

LEVI PAYSON STONE

A MEMORIAL

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LEVI PAYSON STONE ✓✓



Memorial

PRIVATELY PRINTED

1885



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I.

Mr. LEVI P. STONE died at Orange, N. J., Wednesday, December 31st, 1884, in the eighty-third year of his age.

His funeral took place at the homestead, Oakleigh, in Llewellyn Park, on Saturday afternoon, January 3d, 1885, and was marked by the well known simplicity of his taste and principles. The body lay in the library, the scene of his morning and evening family devotions, in a closed casket of polished oak, upon the foot of which two palm-branches were crossed. The service was opened with prayer by the Rev. Wm. Henry Green, D.D., LL.D., of Princeton Seminary. The Scriptures were read by his pastor, the Rev. Alfred Yeomans, D.D., the chief selections being Psalm 90; John 5: 21-29; 1 Corinthians 15: 35-37; 1 Peter 1: 3-9; Revelation 14: 13; 7: 13-17. Prayer was again offered by the Rev. G. H. Whittemore, of Cambridge, Mass.: its sentiment was, that while the remembered wish of the departed forbade a spoken tribute, yet it was right and due to give God the praise and glory of all in which the servant was like his Master, and of all he wrought for his Master in the church and the world; with special thanksgiving for his memory as the head of a family, a friend, a long-lived, useful, successful, happy man,—then a meek and patient sufferer, until God gave his beloved rest in Jesus; with commendation of the bereaved to the God of the widow and the fatherless; and petition that the service and the

burial might be hallowed by God's gracious audience and acceptance of the prayer the Lord taught and which His servant constantly offered as the priest of his household.

The body was followed to the Orange Cemetery by a company of gentlemen, representing the family connection of the deceased, the church of which he was an elder, and the business house of which he was a founder. There the service of committal to the grave was recited by his pastor, and his mortal part was returned to the earth in the sure hope of a glorious resurrection.

II.

A memorial service was held in the Central Presbyterian Church, of Orange, on the Lord's day, January 11th, 1885. After the invocation and singing of four verses from No. 45 in the Presbyterian Hymnal, "Through all the changing scenes of life," the pastor, Dr. Yeomans, read the 37th Psalm, and prayer was offered by the Rev. A. A. Hodge, D.D., LL.D., of Princeton. The 442d hymn, "The Lord my shepherd is," was then sung, after which Dr. Yeomans pronounced the discourse contained in the following pages, from the text, Psalm 37: 23, "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord." The hymn, No. 805, "There is an hour of peaceful rest," was sung in closing.

The afternoon service was equally, though not formally, in the nature of a pious remembrance, the preacher, Dr. Hodge, beginning with appropriate reference to the former occasion and the questions that naturally arise about the state of the loved and lost. The text was Philippians 3: 21. The theme was the Resurrection; the basis of its expectation being faith in Divine revelation, and reliance upon the great, central, historical, proven fact of the risen Christ: invested at his ascension with the glorified body which is the pledge of that to be given to his followers. The hymns were Nos. 61, 506, and 151 in the Presbyterian Hymnal.

III.

IN MEMORIAM

LEVI P. STONE.

MAY 1, 1802—DECEMBER 31, 1884.

PSALM 37: 23.—“*The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord.*”

Some lives stamp themselves upon the community in which they are lived, in such a way as to leave a distinct impression of some one prominent trait, some reigning characteristic which often passes into a name. Such characters for instance, as James the Just, Richard the Lion-hearted, Charles the Bold, William the Silent, and the like, show distinguishing features which mark them apart from all others of the same name in history. “The Proud,” “the Simple,” “the Stern,” “the Magnificent,” are names that have clung to historical characters like their own shadows. The great multitude pass muster without such marking. But here and there are souls in a community, who in the intuitive judgment of their fellows are distinguished by a prevailing tone or temper, and are named accordingly.

Some such distinct impression seems to have been made by the character of him whose familiar form is now hidden from our eyes, but whose memory will ever be precious among us. While other excellencies were neither few nor small, there was a certain impression of goodness about him which appeared as a sort of crown upon all the rest. I have remarked how often since his departure the expression of surprise and sorrow on learning the sad tidings, has been followed by a summary of character as it existed in the speaker's mind in the words: "Well, he was a good man."

It is indeed an enviable life that makes such a mark. And I am sure there is not one who knew him at all intimately, who would not recognize this title as perhaps more truly descriptive of the man, than any other single qualifying word that could be chosen. Not that there was any lack of positive qualities of another sort. Not that goodness was prominent by reason of the weakness of other virtues. But while there was a rare combination of other excellencies, this one rose above them all, as a sort of halo round the man whose brightness drew peculiar notice. So then if we should choose one descriptive word, we would say: "He was a good man."

