

In Memoriam.

REV. CHARLES KISSELMAN IMBRIE, D. D.

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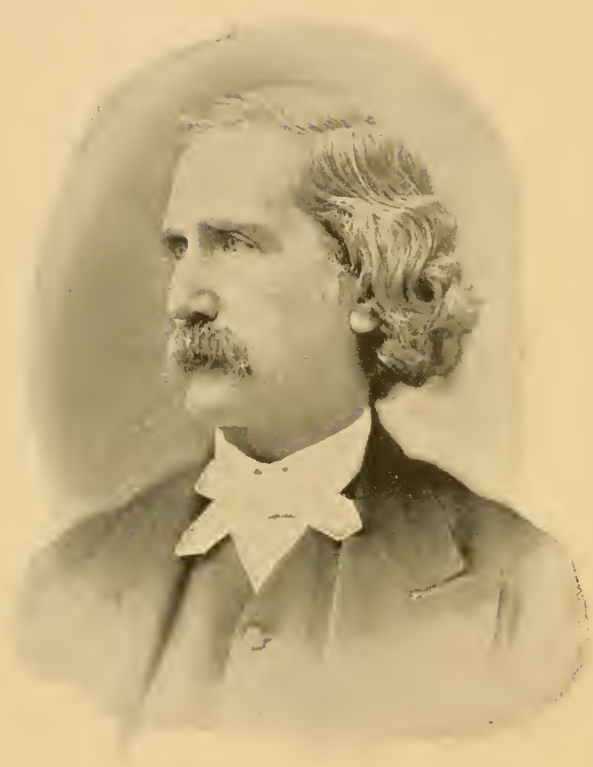
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In memoriam

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REV. CHARLES KISSELMAN IMBRIE, D. D. ✓

BORN, DECEMBER 15, 1814.

DIED, NOVEMBER 20, 1891.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

SERMON.

FUNERAL EXERCISES.

RESOLUTIONS.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH
BY THE
REV. WILLIAM IMBRIE, D. D.

FATHER was born in the City of Philadelphia, on the fifteenth day of December, 1814. He died at Jersey City, November 20th, 1891.

Grandfather was James Imbrie, a merchant of Philadelphia, born in Scotland. His father, grandfather, and great-grandfather were all ministers of the Church of Scotland. Grandmother was Margaretta Kisselman, the daughter of Frederic Kisselman, a gentleman who, during the Revolution, honored the King and suffered in consequence. He died of yellow fever; and was buried before his wife, who had removed from the city to escape the epidemic, knew her loss. The wife was left a widow with eleven children, and with resources enough to bring them up and educate them properly. She was a woman of strong character, and lived to a great age beloved by her children and grandchildren, with a love not quite unmingled with awe. The Kisselmans were members of the Episcopal Church; and it is only very recently that the family pew in old St. Peters passed into other hands after possession during nearly a hundred years.

When father was a boy of nine or ten years of age, the family moved from a house on Spruce Street between Third and Fourth, to one on Sixth Street facing Washington Square. This was a pleasant old-fashioned house, and the location at that time was charming. With this house were associated most of father's memories of his old home. Nor were his memories those of place alone. Grandfather was a man of singular beauty of countenance, of courtly manners, of literary tastes, of strict integrity, and though somewhat stern, an example of kindness. His children all loved and revered him, and had a most grateful recollection of his Christian walk and conversation. Grandmother was a Martha rather than a Mary; but one of those of whom Wisdom says "Her price is far above rubies." And so it was. Her children called her blessed, and her husband praised her. They departed this life within a few days of each other; having tarried one or the other until a good old age. Grandfather died on Good-Friday and his body was committed to the tomb on Easter Sunday.

Father was the third in a family of four children. The eldest,

Jessie, married mother's brother Edward Miller of blessed memory. She was one of those in whom strength and sweetness are woven together ; a woman, rich in love, strong in faith, constant in prayer, zealous of good works, giving glory to God. Five sons and five daughters rose up to do her honor. The second child was James ; long an elder, first in the Presbyterian and then in the Reformed Church. When he entered into rest in the seventy-eighth year of his age, father wrote of him, "What a sweet Christian life his has been. It is just sixty years since he first sat down at the Table of the Lord ; and how faithfully he has walked ever since. So the Lord is gathering us one by one." The fourth child, Starkey, died in early manhood deeply lamented. When mother stood looking through her tears into his dead face which wasting disease had robbed of its beauty, father said to her with trembling lips, "But think of him as we shall see him when he is changed into the image of the glory of Christ." And so this generation too all died in faith.

As the custom of those days was, father began school before he was five years old. On returning home at the close of the first day he weighed with himself the question whether or not he would prosecute his studies further. Due reflection, however, inclined him to the belief that on the whole the end justified the means. Some years afterwards he attended the Franklin Institute, a school which had a deservedly high reputation. There he was prepared to enter college. In a conversation with Aunt Jessie I learned that he was always a leader among his comrades in all athletic sports. The impression which his character as a boy made upon those about him appears in the following transcript from a letter recently received from his cousin and companion Bishop Starkey. "He was always correct and careful in his language and action ; reverent in thought ; and devout as if by instinct. This was so marked that I always think of him as a religious boy and never otherwise. Yet he kept his religion to himself, and the other boys never laughed at him or taunted him with it. I used to think in after years, when we met occasionally, that I had never encountered a more evenly religious life than his. Apparently it was as natural for him to be devout as for a tree to bear fruit. There was no apparent grafting ; the tree brought forth fruit after its kind."

On leaving school father's first choice was the life of a merchant. He therefore entered a wholesale hardware house, where he formed

or confirmed the methodical business habits which were characteristic of him. Two years later, however, he determined to follow another calling. When, as a child of the Church, he claimed his place at the Table of the Lord, he heard a voice bidding him to preach the gospel. On declaring his decision, the head of the house in which he was employed said to him, "Charles, if you will remain with us, we will make you a member of the firm when you are of age." It was a house conducting, for those days, an extensive business ; and many years ago those connected with its management retired with honorable fortunes ; but he counted the ministry of reconciliation greater riches than any earthly treasure.

This decision once made he reviewed his studies in private and entered Princeton College, where he graduated four years later a member of the class of 1835. His college record runs thus, "In scholarship he stood high, being seventh in honorial grade and a speaker at Commencement. He was chosen to deliver an address on the Fourth of July and as Junior orator." During the Autumn of 1835 he went to Natchez, Mississippi, where for a year he served as tutor in the family of Dr. Carr. Dr. Carr he always remembered with much respect. While a member of his household he saw slavery in its best estate ; a large plantation, inherited by a good man, anxious to do what was right but often puzzled to know what the right was. In December of 1836 he returned to Princeton and entered the Theological Seminary. Illness, however, compelled him to suspend his studies and rest at home for a number of months. Accordingly in the autumn of 1837 he once more entered the Junior class. During two years of his theological course he was also tutor in the College. Those were the days of which the elder graduates of the Seminary ever speak with such affection ; the days when Dr. Hodge was in the morning of his strength, and when Dr. Alexander and Dr. Miller were Princeton's crown of glory. And now, in October, 1840, after these eight years of study and waiting, he was licensed by the Presbytery of Philadelphia to preach the gospel of the Son of God.

During the following month father was invited to preach before the Presbyterian Church of Rahway. A sermon on Sympathy, which is still held in loving remembrance by some of those who heard it, drew the hearts of the people to him ; and on January 5th, 1841, he was ordained and installed as pastor by the Presbytery of Elizabeth.

That pastorate continued for eleven years ; and many of its incidents have been fastened in the family memory by affectionate recitation. It was to the old Rahway parsonage that in the flowering month of May he brought home his bride. There was his garden in which he took such keen delight ; and where the joy of an occasional triumph over some other gardener to the manner born, gave proof that he had not yet quite flung away ambition. Into that home the children came. There he learned the joys and sorrows of a young pastor's life ; the sorrow with which he once wrote in the Records of the Session, "The church has to mourn that during the year but one has been added to it from the world"; and the joy with which he also inscribed a record of praise, when sixty-seven of his people had confessed Christ before men. Among these years too was the year of the cholera ; when, as mother used to say, it seemed as if the gate never opened excepting for a messenger to say that some one was dying and wanted to see father. But the event for which the Rahway pastorate will chiefly be remembered is the organization of the Second Presbyterian Church, on November 9th, 1849. Of the thirty-five members who went out to form the new congregation, many were among father's dearest friends and most highly prized co-workers. The four elders whom he counseled to go with the flock were men of whom he wrote, "our beloved brethren with whom we have so long taken sweet counsel, without a single interruption to disturb our fellowship." But he bade them go with joy. In 1889 the Second Church met to celebrate the fortieth anniversary of its birth. The love which greeted him on that occasion touched him deeply. Every little incident connected with the services awakened interest in his heart and found a welcome place in his letters ; "How it carried me back," he wrote, "to the scenes of that day forty years ago. So many whose names were mentioned are gone ; and all the memories are so precious. It was a joyful and yet a tearful time." Yes, the recollection of the Rahway pastorate brought not a little joy to his serene spirit. "You love him and revere him when he comes among you," said a later pastor of the Church, "Because he was your faithful pastor, because he lived a holy life among you ; and with great diligence, faithfulness and tenderness, preached unto you, Jesus ; because with his sympathetic heart he was the partner of your sorrows, the sharer of your joys." And on the day when father closed his next long pastorate, he on his part spoke of Rahway, as the place where he "had served as pastor to a most affectionate and beloved people."

Near the close of the year 1851, he was called to the First Presbyterian Church of Jersey City; and on the eleventh day of February he was installed as pastor by the Presbytery of New York. That pastorate continued for thirty-six years, during which much of his time was given to interests not directly those of his own congregation. He was faithful as a presbyter in Presbytery. From the year 1851 he was a Trustee of Princeton College. From the year 1856 he was a member of the Board of Foreign Missions. Of his services upon that Board, his fellow members testify, "He was faithful in his stewardship, enduring to the end in every good word and work. His intercourse with his associate members was marked by genial kindness and courtesy which never failed. No word or act of his has caused a wound to any. He was eminently a spiritual man, strong in the faith and most positive in his convictions. During all these years, however, his chief work was that of a Shepherd of Christ keeping watch over his own flock.

