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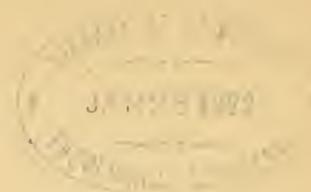
PRESENTED BY

Mrs. William Swan.

BX 9225 .H34 S4 1895

Services in memory of the
Rev. Eben Halley, D.D. by

Troy. Presbytery.



Services

In Memory of

The Rev. Eben ^WHalley, D.D.

by

The Presbytery of Troy

and

The Second Street Presbyterian Church

Thursday Evening, December 5, 1895

Rev. Eben Halley, D.D.

BORN AT SALEM

January 7th, 1845

DIED AT TROY

June 8th, 1895

Addresses.

ADDRESS OF REV. T. P. SAWIN.

I come this evening to offer my tribute to a brother whose loss to us can only be measured by the immeasurable gain which has become his in the change from an earthly to a heavenly environment. In that hour when this change took place, and his soul was released from its tabernacle of clay and hastened into the eternal temple not made with hands, leaving behind only the outworn shell of life, our hearts were too much overcome with grief and too stunned with the sense of desolation to seek for consolation either in memory or in hope. We could not look back, and we could not look forward. Our blinded eyes, dry with a tearless sorrow, had no vision. All that we then realized was that there was absence where there had been presence, emptiness where there had been fulness, solitude where there had been companionship, and death where there had been life. The great current of deed and thought which had been sweeping on through the valleys and meadows of our lives had suddenly ceased to flow, and we could only look in blank amazement at the waterless channel. The light which had illuminated our pathway, casting its friendly beams into the midst of our perplexities, was extinguished, and impenetrable darkness shrouded all the way beneath our

feet. The sound which had once touched our souls with penitent shame, with uplifting reconciliations, with vigorous courage, with tender sympathy, with dynamic faith, and with impassioned love, no more stirred the air with its varied vibrations. The voice had ceased with its last good-bye, and an immutable silence barred the gate of utterance. With these facts laying their weight upon us and crushing us with grief, public expression of our esteem was then impossible. We could only clasp each other's hands, whisper our thoughts as we met face to face for the moment, and pray for strength to endure. But a kindly Providence did not forget us. Measuring with a divine insight our needs, he has been supplying them with consolation according to the infinite riches of his grace. Day by day he has been bringing to our remembrance the things we can never forget, and he has been adding to our faith the sight of things which hath been prepared for them that love him, so that now, though we are still looking through a glass darkly, we can see in clear outline the features that reveal to us what our friend was and is and shall be for evermore. The months that have passed since he was taken from us have served the beneficent purpose of alleviating the pain of separation, and of assuring us that his death was but an incident in a continuous life whose spiritual influence can neither be diverted nor lost through any change in location. Glorified and crowned in the supernal realm invisible to us, he is yet our neighbor, companion, and friend, and we would therefore speak of him as one who hears, though he may not answer, taking good heed that we offend not the sense of his great modesty, while we fall not short in our esti-

mation of those qualities the appreciation of which is grateful to every heart that possesses them.

The outward facts of his life are few and may be written in a few lines. He was born in Salem, N. Y., on the 7th of January, 1845. His boyhood days were spent in Troy. His preparatory education, aside from that which he received in his home, was obtained in the Albany Academy. He was graduated at Williams College in 1864. For a year previous to his graduation he carried the musket of a private soldier in the Army of the Republic, having enlisted in the One Hundred and Seventy-seventh New York Volunteers. His theological education was obtained at Princeton. He began preaching in a home missionary church in Richmond, Vt. In 1869 he was ordained and installed as pastor of a Congregational Church in Cincinnati. In 1878 he was called to the Congregational Church in Binghamton, N. Y., and here he soon afterward brought his bride, the beloved wife and most helpful companion and inspiration of his ministerial labors. In November, 1886, he began his ministry in this Second Street Presbyterian Church of Troy. Last June he was transferred to the right hand of God in the Glory Everlasting.

This is a short story on which to build the record of a great life, but there is a divine meaning in all these facts which neither you nor I can fully measure. Not many men have lived to complete the circle of their life by returning to their boyhood home, and in so doing disprove the old proverb that "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country and in his own house." A man may grow up in a community and, never leaving it, may achieve much honor for himself, because he grows along

with it, and rises without any break in the vision of others, but when an interval of absence intervenes, and he comes back to old scenes to occupy an exalted position, the contrast is sharp and criticism is apt to be keen, and only a strong man can endure it. Yet it was here and under these circumstances that Eben Halley challenged the observation of the past by the reflection of the present, and maintained in his mature life the promise of his early days. It was here, where he played and studied and wrought as a boy and young man, that he achieved his most memorable victories, and compelled the respect even of those who had small sympathy with his purposes and aims. It was here that he rose in splendor before the eyes of the people and stirred the thought and quickened the conscience of the timid and the vacillating, and encouraged the weak to put forth a strength they knew not of. It was here, in the presence of men who had known him as a child, that he stood up as a man, clad in full armor, a soldier militant, to strike for and defend the cause of civil liberty in the municipality, and of religious liberty in the church of which he was a minister. It took courage and faith and much humility to enter upon the task set before him here, but under God he was equal to the occasion, and proved himself in the eyes of his own generation a workman that needed not to be ashamed.

