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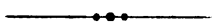
DR. LYMAN BEECHER.

BY THE

REV. JOSEPH F. TUTTLE, D.D.,

President of Wabash College.

REPRINTED FROM "AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN AND THEOLOGICAL REVIEW" FOR APRIL, 1863.



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Gift of

the Rev. Author,
Pres. of Wabash College,
Crawfordsville, Ind.

DR. LYMAN BEECHER.

By JOSEPH F. TUTTLE, D.D., President of Wabash College, Indiana.

FEW men have been fitted by nature and grace to walk a road which was "the rough one of battle, confusion and danger". In the church we have a few such as Moses and Paul, and Luther, and Calvin and Knox. But there are thousands of good men who "with faithful heroism have brought down a light from heaven into the daily life of their people; leading them forward as under God's guidance, in the way wherein they were to go". It has been said finely that God has created only one Niagara but thousands of brooks and rills. Although the elect few were valiant for truth and for God, yet the other and larger class is made up of men as valiant, fighting as good a fight, finishing as difficult a course, and keeping as precious a faith.

Lyman Beecher was born at New Haven, October 12th, 1775, and died at Brooklyn January 10th, 1863. He was the son of David Beecher, a blacksmith noted among his neighbors for strength and originality of mind. He spent nearly eighteen years on a farm with his uncle at Guilford. At eighteen he entered Yale and was graduated in 1797. Having studied theology a year with Dr. Dwight, he was in 1798 licensed to preach by the New Haven West Association, and in 1799 was ordained and installed pastor of the Presbyterian church in East Hampton. He entered upon his work with great zeal and with such success that in eleven years three hundred converts were added to the church. "His career to this day at East Hampton is one of the most fragrant traditional memories."

His labors here greatly impaired his health so that he was obliged to give up his work for a time. And to this period of constrained rest belongs one of those delightful reminiscences

with which he favored at least one of his classes at Lane. He had crossed the Sound and was recuperating his energies, as he told us, in the place where he had spent his boyhood. Among his old acquaintances was a *Churchman*. One day Beecher walked over to see this farmer, and found him cradling grain. And, unless the *reaping* be a more agreeable sight in agricultural life, there is no operation more admirable than when a strong man skilfully swings the cradle into the yellow wheat ripe for harvesting. The greeting was cordial, and soon the apostolic farmer complimented the young preacher on his success over on "the Island", only he regretted so much that instead of joining a sect he had not "gone into the Church", and instead of becoming an unauthorized minister he had not taken pains to get the apostolic grace from a Bishop in the Succession!

Beecher heard him patiently, and then said in his abrupt way, pointing to the scythe with which the farmer had been cutting the grain: "Fine tool, that! Cuts like a razor, don't it?" "Why, yes, to be sure it does", was the reply of the farmer, whose puzzled looks gave evidence that he was in doubt whereunto these things would lead.

"Did you ever hear that St. Thomas is the patron saint of blacksmiths?" asked Beecher with an ill-concealed mirthfulness in his eyes. "Why, no, I never heard that," said the farmer, "and if I had, I do not see what that would have to do with the point we were discussing."

"Suppose St. Thomas were the patron saint of blacksmiths, and that there was a class of consecrated blacksmiths deriving authority from him and pretending that not even a good scythe could be made except by some one of their class! And suppose one of these successors of St. Thomas should try to convince you that your scythe is good for nothing because an unconsecrated blacksmith had made it!"

"He would be a fool for his pains," said the farmer, laughing heartily at the droll illustration.

"So I thought. I never saw a tool cut better, St. Thomas to the contrary notwithstanding. Now I have a scythe of another sort. It didn't come from any succession of spiritual

blacksmiths. No Bishop made it or even whetted it. I have tried it over on the Island and it cuts as keen as a razor. What is the use then of my asking whether *Peter* had any thing to do with it? It *cuts*, and that proves that it was made by some one that knew how. My friend, I am entirely satisfied with my scythe!"

Well we remember the Doctor's face all alive with drollery and fun as he related this anecdote to his class, and finally burst into that infectious laugh, which was as merry as a boy's.

