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THE HOUSE ON THE HILL.

IN THREE PARTS:—PART I.

BY E. W. C.

IT was the month of June when Burton Peabody stepped from the cars upon the platform of the railroad station at N——. He had been told that this town was one of the most beautiful of the many that hang like gems on the silver thread of the Connecticut. As he looked around, however, he felt inclined to doubt the truth of such a statement. But upon reaching the summit of a steep ascent leading to the village a scene met his eye fully justifying the encomium.

Stretching far away to the north lay a fertile plain, covered on either side the highway with various cereals, giving promise of an abundant harvest. Sloping gently toward the west the table-land was lost in a lovely valley, bearing on its bosom a dancing rivulet, while beyond rose a range of hills, their once unbroken garment of green now interspersed and rendered more beautiful by the evidences of cultivation everywhere apparent. The northern horizon was also bounded by mountains, from whose tops Burton could readily have discerned, through the wonderfully transparent atmosphere, some of the loftier peaks of the

White Mountain range. Indeed, had he followed the various roads that wind over and around these heights, scenes of grandeur and beauty would have revealed themselves scarcely surpassed by the far-famed glories of Switzerland. Toward the south and east the country presented a more broken surface; while beyond the clear, bright waters of the river that wash the eastern border of the town appeared the smaller hills of New Hampshire, resting blue against the sky.

Among these natural beauties nestled the little village; and here Burton received a hearty welcome to the pleasant, shady house of his old friend Dr. M——.

“You must go to bed early, my boy,” were the Doctor’s parting words to his guest that night, as he led the way to a large, cool chamber. “You must rise with the sun if you wish to join me in my morning walk.”

“Never doubt me, Sir, I will be ready,” was the hearty response.

True to their appointment, on the morrow the gentlemen were early abroad; but the cool fragrant air, golden with sunshine, in which spar-

REMINISCENCE OF REV. ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER, D.D.

BY E. B. RAFFENSPERGER.

WHILE glancing to-day over the pages of that model biography, "The Life of Rev. Dr. Archibald Alexander, by his son, Rev. Jas. W. Alexander, D. D.," my eye rested at page 605, on these words:

"During his illness he dictated a paper to be taken around for subscriptions toward the relief of a young man whose studies had been interrupted by disease."

The paper, here referred to, has been in my possession for nearly nineteen years, and is regarded by all who have seen it as a valuable memento of Princeton. Had all the circumstances that called it forth been known to the biographer, he would doubtless have made more than this brief mention of an incident, well remembered by many of the students in the college and seminary at that time, as well as by some of the citizens of Princeton. Alas, the hand that penned these words is now, also, quiet; but the life of that gifted biographer has furnished precious material for another book, by *his* son.

My relation to that sick student enables me to recall the facts embodied in this article. The parties to whom they refer, who still live, will, I hope, pardon the liberty here taken. I was in my second year in the Theological Seminary, having previously spent four years in Nassau Hall. While yet a junior in college, we received into our class a young man from Ohio. The small number of Buckeyes in Princeton (less than six) gladly welcomed this new-comer. His fine social qualities soon made him a most popular companion. His circle of friends included many of the best men in college, as well as a few excellent families in the vicinity of Princeton. In company with some of his Jersey friends he made frequent Saturday afternoon excursions

to Mapleton and other neighboring places. The majority of the students envied most heartily the small minority who could thus cultivate sociability outside of college walls. Our Ohio friend belonged to the minority and right well did he improve his advantages. He formed, among others, the acquaintance of an orphan brother and sister who lived on their farm, some four miles from Princeton. Their hospitable mansion was always a favorite place of resort for the students. One day the sad news reached us that our Ohio friend was lying dangerously sick there. It was a sickness that seemed to baffle the best medical skill. The sufferer received at the hands of these comparative strangers every attention that his own brother and sister could have given him. His case demanded constant watching. The brother, having the care of the farm during the day, was relieved by the sister. But after many nights of watching it became necessary to relieve him. A few students volunteered their services and took turns with him in sitting up all night. We managed to give him a relief every other night. Thus days, weeks and months passed, but our patient grew worse. We consulted eminent medical men in Philadelphia and New York. The president of a medical college, in the former city, became so much interested in the case that he visited the patient and made no charge for his services. Another modest member of the same profession, in Philadelphia, paid several visits to the patient, having become deeply interested, not only in the sick student, but in the brother and sister, *especially the sister*. He was then a bachelor, but for the past eighteen years has been her husband. He properly prognosticated that such a girl would make a good wife.

All efforts to relieve the sick student seemed to fail. New and alarming symptoms appeared. Although much emaciated, the patient became subject to fearful spasms, both tonic and clonic. When these were upon him he performed feats that made us think of the Nazarite who wore long hair and never got drunk. He seemed to be endowed suddenly with superhuman strength. Everything frangible that happened to be in his clutch came out, after the spasm, in small pieces. The tonics and clonics were followed by corresponding relaxation. No one could tell when they would come or go. About this time a panic seized the college students. We had now no more volunteers from old Nassau for the relief of one who was still her student. They feared that if the patient would clutch one of their tender arms it might snap in two just like a pipe stem. The seminary students, who expected soon to go out and wrestle with the devil, were the very men, the college boys thought, for the tonics and clonics. But even these theologians, as they approached the bed and saw the small pieces of apples lying around, did not consider it necessary to shake hands. The attending physician, who had witnessed none of the spasms, but had seen the small bits of apples lying on the bed, one day brought him a medium sized but very hard apple. "There," said he, "is an apple that I want you to hold in your hand. If the spasm comes on you and you can demolish the apple, you can do what no man in the United States in his natural strength can do." Next day the incredulous doctor saw even that apple in pieces. His only response was: "I believe that you have mashed it, but I shall never tell the story for fear the people will call me a liar."

Of course many improbable stories were in circulation in regard to the sick student from Ohio, but the people of Princeton and vicinity manifested a deep interest in the case. The student gradually declined. His brother was sent for, who devoted all his time to the sufferer. All supposed his death

near. It was our purpose to wait until he had paid the debt of nature and then call on the students and citizens of Princeton for help. At this time Dr. Archibald Alexander was on his death bed. A cloud of sorrow hung over Princeton; the exercises of the seminary were suspended in part; and we felt just as a company of brothers who were soon to lose a venerated parent.

One day a messenger came to my room asking me to come immediately to the bedside of Dr. Alexander. I found him very feeble. In a few touching words he expressed his deep sympathy for the poor student and regretted his inability to call and see him during the two years of his sickness. "I have asked my daughter," said he, "to prepare a subscription paper, and the members of my family have contributed \$19.00, which you will find inclosed in the paper. Will you take it and call upon the citizens and students to increase it to \$50.00, and then pay half to the brother and sister who have taken such good care of him, and the other half to the student?"

I expressed my willingness to carry out his wish, but inquired whether he would restrict the sum to \$50.00, as I hoped, with such a start, to raise much more. He took my hand and said: "Take the paper. Raise all you can and God bless you."

This was only a few days before his death. After the funeral, the subject was presented by me to the students in the college and seminary; committees were appointed for each class, and the paper was circulated in Princeton among the citizens. The result of the effort was a subscription of \$300.00 in gold, which was equally divided between the sick student, and the brother and sister. Hear now the conclusion of the whole matter.

Contrary to all our plans for the funeral, that patient recovered, entered the ministry and has for years been laboring successfully in the West. He is now one of the jolliest Doctors of Divinity in the reunited Church.