Turning now from these general considerations, I will speak of some of the characteristics which particularly impressed me in the eight years of happy fraternal intercourse that I was privileged to have with him. First of all was the fulness of his life. No matter where or when you touched him, in his social, intellectual, or spiritual

nature, the response was immediate and complete. He never grew rich by withholding, nor was he impoverished by giving. He had taken advantage of the purpose for which Jesus came into the world, that men might have life and have it more abundantly. All things that came to him through books, through travel, through intercourse with friends, through the casual companionship of a passing acquaintance, through the daily round of labor and through the freedom of recreation, were transmuted in the alembic of his thought into life, and of this fulness we all received. His accumulations were constant and fresh, like the lake which is filled from the clouds above and from springs beneath and from streams around. Yet this was not a mere memory of words and events, or a collocation of historical impressions, but was the result of an assimilation which made it a real experience, though it was often enriched by a fancy which, as Browning says, "makes one fact the more." He had no pawn-shop goods on hand, and he despised the trick of the borrower who thinks to conceal the true possession by altering the trimming. His receptivity was marked by a fine sense of affinity, so that all he had came by personal attainment and bore his personal signature. The seal of his own life was upon his every possession, and we know that when he issued a note, whether it were of promise or of warning, its value would not shrink. This exuberance of life made him forgetful of self and generous in giving. He did not save his speech for special occasions, nor did he lay away his choice thoughts in velvet and satin cases to be brought out only in public. Great occasions inspired him, but little occasions did not fail to move him. Those

who came near to him in the quiet confidence of an evening hour felt the thrill of his pulse-beats, as well as those who listened to him from the rostrum or the sacred desk. He could rise to the height and go down to the depth of one man's necessity as well as that of the multitude. We feared no exhaustion, and we dreaded no failure, because of this boundless supply of inward force, this measureless quantity of spiritual energy which never lacked in quantity, however large might be its expenditure. Oftentimes this was checked in utterance. A limpid and smooth flow of words he never had, for his speech was like those mountain streams in Colorado which, fed from eternal sources, come rushing down with impetuous might, stopped, hindered, thwarted, here and there, by boulders in the midst before and by the excess of pressure from behind, and yet moving on like fate to their goal, and bearing with them in the turbid flood the rich, yellow gold which the placer miners will by and by gather up. So his speech was majestic and mighty and filled with wealth of thought, brilliant epigram, pure inspiration, ringing battle cries and notes of salvation. We have seen him on the floor of Presbytery, when physical weakness bade him be silent and the tender voice of love cautioned restraint, rise from his place at the command of his conscience for truth and though beginning with broken and hesitating utterance, pass on into impassioned speech, filled with a noble indignation, burning with an electric eloquence, and so resonant with vigor that the weakness of the flesh was wholly lost sight of in the abounding fulness of the spirit's power. And we have seen him again, when the burden of a great grief

was upon us, and the shadows were so dense that no light could pierce them, and hope so feeble that it could not touch us, and we have heard that same voice in gentler tones, but with no less eagerness for help, breaking in on the solitude and the darkness, answering the inquiry: "Is it well with the child?" with such affirmative emphasis that it seemed like a voice out of the centuries from the home in Bethany, saying: "I am the resurrection and the life." It was always so. His was a heart that spoke ever out of abundance in the consciousness of an exhaustless plenitude.

Another characteristic of this man was his moral intensity joined with a clear discrimination and fine sensitiveness. While he was musing the fire burned. Thus his speech was kindled and supplied with thought. Underneath every denunciation and every exhortation there was a clear-cut proposition. If sometimes he seemed to be pushing on regardless of consequences, it was only the determination to reach a given end in time, by one who held a steady rein and knew the road on which he was travelling. He had the mastery over himself as well as his theme, and hence there was no wasting of force in side issues and irrelevant matter. His convictions made close connections with his utterance, and his utterance gave bonds for its performance. In his clear discernment he could make things clear to any who were seeking the truth with open eyes and ears, simply because he knew how to detach the important from the unimportant, the essential from the unessential. On one occasion, in discussing the place of creeds in the Christian system, he said: "Theology is the fallible interpretation

of infallible truth." If that sentence were written over the door of every theological seminary the *odium theologicum* would soon disappear, and in its place we should have that sweet reasonableness which would make prosecutions for heresy impossible, not for lack of a definite conviction of truth, but because in the depth and certainty of its indefectible character we should care little for the incidental and material form in which one man or another might personally choose to express it. Our friend was not averse to creeds or to confessions of faith, but he thought that the spirit of one age could not be embodied in the forms of another. In the evolution of life he saw the necessity of death, but in the survival of the fittest he saw no loss of anything that was essential to continued life. He believed in natural decay and spiritual growth. He rejoiced that old things were passing away and that all things were becoming new. To him life was a continuous resurrection, a process of transformation, an energy forever transfiguring the body of our humiliation into the glory of the eternal; hence while he saw in history the spirit of the present, and while he regarded memory as the identifying attribute of the future, he cherished no fondness for the mouldy contents of ancient sepulchres, and gladly forgot the things that were behind as he pressed on to the goal of his chosen destiny. He accepted with fervent thankfulness the incorruptible inheritance of the past, but the bric-a-brac of relics had no place in the cabinet of his faith. He was intense in his pursuit of truth, but it was no uncertain, vague, and phantom-like form he sought, but a living ideal which he might possess here and now, though he could not expect

