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A

DISCOURSE

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

REV. CHARLES HALL, D. D.,

DELIVERED IN THE

CITY OF NEW YORK,

SABBATH EVENING, JANUARY 1, 1854.

BY

REV. ASA D. SMITH, D. D.,

PASTOR OF THE FOURTEENTH STREET PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

NEW YORK:

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NEW YORK, Jan. 10, 1854.

REV. ASA D. SMITH, D. D.,

DEAR SIR,

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the American Home Missionary Society, on the 9th instant, the following minute was adopted, viz. :—

“ *Resolved*, That the thanks of the Committee be presented to Rev. ASA D. SMITH, D. D., for his Sermon, preached at their request, commemorative of the character and labors of Rev. CHARLES HALL, D. D., late Secretary of the Society, and that a copy be requested for publication.”

In communicating to you this action of the Committee, you will permit us to express, for them and for ourselves, our deep interest in the Discourse, as a graphic and truthful delineation of the character of our lamented associate, constituting it a fitting and most acceptable memorial to be presented to the missionaries and friends of the Society.

Very truly, yours,

MILTON BADGER,
DAVID B. COE,
Secretaries of the A. H. M. S.

NEW YORK, Jan. 16, 1854.

REV. MESSRS. BADGER AND COE,

Secretaries of the A. H. M. S.

DEAR BRETHREN,

Gratefully acknowledging the kind terms in which you have been pleased to communicate the action of the Executive Committee, I herewith submit to their disposal the Discourse of which they request a copy.

Yours, very truly,

ASA D. SMITH.

DISCOURSE.



M A T T. 6: 22.

IF THEREFORE THINE EYE BE SINGLE, THY WHOLE BODY SHALL BE
FULL OF LIGHT.

THE figure here employed is one of great beauty and expressiveness. A high place does the eye hold, in some respects a chief place, among our various physical organs. In the language of the context, it is "the light of the body." If it be "evil"—in other words, if disease fall upon it; if a film grow over it, so that through its exquisitely moulded casement but a glimmer of daylight steals; or if peccant humors pervade it, so that objects are duplicated to the view, or are blent together in perplexing and painful confusion; then, indeed, is the whole body "full of darkness." All its faculties are used to comparatively little purpose. The odors come to it as from an unknown land; that which the fingers touch is but half apprehended; the ear listens as to sounds from a realm of shadows; the tongue pours forth its utterances as into some cloudy abyss. The work to be done is hidden, and the hands falter at it; the path to be taken is obscured, and the feet stumble in it; the goal sought is wrapt in gloom, and the erring steps fail to reach it. Not so

when the eye is "single;" when in its sound and normal state it discriminates keenly, apprehending every thing in its true proportion and relations. Then have all the other faculties their most facile and effective play. Then is our work disclosed to us, and the way of our feet clearly revealed; and whatever mark or prize we propose to ourselves, stands distinctly forth in its own commanding shape, and secures our intensest and steadiest gaze. Our whole body, then, is "full of light."

What the eye is to the body, that the heart is to the soul. It was of the workings of the heart,—or of the chief desire or governing purpose of the mind,—our Lord had just been speaking; and it was for the further illustration and enforcement of his views, that he called to his aid the peculiar phraseology of the text. He had bidden his disciples beware of earthly affections, so corrupting and debasing in all their influence. He had enjoined upon them a supreme regard for heavenly things, a state of mind so conducive to all that is pure and exalted in character. In the words of the text, under the figure of the eye, the illuminator of the physical man, he represents the heart, considered in its purified state,—with the spiritual discernment which then pertains to it, and the high and holy unity of aim which results from such discernment,—as shedding a heavenly radiance over our whole moral being. Our thoughts are brought, then, by the passage before us, after whatever refinement of interpretation, to the very topic which the plainest reader would naturally find here, the excellence and blessedness of *a true singleness of purpose*,—or, as it is often expressed, of "an eye single to the glory of God."

This high Christian attainment is commended to us, in the first place, as a source of *joy*. Prone though we are to look for happiness to the outward, its chief spring is in our own bosoms. Of the soul it may be ever said,

“If right itself, then all around is well;
If wrong, it makes of all without a hell.”

Nay, when the seat of variant and contending affections, it is itself a hell. Of such affections it must ever be more or less the prey, while diverted from its proper center, God. Selfish desires and passions, while they war often with each other, must all unite in warring with conscience. A dreary sense of unrest there must be; distressful gnawings of remorse; and fearful foreshadowings of coming evil. Nor is all this limited to men of avowed worldliness. The hours of gloom and despondency which chequer the pathway of so many Christians, have their origin mainly in a secret consciousness of divided affections. He whose eye is single, on the contrary, cannot but experience the purest and profoundest joy. He may have many trials; in his peculiar mood of mind there may be little of boisterous exultation; the very framework of his physical being may be such, that raptures are hardly possible to him. But there shall be in his heart serene depths of bliss, infinitely dearer than all earthly gladness. Living *on* God, his soul must be satisfied. Living *to* God, he shall have the testimony of a good conscience. By no secret stings of self-reproach, by the thwarting of no selfish plans, by the dashing in pieces of no cherished idols, shall his peace be marred.

Nor is his “whole body” full of the light of joy alone. The radiance of *wisdom* is there. Nothing can be judged of aright, except as seen in its legitimate

relations. You were but a babbler to talk of a planet of the solar system, with no regard to the central orb. So the Scriptures pronounce him practically a fool, who lays his general plans of life, and settles the oft occurring particular points of conduct, with no controlling reference to the glory of God. To aim at that, is to fall in with the broadest wisdom. It is not only to harmonize with the nature God has given us, but with all other natures. It is to run parallel with all the lines of Providence; it is to move in the light of all the suns of all the systems of worlds; nay, it is to walk in the light of the glorious Sun of the universe.

There is a divine *beauty*, too, in a true singleness of purpose. The charm of love is there, love too intense to be diverted from its object. The lofty grace of rectitude is before us; for the glorifying of God is but simple righteousness. All that is attractive in godliness is involved; for unless there be in you a likeness to God, you will not thus cleave to him. A captivating symmetry presents itself. The character, both mental and moral, must, in the absence of the trait we dwell on, be either partially formed, or sadly distorted. It is with the one great Christian aim alone,—that aim which, in its necessary scope, embraces the whole duty of man,—that you have before you, duly developed, the whole man. It is only thus, too, you copy that highest conceivable form of human loveliness, the character of Christ. All the lines of beauty in that character had their center in the glory of God; in that convergency lay the chief element of their beauty. “I seek not mine own glory,” said Jesus; “I honor my Father.” And in his last prayer with his disciples he exclaimed, as summing up his more than angelic life,—“I have glorified thee on the earth.”

We might pass, indeed, beyond the region of mere beauty, and affirm of the aspect of character under consideration the highest *sublimity*. It is sublime, in relation to the object contemplated—an object lofty as the throne of God, vast as the divine nature. What, compared with it, are our trivial names, or the petty interests of a world,—or, if it were possible to discriminate, the well-being of the whole creation even? In contrast with the simple but exalted aim that fills the Christian's eye, the proudest exploits of the mere worldling, be they deeds of martial daring, or feats of statesmanship, or whatever heroic achievements have adorned the tablet of earthly fame, shrink into insignificance. There is, besides, a certain subjective dignity in a single hearted working for God—the dignity of the worker himself. A firm, unbending purpose, in spite of all possible oppositions and seductions; a purpose maintained amid whatever tears, and toils, and sacrifices; a purpose that lives on while other aims, by myriads, are born and die, is in itself sublime. The attribute of sublimity can hardly be abstracted from resoluteness of will, even when the chosen motto is, "Evil, be thou my good." How much more, when all evil is repudiated, and the soul's vision is filled with all that is majestic in infinite goodness!