In 1810 he removed to Litchfield where he remained as pastor until 1826. His labors here were abundant and his success equal to his exertions. And here again we may refer to the notes we made at Lane for a reminiscence which we heard him relate at a Temperance meeting at Walnut-Hills in 1842. "I had long been impressed," he said, "with the growing evils of intemperance already swelling into a deluge of ruin. Excited by my observations, and feeling that something must be done, *I blocked out those six sermons, and laid them on the shelf for the moment when Providence should bid me preach them.* The tide was running with gulf-stream power in favor of intemperance, and one wanted nerve to stem it single-handed. There was a young man living in a remote part of the parish in whom I felt an almost paternal interest. I had married him and had watched his course with pleasure. Occasionally I preached at his house and remained over night. For some time my visits were evidently pleasant to him, but at last I began to notice that as soon as meeting was over he would hurry off to bed, but I did not suspect the cause. I knew something was wrong, because his wife seemed crushed by some terrible grief. One night after meeting I drew my chair beside her and said: 'My child, tell me what it is!' For a while she hesitated, and then with a passionate outburst of grief exclaimed: 'My husband has become a drunkard!' This was a peal of thunder in a clear sky. My heart bled for her, and I heard Providence almost audibly saying: 'Go preach the preaching which I shall bid thee.' I felt the time had come to take the sermons down from the shelf, and I did so, with what result is known to the world." But he added, "it

was too late to reclaim the young husband. Still, others have been saved, for which God's name be praised."

It will be observed in this statement that it is not a *father* and son, but only a son who is mentioned, and that the outline of the six sermons was sketched some time before he preached them. The statement in both particulars slightly differs from some we have seen.

In 1812 he preached a sermon at New Haven on "a Reformation of Morals Practicable and Indispensable". The discourse abounds in passages of great power, and the keynote is the same as in the sermons on Intemperance. Of these last, preached in Litchfield near the close of his ministry, it is not necessary to speak at length. We believe they are equal to any he ever gave to the press, and perhaps to any he ever produced. There were several elements which contributed to their greatness and success. He then was at that happy age when the fervor of youth is combined with the power of a ripening manhood. Here was the glow of youth and the iron force of middle life. What fire burns and flashes through these discourses, and yet what invincible logic and strength! Then, his warmest personal sympathies were enlisted to save his friends. His mind, always practical and never working so forcefully as when it was pursuing some grand and tangible object, had one of the most terrible evils to wrestle with. And how do his metaphors—they were his favorite and natural figures of speech—cause to stand out before our eyes the very thing that was destroying fathers and sons and brothers and husbands in the town of *Litchfield*! How we almost faint as we read of the serpent of vast dimensions wreathing a child about with his cold elastic folds, tightening with every yielding breath his deadly gripe! Indeed it seems to us that there is a passionateness, a consuming vehemence, an agony of apprehension in the descriptions, the appeals, the warnings, in these sermons, which excel any thing he ever published, and which has rarely been excelled in any similar production. The nearest approach to them we can now recall are some of the descriptions and appeals in certain of Dr. Griffin's sermons, and in one or two of President Edwards'. In his fiery,

vehement, wonderfully condensed expressions, what equal has he? Here is a sermon in a sentence when he says of certain evils: "They are not warts but cancers." What sentence ever better described tippling-shops than his "breathing-holes of hell"? What orator ever crowded more vehemence, holy passion, lofty eloquence, into as few words as he standing by "this commencing vortex" of intemperance? "To all who do but heave in sight, and with voice that should rise above the winds and the waves, I would cry, 'Stand off!! spread the sail, ply the oar, for death is here;' and could I command the elements, the blackness of darkness should gather over this gateway to hell, and loud thunders should utter their voices, and lurid fires should blaze, and the groans of un-earthly voices should be heard, inspiring consternation and fright in all who came near"!

In 1814 his sermon on "Building the Waste Places", was preached, and in it we find the elements of that zeal for Home Missions which was so conspicuous in him at a later day.

In 1826 he removed to Boston and became the pastor of the Hanover-street congregation. At that time *orthodoxy* was neither savory nor popular in the "Modern Athens". The influence of Harvard in respect to the central doctrine and glory of Christianity had been baneful there in an eminent degree. The wealth, the social standing, and the culture of Boston, all gave to Unitarianism a respectability which had hitherto been denied to orthodoxy. Park-street church, which had rung with the pathetic appeals of Dr. Griffin, was still sneered at as "Brimstone Corner", so that it required almost as much moral courage to profess an Evangelical faith in Boston as it once did in Athens. That highly cultivated and in many respects admirable scholar and preacher, the late Dr. Channing, was then esteemed to be the model of every pulpit excellence, and what his influence was it is not difficult to determine. However polished or scholarly, he spoke more like an ancient Greek in the days of Paul than a modern Christian, when "the strange doctrines" and "fictions of the theologians", meaning thereby Trinitarianism, were under discussion. As for revivals, he said vehemently: "We owe it to