to realize the completeness of possession. He knew in whom and what he believed, but he did not believe that he knew all that he believed. The foundations of his faith were laid on immutable rock, and he acknowledged the infinite wisdom of the plan, but the structure he is building yet. The sense of security in this foundation gave him boldness in proclaiming its sufficiency; the insufficiency of his own knowledge made him generous and tolerant of the work of others, while the consciousness of his own needs presented itself as a motive for vigorous activity, in promoting a unity of faith and life, on the basis of a common experience. It was after this manner that he stood before us, a man of intense moral earnestness, yet so completely under the guidance of reason and sympathy that he was able to lift men out of their prejudices without wounding their self-love, and to give to those who had the power of comprehension and the capacity of reason a rational philosophy of their spiritual experience, so that their advent into the new life appeared to them not as the result of a magical conception, but as an evolution in accordance with the law of life after the mind of Christ.

I have now outlined with such discernment as I possess the two leading characteristics of this friend of mine and yours, as he revealed himself to me in the comradeship of ministerial and personal friendship. There are many other things of which I might speak, were the time at hand, and there are still others that must be left unspoken, since they are too weighty for the emotion that must bear them.

I cannot close, however, without adding a joyful note

to the music of mourning. This fulness of life and this discriminating and sympathizing intensity of moral earnestness to which I have borne witness is no longer incarnate among us. The special form of it is formless, for the outward man has perished. We say that he succumbed to death, and for us this blow was the dissipation of our hopes and the wiping out of our plans. For this there is no compensation to us. No man can take his place, for no man can do or be what he was able to do and be. Just so much force manifested in thought, in love, and in life is taken out of the world. This is our side of it. But for him that blow was as the stroke of the liberating sword, which touches the kneeling novice and bids him rise, purified and clad in white, into the full privileges of a royal knight, to stand forevermore with kings and priests in the imperial court of the Sovereign of Heaven.

He has finished his course, he has fought the fight, he has won the crown; let us then celebrate his triumph, and send forth from this hither shore the all hail of rejoicing spirits.

He has completed his earthly destiny, he has passed the great tribulations of mortal experience, he has gone through and beyond the valley of the shadow; let us sing praises for his faithfulness and shout forth our tribute, that he may hear it as he stands with the saints redeemed and glorified in the innumerable assembly about the eternal throne.

O brothers of the Presbytery of Troy, O beloved neighbors in this church of whom he was shepherd and teacher, O friends and companions in the fellowship of a kindred

spirit, O wife, loved with a love that passeth knowledge, O children, sanctified and consecrated by a father's affection and blessing, O inhabitants of this city, in whose presence he stood a terror to those loving evil and an inspiration to those loving right, suffer me in this solemn hour to direct your thoughts away from this body of death, away from the misery and pain of departure, to the glory of Immanuel's land, where he dwelleth now, and to remind you that the life he lived here was an immortal life, having an immortal influence and a ceaseless energy. Never will what he has accomplished here in the name of his Master suffer loss; for

" What is excellent,
As God lives, is permanent ;
Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain ;
Heart's love will meet thee again."

The workman has gone, but the work abides. Character is imperishable. Its sufficiency is of God, and hence it can never fail. It is organized victory. It is the demonstration of the divine in man. It is the guarantee which heaven accepts in blank. To leave such a fact as this in the world is the grandest achievement of life. It puts into our hands an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away. It makes us rich with a treasure whose income is greater than any capital derived from any other source. Thus in contemplating the transfigured life of our beloved friend, and in gathering up the memories of its earthly manifestation, are we brought out of our distresses even while the troubles of our heart are enlarged. A deep peace settles upon our spirit, for

we hear the voice of the Master of life, and his words fill our souls with the golden dream of a perennial gladness, and in their commanding prophecy we look to the time when our mortal shall be swallowed up of mortality, and we who are here and they who are there shall be united in the realization of our and their highest anticipations: "Let not your hearts be troubled; believe in God; believe also in Me. He that liveth in Me shall not die." In the full faith of this personal assurance we offer our doxology: "Now unto the King Eternal, immortal, invisible, the only God, be glory and honor, world without end. Amen."

Remembrances.

REV. E. H. GRIFFIN, D.D.

Thirty-five years ago, in September of the present year, Eben Halley entered Williams College. From that time until the summer morning when God called him, an uninterrupted friendship subsisted between him and me. I never had a more unselfish and loyal friend. I well know that in his death I have suffered a loss which can never be made good.

As I recall my first acquaintance with him, it is impossible to realize that I am looking back over an interval of more than a generation; the circumstances and incidents are as vivid in my recollection as if it were yesterday.