To singleness of purpose, I add only, belongs, pre-eminently, the element of *power*. That element could not but result, indeed, from the confluence of all the others we have named. It comes, too, from the very continuity of effort. The flinty rock feels, at length, the force of the unbroken series of tiny drops. There is power in the coral insect,—little and frail enough, yet ever toiling,—to break in pieces the huge ship at last. Much more is power evolved, when the

high faculties of man's nature are all combined, and persistently concentrated. Weakness comes often of the mere dissipation of strength—of the diversions and distractions to which men needlessly subject themselves. Let a man have but one generic purpose, and that the true one; let it run, as a line of heavenly light, through all his scheme of life; let him meet with a stern denial all solicitations from whatever plain of Ono; and let his face be set as a flint to do with his might whatever his hand findeth to do; then, however lowly may be his estimate of himself, however quiet and unpretending the method of his working, he shall wield a power unknown to many a more ambitious career. He shall leave deep traces of his influence, however unostentatiously graven, on the generation that survive him; and more and more shall it be seen, in the lapse of years, how much better the world is for his having lived in it.

The train of thought we have thus indicated, has been suggested, it has doubtless occurred to you, by one of the saddest events in the history of the year just departed. It is, indeed, no strange thing, at the close of a twelvemonth, to think of precious names enrolled in the list of its dead—names dear to the church, and prominently connected with all its schemes of beneficence. From our great national Associations for evangelical purposes, beloved Secretaries have, from time to time, been removed. We call to mind the devoted and far-seeing EVARTS; the large-hearted and indefatigable CORNELIUS; the wise and earnest WISNER; the spiritually-minded and fervent ARMSTRONG; the loving, patient and laborious NORTON. But, for the first time in the history of these societies, has a man of God been

called away, whose whole public life, and that of more than a quarter of a century, has been identified with one of them; who began with its beginning, and grew with its growth; all the tissues of his character interweaving themselves with its whole structure. On such an occasion, something more becomes us, we judge, than merely to utter in private our sense of bereavement. It is fitting, surely—not on his account, for he hath higher rewards than we can give, and would hardly turn from his Saviour's smile to listen to our poor praises—but for our own sake, and for the sake of the great interests to which he devoted himself, that we gather here this evening for this more public commemoration. And now that we speak of him, what topic better suited to our purpose than that the text suggests? What aspect of character was more exactly his? As, by the aid of his private journal and letters, added to my own remembrances, and the testimony of surviving acquaintances and friends, I have traced his course from his boyhood to his decease; as the young Christian—the collegian—the theological student—the minister—the secretary, have successively passed before me; as from the public relations he sustained among us, I have turned to the more private,—sitting with him again in the family—walking with him again to the house of God—communing with him again in the circle of christian brethren; no other passage of the Bible has seemed so to sum up his life and labors. I could think of no other as my theme. In his whole life, there was, indeed, a holy and blessed unity. Everywhere, and at all times, his eye was “single;” and for us, for his family and friends, for the church of God, and for a perishing world, his “whole body” was “full of light!”

The Rev. CHARLES HALL, D. D., was born in Williamsport, Pennsylvania, June 23, 1799. His father, who some years since departed this life, was a man of strong, well-balanced mind, retiring in his manners, of singular integrity, and of simple, intelligent and child-like piety. His mother, who still lives, and of whom we may not, therefore, speak at large, possesses, it is believed, some of those very traits of character, that clearness of discrimination and independence of judgment, especially, which were so fully developed in her son. She, also, is a Christian. Charles, the first-born, was solemnly and formally dedicated to God, and whatever of divine grace has shone out in his life, may be reckoned among the innumerable testimonials to the faithfulness of a covenant-keeping God. While he was yet in his infancy, the family removed to Geneva, in this State; and there, amid all the felicitous influences of a religious household, and a highly privileged christian community, a large part of his boyhood and youth was spent.

Charles was a modest, amiable boy, uniformly correct in his deportment. He early exhibited a decided taste and aptness for study. It is remembered that he first learned to read, at two or three years of age, by tracing the letters and words on the sign-boards in the village. He was not only remarkably conscientious in childhood; but, at a very early period, he evidently experienced the awakening influences of the divine Spirit. When only about five years old, as he himself has related, a little book, called "A Token for Children," fell into his hands, and the reading of it much impressed him. He had had a child's self-righteousness, thus far, having trusted in the prayers he had been taught to offer, and in his general propriety of

conduct. Now, a sense of sin and of danger possessed him, and he began to cry with new earnestness for pardon. Soon, however, his attention was in a measure drawn to other things, and his solicitude subsided. From this time to the period of his conversion,—as I learn from a minute and very discriminating narrative, written by himself when about twenty-one years of age,—he was subject to various alternations of feeling—never wholly at ease, often much disturbed. Now his thoughts would be diverted by play, by study, and by romantic reading, and he would either shun the pages which had troubled his conscience, or peruse them with a stern purpose not to be moved. “I well remember,” he says, “that about my sixth year, I commenced arithmetic, and found a relief from my concern of mind, in the pleasure which the solution of even a simple sum could give me.” Again, good books, the pious instructions of his parents, and the winning conversation of his aged minister—who, like his Master, it seems, took much interest in children—availed to re-awaken his fears, and put him upon a new course of effort. At one time, he determined to pray every half hour during the day, and for a short time faithfully performed the task, taking no little complacency, as he intimates, in this extraordinary course of devotion. At another period, convinced that he must come to Christ, and that in order to do so, he must have a deeper sense of sin, he would spend whole days “in thinking over the commandments,” in order to see the guilt of his life in the comparison. “I labored, and toiled, and tugged,” he adds, “to have it in my power to say, ‘I am now ready to believe, I have convicted myself, I am now fit to come.’” So he went on to his thirteenth year. In connection with family worship—a suggestive fact—his

impressions were then deepened, and he gave himself to religious duties with new earnestness, and with a sort of delight; yet without cherishing, or, in his own subsequent judgment, having reason to cherish, the christian hope. By diversities of feeling much like the foregoing, several succeeding years were marked. When about sixteen, he engaged in school-teaching, and under a sense of duty, and in spite of no little derision and persecution, prayed with his pupils. Forbidden by my limits to give at greater length his own analytic and characteristic account of these preliminary religious exercises, suffice it to say, that I see in them, in many points of view, "the seeds of things." He was increasing constantly in religious knowledge. He was acquiring, with a thoroughness which affected his whole subsequent life, a knowledge of his own heart, and by consequence of human nature. And if that oft-quoted remark of Coleridge be true, as to the tendency of our spiritual conflicts to "awaken the faculty and form the habit of *reflection*," he was constantly making progress in the best kind of intellectual discipline.

