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Lane Seminary as I Saw It.

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(Read before the Lane Club, Dec. 11th, 1883.)

WHEN the Secretary of the Lane Club wrote me "to prepare a paper on LANE SEMINARY AS I SAW IT WHEN A STUDENT," I felt a special pleasure in being relieved of the necessity of looking around for a theme.

"LANE SEMINARY AS I SAW IT."

Shall I describe it as a poor mendicant, sometimes in want of bread? That would not be pleasant. Or shall I vindicate its theology, and its instructors? That has been done ably by those who know all about both the men and their theology.

Or shall I repeat the record of what the sons of Lane have done in advancing the Redeemer's kingdom on earth? That has been done in eloquent statistics, and in more eloquent eulogy.

Leaving all this, I have concluded to talk about some of the incidents and men at Lane, which interested me when I was a student here.

My first knowledge of Lane Seminary was over fifty years ago, when the New York *Observer* published the fact that Dr. Lyman Beecher of Boston, had been invited to the Presidency of Lane Seminary, and that Arthur Tappan of New York, had pledged the institution ten thousand dollars for his support.

I first heard of Dr. Beecher in 1826, when his "Six Sermons on Intemperance" were published. For several years my father had been the pastor of the West Milford Church, which occupies a charming valley in Northern New Jersey.

In one of his visits to Newark, my father found a copy of Dr. Beecher's "Six Sermons." He induced one of his elders to read them in the church six successive Sabbath afternoons. He was a fine reader, and read so well, that not only did he convert the whole valley to temperance, but he converted himself so thoroughly that he emptied into the brook by his house several barrels of apple brandy.

In 1832, my father was removing with his family to Ohio, and early in November, one evening we reached Granville. The village was then, as now, a pretty collection of neat houses, quite like New England. And there we found the great New England preacher, Dr. Lyman Beecher. He was on his way to Cincinnati to begin his labors at Lane Seminary.

A protracted meeting was in progress, and he preached with great power. His son George preached one afternoon, and an incident occurred that both amused and edified the people. Whilst the closing hymn was sung, Dr. Beecher was seen talking earnestly with his son. Before the benediction the young man arose and qualified some doctrinal statement of his sermon, lest it should be misunderstood.

From a relative who was a student at Lane, I have heard that Dr. Beecher's fame attracted to the institution many young men from the West and East, and also from the South. The most remarkable man among them was Theodore D. Weld. Until the discussion of slavery took place at Lane, no man could have been more admired by the students than Dr. Beecher.

That discussion was a crisis in which the Seminary's fate, for a time, seemed to be balanced.

Mr. Weld was the leader, and his lectures extended through nineteen evenings. He was a speaker of magnetic power. In 1834, after the mob that drove an abolition convention from Granville, I heard Mr. Weld lecture. It was worthy his fame. And when I recall the lecture and the lecturer, I do not wonder that he and his friends left Lane, when free discussion of slavery was officially prohibited. Whilst speaking of Mr. Weld's relations to Lane, I am reminded of an incident which occurred during the prevalence of the cholera in 1833.

During that terrible visitation, a death occurred on the first floor of the old seminary building. The victim—a young man of brilliant powers—had become skeptical, and Mr. Weld had sought to reclaim him. He remained with him in the agonies of the swift and tremendous disease, begging him, in vain, to look to Jesus as his Savior. It is said that Weld was inconsolable because he himself, when an infidel, had poisoned the young man's mind beyond any power, himself could exert, to recover him.

Of the several gloomy years that succeeded the abolition secession, I need only say that the wonder is, that Lane did not perish. It had few students and little money.

In the summer of 1838, when I was a Freshman at Marietta, Dr.

Beecher visited the place, and one Saturday evening, for the first time, I heard him speak. In common with many others, I was disappointed. It seemed, except in a few sentences near its close, a very tame sermon; and we said among ourselves, "The fire that burned in the peerless 'Six Sermons on Intemperance,' must have nearly burned out!"

The Sabbath morning sermon I missed, having walked four miles, with three others, to the country Sabbath-school we sustained during the summer months. But we heard the fame of Dr. Beecher's sermon that morning. At the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the College Society, at Marietta, November, 1868, Dr. Smith spoke of that sermon: "I should like to speak of his Sabbath discourse, in which he stormed every heart, and sent at least one of his hearers away, so rapt into heaven by the witchery of his words, that when he returned to earth, he found himself in the street yonder, before this church, hatless, and making his way home a laughing-stock to his neighbors."