At the time of his entering college, Halley was less than sixteen years of age, and this although he was enrolled in the sophomore class. He was large in every physical proportion, in the fulness of health, overflowing with energy, good fellowship, and high spirits, full of wit, humor and enthusiasm. He made friends easily, and quickly identified himself with what was going on around him. I remember that his resources in conversation were a surprise to some of the older students: he had an acquaintance with books and with affairs, and a readiness and self-command unusual in one so young.

In the appointed tasks of the college he always

maintained a creditable standing, but he was one of those whose work is not measured by class-room tests: he taught himself more, perhaps, than he learned from his instructors. Throughout his college course he read industriously, widely, and with excellent discrimination. He was particularly interested in history. All who have been familiar with him know how strongly his tastes inclined in this direction. To the end of his life, he was accustomed to read and re-read Gibbon, whose stately diction and animated, varied narrative had a special charm for him. Gibbon was one of the favorite authors of his student days; he read also Greek history and Roman history, the Prescott and Motley histories, and much besides. He was attracted also by biography, especially literary biography. Boswell's *Johnson*, Lockhart's *Scott*, the essayists and wits of the eighteenth century, the group of men of genius who appeared in English literature at the beginning of the present century—Wordsworth, Coleridge, and the rest, the later series of men of letters represented by Macaulay and Carlyle—with all these he was very familiar, from the biographical as well as from the literary point of view. The college students of that time received less instruction in the history and criticism of literature than is given now, but there is little doubt that there was more reading of great authors, and more discussion of literary questions than is prevalent in our colleges now, when there are so many things, unknown then, to engross attention. Halley's retentive memory enabled him to use his acquisitions freely in social intercourse, and this was done so aptly, and with such an entire absence of

self-display or pedantry, that it was one of the chief elements of attraction in his companionship. He was, like most young men, extremely fond of Dickens, and his knowledge of the leading works of that author was so exact and minute that he could probably have passed with success an examination paper, such as has sometimes been constructed, by way of parody, on the text of Dickens. He used sometimes to illustrate an existing situation by reference to his favorite novelist; with delightful wit he would identify himself with some character, or quote some humorous phrase, and his hearty, irresistible laughter would compel every one to appreciate the fitness of the application. The range of his reading in fiction was wide and sympathetic, but, while he appreciated the analytic and psychological type of novel, he derived a greater pleasure from representations of objective life. I can never forget how eloquently, on one of the last occasions of my seeing him, on the steps of the Adirondack Hotel, he extolled the D'Artagnan and Valois romances of Dumas, declaring that after a hard day, when things had gone wrongly, nothing gave him greater relief and refreshment than to escape into the free world of this great writer's imagination.

In the spring vacation of his junior year, he entered the army under a nine months' enlistment. This was much regretted by his college friends, and was felt to be a grave mistake. The event proved, however, that the step was a wise one. He saw much hardship and no little danger: the experience contributed much to the maturing of his character: it changed him from a boy to a man. It is not

unlikely that the experiences of that year had something to do with the earnest patriotism, the intense civic feeling which characterized his after life.

I was not associated with him during his theological studies, but after his graduation he spent a year at Richmond, Vermont, and, as I was living at the time at Burlington, only a few miles distant, we frequently met. He had passed a summer, while a theological student, at Richmond, in the employment of the Home Missionary Society, and the people had become so much interested in him, and he in them, that, at their urgent solicitation, he returned, after completing his studies, for a longer residence. His acceptance of this restricted field of labor did not seem, at the time, to be for his advantage in a personal point of view, but, for himself as well as for the people, it was a good beginning of his ministry.

During his pastorate at Cincinnati, and his subsequent settlement at Binghamton, I saw him but seldom. After he came to Troy, our early intimacy was resumed. We passed several summer vacations together, and were able to interchange visits not infrequently. This renewal of intercourse, after so many years, enabled me to measure, more accurately than if our association had been continuous, the development of character and mind which had gone forward in him. One who had known him as a boy could not but feel that his growth had been singularly harmonious and natural. Some men leave their youth behind them as they grow older: the maturity of their ripened powers is attained at the expense of their earlier qualities. In his case the exuberance and enthusiasm of the boy was carried on into the serious, earnest life of

the man. One of the secrets of Dr. Halley's power, and one of the chief reasons of his attractiveness to people of all sorts, was his youthfulness of feeling—as shown in his love of sports and games, his love of nature, his fondness for innocent and wholesome fun of every kind. No one could resist the contagion of his hearty, joyous laughter. The union of so much spontaneity with so much dignity and seriousness was admirable.

“ I would the great world grew like thee,
 Who grewest not alone in power
 And knowledge, but by year and hour
 In reverence and in charity.”

It was a happy choice which Eben Halley made when he entered the ministry. Few men possess so many of the gifts requisite for success in it. No one who told him of a sorrow, or burden, or anxiety, could fail to see, in the expression of his countenance, and the tones of his voice, as well as in his words, how tender a feeling he had for those in trouble. He had an intense sense of the ethical element in life: I remember how indignant it used to make him to hear people speak of “mere morality”—he could not endure even the appearance of a separation between the evangelical motives of Christianity and practical righteousness. Every part of his work as a Christian minister was a pleasure to him. I used to wonder at his readiness, and even eagerness, to get back from his vacations; after the needed recreation had been obtained, his home and his pulpit were more attractive to him than vacation pleasures. All his friends know how magnanimous and generous he was in his judgments of men, how he re-

joiced in the successes of others, how wholly free he was from pettiness and jealousy and censoriousness. From the beginning of his settlement in Troy, his heart was given to his people ; many times he expressed to me his grateful sense of the kindness shown him. The last letter I ever had from him, written just before his return from the South, last spring, closed with the words, " Oh, what a people ; what a people ! "

And now this one so rarely fitted for usefulness has been called away from his work, his family, and the multitude of his friends, just as he was entering upon the most productive period of his career. What comfort does so sorrowful a mystery admit except that derived from Christian faith and hope ?