Statistics have a certain value, and it may be well to repeat the few which occur in the last sermon of his ministry. During his pastorate in Jersey City almost seven hundred names were entered on the Communion Register; on an average nearly twenty, year by year, of which between one-third and one-half were added upon confession of faith. He spoke "in the name of the Lord very much more than five thousand times, not including more than one thousand times at prayer meetings or other gatherings, or the hundreds of funeral addresses." He baptized "478 persons, of whom just fifty were adults; and solemnized 352 marriages, in some cases those of the parents and then those of the children after them." He attended 731 funerals: having, during the whole time of his ministry, committed to the grave considerably more than one thousand persons. "Do you wonder," he asked, "that to an old minister life seems very short?" Such are the statistics. But statistics such as these no more tell the story of his pastorate than the number of those fallen on the battle-field tells the story of the battle. To know his pastorate one must have known him; and there was much of which even those who knew him best knew but little; for it was his wont to enter into his inner chamber and shut the door. But some things are certain; because he himself declared them, out of a pure heart, in love unfeigned, and before the sight of God. His "rejoicing over converts brought to Christ, and souls nourished by the word of God." His thanks for all their graces,

knowing no greater joy than to see his children walking in the truth." His "fervent and believing pleading with God the Father and the Lord Jesus Christ, that the abiding peace and faith and love, which are from God, might rest in their souls, and bind them first to God and his Christ, and then to one another." His "continual prayer for every one, that the Lord would make him perfect and complete and preserve him unto his heavenly glory." The joy he "had in every soul that was earnest in the service of the Lord"; the "bitterness of heart" he knew by reason of the "coldness or decline of any who had professed the name of Christ", and because of those who were "insensible to all appeals and never openly acknowledged Christ." The "exhortations, the warnings; the prayers, the wrestlings, and the tears", regarding which he prayed "May His mercy be meted out to us, both pastor and people, in that day." Just fifty years before, when still a student in the Seminary, he had stood up in a little school-house near Princeton to preach his first sermon. How well he remembered that scene. "The long walk in the sabbath evening, the dim tallow-candles on the school desk used for a pulpit, the assembled audience sitting in the shadow, and the young preacher, timid and anxious, as he rose to publish his first message of the gospel of Christ." That was just fifty years before to the very day. For fifty years he had endured hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.

In the closing sermon, after speaking of the hesitancy with which he undertook his new charge, Father said, "and for a few years these doubts continued for reasons upon which I need not now dwell." This, however, may be added. There was a difference between father and some of the members of his congregation; and while the congregation, as a congregation, with great cordiality and unanimity maintained his cause, his position still remained a trying one. An old friend, therefore, counselled him, having now carried the matter to a successful issue, to seek another field of labor. But his people had had the courage to do what he regarded right; and no consideration of his own ease could tempt him to leave them, unless patient waiting should make the wisdom of such a step manifest. That is the truth concealed beneath the words, "But upon reflection I decided to remain at all events for five years." When the five years were gone the heavens above were blue; and as time passed, most if not all of those who had differed with him were bound to him by a cord of affection never to be broken.

No just account of father's pastorate in Jersey City will fail to note one thing. When it began the neighborhood in which the church stood was rapidly filling up with a church-going population. For a number of years therefore the congregation was large and growing larger. There was a time when some of its members surrendered their pews on the ground-floor and took others in the galleries to make room for new-comers. Then came the change. With that change all are now familiar ; it went on for years known of all men. But there is one thing which may not be familiar to all, and that is not to be forgotten. Father noted the moment that the tide began to ebb. There was a fact of great significance to the life of the church, unperceived by most, which he perceived clearly. While for years many came, there never was a time when many also did not go. Whenever four names were entered on the Communion Register three names were taken off. Then came a time when the entries and erasures stood four and four. When the account stood four and five, the secret was out. But the secret was no secret to him who kept the Register. I think it was very shortly after the close of the War that the future of the church became manifest to father's mind. The question was not one of another pastor. Had he thought so, there would have been another pastor. There lay before the church a struggle like the struggle with a force of nature. A man in its pastorate was a man with his hand upon a crevice in a dike. Father was then about fifty-five years of age. There were those who thought he would be wise to take another charge. But he took no other charge. He stood at his post and fought a good fight.

As the years went by it must have been harder and harder not to grow weary in well doing. When at last he was nearing the close he wrote, "The time to which I have been looking forward so long has at length come. My ministry here is about at an end. It has been dreadfully uphill work ; it has been sailing against wind and tide." That, however, was not his common tone. I have been reading over many of his letters, but I remember no other so strong expression of discouragement. He always wrote cheerfully. If there was something disheartening that he could not avoid telling, he always had something encouraging to match it. Dear heart! I sometimes wondered whether he thought that I was blind. But if he did not write of his discouragements, of what else did he write? He wrote of the fidelity of his people. His account of the annual meeting of the congre-

gation never came without the tribute of his praise. If the church were his, it was theirs also ; if he was fighting a good fight, so likewise were they. And he wrote of their love. His letters, especially those written towards the close of his pastorate, are redolent of this theme. "It is a trial to end a long pastorate. But we are seventy-three years old ; and God has been very gracious in giving us the hearty affection of the people." The courtesy and delicacy with which everything was concluded were very grateful to him ; and of this he wrote most carefully. "The particular point in which they were all interested was that I should be satisfied." "All were very sad and very tender in the whole matter, and expression was given to their feelings in the most loving words." And that love of his people toward him made it impossible that he should decline to receive a last and just benefit at their hands. Every temporal need for the rest of his pilgrimage had been already made secure by the affection of a son ; but when his people told him of their desire that he should receive during life the interest accruing from the sale of the church property, he accepted their offer in conscience and in love. "All was done in a very kind and loving manner. And I could not but accept the offer, both as conscientiously offered by them as a Christian Church in order to discharge as far as they were able what they felt to be due to an old Christian pastor (a right feeling which I would not hinder from expression) ; and also for the reason that it was a kind provision from the Master, graciously offered to me as His servant, which I ought therefore to accept." It was a loving pastor's acceptance of a loving return from a loving people. It was deep answering unto deep.

At the close of his last sermon, preached in the old church on the 29th day of April 1888, father announced the dissolution of the pastoral relation between himself and the congregation. By the appointment of Presbytery, however, he still remained Moderator of the Session. In due time the Session and Trustees began to take thought touching the future of the organization and the final disposition of the property. Among other propositions made was that of uniting the congregation with the one worshipping in Emory Street. This proposition received father's cordial approval. In the course of time the union was accomplished, the united congregation taking the name of the First Presbyterian Church of Jersey City. It was promised that father should receive from the united congregation, in lieu of the interest accruing from the sale of the old church, one thousand dollars

a year as long as he lived. A sacred promise sacredly performed. Also father was chosen pastor emeritus ; the pastor being the Rev. Charles Herr. From one who would have been just to mark any real shortcoming, there is the witness, " Father's relations with Mr. Herr have been most cordial ; he could not have acted more tenderly if he had been father's own son." A single extract more from father's letters completes the story of his pastorate. " On Tuesday morning early (March 18, 1890) Mr. McGee, now the only elder, and myself met as a Session and finished up all the remaining church business ; and after winding all up, we closed with prayer and thanksgiving the long continued series of Session meetings which the old church has seen. It really seemed as if the change was more felt at that moment than ever before. And now as I look back, from the time when it was proposed to close the church up to the present moment, and see how God has led us along in all this matter, and how prosperously it has been carried forward to this consummation, I think I can realize more than ever how gracious and kind He has been in it all ; and I am *more* than satisfied (trying as it has been at times) that all has been for the best. Praise be to His name ! "

Father was a good Greek scholar and a very good Hebrew scholar. Latin he read with ease. When he was a boy the choice was between German and Spanish. To his lasting regret he chose Spanish, which he spoke. German he did not seriously attempt until middle life, when he learned to read it. He could read French and Italian and had sufficient knowledge of Dutch to enable him to travel in Holland without an interpreter. Of the poets, Shakespeare was first and without a near second ; Wordsworth and Tennyson had I think no message for him. Among novelists, Dickens bore the palm with Thackeray next but a long way behind. He admired Addison and frequently spoke of his clearness and elegance, preferring him to Dr. Johnson ; though the patient industry and vigorous style of the latter attracted him strongly. While the life and works of Coleridge brought something to him he thought him misty and unsound. Though he was very familiar with Burns he rarely spoke of him. Macaulay's rhetoric always roused him ; at the same time he frequently expressed a regret that Macaulay was apt to shade a truth to make a fine sentence. Goethe, Dante and Tasso he read again and again ; and he was the only man I ever knew to be very fond of Tasso. He enjoyed keenly Chaucer's Tales and Spencer's Fairy Queen,—the latter he

frequently read aloud accompanying the reading with sweet comments. Carlyle he read with delight; Leighton on Peter was an old friend; Jay was always on his table. Many years ago I asked him as to his favorite hymn. He hesitated for a moment and then answered, "Jesus, and shall it ever be." But in later years I think he would have said, "Fairest Lord Jesus." Of works on systematic theology I doubt whether any other ever held the same rank with him as that of Turretin. How well I remember seeing him reading it when I was a boy. As the edition which he had was in four large Latin volumes, and as at the time I was much engaged in the acquisition of that tongue, this struck me as one of the eccentricities of the ministerial mind; but now as I recall the scene and his beaming eyes when I told him what I thought, I feel rather as I do when I look at a rare and polished knot in a panel of beautiful old oak. Touching logic, I think he would have listened with a half-consenting smile to a son's conclusion of the whole matter, that "Logic is a science divided into two parts; one of which comprises the things that everybody knows to begin with; and the other, the things that nobody cares to know anyhow." But the smile would have been half-disapproving too; for such a definition might wound the feelings of some one who thought otherwise; nor was he ever flippant. In metaphysics also he took but little interest. No, that is not the right way to put it. To him, the invisible things were clearly seen, Angels and archangels, the spirits of men and the Father of spirits, were the world whose fashion fadeth not away. They were the things most surely believed among us. But the study to which he gave himself assiduously during all his life was that of the Holy Scriptures; and the Old Testament he studied as particularly as the New. Indeed he seemed at times to bend over the older writings with a peculiar reverence; searching what time or what manner of time the Spirit of Christ which was in them did point unto, when it testified beforehand the sufferings of Christ, and the glories that should follow them. In his study he made use of the best helps available; and his reading of the Word was ever with diligence, preparation, and prayer. He received it with faith and love, laid it up in his heart, and practiced it in his life. "May our Lord with his Spirit ever be with you still and guide you into the green pastures and by the still waters", was one of his last messages.

