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Rev. A. H. H. Boyd

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ADDRESS

ON THE

LIFE AND DEATH

OF

REV. A. H. H. BOYD, D. D.

OF

WINCHESTER, VA.

BY

JOS. C. STILES.

RICHMOND:

CHAS. H. WYNNE, PRINTER, 94 MAIN STREET.

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WINCHESTER, VA., Jan. 31, 1866.

In behalf of the members of the Loudoun Street Church and others, desirous of having in a permanent form, this memorial of their late Pastor and distinguished Friend, the Rev. A. H. H. BOYD, D. D., we do respectfully request for publication a copy of your address of last evening.

J. R. GRAHAM,
W. A. CRAWFORD,
J. W. LUPTON,
J. M. CLYMER,
THOMAS ALLEN,
GEO. KELLER,
ROBT. M. CAMPELL,
CLARK CATHER.

To REV. J. C. STILES, D. D.

~~465697~~

ADDRESS.

GRIEF loves to be left to silent, unobtrusive, unmolested contemplation of its sorrows. You do violence to *nature bereaved* in a kinsman or a friend, when you drive him from the retired indulgence of his feelings into the public work of discoursing to others. This I feel, when I call to mind those years gone by when my departed brother and myself stood, side by side, in large assemblies of the North, for a succession of days, battling conscientiously for the ecclesiastical rights of the South; when I remember our old-time meetings of the Synod of Virginia—our fraternal conferences in the sessions of the body, our earnest preachings to the assemblies of the people, and the holy joy we were so often permitted to cherish in the conversion of sinners; and, especially, when I recall those several occasions in this church and congregation, when we toiled together for weeks, and saw the salvation of souls, and witnessed the prosperity of Zion, and shared those warm and hearty personal communions in the pastor's study after our happy meetings in the sanctuary—then, then it is, that I *feel a mourner* would not be a *speaker*. If you would gratify *him*, let another rehearse the ways of Providence, while he remembers, and applies, and weeps and communes all undisturbed and alone with his conscience and his God.

And yet when a strong and holy man has left us, we do well to pause a moment and ponder his achievement for the race, and the power that wrought it; that we may remember the workman, and point the world to his example.

In attempting to discharge the responsible duty assigned me

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on this occasion, permit me to premise, that the Rev. Dr. ANDREW HUNTER HOLMES BOYD, the second son of General Elisha Boyd, of Berkeley county, was born at Boydsville, near Martinsburg, in the year 1814. He received his academic education at Martinsburg and Middleburg; when fourteen years old, entered the Junior Class of Jefferson College; and graduated with distinction in 1830. Shortly after entering College, he joined the Presbyterian Church, and resolved to preach the gospel. After graduation in Jefferson, he spent two years at New Haven, to perfect himself in particular studies; completed a regular course of theological education, thereafter, at Princeton; and subsequently attended lectures delivered by Dr. Chalmers and Sir William Hamilton in Edinburgh. He was licensed to preach the gospel at Woodstock, by the Presbytery of Winchester, in 1837; entered upon his first charge over the churches of Leesburg and Middleburg in 1838; accepted a call to Harrisonburg in 1840; and to Winchester in 1842. His valuable ministry of three and twenty years in this church was terminated, after a mournful and protracted illness, on the sixteenth day of December last.

It is hardly necessary to say that he received many flattering testimonies, during life, of his high appreciation as a minister of Jesus Christ. He was appointed to a chair in our contemplated Theological Seminary; and was called, during all parts of his ministry, to a number of distinguished churches in every portion of the country.

I. *Dr. Boyd's work on earth*—it is almost as easy to define, as it is difficult to appreciate. We venture nothing however, by this general statement. To the church and to the world, it was a work pre-eminently sacred and valuable, because—in its *elevated nature*—unsurpassed, and in its *faithful continuity* rarely equalled.