truth and religion to maintain that fanaticism, partial insanity, sudden impressions, and ungovernable transports are any thing rather than piety". As for the vicarious atonement, it is "a crime to lay the penalties of vice on the pure and unoffending". As for the teachings of "this gloomy theology", if he believed it he "should feel himself living under a legislation unspeakably dreadful, and laws written, like Draco's, in blood". And he compares the cross of Christ to "a gallows in the centre of the universe". In contrast with these assaults on "the glorious gospel of the blessed God" were the exquisite and well-turned phrases in which he "reverenced human nature, . . . turning to it with intense sympathy and strong hope. The signatures of its origin and its end are impressed too deeply to be even wholly effaced. I bless it for its kind affections, for its strong and tender love",—and a great deal more of a similar character, in marked contrast with the descriptions of the human heart which the Spirit of God moved Jeremiah and Paul to give.

This was the type of the theology and preaching which was popular in Boston when Dr. Beecher was called to exercise the ministry there. All the terrible and all the glorious doctrines of the Gospel had been slaughtered and offered on the altar of an extravagant, unscriptural, and untrue humanitarianism. Besides this, the few years preceding his removal from Litchfield had been remarkable for extensive revivals throughout New England, the Middle, and the Southern States. On no theme was he more jubilant than when speaking of "the revivals in the bosom of which God laid our great missionary institutions". It is not too much to say that these revivals provoked great opposition on the part of Unitarians. To meet this, a leader was needed, and found in Dr. Beecher. He was in his full power. He had been twenty-seven years in the ministry, and while not a scholar, he was a ripe thinker and an effective preacher. He was in his fifty-first year, and his tough, elastic constitution, "with only one weak place in it", as he playfully termed it, was as vigorous as it was at thirty. His voice was yet a commanding one; and above all, his intellect was at its zenith when he began

his ministry in the metropolis of New England. He threw himself at once into his work with an almost boyish enthusiasm, and soon achieved such a reputation for genius and power in the pulpit, that Boston became proud of him as her foremost preacher. His spirit was so magnanimous, his polemics so humane, his aims so benevolent, as to commend his views of the Gospel to the favorable attention even of his opponents. His genius cast such a dazzling radiance around his ministrations, that men of the highest culture hung on his lips with admiration. We have heard him say that his mind was so fruitful during this period, "Sundays did not come often enough". He preached the doctrines in his own way, never presenting them as abstruse metaphysical subtleties or mere abstractions, but as a preacher of "*the Word*". To discuss these doctrines as mere theses was, in his opinion, like "handling the dry bones of a skeleton. Bones are necessary, but he would set them up, clothe them with flesh, cover them with skin, and pray God to breathe the breath of life into them". He was intensely practical, and gifted in the diagnosis of spiritual ailments, laying his finger on the precise spot, and fearlessly prescribing the remedy. Cursed as Boston had been by such a gospel as Dr. Channing represented, there were multitudes entangled in the net of a semi-skepticism, and struggling to free themselves from the hateful thralldom. For such cases, the preaching of Dr. Beecher was "the power of God". With as much sagacity as the hound tracks the game he would follow human depravity to all its hiding-places and "refuges of lies". We never knew his peer in meeting "difficult cases" and solving the doubts which so often amount to chronic infirmities. It was this which made his theological lectures in after days so fascinating to young men, who were thoughtful enough to anticipate the difficulties both in theology as a system and in its applications to specific cases, as they come up in an actual ministry. How often have his explanations met our own personal wants, and how often, years after we had left his class-room, have we thanked God for the help we had derived thence for our work in the ministry!

Such a ministry, in such a city, could not be otherwise than eminently productive. He used to say that there was hardly a month, for years, when his ministry in Boston was not attended with more or less signs of revival influence. His church was constantly thronged, converts were multiplied, and the pulpit he filled for six years was rated the most famous in America. Occasionally he went abroad; but whether in New York or Philadelphia, the tide of an extraordinary popularity followed him. In Boston orthodoxy received the impulse which carried it over all opposition, and it became a power in that city, the State, and the world.