And when we come to look into the composition of this bright crown, we find the beaten gold of a heart chastened and shaped by heavenly grace. We find a true godliness as its main substance. And we see that "the steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord." Which may mean

not only that God takes care of a man who *is* good, guiding him safely in plain and pleasant paths; but also that this ordering is what *makes him good* as well as crowns him with happiness and enviable reputation.

It is well for us to trace such orderings,—to scan and ponder the steps by which such crowns are reached. “Great and good lives,”—says the biographer of an eminent Christian minister—“lives that are at once manly and godly, where the affections that spring from the earth are imbued with the holiness that distills from heaven,—are like the rays of sunlight which gladden the world while they shine, but leave it dark and chilly when they depart. O for an art in the moral sphere, equivalent to that of the photographer in the material, whereby we might seize and fix and perpetuate those rarer rays, which stream through the mass of human history like veins of felspar in a quarry!”

The life that we review to-day, was not great indeed in those elements that strike the public eye. There were no blazoned deeds, no bulletined achievements that make the name familiar to those who have never seen the face. We chronicle a quiet life; rich in heart-treasures, and glorious in meekness.

But let us not mistakenly suppose that such a life may not be truly great. Some one has said that history is not made by revolutions. The notable deeds which overturn a despotism, and give liberty to a land oppressed, are the tokens of changes, not the workers of them. They only show that history is already made. Centuries of unevent-

ful life may have been needed to mature those changes, and prepare for their manifestation. The real force that works them has been burrowing unseen, while men thought things were going on just as they ever were. Times that are most fruitful of real progress, are not times of noise and flaunting banners, and smoke of battle in which heroes loom up to view. These men are not the producers so much as the results of change. They are only the scene-shifters who rush upon the stage when the great "personæ" of the drama have come to the end of an act. Meantime the quiet lives are really doing the work. It was not by the bellowings of Danton in the National Assembly, that the French Revolution was brought to pass, so much as by the noiseless pen of Rousseau, and the still ferment of his disorganizing philosophy in the public mind.

When therefore we look upon a life that flowed along rather like a stream gliding through a meadow, than a torrent roaring among the mountains, let us not suppose that the gentleness and humbleness prove want of strength. More strength is required to do things quietly, than to do them noisily. The quiet lives are really the productive ones, bringing to perfection the most excellent fruits. "The fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace."

"Stillest streams

Oft water fairest meadows, and the bird

That flutters least is longest on the wing."

Bearing such truth in mind, let us this morning call lovingly to remembrance the well ordered, quiet, peaceful,

prosperous, happy steps by which God led our departed friend from the hour of his birth into this world, to the hour of his birth through death into the world of glory.

LEVI PAYSON STONE was born in Wendell, Massachusetts, on the 1st of May, 1802, being the second son of Levi Stone and Betsey Kidder, who were married January 14th, 1796.

The family tradition is that three brothers, by the name of Stone, came from Wales and landed in Salem, Mass., dispersing to Lexington and Framingham, in that State, and Stonington, Conn.; and that the Framingham settler was the progenitor of the branch to which the grandfather and father of Mr. STONE belonged. They both bore the name of Levi, and lived, the first from the year 1722 to 1800, and the second from 1767 to 1855.

His brother Lewis, five years older, and his sister Elizabeth, nine years younger than himself, who with him comprised the family, both passed away before him. His father was a man of the Puritan mold, of incorruptible integrity and deeply religious character; a man of influence in the community, and a leading deacon in the Congregational Church. We may infer that the religion of the father was of the typical New England tone of the day, somewhat sombre and solemn, from the fact that among the books which he specially valued as spiritual helps, "Hervey's Meditations among the Tombs," was for him a sort of *vade mecum*. From both his father and mother, the son inherited a religious cast of thought, and that

conscientious regard for truth and right which lay at the foundation of his character like immovable granite. The longevity he attained, may also be regarded as in some sense an inheritance, since his father lived to the good old age of eighty-seven, his mother however dying at the age of sixty-five. The family were in moderate circumstances. But in those days, the prevailing ambition of New England fathers and mothers looked to procuring for the sons a collegiate education, even though it must be done out of narrow resources. And the subject of our memoir would have been sent to college, had it not been thought that his constitution was too delicate to stand the strain of study and of sedentary life. All the educational advantages he enjoyed were therefore confined to the ordinary course of the public school, and half a year at Amherst Academy.