Man may be regarded as sustaining two great relations—the one, to earth and time; the other, to God and eternity. The reflective mind will not be startled by the affirmation, that man's work is almost as *worthless* in the *one* as it is *priceless* in the *other*. All that I have said is well nigh covered by this one word of Jesus Christ: "Take no thought what ye shall eat, drink or wear, but seek ye first the kingdom." We do not mean to say, nor did the Lord Jesus, that secular work is absolutely worthless, but *comparatively* so, in view, first, of its infinite over-valuation by the world; and again of the infinite superiority of *spiritual* work. Most clearly, the achievement of an agent depends upon the element of power he employs. The *instrument* defines the *work*. He who handles an axe may cut down the tree, and sever the log—but with this tool, he cannot weave garments, or sow cloth, or till the soil. The instrument determines the work. He who handles a pen may write a letter or keep an account, but with this instrument, he can neither break rocks, nor fell trees, nor steer ships. We repeat it, the tool in the hand of the workman, settles both the nature and the value of his work. We know that history teems with her laudations of the great achievements of kings, councils, warriors, statesmen, scholars, artists and the like. But mark now—judged by the respective tools they handle—the *combined work of all such men*, in all generations, strictly considered, will not compare, either in dignity or importance, with the *lone life-work* of HUNTER BOYD. I shall advance two arguments in support of this broad averment. His work was a work of the *gospel ministry*; and an *extraordinary* work of the same.

1. The work of DR. BOYD, as a work of the gospel ministry, was, in its nature, infinitely superior to all manner of secular operations. Behold, I say, the tool in the hand of the work-

man ! He handled *God's word, revealed truth* ; an element of power, profoundly *spiritual*. An element of power therefore, mark you, which acts upon the immortal soul of man, and his imperishable relations to God, and blesses both infinitely and forever. Observe now, all secular men employ a tool *material* in its nature, at least, an instrument that acts only on the mortal interests of man ; and can therefore improve only the social relations of men, and these but for a day. The men who employ secular influence may build up a little business, or make a little fortune, or acquire a little reputation. They may do a little more than this. By some happy invention, they may, to some extent, save the labor of man extensively on the earth. They may surpass even this achievement. By some mental or moral discovery and effort, they may improve the intelligence, the morality, the social comfort, and the universal civilization of a people or of all people, it may be through all coming generations. And what then ! There is still one thing more which secular tools can do. They can and assuredly will turn maliciously upon their earth-worshippers and deride them through eternity. For hear it, oh Atheistic Earth ! Yet a little while and all secular work and good shall be left—*behind*—every human being. And then and there, *before* every child of Adam shall be spread out an eternity of existence, capacities, obligations, wants, perils and emergencies—all, all of which must be provided for. At this momentous juncture, where is the world ? What can secular seeking do now to provide occupation for these immortal capacities, fidelity to these immortal obligations, supply for these immortal necessities, deliverance from these immortal perils, and preparation for these immortal emergencies ? Oh, how bitterly will men curse themselves through eternity for their insane over-valuation of the world in time !

Now the gospel ministry understand all this, and act wisely

in reference to it. Dr BOYD, as we have seen, wielded the word of God, an agency profoundly spiritual, and admirably adapted to supply all the wants of man's God-like nature, and respond to all the necessities of man's eternal state. In a word, he ever worked to *save sinners*; and thus to close the gate of hell against their imperishable souls, so that the Pit should never fire their peace, nor brand their honor, nor damage their position, while immortality endures! He ever labored to *make angels*, and thus open the gate of heaven to their ransomed spirits, so that glory might impart her virtues, her felicities and her dignities to the redeemed, while immortality endures. My fellow-men! Behold the sublime nature, the august destiny of man! Oh, how diminutive, external, ephemeral, all work for time! Oh, how grand, substantial, enduring, all work for immortality! As with the blaze of a sunbeam, you may see that the work of ANDREW BOYD may be worth more to God and his universe than all the secular work of the great characters of time.

We observe, again, that Dr. BOYD's work, being a work of the gospel ministry, implies that *he wielded this exalted instrument in the most efficient manner*. God's truth may be conveyed by the *pen* or the *press*; but this is, measurably, unnatural and therefore unimpressive. God made men to speak through tongues, not types, and to hear through ears, not eyes. God's truth too, may be reflected through Christian *example*. But truth from this point is always unexpressed, and often indistinct and undiscovered; from the pulpit truth comes in *language*, direct and unavoidable. Truth too is often delivered in personal *conversation*. But here it labors under this disadvantage, it is simply the ordinary, un-empowered prompting of Christian principle; but from the ministry truth comes with authority: nay! as from Him who says, "He who hears you