His final and joyful submission to the terms of salvation, was at the age of eighteen. The last struggles of the unhumiliated heart were of the most marked character. "I took up my Bible," he says, "which always lay on my writing desk, and tried to read it, but could not. My thoughts dwelt only on my own dismal situation, and refused attention to anything else. The conviction of my guilt seemed now complete. I saw that I was a sinner, in the widest sense of the word. But it was not the conviction which is connected with godly sorrow. I could not brook it that all my doings should be at last but filthy rags. I murmured and found fault with God, for not converting me as well as

others; and while my reason and all my mental powers approved the sovereignty of God, my heart rose against it, and such a malignant feeling of opposition to the supremacy of his will possessed me, as makes me almost shudder at the recollection." This was the last tumult of rebellion in his soul. At the voice of Jesus, as on Galilee, the stormy waves subsided, and "there was a great calm." "O what a change!" said he, referring to his altered views of the character and ways of God. "Everything seemed new and interesting. I was surprised and delighted with so fine a theme of thought; and, as I pursued my reflections, the plan of salvation—God's dealings with me—the love of Christ—seemed to be topics enough for the universe to talk of. All these things were so sweet, so mild, so proper; the sublime truths of religion, of whose excellence I had before but a speculative conviction, now seemed so glorious, so important, and crowded in such magnificent forms upon my narrow mind, that I felt bewildered among them. Myself, too, so poor and unworthy! No language could do my feelings justice. It was some time before I recovered myself, and then the first sentiment of my heart was, 'Lord, it is enough! I will love thee. I will not murmur any longer. All is right. Do with me as seemeth good in thy sight!'" Then, for the first time, the obscurations of sin removed, his "single eye" was filled with the glory of God. Then was struck the key-note, not of his whole subsequent life merely, but of that anthem which he is singing now in the world of glory!

It was an early cherished desire of the parents of Dr. Hall, that he should devote himself to the ministry. Partly, it may be, from a knowledge of their views, but quite as much, probably, from his love of

learning, and the serious cast of his mind, his own thoughts, even for a considerable period before the change just related, had taken the same direction. His design was favored, especially after his conversion, by the excellent Dr. Axtell, pastor of the church in Geneva, in connection with which, in the year 1817, he made a profession of religion. His pastor had, indeed, ever taken much interest in him, having early perceived his unusual promise. The circumstances of his father were such, however, that he could render him but little aid in the prosecution of his studies. He was thrown mainly upon his own resources. Though a severe trial, this was well, doubtless, so far as the formation of his character was concerned. He learned to "endure hardness"—to rely on himself—to encounter and surmount obstacles. He was the better able, in subsequent years, to sympathize, not with the indigent student alone, but with the home missionary, toiling amid manifold privations and hardships. His preparation for College was accomplished under great difficulties. For one winter, at least, I have been credibly informed, his grammar and Virgil were studied by the light of blazing pine knots, in a lonely mill, on the outlet of Conesus Lake. Here, while the machinery he tended was doing its work, he would pursue, as he could, his intellectual task; and long after the laboring wheel had ceased its motion, he would bend still, by his rude lamp, over the classic page. His eye was "single," then; it was the hope of glorifying God, as a minister and a missionary, that urged him on. An incident has been related to me, which I cannot forbear to repeat, as illustrating, in many points, his history at that period. The avails of his labor in the mill, were to form his outfit for Col-

lege; but knowing how inadequate it would be, his sympathizing father made him a visit during the winter, bringing with him a bank bill, saved at home by economy and self-denial, for the purpose of helping on the beloved son and brother. It was at the close of the day he arrived, and they spent the evening together. Both were deeply affected, as the gift was delivered; for it was an offering, both knew, which had cost much, and it was consecrated to a holy purpose. They sat by the fireside—that father and son—talking long and earnestly, and when, at length, they rose to retire, the bank note was missing. Charles remembered taking it, and holding it in his hand, and thought he had put it in his pocket; but it was not there. Returning to the fireplace, he discovered a little piece of it lying on the hearth. As he had been absorbed in conversation, it had fallen from his hand, and all but a mere fragment been reduced to ashes. Thus, by a new disappointment, was his faith tried, a disappointment the more severe, as it trod on the heels of such newly-awakened gladness and gratitude. Dr. Hall has often referred to this incident; and trivial though it may seem in some points of view, it cannot be doubted that, in the memories and colloquies of father and son in heaven now, a place is found for that gift and that loss in the old mill at Conesus.

Having prepared himself in the studies of the Freshman year, Dr. Hall entered Hamilton College, as Sophomore, in 1821. With great energy and self-denial did he here hold on his way. I have heard touching statements in regard to weary journeys performed by him on foot, and other economical expedients, designed to suit his outgoes to his limited means; expedients involving sometimes, perhaps, too

great a degree of hardship, yet ever illustrating his holy singleness of purpose. He acquitted himself most creditably in all the walks of scholarship; and graduated in 1824, with the first honors of his class. Rejoicing to near the goal of his fondest wishes, he entered, in the autumn of the same year, the Princeton Theological Seminary. Here he remained, earnestly and successfully prosecuting his studies, endearing himself to all his associates, and commending, in his daily deportment, the Gospel he was preparing to proclaim, until, having nearly reached the close of the three years' course, he was called to that field of labor, in which, as it proved, his great life-work was to be done.

The American Home Missionary Society was then in the first year of its existence. That broad river, which has sent a fertilizing influence over so many wastes, was formed by the confluence of various streams. It were interesting and instructive, had we time, to trace each to its distant source. There was the United Domestic Missionary Society, having its center in this city, itself constituted by the union of several smaller Societies; two, at least, of which—Young Men's Associations—had their origin, as reliable tradition affirms, in a Young Men's Prayer Meeting. Some zealous young disciples met for prayer; it was natural to connect with it their alms; and, as natural that, for the wise disposal of those alms, an organization should be provided. This one organization, in the course of Providence, became two. There was the old Connecticut Missionary Society, which, as early as 1798, began to care for the new settlements. There was the Massachusetts Society, formed but a year later in Boston, by a number of benevolent persons—

“a small group,” it is said, “which the smallest public room in the city would suffice to accommodate.” There were the State Societies, also, of Vermont, New Hampshire, Maine, and Rhode Island. These had all been laboring to good purpose in their several spheres; but it occurred to some of the wisest friends of evangelical effort, that in union there would be strength, especially in a union which should involve a needed enlargement of aim. The growing wants of our country, and the immeasurable importance of its thorough evangelization, were becoming more and more apparent. Nothing less must be attempted, it was felt, than to follow, with gospel institutions, the ever deepening tide of emigration, until the length and breadth of the land should be hallowed and gladdened by them. So, by a Convention, composed mainly of the friends of the various Societies which have been named, assembled in the city of New York, in the year 1826, that National Association was formed, whose sore bereavement has gathered us here this evening.

It has been already intimated, that Dr. Hall's feelings were early interested in the work of missions. It was his design, at first, if God should open the way, to consecrate himself to the foreign field. Before he entered College, when Bingham and Thurston were preparing to go to the Sandwich Islands, he had serious thoughts, in view of the difficulty of prosecuting his studies, of going with them as a teacher. While a member of College, he remarked, at one time, to an aged friend with whom he had been conversing about the heathen world, “I am almost afraid they will all be converted before I am permitted to carry to them the Gospel.” These missionary aspirations accompanied him to the Theological Seminary. His

thoughts were even turned, at one time, to a particular field, that region of all hallowed associations,

“Over whose acres walked those blessed feet,
Which, eighteen hundred years ago, were nailed,
For our advantage, on the bitter cross.”

Nor did he relinquish all designs of this sort, until he became fully satisfied, that in the high sphere of duty to which Providence called him in our own land, he could labor more effectually for the promotion of that one great end which engaged his whole heart, the universal upbuilding of the Redeemer's kingdom. In whatever change of plan, the “eye single” was still manifest.

