

ARTICLE VII.

LIFE AND SERVICES OF PROFESSOR B. B. EDWARDS.

A Discourse delivered June 25, 1852, in the Chapel of the Andover Theological Seminary. By Edwards A. Park.

John 21: 7. — THAT DISCIPLE WHOM JESUS LOVED.

MEN will cross the sea in order to view a mountain or a waterfall; but there is more grandeur in the human spirit, than in all material nature. There is a glory of the sun, another of the moon, and another of the stars, but the glory of one mind excelleth them all. What shall it profit a man, if he gain all worlds, and lose his own soul! And we feel a peculiar interest in the mind which has an original, distinctive character. The mass of men copy after one another. They lose their individual traits. But when we find the man who has a character of his own, and exhibits a marked specimen of human worth, we pause and survey and admire. Especially are our hearts drawn toward him, when he may be described, not as a philosopher whom men respect, not as a patriot whom they applaud, but, in the beautiful words of our text, as *that disciple whom Jesus loved*.

The brother who has so recently been called to lean on his Redeemer's breast, had rare traits and a unique history. His character was formed by a severe discipline. We may estimate its worth by its cost. In proportion to our interest in it, is the difficulty of describing it. No man can paint the exact hues of the morning sky. In our attempts to portray the delicate features of our friend, we are often obliged to fall back on the comprehensive but apt designation: He was *that disciple whom Jesus loved*. Let us hear a broken narrative of his outer and his inner life.

BELA BATES EDWARDS was born at Southampton, Massachusetts, on the fourth of July, 1802. He had, therefore, nearly completed a half century, when, on the morning of April 20, 1852, he was called home. It was often a pleasing anticipation to him, that when he died he should go to dwell with a long line of godly progenitors. He sprang from that old Welsh family, which embraces among its descendants the two Jonathan Edwardses and President Dwight. His grand-

father, Samuel Edwards, was a parishioner of the exemplary divine at Northampton. Spiritually born under the instruction of the President, he loved to consider himself as a son of that great man. He removed to Southampton in middle age, and remained deacon of the church in that town, until he died, "an old disciple." Not long after the death of Samuel, his son Elisha Edwards, the father of our friend, was chosen deacon of the church, and he continued faithful in that office forty years. He was a vigorous, sedate, discreet man; a firm, well-informed, energetic, self-distrusting Christian. His wife, Ann Bates, was perhaps as highly esteemed as her husband, for a saint-like life, but was more versatile and sprightly. She died when her son, near whose fresh grave we are now convened, was in his twenty-fourth year. Those who saw him bending under this affliction, said one to another: "Behold how he loved her." He felt a pious joy in looking forward to his college vacations, when he might "place some greener sods upon her grave." In his thirty-first year, while called on official business to a great distance from Southampton, he heard of his father's ill health. He resolved to visit, at once, the scene where he feared that he was to be again bereaved. One of the parties interested in the official business, advised him to wait until he had completed all his engagements. "You do not know *what* a father I have to lose," was the filial reply of the mourner, who hastened to his desolate homestead. His household ties alone were strong enough to hold him back from many a youthful folly.

The childhood of our friend was a marked one. His baptism was a kind of epoch in that Abrahamic household. The rite was performed by Dr. Samuel Hopkins, of Hadley, Massachusetts. The parents, especially the mother, dedicated their infant to God with an unaccountable, indefinable impression, that they were offering a peculiarly rich gift, and that signal blessings would attend the young child's life. The child grew, and won the general love by that sweetness of temper, which, as it cheered those who surrounded his cradle, afterwards soothed those who stood at his dying couch. He was not a forward nor a brilliant lad; he was modest and retiring; but he was often pointed at, as a model of conscientiousness and propriety to the other children of the neighborhood. His passion for books was developed early. He would read when other children played. Their gambols did not interrupt him, as he sat or lay upon the floor, with his eyes fastened upon the instructive page. Often, he did not hear the voice which summoned him from his volume of history to his field-work or to his meals. But, although he had his father's sedateness,

he had also his mother's vivacity. At certain times, he exhibited that sportive vein which, in his maturer years, enlivened his converse with select friends. He had not a boisterous wit, but a delicate mirthfulness flowed through his intercourse, like the gentle stream that variegates the fruit-bearing fields. In his tender childhood, his company was prized for that quiet humor suggesting more than was uttered; for that half serious smile giving the beholder only a glimpse of the innocent thoughts which prompted it; for that felicitous ambiguity of phrases stealing over the mind of the listener, first to surprise and then to gladden him. In maturer age, as if without intending it, he lighted up his statistical records, here and there, with the gleams of his chastened but playful fancy. Even in some of his most serious essays, we may detect the scintillation of his sprightly genius, illuminating the dark back-ground. In his last years, the light of his delicate wit seemed to hide itself more and more under the physical maladies and official cares that oppressed him, but it never faded entirely from the view of those who watched the last flickerings of his life. As he was in childhood the joy of the old patriarchal mansion, so even until the closing year of his half century, he was like the sunshine to his smiling household.

Our friend was not originally earnest for a collegiate training. He loved his home so well, that he shrunk from the thought of leaving it, even for the sake of mental culture. He already had access to a library of four or five hundred volumes, enough to satisfy his incipient thirst for information. But his parents were desirous that he should, and had a presentiment that he would, become a minister of the Gospel. He lived in a parish from which about thirty young men have gone into the learned professions. At the age of fourteen he began to prepare for college. The last summer of his preparatory course he spent with his revered friend, Rev. Moses Hallock of Plainfield, Massachusetts, a fatherly teacher, who trained during his pastorate about a hundred young men for collegiate life. Mr. Edwards entered Williams College in 1820, and, having remained there a twelvemonth, followed President Moore to Amherst, where, after three years of characteristic industry, he was graduated in 1824, at the age of twenty-two. His early field-labors had so invigorated his constitution that, without seeming to be fatigued or enfeebled, he could devote fourteen hours a day to the improvement of his mind. Even in his vacations, he shut himself up in his chamber at home, and thus acquired the name, among those who did not know his heart, of being

unsocial. Through life he kept up so close a companionship with the great and good men who communed with him in books, that strangers never learned the power of his social instincts. When we compare his earlier compositions with the classical and finished essays of his later days, we feel what we before knew, the amount and worth of his hard work. That polished elegance came not to him by chance. His compressed energy of diction he had never attained, but by a severe drilling of himself over the pages of Tacitus. His life is a commentary on the stubborn truth, that a scholar must make himself, and that, with rare exceptions, the Father of our spirits giveth skill in all kinds of cunning workmanship to him, and him only who endures hardness and presses through much tribulation.

The great event of Mr. Edwards's college life was not the success which rewarded his literary seal, but it was the apparent renovation of his heart by the God of his fathers. In his junior year at Amherst, he heard that some friends in his native town had become especially earnest for the welfare of their souls. His quick sympathies were aroused, and he began to meditate on his own relation to God. The world would have predicted, that the seemingly harmless tenor of his former life would prepare him for a tranquil conversion, and that a confidence in his own beautiful morality would gently fade away into a trust in Christ, as the starlight loses itself in the shining of the sun. But the depths of sin that lay hidden under the apparent simplicity of his aims, were uncovered before him by the Spirit of grace. He saw the abysses of his depravity, and he recoiled from them. His iron diligence in study was now relaxed. At this time the first revival in Amherst College was in progress. He was unable to endure the power of that revival. His pent-up feelings drove him for relief to his old paternal roof. His father's voice had been often heard at midnight in prayer for the son who, in despite of all the reputed innocence of his life, had now come home like the down-stricken prodigal. One whole night that father and mother had spent in anxious entreaty for this their youngest surviving child, their Benjamin, whom they had consecrated to God with a prophetic faith. All the waves of the Divine judgment seemed now to be rolling over that cherished youth, and out of the depths was he crying, night and day, and all in vain, for one gleam of peace. Through ten successive days it seemed to him and to others, that he would faint under the sad revelations which he had received of his own enmity to God. His feet had well nigh slipped. His constitution broke down almost. We long to know the details of that dark scene.

But they are now among the secrets of the Almighty. Our friend was never able to describe them. Scarcely ever did he allude to them. He kept his classmates ignorant of them. All but two or three of his bosom friends supposed him to have been transformed in a comparatively placid way. The records of his Christian feeling he destroyed, for he was too lowly to think them fit for perusal, and it was his plan through life to conceal even the most interesting parts of his own history. One loose paper escaped him, and this probably marks the day when light from on high first dawned upon his soul. He writes:

“ FEB. 24, 1823.

‘I’ll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose,
I know his courts, I’ll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.’

B. B. EDWARDS.”

“ O God, in view of the worth of the soul, and the importance of the *present* time, I have made the above resolution, not, as I hope, in my own strength. O Lord, remove the blindness and stupidity which covers my soul, and enable me to carry my determination into effect, and to Thee shall be the glory forever.”

Previously, our friend had been a scholar from taste and, as he would say, from ambition. He now became one from Christian principle. His piety gave new impulse and direction to his literary zeal. So it should be. A student’s religion will prompt to a student’s life. Six weeks after his self-dedication to God, this faithful man penned a series of resolutions, to remember that every moment is precious, to rise very early in the morning for his daily toils, to be punctual in attending the public and social religious exercises of the college, to keep the Sabbath holy, to spend a certain time every morning, noon and evening in secret devotion, to be benevolent and kind in all his intercourse with his fellow students and the world. The year after he was graduated he spent in superintending the academy at Ashfield, Massachusetts. Here, too, he made and resolutely followed another series of resolutions, to spend six and a half or seven hours of the twenty-four in sleep, six hours in his school-room, five hours, at least, in severe study, two hours in miscellaneous reading, the first and last hours of each day in prayer, and some time in physical exercise. To this last resolve he was no less religiously faithful than to the others. “Ashfield,” he writes, five years afterward, “is one of the

cherished spots in my recollection. That little rivulet, — I know all its windings and all the murmurs which it makes; and the place where I read in the summer evenings, with no auditors" but those that lived in the branches of the trees.