When seventeen years of age, he broke off from study and entered a store in Coleraine, Mass., as a clerk on a salary of fifty dollars a year and board. The second year his salary was increased to one hundred dollars, and the third to one hundred and fifty dollars. Such an income in those days, would of course represent a considerably larger sum in these times, when the value of money is less. But receiving from his New England parentage a better heritage than wealth in the predisposition to temperate desires, industrious and frugal habits, and withal a spirit of sturdy self-dependence, he was able to save something even out of his fifty dollars a year to be laid aside as capital; and in the fourth year of his clerkship, he entered the firm as a

partner, giving his note for the requisite sum. A few years further on, having made enough money to clear off his note, he removed to Greenfield in the same State, entering into a partnership in business there. After some twelve years or more had been spent in these early enterprises with continually augmenting gains, to the amount of five thousand dollars, he came to New York when he was about thirty years old. Passing over his first years here, in which he proved himself of high mercantile honor, we come to the time when, early in 1836, in connection with Mr. Egbert Starr and Mr. Oliver E. Wood, he established the dry goods firm of Stone, Wood & Starr, with the place of business at first in Maiden Lane, and afterwards in various prominent locations in the commercial district of the city. Mr. Wood retired from the firm in 1843, and the firm then became "Stone & Starr," and thus continued for nearly ten years, until the admission of junior partners.

During the time that A. T. Stewart was rising into prominence as a dry goods merchant, the firm of Stone & Starr ranked with Stewart & Co., as one of the leading houses in that line in New York. Its business career was one of uninterrupted prosperity, the firm weathering successfully the financial storms which proved disastrous to multitudes of the staunchest houses around them, and never being compelled to suspend or ask favors from their creditors.

At the bottom of this steady prosperity in business, we doubt not there lay the chastening influence of his religious

education, restraining him from any hazardous haste for riches, and drawing around him in his business connections, men of like spirit with himself, who helped to make the name of the firm a synonym for financial soundness and commercial faith. This is one way in which "the steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord."

What might be called his religious experience, began in very early life. It could not have been otherwise in such a home as that in which he was reared. Far back in the line of his ancestry the godly spirit took its rise. Not only his father and mother, but their fathers and mothers and their grandparents on both sides of the house were Christians. In a journal which he kept, he says of his mother that "She made no public profession of her faith in Christ, until after her marriage. She seldom spoke of her own experience, and when she did, it was with much caution, and frequently in a manner which implied that she feared she might be self-deceived." She died when her son was thirty-six years old, and her last message to him from her death-bed at which he did not arrive until she had expired, was, "Tell him that the love of Christ passeth all understanding." A letter from his father two years after his mother's death, says, amidst other counsels, "See to it my child, that the world does not get too strong a hold of your affections. It is a deadly enemy to the soul. It destroys its thousands. Be diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

In the midst of such an atmosphere of godliness, it was not strange that he should be deeply imbued with religious

convictions. And yet such was the solemnity in which the avowal of Christian discipleship was held in those days, and to such a depth was self-examination carried, that all through his early manhood, Mr. STONE, though greatly exercised in soul, did not feel justified in confessing himself a Christian. He was greatly troubled about being born again. He told me some years ago, while talking of his early life, that one of his clerks once asked him what it was to be born again, and he replied that he could not tell him. He wished he could. It was a question that was on his mind night and day. He said he supposed he must pass through some great and radical change, like that which Paul experienced. The clerk told him he thought he was mistaken there. That set his mind on another tack, and he began to have clearer and more comfortable views. But the thing that brought him to the light, and gave him settled convictions, was the reading of Dr. Charles Hodge's *Way of Life*, in which the words in II Cor. 5: 14, were explained in a way that was new to him. When he saw what the Apostle meant in saying, "If one died for all, then were all dead,"—that is, not that all were dead in sin before Christ died for them, but that all died in Him to sin when He died;—"If one died for all, then all died;"—when he caught sight of this clear statement of a vicarious atonement in which the Lord Jesus became the sinner's substitute, bearing the penalty in his stead, his mind was filled with light and peace. And ever afterward he seemed grateful to the man who had been the means of opening

his eyes. To some extent, this doubtless explains the deep interest he took in Princeton Seminary, in which Dr. Hodge was a professor.