It is true, I did not hear this remarkable Sunday morning sermon, but I *did* hear Dr. Beecher's address before the Literary Societies on the Commencement Day, when the first class was graduated. His theme was "*Eloquence*," and its discussion was truly eloquent. The Doctor spoke from several small scraps of paper, with the utmost freedom and fire. I recall one passage which amused and electrified the house. He stood on the stage and acted admirably his own methods of declamation when in college, and mimicked the criticisms of the Faculty. He moved about the stage and spoke violently, and they cautioned him to be more sedate. He spun clear around on his heel, for which grotesque movement they criticised him severely. Why should he go about the stage swinging his fists like a blacksmith, and generally conducting himself like Punch, in "Punch and Judy," "clean against every rule"?

My first sight of Lane was in June, 1841. Dr. Beecher, the day before Commencement, officiated at the marriage of my brother. That evening our little party was entertained at Judge Burnett's—a circumstance I would not mention, except for the fact that Mrs. Burnett showed us the riding-habit she wore when, as a bride, she made the journey on horseback from New Jersey to Cincinnati, and she told us that she afterward returned to New Jersey in the same way, and then back to Cincinnati.

In September, 1841, I became a member of the class of 1844, in this institution. The Faculty was composed of Drs. Beecher, Stowe

and Allen. It was not a large Faculty, but it was a remarkable one. Of course, Dr. Beecher was the most noted man in it. He was sixty-six years old, and in vigorous health.

Oftentimes he did not come up to the measure of his fame, but I never heard him without some signs of his splendid genius. In some of his lectures he was as great as ever he was at Litchfield or Boston. His lecture on "The Power of Conscience," read to our class, and afterward repeated, as one of a course, in a room in the second story of a fire-engine house, was not merely magnificent, but terrible.

It was my good fortune on two occasions to touch a string in the grand old man's nature, which responded in eloquence wonderful to hear. The first was when I delivered a chapel oration on "The Power of Enthusiasm," and the other was when I delivered an address before the Walnut Hills Temperance Society. The first was the occasion of such a burst of enthusiasm from Dr. Beecher, on the element of enthusiasm in the preacher's life, as made us wonder. On the other occasion, as on the first, Dr. Beecher rose to his feet, and spoke with prodigious power on the subject of temperance, and in the course of his speech he related the familiar incident, showing how he came to write the "Six Sermons."

Prof. C. E. Stowe was the scholar of the Faculty, delightfully original. He seemed to me to affect simplicity in the lecture room and pulpit. He was a great favorite with the students. One of his Wednesday evening talks on "ministerial manners" was amazingly funny, and kept us in a roar of laughter. He was nervous and sometimes quite irritable, but he was as gentle as the gentlest woman, in the times that tried us. He seemed very beautiful in his attentions to Kidder, who was sick at his house three months, and finally died there. A father could not have been more tender than he was to Kidder.

Indeed, that was true of all our professors, and the circle of Seminary families, during that season when twenty-five of our number were sick, and two—Kidder and Olney—died.

Dr. Allen had been in the Seminary scarcely two years when I became a member. He was the youngest of the three, and, except in the partial judgments of his Marietta students, he was then somewhat overshadowed by his older and more celebrated associates. And yet, even then he was a power in Lane. It was delightful to come into close contact with his manly Christian heart. I had known him in Marietta, during the long and dangerous illness of my youngest

brother. There are cases in which the heart is mightier than the head. Dr. Allen had as fine a heart as ever beat in a human breast. In due time his great compeers passed from these familiar places, and Dr. Allen remained in his sphere without a rival.

Let me turn your attention for a little while to the students who were then in the Seminary. My acquaintance extended to nearly every member of the classes of '42, '43, '44, '45, as also to several members of the classes of '41 and '46. I can recall ninety-two members of Lane whose acquaintance I made then or soon afterward. Several of them have made their mark. There were traditions about Patterson, of the class of '41, as physically a giant, and mentally big enough to be treated with special respect by Dr. Beecher when he asked questions in the class-room. On such occasions the Doctor would say—parading his Latin—"We will hear what you have to say, *sub judice!*" I might also refer to Curtis and Rice, of the class of '42.

