His Name! And now that He has taken him away, in the fulness of his days, let us hope, from the compassion of our Lord and Saviour, that it is His will to fill his soul with peace and joy and rest, in that place of the departed, where "the glorious company of the Apostles, the goodly fellowship of the Prophets, the noble army of Martyrs," worship and adore the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, for ever and ever!

O my aged friend, mute, deaf to my voice, here in this coffin, whose mortal remains the worm and decay must soon possess, I trust too entirely to His mercies, who poured out His blood on Calvary, I know too well His infinite compassions, not to say, as I now do with joy and exultation, that thou, my dear LOUTREL, who wert truly thou, THOU LIVEST, although thy dead body is here; thou livest on high, where God is thy hope and confidence; thou livest in happiness, like as the

sun which shines upon us; of this I am sure and certain.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. *Amen.*

The Lord be with you. *Amen.*

[*Extract from* "The Church Journal," *Sept. 24th*, 1862.]

Died, On Wednesday, August 20th, 1862, Louis Loutrel, Senior Warden of L'Eglise du S. Esprit, New York, aged 77 years.

Venerable for his years, and eminently devoted to the cause of truth and purity, Mr. Loutrel was a noble specimen of the churchmen of a generation now nearly passed away. Through a long life, with many and severe trials, he preserved his integrity free from spot or stain; he set an example worthy of imitation by all who desire, while living in the world, to be not of the world; and he discharged the

various duties of his station with an exactitude, a scrupulousness of care, a single-heartedness of purpose, too rare, alas, in these days. Wherever known, he was highly respected and esteemed. Bishop Hobart largely used and valued his services; General Lafayette was his warm and intimate friend; and among those who are still living, such men as Gulian C. Verplanck, Charles King, Stephen Cambreleng, and others, testified by their presence at his funeral, the high estimate with which he was regarded by the community in general. Relying, as he did, wholly and entirely upon the merits of the Redeemer, no words can more fitly conclude this brief notice, than those which were used when his body was "laid into the earth," viz: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord: even so saith the Spirit; for they rest from their labors."

J. A. S.

Memorial

OF

JONATHAN BARNES, Esq.

MEMBER OF THE MIDDLESEX BAR,

CONNECTICUT.

EMINENCE AT THE BAR.

A

SERMON,

PREACHED AT THE

FUNERAL OF JONATHAN BARNES, ESQ.

AT

MIDDLETOWN, CONN.

DECEMBER 27, 1861.

BY

REV. JEREMIAH TAYLOR,

HIS PASTOR.

BOSTON:

PRESS OF T. R. MARVIN & SON, 42 CONGRESS STREET.

1862.

NOTE.—In placing this Discourse in the printed form, by special request, some items have been introduced into the biographical portion, not presented in the delivery.

SERMON.

ACTS 5:34.

A DOCTOR OF THE LAW, HAD IN REPUTATION AMONG ALL THE PEOPLE.

EULOGY is not the province of the sacred writers. Their silence in respect to the virtues or demerits of individuals is the more noticeable from the fact, that the field they occupy covers so wide a space in human history; and nowhere else does the line of recorded truth come in contact with so many marked characters, both good and bad, that might furnish fair subjects for the pen or pencil of the careful delineator. Nor do we find elsewhere, as here, those master minds, penetrating into the very centres of thought and being, by a divine inspiration, which could so well unfold the attributes and peculiarities of personal character:

> "For no falsehood can endure
> Touch of celestial temper, but returns
> Of force to its own likeness."

And yet no such labor secures their attention, except demanded by the earnest pleadings of the cause they righteously defend.

When, contrary entirely to the spirit of the gospel, Judas Iscariot murmured because Mary anointed the feet of Jesus with the precious ointment, and sternly demanded why it was not sold for much and given to the poor; justice to the Master, whose disciple he was by profession, and whom he might be supposed to represent in thought, required that it should be spoken: "This he said, not that he cared for the poor, but because he was a thief and had the bag, and bare what was put therein."

In the instance before us, there was the same occasion for the outspoken word.

Peter and his associates, when preaching the gospel in its early promulgation, were encountering severe and persistent opposition. Civil authority had so far transcended the bounds of its prerogative, as to issue the mandate, "Teach no more in his name." The Apostles continued their work, notwithstanding: the right and the duty were too plain and imperative. They were arraigned in council; when deliverance came from an unexpected quarter: "Then stood there up one in the

council, a Pharisee, named Gamaliel, a doctor of the law, had in reputation among all the people, and commanded to put the Apostles forth a little space," in order that opportunity might be given for calm deliberation, and a truer estimate of the question in debate. Here, with great propriety, the narrative pauses, to pay a passing tribute to the exalted worth of one who breasted the tide of popular fury, to rescue the innocent. Besides, there is a value which attaches to this testimony that survives the short-lived scene which called it forth. It is one of those incidental circumstances which deepens the conviction in thoughtful minds of all subsequent times, that the Gospel is not a system imposed upon men by the crafty and designing, and indebted to weakness and ignorance for its success; but it comes to us rather in all its searching appeals, exalted claims, and proffered rewards, having passed through the trying ordeal of severe scrutiny, to which it has been subjected by the wise, learned and noble, from the ranks of those who have not been enrolled among its warm adherents or partial friends. Other proof comes to us of the distinguished ability of this Jewish lawyer. That prince of orators, that most eloquent of preachers, the Apostle Paul, received his early

forming instruction, and the earnest impulses of his ripe, educational life, under his guiding hand.

We may find in this tribute a theme befitting the hour and the occasion now passing. It is this: *The legal profession offers to us one of the most favorable opportunities for the attainment of those high moral and mental states, and the exhibition of those manly and Christian virtues, which challenge the admiration of every beholder.*

The members of the profession, in this presence, will allow the suggestion, that there is need that the merits of this question should be canvassed. Impressions are abroad, and widely diffused, that no great honor or virtue can possibly be allied with a hearty devotion to the study and practice of law. If now and then there are instances of such rare merit as to militate stoutly against this opinion, still, these are only exceptions to a general rule. The thought remains, in spite of them, that lawyers, as a class, are not controlled by those pure and elevating principles which form the basis of thought and action in others. They are indeed an evil in society; though, under the existing state of things, a very essential one;—a kind of living penalty to the law, which many have need to feel

the force of, but from which he who escapes may regard himself but too fortunate. Partial as this view may be—unjust as it really is to the profession, as a whole—it yet owes its existence to an influence created in the profession, and emanating from it. There are here, as elsewhere, too many who, like the fly in the ointment of the apothecary, cause the odor of their calling to be very far from savory. There are those who excuse themselves from being most upright, under the plea that the necessities of their daily business in the law forbid it. And it does seem as if some entered this profession and continued in it, because it held out to them an apology for daring excesses in conduct.

Under these circumstances, surveying the field from a point of observation outside of its labors and fascinations, the task is not ungrateful, to aid in changing the current of these impressions and demonstrating that all such notions are false, so far as the necessities of the calling are involved; and showing that honor may bestow her crown, wrought with many jewels, here, as a reward to that distinguished worth which has been attained by many, and which invites so many others to the highest and noblest endeavors.

In any just estimate of the labor to which an

individual may devote his energies, when viewed in reference to his own elevation and development, there must be taken into the account both the outward and the inward influence of the work. We must inquire, Is the field of operation such as is well suited to educe all right actions, with appropriate impelling motives? and then, Are all the mental and moral powers sufficiently called into exercise by it?

There may be labor, in this degraded state of being, which impedes entirely, rather than promotes all right growth and self-culture. A man will at length become a part of his work. If that be dishonorable, it degrades him; if noble, it elevates him. There may also be fields in which to operate, so exceedingly broad, demanding such untiring devotion, that no favorable opportunity is afforded for mental and moral improvement. Or, on the other hand, there may be devotion to study and intellectual pursuits to that degree, that the scholar is lost in the recluse; and then the character lacks symmetry and is painfully defective.

If we have not judged very widely of the truth, the two essential things for this right development are happily blended in the profession of law.

I. The sphere of operation is all that can be desired.

This is seen in the origin of law. All right law has a common source. There is one Lawgiver. God, the infinite author of all beings and all worlds, must, from the very nature of the case, have brought mankind into those relations to one another and to himself, which form the basis of all legislation, so essential to the usefulness and happiness of intelligent beings. In its embodied form, as briefly unfolded by our Saviour, it declares supreme love to God and disinterested love to our fellow-men. "This law of nature being coeval with mankind, and dictated by God himself, is of course superior in obligation to any other. It is binding over all the globe, in all countries, and at all times. No human laws are of any validity, if contrary to this; and such of them as are valid, derive all their force and all their authority mediately, or immediately, from this original." From the most silent and unobtrusive form in which law asserts her supremacy, in the whisperings of conscience, we are forced to the necessity of constructing the argument: There is one Supreme Legislator, who sends his mandates so stealthily through the abodes of life, that none may flee from their

presence, or go from their spirit. "Their line has gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world."

When we come to those forms of written law which enter into the social and political state, we derive yet more convincing evidence that God is the former and the governor of all things;—the dominion is his, and the greatness of the dominion under the whole heaven. Taking this view of the subject, the sacred preacher, and the interpreter of civil law, are engaged in a work allied by the most intimate analogies. One stands nearer the throne of Infinite Majesty, receiving the law fresh from its divine source, as Moses stood on Sinai, and holding the human thought in solemn fixedness to that judgment-bar from which there can be no appeal; while the other, removed from the overwhelming awe of the Holy of holies, enforces the statutes in their relations to ordinary life, and unfolds their meaning as they meet and modify those principles which form the basis of human thought and action.

The question of personal salvation, how momentous! This, of right, takes precedence of all other inquiries: How can we escape those eternal penalties which follow the unpardoned violation

of the holy law of Jehovah? "The soul that sinneth, it shall die;" hence,

> "The pulpit (in the sober use
> Of its legitimate peculiar powers)
> Must stand acknowledged, while the world shall stand,
> The most important and effectual guard,
> Support, and ornament, of virtue's cause."

But it is of no trifling importance that man should be in subjection to all legitimate claims in the present life; ever yielding homage to all the statutes which promote the well-being of society, so as to receive and confer all due benefit. And hence the forum has its high commission, its exalted position among men. Rightly employed, it is the faithful friend and ally of religion's holy cause. It imparts brightness to

> "The sacred fire, which burneth mightily
> In living breasts, was kindled first
> Among the eternal spheres and lampy heavens."

The divine Word throws a wreath of glory around the head of the civil magistrate when it enjoins: "Let every soul be subject to the higher powers.—For the powers that be are ordained of God." "Render therefore unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's." With such an origin, what more honorable field of toil than this of the law?

This view is confirmed, as we consider *the minute and ever careful guardianship* which the civil law cherishes toward the individual. It has passed into a proverb, that any law is better than no law. Grim despotism is not so much to be feared as haggard anarchy. A tyrant, holding his place through legal forms, is superior to an unrestrained mob, defying all order. What then shall be the estimate placed on that condition of things in the State, which not only saves from all excesses, within or without the limit of the statute, on the part of the ruling power, but which secures to every man all cherished rights? With no agency of his own, each one finds himself introduced into an order of things where the law and its deputies do not permit the least invasion of his personal interests. Not a sparrow of his may fall to the ground by any ruthless hand, without their notice and careful adjustment of the wrong. "The rod of the wicked may not rest upon the lot of the righteous, lest he put forth his hand unto iniquity." Under the permeating influences of a benign Christian civilization, such is the harmony of the social and political life, that while we hardly know there are any laws, except as we see those appointed to execute them arresting, trying and punishing the

offender, we do in fact have all things to enjoy. The various departments of our civil institutions being well balanced upon the clearly admitted principle, that "that government is best which governs the least;" the body politic, like the natural body, when the lungs are sound and the atmosphere is pure, gives health and tone to every part.

It is no inferior labor to place man where he belongs in society, and gird him around with all appropriate privilege and protection. It has been difficult to bring up a nation to those first forms of civil life which succeed war and conquest; but far more skill and wisdom are requisite to educe and establish the best forms of government. Many a one can build a ship, who could not cause it to ride the highway of the ocean in successful commerce. And yet, such has been the success of the legislative and executive departments of labor, here and elsewhere, that this difficult problem has been clearly solved. What the State is, in its code of laws and its administrative force, is plainly due, to a very large extent, to those familiar with the principles of jurisprudence; for legislative bodies are made up in the main from the legal profession. The other learned professions are well nigh proscribed the halls of legislation and the councils of

the judiciary, by the necessities of their daily duties. Here then is this extended empire of civil law placed in charge of those invested with the ermine.

A well known writer on English law attributes the difficulties with which questions in legal science are so often encumbered, to the passage of *Acts*, through the influence of "men of very little judgment in law;" implying, of course, that the higher the legal knowledge brought in to frame the statute, the more perfect its features. What a noble work is seen in our courts, jury trials, the able pleadings of learned advocates, the searching examinations of witnesses, the erudite opinions of the judges! What are these and the other careful forms through which law leads those who become pupils in her schools, and skillful gymnasts in her athletic exercises, but the labor appointed to give to every man his precious rights! We rise on the grandeur of this thought, when we note how the law moves right on in its fixed purpose to punish the guilty, reclaim the vicious, and protect the innocent, swayed neither to the right hand nor to the left. No power of wealth (and gold is very strong) is able to save the offender from meeting the just measure of his crimes. No strength of love can avail to avert the

merited blow; and yet, "many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it." And on the other hand, the State extends her ægis of protection over all her citizens, so that we may roam over continents, and sail on seas where enemies abound, and she guards us well, "as the apple of the eye."

We may be aided also in coming to a just estimate of the work to be done, by duly considering *the union which law establishes between nations.* Here the highest interests of all people are involved and maintained by the forms of international law. What a noble, benevolent sphere of operation does this department of jurisprudence present! What a question is this now pending between England and America! A single man in the councils of this nation may, by his wisdom, save two great Christian empires from all the suffering and desolation of wasting war; or, if careful judgment is wanting, and skill to discern the right, he may pen a line which shall set all Europe in a blaze. How momentous, how solemn, to stand thus balancing the fate of kingdoms! This is no new crisis. Again and again, in the past, the ship of state has been brought to the verge of terrible disaster; the elements of destruction seemed on the alert; the heavens became exceedingly dark and frowning, when lo! the

hand of a skillful pilot, like Webster, seized the helm, and the danger was quickly passed. Serene skies and a calm sea insured prosperity. So shall it continue to be while the world standeth. Now, whatever may be the final decision in the question of so grave debate this hour, be it for us or against us, who will not say it is a sublime view of the brotherhood of nations, which so defines the rights of existing powers, that the whole national blood is on fire at the least seeming invasion of acknowledged rights. Powerful thrones stand guardians of the interests of humanity to that degree, that there may be no transgression with impunity.

Such is law, as it descends to us from the bosom of God; as it guards every man's life and property; as it rules the nations by its firm decrees, saying, "Thus far shalt thou go, but no farther."

O God, thou hast made the universe harmonious, as thou dost move it together in the bonds of immutable law, so that not one sun strayeth, no star wandereth from its appointed pathway in the heavens! So shall the family of man ripen into harmonious thought and action, all people becoming one, when the edicts of earth, like those above, are perfect, the thrones of earth uttering the responses of the throne of God, in truth.

II. We come now to the examination of the results upon the man himself.

And here, it will be admitted, the legal profession presents a fine opportunity for *mental discipline.* In the rich stores of treasured wisdom which the science of jurisprudence presents, nothing can be wanting to furnish stimulant for the highest endeavor, when pursuing where mere human thought has opened the way of ascent. The divine in man asks for the divine in truth. Of this, we speak not just here. In the careful statements, close logic of the schools of law, thought must easily come to a degree of accuracy in discrimination and analysis, hardly surpassed by the tuition of the exact sciences. Those forms too of debate, which array able advocates on opposing sides of the same question, are highly conducive to intellectual vivacity and a masterly mental gladiatorship. Such is the discipline here offered that other professions have been laid under tribute to it. Clergymen have studied here, much to their advantage. Some of the leading minds in the pulpit, to-day, passed through the forum on their way to the altar. Judge Blackstone, speaking of the old world, says: "No scholar thinks his education completed, till he has attended a course or two of lectures, both upon

the Institutes of Justinian and the local constitutions of his native soil."

It may be said of law, as of theology, There is no department of laudable inquiry which may not contribute of its stores to enrich this. The foremost men at the bar and on the bench have generally been scholars in no restricted sense.

As to *eloquence*, the question remains an open one, whether the pulpit or the bar is the more favorable to its cultivation. It is of no practical importance on which side the decision might fall; for to either, there is ample scope offered for the happiest efforts. In the oratorical department of literature, some of the best specimens are from the domain of secular eloquence. The pleadings of advocates, the speeches of statesmen, the decisions of courts—thought and language have been masterly here. Man has sometimes seemed almost divine.

Man is but half educated—not even that, when his *mind* only receives strength and polish. The heart is the best part of our being; and if that be without its proper unfoldings and culture, the true end of living cannot be attained. The soul must be imbued with the spirit of goodness, and the entire moral nature be made tender and very

pitiful. What we claim is this; The law is a good school for the cultivation of the heart. Look at its duties with this thought in mind. At one time the criminal, with heart and hand linked together in deeds of fearful wickedness, comes to you with his confessions and pleadings. You see the terrible depths of ruin into which he has plunged, and offer such aid as lies in your power, not to defend his terrible wrong, but that he may receive his deserts according to the forms of law; and if sorry for his sin, with such mitigation as judicial clemency may appoint. This you can do, and violate no principle of right. Again, the rights of property have been invaded; may not the law and its deputies be on an errand of large benevolence, when seeking to adjust those rights? Personal violence has been rendered by one man to another. May not the law heal the wounds, bind up the bruises, and be honorable and sympathizing, even like Him who went about doing good?

Introduce a man of ordinary sensibilities to the scenes of distress and suffering in those hospitals where our patriotic soldiers have been borne, mangled, from the field of battle, and will he not love man more and war less? Go through the rooms of Blackwell's Island, and witness the awful

ravages of self-inflicted disease; will you not love virtue more, vice less? May it not be thus with the advocate? When his practice leads him through the dark cells of moral depravity and the gloomy haunts of passion and hate, or along the well-trodden paths of knavery and gilded villainy—or even where misfortune only has entrapped her victim—who may not be raised to a better life by such an experience? Whatever may be the facts in the case, it is boldly asserted, that no class of men are more favorably situated for becoming models of all that is virtuous and good, than lawyers. Away, forever away, with the excuse, that those who plead the law for others, must perish themselves. That there are great temptations and exposures to wrong-doing here, is freely admitted. It is true, a man may be a lawyer and a very bad man, and yet hold his place, when a clergyman would quickly fall by his iniquity; and so the conserving influence may not be so powerful in one case as in the other. Be it so. Life everywhere, in this world of sin, is full of temptations. But "if thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small." He that will not be a man, whatever his calling, may conclude that his manhood has departed; not in consequence of what is

without him, but from causes within his own breast.

Human character must pass through one other process of training, if it would come forth with its highest honor and brightest crown: it is the department of religious teaching, and a true Christian experience. Manhood is never completely ripened, except beneath the rays of the Sun of Righteousness. Human thought cannot come to its full maturity, except as it commune, believingly, lovingly, with the thought of God. Does the profession of which we now speak present unusual obstacles to a holy life? Then, indeed, most unfortunate is the position of the counsellor at law. It cannot be—the thought is preposterous—that any of the claims of a holy, spiritual law, are rendered invalid by reason of devotion to enforcing the claims of human law. To one outside the circle of these duties, it appears to be the direct tendency of the legal practice, to bring those in it to acknowledge the claims of saving truth. We are led to ask, How can those who deal with these statutes of earth, in their unyielding forms and rigid demands, escape such an estimate of the immutable law of God, in its positive precepts and undeviating penalties, as shall lead them to

apply to the only refuge of deliverance from its terrible infractions? for there is no man that liveth and sinneth not. And then, when the value of an able advocate is so well understood as in our civil courts, especially in those cases involving the question of life and death, can the thoughtful mind fail to be impressed with a sense of his own need of one, so able and willing, like Jesus, to plead in his behalf, in that solemn trial which shall at last overtake us all, where God is judge, and man is the impleaded criminal?

Oh! who that contemplates the majesty of law, and sees in these statutes and instruments and forms of earth, only the shadows and symbols of eternal things as they really are, does not feel the need of that most animating assurance imparted by the heavenly oracle: "If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father."

It has been said, with great propriety, "An undevout astronomer is mad." It may be added with no less propriety, He who stands among men as the interpreter and executive of law, has debarred himself the highest use of reason, if he has not been so led by her guiding hand, through the great temple of natural and revealed truth, and along the established order of cause and effect, law and

penalty, as to discover that his being can be harmonized and perfected only when led to adore and worship God and to find in Christ the only way to eternal life. Here, as everywhere else, "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."

The theme before us is too extended to be discussed, as its merits demand, in the brief space allotted to this service. There is, however, less occasion to regret this, because the life and character of the one whose mortal remains are now before us, and whose death has occasioned these remarks, has, by a long and eminent professional life, so wrought out the argument in impressive, living forms, that none can gainsay or resist.

Never could the words before us be more appropriately applied than to him who now lies there in statue-like repose. What is the mute tribute of this unusual gathering? The Superior Court has paused in its grave debate, that the court and members of the bar may be here, to mingle in the scene of grief; the Halls of the University are deserted for an hour, that faculty and students may join in these solemnities; the Municipal Authorities are also with us, paying no heartless homage to departed worth; while many an individual mourner, from the several walks and avocations of life,

is here to swell the throng and emphasize the declaration, He was a lawyer "had in reputation among all the people."

The subject of this notice, was the eldest son of Jonathan and Rachel Steele Barnes. He was born in Tolland, Ct., in 1789. The father was a lawyer of distinction. The son was graduated at Yale College, in 1810. He read law for a time in the office of his father; subsequently, with Chauncy Whittlesey, Esq., in this place, where he was admitted to the bar and opened an office in 1813. Here he has ever since resided, in the quiet but most diligent labors of his profession. He was married April 29, 1819, to Maria Ward, daughter of Ebenezer Tracy, M. D., long and favorably known as a physician in this community. She and her six children survive him. Death has now for the first time entered their home-sanctuary.

Mr. Barnes was no ordinary man. Viewed in any light, this impression would be made upon those who knew him. He belonged to that small class of worthies who seek not honor from men, in the usual forms of public patronage and popular applause. His life seemed schooled by the thought,

"Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

He was perfect master of those departments of his profession which his practice opened to him, and was no novice in the yet broader fields of inquiry. The decisions of his judgment were the result of untiring research, aided by vast stores of knowledge. In addition to the finished classical education, begun in College and perfected by daily application through many years, he had reached a degree of ripe scholarship in the Hebrew Scriptures, and was quite at home in many of the modern languages, reading and translating with fluency Italian, Spanish, Portuguese and French, besides being capable of appreciating many of the beauties of German literature in its original dress. He was incited to these studies by the love of learning and a keen relish for the literature to which the various languages formed the key; governed, however, as he saw his children growing up around him, by the principle which led another eminent man to say: "If his son could not be as well educated at home as in the school, he might be kept from so great exposure to evil influences." Mr. Barnes made his own education, in connection with such aids as his family could furnish, the education of his children. How wisely he judged, how well he executed the assumed task, need not here be spoken.

As a counsellor at law his opinion carried great weight. His decision was the end of all litigation to a very numerous class of citizens, who brought to his listening, patient ear, their many complaints. Any legal instrument drawn by his accurate pen was quite sure to stand the test of any ordeal to which it might be subjected by advocate or jury. To say he was rigidly *honest*, would be only repeating the word that falls from every tongue pronouncing his name.

Had the poet raised his eye, when he had written the line,

> "An honest man 's the noblest work of God,"

and met his form and seen his merits as we have known them, he would have exclaimed, Behold now that noblest work! Had the old cynic, with lamp in hand at noonday, met him, he would have quickly extinguished his flame, and with rapture shouted, Here is the object of my search!

Sincerity was another prominent feature in the character of our departed friend. In his intercourse with men, his conduct, if framed into a maxim, would have been this: "Praise no man in his presence; speak evil of no man in his absence." Like Nathanael, he was an Israelite indeed, in

whom there was no guile. Remarkably retiring in his tastes and habits, it was permitted to but few to come within the inner circle of his thoughts and feelings. But those who enjoyed this rare felicity, discovered such truth, purity, and disinterested benevolence, as to have occasion to regret that the sphere of this silent influence had not been greatly extended.

To crown all, *he was a devoted Christian.* In his ripe manhood, when every faculty of his mind was in full vigor, he examined with great care the doctrines and claims of the Gospel. He believed those doctrines, acknowledged those claims, and bowed in a spirit of homage and self-consecration before God. He accepted Christ as offered to him in the plan of redemption, to be his Saviour from sin, and his hope of final acceptance with the blessed. It was this hope that sustained him when at the fords of Jordan; for when his sighing spirit moaned, "I am a great sinner," it brought the response, "You have a great Saviour." And what brightness, and joy even, is diffused over this otherwise appalling scene, by the decisions of that hour! We sorrow not as others who have no hope. Death here is simply the eclipse of life on its earthly side, while the full orb of existence has

passed on to those transcendent glories where it may shine as the brightness of the firmament forever and ever.

In 1829, accompanied by her whom ten years before he had led to the altar of wedded life, he made a public profession of his faith in the doctrines of salvation, and became a communicant in this church. From that impressive hour to the very last of earth, religion received no dishonor from his life and influence; he bore at all times the Christian in the man. The Sabbath always found him in his seat at church, morning and afternoon, if impossibilities did not prohibit. And here the maxim which governed his decisions was: "If able to attend court during the week, able to attend church on the Sabbath." Noble example, worthy to be imitated by all the profession—by all men! It will not soon be forgotten how quietly he came to his place here, moving up these aisles; and how he lingered till all had gone, in order that no excitement might provoke his disease to give the fatal blow. His valuable services were enlisted in Sabbath school instruction, until failing health and waning strength forbade. Many there are who received and prized his instructions in this department. In the praises of Zion, his soul

found great delight. For many years he held his place in the choir. His love of music was intense, like that of Luther's. At the age of forty, he learned, self-taught, to play the flute, feeling the need of the sweet tones of some instrument to vibrate along the harp of his devout soul. And often, in his last days, the softly breathing notes, as he touched the vocal keys, mingled with the sacred incense of the early morning.

The event of his death, which we so greatly deplore, came not to him, or those about him, without its timely and kindly premonitions. For six years an incurable disease had taken possession of the citadel of life, and, like the servant of the king of Macedon, was daily admonishing him: "Remember thou art mortal." That he has lived thus long is due, under the favor of Providence, to the even tenor of his life and thought, eminent medical skill, and that watchful solicitude, both of filial and conjugal love, which ministered so becomingly to every necessity. But oh! if the prayers of this entire community could have done the deed, who shall say how far the shadow of the degrees on the sun-dial of his existence would have been turned backward! And yet it is permitted to only a few to come to the closing scene with more cause

for gratitude than had he. The rare felicity was granted to him, of seeing all his children walking in the truth, established in family relations; and of going to his last repose with no household graves by his side. The beauty of his waning life was well depicted in the tribute paid to one who was a brother, in the two-fold relation of professional life and family ties.

"While he was in a condition which would have made some men forget all but self and suffering, his expansive benevolence, worthy of its celestial origin, constantly flowed out to his fellow-beings. His intellect was still firm and vigorous, after years of severe disease had taken from his body almost all power but that of endurance, and his feelings, instead of being soured by disappointment and calamity, grew more tender and affectionate."

His dying, like his life, was tranquil. For a few days he had been more than usually exercised with pain. His last night was a season of very great physical suffering; under its influence, his mind wandered for a time from its health-moorings. At mid-day, thought once more became serene, healthful; a few words were spoken; hopes were encouraged that immediate danger had passed; but it was only the gleamings of the spear, even then

piercing his heart. His head bowed upon his bosom, while seated in his chair, and he had reached the end of earth.

> "He gave his honors to the world again,
> His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace."

In the demise of Mr. Barnes, the Middlesex Bar loses the oldest, as well as one of the most honored of its members. All who met him on his entrance to public life, as associates in the profession, have passed away before him. Others who stood for a time by his side, and came but half-way to the goal, fell before him. Bright lights these, shining for a season; now extinguished. Of the earlier, were Hosmer and Russell, Whittlesey and Storrs; of the later, Griswold and Spencer. May the honors of the bar, its influence for good, not be diminished, though those who once had here a name and a glory are no more. May the virtues of the dead be perpetuated in the living; and when another and another of the brotherhood shall pass away, may the memorial be then as now:

"A doctor of the law, had in reputation among all the people."

Mrs Richardson wills regards of Mrs

A Memorial

OF

REV. THEODORE TEBBETS:

A SERMON

DELIVERED IN THE FIRST CHURCH, MEDFORD,

FEB. 8, 1863.

BY REV. EDWARD C. TOWNE.

With an Appendix.

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SERMON.

1 Cor. xv. 54: "Then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory."

A struggle for life, ending for this world in death, but for the invisible world in the victory of the eternal life of the spirit, is the lot of man, as we view his existence on the earth, and interpret his destiny by faith in God.

In man, as we first see him, as he first sees himself, and as he first acts and suffers in life, we find merely a living soul, such as Paul says the first Adam was made, without visible token of his native divinity, unconscious of the kingliness and the kingdom of the hidden and indestructibly perfect spirit sprung from God, not obedient to the sacred law of that inner heavenly man, and so self-excluded from the inalienable sonship of an heir of God. The popular ideas of human nature and its common first tendencies, the largely prevalent fears and teachings in regard to the peril and the saving of the soul, and the usual types of human virtue and human hope, are on this lower level of the development of man. Here he is as if

under nature only; without God, except by some formal provision in special cases; a creature of sin, and a child of wrath; crushed by woes, and stricken with fear; in the highest duty, under hard law; with the brightest hope, but snatched from burnings everlasting; and shut up to a communion which permits no broad human fellowship, which denies the indestructible covenants of human love. In reality, if we dismiss the vain hope of a separate life for a select few, — a hope as unnatural to the love which man should be as it is untrue to the love which God is, — we see that man, knowing himself only as a living soul, is born to trouble without remedy, and to the fear of death without relief.

But that which he is made to himself, by the darkness of his understanding alienating him from the life of God, does not affect the everlasting fact of the foundation of his nature, and of his growth, in the communication of divinity to his spirit from the one Spirit which is the only God, Father of all care, eternal Word of all wisdom, and holy Comforter of all grief unto full help and heaven for man. As the years of man and the ages of the race go on, this fact makes itself manifest in the dawning of light, the springing of hope, and the growth of faith, — in the inspiration of the prophet, the enthusiasm of the hero, and the serenity of the saint; until, in one transcendent normal instance, a Master of men and a

Captain of salvation is set forth to show what man shall be, what man is in the finished estate of an heir of God, his humanity completed with the fulness of that divinity by which he is the kingdom of the Father, the heir of eternal life, and the Son of God. The Christ who thus outruns his race, to be to his fellows in humanity a standard lifted up of their divinity, a witness to God with us, though coming to his own, and not received to this day in all the simplicity and glory of his mission, because obscured from the first by inadequate conceptions of the will of God in him and the word of God by him, was clearly in Paul's mind, as he has been substantially in the purer faith of the Christian ages, the earnest and verifying instance of the superiority of man to every foe, and his ultimate victory, in the order of God, over every enemy, to the utter extinction of the sting of death, the strength of sin, and the terror of the grave. Thus taking for man the helmet of salvation in the crown of his sonship in God, and the sword of the spirit in the inspired sense of divinity within, after the pattern of Christ and his teaching of the coming kingdom, Paul made with heroic heart that good fight against the ills of life, and the power of evil, and the doubt of the world, whose record is the noblest page of all the history of the work of man, as the story of Jesus is the brightest page of all the history of the nature of man.

In the light of what Jesus was and Paul did, we can best judge the nature and the doings of man, and especially of those men who have eminently followed Paul in pressing forward for the mark of the prize of the high calling of God in Christ. And this is the divine judgment, which takes the testimony of the divinity of the spirit, setting the struggles of the burdened soul in the light of incarnate victory, quenching the shadow of human faults and failings in the insufferable light of the crown of righteousness which is the gift of God, and unveiling the silent and secret heroism of that faithful walk with God whose record is on high. As, in these fragrant and blooming symbols of perfected life, we forget the seed and the clod from which they sprang; so in the day of loving judgment, which is God's final judgment, we ought to remember chiefly that heroic wholeness of the spirit in which our departed lived the true life, did the good work, and kept faith, hope, and love unto the end. Affection and justice alike demand of his pulpit today all that choice flowers for the sense and true words for the soul can express, if only for the fact that our friend died as much true minister here, to the extent of his activity, as if actual occupant of his pulpit and parochial position. How he won respect and affection with you all, overcoming how much by sheer force of transparent truth and fidelity, and how he has not and cannot lose one jot or tittle

of this honor and love, there is indeed no necessity to relate to you, who are the open epistle of his praise. How he has been simply and wholly true to the actual occupant of his place, as thoughtful and generous to an unknown and unchosen successor as he could have been to a tried and selected executor of his own life-wishes, pursuing magnanimity without study and without display by the necessity of his nature, — this is its own beautiful monument. It is needful, however, to retrace the course of a life whose close alone we saw here, in order to set in its true light what I feel to be an unusual example of elevated and elevating character.