hears *me*, and he who despises you despises *me*." Truth too, from every *other source*, is truth uttered amidst secular surroundings, and unimpressed; but truth *preached*, is heard on the day of God, in the house of God, in the presence of God, amidst the worship of God, and almost as through the voice of God. Indeed, truth preached has some advantages over *inspiration itself*. It is often more *pertinent* and *connected*. The pastor perpetually studies the peculiar characteristics and history of his people, and the principles, promptings and moral state of every member of his church and congregation. He delivers God's truth, therefore, from time to time, publicly or privately, as he may deem the people and persons of his charge to need it, and with a wise reference to what he knows they have received in the past. No man can be sure that the applicable, saving classes of truth will be as likely to be brought to his notice by his casual perusal of the Bible, as by the appropriate preaching of his pastor. There is reason to believe too, that truth from his lips will often be more *impressive and commanding*. If you would seek a heart of teachable respect and affection, go to the parishioner of an old and faithful minister of the gospel. For a long course of years he has watched his pastor's ways and words; his feelings and his aims. He knows that *God's glory* that man ever lives to promote; that the salvation of his people that man ever longs to effect. He feels therefore, in all his soul, that if he trifles with God's truth everywhere else, he can not, must not do so when delivered by his honored, faithful pastor.

Behold the work of a gospel ministry in its nature and exhibition! We have seen that God's servant, all through life, leaves to other men the inferior affairs of time, while he himself handles *God's truth*, the sublimest agency that works in God's dominions; the appointed instrumentality for retracing

divinity upon lost mind ; the efficient means to save immortal souls ready to perish. And we have seen too, that God's servant delivers this truth—most *naturally*—through those organs which God made expressly to speak out truth to mind : most *imperatively*—under the cover of God's authority, claiming for truth preached all the consideration due to his own personal utterances ; most *auspiciously*—under the wholesome influences of those divine institutions so well adapted to strip from the mind all that would break the power of truth and educate it to obedient audience to the word proclaimed ; most *suitably*—to the deeply studied and well-known character and condition of his charge ; and most *hopefully*—trusting, on the one hand, to the teachable veneration of his people, and on the other to that all-cheering assurance of his Master, “Lo ! I am with you alway.”

The fact is, there is no workman on this earth, whom the world cannot better spare than the faithful pastor. The editor of a religious paper will tell you, that he preaches every week to scores of souls where the settled pastor lifts up his voice to one. The Theological Professor will tell you that he turns out upon the world half an hundred just such ministers every year. The Evangelist will tell you that in a given period he hands out the gospel to a greater number of perishing immortals, and may register a greater number of hopeful conversions than a whole Presbytery of settled clergymen. Missionary, Tract and Bible Secretaries are wont to discourse in equally exalted terms of the superiority of their influence and work for a lost world. And yet, in spite of these lofty assumptions, the settled pastor is by far the most honorable, honored and useful character of them all. That which he does is the very work which converts the world ; the very work which Jesus Christ himself did when he labored to save the lost ; the very

work which Jesus Christ ordained the ministry to fulfil: nay! the very work, *without* which, the entire labor of our more boastful brethren would absolutely come to naught.

Thus we have seen that Dr. BOYD'S work was a work of the Christian ministry, and therefore invaluable in its nature and operation, surpassing far the combined importance of all secular performances of men.

2. We proceed now to say, that his ministry in its *character*, was no ordinary gospel ministry. It was not only a ministry—highly intellectual, spiritual and uniform—but a ministry vigorously prosecuted for nearly thirty years. Dr. BOYD has been known, within three days, to leave his home and return to it, having preached eight times in the interim. For fifteen years, consecutively, he preached three times on the Sabbath, and never omitted either his lecture, or his prayer-meeting, or his Bible class—thus conducting six regular services every week, independent of extraordinary calls. And such was the ordinary tenor of his duties, including also pastoral visitation and special and general study. He was accustomed to give his afternoons, regularly, to one of four adjacent preaching stations in the country; and with such ability and fidelity as secured the steady progress both of his city and of his country congregations, throughout his prolonged ministry.

He, who would affix a just value to the work of Dr. BOYD, must bring his mind to reflect upon the following additional considerations. Who can recall all the revivals of religion he enjoyed in his own charge; and to which he contributed within the farther bounds of the Presbytery? Who will undertake to enumerate all the hopeful conversion of sinners which occurred under his ministry, at home and abroad? Who can imagine all the influence of his able sermons in this house of God carried off all through his ministry by strangers on the

railroad, and by private conveyances, to work quietly at home in their several families, churches and circles of acquaintance? Who stands ready to mark out the boundaries of all the good influence of every kind, which he must have unconsciously exerted, from the beginning, upon the character and life especially of his younger brethren in the ministry? Or who dis-course of all the advantage the church has derived from his staunch defence of her church-order, when imperilled in large assemblies, by unconstitutional and fanatical proceedings?