In 1831, Arthur Tappan, Esq., of New York, agreed to endow a Professorship of Theology in Lane Seminary, at Cincinnati, on condition that Dr. Beecher should be the first incumbent. He was now in his full power, and in a most important post. His people were tenderly attached to him, and to die among them was his desire. But the West was coming forward with amazing strides. When he was a young man, the West was the Genesee country. Ohio became a State after he was ordained a preacher at East Hampton. He had been at Litchfield six years before Indiana was admitted into the Union, that is, in 1816, Illinois in 1818, and Missouri in 1821. Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, and Kansas were hardly possibilities when the Doctor was "blocking out his six sermons". About the time he went to Boston, the tide of emigration to the West was swelling into a flood that startled good men with the question: "What is to be the character of the Western commonwealths?"

The spiritual wants of the West early engaged the attention of the Eastern churches, and it was soon evident that to meet those wants institutions of learning must be established at the West to train the ministry at home. This widely experienced conviction gave life to Marietta and Western Reserve colleges in Ohio, Wabash college in Indiana, and Illinois college at Jacksonville. In a word, collegiate and theological education in 1832 was in its infancy, whilst the population of the West was increasing with unparalleled rapidity. Thus these two great facts pressed on Dr. Beecher's mind when he

was invited to the Presidency of Lane Seminary. The letter written by the Committee of the Seminary's Board of Trust makes the wants of the West in regard to education the main reason why the Hanover church should give up its pastor to go West. "To accomplish this great work—the evangelization of the West—we want indeed hundreds and thousands of additional laborers, . . . men baptized into the spirit of revivals, . . . fearless and firm in their attacks on the strongholds of infidelity and the devil." How better can this be done than to put young men in contact "with one who, without invidious comparisons, has no superior in the characteristics now mentioned in this or any other part of Christendom"?

Dr. Beecher's acceptance of this call gave great satisfaction to the friends of the West; and when he entered upon his duties, in November, 1832, he found that a large number of students had been drawn together principally by his fame. These young men greatly admired him. His simplicity and generosity, his eloquence as a preacher, his power as an analyst of difficult theological and philosophical questions and mental states, his terse style of thought and diction, his metaphors as hot as brilliant, his elevated piety, all of which qualities were rendered doubly delightful by his very eccentricities, attached his students to him in a remarkable degree. This attachment on their part reacted on himself, bringing back to him the freshness of his earlier manhood, so that both in the pulpit and lecture-room his friends considered him as equal to his best days in New England. The large assemblies in the Second Presbyterian church of Cincinnati, especially at the Sabbath afternoon service, proved that he was meeting the most sanguine expectations of his friends. It is a fact which reflects credit on that Church that it remained firmly attached to him until his infirmities warned him to resign.

Of the difficulties which soon after arose to embarrass him in an enterprise so hopefully begun, we have not space to speak, except to remark that, had he been on the ground at the time, his common sense and his influence with all the parties concerned, might have prevented that exodus of young men from Lane which left it for a time very weak, while it

added strength and *éclat* to Oberlin, then in its vigorous infancy. It was an unhappy affair, to which he was wont to refer with great sensibility.

In June, 1835, the trial of Dr. Beecher for heresy, on charges preferred by Dr. J. L. Wilson, began, and it was in some respects the severest test ever applied to him. Dr. Wilson was pastor of the First Presbyterian church in Cincinnati. In that post he wielded a powerful influence. In person and in the firmness of his will, he was said to bear a strong likeness to Andrew Jackson. He was an able and instructive preacher, and until Dr. Beecher came he was regarded by many as the first in the city. He, as a member of the Lane Board of Trust, had joined in sending the letter to the Hanover street church, assigning reasons why they should let their pastor come to Cincinnati. Perhaps the brilliant success of the new comer, overshadowing his own, may have made him seem to be a rival and an intruder. That the prosecutor had a very decided human nature, no one who knew him doubts, and yet we are slow to believe that jealous rivalry was the prominent incentive to this prosecution. The times were in a strange degree full of ecclesiastical bitterness in the Presbyterian Church. Duffield, of Carlyle, and Barnes, of Philadelphia, were made to feel this wrath of church partisanship, which good men of both parties deprecated but could not restrain. There was a wide-spread alarm, also, among the straiter sect of the Presbyterians, both at the lax church government and the unsound doctrines which were said to be prevalent in certain parts of the Church. At the West the feelings of both parties were greatly exasperated. Among these alarmists was Dr. Wilson. How strange in our day sounds the fifth charge he brought against Dr. Beecher: "I charge him with the sin of hypocrisy: I mean dissimulation in important religious matters"! The main points of the charges pertained to the doctrine of total depravity, natural ability, etc., as involved in the controversies between the Old and New School. Dr. Wilson's speech contains painful evidence that he was in full sympathy with the heated spirit of the times. The response of Dr. Beecher is one of his most remarkable performances.