Theodore Tebbets was the eldest son of the Hon. Noah Tebbets and of Mary Esther Woodman; and was born at Parsonsfield, Me., April 1, 1831. Few New-England men could count among their ancestors a greater number of families of sterling merit. For more than a hundred years, the home of the family had been in Rochester, N. H.; and to this place they returned when Theodore was in his fourth year. In his father's home, especially in his father's law-office, in this quiet country town, was rapidly developed the nature in which so many inherited capacities met, with a large preponderance of the activities of the mind which had made the father more disposed to study than to the usual sports of childhood. It is significant, as an indication of his

early and profound fitness for the vocation upon which he finally entered, that his first emphatic experience was a decided choice between the old and the new in religious faith. Before the close of his tenth year, he encountered, under circumstances of extraordinary pressure, the idea of getting his soul saved by his own exercise and profession of particular sentitiments and beliefs; and, with all the force of a character already pure and strong, he cast for ever from him the vain conceit. In the unaffected modesty and sincerity of a manly child, he shrank with intense pain from the practical expression of this idea in the religious excitement under the pressure of which he was brought. So deep was this experience, so wholly did it spring from the genuine humility of a pure heart, and so painful had been that temptation to fall from the simple grace of a humble walk, that the detailed history of it was a sacred confidence; while the fact itself made him not only fearfully sincere, but scrupulously reserved, in the profession of his inward life.

It was largely due to the inheritance and inspiration of his father's character that so young a believer was so true to the inward law. Judge Tebbets, the father of Theodore, although not a church-member, and shrinking from what seemed to him "almost a profane proclamation of his own worth," as well as not assenting to the prevalent creed, was remarkable

for benevolence, tenacity of affection, humble trust in God, and spotless integrity. He inherited a feeble constitution, strong and reserved feelings, quick and varied capacities, and a most sacred memory of the mother who died when he was but eleven years old, and who drew him all his life so near to the unseen and the eternal, that one cannot wonder that he sought no communion of the saints "of the earth, earthy." An accomplished lawyer, a thorough and ready scholar, an ardent devotee of the sanctities of home, gifted and genial in conversation, open and sincere in opinion, reverent of human nature, uniformly generous and kind, studious of outward nature as God's work, and unconscious as a child of his own powers, he made Theodore the companion of his life and studies and work to an extent unusual even between friends of equal years; implanting in him very early an ardent love of the law, a remarkable acquaintance with its principles and forms, a strong taste for classical scholarship and English literature, a passion for integrity and fidelity in all humble as well as high places, a vigorous sincerity of every pure emotion, a thorough and modest distaste for sentimental demonstration, and, in and over and above all, an intense and reverent love of this so helpful and so honored father, which drew the soul of the child up heights of manliness and intelligence and culture rarely attained by youth of twice his years. Thus

the susceptible child had, from the first, a present and ingrafted example of the divinity of a true spirit in man, and of the nature of pure religion to aim simply at truth in the inward parts and the daily life, in humble and entire trust in God. Of necessity, therefore, he saw in man, not a doomed son of Adam, but a spirit sprung from God; in faith, not a passport out of a human lot of woe and wrath, but earnest and trusting obedience to God's good-will to all; and in religion, not the profession of our sentiment for the saving of self, but reverence for God and his kingdom in all unto wholeness of nature and condition and destiny in eternal walk with God, and life in him. Thus he became by inward development, and the mediation of divinely true fatherhood, what he was not made by outward religious training, — a liberal believer of the purest sort.

The death of his father, Sept. 9, 1844, deprived Theodore, about the middle of his fourteenth year, of the human presence and fellowship which was to him his world and his church, his great help for life and for faith and feeling, the shelter and the strength of his active and sensitive nature. It was like violently tearing away in mid-winter the walls of a green-house filled with rare and delicate plants just coming to their first bloom, leaving to fatal chill the tender and precious products of a rich nature and unusual care. It was emphatic proof of

strength of character in one so bereaved of his strongest stay, both for the spirit and for the world, that he wholly covered the wound from which his life ebbed, though it was a veil of silence and of merely accidental and external manners which he drew over his stricken and bleeding heart; and that he made with patient courage a manly struggle to supply to his widowed mother and the still little ones what a boy could of their loss. He was older by ten years at the father's death than the surviving younger sons; and it therefore fell on him to do and to bear first of all in the rough encounter with the world to which a family deprived of its head and support, and with narrow means, is inevitably brought. He had now, as always, what he never failed to prize, — the care of a devoted mother, a woman of zealous piety, of ardent Methodist faith, and of judicious and faithful labors within and without her own house; and, when it was plain that the whole bent of Theodore's nature was toward the higher labors of the cultivated mind, members of his mother's family lent their ampler means to aid him in his chosen career. The sorrow of his own soul, while it blighted somewhat the outward expression, blessed the inward man with a near sense of the invisible and the eternal: so that he afterwards denied the notion of an intermediate sleep of the soul after death, on the ground of his own knowledge of the presence to his spirit of a beloved fa-

ther's spirit; and ascribed his best life to the spiritual quickening gained and sustained by the undying and unbroken influence and support of this cherished presence. He so accepted his life, with all its circumstances of trial and difficulty, as to prove —

> "That every gift of noble origin
> Is breathed upon by Hope's perpetual breath."

During the four years which intervened between his father's death and his admission to the sophomore class in Harvard College, Theodore passed through the experiences which formed his introduction to the wider world, — some of discomfort, and some helpful. His preparation for college was made at the Phillips Academy, at Exeter, N.H.; where he obtained a scholarship, the insufficient aid of which he eked out by humble industries, by a winter of school-keeping, and still more by a cheerful disregard of privations whose peril he was too hopeful and too self-denying to suspect. In the academy, he held a high rank for manliness and force of character, and for accurate and elegant scholarship: here also he formed genial and warm fellowships which never failed. His short and first experiment at this time in the difficult art of teaching was a success the more signal and gratifying from the fact, that the burly pupils of his winter common-school at first resolved that the academy-boy should never control them, yet were controlled not only to obedience, but to enthusiasm and

affection. At the close of his thorough course of study at Exeter, he entered Harvard College in 1848, in the second year of the course.

In college, Theodore Tebbets loved scholarship for its own sake, and for the hope of service to the world; he also sought its honors ardently, that he might justify the expectations with which he had been already fixed on as a future instructor at Exeter. Reticent by nature, reserved by habit, extremely suspicious of insincere demonstration, as averse to empty manners as he was tenacious of genial manhood, his outward bearing was an imperfect manifestation of the real qualities within; although these qualities, once known, were the secure basis of friendships far sweeter and stronger than fall to the lot of men more conformed to the ways of society, but of less pure and vigorous human sympathies. To many he was little known, or was not rightly known; while, by a few at least, his mind was admired, his heart loved, his society sought, and his winning power fully acknowledged.

It was at this time that the early passion for the law, which his father's memory had consecrated, was gradually weakened by the spiritual attractions of the Christian ministry. It is a striking testimony to the thorough truth and pure aspiration of his nature, that he was thus weaned from his ardent desire and the fixed resolve of long years to follow in his father's steps. In one of his vacation-letters, he speaks of the

revival of his early feeling for the law while spending some days in the old familiar office of his father, but declares that it does not shake his purpose to preach and to teach the gospel. Throughout his letters at this time, there are traces of conscientious pause and self-distrust, in view of the responsibilities of an office whose sacredness and importance he so weightily dwelt upon in this pulpit. He expressed to you at the last, what he felt from the first, "an ardent faith in the necessity of the Christian ministry;" "a profound sense of the grand opportunities and urgent demands," "the dignified and blessed privilege, of this responsible and solemn office." While in college, Mr. Tebbets was attracted to the South Congregational Church in Boston, then under the ministry of Dr. Huntington; with whom he formed an intimate and lasting friendship, and in whose Sunday school he rendered efficient service. It evinced the catholic breadth of his sympathies, that the cordiality and lasting satisfaction of their intercourse was unbroken to the end.

During the three years of his college course, our friend was assisted by the loan of money for his most necessary expenses; and, upon graduating with high honors in 1851, he at once returned to Exeter as an instructor in the Academy, in order to repay these loans, and to provide means for further prosecuting his studies. As a teacher, he developed his rare faculty of winning the favor of those least predisposed

to sympathy with his character and office. With no sacrifice of dignity or success as an instructor, he obtained the confidence and affection of all his pupils, and discharged every duty of his position so acceptably, that, after his return to Cambridge, the trustees of the Academy voted him a considerable gratuity beyond what they regarded a sufficient salary for the office.

Before the close of his second year here, the proffer of renewed aid enabled him to enter at once upon his theological studies, which he did at the Cambridge Divinity School in the spring of 1853. Here not only did he attend successfully to his studies, and assist himself during the last year by taking a private pulpit, — a means to which he afterwards still further resorted for lifting off the burden of debt, — but he also made occasional contributions of unusual literary merit to religious periodicals; and from October, 1854, preached almost every Sunday. He first preached, but for three Sundays only, in the summer of 1853. His first sermon was upon "A Finished Life," in which he describes success as consisting, "not in the gross amount of what we do, but in the religious spirit of our labors, in the earnestness and sincerity of our lives;" an almost prophetic anticipation, not only of his own work, but of his destiny, in the ministry.

Before the close of his seminary course, Mr. Tebbets was invited to the pastorate of the First Unitarian

Society in Lowell; and on the 19th of September, 1855, he was ordained to this charge. After a ministry of but ten days, having preached but two Sundays, he was attacked by a violent and lingering fever, under which he languished for many weeks: and when, at last, a promise of returning health appeared, permitting his removal to the residence of a relative at Cambridge, renewed illness, of a painful and dangerous character, brought him again to the verge of the grave, early in December; the shattering effects of which compelled him, after eight weary months, to resign his charge at Lowell in May, 1856. It is impossible not to remark here, how sad it was that one so little prone to a consciousness of his own needs, so ill qualified to struggle with physical disabilities, so largely and nobly devoted to intellectual labors, and so burdened by the necessities of self-support, should not have earlier felt the blessing of that tender care and abounding generosity which later smoothed his path and soothed his pain. Then might the fond affection and the noble friendship which first offered him full sympathy for his higher longings, and adequate relief from heavy care, have saved to the world a life full of rare promise, lost now, not so much by any single calamity, as by the long insufficiency of that human help which is the human shield against all calamities.

Although there were fears that Mr. Tebbets's physical powers were already broken, he recovered sufficiently, under the restorative influence of a summer

at the Isles of Shoals, to feel confident of sound health; and resumed preaching Sept. 21, 1856, after an interruption of almost a year. On the first Sunday of November, he preached for the first time in this pulpit; and was further heard as a candidate, Nov. 30 and Dec. 21. He was called to the charge of the parish, Dec. 29; assumed the supply of the pulpit, by exchange, Feb. 15, 1857; and, on the 15th of April, was installed as pastor. In a little less than one year and ten months (Feb. 6, 1859), his labors were suspended by an illness which had been stealing upon him for some time. After an absence of five months in the pursuit of health, during which the pulpit was generously supplied by the parish, and his expenses met by the thoughtful kindness which never failed him here, he preached with new hopes "A Pastor's Greeting to his People," on the 3d of July, 1859; a touching witness to his affectionate devotion to his charge, and his loving trust in the paternal care of God. He had reached only the third Sunday of this renewal of his labors, when he was again prostrated with serious illness, from which he never sufficiently recovered to return to his pulpit. In the following October, he tendered a resignation of his ministry. To this you made the "noble and affectionate response" which encouraged him to anticipate a return to his "pleasant labors" here. But, after some months of waiting and of journeying, the impossibility of

further labor in the profession was so manifest, that your beloved minister was compelled to "the hard and sad duty" of offering a final resignation of his charge. On the 29th of July, his farewell discourse was read to you by his early and devoted friend; and with your words of tender regret, and your renewed tokens of grateful regard, he went out from among you. With such strength as a year of rest and medical care afforded, he renewed his residence here in the autumn of 1861, hopeful still of life; and, for more than a year, made a noble struggle to lift his cross, and do the work which was left him to do. But the end of labors and of burdens came at last; and after a brief and most happy residence in New York, a closing season of the quiet domestic life which was his most sacred delight, he was released from mortal woes on the morning of Thursday, Jan. 29, 1863. It is matter of comfort to us all, that here his home remained; that here he was still cherished with unstinting and noble regard; and that, to our sympathies, his precious remains were returned for the last sad office of mourning love.

The nature of Mr. Tebbets was singularly true and direct, both in its inspiration, and access to God, and in its sympathy and service for man. His faith was free and fearless, — "always true to a progressive Christian consciousness;" accepting "no other Lord of thoughts and words than the God of truth and

love ;" and declaring "unimportant the forms of doctrine, evangelical or transcendental, compared with the likeness of the life to Christ's, and the nearness of the spirit to God's." His utterance was "without seeking mortal favor or shrinking from mortal blame," and with that transfiguring demonstration of the spirit and of power which belongs to the genuine minister of the truth of God. In his first sermon in his first parish, there was a judicious but thorough widening of the application of the gospel, by which room was made for whatever might seem to his unrestrained conscience an application of the pure good-will of God, with express and extended mention of the several great reforms of the day. His sensibilities were quick and deep within, pure as living water, true to the demands of simple humanity; and it was for truth only, and in extreme self-distrust, that he so little opened his heart where society expects the expression of sentiment, but too often does not respect its divine nature and sacred use. To the proffer of friendship, and to the clear call of human yearning, his heart was never closed. Among the *people*, who have not learned to desecrate the divinities of human feeling, and who demand nothing out of the heart for form and show, he was ever open and hearty; and not a few, wherever he went, will witness, that with him, of all men, heart was joined to heart as with hardly any that are left on earth. He

indeed kept his inward nature with reserve, but it was for divine uses; and wherever he found an open access to a soul, either the invitation of affection or the call of duty, he entered with simple human sympathy, with direct force of the unveiled spirit: and the hold which he obtained was like the striving of a messenger from God; the comfort which he brought, like bread of eternal life.

In his preaching, as you know so well, the man stood up, keeping nothing back; pouring out the resources of his soul, the plain sense of the experience of man and the demands and help of God, with a richness of illustration from his wide and varied reading which wonderfully sustained and impressed his thought. Those who have conversed much with his mind, and who know the veil hardly rent away from his inward life, must deeply feel that the promise of all his faculties exceeded even the unusual performance of his short career. It is not often that men appear directly moved by a quick sense of the closeness of the spirit of man to the Spirit which God is. A Paul, a Luther, a Wesley, thus converse with eternal realities, and rise on the world in the majesty of this inspiration; but after them comes a long succession of learners of their words, who hear but the echo of the voice of God in venerable tradition. We are come to the dawn of the long-expected age of the Spirit, to that hour of which Christ prophesied to the

woman of Samaria; and the life of him we mourn, short as it was, and humble as he thought it, was a precious fruit of the new faith in the presence of God with man. The sense of this vocation which he had, his sacred passion for this ministry of the spirit and the truth of the Father's worship, filled full the cup of his sadness when he surrendered all, and with burdened and broken body and bleeding feet, but with lofty and patient cheer, pressed the footsteps of Christ, until captivity was led captive, and death swallowed up in victory. For we know of a certainty, by a faith whose evidence is like the sun, that a life so prepared, so begun in inward truth, so frustrated for earth, and so outlasting here the failing frame, has its progress, its success, its utter triumph of all delights of the heart and all nobilities of life, in that new heavens and new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness.

APPENDIX.

Letter from Rev. Theodore Tebbets to his People, and Resignation of his Pastorate.

APPLEDORE HOUSE, ISLES OF SHOALS,
Oct. 19, 1859.

To the First Parish in Medford.

MY BELOVED FRIENDS, — In this sorrowful interruption of our personal intercourse, my thoughts and hopes are constantly reverting to you; and I know, better even than before, how strong and vital is my attachment to my people, and how deep and permanent my interest in their welfare and happiness. I have had new assurance too, in countless ways that have cheered my heart, of the readiness of their sympathies, and of the warmth of their affection, for their sick and absent pastor.

You will therefore, I am sure, be glad to receive some direct information concerning my health and plans, since they concern the parish nearly as much as they do the minister: and I am glad to be able to say, that, ever since I came to these islands, my health has been steadily, and of late rapidly, improving; so that now it is better, *in every respect*, than when I came home from the West, last June. There has been no symptom of a return of my original disorder; and every day still witnesses a continued gain.

Yet, though these facts are *all* of the *most encouraging* kind, my physician advises, that, in order to *make sure* of the entire restoration to perfect health, I should abstain from preaching, and lead a comparatively idle life for some months; although I may be able to reside among you, and perform the duties of a pastor

in whole or in part. And this advice my own judgment pronounces wise, though my heart protests.

Now, I cannot conceal from myself two facts: that, in this interval, your interests as a parish *may* suffer through the want of a permanent preacher and a working pastor; and that, at any rate, while thus so idle, I shall not be performing the duties devolving upon me by virtue of our relation as minister and people. Accordingly, both my conscience and my regard for your welfare direct me to but one course; namely, to give you an early opportunity of obtaining a minister more *able* — he cannot be more *willing* — to serve you faithfully in the pulpit and in the parish.

And therefore, though I confess that to write these words causes me a pang of unutterable sorrow, because I thus surrender not only the highest ambition, but the chief happiness, of my life, I resign into your hands the office of pastor which I received from you two years and a half ago.

And may the everlasting Father give us all a clear vision to discern, an unfaltering courage to do, and a cheerful patience to bear, his holy will!

With unchanging affection, your friend and pastor,

THEODORE TEBBETS.

Response of the Parish, declining to accept Mr. Tebbets's Resignation, Nov. 7, 1859.

"*Resolved,* That we receive from our 'sick and absent pastor,' Theodore Tebbets, new assurances of his returning health, with the encouraging prospect of his entire restoration, with great pleasure; and while we fully appreciate and respect the feelings which have prompted him to tender his resignation of the pastoral office, in the exercise of which he has become so greatly endeared to us, we do not see sufficient cause for severing the tie which binds us together in the affectionate relation of pastor and people.

"*Resolved,* That, while we deeply regret the necessity which has separated him from us for so many months, we entirely acquiesce in and approve of the course which he has pursued in procuring temporary supplies for the pulpit during his enforced absence, and desire that he may

continue to make such arrangements for the future as he may deem expedient.

"*Resolved*, That we feel the fullest sympathy for him in his illness; that, holding in grateful remembrance the zeal, earnestness, and devotion with which he has ministered over us, strengthening us as a parish, winning the personal affection of all, and awakening in us, as we trust, a higher and deeper spiritual life, we cannot abandon the hope, that God in his goodness will yet restore him to health, and to his former usefulness in his sacred office, and permit him again to minister to us with a profounder experience of his love; and therefore we respectfully decline to accept his tendered resignation.

"*Resolved*, That the clerk of the parish be requested to communicate a copy of these resolutions to our pastor."

Rev. Theodore Tebbets, Appledore House, Portsmouth, N.H.

Second Letter to the Parish, and Final Resignation.

Medford, June 23, 1860.

To the First Parish in Medford.

My dear Friends, — When, last October, I sent the communication to my people to which they made so noble and affectionate a response, I cherished a confident hope, that, after another winter's rest, I should be able to resume my pleasant labors as their minister. But this hope has proved illusive, and the experience of the last few months has convinced me that it is necessary for me to give up preaching altogether; and this conviction is now confirmed by the decided opinions of my medical advisers. I must, therefore, — hard and sad as the duty is, — abandon my parish, my profession, and, I fear, my New-England home, and seek the restoration of my health in a less-trying vocation and in a more genial climate.

Accordingly, I hereby tender to you the final resignation of the charge which I assumed, three years ago last April, as your preacher and pastor. I will not, for I cannot, try to tell you the feelings with which I make this communication; for I had hoped and prayed to live and die as the minister of the First Parish in Medford, where all my ambition and all my affection have centred.

The terms of my settlement provide, I believe, that the relation between us may be dissolved by a notice of six months, given by either party. *Practically*, my sickness has been giving that notice for *sixteen* months; and I would, therefore, ask that our official connection, so brief and yet so happy, may terminate on the thirty-first day of July next.

I trust, that, in the mean time, it will be possible for me to visit every family in their own home; and I hope, that, on the last Sunday of July, I can, by a parting sermon which a friend will read, take farewell at once of my people and of the Christian ministry. May God bless us all and our homes, and lead us into that eternal life of faith and trust and holiness, which, beginning here, ripens in immortality!

Faithfully and affectionately, your friend and pastor,

THEODORE TEBBETS.

Resolutions of the Parish in accepting Mr. Tebbets's Resignation.

At a meeting of the parish, held July 9, 1860, the following resolutions were adopted: —

"*Resolved*, That the First Parish in Medford receive with profound regret the recent communication from the Rev. Mr. Tebbets.

"*Resolved*, That accepting the resignation, now a second time offered, of his pastoral office, because it is no longer right to Mr. Tebbets to refuse to do so, they desire to express to him their sense of the great value of the services which they so unwillingly relinquish; their gratitude for his kind, unwavering, personal interest in themselves and their families; their appreciation of all the good he has done and would do for them; and they especially wish to express the real, warm, brotherly interest which they, every one of them, have in his welfare; their sincere hope that his health may be restored, that he may yet be able, at some not distant day, to resume those pastoral duties which he loves so well, and is so well able to discharge. In the too short relationship which has existed between their pastor and themselves, their only regret has been caused by his ill health: their single disappointment has been, that his health has not improved.

"*Resolved*, That the salary of the Rev. Mr. Tebbets be continued for three months from July 31, the period of his resignation."

Letter from Mr. Tebbets to Rev. Edward C. Towne, his Successor in the Ministry of the First Parish, Medford.

WASHINGTON HEIGHTS, N.Y., April 2, 1861.

MY DEAR SIR, — Though I am personally a stranger to you, I am sure that you will permit me to extend the right hand of fellowship, and assurances of congratulation, from the last to the next minister of the "First Parish in Medford." I am truly glad for them that they are to have a minister again, and one, I trust, more able, and if possible more willing, than his predecessor, to do for them a Christian minister's work; and I do most heartily congratulate you on going to a parish which has in it all the essential elements of the highest prosperity, and which is always proud and glad to work for and with its pastor, to make him a happy and useful man. After three years spent among the Medford people, I have only unmingled feelings of love and gratitude towards them. I owe not a single pang of pain to them; but I do owe three years of happiness. You, too, will find them generous and just, considerate and forbearing, everywhere. They are essentially a minister-loving people. I went there against the wishes of a large minority; but I never felt any hinderance at their hands, and I always found them the kindest of friends.

I sincerely hope that you may pass many years of peace and prosperity as their minister, and do for them more than I could ever hope to do, and vastly more than, in my feebleness and sickness, I really did.

When I go East, in a few weeks, I hope that I shall have the pleasure of seeing and knowing you; when, I suppose, I shall find you pleasantly established in your new home.

My impulse was to write to you the moment I heard of your acceptance, which was only last week; but circumstances have made me unwillingly tardy.

Believe me very truly your friend and brother,

THEODORE TEBBETS.

Memorial Services.

A

SERMON

Preached in the Bowdoin Square Church, Sunday, Dec. 25, 1864,

BY THE PASTOR,

ON THE DEATH OF

CAPT. WINTHROP PERKINS BOYNTON,

Co. D, 55th Mass. Regiment,

WHO FELL AT

THE BATTLE OF HONEY HILL, NOVEMBER 30, 1864.

"He being dead yet speaketh."

BOSTON:
J. M. HEWES, PRINTER, 65 CORNHILL.
1865.

Memorial Services.

A

SERMON

Preached in the Bowdoin Square Church, Sunday, Dec. 25, 1864,

BY THE PASTOR,

ON THE DEATH OF

CAPT. WINTHROP PERKINS BOYNTON,

Co. D, 55th Mass. Regiment,

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SERMON.

Rev. 2 : 10.

"BE THOU FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH, AND I WILL GIVE THEE A CROWN OF LIFE."

It becomes my duty, as pastor of this church, to speak of one this morning who has fallen on the field of battle, one that you loved and honored as a Christian young man, a brave soldier, a dutiful son, a beloved friend. I feel that I cannot do justice to one so noble and so good, whose name is so sweet a fragrance in all your hearts. Not having been personally acquainted with him, so early gone to his reward, I have felt perhaps that another might do the duty devolving on me more satisfactorily to his numerous friends assembled at this hour in this sacred place, than I could. I claim your indulgence and an interest in your prayers while I proceed to sketch, as I am able, the life and labors of our fallen brother, both at home and on the field of deadly strife. I regard the text selected on this occasion as being peculiarly appropriate—"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

The faithful child of God is promised a crown of life. It is represented as a gift, a free gift. It is not intimated that it is given to him for his faithfulness. It is

not in the light of a reward, for services rendered; but from his love to his faithful servants. He gave himself to redeem us; in return we give him our hearts; we love and serve him; and the last act of our Redeemer is, to crown us in his kingdom with eternal life. He has power to do this. He destroyed principalities and powers and spiritual wickedness in high places; He conquered the world, the flesh and the devil; He is King in Zion, on his head is the crown of creation; He is Lord of all worlds; on the brow of the Son of God sparkles the crown of heavenly dominion; the cherubim and seraphim, yea, all the angelic host execute his high behests; He wears the crown of victory over Satan, wicked men and wicked angels; for on His head are many crowns. He has subdued all things under him; He has grappled with death in his rocky tomb, wrenched from his hand his cruel sceptre, taken from him his sting, destroyed his power, and poured a flood of light into the grave. In that conflict death lost his "iron crown of despair." He opened up a way for revolted men to return to God; he conquered the natural heart, and came preaching peace to them that were afar off, and to them that are nigh. Satan is under his control; his power is broken; his dominion invaded by the conquering Prince of Peace. Sin and Satan had a mighty battle with the Son of God; but they found him a conqueror. How completely from the grave to the open gates of heaven, he took away every obstacle to the salvation of the believer. Now he can say, turning to the ransomed soul,—"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." I have overcome Satan and the world; so shall you. I have risen from the grave; so shall you. I

have disarmed death, and to you now he shall be no enemy. I live, and because I live, ye shall live also. I wear my crown of righteousness, henceforth there is laid up a crown of righteousness for you, and for all who shall love my appearing. Not only a crown for Daniel and Elijah and Paul, but a crown for every soldier of the cross, who dies fighting the battles of his country. Such a crown our fallen *Christian hero* wears to-day.

> "I ask them [him] whence their victory came;
> They with united breath,
> Ascribe their victory to the Lamb,
> Their triumph to his death."

Blessed is he who is found faithful; he shall wear the crown of amaranth in the paradise of God. Our departed brother, who fell in battle Nov. 30th, at Honey Hill, South Carolina, was born in this city, Aug. 29th, 1841. He has gone to his reward, young in years, being only 23.

His early life was spent in the same way in which many of our youth are brought up. He had every advantage for early training, and was fitted for college very young. He was an obedient and dutiful son, making home pleasant by his cheerful and happy disposition. He early developed those traits of character which eminently fitted him for his chosen position, and had he lived, would have given to the world a splendid future. He was quick of perception, clear in thought, decided in character; qualities which made him the admiration of his friends in early manhood, and constituted him the idol of his regiment. Boston gave him his birth, his education, and we can say he was a child of whom none were ashamed. He received

his religious education here also. Trained by Christian parents, and early taught the ways of the Lord in the Sabbath school, he promised to be of great service in the church of which he was an honored member, and the community in which he was reared. But he has been cut short in his career, and it becomes us to consider our relations to God, and bow submissively to his will.

We cannot but feel that he has died as the Christian soldier dies, under the Divine hand, by the Divine will. I love to think that nothing is left to chance. God rules all, governs all. To us His designs may not always appear plain, but He "is his own interpreter." Humanly speaking, we can say it is a great loss. To his kindred it is a severe stroke. No pains had been spared to fit him for usefulness. He had gone step by step through his academic course, and through his college course also, until he came forth with honors encircling his brow. His parents looked on with just pride and anticipated a career of usefulness for him which might be denied to others; but he hears his country's call, and can a mother plead in vain to the child of her love in the hour of danger? What son could turn his back upon her mournful pleadings? He heard the summons of his bleeding land, and with a manly, patriotic heart, gave himself to the cause of human liberty. The motives that governed him were noble, lofty and pure. A class of minds untutored and unlearned needed his plastic hand to mould them; his mental culture to train them. The persuasions of friends, the entreaties of those he loved, could not hold him back from duty and danger. God had a special mission for him; that mission performed, he takes

him to himself from amid the flash of musketry and the roar of the dread artillery.

We are paying a great price for the redemption of our country. Our best and bravest young men are being cut down in early manhood's prime. The best minds have been enlisted, and the best blood shed. Think not the price too great or the purchase too dear. It took the blood of the Son of God to redeem our souls. It costs the blood of our sons to redeem our country. Capt. WINTHROP P. BOYNTON has died as a saviour of his country. In the language of one of his companions in arms, writing home to his friends, "We shall be successful at last, however, for we can never let such men as Boynton die in vain."

He gave his all, home, health and life, obedient on hearing "his country's call."

We cannot say, we dare not say he has died too soon; too soon for his country, too soon for the church of which he was a valued member, too soon for weeping parents, a fond brother and sister; and yet as we recall him, his manly form, his cheerful look, his bright beaming eye, his pleasant words of cheer and hope, his noble, generous deeds, and we remember that with mortal eyes we shall no more see him, that another chair is vacant; we say, then, it is too soon for our earthly affections; too soon for these poor hearts of ours; too soon for our earthly expectations. But when by faith's foreseeing eye we behold him safe in the heavenly land, attired in the royal robe of a Saviour's righteousness, with a crown of glory on his head, which shall never fade away; when we hear him rejoicing that the conflict is ended, the last battle fought and the victory won, then we

say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight."

In this connection I am constrained to speak of his noble friend, Capt. Crane, who was a classmate of his in college. Their friendship was close and intimate during their four years' course of study; they graduated together on the same day, with honor to themselves and credit to their Alma Mater, and enlisted as officers in the same regiment, to educate and train the colored soldiers for service in the field; and well did they execute their mission! With minds disciplined by severe mental training, they infused into others their own brave and heroic spirit that fitted them for the conflict, so that when the hour of battle came, they were ready and eager for the fight. Of these two friends we can say, as it was said of Saul and Jonathan, "Lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided." How true, in their case. They fell near each other in the same battle, and about the same time. We can say, as David said again, referring to the same,—"The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places: how are the mighty fallen!"

On the fatal day, Nov. 30th, when Capt. Boynton led his men to that deadly charge, he fell wounded, but he rose and cheered his men onward. There was no truckling cowardice in his nature, no hesitancy in the critical hour. He had nearly gained the fort when the fatal bullet struck him. Now came the exchange from *death* to *life;* "the joy for the tear;" "the peace for the pain;" from his work to the plaudit, "*Well done,* good and faithful servant;" from fading honors to a crown of dazzling glory; from the din and roar of bat-

tle and the clash of contending hosts, to the sweet music of heaven. O mourning and stricken parents, O brother and sister of the fallen *hero*, he has not died too soon, nor died out of time. It may be too soon for your loving hearts; but not too soon for him. Filial love would say, give him back to me. But as your heroic son and brother looks down from the battlements of heaven, I seem to hear him say, "Weep not for me, for I repose in peace." "Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

From what I have been able to learn of Capt. Boynton, he was just the man to make a bold charge upon an enemy. Bold and decided in his character, he could not falter. He was a stranger to fear; others partook of his nature and daring, not one faltered; the death hail was poured upon them from three thousand rebel guns, yet they quailed not. Stricken down at first, he rises and shouts onward to glory, and onward to death. O for such courage as this in fighting the battles of the Lord! May some young man catch his noble spirit, and bear aloft the standard of the cross, as he bore the flag of his country, and, if needs be, may some be led to emulate his zeal and courage in contending for our country's sacred rights and honor.

In one of his late letters to his father, he shows how he felt about the war, and the spirit in which we should contend for liberty. He says, "Cannot the pastor say something or do something to induce one or more of his congregation, from the ranks of the young men, to enlist in the service of their country?"

Capt. Boynton was held in high estimation by the officers of Harvard University. His devotion to his studies, his Christian deportment, and his interest in all that gave Harvard her proud distinction, as a seat of learning, called forth their warmest praise. I have but to quote the resolutions unanimously adopted by the Class of 1863, to show you the high regard in which he was held by his class associates. On hearing of the death of Capt. Crane and Lieut. Boynton, members of their class, they met and passed the following Joint Resolutions :—

" *Whereas*, The all loving Father, who seeth not as man seeth, has taken our beloved classmates, Capt. William Dwight Crane, and Lieut.* Winthrop Perkins Boynton, from the noblest earthly duty to a nobler labor above :—

" *Resolved*, That while we bow with submissive trust to the dispensation of an Omniscient Providence, we cannot but deplore the loss to our country's service, of those earnest, brave, devoted hearts, qualified by long culture for governing men with firmness and kindness, and for inspiring in all around them an obedience to duty, and an ardent patriotism like their own.

" *Resolved*, That we recall with pride, mingled now with grief, and the sad sense of irreparable loss, the lofty example and Christian character of our classmates during our long, intimate connection with them, their faithfulness in study, their warm kindliness of spirit, their manly purity of speech and heart, their self-forgetting service of others, their refined taste for

* Appointed Captain Nov. 23, seven days previous to the battle.

books, and for the beauty of nature, and their consistent religious love of God and of man.

"*Resolved*, That we tender our warm sympathies to their sorrowing parents and friends, together with the consolation that comes from the purity of their lives, and the noble manner of their deaths. In youth they have done more than the work of ripe manhood, and are welcomed now to the benedictions of heaven."

