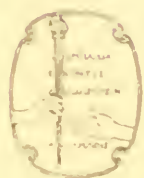


# MARION HARLAND'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

THE STORY OF A LONG LIFE



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## APPENDIX

### THE REV. EDWARD PAYSON TERHUNE, D.D.

BY REV. JOSEPH R. DURYEE, D.D.

PERMIT one who has loved Doctor Terhune for fifty years, to pay tribute to his character and outline his attainments.

He was born in New Brunswick, New Jersey, November 22, 1830. It does not seem possible that this was his birth-year, he was so vigorous and his spirit was so youthful to the end. The best things in life were his rich inheritance. His father, Judge John Terhune, for fifty-four years an elder in the Presbyterian Church, was a rare man, and for generations the family had led in the moral and material development of New Jersey. He was named for Edward Payson, his father's friend, a saintly Christian leader still remembered in the American church. Few boys have had a happier childhood. It was partly spent with his grandmother in Princeton. Her house was a centre of influence. Doctors Alexander, Hodge, Miller, and other professors were her intimate friends, and the boy was welcomed at their homes. Members of their families were life-long companions. Entering Rutgers, he was graduated in the class of 1850 with Doctors Elmendorf and Shepherd, Judges Lawrence and Ludlow, and others who became equally distinguished. His heart was set on becoming a physician, and for nearly two years he studied medicine. Then he obeyed the higher call and consecrated himself to the Christian ministry.

On graduating from the New Brunswick Seminary, several calls came. He accepted that of the Presbyterian Church of Charlotte Court-House, Virginia, and in the spring of 1855

began his pastorate. It was an ideal charge for any man. The best blood of the Old Dominion was in the congregation. No less than eighty-six of the members were college graduates. In 1856 he married Miss Mary Virginia Hawes, of Richmond. Their home became as near the ideal as any this earth has known—beautiful in its comradeship, beneficent in its influence.

In 1858, Doctor Terhune was called to the pastorate of the First Reformed Dutch Church, of Newark. To decide as he did, must have been a singular test of faith and courage. The claims of material comfort, intellectual fellowship, and family ties on one side, on the other a depleted church, in a community almost entirely dependent for support on manufacturing interests, most of which were then bankrupt. But Doctor Terhune was a soldier of the cross, and the red fighting blood ran too strong in him to resist the opportunity that called for heroic self-denial, constraint, toil and trials of faith and patience that would, for years, tax to the utmost every power of heart and mind. Few men have possessed as clear a vision of life; for him there were no illusions in the Newark outlook. He knew that, in the modern city life, then just beginning, must be fought the main battle of Christianity with the powers of evil. His commission was to lead, and he accepted the detail. For eighteen years Doctor Terhune remained at his post. Immediately his work began to tell for blessing, nor was this confined to his parish;—the entire city felt his presence. While his work in all its many parts was of the highest order, the man was always greater than his work. Men, women, and children instinctively loved him. They brought to him their problems, then felt his impression on their hearts. And it was abiding. To-day a great company scattered throughout the earth thank God for what he wrought in them.

In 1876, in consequence of the state of Mrs. Terhune's health, Doctor Terhune resigned his Newark charge, and went abroad. His ministry did not lapse, for all the time he labored as chaplain, first in Rome and then in Paris, having entire charge of the American churches there.

## APPENDIX

Immediately on his return, in 1878, he received calls from leading churches in Newark, Plainfield, New Haven, and Springfield, Massachusetts. The last named he accepted. There he remained for five years, honored and loved throughout the city. Then came another call. The Williamsburg Reformed Church in Brooklyn had had a remarkable history. At times prosperous, then on the verge of collapse. In the centre of a great population, with a plant capable of accommodating an enormous congregation, it had never fulfilled its promise. Unless an unusual man, with rare gifts, not merely eloquence and ordinary leadership, but with almost divine tact, patience, and unselfishness, came to save it, the church would disband. Doctor Terhune loved the Old Dutch Church as loyally as any man who has ever served her, but this call must have taxed his sense of proportion. I am sure it was his Master's higher call that decided him to go to Williamsburg. He had never cared for wealth except for its uses, was generous in every direction, and needed all the salary he could win; and the church was \$80,000 in debt; its membership was scattered, and its attendants divided into antagonistic groups. More than one friend urged him to refuse such a sacrifice. What the seven years' labor there cost him only God knew. He became twenty years older in appearance, and he lost much of the splendid vitality that had never before failed him for any length of time. But he left the church united, entirely free from debt, and with a promise for the future never before so bright. A year abroad was needed to establish his broken health.