The theology that father preached was the theology whose founda-

tion truth finds expression in the text occurring oftenest in his letters. The Lord reigneth. The theme upon which he dwelt with most insistence is easily to be discovered in his closing sermon. The mystery of God is Christ; in him God reveals himself to man; in him man is raised to the throne of God. Faith is faith in God and in his Christ. "I am sure that the great thing is to bring men to faith in a Person and love towards a Person." He who believes in Christ is in Christ. Such a one has put on Christ; and when God beholds him he beholds only Christ. Furthermore, if any man be in Christ, Christ is in him; Christ reigns in him, Christ lives in him. Thus his preaching was a preaching of life. "A life not of this world, but separated from it, in spirit, in desires, in aims; a life really unknown by the men of this world, and unrelished by them just so far as it is known; a life whose greatness and glory and holiness, its now unseen and unknown and inconceivable grounds of existence, and its sublime realities, are yet to be revealed; a hidden life—hidden with Christ in God, and to be revealed in its Glory only when the Lord comes." A life, a conquering life, a life triumphant over sin and death. That was his message. And he always said, If any man will, let him take of the water of life freely. "I address you with tender importunity. Jesus Christ says to you, as to all: The way is open; so fully, widely open to him who is ready to enter, that none can shut it against him. But it requires decision to enter it. Strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life. He that layeth not down all that he hath and taketh not up his cross can not be my disciple. Once more you have life and death set before you. Will you fail after all of the grace of God." But no account of his preaching is a faithful one that fails to mark the tender love with which he lingered over two other themes. It was clear to him that the ancient covenant and prophecies vouchsafe to Israel as a nation blessings that are yet to be fulfilled; that Israel is yet to be the head among the peoples. For the hastening of that day he prayed. Likewise his studies of the Scriptures made him confident that before the end of all things, this earth shall see a day of glory to be ushered in by the coming of Christ with all his saints. For that appearing he waited in earnest expectation; to him it was indeed the blessed hope; in life and death alike he clasped it to his heart. "And there we laid the sweet one down to wait the coming of the Lord; and in my heart, again and again and again, I committed her

dear body to his care, to bring her forth in glory in that coming blessed day." So he wrote of mother. No wonder, then, that he never wearied of the apostolic supplication, Amen ; come Lord Jesus.

An endearing inspiration of father's life was his love of nature. He ever looked through Nature up to Nature's God. He could not bear to bruise a flower. I rarely saw him pluck one. He never failed to find a use and beauty and providence in every twig and tree. Strength in the oak, loveliness in the rose, faithful providing for God's creatures in every waving field of grain. The little that the most skillful gardener or hardest-working farmer does and the much that the dear God does, in bringing forth the flower and the grain ; and the watchful love of Him who cares for the sparrows,—was constantly his theme with those who were with him during his vacations. The pets of the household, the birds of the air, the useful beasts of farm and hillside, the faithful horse and ox,—all found in him a friend and one who saw something in them that is lovable and filled with good example. The sweet serenity of his countenance at such times filled all who looked upon him and listened to him with quiet joy and peace. How many times in childhood, and in maturer years, he has taught us to see that each stone and plant and insect and animal and human being has a mission and a purpose. In every way, on every side, at all times, he saw something that suggested a loving Father,—omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent,—beckoning all men and creatures to Him with infinite tenderness.

The things essential in his character were love and justice. He was just to others ; both to their virtues and to their faults. When a son, with boldness of speech, condemned a notorious criminal in prison for his crime, he said, " My dear son, you can never be certain that a man is as bad as he seems. You can never be sure how he has been brought up, or what his temptations have been." What is more difficult ;—he was just to himself. He acknowledged his " weakness of endeavor, his failures, his probable mistakes, his misuse or feeble use of opportunities, his poor attainments, and the poverty of the apparent fruits of his labors compared with what he felt they might have been." But if he acknowledged his imperfections, he also maintained his cause. He declared his " sincerity and integrity" ; and told his people that he had " sought to know and do God's will " among them. And he meant the one just as truly as he meant the other. No one ever had a keener consciousness of the rectitude of

his purpose. And he was loving. He was kind to the poor and the distressed. With a peculiar grace for wandering Jews and Scotchmen. For the Jews were God's ancient people; and was not his father a Scotchman? His love too was a charity that went beyond the pale of his own Church to embrace the whole Church of Christ. He "could not help looking out with a smile of joyful recognition to the great company where are seen all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity; and who, in their different assemblies and lands and nations, are walking together, as one people separated from the world, toward the same heavenly rest, toward the bridal day of the Lord Christ." So it was not a strange thing that he and a godly Roman Catholic priest who lived for many years in this city were accustomed to pray for each other. That he loved his own church and his own people, no one can doubt. And he loved us. For years he has been to me the dewdrop in which I have seen reflected the face of the Father of an infinite majesty. And we loved him. He had no child to whom it was not a delight to render him any little service. But it as almost always he who did the service. He took an interest in all our doings; he rejoiced in our joys, and was stirred when we were in trouble; even down to old age he shared our griefs and carried our burdens.

My brother wrote me "Father seemed to me to be a typical example of the truth, 'Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God.' He seemed to be constantly seeing God and knowing more and more of him day by day. One characteristic of him that you will remember was that he always looked upon God as his friend. Many a time, as I have been going along the street and heard an oath, I have seen his face flush up; and any irreverent use of the name of Christ made him actually shudder. I never met any one who seemed, if I may use so curious a phrase, to be so intimate with God. And so far as I have been able to learn, he was so from the time he was born; though of course daily growing more so." This is true. But if one of us had told him so I think I know what would have happened. There would have been silence. For a moment the color would have come and gone in his face. Then he would have said, "We love Him because He first loved us." But he would have said it very quietly. As quietly as, when Death laid his hand upon him, he looked up and said, "The golden bowl is broken."

Father and mother were married on the fifth day of May, 1841;

and mother died on the fourth day of May, 1891. The next day would have been their golden wedding-day. They were as different as blue eyes and hazel. In his veins ran the blood of his old Tory grandfather; she was a pure Whig. He was Old School; she was New. He was grave, though less grave as he grew older; her gay sayings were his constant delight. He said "I know him whom I have believed"; at times she could only say "Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief." But the candle of their love burned with a flame that never flickered. "Last Thursday was the fifth of May, our wedding-day. Only think of our having been married for forty years. One thing I can say with truth. That I have had the very dearest and best husband that a woman ever had. Many things that I have looked upon as choice blessings have disappointed me. He never has. I have never for one moment seen a fault in him; with all my faults he has loved me and encouraged me in every effort to do right; and he has always infinitely more than appreciated anything that I have ever tried to do for him." And he writes "I have just been out and got a bunch of roses to present to dear mamma. We have been married for forty-seven years." The last years of her life were years of languor and a longing to be at rest. But love never failed. When she was taken "the light in the house went out."

I had hoped to see his face once more in this life; but the time came when I began to fear that it could not be. That was after mother died. There was a something in his letters that said so. Other eyes than mine saw the sign. We began to say to one another, Knowest thou not that the Lord will take away thy master from thy head to-day? and to answer, Yea, I know it, hold ye your peace. Never slothful in business, there seemed to be an increasing purpose to redeem the time; ever mindful of everything and every one, there was a new carefulness that nothing and no one be forgotten. It was clear too that he himself was waiting for the porter to open the gate. "One generation goeth and another cometh." "So we drop away, one after another." "So the Lord is gathering us one by one." "May he gather us all together at last into our blessed, peaceful, holy home, in his Kingdom." Faint sounds. But like the tinkling of the golden bells on the robe of the high priest drawing nigh to enter into that within the veil.

I had hoped to see his face one more. I had even thought to bring into his presence my two boys, whom God hath given me in a

strange land ; to have him put his hands upon their heads and to hear him say, "The God before whom my fathers did walk, the God which hath fed me all my life long unto this day, bless the lads," But we are not comfortless. They are beloved for the father's sake. And though we might not see his face nor hear his voice again, we are not without our benediction. "The best of blessings be on you all. A heart full of love to you all." Those are the very last words he ever wrote to me.

SERMON

PREACHED IN THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, JERSEY
CITY, ON SUNDAY EVENING, NOV. 22, 1891,
BY THE PASTOR, THE
REV. CHARLES HERR.

Before his translation he had this testimony, that he pleased God.—
Heb. xi, 5.

A long drive from Geneva of flat, tame miles ends before the towering majesty of Mont Blanc. It is somewhat of a dull road through the genealogical records of Genesis, but when you come to Enoch the road sweeps up into the hills. It is a weary stretch of nobodyism, but at last you meet a man, a monarch, Enoch, of whom it is on record that he walked with God, and for a reward God took him—took him into heaven without the dark process of death. Magnificent man! Magnificent finish!

It is proper and necessary for us to talk together to-night a little, though very inadequately indeed, of Dr. Imbrie whom we have lost. In truth we cannot keep our minds away from him. We talk of him, because the glory and the sadness absorb all our thoughts. And we do not anticipate anything which will be said at the funeral ceremonies to-morrow, because our feelings are such as no one else, having other relations with Dr. Imbrie, can utter.

In thinking of some starting-place for our thoughts, it seemed to me that there was hardly a more adequately suggestive personage than this Enoch, seventh from Adam, who so early in biblical history reached a point of renown in godliness. As we look at the details of his sparse record, we shall find that they admirably prompt the recollection of the dominant characteristics of our Pastor Emeritus.

1. Enoch pleased God by seeking His heavenly companionship, by finding his happiness in God's communion. The Genesis record reports him as one who walked with God, which signifies a very intimate, reverent and confidential intercourse.