We do not wish to diminish by an iota the well-deserved honor which both Duffield and Barnes won, and the fine Christian spirit they were enabled to maintain in their trials. It is sufficient to say that Dr. Beecher was their worthy peer in similar circumstances. His opening is touching and eloquent. There are some passages which subdued his audience like a spell; and now that both these great men are gone where there are no trials for heresy, the same passages move us to tears as we read them. Whatever may have been the feelings of his hearers as to the Doctor's orthodoxy, there could have been but one feeling as to his spirit. It is singularly elevated and charitable, in marked contrast with the prevalent spirit of the times. As for his doctrinal discussions, they are in the main satisfactory, and large parts of them, with slight alterations, such as he would have declaimed in his own pulpit. Some of these discussions are magnificent, and they are free from ill-humor or even irony. And in closing his triumphant reply, aware that his prosecutor was liable to be visited with the punishment he had sought to bring on the accused, he deprecated any such infliction, exclaiming: "I am not willing to stand here and hear my church-bell ring, while his is put to silence. We are not alienated from each other. There is no personal bitterness between us. We are as ready to see eye to eye, and as ready to draw in the same harness as two men ever were, if we could but agree in our views. And although Dr. Wilson does not see his way clear to extend his hand to me, it is not certain but that after he has conned this matter over; after he has communed with his friends, and above all, after he has communed with his God, he may come to a different conclusion". Noble enthusiast! thy hope was not realized here; but can we doubt that it has been in that other state, where there are no mistakes, no estrangements between good men, and where you and "brother Wilson" see face to face, and know even as you are known!

Our first sight of Dr. Beecher was at Marietta, during commencement week of either 1838 or 1839, and as he was the most famous preacher we had ever seen, we watched him with great interest. All that day the one great thought with us was, "To-night we are to hear the great Dr. Beecher preach"!

And we did ; and we confess it was a great disappointment. Save a few sentences at the close, the discourse was very dull. But our broken idol was repaired and set up the next day in its old place, for on commencement afternoon he discoursed from sundry bits of paper, apparently strung on a pin, concerning the dangerous theme of *Eloquence*. It was racy, original, humorous, gorgeous, and at times really powerful. In 1841, we became his pupil, and in looking over the jottings in our note-book, and the more enduring records made in our memory, we find nothing recorded that we wish he had not done or said. In the class-room, at the "Wednesday evening talks", in his pulpit, at his own cheerful fireside, and in his thoroughly up-side down study, he was a man without guile, without meanness of any sort that we ever saw, gentle and simple as a child, sympathetic, genial, godly. We loved to hear him pray, and confess that we always stared at him with our eyes wide open, simply because his face was itself a prayer, which added double emphasis to the petitions he uttered. He could no more suppress his own individuality in prayer, than he could compose himself into the stately dignity of Dr. Woods. And yet when he prayed he seemed very near to the mercy seat ; and then there were so many thrilling originalities that were constantly darting out of his inspired lips ! How simple, fitting, and original the prayer with which he began his class-lectures !

"When one that holds communion with the skies,
Has filled his urn where these pure waters rise,
And once more mingles with us meaner things,
'Tis e'en as if an angel shook her wings ;
Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide,
That tells us whence her treasures are supplied."