It must be consoling to their parents and numerous friends, to hear such words of comfort and such a tribute of respect from their classmates. To show in what estimation he was held in the regiment, I need but give you an extract from a letter by an officer of his regiment soon after his death. He says, "You know Lieut. Boynton well enough to know that he was a great favorite with the regiment. There was not an officer or a man that would not have done any thing for him. He had been in command of the company since last July, and had worked on most carefully and untiringly. No one could have shown greater bravery and coolness than he did. Every one calls him one of the best officers in his regiment."

I need not multiply words showing his patriotism and bravery. His record is on high; his name, with the gallant Crane, is written on the scroll of fame; but their deeds will be written deeper in the hearts of those they loved. There they will live longer than chiselled marble or the everlasting granite; and there, too, shall be written the names of Robert G. Shaw and Cabot Russell, buried beneath the sands of Fort Wagner, with Russell, Savage and Perkins, all sleeping in the soil of the Old Dominion, with William Lowell Putnam, slaughtered at Ball's Bluff, with Charles Rus-

sell Lowell, the hero of the Shenandoah Valley, who saved the day under the gallant Sheridan. And what is more than all beside, our gallant brother had his name in the book of life, written by the hand of the Master. He was faithful unto Him, and now He has decked his brow with the crown of everlasting life.

Our brother was faithful to the church of which he was an honored member. He experienced religion at the early age of 17 years, and was baptized by Rev. Mr. Wines—then pastor of this church—the first Sabbath in January, 1857, seven years ago. He was an earnest, ardent disciple of the Master, taking an active part in the meetings of the church, especially among his young friends. During the four years of his college course, he kept his place in the meetings, faithfully discharging his duties. In the Sabbath school he bore an active part, and greatly endeared himself to the superintendent, scholars and teachers; and all who were present last Sabbath evening, must have been delighted to hear from one and all who spoke, the words of encouragement and hope that fell from the lips of those who knew him best. They witnessed to his fidelity, his earnestness, his decision and self-sacrificing spirit; that he was decided in his character, manly in the expression of his views, uncompromising in his religious convictions, unswerving in his principles of integrity and honor. He was just such an one as the church and Sabbath school needs, just the man to fight his country's battles, and just the one the Saviour wanted should come up higher, and wear a crown of endless life. O, we sorrow when we think we shall see him no more. We weep when we think he will no more come to our loved Sabbath school, no more

tread the temple gates of our Zion, no more go in and out at his father's house, no more greet you, young friends, with his cheerful look and sunny smile.

But, on the other hand, we will rejoice that he has died so nobly; so courageously fighting for the *Flag of Stars*,—the glorious flag of universal freedom and universal brotherhood. Let us thank God that he gave to these parents such a son, to the church such a member, to his country such a patriot, to the army such a soldier, and to heaven such a saint. There on the eternal heavenly hills, he shall walk clothed in white, and our weary souls shall ere long join with him.

Let us hope and wait for God's manifestation in these afflictions that have come upon us: for while our hearts were bleeding, and the tears of fond friends were still flowing for our brother, dead on the gory field, death came to us in the quiet of the peaceful home, and bore away another young man from our flock equally dear to us all; and alike, with brother Boynton, an honored member of the church and Sabbath school. The one a former Secretary, the other a former Librarian.

> "Let us be patient, these severe afflictions
> Not from the ground arise;
> But oftentimes celestial benedictions
> Assume this dark disguise."

Let me assume to speak as I think our brother would if he were here to-day, or if he could speak to us from his home on high. He would say, Live to the honor and glory of God, live for a high and noble purpose,—*to do good.* As our young brother Roundy said, so would he say, "Be faithful and meet me in heaven."

Friends of my departed brother Boynton, parents, brother, sister, classmates, church and Sabbath school, each one, do your duty to your God and your country. Our brother gave himself first to God and the church; he consecrated his young heart to the cause of religion; he sought and found a precious Saviour; he professed him before many witnesses, and, then, true to his baptismal vows, went forth to do his duty. Then came the call of his bleeding, suffering Father Land. He gave himself to the army of the Union. There he was faithful, by night and by day, on picket duty, in the tented field, on the march, wherever called to labor, he was the same true and valiant soldier, and, finally, he gave up his precious life on the blood-stained altar of his country. Would that we had his precious remains with us to-day. It would be a relief to our aching hearts. Tenderly would we bear him to the sepulchre of his kindred in the quiet city of the dead at Mount Auburn; but that privilege is denied us. Mourning parents, you will see him no more until the morning of the Resurrection; then you shall see him just as beautiful as when you kissed his manly forehead for the last time; he shall be returned to you with immortal youth stamped upon his brow.

Farewell, sainted son, noble patriot, brother and friend, till then, FAREWELL.

HYMN.

The following Hymn from the Psalmist, so appropriate to the occasion, was sung at the close of the service, and is here inserted by request.

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

The voice at midnight came;
He started up to hear;
A mortal arrow pierced his frame;
He fell, but felt no fear.

Tranquil amid alarms,
It found him on the field,
A veteran slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield.

The pains of death are past;
Labor and sorrow cease;
And, life's short warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

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

THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

We take the following from the Watchman and Reflector, from the pen of our Superintendent, who knew Bro. Boynton as a valued and much beloved member of the Sabbath School.

Among the officers of the Massachusetts 55th killed in the late battle of Honey Hill, S. C., was Capt. WINTHROP P. BOYNTON, of this city, twenty-three years of age; a graduate of Harvard in the class of 1863, and son of Perkins Boynton, Esq. Of him it can most truthfully be said, he was an affectionate son, a generous friend, a patriot Christian, a brave and faithful soldier. A deep sense of duty led him to enlist in military service for his country, and the record he has left is marked with honor. At the age of sixteen he was baptized and united with the Bowdoin Square Church, where by an earnest and consistent Christian life he had become a brother beloved. Though young, he was a *decided* Christian, neither afraid nor ashamed to "stand up for Jesus." His labors in the Sabbath school, his love for the place of prayer, his desire for the salvation of souls, and his readiness ever to hold up the banner of the cross, are worthy of imitation by our Christian young men. Fervent piety and a well disciplined mind had well fitted him for usefulness, and to his family, friends and the church, the future was full of promise. The fond hopes centered in him have suddenly been blighted; and a large circle of friends who loved him mingle their warm sympathies with the family upon which falls so heavily the loss of such a son. The memory of Capt. Boynton is fragrant with the excellencies of Christian graces and a deep-toned love for the cause of our Redeemer.

[FROM THE DAILY ADVERTISER.]

Capt. WINTHROP PERKINS BOYNTON, was born in 1842, and graduated at the Latin School in 1858. He was reserved and of few words, so that few knew him thoroughly at college. But he was remarkable for stern moral purity, unswerving truthfulness, and deep religious faith, and was highly esteemed by all. He was to us, whose affection and respect for him increased with increasing familiarity, almost the type of a wholly developed man,—an unusually strong and healthy frame, great mechanical ingenuity, discreet judgment, a taste cultivated by communion with the best books, as his tent library on Folly Island would show, warm sympathies for others, high manly motives in his heart, and a constant sense of the love and presence of God; and all these without a spark of the consciousness that he displayed them.

A DISCOURSE

DELIVERED AT THE

FUNERAL

OF

REV. THOMAS SAVAGE,

IN

BEDFORD, N. H., JULY 8, 1866,

BY

C. W. WALLACE, D. D.,

PASTOR OF THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, MANCHESTER, N. H.

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BEDFORD, N. H.
August 2, 1866.

Rev. C. W. Wallace, D. D.,

SIR: In behalf of a bereaved family, a large circle of mourning relatives and friends, and the congregation and town of which the Rev. Thomas Savage was for so many decades of years the beloved and venerated pastor, we respectfully request you to publish the excellent and appropriate discourse preached by you at Bedford, July 8th.

Our affectionate regard for the memory of this eminent minister of Christ, and our intense desire for the preservation, in some permanent form, of a tribute so well deserved and just, have prompted us to make the request.

A compliance with our wishes will place us under new and lasting obligations to you. We remain, sir, with sentiments of high esteem,

Very sincerely yours,

JOHN A. MCGAW,
JAMES FRENCH,
CHARLES GAGE,
GEO. A RIDDLE.
FREDERIC HODGMAN.

DISCOURSE.

PROVERBS X:VII.—"THE MEMORY OF THE JUST IS BLESSED."

The good man is long remembered. His memory is most precious. As the light of the sun lingers on the mountain side, bathing in gold the cloud and sky long after he sinks below the horizon, making the approach of night even more beautiful than the brightness of the noon, so the memory of the just lingers long after the living form retires from the scenes of active life.

Indeed, the good man's character seems to enhance in dignity when seen through the shadows of the grave. They become a prism through which the life is more perfect,—the name is as "ointment poured forth"; defects are rendered less obvious, virtues more prominent, and the whole man, clothed in the garments of christian charity, walks forth winning the confidence of men and awakening praise to Almighty God.

The usefulness of the wise and good is often increased by the event of death. "Being dead they yet speak," and they speak in a louder, tenderer and more convincing voice than before. Paul did much for Christ while present with the churches—but more since he has entered the presence of the Father. The memory of his name has done more than his example—his epistles more than his preaching.

The poor widow who cast two mites into the treasury of the Lord, did little for her Savior while living. But that self-sacrificing deed has been told in all ages, by all tongues, "for a memorial of her."

Such men as Luther, Knox, Bunyan, did much while living to extend the name of Christ, but far more since the dark shadows of the grave closed upon them. They are yet, with hundreds of others like them, laboring to extend the gospel—promote virtue—defend the principles of civil and religious liberty, and upbuild the kingdom of Christ in the earth.

We often speak of the "dead past" as something to be left behind in the world's progress. But that "dead past" is often possessed of a vitality which refuses oblivion. It is written on leaves more enduring than brass. If sanctified by the grace of God, it is held in everlasting remembrance.

Infinite wisdom alone can adjust the balances of human influence. It may, however, be seen in that day when God shall review the deeds of earth, and unfold those secret forces which have controlled the destinies of men, that memory was even more potent than the precept or example of the living. Thus the good man who spends his threescore and ten years in the earth really lives centuries.

No vegetable matter is lost. It falls, decays, but it passes into new forms of life, more beautiful than before. So the memory of the past is interwoven with the living present. The good man lives in those who come after him.

It is well, therefore, to embalm the memory of the just in such forms as will best prevent decay. Most carefully should these rich jewels of the church be enshrined. If the christian may do more for the church and the world after death than before, then the work of truthful biography is most sacred and solemn. Not for the honor of the departed is this pious work performed, but for the sake of the living, the good of the yet unborn, for the glory of God in the triumphs of his grace.

With this purpose I will call attention to the memory of the late beloved pastor and teacher of this church and people.

During the period of forty years he dwelt among you. He gave you the vigor of his youth, the strength of his manhood, the wisdom of his years.

He finished his life-work on the field where he commenced it. With a fitness in which we must recognize the hand of Providence, he completed his long pastorate and laid down to rest, near the same time. It was a singularly appropriate close to a life remarkable for symmetry and beauty. His three-score years and ten were passed. His work was done. His vigorous constitution had begun to yield to the incipient approach of disease. His successor, a man in whom he had the fullest confidence, had been installed. Now, while all was fresh about him—while his age had not passed beyond the sallow leaf, and the hearts of his people had not been withdrawn from one who had served them so long, "The voice at midnight came."

When devout men, on that calm and sunny day, took up that way-worn body and with many tears, yea, with smiles through their tears, laid the pastor in his grave beside kindred dust, with those around him, a great company to whom he had preached the gospel of the grace of God, we all felt the harmony of those words—

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

Rev. Thomas Savage was born September 2d, 1794, in Boston, Mass. His father's family emigrated from London, England, in 1635, and settled in Boston, where all the succeeding generations have had their birth, and most of them their residence. Thomas was the son of Ezekiel. His

mother was Margaret Vose, of Milton, Mass., also of English descent, and her family among the early settlers of the country.

The loss of his mother while he was an infant, separated him from his father's family during the first four years of his life. In the meantime his father removed to Salem, Mass., which was ever afterwards the family home.

A sister remarks, "I have heard my father and elder sisters say that Thomas was always exemplary as a boy. He was docile and obedient, and his conduct never called for reproof. Indeed, in after years, when he was absent at school or in college, he gave my father not a moment's uneasiness on account of his character."

It appears that the father of Mr. Savage early determined to bestow upon him all the advantages that could be derived from a thoroughly classical education, although his profession was not then determined upon. This purpose of the father was faithfully executed. The son proved himself an apt scholar, particularly in the languages. "His preparatory studies were pursued at Phillip's Academy in Andover; his collegiate course at Harvard, where he graduated at the age of twenty years, with honor both in respect to character and scholarship,—being the eleventh of the family who had graduated at that University. After his graduation he immediately commenced his theological studies at the same institution. This continued for three years, which having completed, he received applications to preach in several of the pulpits in Boston and Salem, where his labors were received with great favor."

"Not wishing, however, to settle so early in life, he accepted an invitation to become a private tutor in Louisiana."

In a paper prepared by himself, refering to this period, he speaks of uniting with the Presbyterian church, with different views from what he had previously entertained on

the Trinity and kindred doctrines. He speaks in this connection of having read Baxter's Reformed Pastor, Doddrige's Rise and Progress, and Wilberforce's View of Practical Religion, with great benefit.

This change of his religious views required a renewal of his license to preach, which was granted by the Mississippi Presbytery. He remained at the South seven years, preaching most of the time, but received no settlement. While there he married Miss Lucy Woodruff, of Connecticut.* About two years subsequent he returned to the North, arriving in Boston in the summer of 1824, after an absence of seven years.

He very soon received an application to supply the pulpit of Dr. Codman, of Dorchester, who was about to sail for Europe, to be absent a year. When this engagement expired, he was invited to preach in this town. And one year later, July 5th, 1826, he was installed by the Londonderry Presbytery as the pastor of this church and society. His pastorate here extended during the long period of forty years. He was the third pastor installed over this church, the first being settled 1757.

Mr. Savage found here a large congregation—a people united and well taught in the doctrines of the Cross, but having little of that ardor and demonstrative piety which they have since exhibited.

The Sabbath School was then in a forming state. No regular prayer meeting was maintained, and so far as known, there had been no general revival since the settlement of the town.

In 1831, the first of those blessed seasons was enjoyed. Others have followed; but perhaps the most wonderful was reserved for the last year of his ministry, as if the Di-

*Mrs. Savage died May 16th, 1847. October 12, 1848, he was married to Miss Sarah Webster, daughter of Mr. Benjamin Webster, of Haverhill, N. H., who still survives him.

vine Master would set the seal of his approbation upon the closing labors of his servant.

This town, like many others in New Hampshire, has suffered greatly from emigration. Still, the church and society have maintained their numbers and strength to a remarkable degree. The whole number added to the church during his ministry was 379 by profession, and 47 by letter.

We will notice some of the more prominent features of the character of our lamented brother Savage. It is not my purpose to attempt the drawing of a full life-likeness. Such an effort in me would be presumption.

1. His character presented a remarkable degree of completeness. There was no prominent defect—no stain, and now he is gone no shadow falls on his memory.

The mention of his name recalls nothing which would gladly be forgotten. "When a boy he gave his father no anxiety—he needed no reproof." Though that kind hand, which of all others does most to mold the character and restrain the vicious propensities of the natural heart, was palsied in death before he felt its gentle pressure, still he grew up a good boy. He was good at home—good on the street—in school—at college. He passed through no period of waywardness. He was a pure minded, honorable young man.

Of himself he says, "From childhood I was soberly inclined, and though I mingled much in athletic sports with those of my age, I had a strong aversion to the vicious and profane."

The man was the natural development of such a boy. He never gave his friends anxiety—never needed reproof. He retained through life a strong aversion to every thing "vicious and profane," or even coarse or unkind.

When grace sanctifies a nature so symmetrical, the christian has less to contend with than one of a different temperament.

In his diary, which he kept for forty years, he often speaks of defects, and urges himself up to an entire consecration—a fuller trust in God—greater diligence in his Master's service, and more of the gentleness and forbearance of Christ. His careful eye detected what others saw not; for his life was remarkably free from those excrescences which deform the characters of many even good men.

His ministry was in conformity with such a character and life. His people never felt that the week and the Sabbath clashed; that the pulpit and the street widely separated, the one doing violence to the other. His most intimate friends never placed the home and the prayer-meeting in unhappy contrast.

Those but slightly acquainted with Mr. Savage might have supposed that indifference to passing events and opinions of others was the occasion of his equanimity. Not so; he possessed a most sensitive nature. It was inseparable from his constitution. He was keenly alive to the treatment which he received from others, and in some instances he regarded himself as greatly wronged. Yet who ever heard a word of ill-will escape his lips, or the name of another used in a disparaging manner? And what is more remarkable, no such allusion deforms the pages of his diary. He seemed anxious to *forget* as well as *forgive*. He was a worthy example of that "charity which seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil."

One long acquainted with him says, "I have especially noted and admired his leaning toward young ministers. It was most kind and fatherly. They were sure of his

sympathy. No candidate for licensure or ordination could ever forget it. He felt that he was only an elder brother.

Mr. Savage was truly catholic. No narrow bands of sect or party could shut in the feelings of his large heart. He loved all good men. He delighted to dwell on the virtues of others,—on the faults of none. Who ever heard him expatiate on the defects of other men? No mean jealousies rankled in his heart."

Another remarks, "In several respects Brother Savage was a remarkable man, especially so in his ardent and well balanced temperament. Grace and nature united to make a rare combination of all the virtues belonging to a christian gentleman. He had the courtesy of manner and of the heart.

"Man universal he had a natural love for, and this led to that marked attention which he always gave to friends and to strangers. He was likewise unselfish, and had a cheerful readiness to do anything which would help the cause of humanity or of Christ. He was unambitious, and thought much less of his reputation and his position than of the great interests of his Master's cause. With a trustful and confiding faith in the arrangements of Providence, he was willing to labor where God had appointed his mission. He was ready to take his part on all public occasions without inquiring whether his was a position of honor.

"He was trustful and a firm believer in the doctrine that God would take care of his own children and supply their needful wants."

In these respects he was a model for the young—a pattern for the christian, and an example to be imitated by that profession to which he was an ornament.

2. Mr. Savage was discriminating in his judgment of men. He read human nature more accurately than most

supposed. He was so careful of his words that some imagined he had no thoughts. But the reverse was true. He has left on record his opinion of Southern men and institutions.

In 1824 he wrote in his diary, "The population at the South are totally indifferent to the subject of religion, and many who profess it are very poor examples of its power. If I were to state what appeared to me the prominent failure of professing christians at the South, I should say it was an extreme attention to the things in themselves indifferent, and neglect of the weightier matters of the law,—the broad principles of christian charity and love. Consequently the cut of a coat or the trimming of a bonnet are viewed as important as a christian grace or virtue.

"Of the morals of the people, generally speaking, there is a want of punctuality in the transactions of business and a disregard of the sacredness of a promise.

"The great cause of this laxity of morals in that country is *slavery*. This destroys industry, hardens the heart, embitters domestic life, and is the scourge of society."

The fact that this was written more than forty years ago, before the subject of slavery had been agitated, shows a power of discrimination in advance of that day, but which subsequent events have abundantly confirmed.

3. Mr. Savage was a very accurate scholar. He commenced in childhood, and gave to the pursuit of learning his undivided attention. He excelled, perhaps, in the classics, but was familiar with the best models of his native tongue. His habits thus early formed, shaped his whole life. He wrote in a style at once clear, beautiful and impressive. There was no redundancy of words and never an inelegant expression; even in extemporaneous address, his language was select. He frequently enriched his ser-

mons from the best English authors. His library, not large, was well read.

Still, though he regarded a thorough education of such high importance, yet, in his judgment, there was another still more so. After listening to a sermon from a brother who had not enjoyed the advantages of a liberal education he wrote, "I wish to feel more deeply that it is not learning nor great talents that God uses to do good, so much as humble piety. 'The excellency of the power is of God and not of man.'" It is a happy thought that these brethren, we trust, have now met in that presence where the inequalities of human learning are lost in the knowledge of Christ Jesus.

4. As a preacher, Brother Savage was practical and impressive. He did not dwell so much on the distinctive doctrines of the gospel as many preachers. He did not preach theology as a system. Yet he preached salvation only by the cross. But its doctrines were mingled with precept as the leaven pervades the mass in which it is hidden. They appeared not as the veins penetrate the marble, but as the painter's color shades the whole.

In the early part of his ministry he wrote his sermons and read them. I think he seldom extemporized. But the manner of his reading was so free, so unlike reading, so far removed from monotony and uttered with a voice of so wide compass, and which even in a whisper would fill the house, that he was always interesting and impressive.

I attended his ministry for years, but never knew him dull in the utterance of his sermon. He felt an interest in it himself, and threw that interest into the hearts of his hearers. Indeed, I have long regarded him as one of the most eloquent speakers to whom I ever listened.

One already quoted, says, "My earliest recollections of

Mr. Savage go back to the first years of his ministry in Bedford. The impression that he made on my young heart in his exchanges with my pastor was that he was a powerful and pathetic preacher. He lodged his texts, subjects and manner firmly in my memory. They are as fresh as the things of yesterday. In the revivals of thirty years ago I remember him as one of the most active of laborers. He never seemed more at home, and joyous, than in the enquiry room. So earnest, affectionate and persuasive was he that he drew all our hearts towards himself and his Savior." He further adds, "He strongly preferred to dwell on the bright side of things. He was no complainer, no misanthrope. Under God he was ever hopeful. His spirit and experience were sunny. Who can ever forget his interest in the Psalms of David, in the glowing words of Paul and John, and the profound emotion with which he read them?"

Another clergyman whose acquaintance ran back more than a quarter of a century, in summing up his character both as a christian and a minister, says, "He was one of the brightest examples of christian cheerfulness, hopefulness, buoyancy, courtesy and kindness that it was ever my privilege to know.

"It was these natural virtues and depth of sensibility, refined by his education and piety, that gave to his public utterances, at times, a most tender and melting pathos. I have often listened to Brother Savage when he seemed to have lifted the floodgates of his heart and poured upon his audience the whole tide of his own refined sensibilities, without one particle of reserve, carrying us along with the strong current of his emotions.

"It was here that his strength as a preacher lay. It was this fullness of experience that gave a freshness and rhetorical force to all he said.

"He was well versed in all that kind of literature which dealt with the sensibilities of the heart. His expressions were therefore often choice and touching. He breathed out his own emotions in the most classic language of the ages."

Another speaking of Mr. Savage, both as a christian and minister, remarks, "As pastor of a neighboring church and co-Presbyter, I knew him well, and knew but to love him. His great kindness of heart, uniform urbanity and complete transparency of character, I appreciated highly. "An Israelite indeed in whom is no guile," may emphatically be said of him. "Thinketh no evil," was one of his prominent characteristics. Diffusing sunshine around him, he was ever welcome in the private study, social circle, and ecclesiastical body. Rejoicing in the happiness of others, he was forgetful of self.

"With nice discrimination and memory faithful, he was accustomed, both in and out of the pulpit, to draw at will from a wide range of learned authors, and in this it may be truly said:

'He all his peers in beauty did surpass.'"

It may be proper to add that although Mr. Savage excelled as a classical scholar, and though he quoted freely, yet in public, it was always from *English authors*.

5. Brother Savage loved the work of the ministry. He often speaks in his diary of finding increasing delight in the service, and of the great importance of being prepared, both by study and the discipline of the heart, for the pulpit. And most certainly in one very important respect, he gave himself wholly to it. He knew nothing but what was essential to the office. And after he became a pastor he did nothing else.

Indeed, it was a matter of surprise how a man could live seventy years, and be pastor of a country church forty, and know so little about the affairs of common life.

It was this love to the ministry, the importance which he attached to the work and his singleness of aim in its prosecution, together with his varied learning and retentive memory, which summoned at the moment the best thoughts of our best authors, which often gave peculiar adaptedness to his sermons, and frequently made him most happy in extemporaneous address. A startling thought—a terse sentence—the line of a hymn—or a text of scripture, would often drop in a manner both to surprise and delight the hearer.

As an example of this power, take the following fact: Near the close of his ministry, when on an exchange with a neighboring pastor, he spent the season between the services with an old friend. The great changes which had occurred in the church and the ministry was the subject of remark. The fading nature of all things earthly impressed him. Eternity was brought near. The sermon for the afternoon received its shade from this train of reflection. He took for his text, "We all do fade as a leaf." From these words he discoursed upon the law of change—its certainty—its silence—its progress—its results.

"Change is the divine law, the only earthly permanence; the pencil that paints the autumn leaf is silent as the dew of evening. The seasons move on,—the furrow which mars the cheek of beauty completes its work." His eye then swept around the field where his companions had lived, labored and died. "The fervid Merrill—the decided Cutler—laborious Parker—earnest Smith—the strong-minded Burgess—logical Whiton—and the urbane Bradford—with others of like devotion, had all faded like the leaf, at the touch of the frost king."

Then with a power and a pathos peculiarly his own, he said—

"I feel like one who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed."

I will not attempt to reproduce the scene which occurred at Milford, at the meeting of County Conference, when Brother Savage officiated at the communion table; none, who were present, can ever forget it. Nor will I attempt to repeat the prayer offered by him in the Franklin Street church, Manchester, during the meeting of General Association, when he quoted with such thrilling effect, in thanksgiving for the recent outpouring of the spirit, the words of David:

"Thou visitest the earth and waterest it—Thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God which is full of water—Thou crownest the year with thy goodness, and thy paths drop fatness—They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness, and the little hills rejoice on every side."

We have now noticed some of those more prominent traits of character which endeared our departed brother to a wide circle of friends, and gave him his peculiar power in the pulpit.

Those familiar with Mr. Savage have not failed to notice as his sun was sinking in the West, that his piety became more tender and deep. His fervency in prayer increased. While his health remained good, and he was still about his Master's work,—while he was cheerful as ever, yet the autumnal tinge gathered upon his spirit—beautiful, but it told of winter.

He often spoke upon the changes of life,—of himself as the last of his early ministerial circle,—of the certainty of a not distant departure.

His sermons and prayers partook of this spirit. The

poetry which he quoted possessed a similar mellow tinge: but all was cheerful.

Indeed, I never saw him otherwise. During the forty years of our acquaintance, I never saw the shadow of a cloud resting upon his sunny spirit.

The closing period of his life seemed like the evening of a summer's day, when all is calm and quiet; when the sun painting in beauty and brightness the hillside, the horizon, the cloud lingering near, forming a golden pathway in which to sink to rest.

It was painful to him to lay aside the work of the ministry. But as his fortieth anniversary drew near, he became convinced that the same Master who called him to the work, bade him retire. He prepared a sermon for the occasion on the text, "And thou shalt remember all the ways which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years."

In this sermon he reviewed his long pastorate, recounted the dealings of God with him and his people, ascribing all honor to sovereign grace for the success which had attended his ministry. This was his last written sermon. He closed with some lines which, for beauty and adaptedness, are seldom surpassed:

"Let me go, the day is breaking,
  Earthly scenes are fading fast;
Joys that were my heart's awaking,
  Hopes and fears are with the past.
Earthly visions now are darkling,
  And the city's golden glow
Gleams before me, pure and sparkling
  In the distance. Let me go."

He now resigned his pastorate, to take effect when a successor might be obtained. The occasion was observed a few weeks later by the people of his charge, when a purse of twelve hundred dollars was presented to him. It was a fitting tribute fittingly received. He rendered every assistance in procuring a successor, and took part in the in-

stallation services. Indeed, he continued to preach most of the time up to the period of his death. Only a single Sabbath intervened between his labor and his rest.

His health remained as usual until Wednesday, the second of May ; though fifteen months previous his vigorous constitution received a shock from which he never fully recovered. The progress of the disease was rapid. One week closed the scene. During his sickness he spoke freely of his departure, and always with the same calm trust which had marked his whole christian life. He died early Tuesday morning. During the night previous, which was one of great suffering, he often exclaimed : "Oh, the goodness of God ;" "My trust is in the Savior." His wife repeated to him the twenty-third Pslam, which afforded great consolation. On the Thursday following his remains were committed to the dust in the hope of a blessed resurrection.

Thus closed the earthly career of one whose life was without a stain, and whose memory is treasured with no regret. And truly the memory of such a life is blessed. Blessed as a source of heavenly consolation to his afflicted companion,—blessed as an inheritance richer than gold to his children,—blessed as a teacher both by precept and christian manhood to his people,—blessed as an example worthy of imitation to his ministerial brethren, and blessed as a power of lasting good to a wide circle of friends.

Nothing short of the records of eternity can unfold the influence of such a pastorate. For forty years its gentle pressure rested upon thousands of hearts. It was interwoven with the threads of thousands of lives. It shaped destinies for time and eternity. It has passed into history,—God only can read it.

Brethren in Christ, for the gift of such a minister, render praise to Almighty God. Most of you have known no

other pastor excepting the few months of his worthy successor. Your childhood, youth, manhood, have received the impress of his instructions and example. Many of you he has baptized, both parents and children, and received you to the fold of the church.

Brethren, cherish the memory of your late pastor as a precious gift from God, and follow him so far as he followed the Lord Jesus.

It is possible that some who have sat these many years under the instructions of our deceased brother have not accepted the offers of grace. My friends, the sound of that voice to which you so long listened is hushed in the silence of the grave. Its soft echo, however, lingers within these walls. Oh, ere that echo dies, accept the offer of pardon.

Dr. Payson, as he lay dying, directed this label to be placed on his breast at his funeral: "Remember the words which I spake unto you, while I was yet present with you." All who came to look upon the face of that holy man, received this admonition from his silent lips; so would I have you remember the words of your departed friend. Remember them as you think of his example,—as you recall his tenderness in this sanctuary. Remember them as you visit his grave,—as you look forward to meeting him at the judgment.

On yonder hill-side sleep the remains of your late pastor. Around his grave is a great company to whom he preached the gospel. Did any of them hear in vain? Suppose the pastor could meet them once more in a world of probation, how would he preach and how would they hear? So let his memory proclaim the words of eternal life, and so listen that your soul may live.

The Reverend Thomas Savage is *dead*. That name so long associated with this church and this town is blotted

from the records of the living. But though *dead*, he *lives*. *Lives* in the hearts of his afflicted companion and fatherless children. *Lives* in the memory of this people. *Lives* in the recollection of hundreds who received at this altar their first religious impressions, and have gone forth to perform life's work in other parts of our land.

> "He is not lost; he is within the door
> That shuts out loss, and every hurtful thing,
> With angels bright and loved ones gone before,
> In their Redeemer's presence evermore
> And God himself, their Lord and Judge and King."

Memorial

OF

HON. JACOB R. WORTENDYKE.

DISCOURSE

In Memory of

HON. JACOB R. WORTENDYKE,

DELIVERED IN THE

SECOND REFORMED CHURCH, JERSEY CITY,

DECEMBER 20th, 1868.

AND REPEATED BY REQUEST IN THE CONGREGATIONAL TABERNACLE,
JANUARY 17, 1869.

BY HIS PASTOR,

REV. P. D. VAN CLEEF, D. D.

NEW YORK:
BOARD OF PUBLICATION OF REFORMED CHURCH IN AMERICA,
103 FULTON STREET.
1869.

CORRESPONDENCE.

JERSEY CITY, December 21, 1868.

REV. P. D. VAN CLEEF, D. D.

Dear Sir:—Many of the friends and professional associates of the late Hon. J. R. Wortendyke, having expressed an earnest wish for the publication of the Memorial Discourse delivered by you on Sunday the 20th inst., will you kindly furnish a copy to the undersigned for that purpose, at your earliest convenience.

Very respectfully yours,

A. O. ZABRISKIE,
WIILLIAM H. CAMPBELL,
W. B. WILLIAMS,
JACOB WEART,
I. I. VANDERBECK,
BENNINGTON F. RANDOLPH,
I. W. SCUDDER,
M. BAILEY,
A. S. WHITON,
THOMAS M GOPSILL,
WILLIAM BRINKERHOFF,
A. A. LUTKINS.

JERSEY CITY, January 28, 1869.

HON. A. O. ZABRISKIE AND OTHERS:

Gentlemen:—Your favor of December 21st has just been received, having been withheld, as I am informed, until a subsequent request for a repetition of the discourse could be complied with. The manuscript is now placed at your disposal in the hope that its publication may prove useful. I take this opportunity to acknowledge the kindness of friends, and especially of Jacob Weart, Esq., in furnishing me with dates, facts, and suggestions of value in preparing this memorial.

With great respect, yours truly,

P. D. VAN CLEEF.

DISCOURSE.

"For none of us liveth unto himself, and no man dieth unto himself. For whether we live we live unto the Lord, and whether we die we die unto the Lord; whether we live, therefore, or die, we are the Lord's." —ROMANS 14: 7, 8.

PHILOSOPHERS tell us that in the world of matter all bodies are subject to the laws of mutual attraction and repulsion. The stars that fill the vault of heaven, the drops that make the ocean, the atoms that form the universe, are all controlled by a simple but mysterious power that renders the perfect isolation of even a grain of sand impossible. That the same law prevails in the world of mind seems to be taught in the words of our text: "No man liveth unto himself, and no man dieth unto himself." Every individual of the race possesses an unconscious influence, which he is constantly exerting for good or evil. His daily life sheds around him the wholesome fragrance of the pine, or the deadly poison of the Upas. Some one, it may be but a little child, will be affected by our example, or our words, and we know how often that prophecy has been fulfilled, "a little child shall lead them." We cannot, if we would, live unto ourselves.