" What is death

To him who meets it with an upright heart ?

Perhaps a passage overhung with clouds

But at its entrance ; a few leagues beyond

Opening to kinder skies, and milder suns,

And seas pacific as the soul that seeks them."

ADDRESS OF REV. GEORGE T. BERRY.

On behalf of the members of the Second Street Church, I have been requested, in a closing word, to express to the Presbytery the church's appreciation of their loving act in uniting with us to-night in this sweet memorial service. You have done, dear brethren of the Presbytery, an honor to him whose memory we cherish with a deep and sacred love. Out of full hearts and with sincere words we thank you.

But while I desire that this simple expression of gratitude, on behalf of the church, shall include also my own sense of appreciation, I cannot allow this opportunity to pass without adding a single word of personal tribute to that life whose memory rests like a benediction upon us all at this hour.

My acquaintance with Dr. Halley was an exceedingly brief one—ah! all too brief it was—but during the few months that it was my privilege to know him and to feel the warmth of his friendship, during those few sacred hours in which we talked together of life's realities, he stamped upon my heart the eternal impress of his soul. With most of you it was my privilege to hear him speak during those days of deep reflection in which he set his "forward countenance" and bravely peered into the great beyond, but in one of those treasured hours when we were alone together he let me into the inner sanctuary of his soul, and I wish to bear this testimony to-night

to the blessedness of his memory : That at no moment, and in no experience of my life, have I ever caught the meaning of the reality of the hidden life as at that moment, when, like a flash of heavenly light, it irradiated my soul ! I cannot think of the soul, I cannot call the word to my lips, without the recollection of that hour. And this is my daily grief, that just when the richness of his nature had created the desire of mind and heart for yet fuller and more intense revelations of soul-life he was parted from me.

Dr. Halley was a great man in manifold ways. In his literary insight and knowledge, at which I never ceased to wonder, in his knowledge of men and penetration into character, in his great heart, whose sympathy and generosity I had special opportunity to feel, but he was great in these ways, aye, grand in more ways than these, because of his spiritual intensity. Perhaps I can pay him no higher tribute than when I say that his name always recurs to my mind when I think of Robertson of Brighton, of Frederick Denison Maurice, and of Phillips Brooks ! I have no higher hope than that in my own life and in my ministry a double portion of his spirit may rest upon me !

I would, in bringing these brief remembrances to a close, apply to him another's beautiful and most appropriate memorial words, which you may recall : " Dear friend, farewell ! Thy going has made heaven near. Full many a vase of comely phrase I keep among my treasures as witness to the cunning of thy hand. Thy loving words shall live in memory's garden like sweet forget-me-nots ; and I will hold the broken thread of our high discourse until we meet again."

Letters, Resolutions, and Tributes.

MEMORIAL.

Adopted at a joint meeting of the Session and the Board of Trustees of the Second Street Presbyterian Church of Troy, N. Y., June 17, 1895 :

The death of Eben Halley has brought unspeakable sorrow to this church. In the shadow of such a loss, grief is all but voiceless. For as there are living burdens which can only be endured in silence, so are there labors of the soul during which man is dumb in the presence of his fellows, and to God and the great unknown alone can tell his grief. It is easy, when the dead have spoken to us only from a distance, to praise the benevolent, to laud the hero, to respect the learned, to admire the great, to point out all those virtues which challenge the respect and veneration of mankind. But when the great, warm heart has beat against our own, when there has been daily fellowship of hand and voice and eye, and the overflowing spirit of deep, unfaltering love, of unaffected truth, of Christlike grace and purity have made us know that he who is gone was ours and we were his—in the first flush of grief words seem too cold to measure how good and great he was, to tell how much we loved him. And if, indeed, there be a silence more eloquent than speech, it is exemplified when we record this simple truth, that his goodness and greatness appeal to us be-

yond expression in this hour, when of all times we are moved to make public testimony of it.

Some men have been termed nature's noblemen. This man was more than that. He was God's nobleman—God who came before nature and who created it. There was a largeness in all his virtues which marked him as among those who have found the source of life, and whose spirits never falter in their uprising towards the highest truth, the highest good, the highest love. With a soul so open, a heart so warm and tender, and yet so brave—so brave; a purpose so steadfast, a courage so high, a sympathy so boundless, a sense of honor so delicate, and of justice so exact; a love of right and a hatred of wrong so constant and outspoken—his abundant gifts of mind, and the graces of which he was all unconscious, made him a power among men, a power in the Church, a power in the community which mourns his death. There is no home whose threshold he had ever crossed which does not weep for him to-day.