It was in part by gratifying his love of nature, that our friend sustained his health amid the studies of his early manhood. In the rural scenes of his youth, he cultivated that sense of beauty, which ever afterward guided his thoughts and, in some degree, formed his character. Hour after hour did he regale himself at Amherst College, in looking out upon the fields which are spread along the banks of the Connecticut, and are bounded in the horizon by the wooded hills, and then in applying the words of a favorite Psalm, to express his adoring gratitude: "Thou visitest the earth and waterest it, thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water." "Thou crownest the year with thy goodness, and thy paths drop fatness; they drop upon the pastures of the wilderness, and the little hills rejoice on every side. The pastures are clothed with flocks, the valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing." "I love," he writes from Amherst, "to sit at my third-story window about sunset, and read aloud the 65th, 104th, 145th and 147th Psalms, imagining that David once sung these sweet strains to his lyre, as he stood on Mount Zion, or wandered along the vale of Cedron, or heard the 'birds sing among the branches' on the sides of Carmel. In the one hundred and fourth Psalm, after surveying the heavens and the earth 'satisfied with the fruit of thy works, and the great and wide sea,' with what transport does he exclaim: 'I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live, I will sing praise unto my God while I have my being.' To be able to utter such an exclamation in the sincerity of one's heart, would be the perfection of happiness. If you will notice these animated Psalms, the description usually begins in heaven, an invocation to the angels, etc., exemplifying what Dr. Brown says, that the eye which looks to heaven seems, when it turns again to the objects of earth, to bring down with it a purer radiance, like the very beaming of the presence of the Divinity."

In 1825 Mr. Edwards entered the Andover Theological Institution. Here, at once, his poetic soul dilated itself in "surveying the wide heavens that are stretched out over us." In the depth of winter, he writes to a friend: "We have been living for two or three days past, in a world illuminated with gold and diamonds and all manner of unearthly things. I wish I could show you our sunseting at this

moment. It surpasses all description. The whole frame of nature looks like a mass of liquid gold. A flood of fire is poured from the 'fount of glory,' and a thousand forms of fleecy clouds are skirting the whole western horizon. Well may we exclaim, 'O Lord, how manifold are thy works! In wisdom hast thou made them all. The spreading out of thy glory is in the earth and the heavens.'

But when our friend came to this Seminary, he found a richer treasure than the sun, moon or stars could proffer him. He then entered on the Elysium of his life. As he devoted his first year to the Greek and Hebrew Bible, he was fascinated every day with its simple, artless idioms, its mysterious, exhaustless suggestions. And when we reflect that he was called away from earth in less than a third of a year after his first teacher at the Seminary, we find a sad pleasure in remembering, that his earliest letters from this hill, and also the latest letters which he ever wrote, with his hand emaciated by the touch of death, breathed a spirit of admiring gratitude to the man who first astonished him with the wealth that lay hidden in the field of sacred philology. Deeply was he moved, when he heard that his venerable friend had gone before him to converse with the Hebrew sages. "Professor Stuart," he said, "appears to me as a great and noble man. I should be really glad to pronounce his eulogy." He made this last remark, because he had been requested, months before, to edit the posthumous works and to write the personal history of his revered instructor. Nobly would he have performed this service. A distant age would have blessed God, for sending to us such a teacher, to be embalmed by such a pupil, — for allowing the strong features of our Luther to be sketched by the classic pencil of our Melancthon. Still, it was better that the affectionate disciple should go up to a higher school, and be welcomed by his early friend with a heartier enthusiasm, and be led through the glories of the upper temple by the same generous hand which had guided him here below into the sanctuary of biblical learning. So has God ordained it; and we rejoice that if our two friends must be severed from *our* communion, they may unite with *each other* in a companionship of sacred study. How natural, to suppose that "the old man eloquent" was among the first to expound the dark sayings of the prophets to that meek learner, who heard, and loved, and was silent, and adored!

At the close of his first Seminary year, in 1826, Mr. Edwards was called to a tutorship in Amherst College. For two years (between 1826 and 1828), he discharged the duties of this office with all that devotion to his *Alma Mater* which might have been expected from

his filial and reverent spirit. He felt a deep interest in the religious welfare of the students; and several ministers of the Gospel ascribe the great change of their life to the instrumentality of his prudent and affectionate counsels. He was the tutor to whom Mr. Abbott alludes in the tenth chapter of his *Corner Stone*, as making an effective address to a circle of irreligious students who had invited him to meet them, ostensibly for their improvement, but really for their sport. In the twenty-sixth year of his age, he had become so well known for his active Christian sympathies, that he was invited to several stations of commanding influence. On the eighth of May, 1828, he was elected Assistant Secretary of the American Education Society. The duties to be devolved upon him at that time were, to edit the *Quarterly Journal* of the Society, to conduct the more important correspondence, to superintend the arrangements of the Society's office, and occasionally to visit the beneficiaries at our literary institutions. About the same time he was selected to become an Assistant Secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and, among other duties of that office, to edit the *Missicnary Herald*. While these two solicitations were dividing his mind, he was asked to prepare himself for a Professorship in Amherst College. His nearest friends importuned him to take the Professor's chair. Born to be a scholar, how could he refuse to spend his meditative life amid the groves of the institution which, from its infancy, had been among the most cherished objects of his care, and hard by the old family mansion which he continued to love with a child's tenderness. But he cut the strings which bound him to the old familiar scenes of his youth, and accepted the Secretaryship of the Education Society. In 1828 he commenced the duties of that office, residing at Andover meanwhile, and for two years pursuing his studies in this Seminary.

That he should have essayed to combine the toils of so important an office, with the severer toils of a theological student, was not wise. In his amiable desire for immediate usefulness, he failed here to exercise his wonted sagacity. It was afterwards one of his principles, that the appropriate duties of the divinity school are *more* than sufficient to engross the attention of its members; that no extraneous care should be allowed to interrupt the pupil's investigation of that science which would claim the undisturbed attention of a seraph; that our ministerial candidates will be, in the end, more practical workmen, and render a better service to the mass of mankind, by humbly and patiently, for three or more years, learning to preach the Gospel, than by hastening from their preliminary seclusion into

a course of public effort; that it were better economy for our indigent youth to spend several months in some lucrative employment before or after their seminary course, than to break up the evenness of that course by the onerous duties of a teacher, agent, or public speaker. He had a reverence for the initiatory studies of a theologian, and dreaded every influence which could impair the taste or narrow the capacity for them. He prized *this* Seminary, as a retreat for young men who were in danger of sacrificing the permanent influence of their life, to a restlessness for contact with the bustling crowd. His own experience had made him grieve over any tendency in his pupils, to superadd foreign toil to their prescribed duty. He had learned that the superadded services would encroach upon the more appropriate business of the scholar, or else the effort to be faithful in the two spheres, would endanger the physical system. The tone and vigor of his body and mind, suffered under the divided cares of his Middle and Senior years at the Seminary. He became despondent under their pressure. A dark veil was drawn between himself and his Saviour. He saw his own sins with unwonted vividness, and he trembled in view of them. For many weeks, he struggled and prayed and wept, without the least hope of his final salvation. He resided in what is now the office of our Treasurer, and were its walls to speak of all that has been endured within them, they would resound with many a plaintive groan which they have heard, amid the watches of the night, from that meek sufferer. There, when all his companions in study were locked in slumber, he was compelled to cry out, mild and genial as was his nature, "Save me, O God; for the waters are come in unto my soul. I sink in deep mire, where there is no standing; I am come into deep waters, where the floods overflow me. I am weary of my crying; my throat is dried; mine eyes fail while I wait for my God." He did not speak of his griefs, as he *never* loved to expose his inner life, but they afterward gave a peculiar tinge to his aspect and mien. That look of self-abasement, those semitones of subdued grief, that retiring, shrinking attitude before strangers, that deferential treatment of other men known to be his inferiors, that quick sympathy with all who were unrighteously oppressed or despised, that promptness to relieve the sorrows of the poor and forsaken, these and such as these winning traits in our brother, were mementos of the sad discipline which he had undergone, while combining study with business. In some degree these traits were natural to him, but his inward affliction revealed while it purified his nature. One sentiment of penitence and self-distrust seems to

have formed his manners, and moulded the very features of his countenance.

It was an interesting trait in the character of our friend, that he was hopeful in regard to himself in all his relations, except those of a probationer for eternity; and even while mourning over his own religious prospects, he was enthusiastic in the service of other men. During the very months of his spiritual darkness, he wrote with buoyancy of hope for the Education Society, with which he was grieved to regard himself as altogether unfit to be connected. His labors were said by his fellow Secretary, Mr. Cornelius, to be "indispensable for the Society." Whenever he attempted to release himself from them, he was assured by the Directors, that the cause of eleemosynary education would suffer without his counsels and pertinacious diligence. At that period the Society was in the hey-day of its triumph. Our friend writes of sixty thousand dollars collected within two months, of eighty new beneficiaries received, and a hundred new applicants expected at a single quarterly meeting. He looks forward to the day when he shall be called to provide for two thousand scholars, destined to preach the word of life to two million souls. Mr. Cornelius, he writes, "will not be satisfied till the Education Society has four thousand students under its patronage, and the Gospel of Christ is published unto the ends of the earth."

But the bounding spirit of Mr. Cornelius was soon transferred from the cause of ministerial education. In 1832 he died, and Mr. Edwards, inconsolable for his loss, wrote a careful memoir of him, in 1833. The churches of our land had become involved in financial embarrassments, and the Society shared in the common disaster. Still, having loved that Society at the first, our brother, always constant in his attachments, loved it unto the end. He stood true to it and firm in its defence, when some of his friends forsook or assailed it. And the last years of his life, when he needed cheerfulness and repose, were often harassed with anxiety for the cause which he believed to be essential for the growth of our churches. He remained a Secretary of the Society until May, 1833. In 1850, he was chosen one of its Directors, and continued such until all his labors on earth ceased.

