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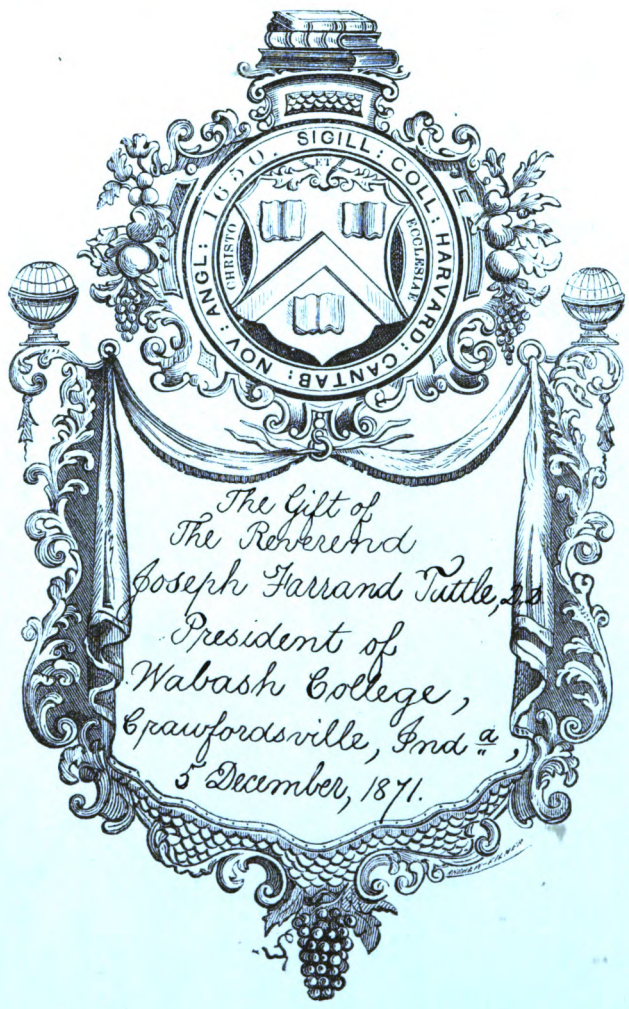
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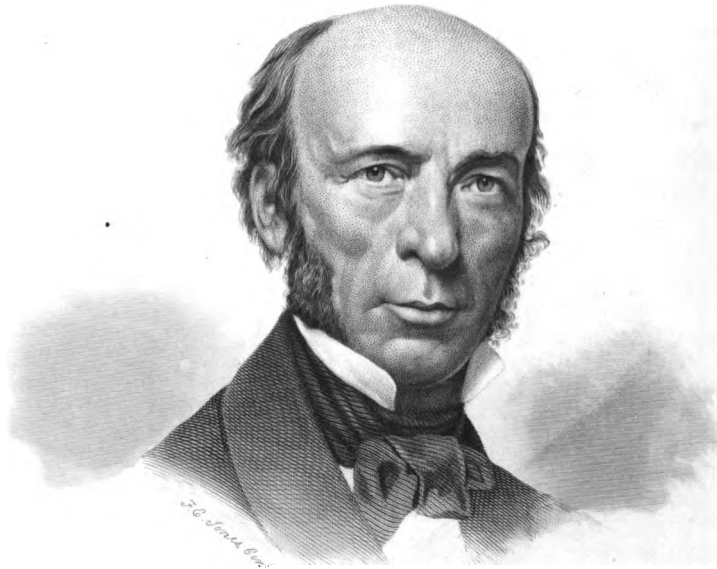
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Ed. Oct. 1872.



Fr. J. F. Tuble
Ann. Hab. College
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Yes truly
D. H. Allen

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LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

Discourse
REV. D. HOWE ALLEN, D. D.,

Professor of Theology in Lane Seminary.

A MEMORIAL SERMON, DELIVERED AT THE ANNIVERSARY,
MAY 11, 1871.

BY

REV. HENRY SMITH, D. D.,

Professor of Sacred Rhetoric.



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MEMORIAL SERMON.

Text—I AM GLORIFIED IN THEM.—John xvii. 10.

SINCE the Alumni and friends of Lane met to celebrate the last anniversary, this chapel has witnessed a solemn and touching scene. Loving hands have draped this pulpit in the weeds of mourning, and for the first time in the history of the Institution this community has been summoned to attend the funeral services of a professor, and all that was mortal of one of the most gifted and beloved in the whole list of teachers whose services it has enjoyed has been borne from these walls by devout men to its final resting-place. The well-remembered form of D. Howe Allen will no longer be seen in these walks, and his name will disappear from the catalogue of its living teachers. Of the whole four hundred and fifteen ministers of Christ, who, during the seven and twenty years of his active labor in this Seminary, received the impress of divine truth through his crystal intellect, and were moved by its power flowing in a full stream from his loving heart, I venture to say not one, scattered as they are over the globe, has seen the announcement of his death without feeling the sharp pang of a personal bereavement. He was a man fitted in an eminent degree, alike by nature

and by grace, for the important work to which the providence of God evidently called him, and to which he gave his whole heart. In the text our Savior says of his disciples then living: "I am glorified in them." In the prayer of which the text is a part, he prays not only for them, but for all who should believe through their word. Can we doubt, then, that the declaration of the text applies to both? In the sense in which a holy, consistent, attractive Christian life glorifies Christ, no one who knew Dr. Allen can fail to justify the application of these words to him. In his slight, lithe, and delicate physical organization; in the lightness and ease of his motions, there was something which reminded you of the spiritual body. While his broad open brow was the fair index of a clear, calm, and capacious intellect, there was in the outlines of the head and face, in the habitual cast of the countenance, in the light of the soulful eye, that almost feminine grace which the old artists are wont to give to the face of the beloved disciple, a Johannean expression of purity, reverence, benevolence, sincerity and simple-heartedness, which drew you like a magnet, and made you his friend in a moment.

The tender words spoken at his funeral by his successor in the Chair of Theology in the Seminary, and by loving pupils who had felt the personal power of the man, revealed alike the public and the private estimation in which he was held. The substance of this estimate was that he glorified Christ.