Neither can any human being die unto himself. He may fall unseen, "unwept, unhonored, and unsung." but when he drops like a pebble into the ocean of eternity, a little ripple is created which must forever widen toward the limitless shore. Some, wrapped up

in the chrysalis of their own selfishness, never become conscious of this truth, and therefore fail to recognize their responsibility to God and their fellow-men. The Apostle in the text speaks of regenerated men who have come to realize that they are not their own, and who feel the generous power of an unselfish principle. That principle is the religion of the Gospel, which shows us the true relations which we sustain to God, and to our fellow men; awakens a sense of personal accountability for our influence; restores the bonds of universal brotherhood among men which sin has broken asunder; banishes selfishness from the heart and teaches us that we can never be truly happy, or secure the grand object of our being, until we begin to live for the welfare of our fellow men, and the glory of God. When the mind has been enlightened by the truths of revelation, and the heart has been renewed by the Holy Spirit, a man cannot live unto himself. The love of Christ constrains him. He must do something for others, and his influence will be directed into useful and beneficent channels by the power of a consecrated will.

The religion of Christ, then, is necessarily unselfish. The first element of this unselfishness is the grutuitous nature of the plan of salvation as it regards the sinner.

The great central doctrine of the Gospel is, "By grace are ye saved, through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God." Salvation for lost men has been procured by the most stupendous act of self-sacrifice that could possibly be performed. There was no glory like that which the Son of God laid aside, no humiliation like that which he suffered for our redemption. But the sinner receives his own salvation, so dearly purchased, as a free gift. He must accept it

without money and without price, or not at all. He cannot buy the bread of life with gold. He cannot win heaven by good deeds. The glory of the Christian religion is, that its blessings are above all human valuation. They are the streams that flow from the fountain of infinite, unmerited love. Therefore, when a man becomes a true Christian, however proud and self-sufficient he may have been before, he speaks of himself as a sinner saved by grace. He is a freedman, a redeemed captive, who owes his liberty and his life to the self-sacrifice of One who loved him, and gave himself for his ransom. He is a brand plucked from the burning by the hand of divine compassion, as wonderful as it was undeserved. Now this doctrine of free grace, and a gratuitous salvation, must produce a practical principle of unselfishness in all who feel the power of the Gospel on their hearts. And here is the infallible test of genuine piety: "The love of Christ constraineth us; because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then were all dead; and that he died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them, and rose again." Thus true religion becomes the brightest ornament of human character, and a Christian is recognized as the highest style of man.

Another element in the unselfishness of the religion of Christ is the demand for self-sacrifice, which He makes upon all his followers.

"If any man will come after me let him deny himself." When a man becomes a Christian, he ceases to be his own in any sense whatever. He has abjured all allegiance to the idol *self*, which, like Dagon, falls to the ground broken and despised, and sworn fealty to his Lord and Master Jesus Christ, who is henceforth

exalted on the throne of his affections. He ceases to be his own master or his own slave. He was once altogether selfish. He sought his own personal enjoyment in all the relations of life. In business he labored to amass a fortune in the shortest space of time, that he might retire to revel in luxury and pleasure. As a public man, he aspired to place and power for the gratification of vanity, or ambition, or avarice. In his profession he forgot all others in the one absorbing effort to advance his own interests. But his eyes have been opened, and he beholds himself as a miserable idolater. A sense of shame, and guilt, and want, drives him at length to the cross of Christ for relief, and there he hears the demand which at first seems so harsh—"deny thyself, take up thy cross." He submits to the Saviour's yoke, and soon discovers the strange truth, which the world is so slow to learn, that happiness must be found, not in self-indulgence, but in *self-denial*, and henceforth his life becomes an unselfish, consecrated, living sacrifice to God.

A third element in the unselfishness of the religion of Christ is the example of the Master, which every Christian is bound to follow.

Our blessed Redeemer not only died to secure for his people a right to eternal life, but lived to give them a pattern for their daily life on earth. And who can contemplate the divine example without feeling the glow of admiration kindling into a strong desire to imitate the faultless model. "He came not to be ministered unto, but to minister." He went about doing good. The labor of his life was love. Through self-denial, and weariness, and persecution, and suffering, and death, he accomplished the mission of mercy for which he left the bosom of the Father. His career

on earth was one of unselfish devotion to the welfare of man, and the glory of his Father. One thought of self never entered his pure mind. Behold him at Jacob's well, wearied, and thirsty, and hungry; yet he seems not to hear the entreaties of his disciples, who have brought food, and press him, saying, "Master, eat," for his holy soul is burning with compassion for the poor sinner before him, whom he came to seek and to save. Such is the example which every Christian is bound by the most tender obligations to follow. It is his duty, nay, more, it is his pleasure and his heart's desire to grow into the likeness of his Redeemer; to manifest the lovely graces of his character; to walk in his radiant footsteps here on earth, expecting that happy day when he shall "see him as he is," and be "changed into the same image from glory to glory." With such an exemplar before him, and such a motive to copy it, how can a sincere follower of Christ live unto himself? If he lives, he must live unto the Lord who bought him.

And the close of an unselfish life, how beautiful! The Christian dies unto the Lord. Consecrated in life he is owned in death, for "precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." They sleep in Jesus, and shall awake in his likeness. "Whether we live, therefore, or die, we are the Lord's."

> "Is that a death-bed where the Christian lies?
> Yes, but not his: 'T is death itself there dies."

I have chosen this theme as an appropriate introduction to the sketch, now to be presented, of the life and character of one who, in an eminent degree, illustrated in his whole career the beautiful words of our text.

Jacob Rynier Wortendyke was born at Pascack,

Bergen County, N. J., Nov. 27, 1818, and died Nov. 7th, 1868. He was descended from a respectable Holland ancestry, of which he was justly proud. From early childhood he manifested a seriousness and solidity of mind, and an eagerness in the pursuit of knowledge remarkable for one of so tender an age. He seldom played with other boys, preferring to be alone with his books. Nor was this aversion to mere sport owing to dulness, or a feeble constitution, for he possessed an active mind in a sound body, but it was a characteristic of his nature which marked his whole life. When a mere child he was often overheard at prayer in his room, and he perused with delight those works on practical religion in which very young persons are not apt to be interested. This early seriousness was the germ of that vigorous Christian life which afterward yielded such precious and solid fruit. His love of knowledge led to a rapid mental development, and at the age of *thirteen* he was placed in charge of the district school at the Ponds, a position for which he was selected by his teacher, and which, on account of his extreme youth, he accepted only after the most urgent solicitations. But a mind like his could not be satisfied with the limited advantages afforded by the country schools at that time, and he soon fixed his heart on a college education. He found many difficulties in his way, but he surmounted them all, and entered upon a preparatory course of study in the classics, which he commenced under the Rev. Isaac D. Cole, at Tappantown, subsequently pursued in the school of Mr. A. Dockson at Paterson, and finished at home under the care of his pastor, the Rev. John Manly. Mr. Manly says of him, that he was "a diligent student, always prepared with his lessons, upright

and gentle in his behavior, serious and thoughtful, characterized by frankness, truthfulness, and honesty of purpose." In the fall of 1837, he entered the junior class of Rutgers College, and in due time graduated with honor, bearing with him the respect and affection of his classmates, and the high esteem of his instructors. As he had fixed his heart on a liberal education, he did not slight his work or waste his time. One of his college companions, and a life-long friend, states that "whatever belongs to a good student was found in Mr. Wortendyke. He was thorough, patient, persevering. He was not satisfied with dim views of a subject, but worked at it until it became clear in his own mind. He was an uncompromising enemy of the superficial in education." His industry and conscientious devotion to the duties of the college gave him a high standing in every department, but he particularly excelled in the severer studies of philosophy and mathematics. His Professor in the latter branches, the venerable Theodore Strong, LL. D., ever cherished a warm regard for his favorite pupil, and when informed of his death, pronounced a high eulogy upon his character and attainments. Upon leaving college, the ancestral farm invited him to the toils and rewards of husbandry. His parents thought he had education enough, and were very anxious that he should become a farmer; but he had tasted the sweets of classical learning, and a professional career was the only one that now presented for him sufficient attractions. He selected the honorable profession of the Law, and being now twenty-one years of age, he set out with a self-reliant spirit to reach the goal of his ambition. To acquire the necessary resources to carry him through his professional studies, he devoted himself to teach-

ing, a work in which he became so deeply interested that he continued in it a much longer time than was required to attain the special object which at first he had in view. He taught at Piermont, at Saddle River, at Hackensack, and at Spring Valley, devoting in all about ten years to the cause of education, during which time he prepared many young men for college. As a teacher, he was thorough and faithful, a rigid disciplinarian, and withal popular. The youth of Bergen County sought the benefit of his severe mental training, and there are not a few in the various professions who attribute much of their success in life to his instructions and example. This fidelity to his pupils was ever afterward shown in the frequent and thorough examinations with which he favored the law students in his own office, and even in the carefully-written preparations which he always made for the youth whom he taught in the Sunday school. While at Hackensack, engaged in teaching, and reading law at the same time in the office of M. M. Knapp, Esq., he also undertook the study of the Hebrew language, with the assistance of the Rev. John S. Mabon, a distinguished scholar and divine, and mastered it so far as to translate the Book of Genesis into English. His friend, Garret G. Ackerson, Esq., with whom he boarded, says that Jacob used to spend the most of his evenings in the study of Mr. Mabon, where he reveled in the luxury of books. He remarked to his friend that he never felt happier in his life than when he found himself able to read the Old Testament scriptures in the very words of inspiration.

Superficial students may ask, of what advantage is Hebrew to a lawyer? Everything is of use to the true scholar, who knows what to do with it. A strong

mental digestion will assimilate all kinds of intellectual aliment. Mr. Wortendyke felt that whatever came within the domain of knowledge belonged of right to him. He laid his hand upon it and made it his own. His aim was not to reach his profession with as little study as possible, but to levy contributions on all the sources of information within his reach. He gathered the honey of truth from every flower that grew along his pathway. It was doubtless owing to this thorough intellectual preparation that he was afterward enabled to rise so rapidly to eminence in his profession, and to maintain that position which was ever accorded to him by his brethren of the bar. One serious fault of our times is an undue haste on the part of young men in entering upon the responsibilities of professional life; and to this evil may be traced the early failure of many an ambitious aspirant. The laws of New Jersey wisely demand from regular graduates of colleges a three years' course of reading, and from others an additional year, before entering upon the practice of law; and this high standard of qualification for admission has doubtless contributed greatly to secure for the bar of our State that elevated character which it has always maintained, and to furnish from its ranks candidates for the judiciary who have worn their unsullied robes with distinguished honor, and enrolled their names among the most profound jurists of the land.

Mr. Wortendyke might have found a shorter road to the bar, but would he then have won for himself at the age of fifty as solid a reputation and as wide an influence as he enjoyed at the time of his death? The years devoted to preparation for life's stern duties are not thrown away. The moments occupied in the

athletic contest bear a small proportion to the months which have been spent in training for it; but it is the training that secures the prize. "I care not," said Milton, "how late I enter upon active life, so that I am fitted for it."

On the 10th of December, 1850, Mr. Wortendyke entered as a student the office of the Hon. A. O. Zabriskie, in this city, with whom he completed the required course, and was admitted to the bar at the February term in 1853. On the 2d of the following June he was married to Susan Jane, daughter of Mr. Nicholas Doremus, of Pompton Plains. He immediately formed a partnership with his late preceptor, which continued until toward the close of his service as a member of Congress. Owing to the interruption in his professional duties occasioned by his absence in Washington, he did not take his license as counsellor until February, 1860. Thus at the ripe age of thirty-five, with a mind thoroughly disciplined by classical and mathematical studies, and liberalised by familiarity with those grand principles of equity which lie at the foundation of English and American jurisprudence, and form the basis of social order and civil government, with deep religious convictions, an enlightened conscience and a laudable ambition, he entered upon that battle of life for which he had been so long under training; and as might be expected success crowned his entrance upon the arena. A large and lucrative practice at once rewarded his exertions. He was not under the necessity of seeking clients, they came to him because they reposed confidence both in his ability and his honesty, and he thus secured a business which suited his tastes, and comported with the dignity of his character.

Those qualities which made Mr. Wortendyke successful as a lawyer, commended him also to responsible positions in public life. He was elected an alderman of the city in the spring of 1856. In November of the same year he was chosen to represent the fifth district in the Thirty-fifth Congress, and took his seat in December of the following year. As a representative in the councils of the nation he manifested a watchful interest in public affairs, served on important Committees, and while realizing that he was a legislator for the whole country, neglected no duty to the people of his own State and district. While in Congress he gained the respect and friendship of some of the most eminent men of the country, who discovered his solid qualities, and regretted his disappearance so soon from the halls of legislation.

After his return from Washington he was elected a Water Commissioner in the spring of 1860, and the next spring was made President of the Board, which position he held for about three years. He was again appointed a member of the Board in 1866, and in 1868 made its President, and occupied this important office at the time of his death. The people of Jersey City can never fully realize the debt of gratitude they owe to Mr. Wortendyke as a leading manager of this great public work, upon which the comfort, health and safety of our city so largely depend. For four years his services were gratuitous, and the vast amount of labor which he performed may be ascertained, in part, from an examination of his official reports. He made a thorough investigation into the financial affairs of the Board from the very commencement of the works, and placed them upon a sound and enduring basis. He spent at one time the evenings of six consecutive

weeks in this laborious service for the public welfare, without fee or reward.

In 1865 he was elected President of the Fifth Ward Savings Bank, in which office he also rendered valuable gratuitous service to the poor laboring people of our city.

By an act of the Legislature, approved April 11, 1864, the Governor, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, appointed six Riparian Commissioners to ascertain the property of the State in lands under water. Of this commission Mr. Wortendyke was made President. The duties assigned required a great amount of labor and care, no small share of which necessarily devolved upon him. His extensive acquaintance with the legal principles, and the historical facts bearing upon the questions at issue, eminently qualified him for the position, and guaranteed a successful and satisfactory completion of the work. A reference to the reports, maps, and surveys on file at Trenton will show the time and skill which he must have devoted to this important enterprise, which has added greatly to the material revenues of the State. He was also at the time of his death one of three commissioners, with Ex-Governor Haines and Ex-Governor Olden, to determine the value of the Harsimus Cove property, in which so many important questions and interests are involved.

Besides these valuable contributions of time and labor to the material welfare of the community, Mr. Wortendyke has rendered most important service in the cause of education. His experience as an educator qualified him to become an efficient manager of important institutions of learning, and Providence called him to a sphere where he found ample scope

for his great abilities in this department of usefulness.

On the 8th of April, 1862, he was elected a member of the Board of Trustees of Rutgers College. To some men a position in such a body is almost a sinecure, but it was not such to him. His ability and willingness to work always gave him the laboring oar. "For the benefit of the College," says President Campbell, "he regarded neither his time nor his money. In the endowment of the College he labored most assiduously; a very considerable amount was raised by his own personal solicitations, and his advice was asked and constantly given in the prosecution of the work. He was a most efficient member of that large and influential committee of gentlemen who managed the business of the endowment, and to whose liberality, wisdom, and unwearied diligence its success is attributable, and of that committee no one will hesitate to give Mr. Wortendyke a place among the most worthy. He was a member of the Finance Committee which has the whole charge of the moneyed affairs of the institution, investing all the funds, and preparing exhibits of its pecuniary condition. The responsibilities of this Committee are immense, and its labors are rendered gratuitously, and so successful have the affairs of the College been conducted by them that it has never lost a dollar by a bad investment." He also labored to make the course of instruction as extensive and thorough as possible. He was at the same time deeply interested in the State Scientific School in connection with Rutgers College, and his aim, as I have heard him say, was to make the curriculum of studies in this institution equal to that at West Point.

He was also one of the Board of Managers of the

Geological Survey, and was appointed by the original act of the Legislature. "Deeply interested," says Professor George H. Cook, "in whatever concerned the welfare of his native State, he thoroughly appreciated the influence of this work, and gave his earnest efforts and attention to it. With a comprehensive view of the influence of New Jersey in the United States, from its central location and its natural advantages, he had high hopes and aspirations for it in the future. And now, as this great public work was about closing, he was planning with a just pride to shape its results so as to make it a lasting benefit to the State." It will be very difficult to find a man who can fill Mr. Wortendyke's place in the management of our literary institutions in New Brunswick. "It is my impression," says Professor Demarest, "that useful as he had already become to the College, his usefulness had only just commenced. He was devoting a great deal of time and work at the period of his lamented death to the affairs of the institution. He was on most important committees, and we all relied on him greatly. We know that we shall miss him, but alas! we cannot tell how much. He loved his Alma Mater, and the service he rendered her was a service of generous and loyal affection."

In addition to his public duties Mr. Wortendyke was entrusted with the settlement of many estates, and the guardianship of numerous orphan children. In the execution of these trusts he was accustomed to go far beyond the strict demands of professional obligation in acts of personal kindness. He manifested more of the interest and care of a parent than of the cold fidelity of a legal protector. Hence those who had committed their affairs into his hands loved as

well as confided in him. The following extract from a letter of condolence written to his widow by an invalid father for whose child Mr. Wortendyke was guardian, is but one of many similar outpourings of grief over his loss: "In the death of Mr. Wortendyke I have lost my dearest and best friend. I know not whom to go to now for advice and consolation with the same confidence I had in him. My dear wife during her lifetime loved and respected him as a child would a father, and in accordance with her feelings, as well as my own, I appointed him my executor as well as the guardian of my dear boy. I little thought when he so generously accepted the trust that he would be taken away so soon. Being a great invalid I naturally thought that he would long survive me. His death is to me a great affliction. It was my almost daily consolation to think that when I was taken away I had a guardian and protector of my child and my affairs in so good a man."

But with all his professional engagements, and his public duties to the State and to society at large, Mr. Wortendyke found time and strength to devote to the service of the church. He made a public profession of religion in this church at the October Communion in 1858. The next spring he was chosen to fill the unexpired term in the eldership of the lamented Lewis F. Day. The following year he was elected for the full term, and after an interval of two years was again chosen for two successive terms, so that he has served in this office nearly seven out of the ten years of his connection with the church. It is seldom in our branch of the Church that one is so soon appointed to the eldership, or retained in that office so many successive years. It is proof of the confidence his breth-

ren reposed in his intelligent Christian character. As a church officer he was diligent and faithful, always in his seat in the sanctuary and at the meetings of Consistory, except when sickness or imperative duties away from home necessitated his absence. His counsels were most valuable, and his labor was cheerfully performed. As an instance of his conscientiousness in attending to his duties, I may mention that he came to the last Consistory meeting that he ever attended in great bodily suffering, but remained until the business was concluded, when it was found necessary to convey him home in a carriage. It will ever be a matter of pleasant reflection to his brethren that the evening of his last working day on earth was spent with them at the house of his pastor, in business pertaining to the interests of this church. He was eminently qualified for the office of elder, being well versed in the Scriptures, the catechism and the confession of faith, and cherishing an exalted idea of the responsibilities and duties of church officers. He ruled well his own house, trained his children in the fear of God, and warmly co-operated with his pastor in their catechetical instruction. He was in walk and conversation "an ensample to the flock."

Mr. Wortendyke's usefulness in the church as an elder was not limited to this congregation. He was alive to all that concerned the denomination, and the whole Church of Christ. He was a member of the General Synod of 1860, and of 1866, where I had the pleasure, on both occasions, of sitting with him as a delegate, and I know that he was always listened to with the greatest attention and respect. He was placed on the two most important committees, that of the Professorate, and that on the change of name,

where he occupied precisely the same position with the venerable Dr. De Witt. As a member of the Board of Publication, and one of its Executive Committee, he also did good service to the church. Had he lived, his influence throughout the denomination would doubtless have become very great. He was rapidly gaining in the Church a reputation like that so long enjoyed by Theodore Frelinghuysen and the venerable Ex-Governor Vroom, whom he so strongly resembled in the integrity and purity of his character, and like that of other eminent men now active in the various branches of the Church of Christ, whose useful lives show that the great lights of the Law may shine with equal splendor in the ecclesiastical firmament.

Some of the most eminent elders in our various church courts have been lawyers and judges, equally eminent at the bar and on the bench. And so it should be. The links that unite the legal and the sacred professions should be kept brightly polished by friendly intercourse, and united labors for the welfare of man. If of Law it can be said, "her seat is the bosom of God," she must be near of kin to Theology. The Bar of America has not only, as remarked by Attorney-General Brewster of Pennsylvania, "held the same relative position to civil liberty and political civilization that the clergy bore to religious civilization in Europe when she rose from a condition of barbarism," but it has furnished many great and good men, who have gone hand in hand with the clergy in the holy cause of civilization and Christianity.

From this hasty glance at the public services of Mr. Wortendyke, we see that he did not live for himself. He made no parade, but he filled a very large place, and exerted an extensive influence both in the state

and in the church. In his death New Jersey has lost one of her best citizens—one of her most useful men, one of those pillars on which the fabric of a prosperous and happy commonwealth must ever rest. Such men as Mr. Wortendyke, and Mr. Talcott, more recently deceased, are the foundation stones, not the mere ornamental cornices of society. When they die, their loss is not only perceived by the eye, but felt in the very heart of the community, and mourned by those who survive them.

> "Men of good lives,
> Who, by their virtuous actions, stir up others
> To noble and religious imitation,
> Receive the greater glory after death."

It would not be proper to conclude this discourse without attempting to point out in a more particular manner a few of the more striking traits in the character of our departed brother.

As a man, his most striking characteristic was *solidness*. Modest and unpretending, without dash or brilliancy of manner, he had to be known to be appreciated. He made no display of his learning, though it was varied and profound. Conscious of his own resources, he was yet always deferential, and appeared to esteem others better than himself. He was affectionate and confiding, kind and courteous, warm and constant in his friendship. He had those qualities which inspire confidence—such as strong common sense, a sound judgment, a remarkable freedom from prejudice or rashness, and, above all, incorruptible integrity. He formed his opinions with great care and deliberation, and nothing could turn him from the path which he believed to be right. He was the embodiment of truthfulness, and wherever he stood, in the church or in the state, he was a pillar of strength.

As a lawyer, he was well read, honest, incapable of meanness or trickery, enthusiastic, and ambitious of excellence in his profession, and ever faithful to his clients. His brethren of the bar, in their beautiful tribute to his memory, have said that "he believed fully, and was himself a shining example of the truth, that the bar is not to be deemed so much a business by which to attain wealth and position, as it is a branch of the administration of justice, and a buttress of the free institutions of our country," and they therefore earnestly commend his example to the youth who aspire to the honorable practice of the law, as worthy of all imitation. The bar of New Jersey has reason to cherish his memory as a bright exemplar of all that is dignified and worthy in the legal profession. No higher encomium can be paid to his professional standing among his brethren than a reference to the fact, that on the death of the Hon. E. B. Dayton Ogden, the members of the bar of this judicial district, without distinction of party, recommended his appointment as Justice of the Supreme Court, to fill the vacancy. It was no reflection upon their judgment of his fitness for the position that the commission went into other and equally able and worthy hands.

As a politician Mr. Wortendyke was universally regarded, even by his opponents, as honest and conscientious. He was strongly attached to his party, and always acted with it, although he sincerely condemned the proceedings of unprincipled partisans on either side, who sought to gain success by tampering with the purity of the ballot-box. He believed that his political creed was true, and therefore he maintained it, regardless of consequences, in his public addresses and by his votes, but he never misrepresented

the opinions of others, or spoke unkindly of those who differed from him. On account of his consistent adherence to his party he possessed the entire confidence of his political friends, who greatly admired him and sought to elevate him to positions of trust and honor. He was repeatedly urged to accept a nomination for Governor of the State, but he declined the tempting offer from a deeper affection for his family, and a regard for the claims of other and less prominent spheres of usefulness in which he felt that the Providence of God had placed him. But while a strict party man, he was not a politician in the ordinary sense of that term. He never sought office, and only accepted it when he was convinced that by so doing he could be useful. He took an interest in public affairs from a profound conviction that governments are ordained of God for the welfare of the people, and that they should be wisely and faithfully administered. He cherished a deep veneration for the Constitution, and a sincere love of the Union as essential to the success of the grand experiment of self-government on this continent. He conscientiously advocated what he considered to be the rights of all the States in the Union, and deprecated what he looked upon as tendencies to centralization, but he denied the right and condemned the folly and wickedness of secession, and loyally sustained the Government in suppressing rebellion, although he honestly and fearlessly expressed his dissent from some of the measures of the administration which he considered radical and dangerous, but which others with equal honesty defended as the necessary safeguards of liberty. Mr. Wortendyke was in all his sentiments eminently conservative, and his nature would not permit him to be otherwise, but he

was in every sense of the word a true patriot. He was a delegate to the National Democratic Convention in New York, on the 4th of July last, and took an active part in its proceedings. But amid all the excitements of that occasion he never forgot his duties as a Christian. When, wearied in mind and exhausted in body by the labors of the week, he returned to his home on Saturday night, it was to seek refreshment from his Bible, and strength and guidance at the throne of grace; and the Sabbath morning found him in his place in the sanctuary.

As a Christian I can speak of Mr. Wortendyke without reserve. In his early childhood and youth, during his college course, and subsequently while engaged in the instruction of the young, he maintained in private an exemplary Christian character. While teaching at Spring Valley and residing with Judge Voorhees, he was accustomed in the absence of the head of the household, to conduct family worship, and it is said that his prayers, even then, were marked by an unusual fulness and evangelical fervor. Although he did not make a public profession of religion until some time after his marriage, yet he set up the family altar in his house, and honored God as the head of a Christian household. His piety was not of the sentimental order. He made very little show of religious emotion, but those who were admitted to his confidence knew that beneath the calm surface there flowed a deep, warm, genial current of devotional feeling. His piety was eminently *doctrinal.* He believed in truth as the basis of all consistency and stability in Christian life, and laid great emphasis upon "a certain knowledge" as a constituent of faith. He loved the Word of God, and made it his daily companion at

home and abroad. His religious reading was of the rich and solid order, such as feeds the soul, and makes robust Christians. At the time of his death he was engaged, and quite far advanced, in the translation of an extensive work on general Theology by Brakel, a celebrated and favorite Dutch Theologian, which he expected at a future time to commit to the press. It is to be hoped that some other Dutch scholar will take up this work and complete it as a valuable contribution to our evangelical literature. Mr. Wortendyke adhered strictly to the standards of his church. He believed in the importance of teaching them to the young, and set the example at home. When he founded a perpetual scholarship in Rutgers College he made it a condition that no student should enjoy the benefit of it until he had committed to memory the Heidelberg Catechism.

But his piety was equally *practical*, and his life illustrated the beautiful union of these two essential features of orthodox Christianity. He loved to do good, and to communicate he did not forget. He carried his religion with him not as an official robe for special occasions, but as the raiment in which he appeared every day of his life. The training that he had received, together with his own self-culture under the influence of the Holy Spirit, had resulted in the growth of firm religious principles, which by daily exercise had become habits, so that he was a Christian at home, and in his office, in the court-room and everywhere. He was a modest, humble, earnest follower of Christ, and whatever interested the cause of his Master touched a sympathetic chord in his heart.

Unselfishness was a marked feature of his character. When the question of duty was once settled his path

was plain, and he went forward regardless of difficulties ahead, or of consequences that might affect himself. This unselfishness led him to undertake labors for others, which in addition to his own professional duties no doubt overtaxed his strength. But he could not refuse to work. Every call to labor seemed to him a call of Providence. He could say emphatically, "none of us liveth unto himself." Had he been less self-sacrificing he might, humanly speaking, have lived longer. But

"We live in deeds, not years,"

and Mr. Wortendyke has lived long because he has lived usefully. But his life is not yet ended. "No man dieth unto himself. Whether we live, therefore, or die, we are the Lord's." The living feel the loss, but the gain is to the dying. When a tree, that has struck its roots deep and far into the soil, is hurled down by the blast, the earth, the grass, and the creeping vines all around are torn up by its fall; so when death cuts down a good man, who, by his active and useful life, has sent the strong fibres of his influence down into all the ramifications of society, the common heart is lacerated with grief. But that tree is transplanted from earthly soil to flourish and bear fruit forever in the Paradise of God. The death of such a man, in the meridian of his days, and in the midst of his greatest usefulness, is one of the mysteries of Providence. But it is not without its intelligible lessons. God calls his workmen home at midday to their reward, but carries on his work. Others step in to fill the ranks of the good and useful, thinned by death. The example of a noble and consecrated life inspires the lukewarm with new ardor, and seizing the standard as it drops from the dying soldier's hand, they bear it on in tri-

umph through the conflict. Thus God in his providence calls for volunteers to carry on his work. Who will take the places recently made vacant by the removal of good men from our community? Who is on the Lord's side in this solemn crisis of our country and the church, when so many evils need to be rebuked; and so much work waits to be done for God, and for a world yet groaning under the primeval curse.

And now, my friends, let us endeavor to profit by the solemn event that has suggested this memorial service. To his brethren of the bar, the sudden death of Mr. Wortendyke is another of the many voices that have spoken from the tomb. He was the twenty-first member of the bar of Hudson County removed by death since the formation of the county in 1840. The bar, then consisting of only seven members, of whom three remain, now numbers more than sixty. Of the dead, at least fifteen were taken away between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-five. A few reached mature years, none attained to old age. Some of them I had the pleasure of knowing as active Christian men. Lewis D. Hardenberg was an elder in this church; J. Dunn Littell occupied the same position in the Reformed Dutch Church at Hoboken; and David Gould in the First Reformed Dutch Church in this city. Nathaniel C. Sleight gave promise of becoming eminent not only in his profession, but in the walks of Christian usefulness. Besides these, I recal the names of others who were ornaments of the bar and of society—Judge James S. Nevius, J. Dickinson Miller, John P. Vroom, and Richard D. McClelland. How sacred is the memory of the dead! How serious is life, when we stand on

> "The silent solemn shore
> Of that vast ocean we must sail so soon."

To the young men of this community the life and character of Mr. Wortendyke affords a profitable study, and a powerful incentive to industry, virtue, and piety. "Wherefore," said Solomon, "is there a price in the hand of a fool to get knowledge, seeing he hath no heart unto it." How many, born to a large fortune, cast away the priceless boon of an education which others are toiling and struggling to obtain. But the foolish son of the millionaire dies and is forgotten, while the humble farmer's boy carries off the grand prizes of life, and when he dies receives the burial of a prince. The good and the great men of his native State assemble around his bier to do him honor, and history records his name among the benefactors of mankind.

In Mr. Wortendyke you see what industry, perseverance, honesty, and goodness, by the blessing of God, can achieve. To you his example is earnestly commended, not as a faultless one, but as one that you may nevertheless safely imitate.

In presenting this imperfect portrait of our dear and valued friend, I have performed a labor of love. And now, invoking the blessing of the God of all comfort upon his bereaved family, I pray that we may all have grace to follow in "the path of the just, which is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

MEMORIALS AND EXPRESSIONS

OF

PUBLIC SENTIMENT OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF J. R. WORTENDYKE.

The following is taken from the American Standard of Nov. 9th, 1868.

OBSEQUIES OF THE LATE JACOB R. WORTENDYKE.

The religious services attending the funeral of the late Hon. Jacob R. Wortendyke were held this afternoon at the Second Reformed Church, Wayne Street. The remains were conveyed to the church from the late residence of the deceased in Jersey Avenue, followed by a large concourse of sorrowing friends. The body, attired in a full suit of black, was encased in an elegant rosewood casket, handsomely banded, and with four silver handles on each side, and on the lid a silver plate bearing the following inscription:

JACOB R. WORTENDYKE,

Died November 7, 1868.

Aged 50 years.

The casket was borne from the house to the church by porters, the following gentlemen officiating as pall-bearers:

A. O. Zabriskie, A. A. Hardenberg, Joseph F. Randolph, Orestes Cleveland, Jacob Weart, I. I. Vanderbeck, Washington B. Williams, A. S. Whiton, Dr. T. H. Varick, Dr. A. A. Lutkins, Dr. D. L. Reeves, Rev. J. R. Berry, D.D., and Rev. P. D. Van Cleef, D.D., who was also the officiating clergyman.

Besides the long procession of citizens which followed the remains, there were about twenty-five carriages, with the family, relatives and friends of the deceased.

On arriving at the church the remains were deposited before the altar and the funeral services were commenced, concluding

with a most impressive sermon by Rev. Dr. Van Cleef. At the conclusion of the services the casket was opened, and the vast concourse of people passed up the aisle and took a last look at the features of the departed. The deceased looked perfectly natural and as if not dead but sleeping. After all who desired had viewed the remains the casket was again closed, and followed by the pall-bearers and family friends and citizens in the same order as previously stated, was conveyed by the porters back to the house from which it was taken.

Among the many present at the funeral to testify their respect for the deceased, were the Governor of the State, the Mayor and members of the Common Council of this city, the Board of Water Commissioners, of which the deceased was President, Directors of the Fifth Ward Savings Bank, the Board of Chosen Freeholders, Mayor and Common Council of Bergen, and other officials of the county, and the President and Directors of the Northern Railroad Company, the Judges of the Court and members of the bar.

EXTRACT FROM THE MINUTES OF THE CONSISTORY OF THE FIRST REFORMED PROTESTANT DUTCH CHURCH OF VAN VORST, J. C., HELD NOVEMBER 23, 1868.