It was in March, 1827, Dr. Hall was called to the office of Assistant Secretary of the American Home Missionary Society. In the autumn of 1837, he was appointed one of the Co-ordinate Secretaries for Correspondence; in which office he continued until his death. It was early apparent, that he had singular adaptations to the department of labor on which he had entered. His eminent piety fitted him for it; his entire devotedness to his Master's service, and his special interest in the great work of missions. None who knew him, could call in question, even in periods most rife with partisan jealousy, his simplicity of purpose. To the unsectarian platform of the Society, and to the meeting of those exigencies, which conflicting opinions and interests would, at times, occasion, the marked catholicity of his spirit, together with the habitual gentleness and kindness of his demeanor, was happily suited. He had, indeed, his private denominational preferences; he would forbid such preferences to no one. But as an officer of the Home Missionary Society,—nay, in his inmost heart,—the object which

towered above every other, was the spreading of the knowledge of a crucified Saviour.—The cast of his intellect fitted him for his work. He had great clearness of judgment; his mind was comprehensive, well balanced, and strikingly logical in its habits; he had an almost unrivaled discernment of character. This last trait was early developed. In a private communication of his to an intimate friend, written at about the age of twenty-one, I find an analytic sketch of the personal peculiarities of a number of individuals with whom he was temporarily residing, which, for clearness of conception, exactness of discrimination and graphic skill, forcibly reminds one of some of his later performances. In this specimen of word-painting, a transcript of his thinking, touch succeeds touch, not one, apparently, at random or amiss, till the whole family group, each figure having its own peculiar lineaments, is distinctly bodied forth. Largely as the Home Missionary Society is concerned with men, and injurious as wrong estimates of character may prove, it is easy to see how serviceable to its interests must have been this quickness and keenness of apprehension. In a quiet conversation, when the person concerned had little thought, perhaps, of the processes of which he was the subject, Dr. Hall would often take his measure and calibre, as accurately, almost, as if he had known him for a lifetime. He doubtless sometimes mistook, for to err is human; but those who knew him best were ever slow to dissent from his deliberate judgments. He was a man of method, too, and of punctilious exactness in all business concerns. He was a genial fellow-laborer—unselfish, appreciative, considerate, sympathizing. I listened, recently, to affecting testimony from the lips of the first Secretary of the Society, the Rev. Dr. Peters, with whom Dr. Hall acted as Assistant,

touching the tender cordiality of the relations which subsisted between them; and with tearful utterances is like testimony borne by the now surviving Secretaries. He was a reliable man. Mild, indeed, he was in manners, and gentle in speech; of such demeanor, at times, that a stranger might almost have thought him timid or vacillating. He was wisely compliant, if occasion required it, on unimportant points. Yet when a matter of principle was in hand, when he was evidently called to take his stand for truth and righteousness, then, whoever or whatever might oppose, he was steadfast and unmovable.

Intimately connected with his usefulness, was his high appreciation of the work in which he was engaged. To say that it was linked, in his view, with the great end for which he lived, the advancement of the Redeemer's cause, was to do but partial justice to his convictions. Its connection with that end was, in his soberest judgment, of no ordinary sort. He loved all good enterprises. To the whole round of evangelical charities, he gave ever his sympathies and his prayers. He would unduly disparage no one of them. But it was by the foolishness of preaching, chiefly, he judged, the world was to be saved. The gospel ministry held, to his apprehension, a chief place in the circle of beneficent agencies. Little, comparatively, he believed, could be accomplished without it. Other forms of influence are not to be intermitted; if used wisely and in godly sincerity, the divine blessing will not be withheld. Yet is the pulpit, God's institution, suited with divine skill to man's nature; not to this or that particular time, or place, or character, or condition, but to man as man; to man in all circumstances and all ages. Other appliances are as the scanty draughts of water borne from afar to the travelers fainting on the

desert. The pulpit is as the refreshing fountain gushing forth at their feet. Establish the gospel ministry in a destitute place, and all other fitting instrumentalities shall cluster around it, and derive support from it. To all good machinery it shall be the permanent main-spring. With these views of the ministry, were connected, in his thinking, the most enlarged conceptions of the importance of our country as a field of evangelical effort. He had pondered its history; he had studied deeply its capacities and resources; with a clear and comprehensive foresight, he had contemplated its unfolding destinies. His eye had swept over the vast plains of the West, even to the shores of the Pacific. Deep had answered to deep, as he mused; and with these ocean-murmurs, the voices of the many millions had mingled, who at no remote period are to throng what now are wide spread solitudes. Nor, deeply patriotic though he was, had he thought as a patriot merely. His motto was, Our country, not for its own sake alone, but for the sake of the world. He marked, with unutterable interest, its increasing power. He saw it the center and the glory of all lands. He beheld it, affecting more and more, through the channels of commerce, of diplomacy, of travel, of literature, of various evangelism, the whole family of man. He noted the deepening tide of emigration, bringing to us, representatively, the whole world; binding us by new ties of sympathy to all the nations, and opening before us a thousand new channels of influence. He was convinced not only that the hope of universal liberty was suspended on the perpetuity of our free institutions, but that the spiritual interests of the world depended greatly, under God, on the maintenance and diffusion here of the pure and untrammelled forms of

Christianity, bequeathed to us by our godly ancestors. Let infidelity prevail here, and the note of its triumph shall be a note of woe to the nations. Let our land become Immanuel's; a land of Bibles and Sabbaths, and faithful preachers of the Gospel, and humble worshipers of God; and over all lands the chariot of salvation shall speed on its way. Such were his convictions; and it was with such great thoughts, stretching from sea to sea, and from the river to the ends of the earth,—yea, reaching up to the throne of God, and down into the eternal ages,—that he gave to the Home Missionary work both the dew of his youth and the vigor of his manhood. It was under the influence of such considerations that he toiled on, with a diligence never remitted, with a zeal that never waxed cold, with a concentration of mind that would scarce admit of needful relaxation, till, worn out at length, he lay down in the grave.

Few persons are aware of the amount and the severity of labor devolved on the Secretaries—I might say of all our great benevolent Associations, but I am now mainly concerned to say—of the American Home Missionary Society. Think of the pulpit appeals to be made, and the platform addresses; and the frequent presentations before various ecclesiastical bodies. Think of the plans to be laid for the advancement of the Society's fiscal interests; and of the various uses of the press for the enforcement of its claims. Think of the examination of proposed fields that becomes necessary; the consideration, at times, of conflicting claims; and, especially, the careful scrutiny of character so often required. Think of the supervision,—not ecclesiastical, for that is not assumed,—the general and appropriate supervision of more than a thousand missionaries; men

of various peculiarities, at various points, having various difficulties to contend with, and obliged often to roll heavy burdens on the officers of the Society. Think of the more than one hundred letters received weekly, many of them not only requiring answers at length, but embracing questions of a delicate and trying nature, questions calling for not a little deliberation and investigation. Think—if secular life may help me to an illustration—of a firm of three partners, having more than a thousand agents, in as many scattered places, all doing an important and complicated business; and you may be helped to an apprehension of the burdens which, in common with his associates, our departed brother bore. In the line of public speaking, indeed, he did not largely engage. In the view of all who valued chiefly richness and spirituality of thought, in pure and forcible diction, he was an able preacher. But his physical frame was feeble, and his voice had little compass. He judged it best, therefore, that in the necessary division of duties, his should be chiefly those of the pen and of the office. That judicious, well-arranged, tasteful and most effective publication, the “Home Missionary,” has, for a large part of its lifetime, been mainly edited by him. Indefatigable were his efforts, through that work and other channels, to enlighten and arouse the public mind in regard to the importance of the Home Missionary enterprise. Among his labors in this direction, I may name prominently, that little pamphlet called “Our Country,” first embraced mainly in the Society’s periodical, and afterwards published by the Executive Committee in a separate form. Unpretending though this pamphlet is, I know no more impressive embodiment of considerations and facts on the subject of which it treats. It has been a thesaurus of material