It has been made my duty to-day to present a little more fully than the possibilities of that occasion permitted, the grounds of this estimate of his life and character. In attempting to discharge this duty, then, let me say:

I. He glorified Christ in the plan and conduct of his life.

Prof. Allen was born at Lebanon, New Hampshire, July 8, 1808. He died at Granville, Ohio, November 9, 1870. He had thus passed a few months beyond the completion of the sixty-second year of his life. Though he was the son of a New England farmer, he bore in his veins the only patent of earthly nobility which our democratic institutions and sentiments recognize. He was a son of the Pilgrims, and, what appeals more directly to our patriotic impulses, he was a son of a soldier of the Revolution. His father, Diarca Allen, was found in the ranks of the Continental army at the early age of sixteen. The length of his service I have no means of determining; but I know he was a member of one of those ragged regiments which huddled at Valley Forge in the dreary winter of 1777-8, and whose forlorn condition, occupying "a cold, bleak hill," "sleeping under frost and snow, without clothing or blankets, naked and distressed," is so pathetically described by the Father of his Country, as quoted by Irving in his *Life of Washington*. It was this high discipline of patience which made Washington the Fabius of modern history. It was this discipline of endurance which made his ragged and hungry followers victors at the end of a seven years' war. And who shall say that the story of those sufferings, rehearsed at the firesides of hundreds of families under the great laws of the family constitution, had not a high office to perform in molding the next generation; in fitting the sons of those revolutionary sires "to endure hardness" as good soldiers alike of their country and of the cross? In a historical discourse this particular father is spoken of as follows: "He was a successful farmer, an honest man, a wise counselor, a friend of the poor. In old age genial, not often second in a trial of wit, abounding in stories of old times, cherished and honored by his children, in sim-

ple Christian faith waiting for his call to go up higher. He died in the year 1850, aged nearly ninety years."

The mother of Prof. Allen is spoken of as a most lovely character, possessing a remarkably happy, cheerful disposition, which was largely inherited by her children. She died, however, when he, the youngest but one of a large family, was only twelve years of age, leaving him chiefly to the care of a sister, to whom I shall have occasion again to refer. He entered Dartmouth College at the age of seventeen years, having pursued his preparatory studies at the academies of Castleton, Vermont, and Meriden, New Hampshire; and at the end of a regular college course was graduated with the highest honors of his class, in the year 1829. His conversion to Christ dates to the period of his college life, and is a fresh testimony to the power alike of the Christian family and the Christian college. The colleges of New England, it is well known, had their origin in the wants of the Church of Christ, and were dedicated to her interests. With hardly an exception they have shared largely in those gracious visitations of God's Spirit, which, for the last half century, have been so marked a feature of American Protestant life. Just previous to the period of Dr. Allen's college life a fresh bond of union between the Family, the Church and the College had been added, in the establishment of the Annual Concert of Prayer for Colleges. And since that time, especially, the history of these institutions will prove that no safer place on earth can be found in which to pass the transition period from youth to early manhood than a college which has found a warm place in the affections and prayers of Christian families and of the Christian Church. Prof. Allen's conversion dates to a powerful revival of religion which Dartmouth College enjoyed during his sophomore year. I can well remem-

ber the impression made upon the students of a neighboring college at this time by a visit of Prof. Hadduck, of Dartmouth College, in which he narrated some of the marvelous works of God which he had witnessed. Of course his college life was not absolutely without temptation; as what scene of life is? They came to him in the form of solicitations from the idle and dissipated to join their ranks. The influence of his sister, to whom reference has already been made as standing to him in the place of a mother, saved him from this danger. The following memorandum refers to this period of his history, and to her power over him: "The reflection that she might hear of my thoughtless, sinful course was often more than I could endure, and would effectually restrain me for a season. As I lived within a few miles of my home she had frequent opportunities of sending to me. Almost every week her little notes used to come to me, bearing the assurance that her heart's desire for me was that I might be saved. Often she had time to write but a few words, and must give me a message of a secular character; but there was never an instance in which she did not say something upon the interests of my soul." He adds: "If I am truly a child of grace, I owe it to the faithful, affectionate and patient warning and prayers of my beloved sister." Shall I here be pardoned a personal reminiscence which is very precious to me, because it relates to one whose image and memory I have a peculiar right to cherish as among the dearest treasures of the heart—a woman, whom, in later life, from a long, personal acquaintance, Dr. Allen learned very highly to esteem. It is no contradiction of the fact just stated, but a precious confirmation of the far-reaching power of woman in the Church of Christ, that Prof. Allen said to me on one occasion, since our connection with this Semi-

nary: "My dear brother, did I ever tell you that I think I owe my salvation to your mother?" I was surprised, for I knew he had never seen her until he knew her as the wife of Dr. Linsley, the first President of Marietta College. "Do not misunderstand me," he said in substance: "The fidelity of my sister was blessed to my conversion, but she always ascribed hers to the influence of your mother when she was a school girl in Vermont. Blessed influence of woman! How it mingles its holy currents with all the forces of the life of the Church, ascending to her colleges and theological seminaries, molding her ministers, and preaching by proxy from her pulpits.

At the close of his college course, Prof. Allen, having given himself to the work of the Christian ministry, connected himself with Andover Theological Seminary, where he spent one year. In the spring of 1830 he went to Charleston, South Carolina, where he remained nearly two years as a teacher. His observations on the system of chattel slavery, which he saw there in its best aspect, so far from converting him into an advocate of the system, filled out and fixed his opinions as a thorough anti-slavery man. At the expiration of his engagement, in the spring of 1832, before returning to New England, he made an extended tour through the South and West, visiting New Orleans, ascending the Mississippi to St. Louis, and making excursions thence to Illinois and Indiana, in which he visited Jacksonville, whose infant college was just then commencing its operations. Returning to St. Louis, he ascended the Ohio to Cincinnati. This tour decided him to consecrate his life to the West, and his cherished idea was to spend it as a home missionary. At Cincinnati he spent a few days with Dr. Brainard, whom he had known in Andover, and who was then in the first year of his pastorate in

the Fourth Presbyterian Church, the church of Fulton—living comfortably, as his Memoirs inform us, on a salary of seven hundred dollars a year, because house-rent was eighty dollars a year, wood one dollar and a half a cord, turkeys twenty-five cents apiece, and eggs four cents a dozen. In those days even city ministers could afford to obey the apostolic injunction and use hospitality without grudging. In this year, it is recorded in Brainard's Life, he was invited by Elnathan Kemper, the founder of Lane Seminary, and whose monument we hope to see one day in these grounds, to preach one Wednesday evening in his log house, on Walnut Hills. Starting at half-past six with a lantern, he waded through Deer Creek, and the mud beyond, and reached the place of his appointment at eight o'clock. It cost him a six weeks' fever, but it gained him the life-long friendship of Mr. Kemper.

It will not be without interest to get a glimpse of Lane Seminary, at this point of its history, through the eyes of Dr. Allen. In some memoranda of this journey, under date of May 27, 1832, he says: "I went with Bro. Brainard to visit Lane Theological Seminary. It is romantically situated on a high hill, surrounded on all sides by the unbroken forest. There is but one college building, and the foundations of a second one are laid and the superstructure commenced. There are now about sixty students in all the departments, many of whom are preparing for the ministry. This is an important institution for the West, and its prospects are now very flattering. Dr. Beecher has just visited it for the purpose of deciding whether he shall accept the appointment of presiding officer, and it is now generally understood that he will. If the professorships are well filled it will become one of the most important seminaries in the land." When

he penned these words, how little did he anticipate that the thread of his own life was to be so thoroughly woven into the web of its future history.