The class of '43 was remarkable for its numbers and the men it contained. It contained thirty-eight members—the largest class the Seminary has had. Among these were four foreign missionaries. One of these did not live to reach the dear Africa he panted to save. I refer to John Milton Campbell. He was an extraordinary man. At Oxford he was the John Baptist who prepared the way for Dr. Beecher's labors in the University, resulting in a very wonderful revival of religion. He was a sort of religious balance-wheel of the Seminary. His piety was so beautiful and his desire to save souls so over-mastering, that he did not wait to reach Africa to begin the work of saving souls. His heart was so agitated with love for the heathen that when he stood in front of the great map which he and Bushnell had made, and explained the moral condition of the world, the most cultivated audiences heard him with profound interest. His language was often ungrammatical and his manner awkward, but the words which his heart of love had freighted with meaning borrowed from the words and heart of Jesus, were at times very eloquent.

Claudius B. Andrews seemed to be in bad health, but he was a cheerful Christian. Excepting a short period in this country, he was in the mission work in the Sandwich Islands from 1844 to 1877, the time of his death.

John F. Pogue was a small man with peculiar voice, quite excitable and animated, when opposed in debate or conversation. In the Seminary all loved him and had faith in his honest choice of work among

the heathen. He worked in the Sandwich Islands more than thirty years. He used to be noted for his fiery arguments to prove that a foreign missionary should imitate St. Paul in not "leading about a wife or sister"—but saw this matter in a clearer light when he met an excellent lady in the mission field in which he was laboring.

The remaining foreign missionary in that class was Albert Bushnell. In physique, voice and manners he resembled a delicate woman. It was the common opinion among us that he would not live ten years if he remained in this country, and if he went to Africa he would die in a year. Campbell and Bushnell roomed together. They together framed the great missionary map, and studied out its details. Their room was in the third story, front, and near the head of the stairs. I think it likely if that room could talk, it could tell a pathetic tale of pure Christian heroism—two men, one badly diseased, and the other seemingly too effeminate to last long in the most favorable location at home, and yet both enthusiastically bent, at the same risk of life, on carrying the gospel to some dark spot in Africa. Bushnell's voice was as sweet as a girl's, and without flourishing or straining after effect, that voice charmed the listener like the notes of a flute, as it carried to his hearers the divine passion which controlled him. There were more gifted scholars in his class, and men who perhaps could command greater pulpits, but there was none who could so charm an audience as could Bushnell. Years after we left the Seminary, he spoke at a missionary convention in our church, with Schaufliker and Wood, of Constantinople, and Dr. Asa B. Smith, of New York, but not one of them so stole the hearts of our people as the gentle apostle of the Gaboon.

Perhaps you may think it an insignificant fact; Bushnell was at that time the agent for the New York *Evangelist*, and sent my subscription on about New Year's, 1842—a subscription that has not been dead a day for nearly forty-two years; and I may further add, that at that time, subscribing for the *Watchman of the Valley*, and through the New School successors of that paper, under the editorship of Epaphras Goodman, Thornton A. Mills and Clement E. Babb, I have continued—until two lines of Presbyterian newspapers—Old and New School—our Allegheny and Monongahela—have become one in the *Herald and Presbyter*. I am nearly old enough in both papers to be pensioned.

I was talking of our mates in Lane. I have presented a beautiful quartette of foreign missionaries in the class of '43—Andrews, Bush-

nell, Campbell and Pogue, and to these we may add the name of Bonney, of the class of '44—for eighteen years an acceptable missionary in Canton, China, where he died.

The larger part of the Lane men of that day were home missionaries. Some of them won distinction as preachers. I might name Dr. Curtis, of Canandaigua, and Dr. Rice, of Minneapolis. John F. Fee, the wide-awake, vehement, brave President of Berea College, was a man of mark, and he has made history. Wm. M. Cheever, was, *me judice*, the most eloquent man in that generation at Lane. There were times then, and after he got to preaching, when his beautiful face and voice and emotions, backed by an intellect of more than ordinary vigor, made him a preacher of great eloquence. We who have known what he was in his sweet Christian life and serene Christian faith, were not surprised to hear of his heroic endurance of disease, and the tragic surgical operations which ended in death. The eloquent lips and tongue had almost been eaten up by the cancer, and cut away by the knife, but he was able to write, what seems to me the most eloquent utterance of his life—"Take it all in all, from the beginning, we have made a brave battle for life; we have done the best we could, and calmly leave the issue with our dear Father."