from which many others have drawn ; and has exerted a wide-spread and powerful influence in behalf of the evangelization of our land. In the correspondence of the Society, a sphere of effort less patent, of course, to the public eye, Dr. Hall's labors were not less felicitous or useful. On any subject, and for any purpose, he wrote both readily and well. His style was characterized by the most perfect clearness ; not a particle of mist ever hovered over his pages. He had a nice and cultivated rhetorical taste, too ; and there was, in no small measure, beauty as well as strength in his periods. Many of the papers he was called to prepare in the line of official duty, are models of their kind. In correspondence, however, an important part of the duties of the Secretariat, and one to which he had occasion much to addict himself, he seemed peculiarly at home, and all his varied powers were called into most effective exercise. Here, some have judged, was his forte. In his more private letters, I am sure, there was not only good logic and all christian wisdom, but a lithe and buoyant play of intellect, an out-pouring of the heart, a variety, and freshness, and often brilliancy of style, seldom equaled. Now a condensed and pithy statement would arrest your attention ; now an apt and striking figure ; now a fine descriptive touch ; now an outburst of most heavenly emotion. In every direction, the brightest gems of thought and feeling were scattered. I remember a characteristic expression of admiration, called forth from the late Professor Stuart, some twenty years ago, as he had occasion to listen to certain striking passages in some private letters of Dr. Hall. The same general characteristics, though possibly in lower degree, pertained to his official letters. Many a perplexing and embarrassing difficulty has been disposed

of by his skillful, but honest and transparent diplomacy. To the soul of many a weary, troubled, faint-hearted missionary, his discreet and genial words—his utterances especially of the spirit of Christ—have brought light and consolation. They have been—words “fitly spoken”—“as apples of gold in pictures of silver”—nerving the spirit, amid whatever difficulties, to intenser effort and a loftier courage. If to all these forms of efficiency, we add that wisdom in counsel, which grew out of the native characteristics of his mind, his christian spirit, his long official experience, and his varied knowledge of men and things; you see, in the outline, what he was to the Society, and what a breach God has made upon us in his removal from earth.

Shall we speak of the results of his labors? Eternity only can fully unfold them; yet something may be said even now. He found the Society in its infancy; he left it in vigorous manhood. I overlook not nor disparage what others have done; their praise is on earth and their reward shall be on high. I speak of what no one man could accomplish alone; but of what he, by God's grace, had an important part in achieving. He found the Society with one hundred and ninety six missionaries; he left it with nearly eleven hundred. He found it with a revenue of eighteen thousand dollars; he left it with an income of one hundred and seventy thousand. He found it just entering on the work of evangelizing the Great Valley; ere he left it, it had aided in planting the standard of the cross on the shores of the Pacific. Ask you for results? Sum up, if you can, what the American Home Missionary Society has accomplished. Call up to your mind's eye the one hundred and twenty thousand souls that have been gathered into missionary churches—aye, listen to the harpings of

many of them before the throne of God. Think of the hundreds of young men who, in such churches, have had their thoughts turned to the ministry, many of whom are now preaching the Gospel. Think of the Sabbath school influences which have been sent forth, and the influences in favor of temperance and of all good morality. Think of the power which has been wielded for the shaping aright, and the duly cementing, of the foundations of society; nay, for the rearing aright of the social edifice. Think of all these potencies in their marvelous progression, in their ever-widening sweep of beneficence, as the tide of time rolls on! I would not, I repeat it, give undue prominence to the labors of our glorified brother. Could he speak to us from his heights of bliss, he would forbid my doing so. He who, in his lowliness, felt at times as if his life had been "a failure," would love to magnify what his fellow laborers have done, and to exalt, above all, the power and grace of Christ. Yet, if we speak of instruments, was he not, in all we have adverted to, one of the chief? As, at the tomb of Sir Christopher Wren, in the noble cathedral of which he was the architect, we read this significant inscription, "Si monumentum quæris, circumspecte,"—"If you seek his monument, look around;"—so, may we not say, For our brother's best memorial, look over our land. In every church formed or fostered by the agency of this Society, from the lakes to the Gulf, and from the highlands of Maine to the land of gold,—in every waste that church has reclaimed and beautified,—you behold his monument!

Nor were his beneficent labors confined to his official sphere. Some there are, whose goodness is so limited, that you can scarce help regarding it as perfunctory. Away from a certain post, or out of a certain range of prescribed service, they become as other men.

It was not so with Dr. Hall. The same heart that throbbed in the Home Missionary office, he bore about with him everywhere. His eye was ever "single;" he had everywhere the missionary spirit. It was not strange, therefore, that on connecting himself with the Society, and especially after his union with her, who, having been the partner of his joys and sorrows from almost the commencement of his public life, still lives to mourn her loss, he should take a deep interest in the spiritual necessities of the great city where his lot, both as a missionary secretary and as the head of a family, was cast.

While the Allen Street Presbyterian Church, then called a mission church, was yet in its infancy, and in great feebleness, he largely concerned himself in its affairs. With an eye to doing good, he transferred his family to it; and his presence, his sympathy, his counsel, and other personal services, were greatly helpful in carrying it through its period of early embarrassment. It was in part owing, I believe, to that discernment of character, of which we have spoken, that the Allen Street church secured, at length, the pastoral services of the late excellent and eminent Dr. White. That church brought, with the divine blessing, into good condition, Dr. Hall turned his thoughts to another field. Impressed with the spiritual wants of the eastern section of the city, he made arrangements to establish a preaching station at the place where the Brainerd Church was subsequently formed; of which movement that church was the result. Though others co-operated with him, he was the chief agent in the new enterprise. Leaving the Allen Street congregation, his family connected themselves with it. Of the earnestness and efficiency with which he labored to advance it, you may

learn something from his own words. Writing to a friend, at an early stage of its history, he says: "On Christmas day, I sat down and drew up a statement and appeal on behalf of a large section of the city, peculiarly favorable to evangelical effort, and addressed it to four good men; told them the sacrifices they would have to make in coming to take hold of the work of building up a church there, and then told them *to decline if they dare*. Well, our good people have been praying ever since; and I have strong hopes that two of the four, will, at considerable expense of convenience, money, and dear old associations, remove their residences to that section of the city, and bear the burden of the congregation." Among the men, who, by these or other like influences, were drawn to the new church, were Harlan Page and Joseph Brewster. Of others, still living, I may not speak. Largely concerned was Dr. Hall in all the work of laying the foundations of the Brainerd Church; and whatever good may have resulted from it, or shall yet accrue from organizations and enterprises which it has either partly or wholly originated, may be in no small measure ascribed to his agency.

May I be pardoned here a brief personal testimony? It was in that church, young and inexperienced, I began my ministry. I was an inmate of his family. He was my senior in years, and in the ministry; my confidant, and my kind and wise counselor. He was my hearer; and some of my dearest remembrances of him are in that relation. You have a sure clue to the religious character of a man, if you do but know the quality of his hearing. From intimate acquaintance, I understood the cast and compass of his intellect; its large demands, and its capacity for searching and even

scathing criticism. Advice I had, as it was needed, given in the most felicitous manner; but when I rose up in his presence to utter the word of God, it was no cold-hearted captious censor that sat before me; it was a little child in Christ Jesus. When I left the desk, burdened, perhaps, with the thought, that little had been done for the spiritual benefit of the people, it would be no strange thing if my heart was soothed by some such remark from his lips, as, "It will do us good; it was just what we needed." Not the lowliest member of the flock could have received with greater meekness "the ingrafted word." Very pleasant wast thou unto me, my brother, friend of my earlier and my later days; and pleasant shall it be to review those scenes of the past, in our blessed re-union before the throne of God!