Returning to New England he resumed for a time his connection with the Seminary at Andover. Under the date of December 2, in this year, we have this record: "My mind has now become settled in the persuasion that it is my duty to go to Lane." The reasons which he assigns for this persuasion are, the instruction and example of Dr. Beecher, which he deemed peculiarly fitted to prepare him for his work in the West, expressing his belief that he could receive more benefit from being under him than from any other man of his acquaintance; in the opportunity again of his becoming acquainted with the habits, feelings and wants of Western people before permanently settling among them; the opportunity of doing good to the Seminary in its forming state, and thus aiding the whole West, and, finally, the reduction of his necessary expenses. These and a few other reasons, he says, have decided him to go to Lane "unless some new light breaks in upon my mind." The new light came in the spring of 1833 in a call to a professorship in Marietta College. In the winter of 1832-3 Marietta College organized as a Collegiate Institute, and Dr. Allen was one of the four young men whom Providence summoned from Andover to labor together at its foundations. That call he regarded as sufficiently clear and emphatic to modify the form of his previous consecration of himself to the life of a home missionary. He regarded this, as did all his colleagues, as a home missionary work, and he engaged in it with all his heart. In the progress of events the collegiate outposts of Lane, founded by men of like education, faith and sympathy, at about the same time, have proved to be

its salvation. Without them it would have been left destitute of those means of supply, among the most copious of which Marietta has proved itself even down to the present time.

I must pass over the period of Dr. Allen's direct connection with the work of college education, simply because I have not time to present it. While personally engaged in it, he gave it his whole heart. Himself a leading scholar of one of the most thorough of the New England colleges, having received the highest honors of his class, he spared no pains in investigating himself, and in aiding his fellow-teachers to investigate, the best methods of collegiate education, both in this country and in Europe. He remained firm in his convictions, as tested by his observation as a theological teacher, that there is no more thorough teaching anywhere in the proper field of their work than is to be found in these institutions. He therefore gave them his whole sympathy and influence, and believed that the churches of the West have no higher duty or privilege than to give them their hearts, their children and their money.

The organization of the Marietta School as a Collegiate Institute dates to the fall of 1833. That fall and winter Prof. Allen spent in presenting its claims to the churches of New England. In March, 1834, he was married to Miss Sarah E. Howe, of Lebanon, New Hampshire, and soon after came to Marietta to engage in his proper work as a college officer. The impression which he had made as a teacher and preacher upon the public mind during the six remaining years of his connection with Marietta may be inferred from the following extracts from a letter of Dr. Beecher, dated September, 1840:

"After a long and careful inquiry for a Professor of Sacred

Rhetoric, Prof. Stowe and myself, guided by recommendations and providential indications, are brought to your door, to inquire if you will consent to be recommended by us to the Trustees for an election to that office." He then proceeds to describe the Seminary, its buildings, library, financial condition, and its one hundred acres of land, on and around which a prosperous village is rising up to give every year augmented value to it. Erelong, he says, "it will become an ample endowment in respect to our future necessities." It will be remembered that the trial of Dr. Beecher and that of Albert Barnes, and the rupture of the unity of the Presbyterian Church had occurred during the period of Dr. Allen's residence at Marietta. Alluding to it, Dr. Beecher remarks: "Our Trustees and Executive Committee are more united and decided in the efficient support of the institution, and since the division of the Church, we begin to feel sensibly the confidence and influence of the whole constitutional body at the West." * * * "The cheapness of board here, and the aid received bring down the expense of an education to nearly one-half of its cost in any theological seminary in the land. This circumstance, with the lack of any such advantages at the West as we possess, has induced some Old School young men from the West who are at Princeton to advise their friends here to come to Lanc. Some from Kentucky would have come this year, had they known in season that we should elect and secure a professor." He adds: "Should a few of this description come next year, which there is much reason to hope, the time may not be distant when our wound in the West will be silently healed, and we may become extensively *one united body*. But should this never be, the constitutional body at the West is large enough, if well taken care of, for

ministers, to constitute a nation of millions—the descendants, for the most part, of the Puritans—the class of men whom God has employed eminently in building up the civil and religious institutions of that Christian civilization, which I doubt not is to revolutionize the world; through whom the spirit of missions and revivals has moved on from East to West, and will, I trust, reach the Pacific, and flow down in copious blessings upon the South, even to Cape Horn.”

Toward the close of the letter he says: “I have written President Linsley on the subject, with whom you will doubtless confer. We certainly do not send to Marietta in the spirit of reckless piracy, but from the sober conviction that just now she can better spare you than we can do without you, and that our friends there are good men and true, who will judge and do whatever is requisite for the public good.”

I have no space for quotations from other letters of Dr. Beecher and Prof. Stowe; but will simply state that this correspondence resulted in the election of Prof. Allen to the Chair of Sacred Rhetoric and Church Polity, and that a minute in the Faculty record indicates that he entered upon the duties of his office in November, 1840. At this time he had just entered upon his thirty-third year, and his high success and influence as a teacher during a period of twenty-seven years demonstrate the wisdom of the policy of taking at least a portion of the instructors in our theological schools from the younger ranks of the ministers of the Church. Teaching is a profession, it is a skill, and, like all other work of high skill, it can be acquired in its perfection only by a long training, by a long and hearty devotion to one thing, which lays everything else under contribution to itself. It is by no means certain that even high and distinguished

success in other departments of ministerial work will fit a man at once for equal success in this. For a period of ten years which elapsed before the retirement of Dr. Beecher, Prof. Allen stood as the trusted friend, companion and peer of that eminent preacher, and in his own department of theological labor, of his no less eminent son-in-law, Dr. Stowe. That he was worthy of this high companionship, I doubt not there are many of their pupils present to-day, who will be ready to offer their affirmative testimony. One of these, at least, now occupying a post of high importance in the work of Western education, referring to his privileges in sitting at the feet of this distinguished trio, speaks of him as that eminent man "most tenderly beloved by them all, D. Howe Allen." I have but scanty records of this period of his life. The minutes which I have refer to the season of severe sickness in the Seminary in the year 1842, causing for three months a suspension of all Seminary duties, as one-half of the students were sick, and the other half, with their teachers, were engaged in nursing them. The houses of the Faculty, and some of the friends of the Seminary, were converted into hospitals.