What shall we say now of the worth of a *gospel* ministry? and of *such* a gospel ministry? And this—extending through so long a period, and in so *important* a field? May we not sincerely enter up this estimate of Dr. BOYD'S work on earth? In its *nature*—the most noble and valuable service which man can perform for Creator and creature: in its *execution*—by universal concession, vigorously and well done from beginning to end: in its *continuity*—extending throughout the ordinary period of the life of man. What a grand, what a noble accomplishment of good, have we here! How you would afflict this portion of the earth round about us, were you to blot out Dr. BOYD'S ministry from its history.

Yes; my brethren and friends! Your dear pastor and my dear brother attained to a far higher social position than the mass of the men of his day; and achieved a far more valuable work for heaven and earth.

II. And here the second most important inquiry is thrown upon us. By what *forces* or powers, under God, did he achieve so honorably and perfectly, his part of the responsible life-work allotted to every child of Adam? We answer; by God's blessing upon the *superior loftiness and strength both of his intellectual and moral structure and training*.

1. Dr. BOYD was a man of *fine intellect*. God endowed him

with quick and clear perception; a sound, discriminating and comprehensive judgment; and especially, with strong and active *reasoning faculties*. Here you perceive are the *primary* qualifications for strong intellectual achievement; all the faculties, parts or talents for such work. The *secondary*, and most important to man—because most responsible for the same—respect the *training* or *use* of natural gifts. Intellectual training for the ministry has reference to two things; the *exercise* of the mind and the *object* for which it works. Here our brother was eminently faithful. Many a man quite as highly endowed by nature as our departed brother, has lived and died, utterly useless and unlamented, because in shameful indolence, he failed to employ and improve the talents entrusted to his charge. Not so with Dr. BOYD. He loved study, and ever felt both its necessity and obligation. Consequently, a man of indefatigable mental industry throughout his life, he constantly accumulated valuable knowledge, miscellaneous and professional. He was a man of extensive and useful information. On almost every topic of literature and science, which might be started by the conversations of the educated, he often discoursed like one who had given valuable attention to the subject. While in his proper department of Didactic and Polemic Theology, Ecclesiastical history and Biblical criticism, few men in the land had studied so faithfully, and very few had made such eminent attainments. Not many, who knew him, would have been willing to engage him in public debate on Theological issues.

Another secret of Dr. BOYD's pre-eminence lay in this fact, he sought knowledge only *for its legitimate ends*. He was single-eyed and sincere in his studies. He sought to learn the truth not simply as an end in itself, but as the appointed means of accomplishing God's glory and man's salvation. No won-

der he made rapid and valuable attainments. The double-minded man, on the contrary, cripples his capacities of religious acquisition, *by mis-direction*. In all his studies he labors to accomplish *two* main objects instead of one. He seeks to acquire knowledge, 'tis true, and in part, it may be, that he may do good thereby. But he toils too, and too much, for personal reputation or position; to gratify self-conceit or the love of power; to promote party ends or personal triumph; or to please taste or find agreeable occupation. Thus this man does not see truth wholesomely. His by-ends and sinister objects exactly so far divert his attention from the most important part of truth—its legitimate *uses*. The fact is, he *fails to reach the truth* precisely in the degree in which he seeks it for selfish purposes. Our brother was, like the rest of us, an imperfect man, but he was happily free from any such inordinate development of a self-seeking temper as would militate with his wholesome study of truth. We say then, that Dr. BOYD brought to his work a *powerful, indefatigable and well-directed* intellect: and here you have—in his intellectual strength and God's blessing upon it—one half of the force which wrought his allotted task in life.

2. And just here it is pleasant to feel and to acknowledge that the second half of his life-power lay in those distinguished *moral principles*, which were every way equal to his mental endowments.

Moral power, like intellectual, depends upon a combination of *primary* and *secondary* properties. The *primary* elements of moral power are three: *rectitude, strength* and *balance*.—When Dr. BOYD became a Christian, all the essential elements of *rectitude* were inlaid in his mind by the very act of regeneration; all love to God and man; all true Christian faith and affection. Those who knew our deceased brother, know well