Livingstone M. Glover was a splendid man among us. Refined in his personal habits and manners—a fine scholar—and, perhaps, the most elegant writer in the Seminary, it was not a surprise that he became the pastor of one of the largest churches in Illinois.

For part of a year Horace B. Hunt was with us—a brilliant scholar, writer and speaker—but doomed to an early death, which he came West in the vain hope of escaping.

Samuel Kidder was a man of great promise, a remarkable musician, and his early death caused most sincere regret.

George W. Pyle was a first-honor man from Illinois College, and sustained his reputation among us. Almost a recluse, he made fine progress in all his studies. His room was on the third floor, north-east corner. That room was more famous as a study, for its single occupant, than a meeting-place for good fellows who did not work hard. He was also an impressive speaker.

Thomas S. Milligan, a Wabash alumnus, was probably the best scholar at Lane at that time. He was eminent in the special studies of the Seminary, as he had been in those of his college course. And he maintained his studies during his ministry—reading his Hebrew and Greek Scriptures daily with ease. He was fond of scientific and:

mathematical studies. He was a vigorous and original writer, and a man of fine humor.

Our heaviest man physically was Joseph S. Edwards. He had become an immense man when I last saw him, in 1858. He was an able preacher.

Our tallest man was William R. Stevens—six feet seven inches. He was well proportioned, and so conspicuous an object as to attract attention on the street. Our class was intensely amused as the giant came one day to the recitation room following Dr. Beecher: The two resembled a man-of-war attended by a little tug. Stevens stole a march on our plans for a few jokes on his height, by asking our attention one morning at the breakfast table. He said: "You see I am a tall man—in fact, taller than I would have chosen had I been consulted. From my boyhood I have been the subject of jokes on my stature. Two years in the academy and four years in college have afforded great opportunities to young men to make witty remarks about me, and some that were otherwise. I am not sure they exhausted the subject, but they did what they could. All their jokes are familiar to me, and, as I see by your looks that the deference you naturally show a stranger is about exhausted, and that you will soon unmask your batteries, I wish to tell you the few jokes already made on my unfortunate altitude—hoping you will omit them as stale, and only get off some that are new and original." We received this speech with great applause, and voted our "Son of Anak"—what he was in fact—"a royal good fellow." Mr. Stevens, as if conscientiously bound to average statures in his family, married a lady who was so short, that people laughingly said they could only walk arm in arm, by connecting their elbows with a handkerchief. Stevens had the typhoid fever, and our veteran joker, Charles E. Linsley, said, "Stevens was so long, he had more than his share." One day, when we asked Linsley how Stevens was getting along, he replied: "As well as could be expected, for I saw his body stretched on the sofa and his legs extended over several chairs." Our class-mate was an excellent Christian man, and had very considerable success as a preacher.

The class of '43 had the heaviest man; the class of '44 the tallest, and the class of '45 the oldest and the oddest.

William Robertson was said to be forty years old, and was gray. He was a physician, but concluded to study theology. What became of him, I never heard. Nor would I now mention him, but for the fact that he was a favorite with Dr. Beecher, which fact furnishes a

pleasant anecdote, that caused us at the time some amusement. One of our number reported that he had called at Dr. Beecher's study, and found Robertson there. He had been explaining to the Doctor the mechanism which enables the frog to leap so well.

To illustrate, he got down on the floor to show how the frog leaps, and the Doctor at once followed his example; and the caller found the two in this entertaining attitude—hopping like frogs around the floor. They both greeted him with a jolly laugh, and continued the sport until the lesson was finished.

Among the starred names of my own class is that of Erwin Page—oldest son of Harlin Page. He was a member of the class of '41, at Marietta. His humor—especially as a mimic—was irrepressible, and yet he often bore the appearance of melancholy. He was extremely neat and methodical in his habits, and a fair scholar. He was very kind-hearted, and would go to all pains to assist his friends. In his third year in the Seminary occurred a very curious incident. He was often a welcome guest at the house of Mr. Nathaniel Wright, an elder in the Second Church. One evening he remained until ten o'clock, and then started for the Seminary. He followed Sycamore Street, and reached some open lots north of the canal, and seeing what he took to be a little summer-house, he seated himself to wait for the moon to rise.