Among these families was that of the late Gabriel Tichenor, the Treasurer of the Institution, whose heart and whose purse were both devoted to its interests, and who, a few years later, fell asleep, exclaiming: "Theology! yes, it is a good thing; but what I want to-day is a living, present Savior." In this period of wasting sickness the house of Dr. Allen was thrown open. Two students found in this family the tenderest nursing and care, one of whom, the present President of our Board of Trustees, recently testified in the hearing of many present, that he was taken in almost as a stranger, and for nine months was tended with

all the care and solicitude which could have been bestowed upon a son. The memorandum in my possession, referring to this season, says: It was a period full of rich experience to all, knitting all hearts closely together. This period, moreover, was marked by a perfect unanimity of the Faculty, and by a strong mutual attachment between the Faculty and the students. Dr. Allen had the heart of a pastor, and high and peculiar qualifications for that work; but he never felt himself called of God to a formal assumption of the office. To an invitation from a church in the capital of his native State, whilst at Marietta, he returned for answer, the words: "I have given myself to the West, and here I must stay." In his earlier residence at Lane he was invited to take charge of the George Street Church, since become the Seventh Street Congregational Church of this city, then a colony of the Second Presbyterian Church. The acceptableness of his labors here, and the deep and strong impressions which he made upon the whole community, are testified by a unanimous, and most urgent call from the church (now in my possession), dated December, 1843, to become the permanent pastor. To this call he felt obliged to return a negative answer. He used to say: "Whenever I have desired to enter the pastoral office the Lord has always shut the door in my face, and my way has never been of my own devising." When Dr. Armstrong, one of the Secretaries of the American Board, was lost in that terrific storm on Long Island Sound, the attention of the Board was directed to Dr. Allen as his successor. His heart was strongly drawn to the work, but he left the decision entirely to Dr. Beecher. In his characteristic style, Dr. Beecher replied to the application: "Bro. Allen is just the man for you; but you can't have him. If you want him ten years hence, he may go; for

we shall be a-going then." Alas! ten years later it would have been still less possible than then for the Seminary to give him up. Ten years later he had become the successor of Dr. Beecher in the Chair of Systematic Theology in the Seminary. With what unfeigned reluctance, with what deep self-distrust he at length consented to stand in a place which had been occupied by one who by universal consent was the first of American preachers, whose gifts in public discourse it sometimes has been said have not been excelled since the times of the apostles, with what earnestness he labored to throw that high responsibility upon another, I have ample proof. Even some of Prof. Allen's warmest friends trembled for him in this perilous place. But the result is another illustration of the truth that humility is not only a law of dignity in the kingdom of Christ, but that it is a law of all true success. It is not those who push themselves into positions of dignity and high responsibility, in a spirit of self-confidence, who in the end are most likely to honor them. Such was far from the spirit of our revered departed friend. His former appointment had been entirely unexpected and unsought. It is recorded of him that he felt himself "utterly unfit for the place." "How hard he studied to fit himself for it he only knew; but it was the hardest studying he ever did." Substantially the same may be said of him in his new position. He considered himself called in Providence to occupy a difficult post, and he entered upon it in a spirit of self-surrender. How high was his ultimate success as a teacher of systematic theology will be far better known from the experience of many who hear me, than by any statement which it is in my power to make. Indeed, I have no doubt that some attributes of his mind were better adapted to the work of this Chair than those even of his illustrious predecessor.

Dr. Beecher was a preacher, and, I had almost said, only a preacher. He looked at truth intently in its vital and vitalizing form; his mind was creative. In his wonderful imagination an abstract theological dogma was the seed-germ of a new world of life and beauty. It burst out instantly into picture, into metaphor and simile and prosopopœia. Given the hardest, driest and most fossilized truth in polemic theology, or in mooted casuistry, and at the touch of his magic wand it would leap and fly; it would blaze and thunder; the mountains would bow down and the sun stand still to do it homage; heaven, earth and hell would utter their voices to proclaim it. Surrounded with a wealth of argument and embalmed in a splendor of diction which have never been surpassed, that truth would stand a living thing, glorified before the eyes of his hearers. Yea, with a subtle, insinuating, irresistible power it would enter their hearts never more to be dislodged. His pupils relate scenes in his lecture-room which illustrate the marvelous power of his words. Laying down their pens and abandoning their note-books they found themselves entranced, yea, borne away into the third heavens on the strong wings of his eloquence. This was his wonderful, his prodigious power. It is the highest power of the pulpit. The whole American Church of his day received from it the thrill and the throb of a new life. But it is a creative, not an organizing power. The method of it is the method of demonstration, not the method of investigation. It is the method of persuasion, not the method of science. Science proceeds from the many to the one. Demonstration proceeds from the one to the many. I by no means intend to deny to Dr. Beecher all power of organizing science; but as I understand the impression which he made, science and system were not his forte. These severe

methods did not comport with the rapid and fervid temper of his mind. I have in my possession a curious letter from Dr. Taylor to Dr. Beecher, dating to 1835, in which occurs this sentence: "Theology, as it lies in my mind, is a complete science, philosophical throughout; capable of a systematic and harmonious exhibition in all its parts and elements." I speak with great diffidence, but I doubt whether Dr. Beecher could ever have said exactly that. It is certain that his most intelligent pupils did not regard him as a man of system. Now, what I wish to say is, that unless I have entirely mistaken both, Dr. Allen's mind was eminently fitted by nature for theological investigation. As a preacher, easy, graceful, natural in delivery, always instructive and acceptable to his hearers, and often deeply impressive, he never yet burst into rapture, never bore away his audience to the empyrean in the fiery chariot of Dr. Beecher's eloquence. His highest gifts lay in the peculiar mental attributes already named. Recognizing the validity of Ebrard's distinction between the sermon and catechetical teaching, that the design of the one is to establish the relations of the hearer to Christ, and that the design of the other to establish his relations to the Church, he still did not regard the duty of a Protestant teacher of systematic theology as at all met and exhausted by a statement and defense, however able, of the doctrines of the Westminster, or of any other church symbol.

Entering upon this new field of labor with unfeigned diffidence, it is recorded of him that he said: "I believe I am in the path which God has marked out for me, and therefore he will help me." It is also recorded of him that he said, "I shall find my system of theology in the Bible." Entering this great field of labor in the spirit of a new explorer, he laid broad and deep the foundation of the systematic pyramid in

a fresh examination of the meaning of God's word. Climbing up from particulars to generals, and from one set of colligating principles to another, following the laws of the inductive method, he at length reached the one, all-harmonizing principle which, to his mind, solved all mysteries and reconciled all apparently conflicting doctrines in the atoning death of the Son of God. This cap-stone he laid, and his pyramid stood before him, complete in all its parts and elements.

He gathered knowledge from philosophy, nature, providence and history. He highly venerated the Westminster symbol, and heartily accepted it "for substance of doctrine;" but his last appeal was to the Bible well understood, interpreted by the best light he could command.