that the constituent principles and affections of Christianity were most happily developed in his character. These Christian virtues—in their diversity and connection, constitute, essentially, the saving light and power of the world, and doubtless executed the noblest part of our brother's work for the kingdom. But *strength* is as necessary to great influence as rectitude. The heart is the *source of power*, as well as the *seat of virtue*. If therefore affections are feeble, the impellent principle of the soul cannot be strong, and a great work is impossible. But our departed brother was a man of strong feelings, vehement promptings, inflexible principles. He saw the great doctrines of Christianity clearly; he felt them powerfully; and was impelled to work through them mightily and steadily. Like a steamer with a strong engine, his mind moved along unimpeded in its great work. And yet to complete the composition of moral power, *balance* is indispensable. A man may have rectitude of principle, and strength of feelings, and yet fail of great moral power, for lack of mental or moral *balance*. A well-balanced mind is one that contains in itself no element which either impairs the symmetry of its virtues, or obstructs the force of its agency. Balance is often lost by a *conflict of qualities*. As when a man is just in some things and unjust in others; prodigal at one time and parsimonious at another. A man may entertain sanguine views to-day, and give way to desponding impressions to-morrow; may be vigorous in the commencement, but unstable in the prosecution. Loss of balance also may arise from the excessive development of any one property of the soul. No man will be well adapted to accomplish a great work, who is either inordinately obstinate or fitful; suspicious or confiding; ambitious or indifferent. Dr. BOYD'S character, we are happy to say, was remarkably well balanced, both in its moral feelings and in its active principles. He was

the subject of no such prominent foible as destroyed respect— or special weakness as crippled power.

It is pleasant too to reflect that his mind was quite as happily constituted in reference to those *secondary* properties, so necessary to great executive ability. One of these is *simplicity*. Simplicity is that style of character which always acts naturally, in view of its own thoughts and feelings, and never seeks its ends by artful means. It is tributary to power by exhibiting, as through a transparency, both the thought of the mind and the feeling of the heart; and thus brings the entire energies of the agent into steady and unobstructed action. The deceased was a man of *pre-eminent simplicity*. No one ever conceived the thought that Dr. BOYD *affected* to walk gracefully or to speak eloquently. The very fall of your eye upon his face and person would impress you with the conviction that he took every step in life just as nature made him to walk, and spake every word in life just as nature made him to speak. And thus through his simplicity, all his powers of heart and mind, natural and acquired, were brought into perpetual and unobstructed operation upon all who associated with him. *Independence* too, is indispensable to high capacity of accomplishment. This virtue implies, in general, the *certain* action of the soul in accordance with its principles, unhindered by fear, favor, or adverse pressure of any kind. A man though simple, may be timid, and therefore lose that power for good which his independence might have secured. Our departed brother was as remarkable for independence as for simplicity. He would express his sentiments on all proper occasions, and pursue his course whenever rectitude did not forbid. To accomplish many an important work in life, something higher than independence is often necessary. Dr. BOYD was an *intrepid* man. This virtue he exhibited unostentatiously throughout his life. He manifested

admirable self-reliance in public debate, on many occasions when, feebly supported, he was called by Christian principle to confront numerous, formidable and violent opponents. I felt this trait of his character painfully, on an eminent occasion. When the committee of the Old and New School denominations assembled in Lynchburg to confer upon the subject of the reunion of the churches, he suffered himself to become impressed with the apprehension that the committee of his own church (the New School) might be strongly tempted to perpetrate an abandonment of their principles. The fact was just the reverse. We had resolved not to abandon *him* but our approaching brethren, should any retraction of his principles be demanded. Though the letter was not addressed to me, I confess the perusal did awaken strongly opposing sentiments within me. A momentary indignation sprang up under a sense of something like an insinuated ungenerous suspicion of his brethren; and yet at that very moment I could not suppress a strong admiration of the intrepidity of my brother's stand. Firmly, calmly, ready to be cast out of all the Presbyterian fellowship of the earth, rather than do the slightest dishonor to a principle of his own mind. Thus, you perceive, all the elements of moral power were happily compounded in the character of our deceased brother. The primary properties—rectitude, strength, and balance: the secondary—simplicity, independence and courage.

Who now should be surprised that such a person as he whose life and death we have assembled to commemorate, should have left his mark amongst men, and wrought a great work for the church of God? In principle, everybody felt that he was benevolent, and just, and true, and firm, and modest: in practice, everybody knew him to be earnest and studious, and steady and reliable. He executed a great and good work; and he possessed all the requisite intellectual and moral qualifications

for the same, under the blessing of God. That which he has done is exactly what we would have expected such a man to do.