A not dissimilar testimony have other pastors borne, with whose congregations it was the lot of our departed brother to be connected. Nowhere was he merely an indifferent spectator. His whole soul flowed forth in the services of the sanctuary; he delighted in the gathering for social prayer; he took a lively interest in whatever related to the conversion of souls, or to the edifying of God's people. Especially did he take pleasure in laboring for the upbuilding of new or feeble congregations. Declarations to this effect, the most emphatic, did some of us hear at his funeral, from the Pastor of the High Street Church, in Newark, the Rev. Mr. Poor, with whose congregation his family have, for several years, been connected. In the same strain speaks the Rev. Dr. Condit, formerly of Newark. "I think of him," he says, in a recent letter, "when a worshiper in the Second Church; where he so often indicated his sympathy with the preacher and the truth,

now with a countenance lighted up with joy, and now with a tear, not less expressive, perhaps, of inward joyous emotion. That connection with him was ever pleasant to me. By no look, or word, or act, did he do aught but cheer me."

By still other forms of excellence and usefulness, is the memory of Dr. Hall endeared to us. One of the best presentations of the duty of "Systematic Benevolence," that have ever been given to the public, was a Report on that subject, originally prepared by him for the Synod of New York and New Jersey, and afterwards published with a valuable appendix. It is clear, scriptural and comprehensive, embracing, indeed—*multum in parvo*, as it is—the substance of nearly all that has been wisely written on the subject. At an early date in his public life, he commenced, and continued for a time, carefully husbanding his moments of leisure for the purpose, and trenching often upon the hours that should have been given to sleep, an exegetical work of a serial character, called the "Daily Verse Expositor." While he was a good general scholar, striving ever to keep abreast with the age, he specially excelled in biblical studies. He loved and magnified God's word; and delighted in whatever tended to shed light on its pages. The work just referred to was, for the purpose it had in view, that of condensed, simple, yet accurate annotation, admirably executed. To Biblical Archæology, he gave much attention. With the geography of the Holy Land, especially, he was uncommonly familiar. You might have suspected this direction of his studies, from a glance at the pictures suspended upon the walls of his dwelling. There is one there still, hanging by his silent, yet speaking portrait, a view of Jerusalem,—which, though correct enough in the estimation of most

intelligent persons, was to his apprehension quite faulty. "That is a good view," said a missionary from Palestine to him once. "No!" he promptly replied, "it is not a good one;" and he soon convinced the man who had been favored, above himself, with a personal observation of the original, that the picture was inaccurate. When Dr. Robinson was about to publish that invaluable work, his "Biblical Researches," so deeply interested was Dr. Hall in it, and so eager to possess himself of its treasures, that he actually begged of the author the privilege of perusing the sheets, as they successively issued from the press. I have been recently assured by Dr. Robinson, that he found no other man in America so deeply interested in the geography of Palestine, or so well acquainted with it. He not only prepared an appropriate notice of the "Biblical Researches," for one of our leading religious papers, but wrote, also, an extended and able review of it, for the "Biblical Repository."

If we pass from his public relations and labors to the inner circle of his excellences, to his private christian virtues, his social and domestic affections and habits, we find his character still one harmonious whole. He was in all things eminently conscientious—careful to encroach upon no man's rights, to render unto all their dues, and above all, to "render unto God the things that are God's." Especially remarkable was his strictness in keeping holy the Sabbath. Neither by labor, by recreation, nor by travel, under whatever urgency of temptation, would he desecrate the blessed day of God. After a week's toil in a narrow room in the crowded city, he would resolutely decline walking in his garden on that day, however solicited by the early flowers, the Spring birds, and the balmy air. He would avoid

the very appearance of evil; he would not even seem to saunter away the holy hours. On his return from his tour in Europe, the ship that bore him arrived at the wharf, in this city, on Sabbath morning. His family were at Newark; a little more than half an hour's ride in the cars would have taken him there. His affectionate heart yearned to greet them; but it was the Lord's Day, and his eye was still "single." So he tarried in the city until Monday, "and rested the Sabbath day, according to the commandment." How he delighted in congenial society; how affectionate, and courteous, and winning were all his ways there; what a charm his intelligent, sprightly, and yet christian-like conversation imparted to the social circle; there are many present who need not be told. How careful he was to injure no man's feelings; how prompt to heal a wound which had been undesignedly made; how ready he was to enter on the most spiritual themes, and with what unction he would dilate on them, opening to you the very portals of his heart; how forward he was to rejoice with those that rejoice, and to weep with those that weep; how faithful he was in reproof, and how kind withal; what love for souls possessed him, and with what holy earnestness and perseverance he would labor, often, to lead individuals to the Saviour; on these, and other like traits, I may not enlarge. According to his limited means—yea, and beyond them frequently—he was a liberal man. Many of the sons and daughters of poverty rise up and call him blessed. Especially did he take pleasure, remembering his own early embarrassments, in aiding worthy but indigent students for the ministry. "The assistance he gave me," says one, now preaching the Gospel, "in my efforts to gain an education, was most substantial, and

was always bestowed with a cheerfulness and delicacy that made the gift doubly welcome, and constituted him a *model giver*."

It is scarcely fitting, that I should enter the sanctuary of his domestic affections. Yet it is impossible to do justice to his character without adverting briefly to the depth of his tenderness, and the varied forms of his fidelity there. Home was a charmed word to him. There, next to the throne of grace, was his heart's dearest refuge and resting-place. How, in his journeyings—especially in his European tour—did his soul often pine for it; how solitary did he feel himself! Amid the attractions of London, he writes in his journal: "Felt sad—I greatly need sympathy. I have been so long accustomed to pour out my heart into the ear of listening affection, and to have reciprocal expression of thought and interest, that without it, pleasure is no pleasure to me." He recognises, again, with a gush of fatherly feeling, the recurring birthday of one of his children. He calls them all to mind. "I looked at their pictures," he writes, "till my heart almost broke." He receives letters from home, and speaks of making haste to get alone that he might "read, and weep, and give thanks, and pray." Amid rural scenes of surpassing loveliness, he says of his dear ones: "I longed, first for one, then for another, for *all* of them to be with me." He is among the mountains of Scotland, and by associations characteristically delicate and touching, his thoughts are again sent homeward. "My attention," he says, "was arrested by a tree, which frequently occurred, growing over the precipices, and loaded with clusters of red berries,—in every respect like the mountain ash, except that the head of the tree is not so trim and graceful as that is. I asked

one of the young gentlemen in company, 'What tree is that?' 'The Rowan tree.' Oh, how there rushed to my heart a tide of emotions! 'The Rowan Tree' is the title of a song which my dear girls sing, full of sweet thoughts of home and home scenes; and the tune is touchingly plaintive. Those thoughts—that tune—those scenes 'of hame and infancy,' of 'bairnies' and their 'mither dear,' came back to me here in the highland birthplace of the poetry and the music, and I melted under their power. I sought a place to weep, while I sat on a stone and sang a verse, holding in my hands a branch with its scarlet berries." But I may not enlarge in this direction. I have already, perhaps, been tempted too far. Yet why should I not show you, as it was, the heart of our dear brother? I will add only, that in all these domestic relations and sympathies, his eye was "single." He had consecrated his children to God, and for him he sought to train them. He longed, with unutterable desire, to see them all not only Christians, but eminent Christians. In a letter to one of his sons, after a vivid sketch of the peculiarities of the age, a passage follows, which may be taken as a specimen of his parental advices and appeals: "You will soon come, if your life is spared, upon the stage, right in the *forenoon* of a day of action, such as the world never saw. I would fain impress you with the idea, that you are to live in an *uncommon era*; and that you owe it to your own character, to God, and to the interests of human nature, to *be* more, and *do* more, than if you had lived at another time.