His ministry in this church was of God. For he not only preached God and the Master, but he lived them. It was the spirit of truth which moved him; it was the truth which made him strong; it was that which gave him, as we believe, a unique place in this community—the figure of a brave, simple, Christian gentleman; full of the sweetest charity, upholding everything which made for good, resisting everything which was founded on evil.

God has taken him—our beloved friend. We bow to this mystery, which he accepted so readily even while he yearned to live and labor with all the intensity of his

strong, joyous nature. We yield to it, and we find there a new and wonderful assurance that his abiding faith was not misplaced. "For such coffins," said Victor Hugo, bending over the tomb of a fellow genius, "proclaim immortality." And we say to ourselves here to-day, it is impossible that so great a spirit in this life can be other than a great spirit after death.

CHARLES R. INGALLS,
SEYMOUR VAN SANTVOORD,
Committee.

FROM THE WALNUT HILLS CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

CINCINNATI, O., June 9, 1895.

From the pulpit this morning was announced the death of the Rev. Eben Halley, of Troy, N. Y.

Mr. Halley served this church as its pastor when it was known as the Seventh Street Congregational Church. He entered upon this service in December, 1869, and resigned in April, 1878.

He was a man of fine presence: In mind and spirit eminently equipped for his profession: In the pulpit effective in discourse: In the homes of his people, through his winning manner, sympathetic and affectionate nature, his life became inseparably mingled with many of their experiences, both of joy and sorrow, that will always be of grateful memory. "He lives long who lives well," he once said. How appropriately may this aphorism be applied to him, cut off as he is in the noontide of his life work.

We share in the grief thus brought to his bereaved wife

and fatherless sons, and commend them to Him who has balm for every wound, and can heal all sorrow.

On behalf of the Walnut Hills Congregational Church.

LEWIS G. HOPKINS, }
 JOSEPH C. NOYES, } Committee.
 G. MONTEITH. }

FROM THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, BINGHAMTON,
 NEW YORK.

The sad news has come to this church that a former pastor, tenderly beloved, has fallen asleep.

The Rev. Eben Halley, D.D., ministered to this people for nine years, from 1878 until 1886, giving his best for those whom he loved and among whom he labored.

He was not only an earnest working member and leader of our church, but was also an aggressive Christian citizen who was respected and loved by the whole city, and was identified with all that made for righteousness in the affairs of our community. When he removed to Troy, he carried with him the hearts of all his congregation.

His ministry to this church formed such an important period in its history, and so many of our present members knew and loved Dr. Halley as their friend and pastor, that we deem it fitting to make this expression and to pass the following resolutions :

Resolved, That we record our great sense of loss in the death of Dr. Halley ; and our deep gratitude that we were permitted to know him for many years and to sit under his teaching.

He was a tender mourner together with us when we were in any way afflicted, and in all things was a faithful servant of the Lord in leading this people.

Resolved, That we extend to his bereaved wife and children our heartfelt sympathy, and commend them to the comfort of Him whom he loved and served with all his heart.

Resolved, That we tender to the sister church, whom Dr. Halley has served since his removal from us, our condolence in their loss, knowing as we do how great that loss is.

Resolved, That this expression be recorded upon the minutes of this church, and that the Board of Deacons be charged with the duty of conveying a copy of these resolutions to the family of our departed brother, and to the Second Street Presbyterian Church of Troy.

WILLARD B. THORP,
Pastor.

June 9, 1895.

MINUTE FROM THE TROY METHODIST PREACHERS'
ASSOCIATION.

Since this city has lost one of its public-spirited, faithful, and patriotic citizens, the Christian pulpit one of its brightest lights, and a prominent church a devoted and beloved pastor, therefore we record upon our minutes the following statements:

First, That we recognize in the late Rev. Eben Halley, D.D., a man of large intellectual ability and culture, high type of manhood, unexceptionable Christian character,

large sympathies, an able preacher and faithful pastor, unbounded brotherly love and intense interest in all that tends to elevate humanity.

Second, That we tender the bereaved family, as well as the sorrowing congregation, our warmest sympathy.

I. D. VAN VALKENBURGH,

D. W. GATES,

Committee.

June 11, 1895.

FROM THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

The Pastor, Elders, and Members of the First Presbyterian Church of Troy, to the Elders and Members of the Second Street Presbyterian Church of Troy, Greeting :

DEARLY BELOVED :

The recent sad affliction which hath fallen upon you by reason of the death of your pastor, a man honored of God and esteemed by men, moves us to express our deep sympathy for you in this great bereavement. As near neighbors and friends, we mourn and weep with you, and our hearts are broken for you. Your house is left unto you desolate, and all the pain and grief of separation are upon you. Into this sorrow we enter, for your pastor was very dear to us.

In his occasional ministrations to us, we felt the magic thrill of his sympathy, the high uplift of his spiritual might, the broad toleration of his Christian love, the tenderness of his rebuke, the ringing force of his exhortation, the full touch of his inspired utterance, and the deep devotion of his soul to the Master in whom his whole life

was centred. We thank God for such a ministry and for such a brother. His memory will be forever sweet.