As a teacher of "systematic theology", Dr. Beecher was not very systematic, but he had an amazing influence, a sort of magnetic power, over his students, teaching and compelling them to think for themselves. This was one of the chiefest benefits conferred by him. Our notes show that he began to lecture our class on the abstruse themes of Butler's Analogy. Among our most delightful hours, were those spent in listening to his illuminated lectures on Butler ; and we hope to see

those lectures in print, although it is certain that some of the best parts of them were never written. Then came his lectures on Existence, Cause and Effect, and Mental Philosophy, followed by the lectures on Conscience, by far the most thrilling discourses we ever heard from him. He delivered them, out of place as to the system, to our class, and we heard them the second time in Fireman's Hall, Cincinnati, which the church, now under the care of Dr. Storrs, occupied the first winter of its organization. The Doctor delivered his lectures on Conscience at the Sabbath evening service. We regard the occasion when he spoke of the *Power of Conscience*, as among the grandest exhibitions of his pulpit power. His whole nature seemed permeated with a realizing sense of what he was saying. Although interrupted by several alarms of fire, and compelled to sit down twice, not an auditor left his seat, nor did the speaker lose a whit of the fiery vehemence with which he discoursed on his dreadful theme.

After this splendid episode of lectures on Conscience, came his course on the Will, the Affections, and Moral Government, and in the midst of a discussion of his favorite theories of Man's Free Agency, the whole course was dislocated by the introduction of his lectures on the Trinity! These were very able and practical, and brought us as a class to the mid-winter of 1842-3, when lectures and every thing else were set aside by the distressing sickness which laid twenty-five of our number on sick beds, and two in the grave.

This finished our immediate contact with Dr. Beecher in the lecture-room, and while it is evident that his course was not systematic, yet we look back to his class-room with delight that knows no abatement. He was there proved to be a man of uncommon genius, who had profoundly reflected on some of the most difficult problems of natural and revealed religion. The flashes of his mind are still shining upon us, as they did twenty years ago; and we believe that, all things considered, his connection with the present generation of preachers at the West should be regarded as the most productive in its results, of his life, and they fully verify the anticipations of those who invited him to the West.

His Plea for the West, delivered many times in 1834, will

show that then there had been no abatement of his energy. Crowds of admiring people heard that plea at the East and at the West, and there is but one testimony rendered concerning it as a discourse to be read and especially as one to be pronounced. What finer passage can we find with which to illustrate his own glowing eloquence than this, in which he urges the necessity of the most prompt planting and sustentation of literary institutions at the West? And if his words were weighty then, when the Mississippi was the western border of civilization in the North-west, what shall we say of them now when the frontier has been pushed back to Pike's Peak to meet the retreating frontier of the Pacific civilization, not dreamed of in 1834, which, having developed two States and several territories, is breaking over the barriers of the Sierra Nevada and already washes the base of the Rocky Mountains? "But whatever we do, it must be done quickly; for there is a tide in human affairs which waits not, moments on which the destiny of a nation balances, when the light dust may turn the right way or the wrong. And such is the condition of our nation now. Mighty influences are bearing on us in high conflict, for good or for evil, for an immortality of woe or blessedness; and a slight effort now may secure what ages of repentance cannot recover when lost, and soon the moment of our practical preservation may have passed away. We must educate the whole nation while we may. All, all who would vote, must be enlightened and reached by the restraining energies of heaven. The lanes and alleys, the highways and hedges, the abodes of filth and sordid poverty, must be entered and the young immortals sought and brought up to the light of intellectual and moral daylight. This can be done, and God, if we are willing, will give us the time, but if in this our day we neglect the things which belong to our peace, we shall find no place for repentance, though we seek it carefully and with tears."

It was a noble and timely utterance. Would that we of this day would heed it as our salvation!

It is but candid to add that, personally, we have heard Dr. Beecher only a few times, when through an entire discourse he came up to the brilliant standard of his Litchfield and

Boston efforts, or even those of his first years in Cincinnati. Once we heard him, in Wesley Chapel, deliver a speech before the Bible Society, once on Eloquence, at Marietta, once on the Power of Conscience, and once on a first Monday in the year in the Seminary chapel, when as an orator he came up to his traditional greatness. Then he was truly a Boanerges, and his mind overcame the disabilities and languor of approaching age. We often heard detached passages of great power, but they were few and small compared with those which, judged by his own standard, were inferior and weak. But it must be remembered that he was sixty-four years old when we first saw him, and sixty-six when we became his pupil. A very large part of the forty previous years had been passed in a ministry of such urgency and of mental excitement so vehement that he felt as if there were not "Sundays enough", and it was not to be wondered at that his eye was somewhat dimmed and his mental force abated. In fact, he was not a little sensitive on the subject. In 1845 he attended the meeting of the American Board during the anniversary week in New York. Dr. Todd alluded to his presence by saying that "he had understood that the *infirmities of age* had deprived the audience of the privilege of hearing the venerable father from the West". In an instant, with all the sprightliness of a boy, the Doctor sprang to his feet and, amid explosions of laughter, exclaimed: "It's the first time I heard of it!" When Dr. Todd took his seat Dr. Beecher verified his own claim to youthfulness by a brief speech in which the fire of his early manhood blazed and the power of his traditional eloquence took every heart by storm. And this was the man of whom Mr. Barnes wrote, that "no oratory which he had ever heard equalled Lyman Beecher's in his grand flights".