And when we remember the times in which Enoch lived, that seems a wonderful thing indeed. He lived in the world that Cain had made, the world that was the offspring of selfishness and murder. The religion which controlled men's actions was one which disowned the claims of God in righteousness. It confessed no sin and guilt. It refused to worship. It laughed at the words of the Almighty. It was an age when the evil thoughts of men's hearts were far developed

toward that height of wickedness which brought on the o'ersweeping flood in the days of Noah, Enoch's greatgrandson. A constituent part of the civilization of that day was a city, the stronghold in ungodly times of luxury and materialism. There were manufactures, the art of man was cultivated to the production of every possible comfort, ingenuity was taxed in ever-new devices to create what might make the world, out of which God had been rejected, bearable to man. It is truly wonderful that at such an early time and in such hard and uncongenial circumstances, Enoch walked with God. Original, peculiar, brave to oppose the religious negations of his fellow-men, and turning his back with firm self-denial upon their ungodly lusts and luxuries, he walked with God. He is the one point of light in a black expanse.

I am sure we will all agree that it was eminently true of Dr. Imbrie that he walked with God. His conversation was habitually and deeply with our heavenly Father.

He carried the proof of it upon his face and in his utterance. He did not try to prove it. He did not need to tell any one that he was a man of God. It proved itself. He had the Christ-spirit, the Christ-light, the Christ-speech. It was not peculiar that Moses' face should shine with the reflection of Divine glory when he came down from the communion of the mount. Every man of God will carry the marks of the ethereal converse upon his face. No servant of the Most High ever had those marks more distinctly, more beautifully, imprinted upon his countenance than Dr. Imbrie. I suppose that he must always have been a very handsome man, of open face and clear fine features. But we know him best for something different from that and deeper than that. He had that which is not natural beauty, and which can make even plainness beautiful,—the outward signals of an inner life lived in the presence of God, lived under His smile, lived under the illumination of His grace.

And this was evident in all his action. The holiest and loveliest graces were the easy and natural features of his daily walk. There were no second-thoughts about him; he did not need any. The first thought was always the Christ-thought, the heavenly thought. His talk never had need to be revised for any reason of spiritual inadequacy or moral lack. It was always in angelic vein. It was always the talk of a man who kept continuous company with our blessed Lord, and whose lips never for an instant dropped the continuity of their holy habit.

Perhaps no mark of his walk with God was more impressive to us than his prayers at our mid-week gathering. They were always so prompt, so helpful, so heavenly. They bore us all up so confidently, so joyfully to God. They so uttered our unutterable thoughts. They exhibited and interpreted to us the strange and fugitive sensations of our hearts with such ease of saintly power. His prayers were a sublime evidence of his reverent, yet childlike and confident familiarity with God. Their flow, their unlabored elevation, their sweet and even naturalness, their wondrous spirituality, and that amazing quality by which the delicatest thoughts were fixed and the most vanishing feelings caught and uttered in accumulating flow and splendor; these things showed us, as few things could, that he lived in an attitude of prayer, that his life was spent in God's presence.

2. Enoch pleased God by the witness which he faithfully bore for Him, for the integrity of his truth against the falsehoods of unrighteous men. Though we have no record of this in Genesis, we can easily understand that his life would necessarily be of this sort. Living a rare saint of God in the midst of a wicked world, his very life would be a testimony. He must have been a martyr in every sense, a witness to the truth and a sufferer for it. We cannot believe that a character of his exceptional sort could have escaped the contumely and enmity of men, who did not even need words to condemn them while his life stood forth in silent but complete accusation. But the apostle Jude has preserved something for us out of the dying testimonies of tradition, which shows that Enoch's life was not without its vigorous spoken protest against the wickedness of the world. "Enoch, the seventh from Adam, prophesied, saying, Behold the Lord cometh among His holy myriads to execute judgment upon all, and to convict all the impious concerning all their works of impiety which they impiously did, and concerning all the hard things which impious sinners spoke against Him."

Dr. Imbrie was every way a witness for God, by life, by act, by word. He was profoundly learned in the Scriptures. I think he could be called a scientific theologian, a man who knew the testimonies of the word of God and was able to bring them together into a consistent and harmonious scheme. There are not many men in our country who can so amply justify that designation.

In all the large and burning questions that came before the Presbyterian Church he was a ready, faithful, courageous and

splendidly intelligent witness for the truth of God, as he understood it. And he understood it in the old way, the way made glorious by the singing feet of the generations which echo to us from the past. The struggle connected with the proposed revision of the Confession of Faith saddened his heart deeply, and I somehow feel that he would not have found out how to adjust himself with repose of heart in the new conditions which now seem likely to come to pass. He was a redoubtable antagonist. Those who came forward from time to time with raw ideas and radical departures and sudden enthusiasms of revolution met in him an unconquerable foeman and found their propositions overwhelmed with the condemning testimony of scripture.

He was with us at communion seasons (and perhaps there we shall miss him most), and talked to us so winningly of the love of Christ, and ministered to our fainting souls the comfortable encouragements of Divine grace. He was with us at our prayer-meetings, and spoke upon all the varied subjects which come before us in the round of the year. His address was the glorious feature of the occasion, that for which our souls waited as for their food. He was with us at protracted meetings, when the duties of the unworldly life in their multitudinous forms of expression,—the obligation and wisdom of early profession, the sinfulness of sin, the misery and despair of the ungodly life, the responsibility and privilege of responding to the redeeming love of God, the deceitful persuasions of Satan,—were declared by him with exceptional and pressing emphasis, with stirring freshness and power. His facility in all these things, his supreme adequacy for every occasion, was the mark of a great and faithful witness for God.

3. Enoch pleased God by his faith. This is asserted in the Epistle to the Hebrews as the explanation of his godly walk. "By faith Enoch was translated that he should not see death; and was not found because he had translated him: for before his translation he had this testimony that he pleased God. But without faith it is impossible to please Him; for he that cometh to God must believe that He is and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him."

Dr. Imbrie believed that God is. He believed it with all his soul. He knew it. To him it was the truest of truths. It was more real to him than anything else in the wide universe.

And he grasped it as a truth that has meaning—a truth to live by. It was not an intellectual tenet ; it was a life-faith. He accepted all that it entailed. It involved him in relations of love and duty which he entered into with sincere joy, into which he threw himself with abandonment of soul. This is the only belief in God's existence which has value and virtue. With so many men that truth, though accepted, lies bedridden in the dormitory of the soul. It does not go like an arrow into their consciences ; it does not plough up their hearts like a coulter ; it does not shake them with its magnificent significance. With Dr. Imbrie it had all these pure and stirring effects. He saw what it meant that God is. He saw that it required the response of his adoration, his obedience, his love. And he gave them with gladness and without reserve.

He digged deep into this truth of truths. He felt it so fully and so intelligently that he became not merely a servant of God, but a son. The utmost that a large number of Christians realize in their religious experience is just that they are pardoned criminals. But Dr. Imbrie entered into the higher and sweeter relationship. He took God's word for his adoption into the heavenly family, he understood the testimony of the Holy Spirit in his soul, and gave convincing evidence of his faith by acting out in all his life the spirit of a son. He was sweetly constrained to all happiness of temper and all gladness of service by the fact that he was an accepted and beloved child of the Heavenly Father. In his heart sprung up and lived the graces that belong to that relationship—confidence, serenity, love, courage, assurance.

And he believed that God rewards those who diligently seek Him. This is evident, because he devoted himself to the attainment of those rewards, and those only. He wanted nothing except what came from the hand of God. That which supported him in the patience and joyfulness of his daily walk, that which inspired his unrequired yet uninterrupted faithfulness in the service of this Church, that which fortified his exhaustless activity in every direction of usefulness, was not the hope of reward from men, not even their good opinion or their grateful word. Before the face of his unseen master he lived ; for Him he did all this ; to Him alone he stood or fell.

The wholesome and serene sweetness of his mind amid many cares and trials shows to what comforts his heart was turned. No one would ever have judged from his words or manner that he had

quite the full measure of human griefs and burdens, if indeed he had not a little more than the common share. The pain and loneliness that came to him from his wife's death only six months ago were absolutely undiscoverable to any except those to whom he was willing to utter them in words. I have never known any one who could more thoroughly make his own the declaration of the Apostle Paul : "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry, which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God."

And how has Dr. Imbrie been rewarded ?

1. By blessedness here.

He pleased God—and behold the consequences in his revered and beautiful life—"honor, love, obedience, troops of friends." A face upon which were written the peace and grace of the Saviour. Lips which moved with delight to the motive of this ancient German hymn, which was his favorite :

Fairest Lord Jesus ! Ruler of all nature !

O Thou, of God and Man the Son !

Thee will I cherish, Thee will I honor,

Thee, my soul's glory, joy and crown.

Fair are the meadows, fairer still the woodlands,

Robed in the blooming garb of Spring :

Jesus is fairer, Jesus is purer,

Who makes the woful heart to sing.

Fair is the sunshine, fairer still the moonlight,

And all the twinkling starry host ;

Jesus shines brighter, Jesus shines purer,

Than all the angels heaven can boast.

And above all, he had the sweet heart, glad in the inward testimony that he pleased God and having secret springs of heavenly joy and satisfaction.

Such are some of the rewards that God bestows in this world. Is anything else to be named beside them ? Is anything else desirable without them ? Can riches compare with the rewards of God's favor ? Dr. Imbrie never wanted anything, for he was a child of the Father ; but he never was rich. He did not need to be. No man needs to be. Avaunt the despicable materialism which weighs men by their purses and strives for wealth as the chief good ! The

greatest thing in the world is to be a Christlike man, a God-inhabited soul.

2. Then God rewarded him with death. Strange reward, say you? Oh, no!

Enoch was not—for God took him. His translation was supernatural. But many saints die not much dissimilarly. Dr. Imbrie's death was such. It was just as little to him as translation was to Enoch. His death-bed was a sublime spectacle of faith. I suppose that most of us, if we should undertake to imagine an ideal picture of a believer's closing hours, would illustrate them with expressions of confidence and hope, with triumphant utterances of fearlessness, with emotional testimonies and rapt prayers of faith. But though he had clearness and vigor of faculty, there was quiet in Dr. Imbrie's room. No audible prayer; no last messages of warning or appeal; no ejaculations of high confidence broke the tender hush. He had left nothing undone or unsaid in his holy life that needed fuller witness from his death-bed. His faith did not need to encourage itself with outward asseveration. Perfect self-control, self-restraint, rest, peace.