Immediately after the opening of the session the Pastor formally announced the death of Elder Jacob R. Wortendyke, which occurred at his residence on Saturday morning, 7th instant, after a brief and severe illness, with which he was seized while attending the last meeting of this Consistory. Funeral services were held at the church on Monday afternoon, participated in by a vast concourse of people, and his remains were committed to the grave on the following day in the churchyard of his native place, Pascack, Bergen County, N. J. The Consistory, deeming it proper that some appropriate reference should be made to this solemn event, adopted the following minute, which was ordered to be recorded, and a copy thereof transmitted to the bereaved widow of our deceased brother, and also sent to the *Christian Intelligencer* for publication :

Resolved, That in the death of our beloved brother, Elder Jacob R. Wortendyke, we have lost an associate with whom we have often taken sweet counsel, in whom we ever reposed implicit confidence, whose manner was cordial, whose friendship was sincere, whose piety was undoubted, and whose legal knowledge and sound judgment qualified him for the highest usefulness, and rendered his services as a member of this body peculiarly valuable. He was an elder who magnified his office, who ruled well, who was an "ensample to the flock." Intelligent in the Scriptures, sound in the faith, well versed in the catechism and the standards of our church, and devotedly attached to her institutions, the Church at large, as well as this congregation, has reason to mourn his loss. Though burdened with the labors and cares of several public positions, in addition to those of his arduous profession, yet he was always punctual and faithful in his duties as a Christian and an officer of the church; and it will ever be the theme of grateful reflection that the evening of the last day of his work on earth was spent, although in great bodily suffering, in attending a meeting of this Consistory. His death, so sudden and unexpected, in the midst of his greatest vigor and usefulness, admonishes us all to be diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord, as faithful and wise stewards who watch for their Lord's coming. While we lament the loss which the church has sustained, we deeply sympathize with his bereaved family, and commend them to the guardian care of our covenant God, who has said, "Leave thy fatherless children; I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me."

P. D. Van Cleef, *President.*

L. R. Ladd, *Clerk.*

PROCEEDINGS OF THE BAR OF HUDSON COUNTY.

A meeting of the bar of Hudson County was held this morning at 9 A. M., at the office of S. B. Ransom, Esq., No. 1 Exchange Place, to take suitable action with regard to the recent death of Hon. Jacob R. Wortendyke.

On motion of Mr. Ransom, Hon. J. D. Bedle took the chair, and W. P. Douglass was elected Secretary.

Judge Bedle on assuming the chair, briefly stated the object of the meeting.

A motion was then made and carried that a committee be appointed to draft a series of resolutions suitable for the occasion, and Hon. J. F. Randolph, Messrs. S. B. Ransom and W. B. Williams, were appointed as such Committee.

The Committee reported the following resolutions, which were adopted:

Whereas, By a sad and mysterious Providence, our friend and brother, the Hon. Jacob R. Wortendyke, has been suddenly and in the prime of life removed from among us;

Resolved, That we, the members of the court and bar of the county of Hudson, desire to make this public expression of our affection and respect for our departed friend.

Resolved, That we can with especial pleasure point to his course of life and his professional, as well as private character, as a model to be imitated by all.

Resolved, That his strict integrity, industry, practical sense and studiousness of the learning of the profession, made him trusted and looked up to by his brethren and his clients, and by the important public bodies with the care of whose interests he was charged.

Resolved, That he believed fully, and was himself a shining example of the truth, that the bar is not to be deemed so much a business by which to attain wealth and position, as it is a branch of the administration of justice, and a buttress of the free institutions of our country.

Resolved, That while he was always ready to give ear to the calls of public institutions of benevolence and learning, one of his greatest pleasures was in superintending the progress and advancing the interests of the ancient college where his early life was passed, as a most active and useful member of the Board of Trustees.

Resolved, That to the youth who aspire to the honorable practice of the law, his example is earnestly commended; his constant, untiring perseverance and studiousness having raised him without adventitious aids to a high rank in the profession, in the local institutions of this State, and in the public councils of the country.

Resolved, That what is most estimable in the character of our departed brother is, that among all the multiplicity of his professional and public engagements, he put first of all, and never neglected, the duties of the Christian, both in the worship of God and the practice of good will to men.

Resolved, That we tender our sincere condolence and sympathy to his afflicted family, and desire that a copy of these resolves be transmitted to them, in testimony of our respect to his memory; and that these proceedings be published in the papers of this city.

Remarks appropriate to the occasion were made by Hon. B. F. Randolph, Hon. A. O. Zabriskie, Jacob Weart, Esq., S. B. Ransom, Esq., Hon. Charles H. Voorhis, Hon. C. H. Winfield, A. K. Brown, Esq., and his Honor Judge Bedle, who closed his eulogium by saying:

It is just to his memory that these resolutions now read should be entered on the minutes of this court, and it is also but just to his memory that these courts should suspend business for the present. It is therefore

ordered that these resolutions be entered in full on the minutes of the Circuit Court of this county. It is further ordered that the Circuit Court and the Oyer and Terminer Court be adjourned till Thursday morning, at ten o'clock, and the other courts till to-morrow morning at ten o'clock.

It was then moved and carried that the Committee present the resolutions to the Circuit Court, and move that they be en-entered on the Minutes of that court. The meeting then adjourned.

The Board of Trustees of Rutgers College, at their late meeting, held January 13, 1869, adopted the following minute:

Whereas, Since the last meeting of this Board, the Hon. Jacob R. Wortendyke has departed this life; therefore,

Resolved, That this Board have heard with unfeigned sorrow of the death of Mr. Wortendyke, whose unfailing attachment to the College and faithful assiduity in attention to all his duties as a member of this Board, and the great services he rendered to the Institution, will long be recalled with grateful remembrance.

Resolved, That this Board and the College have sustained a great loss in the death of Mr. Wortendyke, and that they sincerely condole with his family in their irreparable bereavement.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be communicated to his family by the Secretary.

DAVID D. DEMAREST, *Secretary*.

BOARD OF WATER COMMISSIONERS.

[OFFICIAL.]

Special meeting of the Board of Water Commissioners held Saturday, November 7, 1868, at 7½ o'clock P. M.

Present: Commissioners Clerk, Taylor, McLaughlin and Ege.

Commissioner Taylor offered the following resolutions, which being seconded by Commissioner Ege, passed unanimously:

Resolved, That this Board has heard with deep sorrow of the death of its late President, the Hon. Jacob R. Wortendyke.

Resolved, That his death, so awful in its suddenness, striking him down in the full strength of his manhood, teaches us by what an uncertain tenure this life is held, and that the "last enemy" knocks alike at the door of the palace and the cottage, and warns us "Be ye therefore ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh."

Resolved, That in our intercourse with him in public and private life,

his virtues have commanded our profound respect, and to the zeal, integrity and good judgment which he brought to the performance of his official duties, this Board is largely indebted for its success since his connection with it.

Resolved, That this Board sincerely sympathizes with his widow and family in their sudden and grievous bereavement, and hopes that He who "hath taken" will mercifully lighten their burden of sorrows and sustain them in this the hour of their affliction.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to his memory the Water Commissioners' office be draped in mourning for thirty days, and that this Board, with the officers of the institution, will attend his funeral in a body.

Resolved, That the retired members of this Board be invited to attend the funeral, and that the Registrar be instructed to notify them accordingly.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the Jersey City papapers, and a copy of the same sent to the family of the deceased.

On motion the Board adjourned.

S. J. TURNER, *Registrar.*

At a meeting of the Third Ward Jackson Club, held last evening, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, We have heard with profound sorrow of the death of our late fellow-member and associate, Hon. Jacob R. Wortendyke; therefore,

Resolved, That in the sudden manner of his death we recognize the hand of an All-wise Providence, which doeth all things well, and to whose fiat we bow in humble submissiveness, saying, Thy will be done.

Resolved, That in all our associations with the lamented dead, we ever found him a courteous and Christian gentleman, an able adviser and a staunch and faithful friend—one whose devotion to the cause was so great that to his arduous labors in its behalf may be traced in some measure the cause of his death.

Resolved, That the members of this Club sincerely sympathize with the bereaved widow and family in the deep affliction that has overtaken them, and trust that He who has prepared the burthen will give them strength to sustain them in the hour of their sorrow.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the Jersey City *Standard*, and a copy, properly engrossed, be forwarded to the family of deceased.

GEORGE MCLAUGHLIN, *President.*

JOHN MCGUIGAN, *Secretary.*

At a special meeting of the Board of Managers of the Fifth Ward Savings Bank of Jersey City, on Saturday, the 7th day of November, A. D. 1868, the following preamble and resolutions were passed :

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst Jacob R. Wortendyke, an honored member of this Board and President of this Bank ; therefore,

Resolved, That we mourn the loss of our late associate as one whom we highly cherished for his many virtues, his strict integrity, and his devotion to the interest of this institution.

Resolved, That this Board by his decease loses one of its most useful and energetic members—a man of the old school—grave, yet ever kind and sociable. He accepted the position as President of this Bank in its darkest hour, but doubting not its ultimate success, he gave to us willingly, not only the might of his name and character in this community for honesty and integrity, but his personal supervision over the affairs of the bank, and we rejoice to know that his most sanguine expectations were realized in the success of this institution while under his care and charge

Resolved, That as a friend, associate and fellow-citizen we mourn his decease ; as to the first he was ever true and reliable, as an associate agreeable and instructive, and as a citizen a pattern to us all, discharging every public duty devolving upon him with fidelity, true to his integrity of character.

Resolved, That we tender to his wife and family in this their hour of great affliction, in the loss of so kind a husband and affectionate a father, our hearfelt sympathy and sincere condolence, and desire for them in the great depth of their grief that consolation that flows from an eternal source alone.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions, attested by the Vice-President and Secretary of the Bank, be presented to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That the Managers attend the funeral on Monday next, at 3 o'clock P. M.

A. A. Gaddis, *Vice-President.*

G. S. Boice, *Secretary.*

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Northern Railroad Company of New Jersey, held on Saturday, November 7th, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted :

Resolved, That in the recent removal from earth of our late esteemed associate and fellow-member of this Board, Hon. Jacob R. Wortendyke,

hardly more than in the prime of his life, and in the full career of his usefulness and honors, we recognize one of those inscrutable decrees of Providence so grievous to remaining friends, but only to be borne with submission and resignation.

Resolved, That the kindly and courteous manners of our departed friend in social and business intercourse, his love of truth, his fine sense of justice and honor, have so endeared him to us all as to ensure that his memory will long be green in our hearts.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions, signed by the President and Secretary of the Company, be communicated to the family of the deceased, assuring them of our sincere and heartfelt condolence and sympathy with them in their great bereavement.

COMMON COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF BERGEN.

[OFFICIAL.]

Regular meeting of the Board of Aldermen of the city of Bergen, held Monday, November 9, 1868, at 7½ o'clock P. M.

Present: President Brinkerhoff, Aldermen Bumsted, Cleveland, Hay, Sigler, Soper, Sutphen, Vreeland, Van Keuren, Van Riper and Woodward.

Absent: Alderman Speer.

The President announced the death of our late Corporation Attorney, Hon. Jacob R. Wortendyke, and suggested that suitable action be taken in relation thereto.

On motion of Alderman Cleveland, the rules were suspended, and the regular order of business passed, in order to allow action on a preamble and resolution lying on the Clerk's table.

Alderman Cleveland then presented the following:

Whereas, We have heard of the death of the late counsel to the corporation, the Hon. Jacob R. Wortendyke, with feelings of deep sorrow; and,

Whereas, It is proper that some action should be taken by this Board as an expression of our respect and confidence in his public and private life; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the Board of Aldermen of the city of Bergen receive with the most profound sorrow, intelligence of the death of Hon. Jacob R. Wortendyke, Counsel to the Corporation.

Resolved, That when in the mysterious dispensation of Him, who yet doeth all things well, our honored ones are stricken down in the strength of their manhood and in life's high prime, to whom the future seemed

full of honorable usefulness, it becomes us to bow with deep reverence and confess that God alone is great.

Resolved, That in the sudden death of such a man, whose purity of character, joined to the high qualities of a well-balanced mind, enabled him so long to enjoy the confidence of our citizens, it is best fitting that we place upon the public record our high estimation of the qualities which adorned his whole life, and caused him to be thus universally respected and esteemed.

Resolved, That we but tender the tribute due to exalted merit, in the expression of our admiration for that honesty and consistency which marked his official intercourse, that warmth of genial kindness which gave pleasure to association, that high respect for constituted law, and that reverence for correct principle which form the basis of his character, that ennobling ambition, whose purposes and aims were devoted to others' weal, and that patient earnestness in whatever he undertook which found its reward rather in the approving sanction of his own conscience than in ephemeral plaudits, which threw aside the gaudy robes of honor and of office, when their acceptance would compromise the obligations which he felt were due to the loved one of his heart and home, or draw him away from the closer pursuits of a profession which he alike dignified and adorned, and whose members cannot but cherish his memory as a happy illustration of the Christian lawyer and the Christian statesman, who, though dead yet in his example ever liveth, and ever speaketh for his country, God, and truth.

Resolved, That we tender to his stricken family the assurance of our earnest sympathy in their sad bereavement, and commend them to the care of Him who alone can assuage the mourner's grief, as the God of the widow and the fatherless.

Resolved, That the members of the Board of Aldermen wear upon their left arm for the space of thirty days the insignia of mourning.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions, duly attested by the seal of the city, be forwarded to the family of the deceased, and that they be published in the various papers in the counties of Hudson and Bergen.

It was unanimously adopted by the following vote:

Ayes: President Brinkerhoff, Aldermen Bumsted, Cleveland, Hay, Sigler, Soper, Sutphen, Vreeland, Van Keuren, Van Riper and Woodward.

Nays: None.

Absent: Alderman Speer.

On motion of Alderman Cleveland, as a further mark of respect to our late Corporation Attorney, the Board adjourned to meet on Tuesday, November 10, 1868, at 7½ o'clock P. M.

SAMUEL McBURNEY, *City Clerk.*

HIRAM LODGE, No. 17, F. & A. M.,
JERSEY CITY, N. J., November 16, 1868

At a regular communication of Hiram Lodge, No. 17, F. and A. M., held this evening, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted :

Whereas, It has pleased the Supreme Architect of the Universe to remove from our midst our late Brother Jacob R. Wortendyke; therefore,

Resolved, That while we bow in humble submission to His Divine will, we sincerely mourn the loss of one who, by his upright conduct, Christian example, and honorable dealing with his fellow-men, had endeared himself to all who knew him.

Resolved, That in his death this Lodge has lost one of its brightest ornaments, and a vacancy is made which cannot easily be filled, and that our sympathies be extended to his bereaved family.

Resolved, That in testimony of our regard for our departed Brother, the jewels of this Lodge be draped with the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the records, and a copy sent to the family of the deceased, signed by the officers of the Lodge.

JOSEPH REANEY, *Master.*
CHARLES H. PARSONS, *S. W. Pt.*
GEORGE W. LAFORGE, *J. W. Pt.*

WILLIAM PLUMLEY, *Secretary.*

SABBATH-SCHOOL OF THE THIRD REFORMED CHURCH JERSEY CITY.

Whereas, It has pleased God, by whom we all live, and move, and have our being, to remove by sudden death the Hon. J. R. Wortendyke, teacher of Class No. 1, in this Sabbath-school; therefore,

Resolved, That this dispensation of Divine Providence is to us a heavy affliction, and by the death of Mr. Wortendyke we feel that we have lost a counsellor of great wisdom, a teacher of inestimable worth for his faithfulness and extensive knowledge of Bible truth, and a friend of great value for his warm sympathies, exalted piety, completeness of religious character and hearty devotion to the work of doing good.

Resolved, That his sudden decease is the voice of God calling upon us all to be also ready for the coming of the Son of man, and urges us to a fuller consecration of ourselves to the Master's service, and to more prayerfulness and diligence in the study of God's Word, that we may be better able to teach to the youth of our respective classes the saving truths of our holy religion.

Resolved, That we will cherish the memory of this departed brother and fellow-laborer with profound respect and deep affection, and that we pray to God that his death may be so blessed to his class and to us all, that we may be able by faith to look beyond the present clouds and see the clear shining of infinite goodness and mercy, and be able to say, "Thy will be done," blessed art Thou, O Lord God! who doest all things well.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered on the journal of the school, and that a copy be sent, with assurance of our deep sympathy, to the family of our late associate teacher.

EDWIN PIERCE,
G. F. ANGIER, } *Committee.*
S. C. BARBER.

BOARD OF PUBLICATION OF THE REFORMED CHURCH.

At a meeting of the Board of Publication, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That this Board desire to put on record their profound sense of loss in the decease of their friend and associate, the late Hon. Jacob R. Wortendyke. His devotion to Christ, his hearty interest in the work entrusted to our care by the Master and the Church, his clear insight, his trusty judgment, his simple hearted piety, his general kindness, made him by the grace of God, a wise counsellor, a pleasant companion, a faithful fellow-worker unto the kingdom of God; and in his departure we are sorely bereaved. It becomes us to submit to His holy and blessed control who has seen fit to call his faithful servant to a higher service, and purer communion, and more blissful life. But with affectionate fondness we linger over his precious memory, and pray God that the mantle of this departed saint may rest upon us. Our deepest sympathy is with his stricken and smitten household, and we commend them to the tender care of the merciful Redeemer and the Holy Comforter.

Resolved, That this record be entered on the Minutes of the Board, and that a copy, duly authenticated, be transmitted to the family of our deceased brother, and be published in the *Christian Intelligencer*.

A true extract from the Minutes.

J. A. LANSING, *Corresponding Secretary.*

prominently on the record of that day as holding offices of trust and importance,—magistrate, selectman of his town, member of the "general court," (legislature) &c.; which evinces the high estimation in which he was held throughout the colony during his earthly career. After an active, useful, beneficent and Christian life, he died at Hartford in 1684, aged about 81 years. Respected and honored by his cotemporaries and relatives while living, his memory will ever be cherished with grateful reverence by his numerous descendants,—those bearing the name of WHITE having thus far numbered some four or five thousand, while those in the same line, of other names, may be estimated at from 70,000 to 80,000!

In view of this rather extraordinary record of the ratio of increase of the human family, it is perhaps not so much to be marveled at that the eminent scholar and learned English professor, THOMAS ROBERT MATTHUS, should have conceived and promulgated to the world, in the rudeness and simplicity of the art of the husbandry during the past century, the note-worthy and somewhat startling theory, that the multiplication of our species was becoming alarmingly disproportionate to the ability of the farming classes to provide sustenance for them! Nor, in order to avert the calamity of an imagined realization of so anomalous a crisis in human affairs, is it at all strange that so speculative a philosopher as Matthus should have proposed the equally novel scheme of *checking population* as a remedy, instead of seeking out new methods of *creating* subsistence adequate to meet the exigences of a rapid increase in numbers of consumers! But if Matthus were living at this day his fears would doubtless be allayed on view of the almost illimitable invention of labor-saving implements of agriculture,

whereby the production of food, for all animated nature, may at will be made to exceed rather than fall short of any conceivable demand for home consumption. And as this SUPERABUNDANCE of the products of the broad area of our country has become a marked feature in its onward course and destiny, the minds of our enlightened statesmen are becoming more and more imbued with the necessity of encouraging and fostering reciprocal trade and commerce with all the world, not only as a wise governmental policy for a Republic, but as conducing to national and individual wealth in our own case especially, by creating a demand for and a ready sale of the illimitable SURPLUS fruits of the soil and the toil, of the genius and the enterprise of our matchless people.

It appears from a genealogical publication, of 322 pages, issued in 1860, containing "Memorials of Elder John White and descendants," that Hugh White, of Waterford, was of the seventh generation from that patriarchal father of the American race of Whites; and that he and his cousins constituted the *third* branch of the WHITESTOWN genealogical tree,—grandchildren of Judge HUGH WHITE, the pioneer and founder of the town. Eight children were reared by this Whitestown ancestor, five sons and three daughters, all of whom married, and each reared a goodly offspring: So that at one period, some fifty or sixty years ago, there were no less than fifty-five living grandchildren of this Whitestown pioneer, of which Hugh White of Waterford was one. But of these fifty-five only SIXTEEN are known to survive him—who are, Mrs. Susan Porter, his sister; Commodore John J. Young of the U. S. Navy, Wm. C. Young, Chas. C. Young, Mrs. John L. Curtenius, and Mrs. Washington Roosevelt, whose mother was a White, intermarried with Judge John

Young, their father; Halsey White, Ansel White, John White, and Mrs. Catharine Crouse their sister, children of Ansel White, Sen., Jonas White, Philo White, Mrs. Harriet Goodrich, and Mrs. Esther Macomber, whose father was Philo White, Sen.; Mrs. Abigail Wilcox, daughter of Joseph White, Sen.; and Melancton C. Wetmore, whose mother was a White, intermarried with Parsons Wetmore.

In 1784, the year after the acknowledgment of the Independence of these United States by the mother country, the then Senior "Hugh White" of the American family, impelled by a spirit of enterprise, and a laudable desire to better the worldly condition of his somewhat numerous and rapidly multiplying family, migrated from Middletown, Connecticut, with his sons and daughters and their progeny, to this then far off and wild region of the Upper Mohawk. In journeying hither up that river, the German Flats was the last civilized frontier settlement in their route. There they tarried long enough to plow and plant a field of corn, on cleared land temporarily vacated by the ravages of the recent war of the Revolution. Resuming their route onward, the next point at which these adventurous seekers after new homes made a landing, was near the old dismantled Fort Schuyler. Here they halted a day or two; but, after a cursory view of the LAND at and near the point of their debarkation, the SOIL seems not to have suited them, much of it being wet and "springy," with the clay-pan too often cropping out at the surface. And it was a matter of no little surprise to them to find that "springy" characteristic of the land more fully developed as they ascended up some one-third or one-half of a mile S. W., to what is now known as "Corn-Hill." But however uninviting that locality appeared to those hardy pioneers for *farming* purposes, yet

time and circumstances, and enterprise and capital, have demonstrated its eligibility as a BUSINESS point: In proof of which, it is sufficient for the world to see and know, that it is the fortunate site of modern "UTICA," (not "pent up," as was its ancient synonym, but) one of the most beautiful and prosperous of the interior CITIES of the Empire State at the present day.

From Fort Schuyler, these *voyagers* resumed their batteau navigation up stream, and next landed at the mouth of Sauquoit Creek: Here, on the Delta formed by the confluence of the River and the Creek, they found the goodly land they were in quest of; and all their anticipations were more than realized, the apparently exhaustless fertility of the interval and table lands of the Mohawk, immeasurably surpassing the stony and sterile soil they left in Connecticut. And here, then a wilderness, this Patriarchal Pioneer of the Upper Mohawk valley, in conjunction with other capitalists, bought a tract of land (large for those days) and gathered his sons and daughters, nine in number, in near proximity around him. With this nucleus of a colony, soon joined by many of his former neighbors in Connecticut, who migrated hither on hearing the growing accounts of the marvelous productiveness of the soil of the Mohawk Flats, he founded the "Settlement" (and subsequent Town) of "WHITESTOWN," with proportions comparatively more ample and far-reaching even than those of our neighboring modern CITY OF ROME. Whitestown, at its first organization, (then in Herkimer county) embraced all the State of New York westward of a line passing through and including Utica, and reaching from the southern boundary of the State, on the Pennsylvania line, to the St. Lawrence

River on the north, and to the Niagara River and Lake Erie on the west.

This large area of unbroken wilderness was claimed and occupied by the "Six Nations" of Aborigines, pertaining to the powerful Iroquois Confederacy,—one or two tribes only of whom were decidedly friendly to the American whites pending the war of the revolution, while the neutrality of others of them was at least equivocal, with one tribe (the Mohawks,) so hostile to our people that the entire "nation" followed the fortunes of the British colonial officers to Canada immediately after the conclusion of our war of Independence, where the remnants of the tribe still linger.

Judge White's migration to the wilds of this then Indian country, and the settlement of himself, his family, and his followers, in the midst of Savages thus semi-belligerent, with but the feeble nucleus of a colony about him, was a daring and adventurous movement. But they proved equal to the perilous enterprise. Of a fearless yet cautious temperament; with an astute perception, and a determined will, their Patriarchal Leader seldom failed of compassing the desired end, in working for the common weal of his pioneer community. Forewarned of the proverbial craft and treachery of the nomadic races, among whom he and his family and followers had driven their stakes and made their homes, he sought to conciliate their good will by frankness and fair dealing, and by unaffected assurance of friendship for the well-being of their tribes, oft-times accompaning these professions by kindly personal offices, and with gifts judiciously distributed to their women and little ones. Yet a latent incredulity seems to have clouded the mind of a leading Chief of the Confederacy as to the sincerity of the friendly asseverations of these white intru-

ders on his and his people's imprescriptible hunting grounds. And at one of his frequent visits to the family of the Patriarch of the pale faces, this Chief asked to be allowed the favor of carrying an interesting little girl, grand-daughter of Judge White, home to his "squaws" at their tribal wigwams, as they would be delighted to see and handle so beautiful an object of nature's handiwork, &c. Divining the crafty purpose of the Chief, who thus sought so precious a hostage as a living *test* of the good faith of the "White" Chief's protestations of friendly regards towards the natives of the forest, the Judge quickly decided that the child *should go.* The mother was, of course, frantic at the bare idea of her tender offspring being carried off by savages. And the father of the child, Joseph White, son of the Judge, protested that the shock would either be the death of his wife, or drive her into lunacy. Yet the Judge was firm in his purpose, and told his son that the child *must* go. And as the Patriarchal authority of that day was rather despotic than temporizing, it was intimated to his son that he should *lock-up* his wife,—"lock her up, Jo., lock her up, until the child is brought back,"—was the irrevocable *order:* The child was accordingly carried off by the Chief, who pledged his word to bring her back on the morrow. The deep agony, the frantic grief of the mother, meanwhile, can be better imagined than described. It was a night of painful anxiety to her and her husband. And most of the following day wore away without bringing relief to their racking doubts, whether their child would ever be restored to them alive! In fine, it was not until the sun in its westerly declination had neared the horizon, that the Chief, with a retinue of male and female attendants, were discerned wending their way hitherward along the forest trails, in all the dignity of their

wonted aboriginal stride, with the beautiful little "waif" perched high on the Chief's shoulders, deck'd out in all the primitive adornments of feathers and wampum, its brilliant Indian trappings glittering in the setting sun's rays as the band of natives neared the opening of the white settlement. And soon the precious pledge was safely restored by the evidently elated Chieftain, into the arms of its over-joyed mother, whose heart for more than twenty-four hours had been cruelly lacerated by agitating fears lest her first-born, and the cherished object of her love, might have been utterly lost to her and its family.

If, peradventure, there should be those who may look upon the narration of this interesting episode in the early border life of Whitestown, as too strongly spiced with *romance* to be true, the narrator can testify to its absolute verity. He well recollects, though quite juvenile at the time, listening to the recitals by his senior relatives, actors in those scenes, within the family circle and elsewhere, to that among other thrilling Indian adventures. And the little "pale faced" cherub, the heroine of this eventful scrap of history, was SUSAN WHITE, elder sister of Capt. Henry White, lately deceased, and sister of Mrs. Abigail Wilcox, now living in this village. She was reared up in this place, as an intelligent and attractive young lady, and was always an object of special interest among the settlers. In due time she intermarried with Capt. NATHANIEL ELLS, a respectable and very worthy citizen of Whitesboro, and bore him one son, Calvin Ells. They lived and prospered here during the lifetime of Capt. Ells; and some years after his decease, Mrs. Ells and her son removed to Ottowa, in Illinois, where they lived many years, and where she died at rather an advanced age. The "Ells House" in this village, is now

the property of Col. H. P. Potter. It has been partially rebuilt, modernized and improved by him, and he has made quite a fine and imposing mansion of it.

Of all the participants in this noble frontier incident of the LITTLE GIRL HOSTAGE, no one, of either nationality, was so fully gratified, none so much BENEFITED thereby, in fact, as the principal actor in the scene, Judge Hugh White himself. His policy had triumphed: The Indian tribes were conciliated, and their lasting friendship towards the white settlers secured, by this deft turn given to the Judge's diplomacy. And perhaps no white man who came early among these "Six Nations" of New York Indians,—always excepting their pious, philanthropic, and devoted Christian Missionary, the late REV. SAMUEL KIRKLAND,—shared their confidence more widely, or exercised a more civilizing influence over them, then Judge WHITE. His active sympathies for them, and neighborly offices dispensed to their tribal households, begat their full and abiding confidence in him, as a man, a neighbor and a counsellor. And there was but one thing more to be proved, to entitle him to enfranchisement as an IROQUOIS by adoption,—and that was, a solution of the question as to his MUSCULAR fitness for the highest tribal distinction: And as a test of his manliness in this regard, they challenged him to WRESTLE with their champion athlete. In view of the *prestige* he had already won among them, he could not under the circumstances, do otherwise than accept the "gage" and the trial came off in due time. The Judge was rather muscular and compact in frame at early manhood, though of medium stature: He was ever noted for an unusual ALERTNESS, equally of mind, motion and speech; and to this faculty, he was mainly indebted for a victory over his

taller and more *agile* combatant. Immediately after fairly clinching, the Judge, by a quick and skillful *trip* and *jerk*, succeeded in "flinging" the Indian! Thereupon, at a Grand Council of the Tribes, the "pale faced" victor was proclaimed "champion," and subsequently chosen and duly invested as an Iroquois "Chief," with all the rights, immunities and franchises of native Chieftains "to the manor born," and with the right of perpetual succession in his lineage.

APROPOS: Notwithstanding all TITLES OF NOBILITY were done away with by our sensible Revolutionary fathers, yet it was plain to be seen that more or less of American "republicans" at that day, (with *some* even in these latter days) cherished a prurient fancy for searching old English HERALDIC records,—peradventure they might light upon some trace of their claim as a branch of the geneological family tree of the "SIR Timothy Timkinses," or that of the "BARON Barnabas Bunsbys," etc., etc. And it is related of the Elder Judge White, that he always treated the subject in a sarcastic vein, whenever this proclivity manifested itself in his presence, among any of his aspiring kinsfolk and neighbors. And he would frequently amuse those of the former, most earnest in hunting up evidence of a heritage in the armorial distinctions of their English progenitors, by humorously patting them on their backs, accompanied with a tantalizing promise, of some day himself giving form and practical effect to the heraldic honors and immunities of the Iroquois patent of NOBILITY with which he and his offspring had been duly enfranchised in perpetuity;—and that, by reason of such enfranchisement, there courses through the veins of each and every of them a modicum of the vital fluid with as pure an infusion of

TRUE NOBILITY in it as "all the blood of all the Howards" could impart! And that time and circumstance might entitle them to emblazon on their signets the heraldic emblem of NATURE'S NOBILITY,—an inheritance from the ancient and powerful "IROQUOIS CONFEDERACY,"—a far more "noble" race of people than those barbaric nomads, the progenitors of the NORMANS, the latter of whom, after desolating and partially repeopling Britain, FOUNDED there what is to this day boastfully called the "proudest of the English Orders of Nobility."

And it was undoubtedly a remembrance of these sallies of sarcasm, employed by Judge White in laughing his own progeny and other early settlers out of any hankering they may have had after heraldic honors, that suggested to some of the municipal fathers of WHITESBORO to get up a CORPORATE SEAL for the Village, with a design emblamatic of the "tournament" between Judge White and the Young Iroquois Champion Wrestler to be engraved on it. That quaint armorial design is still blazoned on the official seal of Whitesboro.

And should there still linger any one within this bailiwick, covetous of possessing a "Coat of Arms" from the Book of Heraldry in England, the above information may be suggestive to him or them, whether it might not be more convenient and more patriotic to apply for the "article" (copy of the design) at the office of the Clerk of the municipal council of Whitesboro.

These stirring incidents, as marking the daring and adroit initial policy of Judge WHITE, in boldly planting a feeble colony in the midst of a formidable confederacy of savages, so recently beligerent towards the American whites, served to impress them with a deep respect for the

genius, the masculine qualities, and the imagined magic power of the White Chieftan. And this reverence of the native towards Judge White was retained and perpetuated up to the day of his death by his uniform kindly and dignified bearing towards them, and a punctilious observance of the rules of honor and honesty in all his bargains and dealings with them.

From the foregoing narration it will be seen that the original settlement of WHITESTOWN had an auspicious beginning; and Judge White, the proprietary leader and founder, and the master spirit of that day and region, enjoyed the rare felicity of living to see his pioneer enterprise prosper beyond all his anticipations, and his new "Settlement" to flourish and expand in population and wealth with a rapidity hitherto unprecedented in the new world. At the period of his first coming here, in 1784–'85, the locality of WHITESTOWN was in Herkimer county; and Hugh White's first appointment as Magistrate and Judge was for the western frontier settlements of that county: But when Oneida was organized, in 1798, he was among the first, in conjunction with Jedediah Sanger and others, to be appointed a Justice and Judge of this new county.

The *eclat* which this notably successful colony soon attained throughout the Old States at the East, coupled with fabulous recitals of the fertility of the soil of the new found "Eden," stirred up the latent Yankee enterprise to a degree never before witnessed among the Puritan race in America, and impelled them by thousands very soon to follow in the foot-steps of Judge White and his little band of axe-men. And as the fear of Indian massacre was now allayed, by the Judge's happy solution of the at one time impending fresh Indian war, and the way was thereby

opened up for a peaceful migration of eastern emigrants, the roads and trails from the Hudson River westward literally *swarmed* with mostly able-bodied men, seeking lands and homes in the "Whitestown" country, then embracing all the area westward of its locality to the Niagara River and Lake Erie. WHITESTOWN being the gate-way of eastern emigration westward, Judge White and his early pioneer followers, by whose daring, and toil, and privation, that gate was so cleverly *opened*, proved themselves friends indeed to all industrious new comers and emigrants. They were the practical philanthropists of that day and region, and the true benefactors of all those who then made fortunes and prosperous homes in Western New York.