It was as an Editor, as well as Secretary, that Mr. Edwards first made an impression upon the community at large. While in the tutorship at Amherst College, he had in part the editorial care of a weekly journal, called the *New England Inquirer*. He devoted about

one third of his time to the religious and poetical departments of that paper. He was afterwards occasionally employed in superintending the Boston Recorder. From the autumn of 1828 until the spring of 1842, he retained his editorial connection with the Quarterly Register and Journal of the American Education Society. The plan of the work in its most important features was his, as was also the spirit in which it was conducted. He designed to make it a great store-house of facts for the present and future generations. It gave a new impulse to statistical inquiries in our land. It contains indispensable materials for our future ecclesiastical history. Those elaborate descriptions and tabular views of the academies, colleges, professional schools, public libraries, eleemosynary associations in this country and in Europe; those historical and chronological narratives of parishes, states, kingdoms, sects, eminent men, philanthropic schemes; those calm and trustworthy notices of our current literature; those choice selections and chaste essays were, in great part, either prepared by himself, or at his suggestion, or revised by his discriminating eye. In his superintendence of those fourteen, and more especially of the first ten octavo volumes, so much more useful to others than the care of them could have been to himself, he had melancholy occasion to say, *Alis in serviendo consumor*. We cannot repress a sigh, when we read in his modest, familiar letters: "I have spent six hours to-day in correcting one page of a proof-sheet;" and again: "After the rest of the Sabbath, my wrist troubles me less, it having been somewhat inflamed by the incessant writing of the last two or three weeks;" and still again, as early as 1835: "I have written eight hours to-day, — four sheets of literary notices. I feel something wrong in my side, I suppose on account of my position in writing." For all these toils in accumulating the materials for this Journal, he received no adequate recompense. They were, in great part, labors of love.

While making his tours of observation among our colleges and theological schools, Mr. Edwards became satisfied that more effort must be made for the mental and moral culture of our pastors, as well as ministerial candidates. He desired to foster the continued interest of our clergy in all good learning, by opening an avenue through which they might communicate their thoughts to the world. It was partly for the purpose of calling out their hidden energies, that he established, in July, 1833, the American Quarterly Observer. He continued this periodical three years, when it was united with the Biblical Repository, which had been during the four preceding years conducted by Prof. Robinson at Andover. He remained sole editor

of these combined periodicals, from January, 1835, to January, 1838. Six years after he withdrew from the *Repository*, he became the principal editor of the *Bibliotheca Sacra* and *Theological Review*; and, with the exception of two years, he had the chief care of this work from 1844 to 1852. In the year 1851, the *Biblical Repository* was transferred from New York to Andover, and united with the *Bibliotheca Sacra*; so that this veteran editor was entrusted the second time with that *Review*, which he had already done much to sustain and adorn. For twenty-three years he was employed in superintending our periodical literature; and, with the aid of several associates, he has left thirty-one octavo volumes as the monuments of his enterprise and industry in this onerous department. What man, living or dead, has ever expended so much labor upon our higher *Quarterlies*? — A labor how severe! and equally thankless.

He combined facility of execution with great painstaking and carefulness. He often compressed into a few brief sentences, the results of an extended and a prolonged research. In order to prepare himself for writing two or three paragraphs on geology, he has been known to read an entire and elaborate treatise on that science. His industry surprised men; for while he had two periodicals under his editorial care, he was often engaged in superintending the American reprints of English works. Besides attending to the proofsheets of his own *Quarterlies*, he would sometimes correct more than a hundred pages every week, of the proofsheets of other volumes, and would often compose for them prefatory or explanatory notes. And amid all the drudgery of these labors for the press, his rule was, never to let a day pass by, without refreshing his taste with the perusal of some lines from a favorite poet, such as *Virgil* or *Spenser*.

It was his patriotic aim in his various periodicals, to encourage a national literature, to guard the reputation and elicit the talent of American authors, to lay the treasures of British, German and French learning at the feet of his own countrymen, and stimulate them in this way to a more vigorous and independent activity. His belief was, that the light of other nations would enkindle our own, and that we should become the more versatile, and even the more original, by the quickening influences of transatlantic mind.

It was also his aim, especially in the *Quarterly Observer*, to combine the good men and true of all evangelical sects in one literary brotherhood, and to call forth their associated activity in aid of the great principles which were dear to them all. He therefore raised the *Journal* above sectarian influences, and concentrated upon it the

choice talent of varying parties. Ever was it his joy, to see the scattered rays of genius converge to one point. Some of his reviews were published amid the stir and the noise of ecclesiastical warfare; but how serene is the spirit of Christian science which beams forth from his pages! Who would ever suspect, that those catholic words were written for partisans agitated with the polemics of theology, and clamorous, often, against the divine who stood aloof from their strife. He knew the temptation of reviewers to gratify an envious spirit, and to malign *men*, under the pretence of opposing error. It was no *feeble* effort of our friend, to save his journals from the very appearance of a morose, querulous temper, and to keep out those personal or sectional jealousies, which are the most baneful of heresies. To all reckless critics he has taught a wise lesson. Of the numerous authors whom he has reviewed, has a single one ever accused him of an unfair, an unscholarlike, an ungentlemanly criticism? Once when he received an article exposing the grossest literary blunders of a divine whose faith he disapproved, he refused to publish the article, for the mere purpose of checking the tendency to assail the character of men, in order to supplant their doctrines. Again, he was importuned to make a display of the literary plagiarisms which had been detected in a theological opponent. But so sensitive was he to the evils of personal strife, especially among divines, that he spared his foe at the risk of displeasing his friend. — I have used the word foe. I ought not to have used it. For the honor of our race, I would trust that he had no personal enemies; and if he had, — Father forgive them, for they know not what they have done, — if he had personal enemies, they would have been safe in his hand. Probably he never published a word against a man who had injured him. The reputation of others he looked upon as a sacred treasure. He studied that true dignity, which consists in sustaining a principle and forgetting the persons of his antagonists. He had a passion for true and kindly words. Would God, that the mantle of this editor, as harmless as he was wise, not less free from envy than from vanity, might fall upon every man who ventures upon the work, so hazardous to his own soul, of being a censor over his brethren!

It was another favorite aim of Mr. Edwards, in his various periodicals, to combine learning and taste with true religion. As he recoiled from an unsanctified literature, so he struggled for a higher good than unlettered pietism. He digged deep, that he might enrich his reviews with the costliest gems of beauty. His creed was, that a refined sensibility to the graceful and the noble gives ornament and

and aid to virtue. He shrunk from all coarse and vulgar criticisms, as out of harmony with the genius of the Gospel; and he frowned upon every expression of irreverence and ungodliness, as at variance with the spirit of true philosophy. Hence his periodicals were welcomed to libraries which had been wont to receive no books of clerical aspect. He lamented, in his later years, that he had given so much of his time to our serial literature; but he did not know how much he had achieved thereby, in liberalizing the studies of good men, and in purifying the tastes of those who had previously no fellowship with the Gospel. Several features of his reviews have been copied not only by American, but also by European journals. He did not reflect, that he had found access to minds which would never have perused the more lengthened treatises of systematic theologians; that he had insensibly stimulated authors to be more generous in their culture, more candid in their decisions, less flippant and unthoughtful in their words; that he had breathed the spirit of the peaceful Gospel into the hearts of men more belligerent than wise. If his thirty-one octavo volumes of periodical literature had been superintended by a man of indelicate taste and of confined learning and litigious spirit, how disastrous would have been their influence upon the comfort of godly and discreet men!

It was as a *Philanthropist*, that Mr. Edwards began his editorial course. He never would have withdrawn his mind from classical learning to the statistics of schools and charitable funds, had not the same bosom which glowed with the love of letters, been warmed with a still more active zeal for the welfare of men. Animating the pages of his Reviews, is found the liveliest sympathy for the feeble, the troubled, the ignorant, the perverse. In his zeal to conduct well the correspondence of the Education Society, he attended a writing school when he was thirty years old, for the sake of improving his chirography, which before was good enough. He became so deeply interested in the culture of the young, that in 1832 and 1835 he published two school-books, *The Eclectic Reader*, and an *Introduction to the Eclectic Reader*; both of them filled with the choicest selections from English and American literature, and both of them showing the fruits of his multifarious reading and delicate moral taste. He also prepared, but never printed, a series of questions on President Edwards's *History of Redemption*, and designed them to be used in academies, as an aid to the recitation of that treatise. In 1832 he published his *Biography of Self-taught Men*, which was designed, as it was admi-

rably fitted, to wake up the dormant powers of the youth who are most tempted to neglect them. While residing in Boston, he was one of the most enterprising members of Pine Street Church; he was enthusiastic in teaching its Sabbath School. He wrote and published, in 1835, for his own adult class, a small volume on the Epistle to the Galatians, and he assisted in preparing several other books for Sabbath School instruction. His labors for Amherst College, during its infantile sufferings, were earnest and faithful. In 1845, he was solicited to become President of the Institution. In 1848, he was chosen one of its Trustees, and he fatigued himself in care and toil for its library, at a time when his health demanded entire rest. He loved his country; and while making the tour of Europe in 1846-7, he collected materials for a large (and it would have been a strikingly original) volume, which he was intending to publish, on the reciprocal influences of the old world and the new, and the methods in which we may give as well as receive good, in our intercourse with transatlantic nations. It would have been an opportune treatise on moral intervention.

Few persons have reflected more than he, on the Missionary enterprise. For several months he examined the question, with an honest, self-sacrificing heart, whether it were his duty to spend his life, where he was entirely willing to spend it, among the heathen. He kept himself familiar with the details of missions established not only by the American Board, but by other Societies. In 1832, he published the *Missionary Gazetteer*, containing a succinct account of the various attempts made by all Christian sects to evangelize the world. With the hope of deepening the public sympathy for the heathen, he edited in 1831 the *Life of Henry Martyn*, prefixed to it an *Introductory Essay*, and appended to it a series of notes, compiled, as the essay was written, after a most extensive research. The character of Henry Martyn was ever dear to him. He resembled that beloved man, in the refinement and generousness of his philanthropy.