We also had an especial pride in him as a noble defender of the truth in the religious and civic contests of the day. The instincts of righteousness placed him ever on the side of liberty, justice, and the truth that makes men free. He abhorred all tyranny, and set at naught the narrow traditions of the past, that he might make the word of God alive to the hearts and consciences of men. His voice was that of a prophet of the Living God. For himself he cared nothing; for the right he was ready to make any sacrifice. Through good report and evil report he kept on his way as steady to the goal as the ship that, alike in storm and favoring gale, makes ever for the destined port. We thank God again for this public manifestation of righteous activity in His servant, and in yours and ours.

But we loved him apart from his public life. More to us than the minister was the man. In the common intercourse of daily life, his official position was forgotten in the noble, generous, loyal, self-denying friend. He entered our homes, shared our hospitality, and broke bread with us in the sweet communion of friendship; he rejoiced in all our successes, and never a cloud of jealousy floated before his face. He was always glad for our gladness. Charming in conversation, pure in thought, and noble in all his aspirations, he always lifted us to the level of his own life, and made us feel that we were in high company. When the darkness of the shadow was over us, and we hid our faces in the agony of grief, he came bringing with him light, hope, and the tender voice

of comfort. His presence was a balm for wounded hearts, and his words gave strength to endure where consolation failed.

Dearly beloved, we know that we cannot measure your loss by our own, but the knowledge of our esteem and love may show you something of our sympathy, and the share we take in your sorrow. Our prayer for you is with broken voice, but with whole heart. We beseech our Father that He will graciously comfort you with the comfort wherewith He comforteth them that are in affliction, and that in the distress and pain which now fills your souls, you may find the Eternal Refuge, and the support of Everlasting Arms. And may He who is the great Head of the Church be especially near to you in these days, and bring all things to your remembrance which His servant and under-shepherd spoke to you in His name. Your pastor has entered upon his reward and taken possession of the illimitable glory which Jesus gives to those who are with Him where He is. May it be yours to reap in joy that which he has sown.

Wishing you grace, mercy, and peace from God our Father, and Jesus Christ His Son, we remain ever yours in the bonds of Christian love.

In the name and on behalf of the First Presbyterian Church, its Elders, and Members,

THEOPHILUS PARSONS SAWIN.

June 14, 1895.

FROM ST. STEPHEN'S GUILD.

The members of St. Stephen's Guild of the Parish of the Holy Cross, Troy, N. Y., have with deep sadness

received the intelligence of the decease of the Rev. Eben Halley, D.D., pastor of the Second Street Presbyterian Church of this city. Together with other pleasant memories of him, they recall with particular pleasure and gratitude the kind interest which he manifested in the very interesting and valuable address which he gave before them. The departure of a man so favored in intellectual gifts, so gentle in spirit, so brave in his convictions, so wise in his sympathies, so studious in various fields, so faithful in every relation, and universally respected and revered, is a loss which is profoundly realized far beyond the favored circle in which he was the devoted and beloved pastor.

As a humble expression of our appreciation and sympathy, we very respectfully present to the family of our departed friend a copy of the above memorial minute, which we place upon our records.

EATON W. MAXCY,
J. IRELAND TUCKER,
For the Committee.

June 20, 1895.

THE FAIRVIEW HOME.

WEST TROY, N. Y., July 1, 1895.

At the regular quarterly meeting of the Board of Directors of "Fairview Home for Friendless Children," held June 27, 1895, the following memorial was spread on the minutes, and directed to be sent to the family of the deceased.

The death of Rev. Eben Halley, D.D., which has brought sorrow to so many hearts, has deprived Fairview

Home of a steadfast friend, and this Board of one of its oldest and most useful members. Dr. Halley's thorough knowledge of the needs of the Home, joined to his strong, practical sense, made his counsel of great value, the more so that he was always ready to supplement it by active effort. By private as well as by public appeal, has he brought material aid to the Home, while also giving time and thought to its management. The death of Dr. Halley brings to the members of this Board, individually, a sense of personal loss. His warm greeting will be missed by them no less than his hearty co-operation in their work. The children at the Home, too, will remember with pleasure his kindly presence, and for his work and loving thought for "these little ones . . . he shall in nowise lose his reward."

Sincerely yours,
 F. B. DURANT,
 Secretary.

MRS. EBEN HALLEY,
 Troy, N. Y.

FROM THE "SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN," JUNE 12, 1895.

In the death of Rev. Dr. Eben Halley, pastor of the Second Street Presbyterian Church of Troy, N. Y., the cause of good government and of humanity in that city loses a powerful advocate, and the religious denomination to which he belonged is robbed of a strong personality always ranged on the side of manliness, of freedom, and the progress that goes with freedom. The personal loss that is felt by all who knew this attractive man made

yesterday a sad Sunday in the city of his latest and best work, and wherever the news of his death reached those who loved him.