3. Last of all, best of all, fulfillment of all, heaven! As the gray line of light on the morning sky is the pledge of the shining sun and the risen day, as the blade above the soil is the earnest of the waving corn-field and the plentiful granary, so are these first rewards of service here the foretokens and prelibations of eternal joys. We know that our beloved Pastor and friend inherits the precious promises of God in the Scriptures.

They are before the throne of God and serve Him day and night in His temple. And the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

THE FUNERAL SERVICES.

The funeral services were held on Monday afternoon, Nov. 23, 1891, at half-past one o'clock, from the First Presbyterian Church of Jersey City. The services were opened by the choir with the anthem,

“Lead, Kindly Light, etc.”

After reading the following sentences :—

“I am the resurrection and the life ; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live :

“And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.”

“But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope.

“For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.”

The pastor of the Church offered the following prayer :—

“Almighty God, Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, we give Thee thanks for Thy mercies toward us and to all men. We bless Thee for Thy redeeming love, through which we are made sure that this beloved friend and father has ascended up on high, to enter with the saints and the spirits made perfect into an Everlasting Home. We thank Thee for that word of Thine by which we know that, returning unto Thee from this twilight vale, he has been borne up by Thy holy angels in the way of righteousness and through Thine open doors of glory, to dwell forever in the light which no eye hath seen, and midst the song which no ear hath heard.

“Almighty and merciful God, who art the fountain of all compassion, and hatest nothing that Thou hast made, we pray Thee deliver our souls from the power of darkness, put behind Thyself the remembrance of our sins forever, and give us the sweet assurance that we are the sons of God, redeemed not with corruptible things, as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ ; and destined to be kings and priests unto God forever, through Him that loved us.

“Holy and pitiful Father, be among us as we gather in respectful and affectionate remembrance of the dead, and do Thou make our

hearts sweet in communion together with Thee ; help us to magnify Thy grace ; may our hearts beat with eternal life ; and may we greet for ourselves on the horizon the sweet promise of immortality with Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

The scriptures were read by the Rev. Charles D. Shaw, D. D., of Paterson, Moderator of the Synod of New Jersey, after which the Rev. P. D. Van Cleef, D. D., representing the pastors of Jersey City, spoke as follows :—

Dear Friends,—"Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?" A long and useful life is ended. A ministerial career of 52 years has come to a close in the death of Dr. Imbrie. This long and faithful ministry is a source of great joy to many here, to his co-presbyters who were fellow-workers with him in his denominational connection, in missions, in education and in all the departments of benevolence in which he was so deeply interested.

But there is a pastorate of almost 40 years in one church in this city where he has been a co-laborer with his brethren of other denominations, of which I am to speak a few words. What shall I say? Shall they be words of condolence,—words mingled with tears,—words of sorrow? No, it seems to me rather that they should be words of congratulation ; for if we could see the glory revealed to his vision now, if we could taste the cup of joy which has been presented to his lips, we would have no reason for sorrow. He has passed seven years beyond the period allotted to man on earth. He has fulfilled his ministry, he has fought a good fight, he has finished his course, he has kept the faith ; there is a crown of righteousness laid up for him. The earth and earthly things were fading away, and Heaven was growing brighter and nearer, and surely we may congratulate our brother upon his exchange of worlds ; and who can be so selfish as to grieve when he departs from us to be "with Christ, which is far better?"

I look back through a long vista of years. The farther verge is somewhat dimmed by reason of distance, but I see there the faces of old friends, devoted Christians, earnest workers in the Lord's vineyard, many of whose names I could recall, some venerable elders in the Presbyterian Church, who held up the hands and cheered the heart of their pastor. I see that pastor as he stood in the spacious pulpit

of the old historic church, tall and straight, with dignified bearing, solemn and impressive mien, yet animated in his delivery, a messenger of God with a message fraught with tremendous import, a message from the mouth of God to the soul of man,—a message that was never diluted with human speculations or fancies, never marred by witticisms, or by other violations of pulpit dignity and decorum which so often blunt the edge of the sword of the Spirit. His ministry was faithful. He won and kept the hearts of his people. He commanded the respect of the community. He affected no oddity, he practiced no sensationalism in the pulpit to attract the thoughtless crowd. His was not an ephemeral popularity, lasting only until the appetite for new and strange things is satisfied. The sermons of Dr. Imbrie never lost their power, because their power consisted in the truth as revealed in the word of God, as received by a loving heart, as grasped and comprehended by a well disciplined mind, and as delivered in all the sincerity and earnestness of one who could say with the Apostle Paul, "Which things also we speak, not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth; comparing spiritual things with spiritual."

Consequently, amid all the changes that have taken place, the death and removal of members of his church and their families, the final dissolution of his once large and flourishing charge, or rather its union with another, a union in which pastor and people, and the history, associations and work of both were blended, the people trained under the ministry of Dr. Imbrie have never lost their veneration for his character, their admiration of his clear statements of truth, and his fearless and honest exhibitions of the requirements of the divine law, and the overflowing tenderness of his appeals to the heart and conscience, as he pointed to the "Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world."

The mental vigor of Dr. Imbrie was remarkably preserved. We who have been associated with him from the beginning or the early part of his ministry in this City, and have wrought in this field when we were all in the morning or in the noontide of life, cannot realize that he was an old man. His cheerfulness and vivacity, as he moved about our streets or participated in public services, and his mental force in preaching and teaching, even when his voice was weak, rendered his ministrations interesting, profitable and acceptable to the last. We never have been able to think of our brother as old. He

never did grow old, for his last service as a minister and teacher was among the children and was performed in the interests of the Sabbath-School which bore the honored name of "The Imbrie Mission", and which, by its union with the Grand Street Sabbath-school, will perpetuate his memory and his influence.

I feel that in representing the ministers of Jersey City I must have in view first the little circle which until a few weeks ago was unbroken, composed of brothers Verrinder, Parmly, Imbrie and myself, and I may add the name of Dr. Rice, who was for so many years associated with us. It would be hard to find, within such a limited circle and in such a changing population, a quartet of ministers who could look back over a pastorate of forty years in which they had been co-laborers. And I can say from my heart that I do not believe there are many examples of fraternal union so close, so warm, so sincere as in the union of these brethren who have dwelt together in unity until parted by death. I have often heard this fraternal unity of pastors of different denominations spoken of in the sentiment, if not the words, of the Psalmist, "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is."

I feel that in representing the Jersey City ministers, the younger as well as the older pastors, I need not hesitate to speak as with one voice the sentiments of all. There is no one here, and there is no one anywhere to differ or dissent. Dr. Imbrie was a scholarly man. We who were associated with him in literary and theological studies and discussions have no hesitation in saying that he was a leader in scholarship among all the ministers in Jersey City. He was a modest man, as all true scholars are. He was a conservative man, never extravagant in his public utterances, never sensational in the common meaning of that term. He was a brotherly and a manly man. He was tender and loving, affectionate and true. He was a Godly man, an Israelite indeed, in whom was no guile; as transparent as crystal. He was careful not to wound the feelings of others. I have never heard a sentence or a word from Dr. Imbrie's lips that indicated an unkind feeling or a resentful spirit. I have never heard from him a sarcastic utterance intended to wound his brethren or calculated to hurt the most tender sensibilities.

If Dr. Imbrie had his failings, I am not able to speak of them, for somehow or other I could not see them.

It was my happy privilege to visit him a few days before his illness assumed a severe and dangerous form. We indulged in our usual

cheerful conversation, he urging me to stay longer ; and then, after a prayer and a warm pressure of the hand that had so often grasped mine, we parted, never to meet or speak to each other on earth.

Heaven seems brighter as one after another of the friends we have loved on earth are gathered there, and not the least of its anticipated pleasures will be the meeting with him and kindred spirits in the mansions of our "Father's House."

After the choir had sung the hymn beginning,

"Fairest Lord Jesus! Ruler of All Nature!"

the Rev. David Magie, D. D., of Paterson, on behalf of the Presbytery of Jersey City, spoke as follows :—

It is not easy within the few moments of time allotted to one speaker to express that sense of regard and reverence which filled the heart of every member of our Presbytery for Dr. Imbrie. Through all the years of our Presbyterian existence he has filled the most prominent place in our counsels and actions and has been regarded with feelings of love and admiration as our head and leader.

Beyond the grateful recollections of a score of years in Presbyterian associations and personal friendship, my memory recalls Dr. Imbrie before he came to this city, when in my father's house and in my father's pulpit I saw in him the ideal of a Christian gentleman and scholar and minister. The passing years and closer intercourse have deepened those impressions. The inner life, the private character, and the public work have made but one impression on all who knew him.

How then can one speak of such a life ! What is there to say ? When you have spoken of a circle as round, what more can be said ? How well rounded were the character and life of Dr. Imbrie ; how truly centred in Jesus Christ, whom he loved and served ! Always there seemed to come from his speech and actions a single influence, always there seemed to be made the same impression of truthfulness and honesty. His whole life was so true, so sweet, so sincere, so loving, so open, you seemed to read it at once, and to know it all. You seemed to look into his very soul, so calm, so transparent, so loving, and to know and love him at once. There was nothing to be hidden. I know not where you will find a man better loved, nor one who more deserved to be loved. Like the beloved disciple, whom he resembled much in spirit, he ever seemed to say "love one another."

In our Presbytery he became naturally a leader not through any assumption of superiority on his part, nor even on account of his age. His mental vigor so endured, his interest in affairs so remained active, that no one ever associated with him any of the weaknesses of age. He was our leader, because we felt the strength that was in him, the strength of a well-disciplined mind, the strength of excellent scholarship, the strength of a sound judgment, the strength of sure principles, the strength of self-control, the strength of a consecrated life. Through the long years of his active ministry he had acquired such a knowledge of the law and practice of our Church, his opinion settled questions in debate. An appeal to him was regarded as a final judgment.