Here let us pause, and summon our consciences to the discharge of solemn duty. There are three prominent points of Christian *example* which our ascended brother has left for our imitation. All life long, he consecrated the best exercises of his intellect to the kingdom of Christ. In imitation of his example, let us do the same. All life long, he consecrated the best affections of his soul to the kingdom of Christ. In imitation of his example, let us do the same. Thus, all through life, he sought first the kingdom. In imitation of his example, let us do the same. But do this, and like him, we shall serve man while we live, and be taken to God when we die; and have it entered up in the Book of Remembrance, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, for they cease from their labors and their works do follow them."

It may be proper to remark, it was well known to the church, that Dr. BOYD held sternly through life to a type of theology, which the ultra-Calvinist would scarcely acknowledge to be entirely orthodox. But our brother was always a clear, decided Calvinist—and we, his brethren, well knew that if the doctrinal minute of the joint committee was so framed as to avoid absolute extremes, the programme would be promptly and heartily adopted by him. And so indeed it was. And we do sincerely rejoice that our departed brother sunk to his rest in full ecclesiastical fellowship with the Southern Presbyterian Church.

It will grieve Dr. BOYD's friends to know that the last year of his life was a period of almost unexampled suffering. He had been subjected to the severities of prison discipline for the space of six months, and thereby contracted a disease, which

not only ultimately took his life, but passed him through a protracted state of bodily anguish human nature is rarely called to endure. For ten months he never laid his head naturally upon his pillow, frequently longed for death, and would have felt it an acceptable release at any time. For a succession of months, he had to be held up, occasionally for days and nights, without one moment's relief. At one time, for two weeks consecutively, he neither inclined his body nor raised his head for an instant. The comfort of a short nap was sometimes denied him for the space of ten long days and nights. She who was nearest to his bedside never threw off her garments for one hour in six months. His breathing, at times, even bystanders could hardly endure. Under the direction of his physicians, he exhausted unknown quantities of chloroform in the attempted mitigation of his severe sufferings. Judge their intensity, when you learn of the averment of his most solemn conviction that chloroform was the very richest form of God's mercy to the agonized frame of man, and could he procure it in no other way, he felt that he would cheerfully give a *farm* for an ounce of it. He held the comforter constantly to his nostrils, repeating, every day for a week, with a hopeful tone, "Well! I feel as if I shall be released to-day," until—as if overtaken by a surprise—he calmly whispered "Oh, it is *Death! Death! I can hold it no longer!*" The comforter gradually slid from his hand to the bed, and the sufferer gently fell from the arms of men into the arms of Jesus.

It will especially delight the ministerial brethren of Dr. BOYD, to learn that during the last year of his life, his *personal piety* always substantial, uniform and reliable, was gradually mellowed into a variety of the most bland, beautiful and touching developments. In the early part of his indisposition, while his strength was measurably spared to him, he exhibited a lovely

spirit of meekness, gentleness and sympathy. No outrages of the enemy, no persecutions of himself, ever roused a sentiment of indignation or vengeance in his heart; nor did he ever fail to reprove the manifestation of such a temper in his presence. He uniformly discouraged all differences in the treatment of our neighbors on account of their political sympathy or disagreement with us. As for himself, he associated with the bit-terest Unionists of his church and congregation, just as readily as with those who held his sentiments; and was just as affable and sweet-tempered in his language and manners toward the one as toward the other. It is not enough to say that he cher-ished a spirit of charitable allowance toward all; the principle of solemn, religious forgiveness toward the chief of sinners ever swelled in his heart. "You are blessed," said a friend one day, "in feeling so forgiving a temper toward your bit-terest enemies. I cannot feel so." He solemnly responded, "I look at this subject from the borders of eternity." "When-ever I have leisure for reflection upon the imprisonment of Dr. BOYD," said one who chanced to be present, "I always feel *wrathy*." "What is that?" said the Doctor, from his bed in an adjacent chamber. "We thought you were asleep." "So I was, but that word '*wrathy*' awoke me. Let me never hear that word again."

Under his severest afflictions, to the close of his life, he was per-fectly patient and uncomplaining. Nay! times without number, when wading in the deepest waters, he would exclaim—"The goodness of God! oh, the goodness of God!" While all the waves and the billows of divine affliction were breaking over his own soul, the sufferings of the poor soldier in the prison or the hospital often touched his heart, and he would say—"If I endure so much pain with every possible relieving appliance, what must have been the endurances of those poor men under all their severe