In 1852 Dr. Beecher's relations to Lane Seminary and the West were practically ended, although his venerable name stood as President of the Seminary until he died. In 1856 he was present at the anniversary exercises. It was known that he was to be there, and a large number of his pupils and friends met to welcome him back to a spot so dear to them and to him. The Rev. Daniel Rice, now the honored and able

pastor of the church in La Fayette, Ind., was appointed to speak our affectionate and tearful salutations to the instructor and friend of former years. Very beautifully and eloquently did he do it in a strain of reminiscence and anticipation that moved the great assembly. But when the Doctor replied we saw that "the old man eloquent" had begun to verify the saying:

"Last scene of all
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion."

The manuscript he had prepared for the occasion seemed beyond his grasp, and he laid it aside to *talk* to us. Occasionally the fires of his former genius would flicker and flash up for a moment. As a mental effort it stood in painful contrast with others in the same place that all remembered; but the benignant spirit, the magnanimity of soul, the loving docility of his piety, the quick sympathy with all that is great in the love of God and the efforts of man for a world's salvation, were still there as apparent as at any former day—a beautiful compensation for the mental senility which was so evident. "And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but *the greatest of these is CHARITY.*" In LOVE our instructor was, as ever before, great, and we thanked God that this divine virtue was shining about him so luminously that in spite of the mental feebleness which grieved us, the unabated force and undimmed brightness of his love to God, to Jesus, to the saints, to a world of sinners, imparted a beauty to the old man as when the shadows of the closing day are forgotten in night's holy silence, the unclouded sky in whose serene depths we behold the stars, and the untroubled sleep which predicts a morning so bright as to eclipse the stars themselves with light.

His death was peaceful as the close of day. A few days before, he had "a vision of transfiguration" for some hours, and his exclamation, "Such scenes as I have been permitted to behold!" reminded us of his once alluding to his friend Evarts who, when dying, exclaimed: "Oh! wonderful, wonderful! praise Him in a manner ye know not of!"

We close this tribute to his memory by extracting from our

note book a reminiscence characteristic of him, and prophetic of what he is now enjoying. "But the difference between the embodied and the disembodied states can be seen more plainly in the fatigue and exhaustion which seize the body after the long and intense action of the mind. How often has the enthusiastic student, with restless ardor, driving his inquiries and researches, careering on to victory, been checked midway in his course by his jaded body, and his mind, fretting and chafing, been compelled to cease its labors? How often is the untiring nature of spirit shown in dreams when that flame, kindled by the breath of God, burns with intense brightness, whilst the senses are locked in repose, and gleams through the chinks of its material prison-house?"

His voice was now ringing like a clarion, as eloquent and emphatic to a handful of admiring disciples, as it ever was before a spell-bound multitude. At this point he suddenly closed his book and, jerking off his spectacles, he delivered these sentences: "Excepting exemption from sin, intense, vigorous, untiring action is the greatest pleasure of mind. I could hardly wish to enter heaven did I believe its inhabitants were idly to sit by purling streams, fanned by balmy airs. Heaven to be a place of happiness must be a place of activity. Has the far-reaching mind of Newton ceased its profound investigations? Has David hung up his harp as useless as the dusty arms in Westminster Abbey? Has Paul, glowing with God-like enthusiasm, ceased itinerating the universe of God? Are Peter and Cyprian and Edwards and Payson and Everts idling away eternity in mere psalm-singing? Heaven is a place of restless activity, the abode of never-tiring thought. David and Isaiah will sweep nobler and loftier strains in eternity, and the minds of saints, unlogged by cumbersome clay, will forever feast on the banquet of rich and glorious thought. My young friends, go on then; you will never get through. An eternity of untiring action is before you, and the universe of thought is your field."

"The good, great man—three treasures—love and light
 And calm thoughts, equable as infant's breath;
 And three fast friends, more sure than day or night—
 Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death."



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