From the beginning to the end of his public life, he labored for the African race. The first pamphlet which he ever printed was a plea for the slave. While he was pursuing his theological studies, he heard that a colored youth had come hither to enjoy the privileges of the seminary. Some of his fellow-students had an instinctive reluctance to be in company with the stranger, but our self-denying friend, sensitive as he was to the ridicule of men, shrinking from all appearance of eccentricity, scrupulous in his regard to all the rules of neatness and refinement and seemliness, invited the sable youth to reside

in the same room with him. For several weeks this man, so dignified, so delicate in his sensibilities, studied at the same table with the poor African. This was the man! What would he not do for his degraded fellow-sinners! Like his great Exemplar, he chose to suffer with and for the publican, rather than to sit in the halls of kings. In 1835, he aided in forming the American Union for the Relief and Improvement of the Colored Race. He was among the most zealous and persevering of all the members of this society. He wrote, published, lectured, and gave liberally, too liberally, in its behalf. His great aim was to elevate that race, so as to make it respected, instead of merely pitied. For twenty-six years, he was an unwavering friend of the Colonization Society, in its reverses as well as in its triumphs. He prayed for it. He toiled for it. He meditated plans for it. He suffered for it. He was willing to suffer more. The Secretary of the Massachusetts Colonization Society writes: "I do not know how this society could have been kept alive, for two or three of its first years, but for the aid of Mr. Edwards." He was one of its Board of Managers, from its foundation in 1841, until 1845, and was one of its Vice Presidents during the last seven years of his life. No man had a more intense aversion than he, to the system of slavery. He had seen its evils. He had felt them. He bore his last pain among them. He sighed at the very thought of an innocent man in chains. His spirit was burdened within him, by every new wrong inflicted on a race already bleeding. In his very make, he was a lover of freedom. By his dearest instincts, he recoiled from every form of injustice and harshness. But he restrained the expression of his feelings, whenever the expression seemed to threaten harm. He guarded his tongue with bit and bridle, wherever he feared that his warm sensibilities would rush out in words tending to irritate more than reform his opposers. And as he disciplined himself to be meek and forbearing toward the friends of slavery, so he fostered a patient spirit toward those of its enemies who passed the bounds of what he deemed a safe discretion. He knew, in the depths of his soul, how to sympathize with their abhorrence of the unrighteous bondage, but he knew that indiscriminating rebuke might aggravate the ills which it was intended to heal, and he studied on this subject, more than almost any other, to adopt wise as well as efficient methods for removing the evil under which he groaned.

The whole truth is, that our brother loved man as man; and nothing that touched the welfare of one of the least among his fellow-sufferers, was alien from him. Not a few of us can remember how

he spoke, — it was in the strains of a second Cowper, — when the Choctaws and Cherokees were compelled to leave the graves of their fathers; how he sighed, as if he had been personally bereaved, at the ravages of the Seminole war; how indignantly, — for his gentle spirit would rouse itself at fitting times, — he spoke in this pulpit, against the British invasion of China; how deeply and personally grieved he ever felt at the reports of disasters by land or sea; how carefully he studied to assuage the griefs or fears of the widow and the orphan; how faithfully he taught German to a servant in his house; how thoughtful he was to search out the sick student, to provide raiment for the young men who were poorly clad, and to take such as were depending to his own home, and attend to their good cheer. So did he live, — and how rare for a man to live so, that we feel even now the rich meaning of the sentence which will one day be uttered before him: “I was an hungred and ye gave me meat; thirsty, and ye gave me drink; sick, and ye visited me; in prison, and ye came unto me.”

As a Preacher, Mr. Edwards next appeared before the churches. During his first Senior term at Andover, he writes to his father: “Our class will, I suppose, preach in vacation. I think I shall not. I cannot do it conscientiously, and no one would advise me to do it against my conscience.” Again he writes: “As I am borne on towards the Christian ministry, I shrink back almost with terror. It sometimes seems to me, that I shall be upheld till I reach the summit, only to fall the lower.” Still again: “My heart and my conscience fail, when I look forward to such a work [as the ministerial]. If I take it upon me, I do not know but that it will be said: Better for that man if he had not been born.”

Under the inspiring influence of Mr. Cornelius, however, our friend was persuaded in 1831 to enter the pulpit. He often regretted afterward, that he had ever done so. “It is,” he writes, “a dreadful thought to me, very often, that God is more displeased with me for my prayers than for anything else; they are so heartless and hypocritical.”

His excessive diffidence in the pulpit arose, not altogether from his severe introspection of his own heart, but in some degree also, from his want of certain gifts for public address. His voice was not commanding; his gestures were not graceful; his attitudes not easy. He was near-sighted, and compelled to lean his head over and near his manuscript. Still, in a small house, or before a learned audience,

his outward manner, though wanting in some of the graces, was singularly winning. Few men in this Chapel have ever equalled him, in holding their auditory spell-bound. He spoke with a cautious accent and a guarded emphasis, which betokened the selectness of his thoughts. He recited passages from the Bible, with such a glowing countenance and marked inflection, as gave a living commentary on the text. There was frequently a plaintiveness in his tones, that harmonized well with the sentiment breathed forth in them. Some of his attitudes in the pulpit would furnish a sculptor with a good model of self-distrust and self-abasement. In his lowly way, he expressed a reverence and an awe of God, which must have come from a heart broken under a sense of guilt. When he raised his frame from its inclined position over his manuscript, and when for a moment he stood erect and gazed so honestly and earnestly at his hearers, he drew them to him as to a friend in whom they might confide, and whose sympathies were ever with his Redeemer and with all good men. Then there was a classic purity in his style, which fascinated the hearers who were trained to discern it. Then there were the terse, sententious, apothegmatic utterances, which startled and delighted the men who were able to understand them. He did not care so much about the logical form of his discourses, as about their inmost heart. They were free from common-places; and had a luxuriance of thought and feeling, which reminded one of trees with their branches bending and breaking under their fruit. They were not so remarkable for an obvious unity, as for a pathos that swelled through them, or a vein of sentiment original, delicate, graceful, intangible, enchanting. Our brother had the artlessness of George Herbert, whom he loved so tenderly. His simple-hearted suggestions reminded one of the "meek Walton," to whom he had a rare likeness. Where he was known, he gained the ear of his auditors by their reverence for his general character, so congruous with the preacher's calling, and also by their sympathy with his interest in all parts of Divine worship. They perceived his studious care in selecting and in reading the hymns, or rather the psalms, which were his favorite lyrics. He sometimes was so earnest as to specify the tunes in which his select stanzas were to be sung. He had formed the plan of collecting and publishing two or three hundred of the most exquisite songs of Zion, for those worshippers who loved to offer praise in rich words full of choice sentiment.

One might infer from the native sweetness of his temper, that he would be refined in his treatment of men who had no spiritual interest

in the truths which he dispensed. While a theological student he writes: "I would preach the law in all its strictness and spirituality, and terrible denunciations, but only to lead men to fly to the city of refuge;" and after noticing a volume of sermons which had begun to receive the applause of his brethren, he says: "I cannot help thinking that there is an unfeeling and vindictive spirit in these discourses. If I am not mistaken, they will drive the sinner to rage and mutiny, sooner than to self-condemnation. By these sermons, I should think their author lived when Agag and Ahitophel, Ahab and Jezebel were enemies to the church, rather than under the Gospel of mercy."

He was of so contemplative a habit, and his general intercourse with men was so courteous and deferential, that he was less inclined to make a direct and impetuous onset upon the feelings, than to present before them a faithful and vivid delineation of biblical truth. Here, as elsewhere, his private character disclosed itself in his public labors. He was pungent and severe and uncompromising in his application of the law to himself, but he deemed it wise to address other men in a general rather than personal, in an instructive rather than hortatory way. He may have been too exclusive in his preference for the didactic style; but it was a preference founded on mature consideration. Long before he entered the pulpit, he wrote: "You must have noticed, that truth presented in an indirect manner is more touching than when presented in the way of direct assertion and advice. For instance, it has a much more powerful effect in exciting me to duty, to hear a preacher describe particularly the love of Christ, giving minute instances of it, than to exhort me to awake, or to present to me the most pointed appeals. When I was living in entire forgetfulness of God, I was not half so much convinced of the reality of religion by the pathetic exhortations in the letters of my friends, as from some occasional and altogether incidental remarks of my father. It seems to me, here is a field for doing good that is in a great measure unexplored. In writing a letter to an unconverted friend, it seems to me that it will be much more effectual, as a general thing, to present two or three real instances of the value of religion or the evils of wanting it, and to let him make the inference, than to warn or exhort. Also, when in company of a promiscuous kind, a Christian can relate an incident, or make a passing remark, more deep and lasting in its effects than a formal conversation. If I am ever permitted to preach, I think I shall take this course as the general one."

The most conspicuous feature in the sermons of our friend, was

the tenderness of sensibility which they developed in regard to the redemptive system. His tones of voice, his expression of countenance, the arrangement of his words, all changed as soon as he touched this theme. He felt, as few men have ever felt, the worth and power of that grace by which the sensitive conscience is eased of its pains. The waves of trouble flowing from a sense of guilt had rolled over him, and he had found a shelter behind the rock that was higher than he. He had heard the deep call unto the deep, and his soul would have been swallowed up amid the surges that threatened him, had not the voice of his Redeemer cried to the waves: "Peace, be still." His discourses were a sign of his breathing a higher and purer atmosphere than that of the world; of his intense personal sympathy with the Man of Sorrows; of his living in Christ, while Christ abode in him; of his being himself offended with all that could displease the Head of the church, as our sympathizing Head is offended with all that disturbs the peace of his members, even of the little ones that abide in Him.