Beyond, and above this, in Dr. Imbrie were ever found the true gentlemen and the sincere Christian, as well as the minister. Whatever may be the gifts possessed, there is needed for a true character and life the man and the Christian. The truest man needs the beauty of the life and influence of Jesus Christ. This was the glory of Dr. Imbrie's character, and the secret of his power. Whoever failed to recognize in him a Christian gentleman? Whoever heard him offer prayer and did not feel that his life was a walk with God? What unction there was in his prayers! His face glowed with light of Him with whom he talked. Such a character and such a life are as rare as they are beautiful.

We have seen Dr. Imbrie in our Presbytery when his church was strong and vigorous, and we have seen him when the Church he loved and served so many years had to lose its practical existence. Events beyond human control drove from the region of his Church its members. In the severance of those ties between pastor and people, and in the apparent undoing of what he had labored to do, there was the truest test of his real manhood and Christian principle. Those who saw him pass through those days of trial can attest the power of Divine grace in him. With beautiful submission, uncomplaining resignation, and cheerful confidence, he bowed to the Divine will and laid down his active work. Never did he more adorn his Christian character and his services for the Lord Jesus Christ. Through all the years of his ministry we can bear witness to the praise of Divine grace there was a growing ripeness for service in the Church below and for glory in the Church above.

The memory of Dr. Imbrie will ever remain with the Presbytery of

Jersey City a benediction to bless us, and an inspiration to follow him as he followed Christ.

The Rev. J. D. Wells, D. D., President of the Board of Foreign Missions, then delivered the following address :—

It is not easy for one who knew and loved Dr. Imbrie more than forty years, and who bears in tender remembrance his love for the Saviour, with his desire for his presence here and hereafter and the coming of his kingdom, to grieve that he has departed to be forever with the Lord. For his surviving kindred and ourselves we may well have tears. For the Church here and the missionary work of the Church in all the world, we could have wished him to remain longer as our fellow-worker unto the kingdom. But for himself and “the church of the first born whose names are written in Heaven”, we have only congratulations and salutations of joy and peace. He has fallen asleep in Jesus. He rests from his labors and his works do follow him. After a short illness, and cared for by those who loved him best, he comes “to the grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season”, and “being dead he yet speaketh.”

May I not add that to the Blessed Christ who saved him by his grace, called him into the ministry and made him what he was in all the relations of life,— to Him we give most heartfelt thanks; that He lent him to us so long and for such long and varied service; and that in taking him away at last He left to us in his character and life, as we have heard, the assurance that he had received him unto himself.

For reasons that I may suggest later, I would wish that my knowledge of Dr. Imbrie’s lineage and earliest years made it possible for me to speak of the influences that had to do with the moulding of his character to the beauty and strength which we know it had. Rarely, if ever, does a personality like his come from other than a godly parentage and a Christian home. I do not remember to have heard Dr. Imbrie speak of his parents, or of the years spent under their care. But I have often thought of the correspondence between his erect form and beautiful countenance on the one hand, and the inner man of his heart, as we knew it, on the other. And in doing so I have been very sure that the rare excellencies of his parents and remoter ancestors were repeated in himself.

My acquaintance with Dr. Imbrie began in the year 1849. He

was then pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Rahway, N. J. Graduating from Princeton College in 1835, and from the Seminary in 1839. He had been in Rahway about eleven years. Under his strong and blessed ministry the church there had grown in numbers and resources. And the place was beginning to feel the pulsations of a new life, and was growing away from the old centres of population. There was clearly a call for a second Presbyterian Church. Dr. Imbrie favored the enterprise, and with his brethren of the Session willingly surrendered influential families for the nucleus of the new organization. I was requested by him and them to consider the question of becoming the first pastor. That church, I need hardly tell you, under the able and consecrated ministry of the Rev. Dr. Leggitt, has become one of the strongest churches of the Presbytery of Elizabeth ; while the mother church has the joy of its loving co-operation in the growing City.

In the year 1852 Dr. Imbrie became pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Jersey City, and until 1888, a period of 36 years, gave to it the full service of a faithful and laborious pastorate, happily continuing from the latter date until his death pastor emeritus of the same church in its new location and sanctuary.

I have not forgotten that in this service I am asked to represent the Board of Foreign Missions, of which Dr. Imbrie was an active and most useful member up to the end of his life. But I have referred to him in other and certainly important relations because I am sure that his usefulness in the Board grew largely out of habits, and a combination of qualities, intellectual and spiritual, that were nurtured and developed in the pastoral office, in the editor's chair, in association with men charged as Trustees with the care of the College of New Jersey, and in faithful and helpful attendance upon meetings of Presbytery, Synod and General Assembly.

With rare natural endowments, the best culture of the schools and severe application to useful studies in all his later years, he brought to the service of the Board of Foreign Missions a mind and a heart of large resources, with truest consecration to the Master and his cause.

How tender and fervent and graciously bold, how comprehensive and minutely particular were his prayers ! The very tones of his voice linger in our ears. We cannot forget his importunate pleadings for the coming of the Kingdom, by the witness bearing of the Church and

the power of the Holy Spirit in the hearts of men. The fact that a beloved son was in a commanding position of usefulness among the most progressive people with whom we have to do kept him in a living touch with the great work of missions in all the world.

We shall miss him all the more because of the promptness and constancy of his attendance upon the meetings of the Board. He felt that a dispensation of the Gospel for the race was committed to him in common with the other members of the Board and its Executive Officers; and heart and conscience both constrained him to utmost fidelity. Devotion to the Master whom he loved with an ever increasing love as his years were multiplied made it a joy for him to do with his might any special service, however delicate and severe, that was entrusted to him, with others or alone, as well as to bear his full part in all our counsels.

Dr. Imbrie came into the Board in 1857, when it was a large body chosen by the General Assembly, and representing what was known as the old-school branch of the Church in all the land. It consisted of nearly a hundred members—ministers and laymen—and met but once in the year. The business of the Board in the care of the missions was transacted by an Executive Committee of five ministers and four laymen, the Executive Officers being members of it in virtue of their office; and this Committee met every Monday morning, as a rule, in the City of New York.

Dr. Imbrie was a member of the Board but not of the Committee; and immediately upon coming into the Board he was made Recording Secretary, and continued to be such thirteen years, until 1870, at the happy re-union of the long severed branches of the Presbyterian Church, the Board was re-constructed and became what it now is, an incorporated Board of ten ministers and nine laymen. It was because Dr. Imbrie held the pen of a ready writer, and was known to be an exceptionally careful and competent Secretary that he was held to that service by the old Board for so many consecutive years.

Since 1870 he has given twenty-one years to the new Board, with its new methods and its ever-increasing area of work. None of its members have more intelligently and joyfully watched the progress of the work than Dr. Imbrie. We have together seen nine missions supplemented by fourteen, making twenty-three in all, with a multitude of out-stations; seventy ordained missionaries increased to 210, with many hundred laborers of other classes co-operating with them;

a native membership of 900 grown to nearly 30,000, besides the hundreds and thousands that have finished their course and entered into rest ; an expenditure for the work done in 1857 of \$214,000, grown to an expenditure for the work done in the year ending April 30th, 1891, of \$972,517. But I may not multiply statements of the work done by our part of the Church, and the entire Protestant Church, during the 34 years of Dr. Imbrie's active service. I cannot believe that he is ignorant of what has been celebrated in Heaven as the years have passed.

As I have sat in the Board and co-operated with him and others during these years, I have seen absolutely nothing in him that I could now wish to blot or change. Tenacious of his opinions when he had facts on which to base them, firm in his judgments, and always very clear in the statements he had occasion to make, he still knew how to yield gracefully, if, in any case, he failed to carry the Board with him.

Personally I shall miss him more almost than my brethren of fewer years, for we were of one age. Thinking of him as he now is, and of the little time that will keep us apart, I cannot withhold the expression of my joy. Thinking of the great cause itself, and of his presence with the multitude that preceded him and are forever with the Lord, and like Him, I will not allow myself to doubt for a moment that he and they are mighty personal forces in relation to the same work that commands the ministry of all the holy angels, and fills the heart and the hands of the Lord of Angels. And this, brethren, is the work that we are commanded to do without regard to its difficulties and delays and discouragements. The power is with the enthroned, almighty and most gracious Saviour. This he claimed when he gave the commission. "All power," He said, "is given unto me in Heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you ; and lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. Amen."

May the children and the children's children of our beloved brother perpetuate his influence in the world, and be comforted with the consolations of God, which are neither few nor small. The Heavenly Father is as near to Japan as to us, and the exalted Jesus is as true to the dear ones there as to you who are here. To you and

to them alike He says, "I will not leave you orphans. I will come to you." One in your grief, may you be one in the sacred joy of your common parentage, and of a filial relation to the God of your father and your mother. For this church, its pastor and elders and members in particular, we invoke a double portion of the spirit of grace and supplication and consecration that made Dr. Imbrie what he was in his character and life and work, even unto death.

For ourselves, as the Board of Foreign Missions and the Church at large, we can ask nothing more in preparation for the work which the Master gives us to do. The work remains, and what a work it is! The great commission outlines and measures it. Does it lose in its claims upon our thoughts and prayers and labor and stewardship of the Lord's treasure by the breaking of our ranks? The long line of co-workers from the beginning can answer with only one voice. Personally, we who are here to-day to bury our precious dead look back but a little way, though we measure the way by decades and even scores of years. Of the nine men who composed the Executive Committee when I entered it in 1854 but three remain, and two of the three are now in service. Dr. Phillips, Dr. Potts, Mr. Lenox, Mr. Stuart, Mr. Ward, Mr. Carter are gone. The Recording Secretary of the Board as then constituted, Dr. McDonald, and the auditors, James Donaldson and Thomas Pringle, are gone. It would startle you should I read the names of the large Board of that day that are gone too. The venerable John C. Lowrie, D. D., then associated with his father of blessed memory Walter Lowrie, and J. Leighton Wilson, as Corresponding Secretary, and Wm. Rankin, Treasurer, are left as living links holding us to the workers of that day.