That his system in all its details could be exhibited in print from his manuscripts I hardly suppose; but it was a unit, a great reality in his own mind, and it exists as such, I doubt not, in the minds of multitudes of his pupils. The Church, I fear, will suffer great loss from the premature setting of the sun of his life. In the embarrassed condition of the finances of the Seminary, and in the absence of any one who was willing to bear the burden of the management of them, he consented to assume that office. At first this was done with the aid of the Treasurer, the late Gabriel Tichenor, without whose advice and co-operation, as well as the counsel of an eminent lawyer in the Board, no important step was ever taken. At length, upon Mr. Tichenor's death, the whole burden fell upon Dr. Allen. It was the great mistake of his life that he consented to bear it. But to his mind it bore the character of a sacrifice demanded by duty, and he made it. Working easily, he was not sensible of the stealthy approaches of the enemy of his life. Toiling on in the triple capacity of Treasurer, Superintendent and Professor, summer

and winter, with small relaxation from labor, at the age of fifty-seven, he was suddenly smitten with paralysis, and from this time to the end of his life, at the age of sixty-two, he was utterly incapacitated to perform a work which, I have no doubt, it was his intention to do, the preparation of his lectures for the press.

I ought not to forget to mention, in addition to what has already been said, that during the period of his connection with Lane, he received letters from many churches asking him to consider their claims to his services, and that at least two colleges, Knox and Hamilton, urged upon him the acceptance of the post of presiding officer. The correspondence of the Faculty and Trustees of the latter institution is in my possession, and a perusal of it has deeply impressed my mind with the conviction that coming, as it did, in one of the darkest periods in the financial history of Lane, nothing but a deep sense of duty to God, and a tender love for the Western Church, could have led him to turn a deaf ear to those cordial, pressing appeals. I might say more of this life-work, but the time warns me to forbear. By what has been said I have no doubt it has been made sufficiently apparent that the plan and conduct of that work prove Dr. Allen to have belonged to the number of those of whom Christ said: "I am glorified in them." I should not, however, do justice to my own feelings, nor to the sad, yet precious memories of many who have mourned over his departure, if I should fail altogether to present another aspect of the man.

II. Suffer me, then, before I close, in as few words as I can, to present the leading traits of his character, eminently showing that in this respect, also, he glorified Christ.

I. First of all he was a man of perfect sincerity. His heart was like the waters of the Holy Horicon, through whose

crystal flood you can see the pebbly bottom at the depth of sixty feet. He could afford to be sincere, for the ruling power of his spirit was love. As touching his relations to his fellow-men there was nothing in his heart which he wished to conceal. Beyond any man with whom I have been acquainted he exhibited the characteristics of the righteous man so exquisitely touched by the Psalmist, "and speaketh the truth in his heart," which Watts has versified in the words:

" Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean,
Whose lips still speak the thing they mean."

Entirely free from ambition, he put on no outside appearances of learning or scholarship. He strove to be not to seem. Careless of popularity, he knew absolutely nothing of those Chesterfieldian rules of manners or of language by which men of less depth strive to acquire it, and which some even good men practice under the captivating phrase, "*suaviter in modo.*" He never flattered. He never strove to produce the impression that you were an especial favorite, and that he was giving you the warmest place in his esteem. He was utterly ignorant of that entire use of language which Talleyrand has made so notorious in the maxim that "words are made to conceal ideas." When duty called him to administer criticism or even reproof to his pupils he never hesitated to do it. Sometimes in language which used by another might have given offense. But in him it never offended. Very significant in this direction are these words, which I find in a letter addressed by a foreign missionary to a member of his family after receiving the news of his death: "Few of the students had opportunities of knowing him as well as I did. Ah, those summer evenings and mornings spent with him

among the beds of onions. I weeding onions, he weeding *me*. His life humbled me and fed me." Perhaps Dr. Allen may be said to have lacked the very highest culture in the winning graces of conversation. I have heard of complaints of this sort. But his was the far higher power of perfect sincerity prompted by love.

2. Let me mention as another marked feature of Dr. Allen's character, that he was eminently patient. Giving all diligence, add to your faith patience, says the Apostle Peter. Ye have need of patience, says the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews. In this world ye shall have tribulation, says Christ in his last address to his disciples. What ample testimony to the truth of these words, and to the value of this highest of all the passive virtues, do the records even of the Christian Church present. Ah! poor human nature. There was rivalry, jealousy, ambition among the very disciples of the Savior, which he found it necessary to rebuke. There was dissimulation in the apostolic company which one of their number felt compelled to withstand. And the very chiefest of the apostles found perils, not among the enemies of the Church merely, but from false brethren. Have we not reason to believe that these evil outgrowths of selfishness have not yet entirely died out of the heart of the Church? Have we not had occasion to notice that men eminent for their gifts, their labors and their piety, are quite as likely as any to be the objects of criticism and misconstruction? Happy is such an one whom a knowledge of his own heart, of his own weakness and liability to err, has made humble. Happy, especially, is he whom a knowledge of human nature, whom *mens conscia recti* and the support of God's grace teach to expect such trials and enable him to bear them patiently. Let me quote another passage from the letter of Dr. Taylor, already

cited, not to vindicate or condemn his theology, but to illustrate the power of grace in the particular of which I am speaking: "In respect to some of those whom I numbered among my best friends, it has cost me an effort to bear what they have done and said. I have, however, been able to do it, I think, without much bad temper, and without sinking under it. I suspect the Savior would have told them they knew not what manner of spirit they were of. I hope to meet them in heaven and to love them there. Perhaps I magnify their faults and their errors here. It is to me, however, a pleasant thought that all will be righted soon, and that not only their mistakes and faults but mine also will soon be confessed and repeated no more." Is it any wonder that Dr. Beecher desired to be buried by the side of such a friend? But why do I cite these words? Because better than any which I could frame they express the exact character in this article of our departed friend. Not that I would magnify his trials. Not that he ever did so. Not even that I desire to refer to them in any formal statement. But it will be easily understood that in an institution with a history like that of Lane, half endowed, held as a forlorn hope by those who were waiting and praying for more sympathetic friends and for a brighter future, it is impossible in the conditions of human nature that trials should not come. His illustrious predecessor experienced them in full measure. Dr. Allen did not lack them, some of them coming from quarters little anticipated, trials coming in part from some of whom he also could not but feel "that they knew not what manner of spirit they were of." They are past now. And it is a pleasure for me, as I look back, to remember that I never heard him use an unkind or recriminating word. He was great in magnanimity, great in unselfishness, great in humility, great in patience.

3. Let me mention, before I close, one more striking characteristic of the man—*Christian sympathy*. The love-element in the character of Dr. Allen was many-sided. It was not a separate grace, simply crowning his character; it was an all-pervading grace, giving tone and temper to his whole spiritual life. It was this fact, no doubt, which, if I am rightly informed, led a distinguished member of the legal profession, who knew him well, recently to say that he was the most perfect man he ever knew. It assumed the form of fidelity, of humility, of candor, of considerateness, of counsel sought, of counsel given, of gratitude. I could cite many illustrations which have come to my knowledge. Let me mention one: After his failing health had led to his resignation, he was informed that the Trustees, aware that his resources were not very ample, had made some provision for his support. He seemed to have been taken by surprise, for referring to it in my presence, with a burst of feeling he exclaimed: "They are all my brothers, every one!" I wish, however, only to bring two simple witnesses to the facility and tenderness and delicacy with which this characteristic enabled him to sympathize with others, to enter into their feelings, and to take into his own heart all their sorrows and all their joys. The words which I shall cite are from private letters, written to personal friends, with no expectation that they would reach in any form the public eye.