privations and hardships? The deep-toned spirituality, and the powerful and saving influence both of his walk and of his ministry, in Fort McHenry, will never, never be forgotten. He held religious services during every day of his confinement; and while he testified of his own tender sympathy with his afflicted countrymen about him, it seemed to comfort his soul to be allowed to say, that he rarely arose to address his fellow-prisoners, without hearing a groan or a sob in various parts of the congregation. To their praise be it written, that the letters of the prisoners, sinners as well as saints, bore delightful testimony to their high appreciation both of his kind and gentle personal deportment, and of his tender and effective gospel appeals. On his release, his solemn sympathy and earnest interviews with his unconverted neighbors; his intense longings and pathetic communions with the unregenerate of his own household, betokened how rapidly he was maturing for the great change. It is delightful to remember how passionately, during his last months, he longed for Heaven; and how often he exclaimed, "Oh, that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest." Within twenty-four hours we have received, from a great distance, the protestation of one very familiar with his dying chamber, that she had never felt the very slightest apprehension of death, since it was her privilege to witness the *holy joy* with which her uncle ever looked forward to the rest he was so rapidly approaching. During his illness, the Presbytery met in Winchester, and appointed a committee "to convey to Brother BOYD our Christian salutations, and to assure him of our sincere condolence in the painful and protracted trial which he has been appointed to bear." He received the distinguished attention, the seasonable fraternal greeting, with such humble and touching gratitude to his brethren, and such calm and assured submission to the will

of God, that on the return of the committee, the chairman reported to Presbytery that "he had seen Bunyan's Pilgrim on the bank of the river joyfully awaiting his transportation to the opposite shore." Thank God for the rich treasures of triumphant grace vouchsafed to our dear brother in his last days! Surely that man sank to his grave ripe for Heaven; and died a death every way in keeping with his life.

In the death of Dr. BOYD, the *Synod of Virginia* has lost one of the strongest and noblest of her members; *the Presbytery of Winchester*—that leading influence never claimed, but heartily conceded and highly valued; *this church*—a pastor long-tried, greatly honored, sincerely trusted and deeply lamented; *the Presbyterian ministry*—a brother beloved, amongst the most popular, admired and appreciated of their fraternity; *the Church of God*—a Christian man, whose person was always met with hearty Christian greeting, and whose house was always visited with the warmest fraternal confidence and freedom; and *his family*—a husband, a father and a brother, whose place they now know, ah, how well! shall never, never be filled by man on earth.

I feel it my duty to report to this assembly and the world those *peculiar sentiments* of his soul, which Dr. BOYD, in a sense, bequeathed to man as uttered under the emphasis of approaching dissolution. He affirmed of the *Father*—"Oh, the goodness of God! how very kind to me!" Of the *Son*—"I have no hope, save in the merits of the Lord Jesus Christ." The *ministers of the gospel*—"Tell my brethren in the ministry to preach Christ more and more." The *Church of God*—he left his dying testimony that while he rejoiced in the reunion of the two Presbyterian Churches of the South, he regretted no step taken by him in the separation of the Southern Church from the Northern, and saw no advantages prom-

ised by re-union with Northern Assemblies. The *Institution of Slavery*—He left his dying testimony that he still considered Slavery as recognized by the Scriptures: and that the change in the circumstances of the slave had made no change in his views. The *sufferings of a dying Christian*—“Why do I suffer so much? To fit me for the Kingdom of Heaven.” *His decease*—“Northern men and their sympathizers must answer for my death, but I do most heartily forgive them.”

And so would I. But standing here by the grave of my beloved and honored brother, I deem it a sad but solemn duty to utter my profound abhorrence of the unrighteousness of that whole procedure which ultimately took his life. I arraign no man; no body of men; no government of the country. I know not whether the people amongst whom I was born, and with whom I expect to die, do not stand equally exposed to the condemnation I pronounce. I know not whether such a proceeding is recognized or forbidden by the laws of civilized war. Nor do I care to know. For, here, before High Heaven, as a man called to speak for virtue amongst men, I pronounce this proceeding, in my judgment, *an iniquity in the earth*. God gave my brother a wife, a family, and a pleasant home. An innocent man! Who had the right to tear him from the embrace of his companion, the fellowship of his children, and all the sweets of home, and consign him to a dishonored dwelling in the dismal house of the culprit? God gave him a blameless life, an honored ministry, and a spotless reputation. An innocent man! Who had the right to wrench him from the honor of his neighbors, his walks of virtue and his God-like work, and confine him amidst all the vulgarities, profanities and brands of the prison? God gave him a robust constitution, the purity of the atmosphere, and the liberty of the earth. An innocent man! Who is he that claims the right to divest him

of his fee-simple in these primeval blessings of nature, and subject him to dark walls, and foul damp, and deadly elements that life itself could not endure? Oh, let the earth be done with such barbarous treatment of the inoffensive likeness of God. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," finds no verification in the repeated violent arrest, hard imprisonment and melancholy death of an innocent, noble and godly man.