And if our friend may be thus described as a preacher, how shall we speak of him as a hearer of the Gospel? He seemed to keep up an incessant dialogue with the minister to whom he listened. Was there ever a man who expressed a livelier sympathy with the truths which he heard? He could not endure to sit in the vicinity of hearers, who did not feel as he felt toward the preacher. He has been seen to leave his appropriate seat among his companions in middle life, who, as he feared, would dislike a sermon from which he anticipated pleasure, and to take a seat among young men, who, as he foresaw, would share in his delight. A few years ago, in attempting to recapitulate the substance of a discourse which he had recently heard, on the riches of atoning love, his emotions checked his utterance, and he could not proceed in rehearsing even the schedule of the sermon. Such instances were common in his life. Have not all his friends discerned the smile playing on his lips, at the gracious words which came from the pulpit; or the tear which suffused his eye at every tender sentiment which was uttered; or the frown and hanging head which betokened that he had heard a phrase tending to dishonor his Maker; or the turning of his countenance this way and that way, to catch the sympathies which seemed to be floating around him? And who, that has ever seen the light and shade of sentiment thus alternating over his visage and attitude, has not felt that a spirit so delicate and sensitive was not formed for a lengthened sojourn in a tabernacle of flesh and blood? It is a sad reminiscence, that during the last two

years of his worship in this Chapel, he has perhaps never heard an allusion to the grave and to bereavement, without casting a pitiful eye to those who might soon be clothed in weeds at the side of his own burial-place.

Immediately after leaving the Theological Seminary, Mr. Edwards removed from Andover to Boston, and remained in that metropolis from the autumn of 1830 until the spring of 1836. He then transferred his residence to Andover, and in the autumn of 1837 was appointed Professor of the Hebrew language in the Seminary. At the resignation of Mr. Stuart, he was elected, in 1848, to the chair of Biblical Literature, which devolved upon him instruction in the Greek as well as the Hebrew Bible. As a biblical teacher, he spent the last fifteen years, the most valuable period of his life. As a Biblical Teacher, therefore, he deserves to be noticed at this time.

We are first reminded of the great labor which he spent upon the sacred text, and of his exertions to qualify himself for teaching it. His earliest studies were biblical. He had read the Bible through seven times, and all of Dr. Scott's Notes twice, before he was eleven years old. He began the Hebrew language at the age of twenty-two, and pursued it regularly, almost daily, as long as he lived. He had studied the old Saxon tongue, chiefly for the purpose of being able to appreciate more correctly the merits of our English Bible. Through life it was his rule, to peruse no book which would impair his taste for the sacred volume. During his editorial career, he had corrected proofsheets of Hebrew and also of Greek works then in press, and had submitted to this drudgery, — alas! how much of literary drudgery did he not perform! — for the sake of familiarizing himself with the *minutiae* of the sacred languages. In order to gain a more thorough mastery of the Hebrew idioms, he began, in 1839, the study of the Arabic, and in subsequent years, the study of other cognate languages. If we will but examine his essays in the Reviews which he edited, and the volumes which he was engaged in publishing during the last fifteen years, we shall see that they all indicate his design (for he was eminent for acting on a plan matured with forethought), to qualify himself more and more for expounding the original Scriptures. Thus, in 1839, he aided in translating a volume of Selections from German Literature; and his chief design in preparing this work was, to familiarize himself with the German tongue, that key to the biblical literature of the world, that instrumental tongue without which no one, at the present day, will be an

adept in sacred learning. In 1843, he united with Professors Sears and Felton in publishing the "Classical Studies." But his ultimate aim in this work was, to imbibe more deeply the spirit of the old Greek and Roman authors, to refine his taste for elegant letters, and thus to fit himself for worthier comments on the inspired page. He was associated, in 1844, with Mr. Samuel H. Taylor, in translating the larger Greek Grammar of Dr. Kühner. He deemed this a wise discipline for acquiring a minute acquaintance with the structure and genius of the Greek language, and for capacitating himself thereby to examine the New Testament more profoundly. All these studies he made tributary to his one comprehensive aim. They were not miscellaneous in the sense of planless, but were the wide-reaching efforts of an enterprising, concentrative mind.

And when, in 1846 and 1847, he made the tour of Europe for his health, he did not forget his one idea. He revelled amid the treasures of the Bodleian Library, and the Royal Library at Paris; he sat as a learner at the feet of Montgomery, Wordsworth, Chalmers, Messofanti, Neander, the Geological Society of London and the Oriental Society of Prussia, and he bore away from all these scenes new helps for his own comprehensive science. He gleaned illustrations of Divine truth, like Alpine flowers, along the borders of the Mer de Glace, and by the banks of "the troubled Arve," and at the foot of the Jungfrau. He drew pencil sketches of the battle-field at Waterloo, of Niebuhr's monument at Bonn, and of the cemetery where he surmised that he may have found the burial-place of John Calvin. He analyzed the causes of the impression made by the Rhine and the valley of Chamouni. He wrote tasteful criticisms on the works of Salvator Rosa, Correggio, Titian, Murillo, Vandyke, Canova, Thorwaldsen; he trembled before the Transfiguration by Raphael, and the Last Judgment by Michael Angelo; he was refreshed with the Italian music, "unwinding the very soul of harmony;" he stood entranced before the colonnades and under the dome of St. Peter's, and on the walls of the Colosseum by moonlight, and amid the statues of the Vatican by torchlight, and on the roof of the St. John Lateran at sunset, "where," he says, "I beheld a prospect such as probably earth cannot elsewhere furnish;" he walked the Appian way, exclaiming: "On this identical road, — the old pavements now existing in many places, — on these fields, over these hills, down these rivers and bays, Horace, Virgil, Cicero, Marius and other distinguished Romans, walked, or wandered, or sailed. Here, also, apostles and martyrs once journeyed, or were led to their

scene of suffering. Over a part of this very road, there is no doubt that Paul travelled, when he went bound to Rome." He wrote sketches of all these scenes; and in such a style as proves his intention to regale his own mind with the remembrance of them, to adorn his lectures with descriptions of them, to enrich his commentaries with the images and the suggestions, which his chaste fancy had drawn from them. But, alas! all these fragments of thought now sleep, like the broken statues of the Parthenon, and where is the power of genius that can restore the full meaning of these lines, and call back their lost charms! Where is that more than Promethean fire, that can their light relume!

The assiduity of Mr. Edwards in exploring so many sources of knowledge, enabled him to impart various instruction in a chaste, elegant style. His editorial labors had required of him a multifarious reading, and still had disciplined him to be scrupulously exact. Indeed, some have supposed him to be a mere sharp-sighted, punctilious, painstaking, wary chronicler of facts. His moral principles, also, made him correct in his studies. It was one of his favorite maxims, that a rigidly honest heart exerts a reflex influence upon the mental habits. In his conversation he cherished a delicate regard to truth, so that he might be incited to new carefulness in his professional inquiries; and as he was exact in his life, in order to become the more exact in his study, so he was cautious as a scholar, in order to become the more exemplary in his life. His dress, room, manners, evinced his love of neatness, and his taste for just thought and fit words. Writing far more than the majority of scholars, he still wrote with a degree of painstaking, which men who do not sympathize with his love for the precise truth, would think unworthy of him. He conformed to the principle, which he has often reiterated, that "after all which may be said respecting unstudied nature, the outbreaking of natural eloquence, the happy disregard of rule and formality, of which we so frequently hear, it is yet refreshing and instructive beyond expression, to listen to well-composed sentences, which have been subjected to the revision of a severely disciplined mind."¹ His style became so well-adjusted, so affluent in thought, that Professor Stuart pronounced it to be "just about perfect for a commentary." But with all his nice care, he combined a singular beauty. His fine taste for nature and art, gave every day the most promising first-fruits of a rich harvest, to be gleaned from his future labors. Other

¹ American Quarterly Register, Vol. IX. p. 13.

men have broken up the fallow ground and have levelled the waste places, and have fought with beasts at Ephesus; but our friend had a rare fondness and an almost instinctive aptitude for detecting the latent beauties of the Bible, for setting in a good light its numberless minor graces, for clothing its loftier thoughts with their own befitting majesty. Here was to have been his excelling power as a commentator. His biblical notes are now like a garden of fruits just budding into life. His classes hung upon his words uttered with a lowly accent, and will now labor to fill out the etchings which were drawn for them by his breathing pencil. He had not the masculine tones, the strong, impetuous, overpowering utterance of Mr. Stuart; he did not compel the attention of the indolent, and force men to hear when they would forbear; but he insinuated his thought into the love of his pupils, and he wound their affections around him with silken bands.

He had another excellence as a teacher. It was his sympathy with the truths and characters delineated in the Bible. He was, indeed, familiar with the geography and archaeology of the Scriptures. He could have threaded his way through the lanes of Jerusalem, as easily as through the streets of Boston, and he did not know the windings of the roads in his own New England, better than he knew the paths along the hills and valleys of Judaea. But he was not so eminent for his knowledge of the outward circumstances in which the patriarchs, prophets and apostles lived, as for his cordial fellowship with their inmost life. His home was in the heart of the sacred penmen, amid their tenderest sentiments. He brought the enthusiasm of a poet to the study of the volume, so large a part of which is written in poetry. Abraham was a father to him, as to the faithful of old. He looked up to Moses with a reverence like that of the ancient tribes. He lingered over the Psalms of David, as if he could never let them pass out of his sight. When he perused them in course for the last time at family prayer, he could "not afford to read many verses on any single day;" they were so precious that he dreaded to reach the end; and the few lines which he regaled himself with in the morning, were his refreshment until the glad return of his hour for household devotion. Few men had ever a clearer insight into the book of Job than he, or a deeper sympathy with the emotions that swelled the bosom of the old patriarch. And, had he lived to finish the commentaries which he had begun on this book and on the book of the Psalms, he would have uncovered new gems of sentiment, and bequeathed untold treasures to a late posterity. Not his lips only, but his entire frame would sometimes quiver with feeling, as he explained before his

pupils a sentiment of the old prophets. Were it not for his reverence for the inspired penmen, we should say that he had a fellow-feeling with them, and this quickened his eye to discern the shades of expression too faint for the notice of cold, verbal critics. He *felt* the philosophy which lies hidden under the poetic forms of the Bible. His taste for the inspired beauties was like a magnet attracting them to itself. To him the sacred words were written in illuminated letters. He enjoyed the delicate graces imperceptible to heartless inquirers. His was an elect mind.