The first are from a letter written by a foreign missionary, formerly his pupil, a sentence from which has already been quoted: "Two weeks ago I heard, I will not say of the death, but of the translation, of your Father Allen. Truly blessed man! I need not tell you how I loved him; but not even you can fully know what an inspiration he was to me. God only knows how much I owe him, not alone for his teachings

in the class-room, but still more for his almost perfect Christian life. No other man ever grew so continually in my esteem, or seemed to possess to such a remarkable degree all the qualities which make men great and noble. * * * To that sense of blessedness as a benediction, spoken of by Prof. Evans (at his funeral), which I always felt when near him, I owe much of what I am to-day as a missionary of the cross. The love-element in this precious service has always had a new meaning and power to me since I knew him. How blessed are you who are privileged to call him father!"

The second and last were from a private letter to a friend, written by the last surviving member of the family of the man to whose beneficence Lane Seminary owes alike its foundation and its continued existence. These are the words: "No one knew but yourself *all* he was to me and mine. With me in almost every joy and sorrow of my life to rejoice in the one, and to comfort as only he could comfort in the other. You know he married me, baptized both of my children—nursed them through their infancy. I felt as if they were his own, and taught them to call him grandpa. Two of my nearest friends he dressed for the grave. He closed my own dear mother's eyes. He was with us on the night of a dear sister's death, and at how many other times! He preached the funeral sermon of all but our sister, whose death occurred after he was laid aside from such duties. No one can ever fill the place to me which he did. All the dead of my family he knew, except my father. He was ever a willing adviser, a friend in need and in deed. Of course we can not wish him back in his feeble state, and we can only mourn that an inscrutable Providence saw fit to terminate so useful a life so many years earlier than that of some men who could be better spared."

| Such, then, is something like the public and private estimate of the life, work and character of Prof. Allen. It was my high privilege for many years to walk by his side and to share his friendship. My heart would prompt me to say more; but I have more than exhausted my time and must stop. Farewell, man of God! May the mantle of thy love fall upon thy successors in Lane and upon the Church in whose service thy life was spent! Thou hast fallen asleep in Jesus, and thy works will follow thee forever!

* * * * *

Bear with me, kind friends, a moment longer, for a sad, a most unexpected duty still remains to be performed. Little did I anticipate, when on the occasion of Dr. Allen's funeral I took my seat as a mourner by the side of the heart-stricken woman who was bowing in unutterable grief over the loss of her dearest earthly friend, that in four short months I should be called to assist in the same place in paying the same sad tribute to her memory which others were then engaged in paying to his. Mrs. Allen died suddenly at Granville, Ohio, on March 19 last, and her remains were borne from this chapel and deposited beside those of her lamented husband, on the 22d of the same month. It would be a grateful task to me, had I time, to attempt a full portrait of the character of a godly woman, eminently worthy of delineation. It would be a pleasure to me to rehearse the loving words of others who knew her well, uttered at her funeral. But I must not detain you for this. I can only repeat the few words which, responding to the appeal of those bereaved children toward whom I had always cherished almost the feelings of a father, I felt constrained to speak for their comfort, proving as they were at that moment the full depth of meaning contained in the words of the Psalmist: "I bowed

down heavily as one that mourneth for a mother." I know there are many here to-day who shared as students in this Seminary in the interest and the ministrations of that mother-heart, and who will deeply sympathize in the grief of those five devoted daughters. Referring to my inability to speak at their father's funeral, I asked them, What can I say now, except that my heart is with yours *there* in the coffin? One thing, however, I can say, and will say—few children have been blessed with such a mother; still fewer have enjoyed the double blessing of two such parents. I have referred to my estimate of the husband. It is saying much, and it is perhaps enough for me to say that the wife was worthy of him. There was no discrepancy in intellect, in character, in life-purpose, in taste, in sympathy. He walked with God, and she walked with him. Side by side, and hand in hand for seven and thirty years they walked together as fellow-heirs of the kingdom of glory. In humility and self-forgetfulness, in patience, in love to all, "and with malice toward none," they labored together for the upbuilding of Christ's kingdom on the earth. From the age of eighteen to the age of sixty she was a disciple of the Redeemer, walking by faith not by sight. But she was possessed of faith not merely. She was a woman of intellect, of high culture, of positive character, of extraordinary executive tact and ability, always equal to her station, to the high, and often delicate duties to which Providence had called her. She was a true "lady of the covenant," the peer, the worthy and trusted companion and friend of those women of marked intellect, cultivation and true womanly dignity of life and character with whom God called her to co-operate in the first half of her married life. I mean Mrs. Dr. Linsley, of Marietta; Mrs. Lyman Beecher and Mrs. Dr. Stowe, of Lane Seminary. How much the

Churches of the West owe to these women is already known to some, and will be known fully when the Head of the kingdom of redemption shall publish to the world the names of those of whom he said on earth: "I am glorified in them." And now what shall I say more? We had hoped and expected that she would tarry with us for our comfort and counsel yet some years longer. But is it not better so? Her heart, though she loved us, was with that twin spirit with whom she walked so long and so lovingly, and who four months before her received his crown. Do you remember the Transfiguration by Raphael? The double scene below and on the Mount? So it is with us. Here are weeping and heart-throbs, and the weeds and habiliments of death. There on the Mount to-day, in the light of that blessed gospel which has revealed to us the mysteries of the kingdom of redemption, we may behold them, now no longer mere husband and wife, but fellow-possessors of eternal life; yet hand in hand gazing in glad and open vision upon the face of their glorified Lord. Yes, it is better so. They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not (long) divided.



A P P E N D I X .

FUNERAL OF DR. ALLEN.

REMARKS OF PROF. NELSON.

THERE was a natural expectation that the leading part in these services would be taken by one who does not appear at all in the pulpit. His own earnest request to be permitted to take his place silently among the mourners to-day could not be denied. The "love passing the love of women," in which his heart was knit to the heart of the departed in a life-long intimacy, makes it reasonable that he should be excused from speaking to us to-day; but we are permitted to hope that, on a suitable subsequent occasion, we shall hear from him, on the life and character of Prof. Allen, more extensively than would be practicable or suitable on the present occasion.

Of all who are to participate in these solemnities, I am least entitled to occupy your time and attention, as I have had least of personal connection with the departed. Yet I recognize the propriety of my taking some part in them, inasmuch as I have been providentially called to enter into his labors. It is my valued privilege to reside in the house which was long his home, and to have my daily walks among trees and shrubs which were planted by his hands; and I am most thankful for kind brotherly words of encouragement, and of welcome, and of confidence, which I have received from him here, written by another's hand, since his was disabled.