After sitting thus some time, he rose in his quick, nervous way, to go, and stepped off into a deep well. In telling me the incident, he said—his spirit of fun even then showing itself—"I instantly found that a body, unsupported in space, descends with accelerating speed." Fortunately the water was deep, and he was not hurt, but the well was so wide, that he was unable to climb out. Then referring to the lesson in elocution he had taken in college, he said "he found out what Professor Jewett's lesson on exploding the vowel sounds meant,"—for he roared so loud as to wake up a family in the neighborhood, and so was rescued from his perilous position. I think Page felt himself the victim of a promise he gave to his father on his dying bed. He was at the time a very fine book-keeper in a New York bank, and was rapidly rising in his profession. His father exacted a promise that he would resign his place and prepare himself to preach. He kept his promise, and having spent nine years in study, was licensed to preach, and did preach enough to become convinced of what he had long believed—that preaching was not his vocation. He then engaged in teaching for a time, and finally got a position as clerk in

one of the county offices of this city. This place he held for several years, but at last his mind gave way, and he was sent to an asylum, where he died. I may be wrong in my opinion, but I think he made a great mistake in abandoning a calling in which he was successful, for one toward which he felt no natural inclination, and in which he signally failed.

I might name other students of that day, and describe other scenes. I have said enough to show the kind of society we had in the Seminary. There was some tragedy, as in the terrible sickness of the autumn and winter of '42-'43—but, on the whole, we were not given to melancholy by any means. And you will get an idea of the kind of materials with which the Lane Faculty had then to deal.

It was in some respects a promising period, both as to the number and kind of students. The Faculty worked hard and not in vain. Then, as now, the relations existing between the students and the families of the Faculty and the Seminary church were extremely pleasant. The most of us learned to love Lane with an affection that still survives. In its appointments, equipments, the Seminary was then inferior to those now enjoyed here. I can only wish that the young men occupying these favored places may love Lane as much as the men of our time did.

The boarding-house arrangements of that day were not very ample, but we were a cheerful set of fellows, not much given to complaining. I have never been in a boarding hall where there was a more hilarious cheerfulness than in ours. On one occasion the Faculty gently remonstrated with us, as being too cheerful, whilst enjoying our humble meals.

I may be allowed a few words as to the social privileges enjoyed outside the Seminary. Some of us had friends in the city, and some made friends by work in the Sunday-schools. On the Hills there were many interesting families, in which most, perhaps all, of us were welcome.

Dr. Beecher's family was a favorite resort. There we met that motherly lady, Mrs. Beecher, and that great woman, Miss Catherine. My friend—Bishop—and myself, have been there when, in addition to those named, we have met Mrs. Stowe. We have seen those great talkers in their best moods, and the Doctor himself overflowing with a genuine mirth. On one occasion we saw Miss Beecher arraign her father for some theological heresy, and carry her point. I recall some scenes in which we were quite overcome with the humor of Dr.

Beecher. One was his description of his going one night, in his night-gown, to rescue "Old Gray" from being stolen.

At Dr. Stowe's we always found at least one of the remarkable pair in an approachable condition. The Doctor once said, that it was an understanding between himself and his wife, that only one at a time was to sulk, or go into fits of abstraction, or to become generally disagreeable. When both were in the happy mood, there was no more delightful place for the student.

At Dr. Allen's we could never go amiss. Those two beautiful faces always beamed with benevolent interest, and we loved to go there.

A mile east was the mansion of Gabriel Tichenor. It was one of the most delightful homes on the hills. Some of us were there often. Mr. Tichenor was not excelled as a conversationalist by any one in the Seminary circle. His flow of easy talk, garnished with anecdotes of distinguished people whom he had met, made an evening at his fireside a great privilege. I do not pretend to say how much Mr. Tichenor's beautiful niece—Miss Mary Noyes—had to do with our pleasure, nor whether her unexpected marriage to a Southern gentleman was a painful surprise or not. At any rate, we all turned out to honor the wedding with our presence and smiles. The Seminary and also Marietta and Wabash Colleges still feel the kindly heart-beats of Mr. and Mrs. Tichenor and their excellent sister, Mrs. Overaker.