And as the Law and Gospel and the Healing Art, are necessary concomitants of civilized associations of men, members of those professions naturally followed close upon the heels of the first pioneers in driving their stakes at Whitestown, and at other opening settlements beyond. And as the first COURT organized west of Herkimer was established in this Town, young men of ability, of enterprise, and practical talent in the legal profession, were attracted hither as soon as a sufficiently normal condition of society had been attained among the settlers to afford them a reasonable prospect of business,—the two foremost of whom were Thomas R. Gold and Jonas Platt. About the same time, or very soon thereafter, Rev. Bethuel Dodd and Dr. Elizur Moseley, and Wm. G. Tracey, (the merchant,) also came and located here. The earliest accretions of this community, being thus constituted of the outcropping of the best material at the east,—comprising talent, enterprise and youthful energy, so well adapted to the transforming of masses of men in a semi-abnormal condition into culti-

vated and refined society. WHITESBORO soon grew to be the most prominent Judical point west of Albany. And within a comparatively brief period, there was found concentrated here a galaxy of forensic talent, unsurpassed outside the commercial and the political capitals of the State. And as the honored names of Rev. Bethuel Dodd, Dr. Elizur Moseley, Hon. Messrs. Thomas R. Gold, Jonas Platt, Wm G. Tracey, Arthur Breese, Theodore Sill, Henry R. Storrs, Fortune C. White, Francis Granger, William C. Noyce, S. Newton Dexter, Thomas H. Flandreau, and others, have passed into history, and are inscribed on the rolls of fame as brilliant orators and high-toned professional and business gentlemen of their day, it may here be appropriately averred, that the SOCIETY of Whitesboro, to which such men and their accomplished families gave tone and character, possessed a *prestige* for polish and refinement all over the Union. But the substantial charms of that Old School gentility, with its rational and enobling enjoyments, have passed away in both form and substance, from our own favored locality, and it is feared, from elsewhere in this day and generation. And those estimable and revered Ladies, MRS. HARRIET FROST, widow of the late Rev. John Frost, and daughter of the late eminent lawyer and statesman, Thomas R. Gould, and MRS. ELIZABETH FLANDREAU, widow of the late brilliant member of the bar in New York City and Whitesboro. Thomas H. Flandreau, and sister of the former commander of the United States armies, Gen. Alexander Macomb,—are the sole living representatives among us of that noble class of ladies whose cultured minds and manners lent such a charm to the society of Whitesboro, in those better days of this our Republic of liberty and law, and undefiled Religion.

Hon. Hugh White, of Waterford, by reason of whose demise this historical memoir has been written, was a worthy descendant of his namesake and illustrious prototype the founder of Whitestown. The primeval forests of this region were heavily timbered, and the reduction of them to arable fields was a primary duty, an absolute necessity in fact, imposed upon the early settlers. And the intensity of the toil of the farmers of that day, in working out a subsistence in a wilderness country, is almost inconceivable by the most of the tillers of the soil in these latter days of labor-saving machinery. But the habits of hard toil, and of rigid economy of time, which they brought with them from the stony hills of Connecticut, well adapted them to their new labors and trials in the wilderness. All, or nearly all, of the first settlers, were necessarily farmers, (or were obliged to become such) subduers of the forests, and *all* were practical land-laborers, hard workers from sun-rise to sun-set: And as every head of a family required the labor of all its male minors of suitable age, year in and year out, with the exception of about three months in mid-winter, when farm-work is usually slack, very few of the farmers' sons of that day enjoyed more than one quarter's schooling per annum: And it is believed that Hugh White, (of Waterford,) partook of the benefits of common-school instruction to that extent, at least. Of the sixteen contemporaneous male cousins who bore the name of White, and grew up to manhood, only three, to-wit, Fortune, Canvass and Philo, enjoyed any better opportunities for early education than Hugh,—and neither of the three ever passed through a full collegiate course: So that the remark of the New York *Tribune*, that Hugh White's "early education was *neglected*," was inexact, at least. His elder brother

CANVASS WHITE, had passed through a partial course of collegiate education, manifesting an especial aptness in the department of mathematics: And when that gigantic enterprise of internal improvement, the ERIE CANAL, was projected by DeWitt Clinton, and provided for by the State, Judge Wright, of Rome, and Canvass White, of Whitesboro, were among the first of the State Engineers appointed to survey and superintend the construction of that great work. The latter attained a high reputation as a Civil Engineer, on divers other and later works: And it was Canvass White, in fact, who was first employed to make a topographical *reconnoissance* for, and first suggested the project of the New York Croton Water Works,—which proved, at a later day and under other auspices, a magnificent success.

The younger brother, Hugh, it is known, was retained at home on his father's farm, getting snatches of a quarter's schooling each winter, until near his majority in 1819. It was then that he commenced a continuous routine of instruction, principally by the counsel and encouragement of his brother Canvass, preparatory to his entry on a full classical and scientific course in Hamilton college. And as he graduated at that institution in 1823, after the customary four years' probation there, it would seem that he could have had scarcely one year's preparation for college after his farm-labors ceased. These facts and circumstances go to disprove the *Tribune's* implied *neglect* of Mr. White's elementary instruction.

After completing his collegiate course he made choice of the "Law" as a profession; and was fitted for the bar, after the usual routine of legal studies, in the office of Col. Charles G. Haines, of New York city. But a proclivity for "busi-

ness" in another line, led him to accept an invitation from his brother Canvass to associate with him in operations connected with the construction of the Erie Canal, then in process of successful completion, and of which Canvass White was, as already stated, one of the original and prominent Engineers. The latter had invented a *water-lime cement*, which attained a high reputation, for use in the construction of canal locks, and other hydraulic works: And it was in a business association with his brother Canvass, some two or three years after his graduation at Hamilton college, that Hugh White took charge of an establishment at Chittenango for the manufacture of that then newly invented and favorite WATER-PROOF cement. In this sphere, it was, that his aptness for business and his administrative tact and talent in the management of large operations, and in controlling men and shaping measures, were first prominently developed. And it was in the never-flagging use of these high qualities that fortune and fame eventually crowned his earthly labors.

As the completion of the Erie Canal lessened the demand in that region for Canvass White's water-cement—although it continued in high repute wherever hydraulic architecture was in demand—Hugh White removed the works for its manufacture from Chittenango to the town of Waterford, Saratoga county, N. Y., which point afforded greater facilities of water-power, and of ready transit of the fabric to all parts of the world. His main business being thus centered at COHOES, Mr. White removed his family thither in 1830, and which has ever since continued as their residence, where its honored head has so recently ended his days, and gone down to the tomb at the mature age of 72.

Although Mr. White went into the manufacture of water-lime cement at the initial point of his business life, con-

tinuing in it at Cohoes, at Rondout, and perhaps elsewhere, something like a quarter of a century, and the foundation of his fortune was based thereon, yet he engaged, meanwhile, in other manufacturing enterprises,—took and executed large public and private contracts, and engaged somewhat extensively in agricultural pursuits during pretty much the entire period of his after life. And although his plans ran the hazard of all human schemes of worldly gain, and his business operations were attended with somewhat varied success, yet his average accumulations were large, until he amassed an estate valued at $300,000.

Mr. White was married, in the 30th year of his age, to Miss Maria Mills Mansfield, daughter of Wm. P. Mansfield, Esq., of Kent, Connecticut. She was a lady of education and refinement, possessing the attractions of person, of mind and temperament which lend a charm to social life, and which, with her, in later years, ripened into those marital virtues and matronly graces which constituted her an exemplar as a wife, a mother, a sister, a warm-hearted friend and patron of all her kindred and associates. She still survives, to mourn the loss of her honored husband, and will continue to reside in their fine and commodious mansion at Waterford, where the family always dispensed a munificent hospitality, alike to relatives, and friends, and visitors. The birth of seven children blessed her marital union with Mr. White, two sons and five daughters; three of these died in infancy, two others were grown up ere their demise—one of whom intermarried with Mr. William Niles, Jr., of Indiana, but died without issue: So that only two, a son and a daughter, survive their father.

The son, William Mansfield White, Esq., now of Livingston county, N. Y., is a most worthy offspring of his

honored sire, inheriting his manly form and stature, with his gifts of mind, his sternness of moral sentiment, and the generosity of his nature. He is an alumnus of Hamilton college: He adopted agriculture from choice, as a profession, occupying and tilling a plantation of fourteen hundred acres, owned by him in the county of his residence: And he is ever ready to lend the benefit of his personal services, his cultivated mind and ample means, for the encouragement of all laudable institutions and objects, and the furtherance of all feasible enterprises for positive improvements within the sphere of his influence. He intermarried, eight years since, with an accomplished and gifted young lady of Jefferson county, MISS ANNA PIERREPONT, daughter of Wm. C. Pierrepont, Esq., of Pierrepont Manor, who has already borne him FIVE living pledges of the happy union of their hearts and their hands. And he is still in the early prime of life, though in the meridian of usefulness—a Christian gentleman and scholar, a noble representative of his race and lineage.

The surviving daughter, MRS. ISABEL NILES, intermarried with W. W. Niles, Esq., a respectable lawyer, of large practice, in the city of New York, but who, with his wife and family (five or six children), reside in their own mansion at Fordham, in Westchester county. MRS. NILES is an estimable and intelligent lady, an affectionate and exemplary wife and mother, and ever a genial associate among her relatives and friends.

HON. HUGH WHITE, of Waterford, bore an unblemished reputation through life, and won an honorable distinction as a legislator and a public man. Though zealous and persistent in pursuit of a purpose, he was yet dispassionate in the manner of attaining it. Frank and patriotic in his

nature, the chaffering of mousing politicians was ever distasteful to him, and he loathed the schemes of legislative knavery so rife in these degenerate days of our Republic, but ever honored exalted talent, and paid due deference to legitimate and high-toned statesmanship.

Espousing the cause of the opponents of General Jackson in the "removal of the deposits," he ever after acted in conjunction with the whig and republican parties. Being elected to Congress from the Saratoga District in 1845, he was continued in that position by reëlections during six consecutive years. Though not much gifted as a parliamentary debater, Mr. White exercised, nevertheless, an important influence on the legislation of Congress during his long incumbency of the post, through his assiduous labors in committees, where, by the cogency of his reasonings, and his persuasive manner of urging a case, he most generally carried his point. And when his last term expired, he left the national legislature with an untarnished escutcheon, and was awarded the high merit of having ever been actuated by the principles of patriotism, of honor and integrity, in discharge of all the trusts confided to him. As a climax to his public career, it was well understood in diplomatic circles at Washington, that, on his retirement from Congress, the appointment of Minister to Spain was to be conferred upon him. But the early demise of President Taylor, and the accession of Vice-President Fillmore to the Presidency, disappointed Mr. White and his friends in their reasonable anticipations of his diplomatic preferment.

It may, in truth, be said that Mr. White was born a BUSINESS MAN. His plans were broad, rather than diffuse; and with an analytic order of mind, a considerable grasp of intellect, and an indomitable persistence in right, he would

accomplish more, with given means, under apparently discouraging circumstances, than most men of his day. These qualities, in fine, endowed him with an *executive* talent for the attainment of practical results, where others would have recoiled from the attempt.

HUGH WHITE AT HAMILTON COLLEGE.

At this point I may appropriately introduce a sketch, politely furnished by DR. EDWARD NORTH, the distinguished Professor of the Greek Language and Literature in Hamilton college, as indicative of Mr. White's early proclivities.

"DEPARTMENT OF GREEK LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE,
"HAMILTON COLLEGE. *Clinton, Oct. 27, 1870.*

"HON. PHILO WHITE:

"*My Dear Sir:* If the enclosed sketch is too long I beg you will feel at liberty to condense it," &c. "The memory of HUGH WHITE will be always pleasant to me.

"With the highest esteem, yours very truly,

"EDWARD NORTH."

"Fifty years ago HUGH WHITE was a Sophomore in Hamilton college, and boarded with Dr. Josiah Noyes, in the house now owned by Mrs. Harriet C. Wood. MR. WHITE'S native fondness for gardening and tree culture soon warmed a large place for him in the heart of the Professor of Chemistry, who gloried in a like infirmity. The two talked over their horticultural experiences at the dinner-table. The Sophomore spoke of a quantity of grape-seed which he had planted two years before in his father's garden in Whitesboro. The Doctor had heard of good results from such experiments, and asked to be admitted as a partner. Out of the many hundreds that came up from this planting,

Mr. White selected one more promising than the others and planted it beside an elm-tree east of Dr. Noyes' house. This seedling proved to be a vigorous grower. It kept pace with its "husband-elm," until both became the wonder of College Hill. The elm and vine are living to-day, and are graceful memorials of the taste and skill of those who planted them. The vine is sixteen inches in girth, and wonderfully productive. Its fruit is palatable in September, but is improved by frost. It is popular with those who prefer a grape so thoroughly hardy; it will take care of itself, and bear more abundantly the more you let it alone. This vine has been propagated from until its offspring are past numbering. Mr. White used to say that he had been successful in many large business enterprises, but that none of these gave him more of genuine satisfaction than the success of that seedling grape-vine which sheltered the house and gladdened the heart of his instructor in chemistry."

The foregoing reminiscence of Mr. White's college career, illustrates a characteristic trait of his,—a proneness to *utilize* every thing he busied himself about. Having attained his majority previously to entering "Hamilton," his mind was of course likely to be imbued with more mature thought, and his views to be the result of more rational deduction, at the threshold of his matriculation as a student of that institution, than those of most of the juvenile novitiates of our colleges: Hence, it is quite natural that a personal and social cordiality should, from his first entrance as a freshman, have grown up and continued during his college life, between Mr. White and the late eminent Professor, Dr. Josiah Noyes, on terms of such intimacy as is rarely witnessed in the scholastic relations between professors and pupils. And it may here be

reiterated, that Mr. White's uniform genial frankness of manners, and his pleasant quaintness of expression at times, with a varied intelligence on all topics, secured him a cordial welcome, as a valued guest and associate, in the most refined circles of public and private life.

As a financier, Mr. White attained to a somewhat large experience, in his extensive manufacturing and other business operations, and was connected with, and participated largely in, the management of various banking and moneyed corporations, during his long residence at Waterford. He was President of the Saratoga County National Bank; and on being apprised of his demise, the Board of Directors held a special meeting, and passed resolutions of sorrow for the loss of their honored associate and presiding officer, and of condolence with the bereaved family,—paying a merited tribute to his financial ability, his social virtues, his large-hearted benevolence, and his ever watchful eye for the public good. And as a token of their high esteem and regard, they attended his funeral as mourners in the procession.

As a prominent and valued citizen, Mr. White was ever active in promoting the public weal, and in contributing, by essential aid and judicious counsel, to all feasible projects for useful improvements, and to all legitimate objects of benevolence. Though exacting in his demands for *right* and *justice*, his ear was ever open to the pleadings of mercy, and his hand always extended for the alleviation of suffering. Loved and revered in his domestic circle, he was generous and liberal in all dispensations for the good of society, and in all deeds of heavenly charity and Christian kindness. He never ceased to cherish a reverence for the Christian Religion. Through life he was an adherent

of, and a regular attendant on, the Presbyterian form of worship; and was one of the Trustees of the society of that denomination in Waterford, to the day of his death. His funeral obsequies were celebrated in the Presbyterian House of Worship there, the REV. MR. VAIL, his favorite Pastor, officiating, and preaching a funeral sermon on the occasion, which was an appropriate, scholarly, and eloquent production. The remains were attended to the tomb by a numerous procession of relatives and mourning friends, and were interred in a beautiful burial lot, which had been prepared under his own supervision, in the romantic and superb "Albany Rural Cemetery," (in the neighborhood of Cohoes) where lie the mortal remains of those of his offspring and others of the family who preceded him to the realms of eternal bliss.

P. W.

WHITESBORO, *December, 1870.*

SERVICES

AT THE BURIAL OF

HON. HUGH WHITE,

OF

WATERFORD, SARATOGA COUNTY, N. Y.,

ON

MONDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1870.

BORN DECEMBER 25TH, 1798, DIED OCTOBER 6TH, 1870.

ADDRESS BY REV. R. P. H. VAIL.

TROY, N. Y.:
A. W. SCRIBNER & CO., BOOK AND JOB PRINTERS, 219 RIVER STREET.
1870.

READING OF SCRIPTURE.

PSALM XC.

LORD, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations.

Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou *art* God.

Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye children of men.

For a thousand years in thy sight *are but* as yesterday when it is past, and *as* a watch in the night.

Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are *as* a sleep; in the morning *they are* like grass *which* groweth up.

In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth.

For we are consumed by thine anger, and by thy wrath are we troubled.

Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret *sins* in the light of thy countenance.

For all our days are passed away in thy wrath; we spend our years, as a tale *that is told.*

The days of our years *are* threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength *they be* fourscore years, yet *is* their strength labour and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.

Who knoweth the power of thine anger? even according to thy fear, *so is* thy wrath.

So teach *us* to number our days, that we may apply *our* hearts unto wisdom.

Return, O LORD, how long? and let it repent thee concerning thy servants.

O satisfy us early with thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

Make us glad according to the days *wherein* thou hast afflicted us, *and* the years *wherein* we have seen evil.

Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children.

And let the beauty of the LORD our God be upon us: and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.

JOHN XI., 21-27.

Then said Martha unto Jesus, Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died.

But I know that even now, whatsoever thou wilt ask of God, God will give *it* thee.

Jesus saith unto her, Thy brother shall rise again.

Martha saith unto him, I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day.

Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection, and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live:

And whosoever liveth, and believeth in me, shall never die. Believest thou this?

She saith unto him, yea, Lord: I believe thou art the Christ, the Son of God, which should come into the world.

I. COR. XV., 50-58.

Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption.

Behold, I shew you a mystery; We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed,

In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.

For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal *must* put on immortality.

So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.

O death, where *is* thy sting? O grave, where *is* thy victory?

The sting of death *is* sin; and the strength of sin *is* the law.

But thanks *be* to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord.

I. THESS. IV., 13-18.

But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope.

For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.

For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive *and* remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep.

For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first:

Then we which are alive *and* remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord.

Wherefore, comfort one another with these words.

REV. VII., 9-17.

After this I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands;

And cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb.

And all the angels stood round about the throne, and *about* the elders and the four beasts, and fell before the throne on their faces, and worshipped God.

Saying, Amen: Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might, *be* unto our God for ever and ever. Amen.

And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they?

And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.

They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.

For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

HYMN.

I would not live alway! I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way,
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's woes—full enough for its cheer.

I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin!
Temptation without and corruption within!
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

I would not live alway! no, welcome the tomb!
Since Jesus hath lain there I dread not its gloom.
There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise,
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

Who, who would live alway, away from his God—
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns:

Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet,
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul!

ADDRESS.

Death has a two-fold aspect. It is not all dark, and it is not all bright: it is not all sorrow, and it is not all joy. But it is both dark and bright; it is both sorrowful and glad. To the grave of every godly man there are two sides: one is cold and cheerless; the other is warm and green. A poet of England once walked along the paths of a grave-yard on a sunshiny April day, at noon. The spring was well advanced, and the blades of grass were green. During the night there had been a light fall of April snow, which had covered the yard in which he strolled. The graves lay east and west. And the sun, as it made its circuit, inclining towards the south, shone gently on their southern side, and melted the snow that was lying there. And on that side of all the graves the young grass appeared in fresh life and beauty. But the northern side was still cold, and white, and wintry. It was death in its two-fold aspect. Wintry, one, cold and cheerless, like the snow: the sundering of old ties, and loves, and associations; the breaking up of a loved home; the parting from one who is dear; the thought that he is never more to be met in the familiar walks of life; and his pleasant voice is to be no more heard;

and his kind hand is to be no more clasped. That is the winter side of death:—it is the dark, sad aspect. And it is this that makes hot tears fall upon the cheeks.

The other view is warm and pleasant; it is vernal as the spring. It tells of resurrection; of new life springing out of death, as the grass and flowers of the spring-time; of mortals putting on immortality, and dwelling forever in the land of light. It tells of tired men gone to eternal rest, of immortal souls gone home to God, of pilgrims reaching their journey's end, and wayfarers of earth reaching a better country, that is, an heavenly. This is the sun-lit side of death—fresh, green, and beautiful. So, friends, death is not all dark, and not all bright; not all sad, and not all glad; but dark *and* bright; sorrowful *and* pleasant together.

The saddest of all tasks which man performs for fellow-man is that of burial. For it is taking him out forever from his earthly home, and it is hiding a loved face forever from earthly view. Yet with this two-fold aspect of death, the task need not be altogether sad.

For the performance of this duty we have come up to God's house to-day: here to pay our last tribute of love and respect to the memory of one who had the esteem and kind regard of all who knew him: and from this place where, on the Sabbath days, he has long been wont to worship Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,—to bear his body to its burial. Loving memory may well weep to-day; for

on the earth she will see his pleasant face no more. Yet it must not be all sadness here. For Hope may come, and stand by weeping souls and speak words of comfort and cheer.

You do not mourn when the sun goes down on a summer's evening, and leaves a golden flood of light behind. For the bright sunset tells of a glorious sunrising on the morrow. The day that dies in beauty is the harbinger of another living day to come. And when the light of a human life goes down from earthly view we need not always weep, for it may speak to us, in hope, of a brighter rising in another world. Thus, dear friends, I trust we have a right to think of this fair life that has set in our midst. The day that we have known is dead; but a brighter day may have begun to shine. And so we must not altogether mourn over this departure, but think of the new life in the eternal land.

The grain of wheat must fall into the ground, be hid from human view, and die, before it can be quickened and bring the harvest of the year. And *this* mortal body, and the mortal bodies of us all, must be sown in the earth, and be buried out of sight, ere they can spring up to immortality; ere this corruptible can put on incorruption and be clothed with glory. With such thoughts the sadness of our burial-service to-day, for one who was dear to us all, and from whom we mourn to part, is not altogether unrelieved.

Remember, beloved, the Lord Jesus Christ, God's Son, once lay in a grave at Jerusalem, as you and I

are to lie in our tombs. On the third day he rose from the dead. Since then the grave has been stripped of its terrors, and men may now rest in it, as they sleep upon their beds at night, and wait, in all confidence, for the light of the resurrection-morning to dawn, to wake their bodies from death's slumbers. Christ's resurrection is the pledge of your resurrection and mine. Because he lives, we shall live also. Before Christ lay there, the grave was, indeed, all darkness. But now, through that opened tomb in the garden, there streams forth to man going down to death, the blessed light of immortality and heaven. And as we go forth to the burial, to-day, we may lay this familiar body in its last resting-place, as a mother, at night, rests her little one upon the bed to sleep till the morning's sun shall awaken it to the life of a new day.

Dear friends, Religion speaks no eulogies. It points the living to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world, and it buries the dead to await Christ's call. It sings the praise of Christ, and not the praise of man. The words which I shall speak, therefore, concerning the life and character of our honored friend, will be few, and only such as a loving heart cannot restrain. God's house is not the place, and this is not the time, for an elaborate sketch of his useful career, and a worthy description of the beauty of his manhood.

To us, who have known Mr. White only of late, he has been a genial, pleasant, kindly old man, whom it was ever a pleasure for young and old,

rich and poor, to meet. At his home, on the street, in the place of business, at an evening company, in the church of Christ, one always felt grateful and honored to receive the smiling light of his eye, the cordial grasp of his warm hand, and the cheering word of his lips. As a young man, while I always looked up to him with veneration and respect, I found myself drawn to him by a feeling of friendship that exists generally only among those near of age. And so, I think, in his pleasant way, this old man ever drew the young to him; for none could come near his side without perceiving the kindly interest of his heart in them. For he was a large-hearted man, with room enough within himself to take in others' troubles, and their joys; to feel deeply for those in want and care, and to help them in their need by generous gifts of sympathy and gold. There was nothing small in his character, in his feelings, in his deeds. It would take a large book to record the unostentatious actions of his liberal life. And, as with all large-hearted men, magnanimity was a ruling trait in his soul. He hated, with a righteous hatred, all that was wrong, contemptible, and mean. But he knew how to suffer long, and to be kind; and could pity men of little souls who were beneath him; and could forgive them for their ingratitude of kindness, and their personal injuries to himself. I could tell you instances in which his magnanimous spirit displayed itself that would surprise you. Yet I know not they would surprise you, since you knew the man.

To those of you who have known Mr. White for many years he was the polished gentleman of stately bearing, and graceful manners; a refined and able speaker, acute in argument, and pleasant in address; a man excellent in judgment, true in his words, wise in forethought, and of good business sagacity; an accomplished statesman, whose character politics never soiled; who frowned on all dishonesty and fraud; and who belonged to a class of men in the national congress which the nation looks back upon, to-day, with utmost respect and pride.

Of the events of Mr. White's life, I now say nothing. Many of you know them far better than I. He has had much of prosperity, and much of adversity, much of affliction, and much of joy. The volume of the life is closed now, and sealed. There is nothing to be added, for the life is at an end.

We shall all miss him, dear friends, miss him far more than we think now, in all the walks of life. He will be greatly missed in that charming home of his, where he has lived so long, just on the border of our town. Our feet may not enter the doors of his home, our hands are all too rough to lay against the hearts that bleed, and we cannot know how sadly they will miss him there where he has been husband, father, friend.

We shall miss him in this church of Christ, whither he has come so many years to worship God. I always loved to see that venerable man coming down the aisle; and I always felt the better to have him in his pew as I tried to preach the glorious

gospel of our blessed God. It is a heavy sorrow to my heart to think I shall never see his up-turned, listening face, looking towards this pulpit again. The people said of the good centurion, he had built for them a synagogue. The liberality of Mr. White's open hand has done much to build this house of God for us; and may God reward him from his throne!

We shall miss him at the counting-house, in the place of business, in the social gatherings, in our homes. The poor, the rich, the old, the young, the seekers of advice, they who are in trouble and in want—these all will miss him sadly to whom they used to go. The end has come. And they will bear his body down the aisle, for the last time, and away from our sight.

Concerning the religious life of our departed friend I need keep no reticence. He was not a communicant of our church, and never made any profession of religion, for he never saw his way clear to do so. Yet he was always a most reverent, devout, and godly man.

At his table, covered with gifts from Him who giveth us richly all things to enjoy, he invariably asked God's blessing, and gave Him thanks.

I cannot believe that the promises of Christ ever fail. They are pledged by Deity, and they must be fulfilled. And when I hear Christ say, "Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you," I must believe that he who asks, receives; and he who seeks,

finds; and he who knocks in the way of God's appointment must have the doors of everlasting life unfolded for his entrance. And if this man honestly prayed to God for light, honestly sought for truth, as those who knew him best tell me he did, earnestly, and as a little child, knocked for Christ's salvation; then I think, though his soul was full of doubts and darkness, as the saintly Cowper's was through all his life, there may have yet come marvelous light to him, at the very end, in answer to his prayers. And so, on the Sabbath days, as I shall see his face no more in this earthly court, I hope I shall not be wrong in thinking of him, whom we all loved, as worshipping in the great congregation of the white-robed host on high.

May God bring you all there, at last, dear friends, and we will sing one song together of praise to the Lamb!

NOTICES

OF OUR FATHER FROM THE PAPERS OF THE DAY.

From the Waterford Sentinel.

Our citizens were startled, on Friday morning, at the announcement of the demise of Hon. Hugh White, which occurred at 7 o'clock on Thursday evening. He had been attended by his physician but an hour previous, and left in an apparently improved condition. He had been in feeble health for a long time, but not until Sabbath morning last was he in a condition to keep within his house. When he was first taken worse with his last illness a dispatch was sent to his son, residing in the west, stating that Mr. White was sick and that he had better return home. Singularly enough, the condition of the invalid was so much improved that a second dispatch was forwarded recalling the previous message, but which soon was followed with the death announcement. His difficulty was neuralgia of the heart. He leaves a wife and two children, a son and daughter, to lament his sudden death. Two children have preceded the aged father to their spirit home. The deceased was a man of wide reputation. He had represented his constituents from the Saratoga District three terms in Congress, being elected in 1845, and serving until 1851, and was the opponent of Chesselden Ellis, of this place, the latter being succeeded by Edward Dodd, of Washington county. He was a strong anti-slavery advocate, a man of few words, but of great influence and power.

He was a lawyer of large education and fine ability. Charity, with him, was no virtue. His heart was large and yielding, and his purse was open and free in every laudable purpose. He was possessed of considerable wealth, being worth between $200,000 and $300,000. He had but recently returned from a trip to the Golden State, and these columns had intimated the publication of his experience and observations during the journey, from his pen. He was a Trustee of the Presbyterian church of this village. He was, also, at the time of his death, President of the Saratoga County National Bank of this place, having been elected to that position in June last. On the 5th of June, 1860, he was elected a Director of this bank, and on the 14th of June, 1864, was chosen Vice-President, serving in that capacity until elected its President, which was occasioned by the death of Hon. John Cramer, who died on the 1st of June last. This bank has suffered severe mortality among its officers and directors during the last ten years. In May, 1860, Joshua Mandeville, Director, died. On the 11th of February, 1862, John House, also a Director, died. In October, of the same year, the 18th inst., John Knickerbocker died. He was the first and only President of this bank from its organization, July 14th, 1830, to the time of his death. In 1864, on the 2d of February, John Stewart died. He was a Director of the bank from its organization, and was elected Vice-President June 9th, 1863. The death of D. Brainard King, also a Director, occurred on July 6th, 1865. On the 1st of June, 1870, John Cramer died. He was President of the bank at his death, and had been its Vice-President from its organization to the time he was made President, June 9th, 1863. It will be observed that four of the leading members of this bank bore the names of "John." Mr. White was a friend to the

human family, and all who knew him loved him. In his death a good man has passed away. He was 72 years of age. His funeral occurs from his late residence, on Monday next, at 11 A. M.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Saratoga County National Bank, held last evening, the following action was taken:

DIRECTORS' ROOM,
SARATOGA COUNTY NATIONAL BANK,
Friday, October 7, 1870.

At a meeting of the Directors, held this evening, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted, and ordered to be published:

Whereas, This Board has been convened in consequence of the sudden and unexpected death of our late associate and President, HON. HUGH WHITE, therefore—

Resolved, That in his death we recognize the overruling hand of him "who doeth his own pleasure among the armies of heaven and the inhabitants of earth," and "who doeth all things well," in thus taking from our midst one with whom we have been long associated, and to whose sound judgment and financial ability this institution has been largely indebted.

Resolved, That in his death we mourn the loss of one who will be missed, not only at our Board, but in all the relations of life, honored for his social qualities, large-hearted benevolence, and general usefulness in our community, a citizen beloved and respected by all.

Resolved, That we tender to the widow and family of our deceased associate and friend, our warmest sympathy in this

hour of their affliction, and that in token of our esteem and respect we will attend his funeral in a body.

By order.

D. M. VAN HOVENBERGH,
Cashier.

From the Ballston Journal.

HON. HUGH WHITE died at his residence, in Waterford, at half-past seven o'clock, Thursday evening, October 6th, aged 72 years. MR. WHITE was affected by neuralgia of the heart, and died from a sudden attack of that disease. He attended his business as late as Tuesday evening, appearing to be then in his usual health. He returned a few weeks ago from a trip to California, being greatly improved in his health thereby. About three years since he suffered from a partial paralytic stroke, which damaged him, both mentally and bodily, to such an extent that he has never fully recovered from it. Previous to the attack he was a man of energy and ability in mind and body.

MR. WHITE has been identified with Cohoes and its business ever since the water-power at that place was first utilized, and was connected with the original Cohoes Company, which built the first factories and made Cohoes the leading manufacturing city of this State. MR. WHITE endeavored to have the buildings and water-power located on the opposite side of the river from Cohoes, which would make a large village between the present city and Waterford. Van Rensselaer, the patroon, who was a member of the company, overruled all objections, and had the location settled on his own lands.

Mr. White has ever since been connected with various companies in Cohoes, and was, at the time of his decease, a heavy stockholder in them.

In politics Mr. White obtained honorable distinction. He represented this district in Congress three terms, from 1845 to 1851, and held a high position in the House. He was at that time a Whig, but became a Republican at the formation of that party; and he was also a steady opponent of the institution of slavery. He was earnest in support of all war measures, and contributed freely, by money and personal influence, to the suppression of the rebellion. During his residence in Waterford he has been a consistent member of the Presbyterian church. He was, at his death, President of the Waterford Bank.

From the Albany Evening Times.

Hon. Hugh White, a prominent citizen of Waterford, died quite suddenly at his residence, last evening, of neuralgia of the heart. Mr. White had been in delicate health for some years, and his condition within the past few days had led to his son being telegraphed for. Yesterday he seemed so much better that a counter dispatch was forwarded. Mr. White was conversing with his family at half-past six, when he complained of feeling rather cold, and proposed to lie down. A few minutes after a cry of extreme pain was heard from his apartment, and his family entered to find him insensible. Death ensued within twenty minutes. Mr. White was a native of this State and a branch of the family from which the village of Whitestown takes its name. He represented his district in Congress from 1845 to 1851, and had been a prominent con-

tractor on the extensive improvements made by the Cohoes Company some years since. He was over seventy years of age, a large man, of fine appearance, and was well known for his public spirit.