My brethren of the Christian Ministry! Since the day on which the Son of God left the world for the bosom of the Father, a richer legacy may never have been bequeathed to us, by a departing brother, than we may find in the dying experience of ANDREW BOYD. With all his afflictions, our deceased brother had blessings enough undestroyed, to make life desirable. A lovely family, a delightful home, an ample estate, a splendid library, literary habits, admiring friends, unblemished reputation, and the honor of the Church of God. Mark now this signal fact. He had reached an elevated point in the love of Jesus. He verily panted for the fellowship of the Son of God. When the fact was made known to him, though death, at this time was not imminent, that, should his life be spared, he could hope to preach the gospel no more, in view of this prospect he instantly expressed his deliberate "desire to depart and be with Jesus, which was far better." Have we come to this, my brethren? Do we love Jesus so ardently, that if we may not preach Jesus on earth, we would go and see Jesus in glory? Let us ever set before us this high attainment in divine education. Let us follow hard after our sainted brother, until, like him, we habitually feel—if we would be happy, *we must preach Christ—or die.*

My poor widowed sister! Do you then feel sorely bereaved? Have you lost your all in all? your man? your protector? your friend? your *husband*? Be comforted. One there is, who

can fill his place. And oh! believe me, believe me! He stands pledged to do it. It is written—"I will be the *Judge*," and "the *Friend*," and "the *God*," and "the *Husband of the Widow*." Most affectionately, most confidently I commend unto you the four words from Heaven. My dear sister—God has made you a widow—and God says, "*I will be thy husband*." Rest and be content, for your great void shall be filled: your deep gloom shall be cheered.

Ye unconverted kindred of a sainted relative! If the spirit of your ascended kinsman now stood before the throne of God summoned to answer this specific inquiry—"What was that one pre-eminent, all-absorbing anxiety about your unregenerate kindred around you, which pressed upon your soul with augmenting intensity to the day of your death?"—do you not know perfectly what his response would be? And oh! is it true? Though he filled Heaven with prayer for you all life long, by one responsive act did you fail to lift off his crushing weight to the very last? Though you might have renewed his youth, like the eagle's, at any moment, by one solitary act, did you let him die uncheered? In future life, meet almost any child of Adam where you may in these parts of the earth, when you tell him—"I am the brother, son, nephew, niece of Dr. BOYD of Winchester," it will instantly convert the stranger into a solemn friend. Your sainted kinsman wrought hard and long to throw around you a shield and a halo all through your pilgrimage on earth. And though one act of yours would just now brighten the lights of glory and intensify his felicity in Heaven, will you still withhold that act? Yes! this very moment, methinks, no possible event in God's dominions could so fill his soul with rapturous smiles as the tidings, that his beloved kindred, in the sanctuary below, commemorating his death—do remember their unfeeling life and weep. And oh!

will you still withhold that tear—so long due to God, to man, to yourselves? It is the prayer of bereaved kindred, of a weeping church, and of attendant, sympathizing ministers that God would have mercy upon you to-day, and make the death of a venerated kinsman the life of his unblest relatives.

Brethren and sisters of this mourning, comforted Israel! God has taken your *Moses*, but he has given you *Joshua*. May the follower be as the leader, and yet more abundantly blessed. Seek an answer to this prayer for the success of your present pastor, by imitating the example and improving the counsels of your pastor ascended. Do this, and your future shall be brighter than your past. Do this, and if Moses brought you up out of Egypt, Joshua shall lead you into Canaan. May we all live faithfully, die happily, and reign eternally in the inseparable fellowship of those who have broken away from our arms and crossed the flood before us.

Ye unconverted souls of this congregation: men, women and youth! All that Dr. BOYD could do to save you is done: and you are unsaved. All that the living ministry can do to save you, will soon be done. If still unsaved—what then? Are you ready to confront Dr. BOYD at the judgment bar, and answer for all the messages he so faithfully delivered to you? See! your venerable pastor fills his own pulpit once more. Resolve instantly—“Here and now, while he is so prominently held up before me, and for the last time, I will seek the salvation of my soul; I will attend every meeting; I will hear every sermon; I will pray every hour; I will throw myself at the feet of Jesus; and God and the Church help me to meet my Saviour and my pastor in peace, at the last great day!”

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Address on the life and death of Rev



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