Some of us found an open door at the mansions of Mr. Moore and Mr. Goodman. On the hills there was no kinder heart than that of Mrs. Bates, who has recently died. Let me refer to one more home, and that not by any means the least attractive of the circle. I refer to the estimable widow of the chief benefactor of Lane, Mrs. Elnathan Kemper. It was a bright, cheerful home, rendered very attractive by the genial manners of the mother and her daughters. It was a home full of cheerful ladies. I scarcely can recall a more interesting sight than the group made up of the mother and her four daughters, then at home. The two elder sisters were in the church choir, and were in the room where Kidder was dying, to sing to him the music he loved so much. And the time when we laid his remains in the grave, they sang a hymn of Christian triumph, such as he had taught them to sing. It was a great privilege to meet these cultured Christian ladies in the Seminary circle.

Many of them are not living, and nearly every one has left these scenes, which they once graced so well. But certain I am, that whilst the solid men of the Second Church were the Doctor's "wheel-horses

to get the Seminary out of the slough," and the men of the East did generously, and the Faculty did nobly in the difficult position they occupied, yet the ladies in the families of our professors, and in the elegant homes which were associated with the Seminary church, did a work for the institution of great importance.

I have not discussed theology, nor blown in your faces the smoke of the midnight lamps that used to be burning here. I have not dug up the ancient differences which once prevailed here. "Let the dead bury their dead." That a sound, working theology was then taught, I do not question, nor that it was ably taught. But this has been set forth by abler pens than mine.

I have chatted along about some of the persons who made up the Lane circle when I was a student here, and many little things which belonged to the society in which Lane students moved and lived forty years ago. I perceive the advantage I give you, should you attempt to convict me of the crime of being an old man. Let it be so. And yet, I once heard Dr. Beecher say to Dr. Allen, with a rollicking laugh, "I can outrun you yet, and whip you out in any kind of work a minister ought to do!"

The next time I address the Lane Club, I will try to appear learned, and so atone for trying to look at those far-away scenes through the boy's eyes that were mine when I lived two joyful years in the plain old dormitory and at the plain old boarding-house—joyful years, because of daily contact with these great teachers and men, and because I was admitted to the noble fellowship of young men, some of whom I have named, and also the cultured people in this circle, many of whom have passed into another life. It makes me sad to recall the "starred names" of that fellowship: Blakely, Booth, the three brothers Ford, Hall, Steele, Bushnell, Campbell, Cheever, Glover, Hicks, Hunt, Kidder, Milligan, Pogue, Pyle, Simpson, Bonney, Griffiths, Olney, Page, Stevens, Hildredth, Hogshead, and many more.

Of our three professors, Dr. Stowe still lingers. The other two are gone home.

Of those who made our society so pleasant, both in the city and the vicinity of the Seminary, the most have passed from the earth.

It is a pleasure also to recall some of the educated men from abroad I have met at Lane. In the great sickness of 1842, we saw such physicians as Drs. Mussey, Worcester, Dodge and Harrison. In the Seminary pulpit we had the services of the brothers—George Beecher, of Chillicothe, and President Edward Beecher, of Illinois College.

Bishop Hamlin preached a great Calvinistic sermon here one Sabbath morning. He was a very fine preacher. One Sabbath morning, Dr. David Nelson, the author of the "Cause and Cure of Infidelity," occupied the pulpit. His discourse was very simple, but full of points which were in the line of his book. In 1842 we had Dr. Samuel H. Cox and Dr. David Riddle to visit us; and one Sabbath Dr. Lauren P. Hickok, of Western Reserve College, preached. There were no doubt others, but I recall these. The Seminary pulpit was usually supplied in the morning by Drs. Stowe and Allen, and in the evening by members of the Senior Class. We had some singular sermons in the evening. I remember those of young David Nelson and William Homes.

And here permit me to repeat the substance of an anecdote concerning Dr. Beecher in his last days. I have it from one who gave it as a fact, and I have never seen it in print. During the latter part of his life he was often in a state of semi-unconsciousness. Occasionally he would rouse up and frame a brilliant sentence, and then sink into the former condition.

His Autobiography has not a few signs of the love he had for Roxanna Foote, his first wife. Several beautiful incidents are given in his Autobiography, of this sort. To these I add one more.

The children of the Doctor determined to see if they could not arouse him enough to recognize them; and so they came in one after another,—each one in his own way seeking to touch some slumbering chord in their father's memory—but in vain, until one of them said, "Father, do you remember Roxanna Foote?" In an instant the old man opened his eyes, as if waking up from sleep. His face flushed, and his eyes were suffused with tears. "Know Roxanna Foote! Do I *know* Roxanna Foote? Why, she was my dear wife, the sharer of my first experiences, the mother of my children, my sainted wife. Oh, yes!—I *do* know Roxanna Foote." And for a little time he spoke of her in the most beautiful strains, and then sank back to unconsciousness.