From the Cohoes Cataract.

Our citizens were startled yesterday morning by the announcement of the death of Hon. Hugh White. The sad event occurred at his residence on the opposite side of the river, at half-past seven o'clock on Thursday, evening, after an illness of a few days. Although a resident of Waterford, Mr. White's business interests had been so closely identified with Cohoes since its earliest history, that he has always been esteemed one of our citizens, and his loss will be sincerely mourned by our people, as that of an upright, useful man. He was one of the pioneers who prepared the way for the growth and prosperity of Cohoes as a manufacturing town.

Mr. White was the son of Judge White, of Whitestown, Oneida County. His brother, Canvass White, and himself, came to Cohoes about 38 years ago. They planned the works of the Cohoes Company, and Mr. Hugh White had the charge and whole care of the works for many years. He also, in connection with other strong parties in New York and Albany began the present Harmony Company's works. He was essentially an executive man; what he undertook he always accomplished, for he was a man of strong, indomitable will; he was generous and large-hearted in all his dealings. He represented the Saratoga district in Congress from 1845 to 1851, and was a hard worker for three successive terms, and will be remembered, especially

among working men, both in Congress and in his own county and immediate neighborhood. Many young men have been started on in the world by his kindness and his means, which he often used very freely in such cases. He had reached the age of 72 years. We understand the funeral services will be held at his late residence on Monday, at 11 o'clock.

From the Cohoes Cataract.

The last sad rites of respect to Mr. White were observed, as announced, last Monday. Private services for the family, and most intimate friends, were held at his late residence, and at eleven o'clock his body was removed to the Presbyterian church, Waterford, where a large congregation of prominent citizens from this place, Lansingburgh, Troy, Albany, Waterford and New York, had assembled. The ceremonies were conducted by the pastor, the Rev. R. P. H. Vail, who, in his sermon, paid a fitting tribute to the many noble qualities that characterized the deceased. The remains, attended by a large number of sincere friends, were then conveyed to the family burial-place in the Albany Rural Cemetery. The pall-bearers were the Hon. T. G. Younglove, Lysander Button, Esq., A. Stewart, Esq., Geo. H. Stewart, Esq., Hon. Judge Cheever, John C. House, Esq., G. W. Eddy, Esq., W. T. Seymour, Esq.

From the Utica Daily Observer.

Messrs. Editors : It was announced in your columns some weeks since that the HON. HUGH WHITE departed this life in his mansion at Waterford on the evening of the 6th of October. But as the deceased was endowed with qualities of heart and mind, which, superadded to educational acquirements, and an uncommon aptness for "business," gave him a prominence in the great race of life in advance of most of his cotemporaries, I have thought that, in compliance with your suggestion, a more particular notice of his life and career, and of the historical incidents connected therewith, would be acceptable to the public at large, and especially so to the wide circle of his relatives and friends in Whitestown and Oneida county, where he was born, reared and educated.

HUGH WHITE, of Waterford, was born in December, 1798, and was consequently nearly 72 years of age at his decease. He was the third son of Capt. Hugh White, the latter being the third male offspring of Judge Hugh White, the proprietary settler and founder of WHITESTOWN: And the subject of this notice was the fifth Hugh White of the lineal descendants of Elder John White, the progenitor of the American WHITES.

This "forefather" of the family migrated from Chelmsford, England, in 1632–'33, to the then vast wilderness of North America, within the jurisdiction of the English Puritan colony of Massachusetts Bay, and first settled with his wife and two children at Cambridge; afterwards, they removed to Hadley; and ultimately, with the Rev. Thomas Hooker and followers, moved down the valley of the Connecticut river, and founded a settlement, which has since grown to be the city of Hartford. Very soon after the coming of this colony to the new world, JOHN WHITE'S name appears

SERMON,

DELIVERED IN

The First Reformed Presbyterian Church,

Brooklyn, Long Island, North America,

ON THE OCCASION OF THE DEATH OF

MRS. MARGARET MOORHEAD,

The beloved Wife of John Moorhead, M. D.

BY

THE REV. NEVIN WOODSIDE.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

PHILADELPHIA:
YOUNG & FERGUSON, PRINTERS, 14 SOUTH SEVENTH ST.
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PREFACE.

Amidst the discharge of onerous pastoral labors and at the request of the relatives and friends of Mrs. Moorhead, the following sermon is published. Those who heard it delivered will find many of the expressions changed or omitted. The author regrets this; but as it was not entirely written out and memorized before it was delivered, it was impossible to remember all the expressions used when it was preached. It is with the hope, that it may prove useful to mourners in Zion, that it is now given to the world in a printed form. It is not prepared for the purpose of gratifying literary taste, but to present to the minds of sorrowing believers truths which may alleviate their sorrows and strengthen them for the conflict with death. How far the author has succeeded in his aim, he leaves to the impartial decision of the candid and devout reader.

N. Woodside.

BELIEVER'S SORROW FOR THE RIGHTEOUS DEAD ALLEVIATED.

1 THESSALONIANS IV. 13, 14.

"But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him."

How exalted was the office of an apostle! The persons honored to fill it had peculiar advantages and distinguished privileges. At one time, under the direction of the Holy Ghost, they were bearing conviction to the hearts of sinners by the strength and pungency of their language; at another time, guiding the sin-stricken soul to the only source of eternal life and happiness. Now, we find them casting down those whose looks were lofty, and anon by their consoling announcements lifting the burden of sorrow from the minds of the disconsolate. They wrote and spoke not exclusively for their own generation, but for successive generations to the end of time. With the death of the apostles, the office passed away. It was not the design of our Heavenly Father to continue the office always. Hence, it is declared, that when Christ ascended up on high, "he gave gifts to men." "And he gave some apostles, and some prophets, and some evangelists, and some pastors and teachers, for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ: till we all come in the unity of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

Paul was greatly honored as the instrument of transmitting to the church at Thessalonica, and through her to Christians in every succeeding age, the comforting language of the text. He was inspired to write truths which would form an impregnable bulwark to the church against errors which abounded in his own age, and have since sprung up to trouble believers on the subjects of death and the resurrection.

Although we do not exercise the apostolic office, yet it is the peculiar privilege and high honor of a pastor to expound and enforce the doctrines received from inspired apostles,—that the conduct of professed believers may harmonize with the divine law,—that their sorrow may not be despair, nor their joy unsanctified levity. Were believers without the instructions of the living teacher, their sorrows would often be overwhelming. Having the truth before us, and car-

rying with us the commission to show it forth, we embrace the present opportunity of showing the bereaved, that they are not to sorrow as others who have no hope,—that there are infallible reasons for believing, that although friends "have gone to that land from whose bourn no traveller returns," yet you shall meet with them face to face. "For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him."

In elucidating the truth contained in this passage, it may be well to observe the following order:—

I. The nature of the believer's sorrow for the righteous dead.

1st. Natural grief is not forbidden by the divine law. The text does not forbid it. Nowhere throughout the divine word is it prohibited. The Christian religion does not destroy natural affection. On the contrary, it increases it. The strongest natural affection is found among true believers. Examples not a few can be adduced to establish this statement. Few have attained such piety in religion as Abraham, the father of the faithful. He had a strength of faith which few possessed; a warmth of love to God that does not glow in every bosom; and a zeal in preparing for heavenly enjoyment which has scarcely ever been equalled. The possession and exercise of these graces heightened rather than diminished his natural affection for his beloved wife. In thought, you can travel back and view that touching scene, when the venerable patriarch in Kirjath-Arba gave evidence of the strength of his natural affection by mourning and weeping over the lifeless remains of his beloved Sarah. Jacob, distinguished for his power in prayer, had strong natural affection. His natural grief was deep when he thought his sons were dead. Listen to his complaint when his sons returned from Egypt and related their experience. "Me have ye bereaved of my children. Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin away. All these things are against me." The thought of parting with another son seemed to overwhelm his soul with sorrow, and he exclaimed in the bitterness of his anguish, "My son *shall not go down* with you; for his brother is dead, and he is left alone. If mischief befall him by the way in which ye go, then shall ye bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave." Gen. xlii. 38. Joseph, also, whose integrity and truthfulness shone most brightly, whose opposition to sin was calm and determined, cherished the strongest natural affection for his father. When Jacob "had made an end of commanding his sons," and had "gathered up his feet into the bed, and yielded up the ghost," the natural grief of Joseph was seen in his actions and his tears. He embraced his father's corpse, and wept like a child. When Moses died, the children of Israel wept for him thirty days in the plains of Moab. David unstrung his harp when he heard of the untimely death of his bosom companion, and wrote that inimitable elegy, in which we can trace at once the outpouring of his natural grief, and the scathing of the heights of Gilboa, where fell in conflict his constant and endeared friend Jonathan. The prophets experienced natural sorrow for the loss of friends. Ezekiel makes affectionate men-

tion of the death of his wife. Nor will it be considered derogatory to the honor of the God-man to mention his grief for the bereaved family at Bethany as additional testimony to the position we have taken. Jesus sympathized with Martha and Mary, and his grief was attested by the Jews, who exclaimed when they saw him weep at the grave of Lazarus, "Behold how he loved him." The truth that natural sorrow for the righteous dead is not forbidden, is supported by the writings and experience of patriarchs, prophets and apostles, by the actions of holy men and pious women in every age, and by the memorable example of our Lord, of whom the Holy Ghost has left the infallible record for the consolation of believers, "*Jesus wept.*"

2. It is not the sorrow of despair. It is poignant and deep; but it does not terminate in despondency. The sorrow of despair is seen in the frantic actions of those who "in this life only have hope, and are of all men most miserable." The irreligious parent, from whom death has snatched away an idolized child, is often heard "uttering words unadvisedly." He complains of the righteous dealings of Jehovah. He considers them wrong, because they are beyond his comprehension. He cannot see why the object of his love should be removed. He is alike ignorant of the cause of the removal and the place to which his child has gone. The person ignorant of the ways of God is neither at peace with himself nor his Creator. He rebels against the sovereignty of God, questions his right to dispose of his creatures as he pleases, and consequently plunges himself into the deepest misery. The sorrow of despair is the result of rebellion against the righteous authority of Jehovah. The thoughts of the wicked revert to the actions of men, and constantly dwell upon them, as if they ought to have saved the life of the departed. Fault is found with the actions of relatives, accusations are brought against self for want of fore-sight in the treatment of the sick friend, and the name of God is blasphemed by unhallowed repining at the dispensation of his Providence. There is no comfort drawn from the divine word, the mercy of God in Christ, the inflexible justice of God, nor his unparalleled goodness. All these are overlooked. But the believer, mourning for the righteous dead, surveys with the eye of faith, the "covenant ordered in all things and sure," rests satisfied that its provisions are sufficient for all who believe savingly, acquiesces in the sovereign disposal of relatives, and unhesitatingly says, "Thy will be done." His sorrow is enlightened and resigned. It neither springs from ignorance of the glories of the Godhead, nor of the operations of grace in the human soul. It is chastened by a knowledge of both, and is consequently positively beneficial. The person may not be able to fathom the mystery of the removal; but he knows, that "the works of *His* hands are verity and judgment." Ps. cxi. 7. Feeling that God does all things well, the sorrowing believer advances in holiness by the affliction. It is a blessing in disguise. It leads him to say in the chastened language of the apostle, "We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair." 2 Cor. iv. 8.

3. It is a sorrow mingled with Christian hope. When the husband grasps the hand of his wife to bid her an affectionate adieu, as her soul is about to pass into eternity, he has a well founded hope, that he shall grasp that hand again when they joyfully pass together through the boundless domain of the redeemed. When he looks into her eyes, over which death is spreading its dark covering, and his heart is depressed with grief as "those that look out of the windows are darkened," he hopes to see those eyes brightened with a purer love and a holier joy than ever beautified them on earth. When he imprints upon the cold and closed lips the last affectionate kiss, it is with the hope of seeing them opened in the celebration of the praises of God in the New Jerusalem. When he follows the remains to their last resting place, and hears the sickening sound of the "clods of the valley" falling upon the coffin, his grief is alleviated by the assured hope, that the "grave shall give up its dead." Hope lifts the sorrow from the heart of believing parents when children are suddenly removed. They make a proper application of the words of the prophet, "Thus saith the Lord, Refrain thy voice from weeping, and thine eyes from tears; for thy work shall be rewarded, saith the Lord; and they shall come again from the land of the enemy. And there is hope in thine end, saith the Lord, that thy children shall come again to their own border." Jer. xxxi. 16. Martha's grief was mingled with hope when the soothing sentence fell upon her ears from the lips of Jesus, "Thy brother shall rise again." The thought of eternal separation is intolerable. The believer, mourning for the pious dead, is not subjected to the saddening effect of such a thought. The consolation imparted to the disciples by the Lord Jesus Christ is as fresh and appropriate to the sorrowful now, as it was to the sorrowing disciples on the eve of their bereavement. "And ye now therefore have sorrow; but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you." John xvi. 22. It is the hope of meeting again in the presence of a reconciled God that alleviates our sorrows. Did the present state terminate the existence and the happiness of man, we might well dread the approach of death and mourn over the sudden removal of those who were useful in the family and in the church. If all their intellectual acquirements and all their moral excellence were to perish, then our sorrow would not be lighted by a ray of hope. But "no mental acquirement shall be lost." The moral excellence that shone so brightly amidst many imperfections, and that was sometimes clouded by the darkness around, will shine in dazzling perfection in another world. The cultivated mind will lose nothing of its polish by passing in angelic company from earth to heaven. The elevated thoughts, the refined feelings, the meekness and humility of the believer will lose nothing of their attraction in the heavenly country. As you stand around the death-bed to watch the last conflict of a believing friend, your sorrow will be diminished by the assurance, that death is but the last stroke in the sanctifying process, and prepares the person for the study of the divine character and government in heaven. You have the hope that

neither mental power, nor moral excellence, nor spiritual delight, shall perish. "In thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore." Ps. xvi. 11.

II. Death is not an eternal sleep, but rest to the believer.

1. "The soul neither sleeps nor dies." This doctrine was taught by the Westminster Divines. In the Westminster Confession of Faith the following declaration is found: "The bodies of men after death return to dust and see corruption; but their souls, (which neither die nor sleep,) having an immortal subsistence, immediately return to God who gave them. The souls of the righteous, being then made perfect in holiness, are received into the highest heavens, where they behold the face of God in light and glory, waiting for the full redemption of their bodies." Conf., chap. xxxii. These words are supported by the declaration of the Bible: "Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it." Eccles. xii. 7. If death were an eternal sleep, or the soul should die, then the words of our Lord Jesus to the penitent thief would be void of meaning. His consoling answer to the prayer of the thief was, "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." How empty would the statement have been, had the soul of the thief died the moment that natural life became extinct! The words of our Lord are sufficient to destroy the false foundation on which some have been building an argument for the eternal sleep or death of the soul. The soul is an "indivisible unit," and cannot be dissolved like the body. It is not, as some materialists have supposed, "a compound of thought and speech or other sign." There must be a difference between thought and that which originates it, and between speech and that which frames it. The soul does not consist of a series of material particles, that may be separated at pleasure and subjected to a process of chemical analysis. Nor can it undergo dissolution by being brought into contact with the earth. It did not spring from the earth, and cannot return to it like the body, or become the food of worms. Man cannot kill the soul. "Fear not them which kill the body, and are not able to kill the soul; but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell." Mark x. 28. The souls of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob must be alive, or else our Lord's statements are unmeaning. When he opposed the Sadducean heresy that there is no resurrection, he said, "But as touching the resurrection of the dead, have ye not read that which was spoken unto you by God, saying, I am the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob? God is not the God of the dead, but of the living." Matt. xxii. 31, 32.

Nor does the soul sleep. It is not our intention to discuss sleep in a purely philosophical manner. It is said to be "a suspension of the sensory and motor functions which appears to alternate in all animals with the active condition of those functions, and which may be made to give place to it by the agency of appropriate impressions upon the sensory nerves." But while there is "a suspension of the sensory and motor functions" of the body in sleep, the soul is active.

How often in sleep do we revisit the home of youth, walk over the fields where we often played in childhood, and stand by the side of endeared friends in foreign lands. Those exercises of the mind prove that it does not sleep. If it be true, as all Christians admit it to be, that there is uninterrupted and active communion with God in heaven, it cannot be possible that the soul is asleep. There cannot be communion between a person asleep and one awake. We are assured on infallible authority, that "He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep." Ps. cxxi. 4. Neither sleep nor death can exclude the soul from the delightful fellowship which it enjoys with the Father, Son and Holy Ghost for ever.

2. The sleep mentioned in the text is bodily rest in the grave. The grave is a sweet resting-place for the toil-worn bodies of believers. "There the weary be at rest." In the grave no pain shoots athwart the breast, or keeps the head from resting securely. The eyes are not suffused with the bitter tears of sorrow. The hands roughened and the shoulders bowed with toil under the scorching heat of summer, or the cold of winter, are freed from their labors. No new furrow is raised upon the brow by corroding disappointment or painful anxiety. It is true, the body decays; but there is no pain in the decaying process. Laid in the tomb, the believer's body is beyond the reach of Satanic influence. The arch-fiend cannot inflame the animal passions, which he had often raised into a tempest by his foul temptations. The persecutor may exultingly trample over the head of those he had murdered for the "testimony of Jesus;" but neither his footfall nor his blasphemy can disturb the bodily rest of slaughtered saints. "There the prisoners rest together; they hear not the voice of the oppressor. The small and great are there, and the servant is free from his master," Job iii. 17. It is true, the believer naturally shrinks from death. He dislikes its cold touch, and, to a certain extent, fears its stealthy approach. He shrinks from the consequences of its stroke in this life; namely, separation from his family and fellow-members in the church, the frustrating of his plans for church extension, elevation of society, and defending the truth. He prays for life, that in its varied exercises he may honor God and do good to men. But his heaven born principles overcoming his natural infirmities, he is enabled as death approaches to say with the apostle, "I am now ready to be offered." He is assured, that with his death there comes a termination of sorrows. Death ended Abraham's wanderings, and Jacob's disappointments, and David's persecutions, and Paul's exhausting labors. The grave to them was a place of rest. Nor is the body forgotten by the ransomed spirit enjoying undisturbed pleasure in heaven. The body is yet to be the habitation of the soul when it is raised a spiritual body and fully prepared for its heavenly exercises. It is not forgotten while it rests preparatory to its glorification. "Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth; my *flesh* also shall *rest* in hope." Ps. xvi. 9. The soul of the believer will rejoice to re-enter the risen body, that may have rested for thousands of years, in the cold ground, or in the waters of ocean.

3. The sleep mentioned in the text is rest in Jesus. "Them which *sleep* in Jesus will God bring with him." This is the rest of covenant security. Bodies of believers, as well as their souls, are the objects of God's covenant care. It matters not where the remains of the righteous rest, they are united to him. They are the objects of his special protection. Christ died for the bodies, as well as the souls, of his people. As certainly as the hundred, forty and four thousand are sealed with their Father's name in their foreheads, so certainly does God take care of redeemed dust. It seems, that God has planted a law in the mind which leads men to take care of the body. In proportion as the mind is enlightened, do we find men guarding the body with peculiar care. It is only amid the havoc of cruel war, or when man is found in his most degraded condition, that the bodies of men are left to become the food of wild animals, or their bones to bleach upon the mountains. From the earliest period of the world's history pious persons have found a burying place for the dead, and have respectfully followed the remains of friends to the tomb. In all this, we see God's covenant care for precious dust. The whole man is the object of saving favor. God buried the body of Moses. It was not left to beasts of prey, nor exposed to the unsanctified gaze of the wicked. By his actions and declarations,—by the feelings of his people and their attention to the dead, he has attested the blessed truth, that the bodies of believers are united to Christ in their graves. Apart from Jesus, there can be no true rest and no certain protection. With him, there is safety in life, peace in death, protection in the judgment, and pleasure unalloyed in heaven. There may be no sculptured monument to mark their graves, and no epitaphs to tell of their birth-place and their acts of kindness; but He who has their names engraven on the palms of his hands will not forget their resting places, though they be far off in the trackless wilderness or unnoticed in the Potter's Field. If he clothe the lilies of the field with such beauty, and notice the falling of a sparrow to the ground, how much more will he keep guard by the lonely tombs of the righteous dead. There is covenant safety for the believer at death and after it. He need not fear death, nor need his friends despair when he is gone. Though they may not be able to watch by the grave constantly, yet there is One who guards and defends with unwavering constancy and paternal care the bodies of his servants.

III. Their resurrection to eternal life is certain.

1. This is secured by the resurrection of Christ. This is the glorious "Magna Charta" of their freedom from the power of the grave. "If we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so, them also that sleep in Jesus will God bring with him." If he rose from the dead, then will his people arise. Who can doubt his resurrection? It was attested by the angel who kept watch in the grave, on the first morning of the week, and said to the women, "He is not here, for he is risen, as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay." That angelic declaration should drive doubts from every mind on this subject. Additional proof of it may be drawn from all that was writ-

ten respecting it. "Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell, neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption." Long before the resurrection took place it was a source of consolation to the believer. Job could say, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God; whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold and not another, though my reins be consumed within me." Job xix. 25–27. That declaration establishes the doctrine of Christ's resurrection. The testimony of the eye-witnesses of the empty tomb cannot be denied. Mary Magdalene, in the earnestness and simplicity of her heart, when she went to the grave and saw the stone removed, and the grave untenanted, ran back to Peter and John and said, "They have taken away the Lord out of the sepulchre, and we know not where they have laid him." John xx. 2. That Christ rose from the dead is sufficiently established by the angel, the pious women who first saw the empty grave, and the faithful men who heard and saw the Lord after he arose. His whole body arose. It was not a portion of it, nor an elimination from it having the appearance of the body. It was the self-same body. Not a particle of it was left behind. The grave did not feed upon the body of Jesus. *He*, the *Holy One*, saw no corruption. Surely we are warranted to conclude, that no part of the body of the believer will be lost. Christ had head, and hands, and feet after he arose. So we have reason to believe, that the body of believers, "fashioned like unto his glorious body," will have bodily parts, and the upright form in which they now appear. God has formed the body of man distinct from the bodies of the lower animals. The thought that man's body may be transformed into some other shape is repugnant to nature, and contrary to Scripture. The Apostle teaches most clearly the doctrine that it will be the self-same body that will come forth from the grave, though neither subject to hunger nor thirst, nor the impressions of heat and cold. He overthrows the false theory that the body of man will pass into other bodies and be lost. He draws the distinction between the various seeds, and the bodies which spring up from them. "God giveth it a body, and to every *seed his own body*." "All flesh is not the same flesh: but there is one kind of flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds." 1 Cor. xv. 30–34. The flesh of man is distinct from that of any other animal; and it would be just as reasonable to expect Indian corn to grow out of wheat, or an oak out of a grain of corn, as to expect the body of man to be raised up in the form of a beast, or of a flying fowl, or fish of the sea. He who made the distinction in *flesh* will not allow the redeemed bodies of his servants to disappear by amalgamation eternally, to be annihilated, or deprived of their parts, though they moulder in the grave for a time. "If we believe that Jesus rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him."

2. Their resurrection will be effected by the power of Immanuel

God with us. Resurrection is not the result of what is popularly termed the law of nature. The dead shall not rise by their own power. It requires the special exercise of the outstretched arm of the Omnipotent, to lift from the bosom of the earth, or the depths of the sea, the bodies therein deposited. Lazarus did not arise until he was awaked by the life-giving voice of Immanuel. There was the exercise of divine power in the words, "Lazarus, come forth." The daughter of Jairus arose when Jesus uttered the irresistible command, "Talitha, cumi; Damsel, I say unto thee, Arise." Mark v. 41. Divine power is alone adequate to the task of giving life to the dead. The heat of the sun, the refreshing shower of rain, the latent warmth of the earth, combined with the most skilful application of chemicals, will not re-animate the bodies of the departed. Let the language of the text be inscribed upon the tablet of every heart,—"Them which sleep in Jesus will *God bring* with him." They shall awake on the morning of the resurrection by the voice of the arch-angel and the trump of God. The same hand that formed the body of the dust of the ground, will lift its parts, however widely separated, bring them together, re-unite and re-animate them. If it were possible to form the body of the dust, it is surely possible for the same power to re-animate it. It is not only possible, but certain. The power exercised in creation is neither weakened nor destroyed. We may well ask the question propounded by the Apostle, "Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you, that God should raise the dead?" Acts xxvi. 8. He who spoke the world into existence can as easily call out his servants from their graves. Upon the Mediator, however, is conferred the honor of raising the dead. He will assert his power over the grave, as it had been predicted before his incarnation or resurrection. "O, grave, I will be thy destruction." Hosea xiii. 14. "For as the Father hath life in himself, so hath he given to the Son to have life in himself; and hath given him authority to execute judgment also, because he is the Son of man. Marvel not at this, for the hour is coming in which all that are in their graves shall hear His voice, and shall come forth: they that have done good unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation." John v. 26–29. It is not merely creative power that will be exercised, but Mediatorial power that will raise the dead. This is part of the Mediatorial honor. To "Christ, who is our life," belongs the glory of gathering his people into one company, when he comes to "make up his jewels." The believer's consolation may be increased by remembering that one who felt the stroke of death, and tenanted the tomb, will neither forget the resting places of his servants, nor fail to put forth his power for their resurrection. It is by the power of Jesus that the dead shall rise. Who, that committed into his hands the eternal interests of the immortal spirit, would not commit to his Mediatorial care the tenement of the soul? We can put confidence in his own comforting announcement, "I am he that liveth and was dead; and behold I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death." Rev. i. 18.

3. They will come forth in the most glorious company. God will bring them *with him.* Many of them may have wandered in the solitary desert without a companion, or earthly relative to cheer them. They may have passed through society scarcely known, retiring in habits, meek and quiet in their spirit, and hidden from public view by the veil of poverty. At the resurrection their poverty will disappear, and at the judgment they will be openly acknowledged and acquitted. They will be publicly recognized as the honorable among men, though they were despised while on earth by the wicked. He who accompanied them through the fire, and through the water, will lead them to everlasting glory. He was not ashamed of them when they were testifying to his truth amidst insult and injury, nor will he be ashamed of them before his Father in heaven. God the Saviour will bring them with him to the mansions prepared for them. Oh, what delightful company! To be in it is to be safe, honored, and happy. Never was a journey performed in such delightful company as that will be. From the dark chambers of the tomb they will ascend into the indescribable light and peace of heaven. In company with Jesus will redeemed souls come forth with delight, to re-enter their bodies, raised incorruptible. When the permanent re-union of the two parts of man shall be effected, heaven shall throw wide its gates for the entrance of the Captain of Salvation, in company with his countless followers. The angelic escort will rejoice to recognize them as the brethren of Christ. There is no danger of the loss of any for whom atonement was made. The company in which they will travel from earth to heaven will neither injure their bodies nor stain their morals. There will be no conflict in their views of the way heavenward, nor of the nature and amount of their employment. It will be the glory of Christ to lead and command, and the glory and delight of his people to follow and obey. They will never grow weary with him, nor he with them. Let this thought cheer the bereaved. The body entombed during the past week rests quietly in the grave, but it will yet be led forth to honor and immortality by the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. The soul is separated from it, but the separation is not eternal. The congregation have lost a peaceful and endeared member, but the Church triumphant has been increased by her entrance upon the unalloyed pleasures of the glorified. Our departed friend is already in the company of her beloved Redeemer. Believers who have parted with believing friends have no reason to "sorrow as others who have no hope."

Mrs. Margaret (Lowrie) Moorhead was born in Smithborough, County Monaghan, Ireland. Her father was a ruling elder in the Presbyterian Church. A distinguished editor thus wrote of him: "He was upright and honorable in all his dealings; steady in his attachments; pious without ostentation, and charitable in every sense of the word. As he lived, so he died the death of the righteous: his latter end was peace." What was said of her father, may properly

be applied to Mrs. Moorhead. Her meek and quiet behavior adorned her Christian profession. She loved the house of God, and was never absent from the ordinances unless detained by sickness. She never stirred up strife by unguarded expressions. Sensible of her own weakness, she sympathized with others, and kept silent when others would have blamed.

Her husband, John Moorhead, M. D., and her son, Robert Lowrie Moorhead, M. D., L.R.C.S.E., who graduated with honors in Queen's College, Belfast, Ireland, together with eminent physicians in Brooklyn and New York, did all that medical skill could accomplish to arrest disease. Their efforts proved fruitless. The impartial hand of death came and cut down one who was the light of her home, the friend of the poor, and the favorite of her fellow church members. She loved the Psalms, and frequently, on her death-bed, repeated long portions of them. About an hour before she died, she was asked if she remembered the words of the 23d Psalm. She said, *Yes.* Half an hour afterwards she said, "I commend my spirit to God." These were her last words. She seemed to be engaged in silent prayer. She fixed her eyes upon her youngest son, and looked at him affectionately and steadily for some time. That look was a sermon, not soon to be forgotten. The family stood around her death bed, and so peaceful was her death, that it was difficult to tell the moment when her soul passed into the heavens. She died in the 59th year of her age, enjoying the full privileges of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, surrounded by a respected family, and rejoicing in the Lord her Saviovr. She left behind a husband, four sons, and two daughters, whom she desired to meet at the right hand of God. Her memory is blessed. "Blessed are the dead that died in the Lord."

In Memoriam.

THE

SUBSTANCE OF AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED AT THE FUNERAL OF

WILLIAM WHEELWRIGHT,

BY THE

REV. LEONARD WITHINGTON, D. D.,

IN THE

OLD SOUTH CHURCH, NEWBURYPORT, MASS.,

OCTOBER 17, 1873.

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ADDRESS.

IT is common, on these sad occasions, to begin the Services by reading a passage of Scripture. I shall read only one — Gospel of John, xv, 8. "*Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples.*" This passage will immediately turn your thoughts to him whose remains are soon to be committed to the ground — "dust to dust and ashes to ashes;" but we do it in "sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection." Why do we hope so? Not because he complied with all the forms of religion; he was not even a professor of religion; he was never a communicant at the Sacremental table. Why then do you hope, while we are in tears, he is in glory? I answer confidently, because he had the christian spirit; its humility, its sorrow for sin; its faith and its devotion; because God is glorified by the man who in his life bears much fruit.

My object will be to present to your recollection some of the remarkable things that appeared in the life of our departed brother. His life gave us an example which ought to be known.

It is hard, in a few moments, to do justice to so complicated a subject. Like Homer's Juno when she drove her celestial chariot between earth and sky, her coursers leaping from one sunny mountain to another, as far as a sailor could see, so a speaker in portraying such a life, must touch only upon its salient points, and leave the thoughtful hearer to fill up the inter-spaces and piece out the whole.

Mr. Wheelwright went to sea and expected to follow the profession of a mariner; a profession which calls for great courage and fills the mind with great conceptions. In one of his early voyages he had the misfortune to be ship-wrecked near Monte Video, South America. He settled in that country and for a time pursued a trade in a line of Packets on the Western coast. Here he was a stranger in a strange land, surrounded with a degraded population, darkened by ignorance and devoted to superstition. It awakens some important impres-

sions to remark how very different the Papal nations appear in the art of colonization compared with the Protestants. The French never had such colonies as the English, and the case of the Spanish attempts is still worse. The English colonies fled from oppression and flourished in spite of the negligence and even the oppression of the mother country. But Canada had all the fostering care of its European Parent; and Mexico, Peru, Brazil and the Argentine Republic are now independent; but what a use have they made of their freedom, and how does their independence compare with that of the United States! Self-government is an art that a people must learn before they can enjoy it, and yet they can never learn but by possessing it. The young American, as he looked around him, saw nothing but ignorance and vice; formal religion without common morality; splendid churches and a starving population, in spite of eminent examples among them of moral and christian civilization; republics, which like their own wild horses, cannot be governed but by the leather thong, which a giant hand must hold, and the iron curb which makes the lip bleed whenever

it is checked. No doubt the spectacle touched his New England sensibilities and there on some still evening, on some moon-light night, on the banks of some copious river, — perhaps by the La Plata itself, — the thought might strike him, God has in his providence sent me here; he has spared me in danger and prospered me in business; can I do anything to show my gratitude and lead these people to some conception of what the Gospel is? I am not a missonary; I am not a preacher; I am a merchant, and though I cannot preach the Gospel, perhaps I may open the road by which the messenger of mercy may come, and perhaps a better population may reach these regions, fertile by nature but blasted with hereditary desolation.

I am not well enough acquainted with Mr. Wheelwright's religious history to know how or when this important thought struck him, but I think there must have been some bright moment when he received such an impression, and he certainly was not disobedient to the heavenly vision; it was ever after the ruling purpose of his whole life.

This is what I mean by the promptings of his position. It has been said that the situa-

tion of a man is the preceptor of his duty. The man at the mast-head has a different task from him at the wheel; the sentinel in his box has another charge from the orderly-sergeant in the guard-room. Our position, together with our faculty, our turn of mind and habit of thought, often point out the will of the Almighty as to the path we should take and the task we should perform. Happy the man that finds his own spot, sees his work and diligently does it.