' On the world's wide field of battle,
 In the bivouac of life,
 Be not like dumb, driven cattle—
 Be a hero in the strife.'

A blessed legacy to the children, are the counsels and the example of such a father!

Though Dr. Hall's physical habit was, through most of his public life, delicate rather than robust, yet he was ordinarily able to accomplish a great amount of labor. For several years preceding his death, however, there was a very manifest decline of his health. In connection, probably, with derangements of the digestive economy, with which he had long been afflicted, he became subject to severe attacks of inflammatory rheumatism. So seriously was he affected, that the mental efforts which had ordinarily been both easy and delightful, became at times a task and a weariness. It grieved him to find his vigor at all diminished. The thought of being, in any respect, an unprofitable servant in the vineyard of his Master, was ever painful to him. He sought to avoid, or to repair deficiencies, by extra exertion. The pleasures of social intercourse, which he relished so keenly, he would often readily sacrifice, that he might accomplish seasonably some official duty. Often when he returned from his office at night, exhausted in body and spirit, he would turn from those quiet enjoyments of the domestic circle which had ever such attraction for him, to make up, at his writing-desk, what he regarded as an imperfect day's labor; at the same time mourning that he had so little strength to devote to what he was wont to call his "blessed work." He sought, at times, by temporary rest, to re-invigorate his frame; but seasons of relaxation it was difficult to secure, under the constant pressure of business at the office. Loving his work as he did, unwilling as he was to impose additional burdens upon his colleagues, he was ever reluctant to be absent. When obliged to be away, the sight of a num-

ber of the "Home Missionary" would be to him as the sound of the trumpet to the war-horse. Too soon for his health, he would hasten back again.

Near the close of the year 1851, it occurred to some of his friends, and the thought came at length to be favorably entertained by himself, that a longer period of absence—a voyage across the ocean, and a tour of months, with entire freedom from his ordinary cares and labors—would be the most hopeful means of restoration. Dr. Robinson was about to sail for Palestine, with the design of further prosecuting his researches there, and he invited Dr. Hall to become his fellow traveler. Most delightful to him would have been the proposed tour—

"As far as to the sepulchre of Christ."

It would have been the realization of some of his fondest dreams. Only by a great struggle could he relinquish the thought of it. But considerations connected with his official relations interposed, and he bowed to the will of Providence. "I have given it up," he said to a friend, "and I feel better." It was another of his sacrifices to his single purpose. The derangement of his health still continuing, however, that European tour was the following year determined on, to some incidents of which I have already alluded. The design was facilitated by the praiseworthy generosity of certain friends both of the enfeebled Secretary and of the Society, and by his colleagues cheerfully assuming whatever additional duties his absence might impose upon them.

He sailed for Havre, July 10, 1852. From that city he crossed the channel to England; and after a brief stay in London, went to Liverpool, and thence northward, through the beautiful lake country, to the High-

lands of Scotland. Returning by way of Edinburgh to London, he visited some of the most interesting localities in the neighborhood of that city, and then made his way to Paris. From Paris, he passed, by way of Germany, to Switzerland, among whose Alpine wonders he made extensive excursions. In one of the mountain passes, the Tête Noire, he narrowly escaped with his life. The mule on which he rode, making a false step, rolled from the path with him, into the rocky bed of a river below. It was marvelous that the effect of the fall was only a few bruises and a momentary stunning. It was of God's goodness; that he might die among his kindred, and that religion might be honored by his last utterances. By way of Marseilles, and other cities on the Mediterranean, he visited Rome. After spending a short time there, he returned through France to England, and thence sailed for home; the whole period of his absence from the country having been less than five months.

The developments of his character during this tour, as his journal and letters present them, were of the most striking kind. While the restoration of his health was his main object, he diligently availed himself of his many opportunities for observation and improvement. He had a highly cultivated taste for the fine arts; and great was his delight in exploring the galleries of Europe. Yet he passed through them as a discriminating and independent critic; never praising things, as his notes evince, because others had praised them; but venturing to stand alone, if he must, in his judgment of the productions even of a Rubens or a Raphael. He was especially a lover of the beautiful and sublime in nature; and in this respect his tour afforded him the most exquisite enjoyment. Amid the

enchancing scenery of the West of England—in the vale of Keswick, at Rydal Mount, at Windermere, and the neighboring lakes; among the Highlands of Scotland; at Windsor, at Blenheim; at a thousand points in the Swiss Oberland, language seemed inadequate to utter his emotions. “Such combinations,” he writes, in the West of England, “of grandeur of outline in the close-shutting mountains, and of beauty in the lakes and clean, lawn-like meadows, I never saw before.” “Magnificent and inexpressible!” he exclaims, at the Grimsel Pass of the Alps. “The half was never told me, nor can it be communicated in words.” We are chiefly interested, however, in the manifestations of his piety. Abundantly evident is it, that wherever he journeyed, whatever he beheld and enjoyed, whether the finest and noblest works of art, or the loveliest and most majestic natural scenery, his eye was still “single,” his heart rose above and through all to God his portion. He writes from the ship in which he sailed to Europe, as it floats out of the harbor: “I am well supplied with tracts, and hope to-morrow to begin my mission in a small way.” He meets a beggar in Scotland, and the entry in his journal is, “Talked to him about his soul.” At Stratford-upon-Avon, he writes, “The great enemy has this day sorely buffeted me, so that my joy has been turned into mourning. I go to my bed looking to Jesus—or *towards* him, for Oh, I do not perceive his smiling face. ‘Return, O Holy Dove, return.’” He visits Blenheim, the famous country-seat bestowed by Queen Anne on the first Duke of Marlborough, and after a most graphic account of it, adds: “As I wandered through these grounds, and opened my heart to these forms of beauty, I could feel the rivers of delight rolling in upon my soul. I forgot the

Duke of Marlborough ; I had no appreciation for his military glory, or for his royal mistress. I thought only of God, who made this majesty and loveliness. I felt that he intended and adapted the world—its creatures—its lakes—its forests—its landscapes, to speak of him, to lead up our hearts to him. I felt that there is no mistake as to the oneness of the Godhead in Revelation and in nature. And my heart praised him ; I cried out for holiness—that there, with such beauty of the natural world, there might be nothing but moral consanguinity in my soul.” Amid the mummeries at Rome, he says : “I feel, as I see the disgusting pretense of this formal worship, this *fresco piety*, that God must be offended with formalism ; and I am more put on my guard to deal honestly and truly with heaven in my devotions.” In the valley of Oberhasli, in Switzerland, he says : “My soul has been lifted up amid the grandeur of these everlasting hills. I have felt the grandeur of God ; I have felt my own littleness ; I have felt that it was an inexpressible condescension for Christ, having built this mighty earth, to die for the sinful creatures who creep on its surface.” And at Chamouny he writes : “Here, amid the sublimest of God’s works, I have communed with him, and have endeavored to reconsecrate myself to him. O Lord, who by thy power settest fast the mountains, exert that power to make this poor, vile heart all thine own.” Such were the outpourings of the heart of our wayfarer in Europe—a pilgrim still to the heavenly city !