"*The good die not.*" Shall we say that these words are the language

of poetry, and thus lightly dismiss from our thoughts the sentiments which they express? Let us rather reflect, that in the language of poetry may truths be uttered which are too deep to be fathomed by the language of accurate statement. Let us also reflect how that sentiment abounds in the Bible—how it glows in the sayings of Christ. When he came to the house in which the dead maiden lay, he repressed the boisterous wailing by the marvelous declaration, “The damsel is not *dead*, but *sleepeth*.” Did this only mean that he was about to make hers an exceptional human experience by raising her to life? Then listen to his words of wider import, “Whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.” Truly, in this highest, Christian sense, “the good die not.” Over them whose “life is hid with Christ in God,” “death hath no dominion.”

True also are those other words that fell, with these, on our hearts, just now, from the lips of the choir—

“God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly
 What He has given;
 They live on earth in thought and deed, as truly
 As in His heaven.”

In this sense Dr. Allen still lives *here*. So long as churches of Ohio, and throughout the land, are fed by pastors whom he reared; so long as his pupils are laboring in the gospel in foreign missions; so long as Marietta College and Lane Seminary continue the work to which, in connection with them, his whole public life was given, will it not be true and evident that Dr. Allen still lives?

“As mid the ever rolling sea,
 The eternal isles established be,
 'Gainst which the billows of the main
 Dash, fret, and break themselves in vain.

“As in the heavens the urns divine
 Of golden light forever shine
 Though clouds may darken, storms may rage,
 They still shine on from age to age;

“So in the rolling tide of years,
The memory of the just appears;
So 'mid the tempest and the gloom,
The good man's virtues light his tomb.”

Let us not be understood to ascribe to him inherent goodness, which no mortal man may claim. We know how humbly he depended on Christ; but we thankfully accept the life which he led as proof unquestionable that he was united to Christ by faith here, and, now with Christ, can never die.

It is fitting that you should now hear of the life which he lived here, from brethren who were his pupils, one of whom was also his associate in the Faculty, and the other of whom is now President of our Board of Trustees.

REMARKS BY PROF. EVANS.

I REMEMBER hearing a brother, a few months ago, in giving some reminiscences of our beloved father and friend, whose death we are mourning to-day, refer to him “as that blessed man, Dr. Allen.” We sometimes hear expressions of this character used without much meaning in them, at least for us; but it seemed to me then, and it seems to me now, that in this case the expression was not only true, but peculiarly appropriate and characteristic; and to-day, in thinking of Dr. Allen, as I have known him, in thinking of him as a part of my own life and experience, it is thus I think of him.

As I now stand in the presence of all that remains of his earthly form, the image which rises before my mind, the image of Dr. Allen as he was in his living form and influence, is that of a *blessed* personality; and I feel that one may say of him, without the least tincture of cant, that he was indeed what that loving friend called him, “a blessed man.”

It is natural and fitting on occasions like this, when we give utterance to our sorrow over the death of one whom we have honored and

loved, of one who was worthy of our honor and love, to "speak well" of the departed, to recall and recount his virtues, to dwell on those qualities in his character and those services in his life which won our admiration and affection. Grief over some great loss instinctively does this, instinctively seeks out and dwells on whatever was most precious to us in that which we have lost; and there is in all this a large element of consolation; nay, more, where these excellencies to which the mind thus gratefully turns are genuine, lofty and manifold, there is a purifying element in the contemplation of them which makes our sorrow itself a means of purifying and ennobling us. We sometimes call these tributes to the memory of our dead "eulogies." But it has always seemed to me that there is something cold and formal in that term when brought into connection with one whom we have known and learned to revere and love. The word "eulogy," however, is the Anglicized form of the word which in its original form in our New Testament Scriptures signifies "blessing," whether in the declaration pronouncing one blessed, or in the reception of it; and it seems to me that in speaking of one like our departed brother, whose life was so rich in all that makes his memory precious, our thoughts and feelings have in them a large element of benediction. Our words are not so much eulogistic, in the ordinary sense of the term, as eucharistic. They partake of the nature of thanksgiving; thanksgiving that we have known, and come under the influence of a character for which divine grace has done so much, and in which, and through which, divine grace has done so much for us; thanksgiving that the life whose earthly course is now ended, has come in contact with our own, has become to some extent a part of our own, has brought into ours its own holy, elevating, enriching influences.

In this sense it is that my soul adopts to-day the language in which the brother whom I have quoted characterized Dr. Allen as that blessed man; adopts it as summing up all that the few minutes which it is proper I should now occupy permit me to say. For the limits of this service do not allow my dwelling in detail on the various features in the life, and character, and services of the departed which have claims

on our affectionate remembrance and honor. This will be done on a suitable occasion by our colleague, Dr. Smith, who is better qualified than any other to render such a tribute, by virtue of his long and intimate friendship with Dr. Allen, and by many years of associated labor, formerly at Marietta, and lately at Lane.

But I regard it as my privilege now to testify to my sense of *blessedness* associated with Dr. Allen's life and character. He was one of those on whom the blessing of God visibly rests, who, as the result of that divine benediction, are themselves a blessing to all others, sensibly felt by them; whose names, when they are gone, are enrolled with those of "blessed memory." I may say for myself, and I am confident that I can say the same for all who knew Dr. Allen, that it was a privilege to know such a character, a blessing to enjoy his friendship in all its influences. The thought of what he was in himself, in his personality and character; the thought of what he was to us in the influence which he exercised over us, in the assistance which he ministered to us, in the contributions which his life furnished to our lives, is one which makes us grateful to God to-day, and which adds its benediction to our sorrow in losing him.

We speak sometimes of the "sainted dead." There are those who need not die that we may realize their saintship. We do not have to wait until they join the throng of the glorified before we canonize them in our hearts. While they are yet with us we surround them with a train of heavenly associations, and when they are gone, it is the soul and life we knew on earth that look down upon us through the halo of the glory above. Like Enoch, they walk with God, and they are not. They are no longer here; they are there; and still walking with God there as here. These are characters which enable us to realize heaven; to feel that it is not afar off, not in some remote inaccessible height, but very near us, just beyond the veil; and that the life of heaven is not a dream, not a phantasm, not a shadowy abstraction, but a reality.

To me Dr. Allen was pre-eminently one of these, and by his life and death he renders me this beautiful service of linking thus really

and lovingly the present and the hereafter—earth and heaven. “In the world, yet not of the world.” Not often is that maxim of the Christian life more completely realized than it was in him. Using the world, yet not abusing it. Using with discretion and wisdom the powers, efforts, and enjoyments of the present, yet all the time in full view of the unseen and eternal. Living a life in sympathy with all that is joyous, fair, natural, healthy, all that is truly and purely human in this earthly life, yet filled with that deep spirituality of mind and heavenliness of affection which sanctify all—a life like this fair earth itself, when in some holy hour it seems but a whisper of heaven.