The merits of a teacher do not lie entirely in his general character. He needs a particular interest in the school which he instructs. While a tutor in Amherst College, Mr. Edwards *identified* himself with it. During the fifteen years of his residence at Andover, he loved this Seminary with an intensesness which wasted his frame. It was his terrestrial Zion. His joy was to go round about her, telling her towers and marking well her bulwarks; Before her gates he scattered the flowers of his various learning, and at her altars, with a grateful heart, he threw down the laurels with which a world had crowned him. No arrow that was hurled at her could ever reach her, without first passing through his own soul. He will not be remembered here as fully as he would have been, if a mysterious Providence had not broken him off from his labors. But his memory will wave before distant generations of students, as the memory of *that disciple whom Jesus loved*. They will walk with a tender interest around the classic stone that is to mark his resting place. They will write and speak of the star that rose mildly in the east, and attracted the gaze of distant observers, and men were turning their glasses to it, and watching its upward progress, when it vanished out of their sight.

Shall I speak of our friend as a Theologian? I have hesitated long, before consenting to associate his name with a word which has come to be regarded as a symbol for wrangling and logomachy; for dry, fruitless theories, marring the simplicity of the Gospel, confusing, and therefore exasperating the very men who strive for them. His soul turned away from ecclesiastical pugilism. He never descended into the ambitious and envious quarrel about the *shibboleths* of a party. He never soiled his white raiment in those contests for personal or sectional preëminence, which have been so often waged over the interminable jargon of scholastic metaphysics, misnamed divinity. Men have not been wont to speak of him as a theologian. They

have called him a student of the Bible. They have talked about him as a pure-minded inquirer for the truth. They have termed him an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile. They have spoken of him as *that disciple whom Jesus loved*. But as a technical theologian he has been named so seldom, that perhaps I shall disturb the sacred associations that cluster around his memory, if I allude to him in this sphere of his labor.

But he was a theologian, in the best sense of that abused word. He was versed in the science of the great God, and this science is theology, and it is the noblest of all sciences. He was a *divine*. As a logician, he may have had no signal preëminence, although he was familiar with the books and the rules of dialectics, nor did he undervalue them. When he left his home for the last time, he took with him the Port Royal Logic, for his entertainment amid the scenes where he was to close his studies on earth. But he was a biblical, if not peculiarly a logical divine. He explained the Scriptures according to the canons of a sound, strong, plain common-sense. He was remarkable for his cautious, discreet, circumspect analysis of the text, his patient waiting before he made up a judgment, his humble inquiry, — and the good Spirit promises to show the truth to a lowly seeker, — his readiness to discern and to shun the absurdities, which a spurious logic derives from the letter, rather than from the meaning of the inspired words. He had the rare merit of taking his faith from the general import of the Bible, rather than from a few of its detached, “picked phrases.” He had a large comprehension of its main scope, and he watched its decided drift, and was candid, — for he prized candor as among the chief, and perhaps the very hardest of a scholar’s virtues, — and was conscientious, — it was indeed his daily prayer that he might have a pure, sensitive conscience, — in treating the Bible as a consistent whole, instead of seizing at a few of its terms, and wresting them from their adjuncts, and despoiling them of their simple, wholesome sense. It was the distinction of his creed, as he affirmed it to be the glory of Protestantism, that “it has no favorite chapter and verses; it stands or falls on the spirit of the entire volume, on the widest induction of particulars, on the simultaneous support of all the sacred writers, and of all which they declare. It pretends to no darling Apostle, to no artfully culled symbols; it shrinks from no argument, is afraid of no catechizing, never arrays faith against reason, and relies” on a broad, common-sense interpretation of the Bible.¹

¹ Bibliotheca Sacra, Vol. V. p. 621.

As our friend was a biblical, so was he a practical divine. It was common to speak of him as an intellectual man. He was such, but a man of feeling, likewise. He was led into the truth by his experience of its power. He did reason concerning it, but with the help of his instincts and his Christian sympathies. He did not learn the native character of man by abstruse inference, or by observation of his neighbors; but while he confesses his unfitness "for standing at the door and introducing others to the momentous work of preaching the Gospel," he adds: "Of whatever else I am ignorant, I do most fully believe the utter and enormous depravity of the human heart, and the absolute necessity of Almighty grace to subdue it; and whatever else I neglect to preach, if ever I am permitted to preach, I shall endeavor not to neglect Jesus Christ and him crucified." The divinity of the Saviour, also, he did not learn from a merely grammatical comment on the letter of the Bible; but his own deep grief gave emphasis to that letter, and he interrupts his expressions of despair in himself, by exclaiming: "If there is one ray of hope, which ever visits the darkness of my soul, it is when I think of the Saviour as Almighty, and ever present to hear and to help."

Having learned the truth in this impressive way, it was natural that he should be a kind-hearted, generous divine. Bigotry and intolerance come of a spirit that knows not its own frailty. Those great facts of the evangelical scheme, which are made so prominent and so lovely in the Divine word as to draw all men unto them, he prized as the substance of the Gospel. And if men believed those great facts with the heart and from the heart, he bore their philosophical errors with a serene indulgence. Was he too catholic? That were an ungracious criticism, — but he was more liberal and kindly in his estimate of others, more lenient toward their mistakes, and more hopeful of their improvement, than any man whom I have ever known in our uneasy and uncomfortable race. He felt that he had enough to do in mourning over his own foibles, without wasting his probation in exposing the faults of his fellow-men. How sadly shall we need his mild counsels, when we gird on our armor and go out to meet a challenge of the Philistines. How sorrowful shall we be, when we come back from the dust and clamor of the warfare, that we shall no more be greeted by his words of peace and sweet charity. Were there ten such men as he among our divines, then would the churches have rest.

Let it not be inferred that, because he was tolerant of unessential error, he therefore had no fixed belief in unessential truth. He had

his predilections for one sect, unworthy as this assertion may sound of his expansive sympathies. He delighted to reflect on himself as belonging to the same church with Clement and Jerome and Augustine and Chrysostom and Bernard, and Pascal and Fenelon, and Luther and Zinzendorf, and Leighton and Heber, and John Foster and Robert Hall, and Whitefield and the Wesleys; and he loved his own denomination, because it fitted him to fraternize with all good men and to call them all his own. He was among the very straitest and most unyielding of his sect, — if I may use that sharp and narrow word, — because its genius is, to leave the inquirer free and untrammelled; and still, among his most cherished authors were such men as Wordsworth and Coleridge, — the very men who had the strongest repugnance to some of his own ecclesiastical partialities. Men think of him, and should think of him, as a large-hearted Christian, and may dislike to have him styled a Calvinist, rather than a Lutheran. I should not render him entire justice, if I should insinuate that he loved to make the severer features of Calvinism prominent in his intercourse with men. Still, in a peculiar degree, his life developed the *true* spirit of a Calvinistic divine; not the spirit which has been commonly ascribed to the admirers of the Genevan creed; not the spirit which has been always harbored by them; but the spirit which is fostered by the reasonable and biblical expositions of that sublime faith. He looked up to Jehovah as a Sovereign, and trembled before him. He would not boast, nor be egotistical; for all his powers and attainments he traced up to the everlasting decree, to the love which planned them before the foundation of the world. He stood with awe at the foot of the throne, which, resting on its own strength, is firm, changeless, unmovable. He repeated with marked reverence the name of the great "I Am." He walked softly before the Monarch who elects one and abandons another. In the near prospect of seeing the Arbitrer of his destinies face to face, he paused, and was thoughtful, and bowed his head, and his words were few. He was not dogmatical, — how could he be, if he valued his creed? — for he knew the littleness of his powers, and counted himself to have no more than an insect's eye, and to be shut up to the vision of a mere, small surface; and can such a man utter assuming and presumptuous and overbearing words? He did not calumniate his brethren — could he do so, if he fostered a hearty trust in the doctrines which he professed? — for he had learned his own vileness, as well as that of his fellow-men, and he felt that both he and they deserved alike to be driven from before the Lord, as grains of chaff; — that instead of upbraiding his com-

panions in evil, he should beg, from his place in the dust: "God be merciful to me a sinner." He knew and he felt, that his heart was searched by the Ruler who killeth and who maketh alive, and that he was under the dominion of a Monarch who giveth no account of his matters to his servants, "nor borrows leave to be;" and with these thoughts of his Judge, he was humble, and subdued, and still; he went to his grave, meditative and penitent, nor did he strive nor cry, nor was his voice heard in the streets; — and this is the true spirit of a Calvinistic divine.

The honor which we pay to our friend is a peculiar one; for his excellence was more conspicuous in his private than in his public life. As a *Scholar*, he gained the profoundest respect from those who saw him in his every day walks. By the fact that he wrote or edited, alone or with coadjutors, forty-three volumes, and several pamphlets, the world have known that he was industrious. But the exposed fabric is often less interesting, than the secret machinery with which it was wrought. When we inspect the private habits of this student by nature, we see him absorbed in thought as he moves along the road-side, and he does not notice his most intimate companions, who may chance to meet him; or we see him on a journey in his chaise, and he is reading Wordsworth's *Excursion* aloud to the friend at his side; or we see him at his family repasts, holding a conversation or a recitation in German or French or Latin; and all this is not a labor but a pleasure, and it is all smoothed with his quiet humor. His delight was in books. When he needed relaxation, he would change the topics or the order of study, but study was like his breath itself, a vital function. After the labors of the day were closed, he appeared as ready as in the morning, to begin a new toil. In the time of his firm health, he seemed untiring. He was the scholar everywhere. Even his home-bred associations were with literary themes. He purchased a half-acre of land adjoining his house, partly for the sake of getting possession of an aged oak tree that grew on the land; for he had long desired to own such a tree; for the oaken wreath is rich with the memories of the old Greek and the Roman; and angels of the Lord came and sat under the oak, in the days of that Covenant People whom our brother loved; and many an elegiac sermon did he hope to write, under the shade of that venerable wood.