About thirty years ago Mr. Wheelwright published a phamphlet which made a great impression on thoughtful readers. It marked him as a man of genius, though I am conscious that term is often degraded by a promiscuous application; every upstart poet is often called a man of genius. There is a difference even between talents and genius. Every man of business is not a man of talents, nor is every man of talents a man of genius. I read this pamphlet with a deep impression that its author was a MAN OF GENIUS, — certainly in his line. It presented a magnificent plan which none but an original thinker could have devised, and which would have been thought a fairy tale, had it not been partly carried into execution, and the

possibility of the execution of the whole clearly demonstrated. It was to connect the Isthmus of Panama with three, perhaps four, diverging lines of steamboats, and then connecting these lines with railroads across the continent of South America, so that the scheme presented a perfect net-work of intercourse and communication for all trading nations with a people hitherto separated by impassabble mountains and stormy seas, and left to sink by their own gravity to profounder depths of ignorance and vice.

The very plan seemed to be a comment on that passage of Scripture which says, "*Cast ye up, cast ye up, prepare the way, take up the stumbling-block out of the way of my people*;"—Isaiah, lvii, 14; or that other passage, "*Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God. Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low; and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain; and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed and all flesh shall see it together, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.*" Isaiah, xl, 3, 4, 5.

But suppose the discovery to be made; suppose a deep conviction of its practicability to

be fastened on the SEER'S mind, another formidable question arises, How are the funds to be raised? Where are the means? Our friend displayed his genius not only by the sublimity of his plans but by procuring the means of executing them. His own fortune then had not probably become what it afterwards was, and who were to open their purses to the story of a stranger? Perhaps most men would have stopped at this *second* difficulty; I confess for one, if I had had the foresight to have devised the plan, I should have been struck aghast at the very ghost of the execution. Imagine, for a moment, what should be the first step? What could he do? What *did* he do? He came first to the capitalists of his own country; but they regarded the plan as a splendid moonshine. What did he do? I will tell you what he did *not* do. He did not despair nor cease to see the feasibility of his plan. His first step was to make himself master of all the facts; he went over almost every step of the ground, many parts on foot, discovered the places where coal was to be found, devised means, calculated expenses and armed himself with all the knowledge and wisdom that God and earnest observation had given him.

What could he have done better? And this knowledge, you see, must have cost him something, both in time and labor. Verily on this subject he might say with St. Paul, "*In journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness.*" II Corinthians, xi, 26, 27.

I need not pursue the details; suffice it to say he went to London, told his story and was successful; and take my word for it, and I hope your own observation will confirm it, that there is something in simple truth which the most plausible fiction cannot imitate,—especially in statistics.

But perhaps you will ask me what has all this to do with his religious character? How does this prove that we can commit his body to the ground in "sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection?" But, hearer, do you not see the signs of the times? Do you not hear the words of Scripture? Consider what

the railroad is now doing in the Eastern continent; connecting Palestine, Turkey, Persia, Hindoostan, China and even Japan, compelling those conservatives of delusion to soften their errors and to move with a moving world; and then the Prophet Daniel says, "Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased." Daniel, xii, 4.

Believing that our brother saw the end of his work, and felt the promptings of the end in the beginning, I venture to claim for him the noblest motives of a true christian. It was a sacred work, and he, like St. Paul, was a "*chosen vessel.*" He rests from his labors and his works do follow him. He was a believer; an example, an imitable example; a saint, a missionary, and I trust he now is a pillar in the temple of our God.

The voice that comes from this grave is a very definite one; the lesson is short, but very important. Young men of Newburyport, you go everywhere; you are dispersed over the world; in whatever situation placed, in whatever ignorant region cast, whatever the superstition, and whatever the darkness, however scorching the sun, or however frozen the soil, let *your*

eye affect your heart, and ask yourself the question, How can I best learn the lesson which Providence is teaching me? In any way can I be a humble instrument of spreading knowledge and improving mankind? Can I hold up a torch to lead a benighted people to the great salvation? Can I be an agent in spreading the most permanent blessing that man can receive or God bestow?

I have in view the day when a consecrated commerce shall give to the earth a renovated population.

"Thou hadst an industry in doing good,
Restless as his who toils and sweats for food;
Avarice in thee was the desire of wealth
By rust imperishable, or by stealth;
And if the genuine worth of gold depend
On application to its noblest end,
Thine had a value in the scales of Heaven
Surpassing all that mine or mint hath given;
And though God made thee of a nature prone
To distribution, boundless of thy own,
And still by motives of religious force
Impelled thee more to that heroic course;
Yet was thy liberality discreet,
Well in its choice, and of a temperate heat,
And though in act unwearied, secret still,
As in some solitude the summer rill
Refreshes where it winds the faded green,
And cheers the drooping flowers, unheard, unseen."

Isaac M. Murdock

With the regards of C. H. Wheeler.

ADDRESS

GIVEN IN THE CHURCH OF THE UNITY, WINCHENDON

NOVEMBER 11, 1875

COMMEMORATIVE OF

ISAAC MORSE MURDOCK

BY CHARLES H. WHEELER

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE DISTRIBUTION

WINCHENDON
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Above all, believe it, the sweetest canticle is *Nunc dimittis,* when a man hath obtained worthy ends and expectations.—

BACON, *Essays. Of Death.*

For nothing care I now, since I have let thee go, my son, *the light of my eyes.*

We have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us.

The corruptible body presseth down the soul; the earthly tabernacle weigheth down the mind.

O Death, acceptable is thy sentence unto the needy, and unto him whose strength faileth, who loseth patience, who is vexed with all things.

The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and there shall no torment touch them.

In the sight of the unwise they seemed to die, and their departure is taken for misery, and their going away to be utter destruction; but they are in peace.

The memorial of virtue is immortal; because it is known with God and with men.

Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.

Unto you is paradise opened, the tree of life is planted, the time to come is prepared, plenteousness is made ready, sorrows are passed, and in the end is showed the treasure of immortality.

Death is less hard to him who wearily
Bears back to God a harvest fully ripe,
Than 'tis to him in full and freshest mind.

From the Italian of MICHAEL ANGELO.

ADDRESS.

IN the shadow of a great bereavement we meet to own that the ways of God are just and kind and merciful and righteous altogether. Our sorrow came nearly three years ago. It came with the faint suspicion, and then the clear discovery, of that fatal disease which, invading first the brain and clouding the mind, has at last arrested all the motions of life. With every step of that slow and destructive march our grief has grown. But now the end of sorrows has come, which is peace. We do not mourn that this dear friend has gone. We rejoice rather that for him old things are passed away and all things are become new. No longer do the infirmities of the body weigh down the imprisoned mind. No longer hampered by the refractory instruments of the sense, the spirit, we trust, now speaks and acts through a finer and more facile organism,— not as being unclothed, but clothed upon. We hail its liberation into the larger spaces and the unconfined freedom of the spiritual world. And for ourselves we would gather strength in the recollection of all that was best and manliest and most worthy of imitation in this friend's character, and by the contemplation of that divine life in whose eternal procedure what we call death is but a step and an incident in the soul's progress.

Our friend's outward history is known to you. In this place where he was born, in this community in which he has always lived, it is needless to recite the particulars of his life. Nor was it outwardly eventful. With all its varied activity it was still quiet and retired. Graduating from college in 1853, in later

years thrown largely into affairs, overseeing the details of an extensive and complicated business, much of the time on the move, a traveler in many lands, mingling freely in society, often brought into connection with men of eminence in church and state, he yet seldom came forward into public notice. With the exception of the trusteeship of our town library, and of a neighboring academy, and the oversight for a time of our public schools, in which he rendered efficient service, the offices of trust and responsibility which he held were connected with his business relations.

What you wish to hear, what I am moved to tell, so far as it has been my privilege to know it, relates to his interior life, those qualities of mind and heart which have justly endeared him to so large a circle, and which will make his early death so widely felt.

With many traits which must have been apparent to all,—a vivacity of thought and expression, an admirable repartee, a frank and genial courtesy, which made his society and conversation so agreeable in the days of health,—he united qualities of mind and resources of culture which only disclosed themselves in the intimacy of friendship. He had a clear and discriminating intellect, a ready insight into the merits of a case, and the power to grasp firmly the ideas he held. To these he added executive ability, business tact and talent, a wide knowledge of the world, and an acquaintance with literature and art. Commercial life is not favorable to literary pursuits, but our friend never lost the scholarly habits which he brought home from college. He enjoyed the still air of delightful studies. In his beautiful library he found a pleasant retreat from the cares of the day. He was not merely a collector, but an appreciator of books. A good reader, he knew where the best things lie, and was prompt to distinguish the fine gold of thought from its counterfeit. Some periods and subjects had a peculiar charm for him, in particular middle-age history, and the development of ideas. In some directions his knowledge surprised. To a degree uncommon in a

layman, he was familiar with the early christian polemics and the formation of religious beliefs, and often urged his pastor to make these a topic of discourse, believing they could be handled in a way to be attractive, — an opinion to which he never succeeded in making a convert.

The quality which won for our friend the most esteem in the minds of those who knew him best was the breadth of his intellectual and moral sympathy. By a happy union of opposites he was at once conservative and progressive. He loved the good old ways, was tenacious of approved methods, and yet was cordially receptive of the new and untried. He was interested in the discoveries and speculations of the day, conversed about them with intelligence and force, and was always ready to accept without fear or reserve every accredited result. I honored him for the generous partizanship with which he threw himself upon the side of ideas and principles which have not yet found their way into general acceptance, but are struggling to maintain their claim, and for the fidelity with which he kept his mind open to new truth. This was the more admirable in him because an exception to the rule. He did not allow the circumstance of an assured position to trammel his thought or abridge his sympathy. Reared in affluence, not knowing what it is to struggle with adversity, or to eat his bread in tears, he yet recognized the heavenly powers which wait on toil and penury and privation, and paid them the homage of his sincere reverence. In nothing did he take more satisfaction than in the evidences of social improvement and of true reform. On his last visit to Europe, though his mind was already much weakened, he was still attentive to the signs of social and industrial progress. He was delighted with the change which has taken place in Italy under the new monarchy, and compared the present condition of that country with what he had witnessed in former visits. *The corn — and the wheat — and the oil;* — these words, as some of you will remember, spoken with that frequent iteration which was the accompaniment of his disease, told the pleasure he

took in what he saw of material prosperity. It was surprising, too, how even then he could note the signs of intellectual movement. Hardly had he reached home, when he came hurrying up the street with trembling steps to tell me of the last sermon he had heard, in Westminster Abbey (by the Dean, Arthur P. Stanley), and how much he liked it, how excellent he thought its spirit and tone, and how full of promise for the coming age. No matter what powers of body or of mind might take flight, hope in a better and happier future for mankind lay always warm in the bottom of his heart.

The encouragement which by his example and general influence he lent to the cause of temperance and of good morals and of education in this community, taken in connection with that of others whom it would be a pleasure to name, has been one reason, no doubt, of that higher average of social condition and general exemption from vice and poverty on which this town has justly prided itself.

Our friend was benevolent, and in ways most pleasant to remember. He gave liberally to good objects. More than once he has said, "You do not call upon us half enough for contributions. It does us good to give." His private benefactions were more numerous than is generally known. And he gave also, what is often better than money, sympathy and kind advice. Among those who mourn his early departure are many, I doubt not, far and near, who will recall words of kindness and deeds of delicate sympathy which were more precious to them than gold.

There was a region of our friend's life which did not lie open to public inspection, but of which, through the privilege of the pastoral office, it has been my happiness to know something. That reticence before the high problems of being which belongs to a healthy nature belonged to him. He had no religion which proclaimed itself. But in hours of calm thought and of sincere

A Tribute

TO

NEHEMIAH ADAMS, D. D.

F. A.

utterance — sitting by the winter fire-light — he gave expression to convictions which lay very deep within him. He was by nature reverential, and had thoughts of things which thoughts but tenderly touch. He did not commit the mistake of worshipping the symbol in place of the substance, but discerned the moral laws which play through trade, and give stability to wealth, and are the foundation of all durable success. His standard of commercial integrity was high. Those at any rate who ought to know tell me that he was upright in his business dealings, prompt and faithful in his engagements, a man of his word. That he earnestly tried to steer a straight course amid tangled and tortuous ways no testimony is needed to prove. His aspirations were noble. He lived a pure life amid many temptations.

Friends, no indiscriminate praise honors its subject. Let me not mar the sincerity of this tribute by an omission of the qualification which should always be made. Doubtless our friend had faults. If no mention is made of any here, it is not because they did not exist in him, as in all, nor because they are purposely ignored, but because upon any fair and impartial estimate they sink away and disappear in the total impression left by his character and aims. Beyond question his employment reacted at times upon the spirit. The intense devotion to business, the competitions of trade, the clashing of interests, the constant necessity of meeting persons of every variety of temperament and disposition — what Wordsworth calls "the *dreary* intercourse of daily life," and which you business men understand so well, — all this, together, no doubt, with the stealthy and unsuspected inroads of disease, may have sometimes disturbed the serenity and equipoise of his nature. Nor are the ways of commerce yet exactly the ways of friendship and of home. But speaking with that confidence which goes with ten years' intimate knowledge, and from a friendship that grew stronger every day because based upon increasing respect and trust, it is a happiness to say that any faults he may have had were superficial, his goodness was real and intrinsic.

There is no more searching test of character than an illness like that which we have witnessed. To most men it happens to go through this world and to slip out of existence without any such perilous opportunity of self-exposure. But in that suspension of the voluntary activity which goes with some forms of cerebral disease, the true nature of a man is revealed. If it be a mean, sordid, frivolous nature, that fact, no matter how long it may have been concealed, will come to light. There will be a visible contraction of the sympathies, a withering of the affections, an ever-tightening grasp upon the perishable things of this world. If, on the contrary, the nature be essentially noble, that fact will disclose itself, in proportion as the will relaxes its hold, by a general blossoming and fruitage of the affections, and by an expanding benevolence. Tried by this test, as many of you can bear witness, all that has now been said of our friend finds abundant confirmation in the record of his last days. His thoughtfulness for others was extreme. His generosity overflowed. He became a little child in spirit and in truth. Of the tender and beautiful home-life, with its warmth of filial devotion, as nobly merited as it was rendered, of the way in which, when the lips refused their office, he would signal to her whom no words can easily reach his satisfaction and his love, I must not speak. That picture can not here be reproduced. In that soft evening glow was no hint of death or cruel separation, but an omen of higher life. The thought occurs, may not this quickening of the emotions, this upgathering of the sensibilities, this doubling of the heart upon itself, which in pure natures often precedes dissolution, be an appointed means by which the soul acquires that momentum which is needed to carry it over the dark valley of the shadow of death. Surely if there be any thing in this fancy, and if what we saw was what it seemed, there was force enough of kindly thought and feeling in this soul to carry it across any chasm of unconsciousness and land it safely on the other side.

These words of affectionate tribute would be incomplete without some reference to the deep interest which our friend always felt in the religious society which worships here. From time to time those whom we have loved and esteemed have gone out from among us and have entered into the cloud, but of the original founders of this society, those who, nearly eleven years ago, took an active part in its formation, he is the first to be removed by death. Built as this house was by the generous rivalry in good works of many who contributed with equal proportionate liberality, it is certainly not invidious to speak of the untiring industry with which, as chairman of the building committee, he gave his time and personal attention, no less than his means, to its construction. To many of us every stone of this dear little church will always be associated with his name and memory. And from that day to this his interest never once abated. How he labored to sustain the musical branch of the service by his personal assistance, his fine taste, and his disciplined talent, you well know. He thought of us when far away. In some English cathedral town does he chance to hear exceptionally fine music from compositions that have not been reprinted in this country, he at once imports copies of the same, that our choir may have the benefit of the best procurable text. Music indeed has been the enthusiasm of his life, and the one subject which of late it has been dangerous to approach.

For five or six years he had a class in our Sunday-school. So completely did he throw his personality into the work of teaching, so indispensable did he make himself to the class, discussing with them questions of church-history and of morals, guiding their reading, lending them books, and enriching conversation with abundant illustrative comment drawn from his own study and travel, that in his absence no acceptable substitute could be found; and when by illness he was obliged to lay down the office, the class disbanded of its own accord, and no attempt has been made to revive it. Of the young men who composed that class now scattered, in college, in business, married and settled

down in life, there is not one, I am sure, who will not remember with affectionate gratitude what he owes to his kind teacher and friend.

What need to tell of the ever-growing interest he took in this society as life drew near its close? It is pathetic to remember how, as regularly as the weeks came round, his first question in the early morning was, "Is it Sunday?," and his second question, "Is it fair?," to which his loyal friendship led him to add a third inquiry. And who of you that saw it can think without emotion of the way in which, up to the very last month, he persisted in being brought hither, lifted into and out of his carriage, and supported (with what tender and assiduous care you well know) to his accustomed seat? Never did a society have a stauncher friend and supporter, never a minister a more appreciative hearer, a kinder and more indulgent critic.

Of the vacancy which will be caused in this community by the departure of one who has long filled so important a place, and whose presence has been so familiar in our streets and in our homes, of the regret which will be felt in the commercial circles here and elsewhere with which he has been connected, there is no occasion to speak. This congregation, these closed places of business, these representative bodies from the neighboring towns and cities, sufficiently attest the common loss and the common sympathy.

One thing indeed we could have wished — after our human way of wanting what we can not have and what is not best. In all our homes this year it would have made a part of our Thanksgiving could he have been permitted to see the anniversary of that marriage-union which contracted fifty years ago — when as yet these busy streets were not, and village there was none— will in a few days (if God shall prolong the lives of our honored friends) be sealed anew with a golden clasp. May the Father of all mercies bring comfort to this desolated home. In His perfectly compassionate providence may He bestow that peace which this world can never give.

And now the word lingers which is always so hard to speak, which indeed we could not speak but for the blessed faith which is able to take away all its bitterness of meaning, and convert sorrow into calm content, and turn the sad farewell into the cheerful good-bye with which we wave our hand to the departing voyager whom we feel confident of seeing again.

To this dear friend, devoted son, kind neighbor, good citizen, beloved parishioner, we say our tender adieu. From this place which he loved so well we bear him hence in the strong hope of a life resurgent from the grave. And to our day's work we turn again, to the duties God has given us to discharge, to the burdens He has called us to bear, with a new energy of faith and a fresh inspiration of courage.

Now unto Him who is able to keep us from falling, and to present us faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy, unto the only wise God our Saviour, be praise throughout all ages. Amen.

When faith and love, which parted from thee never,
  Had ripened thy just soul to dwell with God,
  Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load
Of death, called life, which us from life doth sever.

MILTON, *Son.* xiv.

That the ys sent receyve in buxomnesse,
The wrasteling of this world asketh a falle;
Her is no home, her is but wyldyrnesse.
Forth pilgrime! —

CHAUCER, *Good Counseil.*

  To the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past.

SHAKESPEARE, *Son.* xxx.

Est mihi jucunda in malis, et grata in dolore,
tua erga me voluntas.

MINISTRIES THAT NEVER END.

A Sermon

BY

REV. F. A. WARFIELD,

PASTOR OF UNION CHURCH, BOSTON.

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RESOLUTIONS.

The Rev. Nehemiah Adams, D. D., entered into rest on Sunday, Oct. 6, 1878, the funeral services being held in the church the following Thursday. The next week a meeting of the church was held, when the following action was taken: —

Whereas, In the dispensation of an all-wise Providence, the senior pastor of this church and society, the Rev. Nehemiah Adams, D. D., has been removed by death, after a ministry among us of forty-four and one half years, thus causing us to experience a loss, the deep and sorrowful sense of which demands public expression in our united action, therefore,

Resolved, That we place upon record an emphatic utterance of those sentiments of regard and affection, which, with unbroken constancy during all these years, this church and society have felt for him, — which, indeed, had so united pastor and people that the dissolution of the existing relation was possible only in the event that has now come upon us.

Resolved, That while Dr. Adams, through infirmities of the flesh, has been for several years removed from the active duties of the pastoral office, his presence with us has been a blessing, and his life among us and prayers for us have served to strengthen our appreciation of his virtues and ability, and to render more tender and enduring our remembrance of his fidelity and love as a pastor, his constancy and sympathy as a friend.

Resolved, That we can pay no better tribute to Dr. Adams, as

our pastor, than that which is furnished in the history of this church and society during his long connection with them, — the growth and harmony, peace and unity of our organization, and that we attribute these, under the blessing of God, alike to his soundness of doctrine, his ability and fidelity as a preacher, his largeness of heart as a pastor, his constant and prayerful reliance upon God, his unswerving allegiance to the convictions of conscience, to the daily beauty and helpful influence of his Christian walk and example, and to that humble and holy trust, which sustained him in the peculiar trials of his later years, and made his last hours so peaceful and sweet as to be unusually fragrant with pleasant memories.

Resolved, That we delight to remember the days that are gone, and express our joy for the hundreds led to Christ during Dr. Adams' ministry; for the comfort he, who was peculiarly a son of consolation, was enabled to bring to our hearts in the hours of trouble and loss; for the writings, full of tender and helpful thoughts, which he has left as a contribution to Christian literature; for the strength and skill that were given him in his earlier ministry to combat error when the truth was assailed; and finally for the repose that was his, as, trusting in the truths he had preached, he waited on the shores of time, patiently and longingly, for Him whom he had always loved, to summon him to his lasting reward.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with the family of our late pastor in their bereavement, and we do earnestly pray God to grant them that support and comfort which their father, with such loving sympathy, commended to the afflicted and distressed.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of Dr. Adams, and that the clerks of both church and society be respectfully requested to enter them upon the records of the church and society.

SERMON.

"*A teacher of the Gentiles in faith and verity.*" — 1 TIMOTHY ii, 7.

THE emblems of mourning in our sanctuary this morning are full of meaning to us as a congregation, — indicative of a life-work ended, while at the same time suggesting a work, as begun, that will never end. They speak of a warfare completed, — of a victory achieved that is permanent and lasting. The harp, from which a melody unusually sweet was wont to flow, is silent now; but these emblems affirm that its tones are still lingering in the memories of many, as the inspiration of their lives, never to be lost if the soul be immortal.

As a Christian household, whose head has been removed, our thoughts most naturally recur to what we have lost. Assembled in this place so recently, as you gazed upon the face of him silent in death, whose voice you had often heard, but would never hear again, your thoughts of necessity dwelt upon what you had lost;

and, therefore, I would speak to-day upon what is left to us, as a result of that life now transferred to another sphere.

I would speak of *ministries that never end.*

In the providence of God, this church has had a career of usefulness marked and singular, and with this, as promotive of it, the pastorate of Dr. Adams was most intimately and vitally connected. After a decade of exceptional, almost unparalleled prosperity, under the leadership of its first pastor, the Rev. Samuel Green, a mighty man of God, Essex Street Church called to the pastorate him, whom, after a period of forty-four and one half years of service in that position, the Lord, one week ago to-day, summoned to his lasting reward.

While a whole generation and more were passing away, he was permitted to stand upon this watch-tower, by his example and words lighting up the way for those passing on beyond, and also for those coming to the front, — the only herald during these years. Of the fidelity that characterized, and the success that attended his labors, I need not speak to you who know the history of those years.

The almost a thousand persons who united with the church by profession, the impetus he gave to the religious thought of this thinking city, and the direction

he gave to the lives of men who were themselves strong in their influence over others, attest this.

What wonder that these emblems of mourning are here? It would be a marvel were there none!

For how deeply must they, who have been identified with this church for years, feel the loss we have sustained! Though another generation has arisen, that knew not Joseph, yet we have so far entered into the labors of him who for so long was a leader here, that ours is a genuine grief, and we, the inheritors of victories achieved, unite with those who participated in the struggles in doing honor to him under whose ministry, by the blessing of God, so much was accomplished. Paradox though it seem, a ministry among us is ended, that will never end.

Paul at length in his ministry came to a time when it was true that he had finished his course, but as a "teacher of the Gentiles in faith and verity" his work will never cease. Every true minister must fall, but a true ministry endures.

There are certain characteristics of the long ministry accomplished in this pulpit which warrant the assertion that it will endure.

The first thing I would note concerning Dr. Adams' ministry is the prominence of the *doctrinal* element.

With him, doctrines were not merely convenient,

but vital and essential. He hoped to promote beauty and symmetry of life in men, only as the foundation of a right doctrinal belief should first be laid. Hence, concerning a minister's work, he held that "there must be in his mind certain truths relating to God and man, retribution, and the way to be saved; these truths must be as positively fixed in his mind as the rules of grammar and of numbers are in the belief of a school-teacher. If there be any meaning in his name, ambassador for Christ, there must be some things about which he is fully assured that they are essential to his own salvation and that of his hearers."

He held as an axiom, that the words of Christ "are spirit and they are life," and his ministry was one unremitting effort to make these utterances real to men, and to lay divine truth as a constraining weight upon their consciences. Some of you remember, even now, how plainly and convincingly, again and again, he urged the atonement of Christ as made for sin; and when, in his last years, he would once more be heard at eventide, by those who loved him and his words, he says to them, "Of all the titles of Christ, this holds the chief place, Saviour of Sinners."

How tenderly too, yet firmly, he pressed upon men the all-important fact that they are lost. The months are but few that have passed since I was permitted to

voice for him some thoughts for you, based upon that verse in Daniel's prophecy, "Thou art weighed in the balances and art found wanting"; and the pathos and firmness of the treatment, in their mingling made an impression upon me that will not be soon removed.

In closing a sermon before the Congregational ministers of Massachusetts, preached in Brattle Square Meeting-House in 1849, Dr. Adams said, "Take heed to thyself and to thy doctrine, continue in them, for in doing this thou shalt both save thyself and them that hear thee." These words, as quoted by him, indicate the model after which his own ministry was fashioned.

He well knew that opinions would be advanced only to be recanted, that theories announced would be quickly outgrown; but "that the word of the Lord endureth forever." Hence, in his ministry, so much of this element having been incorporated, it is permanent, and will abide as a factor in the lives of men unless divine truth is to pass away. "Remember the words which" he "spake unto you when" he "was yet with you."

I turn now to the consideration of a slightly different characteristic of Dr. Adams' ministry, into which there entered, so largely, deep and searching *thought*.

That the minds of men were darkened, was a conviction that rested upon him, and so he would always

present the truth in such a way as to excite thought. Other elements were not sacrificed to this. For who that has seen his great breast heave with emotion, and been almost chained by the matchless tenderness of both voice and manner as he faithfully declared the truth, and noticed the falling tear as he persuaded men to yield to Christ's atoning love, can affirm that his ministry was coldly thoughtful, emotion being absent? It was there, in the right place and degree.

He regarded emotion simply as the force to send thoughts, weighty with truth, deep into the minds and consciences of his hearers: emotion the means, implanting of truth the end to be accomplished.

That he was wise in this judgment is evident, if we consider the permanency of a good thought upon a great theme.

In distinction from a flashy or, in a popular sense, an emotional ministry, Dr. Adams' was thoughtful. There was little of the meteor, far more of the penetrating sunlight. He sent men away, after they had listened to his words, with inquiries to be answered and suggestions to be considered.

It was this fact that made his ministry a power. He awakened in men higher and purer thoughts, which would suggest to them loftier attainments, and so permanent good was accomplished. His ministry can

never end, because by it darkness of doubt was driven from many minds; the light of divine truth, with its renewing power, was introduced; and by his sanctified thought the last barrier against the Holy Spirit's approach was broken down. In eternity, souls saved for the joys of heaven will testify to the power of his thought.

Consider one fact which to-day testifies concerning the ministry of thought which by God's blessing he accomplished. The work "Communion Sabbaths" was published in this city in 1856. It was afterward published in London, in two parts, under different titles. The second part contains an introduction, evidently by a Churchman, in which he says, "This admirable work, written in a most earnest and cheerful spirit, and so much to the point, and so suitable to the present state of the churches in England, is reprinted, believing that it will induce and encourage many to lay aside excuses for neglect, and also lead others to be more regular at the table of the Lord, and 'draw near with faith and take the holy sacrament to their comfort.'" Over the thousands of miles of ocean his thoughts were wafted, to continue their moulding influence upon Christian hearts.

Good thoughts upon great themes are permanent; and they who have been privileged to give them to

the world have accomplished ministries that shall never end.

But let us look at Dr. Adams' ministry in another light. In 1855 he preached a sermon before the American Board upon the "Power of Christian Gratitude." I have not been privileged to read it, though it is published, but the ministry of the author evidences his belief in the power of benevolence. Any thoughts upon that ministry would be culpably deficient, did they not make prominent his efforts and his success in promoting benevolence.

When in 1834 Dr. Adams began his Boston ministry, the American Board was in its infancy. He therefore grew up with it, and it became a part of him and he a part of it. Home missions, too, were then beginning to engross the attention of American Christians, and Boston's religious state led to enlarged city missionary effort. In all these directions, Dr. Adams led his people to contribute and to labor. Two men who are still with us, Deacons Pike and Stedman, can speak from personal knowledge of the warm sympathy he had in any efforts to help his own city, and of the enthusiasm with which he co-operated with them in all their missionary labors.

But to the American Board he gave much of himself. Tuesday afternoon was as religiously devoted to the

missionary rooms as the Sabbath to the pulpit. No engagement was allowed to interfere with this appointment. Under his wise administration, it is well known that the annual offering of Essex Street Church to Foreign Missions reached a sum not to-day exceeded by any Boston church.

As a pastor whose church gave so liberally, and as an executive officer of the Board, Dr. Adams was closely identified with this branch of Christian benevolence, and felt that India, where Mrs. Capron now labors, and the Sandwich Islands, where personal friends were toiling for Christ, were but parts of his Boston parish.

In the extensive outlook which in his benevolence he was accustomed to take, we may catch a suggestion as to the reach of his ministry. The laborers that were sustained in the far-away fields by the gifts he prompted, told the darkened of Christ, and as their souls were made radiant with the heavenly light, they in turn stood to reflect the same light to others about them; and the work will go on; the forces set in motion by this ministry will never end until it be impossible for man to influence his fellows for good.

It remains for me now to express and contemplate only one more thought, yet it is one that goes far towards describing Dr. Adams' ministry in your behalf, — it was thoroughly and genuinely *sympathetic*.

To many of you, those occasions, when, as a comforter, he came to your homes darkened by some great sorrow and, himself acquainted with grief, took upon himself your burden, — to many such scenes are very precious, and with such a background their portrait of Dr. Adams is viewed. His ministry is to them outlined by the sorrows he has helped them bear more, perchance, than by the sermons he has preached from the pulpit.

By just the right words, aptly spoken, a rift was made in the enveloping cloud and they began to realize that "God is a very present help in trouble." It was a resurrection from sorrow that was thus accomplished for them, and because of it, all their subsequent life has been and ever will be different.

Dr. Adams was peculiarly a son of consolation, and the ministry he as such wrought will long be remembered and long continue.

But when I speak of his ministry as peculiarly sympathetic, I have in mind other things than his visits to the sorrowing and the bereaved. As you have sat in the house of God, listening eagerly to the truth as he uttered it, you have felt, as it were, the pressure of sympathy, and the load that had oppressed you was almost unaccountably lightened, — nay, removed, — as he with rare tact and delicacy of treatment presented one truth

after another. His sympathy for his people gave a peculiar flavor to his public ministrations, such as endeared him to them.

There are those in this city, this land, and in other lands, who are better servants of Christ because of their having breathed in some of the sympathy which in such abundance flowed out from this servant of Christ in his public ministry.

The sympathetic side of his ministry, those occasions, when, with peculiar unction of look, manner, and speech, he winningly enforced the truths of the gospel, melting obedient hearts into a more complete harmony with Christ, and touching those slumbering chords in the hearts of the unsubdued, so that they vibrated with the melody of heaven, — this compassionate side of Dr. Adams' ministry is one of its strong sides, because of which results followed as permanent as renewed hearts.

> "Affection, kindness, the sweet offices
> Of love and duty, were to him as needful
> As his daily bread."

Contact with him in his published writings, where not only in every book, but in almost every sentence, we discover his all-pervading sympathy, compels us to give prominence to this element of his ministry. Open "Agnes," and read. The eye glances back to read again the sentence just perused, because there is written just

what the soul in sorrow would know. A smile gently plays upon the features while the tear glistens in the eye. Read "Bertha," and you know that you are in company with one whose heart is warm towards childhood. "Under the Mizzen-Mast" reveals a heart beating in unison with the every-day experiences of life, and anxious to lay its own freshness as an offering to cheer such as by these experiences are downcast.

It is rarely one's privilege to read words more fitly spoken than those uttered by Dr. Adams on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Dr. Albro's settlement in Cambridge, over the church where he himself was ordained to the ministry. He said, "I feel toward him (Dr. Albro) as one seems to have done toward a public building which he stood to view, leaning upon his hand, and soliloquizing every now and then, with much variety of intonation and emphasis, as he judged of its architecture, 'It is right,' 'It is right.'"

This leads me to the thought of Dr. Adams' sympathy with his brethren in the ministry. I know of this from testimony corroborative of experience.

In almost my last conversation with him he spoke of his love for the brethren. His sympathy was all-sided, and hence all sides of his life and work were gilded by it.

Such a minister is gone, but such a ministry will

never end. It will reproduce itself on the earth, so long as printing-presses continue, and one mind and heart affects another. No figures can indicate results; only eternity will disclose them. As the music from the chimes in the bell-tower sweeps on over the valley, and is thrown back in echoes by the hills long after the bells have stopped their swinging, so the music of such a ministry will continue, echoing on long after the minister has entered into his reward.

Over the name Nehemiah Adams we, who honor him as a servant of God, would carve the words, "Christ the hope of glory," as indicating the upward reach of his life; beneath the name, and encircling its other side, we would paint in the mellow tints of holy affection the simple words, "A teacher in faith and verity," as indicating the earth side of his life-work.

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

"The voice at midnight came;
He started up to hear:
A mortal arrow pierced his frame;
He fell, but felt no fear."

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

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