These rambling words about Lane as I saw it reach back to scenes more than forty years ago. I am startled to see how many of those I then met have passed from earth. They now—as we hope—see the King in his beauty.

Perhaps some of them, even before they passed into the heavens, could say as did our dear and venerable Dr. Beecher, just before he

departed : " I have had a glorious vision of heaven ! I have seen the King of Glory, himself ! "

You may regard these reminiscences as beneath the dignity of an occasion like this. I can only allege as an apology, the spirit that I have sought to breathe into these words, to show you how much I love Lane, and how tenderly I hold in my heart of hearts the men who taught me here, and also those who with me sat at their feet to catch their words of wisdom and feel the inspiration of their love.

Of them, who shall never again meet us here, I may say :

" We see but dimly through the mists and vapors,
Amid these earthly damps !
What is to us but sad, funereal tapers,
May be heaven's distant lamps !
There is no death ! what seems so is transition !
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian
Whose portal we call Death."

As for Lane, in order to express my love and my faith in its future, let me change the figure from a mother to a fountain, and quote the stanzas from Wordsworth's " Fountain " :

" In silence Matthew lay and eyed
The spring, beneath the tree !
And thus the dear, old man replied,
The gray-haired man of glee !
' No creak, no stay, this streamlet fears !
How merrily it goes !
'Twill murmur on a thousand years,
And flow as now it flows.' "

DR. BEECHER'S LAST VISIT TO LANE.

(Extract from a letter of Dr. Tuttle.)

After Dr. Beecher, on account of increasing years, had laid down the active burdens of his professorship at Lane, he went East to reside, and in 1856 returned to Lane, making what was expected to be, and which proved to be, his last visit. I was one that went from New Jersey to meet and to greet him. From a letter written to the New York *Evangelist* I extract a few sentences, which I can now scarcely read without emotion :

" The three acting professors of the Seminary, Allen, Day and Smith, occupied the pulpit, with the venerable President, Dr. Lyman Beecher. Immediately in front of the pulpit several pews were occupied by the alumni of Lane, who at their meeting in the morning had appointed the Rev. Daniel Rice, of Troy,

Ohio, to speak in their behalf a welcome to Dr. Beecher. Mr. Rice spoke very beautifully to our venerated octogenarian teacher, recounting the past and forecasting the future. As the Doctor looked down upon these "his boys"—as he sometimes calls them—come from the East and West and North and South, and heard the kindly welcome spoken in their behalf, his feelings quite overmastered him. Many in the audience wept freely, and there were few not moved to tears. When Mr. Rice had concluded his admirable address, Dr. Beecher responded with an energy and eloquence altogether unexpected. He had prepared a written address, but, boldly throwing it aside, he trusted to the good impulses of the moment. These did not fail him. With mingled humor and pathos he recounted the way in which the good hand of the Lord had been upon him, and spoke of the revivals which had marked his ministry, the incidents leading to his removal to the West, and the stirring scenes which had marked his sojourn there.

"It was the address of a noble old man whose name brought up a thousand recollections of brave and good deeds in a gone generation, and his presence then and there was itself a sermon the force of which every one felt."

"The next Sabbath Dr. Beecher preached before a large congregation in the Second Presbyterian Church, Cincinnati. Dr. Beecher conducted all the exercises, except the last prayer and hymn. His voice was clear, and his manner entirely collected. In the invocation he alluded to the personal relations he had held to the congregation in former years, but this was the only allusion made. The prayer was brief and perfectly characteristic. His text, 1 Peter ii. 21-25. His discourse on the character of Christ was powerful. 'It was one of the most striking descriptions of what Christ was that I have ever heard. Not a link was wanting to make it a chain-shot cutting clear through the delusion that a man can be saved by his own merits.'

"In the afternoon he made an address in the Seventh Street Congregational Church—Rev. Mr. Storrs. It was an exhortation addressed to the impenitent, and seemed equal to the efforts I heard him make fifteen years ago. He took the stand with a lively step, spoke freely, gesticulated with animation, reasoned with power, and invited sinners to Christ with uncommon fervency. I never expect to hear him again, but I am thankful I was permitted to hear this noble exhortation. God bless the dear old man!"