As he was a man of multifarious reading, some might infer, that he did not keep himself familiar with the few select, standard authors,

and that he lost in definiteness as much as he gained in comprehension. But he never allowed a year to pass, without disciplining his mind on the works of Pascal, Bishop Butler, John Foster and Robert Hall. He had the virtues of a man of one book. The poems of Homer he often carried with him in his pocket for his refreshment as he stopped by the wayside. When the near approach of death had taken away his power to read the volumes which he had carried from this place to his distant sick-room, and he had slowly consented to send back the volumes to their old shelves, he requested that his Homer might be spared him; for he still hoped to enliven some of his lingering hours with the winged words of his chosen bard. Because he was a man of books, it might be surmised that he took only a stinted interest in the scenes of daily life. But he always seemed to have the latest news from the German Diet and the British Parliament, and our National Congress and State Legislature, and our metropolis, and our tranquil village. The question has been often put by one class of his admirers: When does he find any time for the studies which we know that he pursues? and by another class: When does he find any time for the general intelligence which we see that he amasses? He was a man of quick and strong memory; and the adage is, that such a man fails in judgment; but perhaps our friend enjoyed a better name for his accurate judgment, than for his capacious memory, even. He had a passion for statistics, and a plain critic, who had wearied himself over some of the tables in the *Quarterly Register*, pronounced its editor to be "without a particle of imagination." But to those who knew his love for the Greek poets, his reverence for their genius, his sympathy with their tenderest expressions, it seemed amazing that he could ever have found a pleasure in accumulating the driest details of local history. He was a Grecian, not only in his love of the beautiful, but also in his self-control; yet by no means did he always attune his life to the Dorian mood. He wept over the pages of the tragedy; he lost his sleep over those historical realities which are often more harrowing than fiction. He was catholic toward the literary parties which differed from him; yet he felt a personal union with his favorite authors, and a tear would often suffuse his eye when he listened to ungenerous criticisms upon Plato or Socrates. He felt such criticisms, as if made upon himself.

A living enthusiasm for good letters was the soul of his literary enterprise. "I feel sometimes an unaccountable desire," he writes in one of his youthful epistles, "to accomplish some things which

man has not attained; yet I consider it right to strive after a perfection in literary pursuits, which is probably beyond my reach;"—this was the high aim ever animating and exalting his mind. It made him a man of progress. It gave him a fixed purpose, in reliance on Heaven, to go on improving to his grave. He strove to perpetuate in his mind the fresh sympathies and aspirations of youth. He continued, even in his last hours, to cherish his early desire of conferring "great and endless blessings" on the learned world. The power of his character lay, somewhat, in these noble contrasts of enthusiasm and discretion, delicate sensibility and sterling sense, lofty enterprise and meek wisdom.

As a *Christian*, he was more admirable than as a scholar. His religious feeling was mirrored forth in his literary essays. His life was a rich lesson, as it illustrated the power of Christian principle over the constitutional sensibilities. He was by nature so gentle, that he would sometimes be taken for a timid man; but when a religious interest was assailed, he became bolder than his compeers. His amiable temper predisposed him to yield his own opinions and preferences to those of his associates; but if he suspected that the claims of learning or virtue would suffer, by one iota of change in any one of his plans, no man was more inflexible than he. Nothing could move him. He would sacrifice his comfort, or his health, or friends,—anything, everything, to the scheme which was demanded by his conscience. He would have been sure that he was right; he would have petitioned to Heaven for a sound opinion; yet for a worthy end, he would have died a martyr. In these days his life has been a timely lesson, as it has illustrated the union between a literary enthusiasm and a depth of piety. He had theoretical arguments, but in himself he was a living argument, against the policy of dwarfing the intellect for the sake of nourishing the affections. His interest in the pliant language, the beautiful images, the nice distinctions, the wise maxims of the Greeks, prepared him to admire the higher sublimity and the broader wisdom of the inspired Jews. The progressive delicacy of his taste quickened his zeal for Christian truth, of which all the beauties of earth are but types and shadows. His religious progress is well delineated in those three words inscribed on Herder's tomb-stone: "Light, Love, Life." For as he gained the more light, he caught the more glowing love; and as his love flamed out in a new ardor, he enjoyed the truer life. In the autumn of 1837, he was bereaved of a child, his first-born. Often had he felt

the chastisement of the Lord; but now it seemed to him, he said, "as if the heart, the physical organ itself, would be moved out of its place." For a twelvemonth, he could not apply his mind to tranquil and consecutive study. Just two months after the day of his bereavement, he was inaugurated a Professor in this Seminary. At the close of his Inaugural Address, he cast his mild eye toward that little grave, and uttered the modest words: "The experiences of almost every day warn us, that the fairest earthly hopes bloom only for the grave." From that grave he learned his best lessons. He studied it daily, through life. In nearly all his sermons there is some word or phrase, which indicates that he was preparing to meet his absent child. He loved more and more to preach on the rewards of the blessed, and especially on the resurrection of the just; when, as he said, "those little ones, millions of whom fell asleep in Christ's dear arms, shall spring to new life in their Father's house."

We shall do injustice to Mr. Edwards, as a scholar, unless we regard him as a Christian; and we shall fail to honor him aright either as a scholar or as a Christian, unless we consider him as a *Man*. He was a man. The qualities of a meek disciple underlay the excellence of the student; and the qualities of the man underlay the excellence of the student and Christian both. He acted and reacted upon himself in those varying capacities; his virtues in each relation blossomed out of his virtues in the other. There was a concinnity in him as a man; yet he was versatile and generously endowed. He combined the varying physical temperaments, in an uncommonly unique system. The even tenor of his life was cheerful; but certainly he was given to pensive and sombre moods. He had a kind of reverence for that melancholy which is so often the attendant of genius. He loved the poet Homer for speaking of "tearful war." He sometimes queried, whether there were not an intensity of meaning which we cannot fathom, in the phrase "pitying angels,"—whether the spirits of the blessed, those ministers of grace, must not feel a tender and profound sorrow for human sin and woe. He was pliant in his intercourse, but on important themes he had a manlike tenacity of his opinions. How many have been overpowered by his modest ways!—but he yielded to no one in a just self-respect. He was honest, simple-hearted, but wise and far-seeing. The world did not know him. Like his blessed Lord, he passed through the crowds whom he served, and in his inner life was a stranger to them. There was a depth of feeling in him, and such a quiet self-possession;

there was an energy of will in him, and such an accommodating temper; there was such a sensitiveness and yet so cool a judgment, that he baffled men who would fully analyze his worth. And here was the secret of his power over his associates. They trusted in him; they leaned upon him; they often yielded their opinion to his; for they revered the spirit which had a depth, a width, a variousness, a compass, an extent of information, not exactly intelligible to them. They did not deem him faultless, for he was too lowly to suffer such a mistake; but as they became more minute in observing his private life, so much the more did they confide in the purity and rectitude of his aims.

And there was one sphere where he moved aloof from the gaze of men, and where he cultivated the virtues whose influence diffused itself silently through his public life. There was one temple, where he ministered as a high-priest of the God of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob. There was one altar, where he bowed with a dignity and a grace which we are not to describe in this sad presence. Who shall tell of his serene walk through the chambers, that are now darkened because he is taken up from them! With what reverence did he bend over the cradle of his sleeping infants! In what phrases can we describe the veneration which he felt for the character of woman. Let us not venture behind the veil which hangs, with so sacred a beauty, before his domestic life. The words of a stranger are but unmeaning sounds, in the ear of those desolate ones who know more than even they can express.

“What practice howsoe’er expert
In fitting aptest words to things,
Or voice the richest-toned that sings,
Hath power to give thee as thou wert?”

As a man, our friend was mortal. That activity of mind which is a rest to him where he is now, overpowers the flesh and blood which cannot enter the kingdom of God. The seeds of consumption sprang up in his body, which had been leaning so long over the learned page. For seven years he was yielding, inch by inch, to that insidious disease. He could not be persuaded that he had any serious malady. He refuted the intimations of his friends, with a tranquil smile. He still cherished his plans for a long life. He persevered in cultivating such habits (for this was his singular forethought), as would make his old age benignant and attractive. He persisted in accumulating new materials for new commentaries. He was just

ready to finish for the press his Expositions of Habakkuk, Job, the Psalms, and the First Epistle to the Corinthians. Fifteen years had he spent in amassing the treasures for these works; now had come the time for putting the gems into their caskets. Sudden was his disappointment, when he heard, a year since, that his disease was beyond all cure. Still, having consumed the vigor of his life in bringing together from afar the stones of the temple, it was hard to give up the hope of rearing the sacred edifice. He repaired to Athens in Georgia, with the desire of pressing onward to their fulfilment his long cherished schemes. He could not endure the thought, that men should look at him as a doomed man, — should point at him with the finger of sympathy, as given over to the grave. He would fain keep his doom as a secret in his own breast. But while he was taciturn, death hurried on. He became too feeble for study. He was compelled to shut his books. This was a new rebuff to his enterprising mind. He seemed like a man bereaved of his children. He looked like one who was soon to die of a broken heart. His loftiest ideals, the most comprehensive scheme of his life waved before him in his last hours. His frame was attenuated; it was almost a shadow; but his mind continued, as it had been wont, to engross itself with great themes. Socrates would have referred to him as a sign and pledge of the soul's immortal life and youth. On the Sabbath before he died, he asked that the doors of his room might be thrown wide open, so that he might see the fields glistening in the sunlight, and might inhale the fresh breeze of spring. He was enchanted with the vernal scene, with the boughs putting forth their tender leaves. His soul was alive with happy thoughts, all the happier because it was the Sabbath morning. He recited the words:

"As when to them who sail
Beyond the cape of Hope, and now are past
Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds blow
Sabean odors from the spicy shore
Of Arabia the blest," —

"Take out Milton," he added, "and read that figure." It was read. "It is one of the grandest in the language," he remarked, "and another like it is in those lines:

'Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green.'