But, my dear brethren, the cause remains. At the touch of Christ, the head of the Church and head over all things to the Church, the world opens. The peoples of the world are accessible and expectant. The Church herself asks for a new recognition in her venerable confession of God's love for the world, of Christ's relation to it, and of the Holy Spirit's presence in it. Science and art and commerce are helpers of the Church. We flash important messages to the ends of the earth with lightning speed. Swift ships carry our missionaries across the wide seas, and up and down all inland waters; and swifter trains bear them from sea-ports to the places of their blessed service.

And with all, and best of all, converts are multiplied. Systems of false religion, hoary with age, and proved to have long deceived the

nations, are forced to give way before the might of Him whose name is "The Word of God", whose Representative is the Personal Spirit of God, and whose great instrument of saving power is "the word of reconciliation", voiced by the life and from the hearts of "the ministry of reconciliation", and witnessed unto by the holy Catholic Church.

Fathers and brethren of the Board of Foreign Missions, and all whose co-workers and servants we are, let the passing from earth to heaven, from toil and conflict here to rest and victory there, of such men as I have named, and our precious brother and fellow-laborer, Charles K. Imbrie among them, be an inspiration to more joyful, hopeful, and helpful service to our Blessed Master and the cause that he loves. Amen.

After the singing of the hymn,

"Hark! Hark, My Soul : Angelic Songs are Swelling,"

the Rev. F. L. Patton, D. D., LL. D., President of the College of New Jersey, spoke as follows :—

My Dear Christian Friends,—It is only a few weeks ago that I had the pleasure of standing in this pulpit and taking part in the dedicatory services in connection with the opening of this house of worship. I think those of us who were here that night must remember the comprehensive, tender and spiritual prayer that was offered on that occasion by Dr. Imbrie. To-day we meet in the same house of worship to think only of Dr. Imbrie as taking part in the services of the Upper Sanctuary. I have been asked to say a word this afternoon because, in the providence of God, I was associated with Dr. Imbrie in the administration of the affairs of the College of New Jersey ; but my acquaintance with Dr. Imbrie goes back beyond the period of my relation to Princeton College. He and I were co-presbyters in the old First Presbytery of New York, twenty-five years ago. We were members together of an association of ministers as far back as that. To that ministerial association I owe far more than I could express here, and I make this personal reference here and now because I think it serves to throw light upon a phase of Dr. Imbrie's nature and character that has not been alluded to.

You know him as he went in and out among the people of his charge ; others know him in his relations to the Presbytery, and in connection with his thorough interest in mastery of the practical

affairs of ecclesiastical life ; but I like to think of him in the relation that I sustained to him,—as the young minister looking up to his senior. Ministers sustain different relations. They are related to their people, but they are also related to one another ; and it is in this relation that they sustain to one another—of seniors to their juniors—that they have the opportunity of showing the finest phases of their nature. There was never any assumption of superiority on the part of Dr. Imbrie. He never was too busy to give heed to the suggestions that might come from a younger man ; he never was too much interested in public affairs to take a warm, living, personal interest in the affairs of his juniors in the ministry. I think ministers sometimes forget what opportunities they have here. I think that older ministers do not always know what heroes they always seem to the young man, because he looks up to them. he finds inspiration in their life and their example, and he gets a crumb of comfort when he needs it most from some kindly suggestion. I look back with gratitude to the warm friendship between myself and Dr. Imbrie. What was true of my own relation to him was true of other men likewise sustaining the same relation of juniors to their seniors. If a young minister wanted to leave his parish, Dr. Imbrie was always ready to use his influence in his behalf. If he wrote an article or read a paper Dr. Imbrie was never slow in showing his appreciation, and never stinted in his praise. If he thought he could write for the press, and wanted an introduction that might assist him in his plans, Dr. Imbrie was the first to volunteer to give it. I say this in grateful recollection of personal experience.

I cannot help referring also to another feature in Dr. Imbrie's life that has already been spoken of. To me it seems to be such a splendid example of what a busy minister may be and do. He was faithful in his pulpit preparations, as you know. He was prompt in the discharge of his duties as a member of the Presbytery. But besides that he made it his duty to keep up his studies. He was a scholar, and he was a scholar in lines that do not always commend themselves to ministers, because those lines of study are not always regarded as practical. He could read his Hebrew bible, and he did read it ; and he was fond of the study of the Old Testament, led to it principally, perhaps, by his interest in the study of prophecy. But more than that, I can remember, and I can speak particularly as to the papers that he used to write on practical questions, questions in-

volving the settlement of or dealing with fundamental principles in the sphere of practical Christian ethics. I remember the clearness with which he presented his views ; and the comprehensive grasp of questions, much larger than those he happened to be discussing, which these papers evince.

So, that having known him so long, when as it happened four years ago I came into the Presidency of Princeton College, I did not come as a stranger at least to Dr. Imbrie. He grasped my hand as that of an old friend. He was one of the oldest members of our Board of Trustees,—he was third, I think, in seniority in the Board. He was faithful in the discharge of all the duties connected with that work. He was a wise counsellor. He was profoundly interested in the College—himself a graduate of the College, and he had sent two sons there, who are still the ardent, earnest supporters of Princeton College ; and he was a faithful custodian of its interests.

A rounded life has thus been completed. Generous, affectionate, wonderfully kind, a prudent counsellor, a wise ecclesiastic, an earnest advocate of all the interests in connection with which he had responsibility, he has finished his work ; and for him to depart is to be with Christ. He leaves behind him a sweet memory, and we think of this as we speak a word of sympathy to those who have been bereaved. He has fought a good fight, he has finished his course, he has kept the faith ; and doubtless his first greeting on yonder shore came from the parted lips of the Master whom he served, “Well done, good and faithful servant, enter the joy of your Lord.”

The pastor of the Church then said :—

I think there is at least one more word to say, and one that can be said only by a member of this Church, with which Dr. Imbrie was connected as pastor for the past 18 months. We think that the crown and the glory of his life was in this time, in these last and mellowest and chastest days, and was exemplified most strikingly and truly in the daily intercourse which he had with us in this religious family. It was here and in these last times that we felt that he showed most the marks of the Prince of God. He was first among us in learning and wisdom surely, most surely in the Christ-spirit which made him servant of all. Such a meekness, such a humility, such an unselfishness, such a self-effacement in one of so elevated piety and so extraordinary worth, made an exhibition that has filled us with inexpressible wonder and affection. Jesus gave at the very

last the most signal proof of his lordship and love when he washed the disciples' feet, who were amazed and bewildered at the infinite condescension. In such a way to us did Dr. Imbrie's lovely pre-eminence utter itself. His beautiful service on our behalf for Christ's sake will always be an affecting remembrance and inspiration.

The following prayer was offered by the Rev. John W. Teal, D.D., of Elizabeth :—

O God, our Father, we have spoken one to another of a rarely beautiful life. We have spoken many things of the Christian character and distinguished service of one who has gone from us. Now we turn our hearts for a little time unto Thee, ere we go from this House to the place of the dead. We would lift up our voices to Thee in prayer and supplication mingled with thanksgiving; and first of all we would thank Thee for what we have known and experienced in the companionship and in fellowship with the departed one. We thank Thee for what he was as a man, that Thou didst endow him with rare gifts of mind and heart. We thank Thee for the use he made of these gifts, making the one talent five and the five talents ten. We thank Thee for what he was as a Christian minister, in all the faithfulness that he showed. Even as Moses was faithful in Pharaoh's house as a servant, so our beloved brother was faithful in the least things and in the chief.

We give Thee thanks, our Father, for what our beloved brother was in his relations to his brethren in the ministry, in the Presbytery, in the Synod, in the highest courts of the Church, and in his relations to the great institutions of education and missionary interest. We thank Thee for all that he was enabled to do as a cultivated and earnest and loving servant of Christ to further educational and missionary interests.

We thank Thee for what he was as husband and father and friend, for what he was as pastor to his people, and for what he has been to all who have known him in the bonds of Christian faith and love. We give Thee thanks, dear Father, that we can meet here this afternoon not as those who sorrow without hope, but that our sorrow is lifted up into a great and holy joy, and that we forget our sadness in our rejoicing in his behalf,—that we forget that we shall no longer meet him in the rejoicing of heart that he has gone to be forever with the Lord, in the Blessed Presence, in that home where no night is, and where all is light and joy.

We give Thee thanks, dear Father, for the thirty-five years of faithful ministry in one church, for the more than three decades of service in the Board of Foreign Missions. We thank Thee for what he did as the Chairman of the Committee of Synod in this same great work ; and we shall not forget how gentle he was among us, how ready to prefer in honor others to himself, how willing to be nothing if he might exalt Christ, and to serve in any capacity if he might thereby further the interests of the Church of Christ in all the earth.

And now as we mourn his departure for ourselves, we pray Thee a blessing may come upon us. We pray that his mantle of love may rest upon each of his brethren in the ministry ; that the institutions that he has served may be blessed in the memory of this godly man, and that Thou wilt raise up others to take his place in the work ; so that the cause of Christ, which he had ever close to his heart, may not be stopped, but that the work may go on, because of the memory of his service, the memory of his prayers, with greater power and force. To Thy loving care and embrace we commend the immediate friends of our brother departed. We thank Thee that Thou art everywhere the same God ; that Thou hast care of them, of those who belong to Thy service ; and although the fathers depart, the children shall be in their places.

We commend to Thy loving care this church, all the members who survive of the church in which he ministered so long , and may those who have been associated with him rejoice in the memory that he has left behind, and in all the blessed, purifying, sanctifying influences which the Holy Spirit exerted upon them through him. May we go to our homes and to our places of work, determined to be more faithful, to be more earnest in the defense of the truth ; that it may be said of us that we have fought a good fight, that we have finished our course, that we are ready for the crown, and that we have entered into the joy of our Lord.

We ask Thy blessing to enter upon Thy servant, the pastor of this church, and we pray that Thou will make him more and more a man of God, taking up the work which his brother in the ministry laid down, and doing faithfully that work until Thou shalt call him to lay it down. May Thy kingdom come and Thy will be done in all the earth. We ask in Jesus' name. Amen.

After the singing by the assembly of the Long Metre Doxology, the benediction was pronounced by the Rev. Dr. Patton.

RESOLUTIONS.