Since then Doctor Terhune, while refusing another pastorate, has been a constant laborer. Large churches in Chicago and St. Louis called him. In these, he became for upward of a year a stated supply, but he knew that his physical strength was waning. A few years ago, he underwent a serious surgical operation, and for nearly six months lay helpless from its effect. Indeed, his life was despaired of. I talked with his surgeon, who told me that, in his long experience, he had "never known a patient endure greater or more constant suffering; I cannot understand his marvellous self-control. He

is always bright, always thinking of others, and never of himself." It was characteristic. After his recovery Doctor Terhune led an active life. The churches sought his help, and he was a frequent preacher in New York, Newark, and elsewhere. More than forty years ago, he purchased a tract of land on Pompton Lake, New Jersey. It was then a primitive region, to which he was attracted by the scenery and the opportunity to satisfy his special recreation; for from boyhood he was a great fisherman. As time and means permitted, he made "Sunnybank" blossom into rare beauty. How he loved this home! There he lived close to nature, and the trees, flowers, streams, and sky rested and refreshed him. Because a true child of nature, she gave back to him rich treasures that are denied to most; a joy in her communion; knowledge of her secrets; a vision of God through her revelation. There dear friends gathered about him, and the ideal beauty of a country home was, through his inspiration, revealed to some for the first time.

A year ago, Doctor and Mrs. Terhune celebrated their golden wedding. After a day of loving congratulations from friends almost innumerable, who, in body or spirit, gathered about them, they took their wedding journey in their carriage, driving horses born on their place, through the country of his boyhood and elsewhere. The refreshment of this fortnight of perfect happiness lingered on for all the remaining days of earth.

More than forty years ago, while a pastor in Newark, Doctor Terhune united with Alpha Delta, an association limited to twelve active members, meeting monthly at their homes. With its founders in 1855, among whom were Drs. G. W. Berthune, Robert Davidson, A. R. Van Nest, A. B. Van Zandt, and others, he was intimate. After the death of Doctor Chambers he became the senior member, and in 1900 prepared its history, a copy of which is before me now. In the brief studies of the character of nearly two score friends, there is revealed the secret of his power. He possessed the genius of friendship as few have done.

Ten days before the end came, he read to Alpha Delta a

## APPENDIX

paper prepared at our request, "The Story of the Jamestown, Virginia, Settlement and the James River Estates." Every monograph of Doctor Terhune had its special value, but into this last he poured the memories of happy years and an estimate of values in human life, as never before. All through there ran that subtle charm of style, tender pathos, and gentle humor of which he was master. And there was added a peculiar quality impossible to define. I think we all felt that, unconsciously, he had pictured himself, always seeing, knowing, loving, and inspiring the best in men. Not feeling well, he left us suddenly. There was no good-bye. Perhaps it is better so. But Alpha Delta can never be the same to us here.

After a week of fever he fell asleep, to awaken in the Father's House, to the vision of the One he loved, and with Him, the children who had passed before.

More than once I have been asked to describe the distinctive characteristics of admirable men, and have named them "many-sided," and "standing four square." But as I think of Doctor Terhune, the trite phrases seem insufficient. Nor is it easy to differentiate his character. He was a strong man physically, intellectually, and morally. As few of his generation, he held his course through a long life of trial consistently. He had a definite hatred of sin, and when duty called, never hesitated to particularize the evil of which men were guilty. But in this he always aimed to discover to such the good they were capable of attaining. His fearless courage was balanced by the finest gentleness. His presence was gracious, and the charm of perfect manners was natural in him. Instinctively, men looked up to him and remembered his sayings. Doctor Terhune was a diligent man; all his life he was a student. He loved his books intelligently. His literary experience was unusual in its range and depth. Even more than books he studied men; their problems were his greatest interest. He thought these out so wisely and sympathetically that he seemed to possess the prophet's vision.

In the pulpit, Doctor Terhune was earnest, clear, direct, and simple. His teachers had been rare men in the school of

## MARION HARLAND'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

eloquence that was the glory of America fifty years ago. On occasion he was equal to the best of these. As I recall his presence in his Newark church, I seem now to hear his wonderful voice ring out words that moved men to purer thinking, nobler living, and greater loyalty to the Master he loved. As a pastor, he was devoted to every interest of his people; in their homes no guest was as welcome. These, and other traits I could name, found their spring in as tender a heart as ever beat; constantly he carried there all God gave him to love. Next to the members of his family, I think his ministerial brethren realized most this supreme value in their friend. They knew he loved them as few men could. I have never heard him speak an unkind word of a clergyman. His presence never failed to hearten and stimulate them in their work. So he honored his manhood and his calling. He has left behind not only a stainless name, but living and blessed power.

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### A GOLDEN WEDDING

IN her beautiful home at Pompton, New Jersey, surrounded by the flowers she loves so dearly, "Marion Harland," the celebrated writer, held court, Saturday afternoon. More properly speaking, Dr. and Mrs. Edward Payson Terhune were "at home" from four to seven o'clock, the occasion being the celebration of their golden-wedding anniversary.

In front of the house, upon the prettiest bit of lawn for miles about, was set the present that children and grandchildren gave—a sundial made of Pompton granite, inscribed with the same pretty legend as that upon the famous one of Queen Alexandra at Sandringham:

"Let others tell of storm or showers,  
I only mark the sunny hours."

The little room, set aside, as upon the occasion of a real wedding, for the presents, revealed plenty of sentiment. There was a cake, made from an old Virginia recipe, baked in the