He came back with but little apparent improvement in health ; yet the hope was cherished that essential benefit might ultimately accrue from his tour. That hope was destined to disappointment. Month after month he struggled with his old infirmities, till on the

14th of October, he left the Home Missionary office for the last time. Oh, had he known that it was the last, what mingled emotions, too tender and deep for utterance, would have been concentrated in his farewell look! The illness which detained him at home, he trusted would prove but temporary. It was soon discovered, however, by the medical skill which was so faithfully and lovingly exerted on his behalf, that disease had made its inroad upon the citadel of life. An affection of the heart, of a dropsical character, connected, probably, with the inflammatory rheumatism that had so often and so severely afflicted him, gave decisive indication that his end was near. Having traced his life thus far, it only remains, now, that we gather around his dying bed.

He was ready to die—need I say it? Death to his thoughts was no remote event. He had kept his house habitually in order; his papers and his concerns generally, were in a remarkable state of preparation for his departure. It is said by one who traveled with him in Europe, that as they sat together on a lovely Sabbath, in the valley of Chamouny, he “distinctly expressed the apprehension that he should not live long,” and while he manifested a truly christian reluctance to leave his cherished work in the family and in the Home Missionary Society at all unfinished, he expressed also “a strong desire and a full hope to be with Christ hereafter in his glory.”

The first full development of his feelings, during his last illness, was about a week after its commencement. He had been suffering not a little, but having found partial relief, he was sitting at the window, looking out upon the pleasant grounds around his dwelling. The flowers had nearly all passed away, and the autumnal

wind was scattering the many-colored foliage upon the paths of the garden. His countenance wore a deeply serious expression, with perhaps a slight tinge of sadness. "Are you watching me?" said a friend, coming to him from the garden. "No," he replied, "I was not watching you, I was *taking my leave of the leaves*." Then, after a moment's pause, he added, "I shall probably never see them fall again." "Is it not delightful," his friend replied, "to think of that brighter world, where the leaves do not fade nor fall, nor the flowers wither?" "No," said he, "nothing *delights* me now. This suffering has exhausted my spirits." A hymn he had loved to sing—"Jerusalem, my happy home"—was then mentioned to him. There was no specific response to this; but he soon remarked, as if he had been examining the foundation of his hope, "The most that I can say now is, that I have a calm trust in God. It has become the habit of my mind to trust him. I believe he will save me. I have been a poor, miserable, unfaithful creature. I am grieved that I have done so little to honor him; that, with the opportunities I have had for doing good, I have accomplished so little." Here he wept like a child. Recovering his composure, he alluded to the condescending goodness of God, in having put him into the ministry, and called him to such a post of usefulness as "*the blessed Home Missionary work*." He spoke with affectionate tenderness, as he was accustomed to do, of his beloved associates in the work. "Dear brethren!" he said, "I feel for them; they have to bear their own burdens, and mine too, now." He added, "I think my public labors are probably at an end." "Do you really feel," his friend replied, "that your Heavenly Father is about to call you to rest from your labors?"

“I do not know,” he answered, for substance, “how that may be; nor do I feel solicitous to know. I leave all that, with all my interests, however great or dear, to the disposal of infinite wisdom and goodness.” The fullest evidence did he give, by remarks in this strain, that though his worn and languid frame was scarce capable of ecstasy, he had what is better, the most perfect and cordial submission to the will of God. In a few moments, he spoke again of his deep sense of unworthiness and guilt, and then of the “fullness of Christ.” Here he became eloquent; every trace of sadness disappeared; his eye kindled, and his soul seemed to dilate as he dwelt on the glorious theme.

No other conversation was had with him so extended as this. He continued to suffer much, and in a variety of ways, especially from pain in the region of the heart, and difficulty of respiration. Yet he bore all with the most perfect patience. The last Saturday of his life, he exclaimed aloud, after a season of great bodily distress, “God of mercy and grace, thy will be done!” Toward the last, it was difficult for him to say much. Whatever he did say, however, was indicative of peace within. As texts of Scripture, or verses of hymns were often repeated to him, he would invariably respond by a look of intelligence, and by repeating the last words or line. The Sabbath but one before he died, his eldest daughter read to him, from the “Gems of Sacred Poetry,” the hymn beginning:

“ My times are in thy hand ;
 My God, I wish them there.
 My life, my friends, my soul I leave,
 Entirely in thy care.”

He gave his attention quite to the end, and then said, with emphasis, “I think I can say that.”

On the morning of his last Sabbath on earth, as the day was breaking, a friend who had been sitting with him said, "Dear brother, it is the Sabbath's dawn. May the Sun of righteousness arise, with healing in his wings." He replied, "The Sabbath—the Sabbath—the sweet, blessed Sabbath!" His friend then repeated the lines,—

"Welcome, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest!"

He added—

"Lord, make these moments blest."

As the sun was lighting up the east, the chair in which, from difficulty of breathing, he was obliged to sit, was drawn toward the window, that he might look out once more upon the loved face of nature. It was one of those serene and beautiful Sabbaths, that had often called from his lips the exclamation—

"Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky!"

A member of his family, not being aware of what had passed, said to him, "It is the Sabbath." "Yes," replied he, "It is *a smile of the Lord*." A person who had been passing the night in the family, coming to take leave of him, he shook her hand, and said, "Good morning; the Lord bless you!" Then looking around on all present, he raised his hands, and pronounced, with animation and fervor, that beautiful benediction; "The Lord bless you, and keep you; the Lord make his face shine upon you, and be gracious unto you; the Lord lift up his countenance upon you, and give you peace." To this he added, "Blessed Jesus, bless them, as thou only knowest how to bless. Blessed Saviour,

give them that peace which thou only knowest how to impart;" with other petitions of the most affecting and heavenly character. These were his last audible supplications on earth.

His strength began soon to decline rapidly; and it was thought his departure was at hand. This was told him; but he evinced no emotion, and made no distinct answer. It is probable he then felt unable to answer. Later in the day, his wife said to him, "We think this is death. Do you not think so?" There was still no reply. Again, she said, "We think you are dying. Can you say, as you did yesterday, 'God of mercy and grace, thy will be done?'" Hours passed, and then, in one condensed utterance, the answer came. Calling her from the adjoining room, and throwing his arms around her neck, he said, "Triumph in death! Triumph in death!" She asked, "Is it triumph in Jesus." "Yes," he answered, "in Jesus!"

He spoke no more, but lingered till the following day, the 31st of October. For the last hour of his life, a slight film had been gathering over his eyes, and a tear had started forth, and made its way partly down his cheek. Suddenly the tear dried, the film cleared away, his eyes became bright, as one present has expressed it,

"With more than reason's ray."

His whole countenance was radiant as with heavenly joy. Literally, it seemed, "his whole body was full of light;" and "he was not, for God took him."

He is before the throne, now, with White, and Baldwin, and Nitchie, and others, his fellow laborers on earth; with many a glorified missionary, and many a ransomed soul, won to Christ by Home Missionary instrumenta-

lities. "I saw him again, in my dreams, of late," said one of his dear surviving friends recently. "It was the same countenance, only the fullness and freshness of youth were there." That was not all a dream, blessed be God! The weariness and the painfulness of disease are all gone, and the lineaments of care and sorrow. He rejoices now in immortal youth, and immortal vigor. Rest thee, dear brother, in thy home above! Incited by thine example, we will toil on as thou didst—striving to keep ever the single eye; and when our work is done, we will go up, to cast, with thee, our crowns at the Saviour's feet.

SW-