Extract from the Minutes of the Session of the First Presbyterian Church of Jersey City.

On the death of the Rev. Charles K. Imbrie, D. D., the Session wish to mark their sense of the sorrow and loss sustained by this congregation thereby.

Dr. Imbrie was connected with this Church only for the brief period of eighteen months and in the honorary relation of Pastor Emeritus. His services were always free, generous, devoted and of eminent value. In the pulpit, where unhappily he rarely stood because of the thinness and huskiness of his voice; in the prayer-meeting, from which he was never absent, and where he shone like a great light; in the meeting of the Sabbath-School Teachers for the study of the lesson, which he conducted with an unselfishness of toil and a wealth of learning equally unsurpassed; at the Lord's Table, where he presided with an apostolic venerableness and sweetness; in all, his services were the rare, ever fresh, brilliant, spiritual activities of an accomplished mind and a lofty soul.

Beyond all outward labors, his mere presence and life among us were a benediction. The refinement and grace of his manners, the spiritual beauty of his countenance, the commanding power of his example, the loving gentleness and unction of his speech made him an inestimable joy and blessing to the people among whom he went out and in. He was a present attestation of the gospel of Divine grace. He was an angel of God, to unfold astonishing riches from the Holy Scriptures and to comfort our hearts by his embodied assurance of the heavenly favor. He was a holy and blessed father in God, and he passed away from us amid universal love, reverence, and sorrow.

“ He had kept
The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept.”

Extract from the Minutes of the Presbytery of Jersey City.

Charles Kisselman Imbrie, son of James Imbrie and Margareta Kisselman, was born in Philadelphia, December 15, 1814. His grandfather, great-grandfather and great-great-grandfather were Scotch Presbyterian clergymen. His father emigrated in early man-

hood, and became a merchant in Philadelphia, marrying there, and living there until within a year of his death. He was revered as an honorable, pious, and upright man, and his children held the most grateful recollections of a happy and faithful Christian home.

Charles gained the education which was considered sufficient for commercial life at several academical institutions in his native city, and had spent two years as clerk and bookkeeper in a business house, when being converted and making a public profession of his faith in a Presbyterian Church, he decided to study for the ministry. To that end he entered the Freshman class of the College of New Jersey in 1831, graduating in September, 1835. After a year of teaching in Natchez, Miss., he entered the Theological Seminary at Princeton, where his graduation was delayed by sickness until 1840. For two years of his theological course he also served as tutor in the College.

Being soon afterwards licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Philadelphia, he was called to the First Presbyterian Church of Rahway, N. J., in December, 1840, and was ordained and installed the following January by the Presbytery of Elizabethtown. After eleven years of honored and successful labor, he relinquished his pastorate to accept that of the Presbyterian Church of Jersey City, over which he was installed by the Presbytery of New York, in February, 1852. An exceptionally long and beautiful union followed, the toil, ability and consecration of Dr. Imbrie bringing the church up in strength and usefulness to the front rank in this State. But as the years passed, the changes of time revolutionized the character of the population among whom the sanctuary was located, and the end of its existence on that spot became inevitable. Finally he and his people yielded to the providential constraint of circumstances. Public services ceased, the edifice was sold, and the pastoral relation dissolved in April, 1888, Dr. Imbrie, however, remaining with the people to moderate the Session and to minister in their homes the comforts and instruction of the Gospel. These essentially temporary conditions came to an end in March, 1890, when the church of which he had been the pastor consolidated with the First Presbyterian Church of Bergen to form the First Presbyterian Church of Jersey City. Of this new church Dr. Imbrie became the beloved pastor emeritus, and resided and labored within its bounds until his death, November 20, 1891, at seventy-seven years of age.

He was elected a member of the Board of Foreign Missions in 1856, and served until his death. He received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the College of New Jersey in 1860, and in 1861 became a member of the Board of Trustees. During the years 1869 and 1870 he was associate editor of *The New York Evangelist*. He was elected moderator of the Synod of New Jersey in 1870, and for many years was the Chairman of its Committee on Foreign Missions. He was one of the members by whom this Presbytery was constituted at the Reunion, and his services were unique and invaluable up to his death. In May, 1841, he was married to Miss Elizabeth Miller, of Philadelphia, of the fruits of which union there remain one daughter and two sons.

Dr Imbrie was a man of very exceptional ministerial attainments, and of very finished and beautiful piety. As a preacher he was orthodox, Scriptural, instructive, elegant, energetic, persuasive, and helpful. There was maintained a uniformly high standard of Christian thought and living among those who sat continuously under his preaching. Without many seasons of what are known as revivals, his young people were, at maturity, brought, with very few exceptions into the church. His methods were not such as to attract those who wander from place to place in search of novelties, but did gather and hold those who wished to be fed with the substantial Word of the living God. His people were well instructed and grew up in spiritual strength and maturity under his ministrations. The freedom, comprehensiveness, sublimity, and unction of his public devotional exercises were markedly impressive and uplifting. He was a thorough Presbyterian, yet a real brother of every Christian, of whatever name. He was zealous most for the faith and holiness of the Gospel, and opponent most of every form of unbelief and sin.

As a pastor he was full of the Holy Ghost, pitiful toward the weak and sinful, long-suffering toward the backslider, a rare counsellor in trouble, a grateful comforter in affliction. He was genial, kindly, equable in temperament, conciliatory, a promotor of harmony; he fulfilled a pastorate of nearly fifty years in one church without any disagreement among his people. Yet he was not a man of yielding disposition in any matter which touched his dignity or duty as a minister of the Gospel; in matters of faith he was inflexibly orthodox, in matters of practice he was rigidly true to the principle he might feel to be brought in question. But he was withal of such

good judgment and such loving temper, that he retained the fealty of those who differed from him, and none ever felt a doubt of his perfect sincerity.

No greater monument to his praise can be conceived than the consummate acceptance and ability by which he held together for thirty-six years a useful, vigorous, and distinguished church. The exceeding spiritual beauty, also, of his submission to the inevitable changes of time which gradually erased the church from its place, was profoundly impressive. And his paternal and gracious identification with the flock, of which for the eighteen months before his death he was the pastor emeritus, added to his crown perhaps its purest gems.

As an ecclesiastic he was beyond praise. He was the continued joy, admiration and strength of the Presbytery, for his faithful attendance, for his indefatigable and sagacious services on important committees, for his happy discharge of delicate functions, for his power and lucidity of argument, for his manifold usefulness, for the safety of his counsels, for the benignity of his presence. His mental and spiritual equipment as a presbyter was superb." He was ripe and mellow in all learning and all gracious traits of heart. He was always the sympathetic and unaffected friend of younger brethren. His mind was so full and trained that he was instantly ready for any debate, whether simple or abstruse the subject, and he was an unyielding, though a courteous opponent. He had a profound and systematic knowledge of the truth divinely revealed; his defense of it was scholarly and convincing, his antagonism to error was quick and formidable. Loyalty to truth made him superior to all personal considerations and unreachable by any bribe of friendship. And he was so high above animosities and prejudices, that he seemed never to have had any to conquer. There was no diplomacy in him, other than Christian love and meekness, and no fear, other than the fear of being wrong.

As a man he was the epitome of a Christian gentleman. He was a complete man, strong and lovely. His character was spotless. His influence was purifying and unworldly. His aims were divine. Highly educated, of refined manners and courtly demeanor, his place was among princes. His benevolence toward rich and poor was of that spontaneous and holy quality that threw no shadow of patronage and raised no suspicion of insincerity. His disposition was always

sympathetic, bright, and attractive, and he was fresh in his old age with the simplicity and enthusiasm of life's spring time. Righteousness and love were the utterances of his life, and the Church and the world have lost inexpressibly by his translation.

We rejoice with the First Presbyterian Church of Jersey City that their sanctuary is hallowed with the fragrance of his loveliest years, and that over them remains the benediction of his extended arms.

We bless God that his sweet, holy, and heroic spirit is perpetuated in his family, and we pray that through many generations of his children's children may continue in heavenly and unbroken succession the father's part in the love of God, the grace of Jesus Christ, and the communion of the Holy Spirit.

By order of Presbytery.

EDWIN A. BULKLEY, Stated Clerk.

Extract from the Minutes of the Board of Foreign Missions.

At a special meeting of the Board of Foreign Missions, held at the Mission House, 53 Fifth Avenue, Nov. 21st, the following action was taken :

The Board has learned with sorrow of the death of one of its members, Rev. Charles K. Imbrie, D. D., who died at his home in Jersey City on the 20th inst of pneumonia. Dr. Imbrie had been a member of the Board thirty-five years, having been elected in 1856. As a wise counsellor and faithful friend of missions, he had stood by the Board through all the adversities attendant upon a protracted war, as well as in its days of peace and prosperity. He had seen the work of foreign missions in the Presbyterian Church extend from nine missions to twenty-three ; the number of ordained missionaries raised from seventy to two hundred and ten, and a total native church membership from nine hundred to nearly thirty thousand.

Dr. Imbrie's protracted service was characterized by great regularity and promptness of attendance, by thoroughness in every special duty assigned him, and by a conscientious regard for every claim which the position imposed. He was faithful in his stewardship, enduring to the end in every good word and work, according to the measure of his strength. - His intercourse with his associate members was

marked by genial kindness and courtesy which never failed. No word or act of his has caused a wound to any. Dr. Imbrie was eminently a spiritual man, strong in the faith and most positive in his convictions.

While devoting himself for so many years to the cause of missions here, he also gave a son for the service on the mission field, the Rev. Wm. Imbrie, D. D., Professor of the Presbyterian College of Tokyo, Japan.

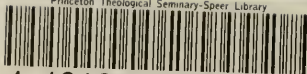
The Board would express its deep sense of loss to the great work of missions, its high appreciation of his faithful services, and the many personal excellencies of their late associate; also its deep sympathy for the surviving members of his family.

In accordance with an invitation from the pastor of the church over which Dr. Imbrie had so long presided, it was agreed that Dr. Wells, President of the Board, should represent the Board in the funeral service; also that the members attend the funeral in a body.

It was ordered that copies of this action be sent to the survivors of Dr. Imbrie's family, and to the Session of the First Presbyterian Church of Jersey City.



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