At one season of the year, the hills of Judaea may be distinctly noticed clothed in green, beyond the river." And then he meditated on the

scenes beyond the river. It had been his hope, to spend that very season of the year in Palestine; but he was hastening onward to a holier land than Canaan of old, — fields greener than those which line the Jordan. After he had read the one hundred and fiftieth Psalm, at family prayer, he rose to lead the devotions of the circle around him; he poured out the affluence of his imagination and his heart, in the seraphic spirit of that Psalm, calling on everything that hath breath to praise the Lord; — “praise him with the sound of the trumpet, with the psaltery and harp;” — but when he came to the individual petitions for himself and household, his voice broke down at once, his whole style sunk from that of an angel to that of the publican, and all his words and tones were those of a stricken, bruised, crushed penitent. No other man can repeat the thoughts which he uttered, more than the sentiments of Plato can be transferred into our ruder speech. Words could not express them. They overflowed the appointed channels. They came out in the trembling lip, the curved frame, the tremulous, broken, whispering voice. While thinking of himself he never cried out with the Apostle: “I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith;” — but when he heard the words quoted: “Lord, remember me, when thou comest into thy kingdom,” he seized at them; those were just the words; — “Yes,” he said, “I can put myself in the place of the thief.” Less than the least of all saints, not worthy to be called an heir of heaven, a poor child of sin, almost fainting under the burden of his guilt, — so did this disciple whom Jesus loved ever represent himself. And all his words were measured and cautious. He would ask to be left alone, that he might meditate with a composed mind. Over and over did he reiterate the phrase: “I renounce myself utterly, — I renounce my past life.” Even his aptness in the choice of phrases failed to express his lowly temper.

He did not suppose that he was soon to die; he expected, — his malady made him tenacious of his expectation, — and some medical advisers did not abandon the hope, that he might live to complete the volumes, with the plan of which his soul had been charmed. But a sudden alteration came over him, on the morning of the nineteenth of April. At the break of the next day, about five hours before he died, it was announced to him that his end was near. The thought was new to him. But he believed it. Neither then nor ever before in his sickness, did he utter one word of murmuring. He felt no terror. When asked if all was peace, he answered with his wonted caution: “*So far as I can think, it is.*” With a clear

mind, he sent his love, his ardent love, to his old friends, expressed his unmeasured confidence in the Bible, — the first and last book of his life's study, — and then he breathed out his spirit, just as an infant falls asleep. He died as he had lived, and as we expected that he would die, — humble, self-distrustful, considerate, loving. He walked thoughtful along the banks of Jordan; he stepped his feet in the waters, carefully and silently; he reserved his triumphs, until he had pressed the solid ground of the other shore.

“One does not perhaps fear,” he said in this pulpit four years ago, “one does not perhaps fear so much the pains of death, what is often incorrectly termed, the agonies of dissolution, as he does the launching out on an unknown sea, alone, — plunging into darkness, entering into a boundless space, where there is nothing tangible, local, or visible, where the soul leaves behind all the warm sympathies of life, all which can communicate with other beings. However fortified by faith, it seems to be a dread experiment. We cling instinctively to some sure support, some familiar surrounding objects. But is it not a thought full of comfort, that to the believer, his Redeemer stands at the very threshold of death, the other side of that thin curtain which hides mortality from life; stands there, not as an abstract form, or an impalpable vision, but as a dear friend, with his heart overflowing with human sympathies. It is like meeting on a foreign shore, our best earthly friend, — perfectly familiar with the language and all the objects there, a guide most intelligent, most faithful, who will anticipate every desire, and in whose society we find the sweetest contentment, and the largest accessions of knowledge and delight.”

So, we doubt not, was our brother ushered into that home of elect scholars, for which all his previous discipline had prepared him. He had written short memoirs of many illustrious saints, whom he expected to meet in that spiritual world. He had learned their history by heart. It seems as if he must instantly have felt at home among them. It appears to us natural, that he should be in their company. In our simple way, we think of him as beatified and perfected; yet as changed less than other men, and as retaining more of his familiar features, and, above all, his grateful smile.

After a becoming religious solemnity¹ at Athens, the remains of our friend were brought hither. He had been wont to choose a pri-

¹ The time of this solemnity was Wednesday, April 21st, the day succeeding Prof. Edwards's decease. The remains reached Andover on Thursday, April 29th, and were interred on Friday afternoon, April 30th. The funeral discourse was

vate funeral, and a few sorrowing friends met around his bier. He loved to regard a funeral in its more cheerful aspect, and to console the mourner's heart with descriptions of the tender mercy of God, and the sure hope of a resurrection. He preferred that the obsequies of the dead should be performed with low and gentle accents. And so it was done for him.

The day of his burial was the birth of spring. It was precisely such a day as he would have chosen. In the still and balmy atmosphere, we bore him along his favorite walk, under the trees then budding, as if in sign of the resurrection of the good. We bore him through the avenue which he had so often trod, on his way to meet his pupils, and to comment on the words: "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him; for he knoweth our frame, he remembereth that we are dust." We came slowly toward this Chapel, where, for the first time in his life, he celebrated the dying love of Jesus, and where he partook of the sacred emblems for the last time before he drank the new wine in his Father's house. We came near to his Lecture-room, where he had so often explained the words: "We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed." These halls were deserted of their inmates. His pupils were scattered; but, in spirit, they seemed to come together, and to hear from him the words which he once uttered in this place, and which he now repeated with the emphasis of silent death: "There is no land of *forgetfulness*. The grave is vital now. It is a region of soft and pleasant slumbers. There is an almighty and an omniscient Watcher, over all these sleepers." Onward we bore him toward his grave, so pleasant to him, — in that field of God where the corruptible is planted, that it may spring up incorruptible. We passed the new resting-place of his venerable colleague, who was not disturbed by our sobs and sighs. We laid him down by the little son whom he had loved so tenderly, and at whose side he had in his last will charged us to bury him, and over whose grave he had inscribed the stanza:

"These ashes few, this little dust,
Our Father's care shall keep,
Till the last angel rise and break
The long and peaceful sleep."

deferred until Friday, June 25th, because the day of the interment occurred during the Seminary vacation, and the students were therefore absent. This circumstance explains some of the allusions in the subsequent parts of the discourse.

We sung his old family hymn, which had been sung by his own request, at the grave of his mother whom he so much resembled; and then the faithful tomb unveiled its bosom, and took the new treasure to its trust. And so we buried him; and wended our way back slowly and sadly, passing these desolate halls, to his house, yet more desolate. There we watched, as he had so often watched there, the setting sun. It went down in more than its wonted glory. A few clouds were floating about in liquid amber, reminding us that the most cheering light comes sometimes from the darkest dispensations. The beauties of the world fade not away, when our strong staff is broken and our beautiful rod. The government of Jehovah moves on as it moved aforetime, and he will sustain his own cause, and is dependent on no child of mortality. And, far beyond that setting sun, our brother lives and speaks the language of Canaan. All his germs of thought have blossomed out and are bearing fruit. All his treasured hints have expanded into a science, of which he had no conception in this dark world. The plans from which he was cut off have ripened into unexpected means of joy. His endeavors are rewarded as if they had been accomplished. With his Redeemer, a good intention is a good deed, and baffled efforts are as a glorious consummation. A disappointment here, is but a preparative for new service there.

I can utter, my brethren, no words of instruction, in this reverend and afflicted presence. But there is one, who, being dead, yet speaketh. He whose form has now vanished from us, once taught us the lessons to be learned from the grave of pious men. "When the wise and good," he said in this Chapel, "when the wise and good are taken from the earth, their surviving fellow-disciples may well obtain a more impressive idea of the reality of Christian communion, of the living links which still bind them to all who have won the prize, or who are yet on the field of conflict. If the grave is becoming populous, so is the region of life and light beyond its confines. Ten thousand chords of sympathy, invisible except to the eye of faith, connect our world with that better land. In one sense it is becoming less and less unknown. The distance diminishes as the avenues are multiplying, along which throng holy desires, earnest sympathies, longing aspirations. The illumined eye can, occasionally, gain glimpses of its cloudless horizon; the quick ear catch a few notes of its invitations of welcome. *That* is not the world of doubts and phantoms. It is, by eminence, the land of life and of conscious existence. Its happy

shores are even now thronged by earthly natures, perfected in love, happy in final exemption from sin ; who still, from the very necessity of the sympathizing remembrances with which their bosoms overflow, cast down looks of loving solicitude to their old friends and companions, and would, if it were possible, break the mysterious silence, and utter audible voices of encouragement, and reach forth signals of welcome. These, in the view of faith, are undoubted realities, facts which have a stable foundation, truths most comprehensive and fruitful, the distant contemplation of which ennobles the soul, and fits it for its long-desired and blessed society. This, therefore, is one of the uses of these dispensations, — to give new vigor to faith, a fresh reality to that communion of which Christ is the source and the centre ; to enable one to feel that, however weak and unworthy he may be, he is still a citizen of a mighty commonwealth, an inmate of an imperial household, connected by bonds over which chance and time and death have no power, with those who are now pillars in the temple of God.”

ARTICLE VIII.

SKETCH OF JUSTIN MARTYR.

By C. E. Stowe, D. D., Professor at Andover.

THE two parables recorded in Matthew 13: 44—46, represent two different ways in which men come to an experimental acquaintance with the religion of Christ. The first find the treasure as it were accidentally, without expecting or seeking for it. The second are anxiously in search of goodly pearls, and it is in consequence of their seeking that they find the pearl of great price. The first are the common kind of worldly natures, who feel no particular spiritual wants, and no special need of religion, till their attention is called and their desires are awakened by some striking providence ; the second are those deeper spiritual natures, whom this world can never satisfy, and who are always restlessly in search of some higher good, till they find in Christ what they need, and what can never be found in any other object.