Dr. Halley was only just past fifty years of age, big of person, warm of heart, and anxious to devote his ripened powers to the service of his fellows. He was quick to feel and quicker to help, the friend of all his kind, but especially of those weighted in the race of life. When the murder of Ross came to awaken the best citizenship of Troy to a keener sense of its responsibilities, Dr. Halley threw himself with all the force of an intense nature into the fight for public honor and the well-being of the people. What previous neglect had done to oppress the people and create abuses that were intolerable in a civilized community, was no new chapter to him. He had lived close to the toilers and knew it all, and was no cloistered theologian just awakened to his duty. But others had come to see the situation in all its hideous deformity. How his very soul blazed out in impetuous and righteously wrathful utterance, with an eloquence never to be forgotten by those who heard his words or read of that mighty mass-meeting of citizens, our readers will recall, for the *Republican* printed his speech. He could not spare himself in such a cause, albeit he was consciously overdrawing the vital forces that had been too far weakened in his regular work.

There came a serious breakdown. The members of the church that he had broadened and strengthened and almost compelled to share in a community life outside of the old social lines, bound to him by ties of the tenderest nature, came to his help with worthy generosity. They

gave him a thousand dollars, voted to continue his salary, and told him to lean on them and go and get well. Then came the search for health. The strong man broken sought the woods last summer, and then spent the winter in the Adirondacks; health seemed to be coming back, and the outlook was bright for richer years of work ahead—and now has come the sudden summons, the sorrow of those left behind, and above all the sense of poverty that oppresses when a leader among men is no more.

Eben Halley was graduated at Williams College in 1864, where he was a classmate of Rev. Dr. J. L. R. Trask of this city, of President Henry M. Booth of Auburn Theological Seminary, of the late President Ingalls of Drury College, and of Rev. Dr. R. P. H. Vail of Stamford, Conn. Halley studied theology at Princeton Seminary. Williams gave him his degree of D.D. While never letting his people lose hold upon the spiritual side of life, Dr. Halley made them see the practical responsibilities that go with the Christian idea of the brotherhood of man, and his pulpit views broadened with his growth. The narrow conscientiousness of the heresy hunter gave him wonder and pain, and he longed to see the Church into which he had been born widen her borders in the charity of Christ.

Eben Halley was as sweet and true and human as Phillips Brooks. He had a quick sense of humor, was a delightful story-teller, and his deep, infectious laugh that shook his big frame was mighty pleasant to hear. His fine courtesy of manner was the natural garb of a nature so transparently genuine that trust and love went out to meet him without reserve or fear, and he had the sympathy to welcome and the strength to hold them ever after.

The Presbyterian Church has great need of such as he, and so has the world of struggling humanity in all its aspects.

FROM POST GRISWOLD, G. A. R.

At the regular Encampment of John A. Griswold Post, No. 338, Department of New York, Grand Army of the Republic, held Wednesday evening, October 23, 1895, the following *Memorial* was unanimously adopted:

Whereas, our beloved Comrade and Chaplain, the Rev. Dr. Eben Halley, has been called to his eternal reward, we would *hereby* most cordially and tenderly express our reverence for his faithfulness and our admiration for his many virtues.

Commanding in integrity as he was in stature, he has left a memory fragrant with deeds of love and oft-repeated utterances of patriotic devotion.

To his beloved wife and children, and to all his mourning friends, we extend our earnest sympathies, and pray that the Great Commander may supply his place and fit us all for similar devotion and final peace.

L. M. S. HAYNES, }
 W. W. ROUSSEAU, } Committee.
 GEO. H. ENNIS. }

FROM THE MINUTES OF THE PRESBYTERY OF TROY.

September 24, 1895.

Since the last meeting of Presbytery it has pleased our Heavenly Father to remove from us by death our dear

brother and co-presbyter, the Rev. Eben Halley, D.D., minister of the Second Street Presbyterian church of Troy. Taken away in the prime of his manhood and in the maturity of his powers, we are left to mourn one who had proved himself an able minister of the truth, a zealous and courageous advocate of righteousness, a wise and faithful counsellor, and withal a gentle and tolerant spirit, filled with the hope of the Gospel, and guided by the mind of the Master.

The Presbytery of Troy puts on record this brief tribute to his memory, and accompanies it with sincere sympathy for the church he so ably and worthily served for eight years, praying that it may be comforted and strengthened by the continual abiding of the work which he did in the Master's name.

To the dear family, the wife and children who are left, the Presbytery also expresses its sense of sorrow in their bereavement, and earnestly beseeches the God of all comfort that He would be with them in their distress and show them the full sweetness of His unchanging love.

And to the end that a more complete manifestation of our deep regard for the memory of our brother may be made, the Presbytery orders that a time for a memorial service be set apart, the time and place and program thereof to be determined by a committee chosen for the purpose, to act in conjunction with a committee from the Second Street Presbyterian Church, provided such a service shall be acceptable to that church.

TO EBEN HALLEY.

Brave prophet of the Ever-living Word,
To whom was given the vision clear, of Right,
And Truth, and Liberty, and speech of might,
Wherewith to show to men thine own accord
With all the Spirit of thy loving Lord—
Thy voice is silent now ; and from our sight
Thou art withdrawn into the cloudless light,
Where joys complete to thee the heavens afford.

Thou wast a man in whom all manliness
Of strength was matched with gentleness and grace ;
Thy thoughts were living breaths of sacred fire ;
Thy words were martial notes to make men face
The call of Duty stern, and reinspire
Their fainting hearts with Truth and Righteousness.

T. P. S.

June 10, 1895.



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