And so what Dr. Allen was when he was with us, and what he is now that he is gone, blend and form themselves almost into one and the same image; so that although he is no longer with us, we feel that he is not lost to us: nay, indeed we know that in his character, his influence, his work, he is still with us, and that the blessing, which we felt proceeding from him in the body, still perpetuates itself in the scenes in which he lived, and among those for whom he labored.

My brethren of the Faculty have asked me to take part in the services as one who has occupied a twofold relation to Dr. Allen in this Seminary, the relation of a student, and that of an associate in his labors. And this gives me the opportunity of referring to a fact which is itself a key to a very large part of his character—to-wit: that in whatever relation others might stand to him, they found him just the same. For myself I may say that as a student I found in him the same simplicity, frankness, familiarity, cordiality, genial kindness and sympathy, which made me feel so completely at home with him in our subsequent associations together. As his fellow-laborer in the Faculty I found that he continually exhibited the same high order of qualities, intellectual and moral, which had always commanded my reverential regard. And whether in the one relation or the other, whether learning from him or laboring with him, the more I saw of him the more did he grow upon me continually in all which commanded my esteem and reverence on the one side, in all which won my confidence and affection on the other.

And this is the testimony which all who knew him will bear. To all he endeared himself as one of the truest, the simplest, the wisest, the most clear-sighted, generous, self-sacrificing of men. And now, as in the discharge of the last rites of affection, we bear his body to the tomb, we will treasure up his memory more lovingly than ever in our hearts. How much does the Church of Christ in these parts owe to his faithful services! How many were the revivals in which his labors and influence have been felt! How many are the weak and poor churches which have been cheered by his presence and aided by his counsel! How many are the souls who have looked to him as their spiritual father! How much does this community owe to him, in its material interests, its schools, and, above all, in its spiritual interests! How many who were in poverty and distress have been relieved by his generous benefactions! How many of those in trouble and affliction has he comforted and aided! How much does this Church owe to his labors, and counsels, and prayers! How much do the families of this community owe to his interest in them and his influence over them! How much above all does this Seminary owe to his unremitting efforts and unwearied zeal, as well as to his ability and efficiency in the discharge of all the manifold responsibilities resting upon him! How dearly he loved this institution, with a love which did not falter in its darkest days, a love which in his own last and darkened years ever and anon kindled and glowed with a vitality which seemed to belong to scarce any other faculty or sentiment of his being! No, his memory can not cease to be cherished by Lane Seminary while it lives, nor by its sons while his work perpetuates itself in theirs!

We can not forget his instructions, their clearness, directness, systematic order and breadth. We can not forget his preaching, so lucid, simple, earnest and effective. We can not forget his prayers, so tender, childlike and devout. We can not forget his counsels, so faithful, gentle and wise. We can not forget his manner, so frank, unassuming and winning. We can not forget his intercourse with us, so considerate, affectionate, inspiring and profitable. We can not forget those rare qualities of intellect and of heart which led us to look up to him

as guide and example. And as to-day we recall these things, we give praise to God for his goodness to his servant, and to us through him. As to-day we mingle our tears with those of these beloved friends, to whom he was nearer and dearer than to us, we rejoice in that blessed gospel which bids us mourn not as those who are without hope, and which fill these dark hours of life with the light and glory of immortality. And as to-day we take our last look of that earthly form we loved so well, we would open our hearts to the full inspiration of that noble and consecrated life which he lived, and here and now renew our consecration to his Master and our Master, to his Lord and our Lord.

Rev. Dr. Maxwell said :

Memory may well exert its power upon us to-day. This scene sets memory in motion and unrolls the pictures that hang on her sacred walls. And I can say to you all it is good to remember. Because memory is clad in sober garb many associate her form with sadness ; but if sad, it is a sadness from which, for one, I never wish to be divorced. Peace, quietness, consolation, come in her train. She is the mother of all gratitude. She gives in charge to each returning day the sweet debt of love we owe to our benefactors, and she keeps the writing of the obligation clear and fresh on our hearts. Mirth and frivolity are born of present excitements, but there can be no deep and serene happiness in the absence of all the memories of the past.

And memory to-day surely has turned her face forward till it shines with the radiance of the land that is afar off ; with the radiance of the assurance of hope. Does she not bring of her choicest clusters to press their wine into our cup ? Another day, and a more fitting hand, shall erect his memorial and speak of his worth and wide relations of usefulness ; but can we keep back the memory of that beautiful and transparent character, clear and warm as the sunlit day ? We who have enjoyed his love can surely never forget that generosity and liberality that made him almost a father to all that had need. "For I bear

record that to his power, yea, and beyond his power, he was willing.' In times of strait what poor student did not find a sympathizer and helper in him? His time, his talents, his strength, his money, were expended to the full for others. His richest record is written on the hearts of the poor and in God's book of remembrance. He was one that would give a cup of cold water to a disciple with a heart big enough to have given a world. Let us covet a record in that heavenly album beside his name. No more can we forget that singular evenness of temper and consistency of life. Teachers and pupils have peculiar advantages for reading and knowing each other. In only one relation in life perhaps are we more open to each other, and that is in the family. And the many who have been his pupils, and who were all, too, so far as his great heart and his ever hospitable house could make room for them, members of his family, will join me now in according to him a character whose potency and charm all who came within its sphere felt and acknowledged; and that potency and charm were due to the Spirit of Christ that was in him, and the life regulated without pretension by the teachings of the New Testament. We need not wonder, then, that young men always felt and obeyed the magnetism of such a character. There are men who were college boys in his family thirty years ago, who have borne him ever since nobler affection than for a father. And the same thing has repeated itself here during every year. It is only genuineness that can thus secure the lasting affections of the young. The genuine, fresh, disinterested spirit knits to itself their confidence and love.

And shall we ever find a nobler embodiment of honor and integrity? His genial and hopeful spirit, his cheerfulness and good humor, ripple over our memories even now till both lip and eye seem to break even the seal of death and smile upon us. That eye has daguerretyped its life upon the hearts of us all. The music of his voice is still in our ears, and his form goes before us to lead the way. His example was a teaching to the rising ministry. To this Seminary his loss is great. "O my father, my father! the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof!" God's ways have seemed inscrutable. To human appear-

ance he seemed necessary to us. Perhaps we were putting that trust in him we should have placed in God; and now he is not, for God has taken him. But God still lives, and therefore we will not fear. As one after another falls in the march of life we must close up our ranks and march on. He who is the resurrection and the life leads us still. He, too, will preserve his Church, will pillow the head of the mourner on his most precious promises, and finally bring us all home to go no more out forever.