He united with the Congregational Church of Greenfield, on profession of his faith, July 5, 1829, when he was 27 years of age. Among his papers, he preserved a copy in his own hand of the covenant into which he had entered with the church. Two years later, he wrote down the following expression of his purpose, and renewal of his covenant with God:

"Lord's day, July 4, 1830. It is this month two years since I began to indulge a hope in the mercy of God in Jesus Christ; and one year this day since I took upon me the vows of God in public, and was admitted into the communion and fellowship of the church. Relying on the promises to repenting sinners of acceptance through the Redeemer, I do this day renewedly devote myself to the service of God; all my faculties of body and mind, all my time, property and influence, resolving to bring into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ, and to live no longer unto myself, but unto Him that died for me, choosing Him for my whole portion for time and eternity. Through divine assistance.—L. P. S."

After his removal to New York, he united with the Brick Church, then under the ministry of Dr. Spring. His connection with this church dates from October 4, 1833. Here he entered actively into Sunday School work, visiting among the tenement houses, and proving his earnest zeal by faithful labors among the poor. On March 7, 1841, he

was appointed a deacon in the Brick Church, Mr. Wood, his partner, being also appointed a deacon at the same time. And some time afterward he was elected to the eldership in the same church. Subsequently removing his residence to Brooklyn, he attended the Second Presbyterian Church, then ministered to by Dr. Spencer.

He was married in Sudbury, Mass., June 13, 1854, to Caroline Elizabeth, daughter of Roland and Martha Cutler, and after his marriage had his home in Brooklyn, until his removal to Orange, in the year 1857.

At that date, Orange was only beginning to feel distinctly that pulsing of New York life and enterprise, which has since wrought such marvelous changes, and made our city with its surrounding townships the most beautiful and attractive of the suburbs of the metropolis. Llewellyn Park had been laid out, and presented peculiar attractions to one who was fond of communing with nature apart from busy crowds. Mr. Stone's tastes drew him to rural scenes. To the keen enjoyment of the charms of nature, he united a genuine poetical temperament, which revealed itself in snatches of original verse scattered here and there through a journal which he kept for several years. Some of these would bear comparison for real poetic feeling with much that has become classic. Here, for instance, is a bit of description of some fondly remembered scene of his boyhood:

“ There stands the mill, half hidden by the bank,
The miller too, coated like fabled puss
From top to toe ; his rustic manners all
In keeping with the rural scene around.

With bushy tail, and cheek protuberant,
 The squirrel, though years have intervened,
 With vividness I see, intent on food
 For winter. Quick he leaps from rail to rail,
 From log to log, then stops, and rising looks
 With wary eye and leaps again."

These are but the first lines of a page which is dated at the bottom, New York, 1834. And here, again, as if he had already in his visions of the future a prophetic dream of his home among the trees and flowers of the mountain side, he writes:

"Oh, I would leave
 The haunts of busy, plodding man, and on
 Some mountain summit drink the purer air
 That breathes around. Give me the verdant grove,
 The wide expanse of heaven,—soft shades
 Of autumn twilight, and the breezes bland
 Which speak a present Deity, where I
 May raise my silent orisons."

This also bears the date of 1834. I introduce these fragments here, to show the taste and artistic sensibility which led him soon after his removal from Brooklyn to Orange, to fix his permanent home amidst the trees and shrubbery and greensward of Llewellyn Park, where the eye could see afar the haunts of busy, plodding man, but where no din of human turmoil could disturb his silent orisons.

Not long after coming to Orange to live, he built his beautiful home in the Park. The house in its solidity and graceful architecture rising above a charming lawn, and embowered among noble forest trees, as it is the product of his own taste, is also a just expression of the man himself. With a total absence of all affectation, attempt at display,

or parade of wealth, there is abundant token of a just appreciation of what is beautiful, both in the works of man and in the charms of nature. There was a peculiar becomingness to the man in the home he had prepared for himself and his family. The house with all its furniture fitted the man, and the man the house. It gave appropriate expression to his prosperous business career, with none of the obtrusive pride of success, which often crops out in tinsel and fillagree. We can mark some tokens even in such things as these of a well-balanced mind, in which a natural self-complacency is chastened and subdued by a gracious humility. In these expressions of character, which are by no means trifling things, as well as in the character itself, we may see again how the steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord. In this delightful home he had realized at length the dreams of his youth. Here he passed the years of his declining strength in a happiness unclouded by a single great sorrow, free from carking cares, and perpetually refreshed by kindly nature. Truly an enviable lot:

“How blest is he who crowns in shades like these,
A youth of labor with an age of ease.”

In the year 1866, Mr. STONE retired from business, and though for many years thereafter he retained an interest in the firm, and a desk in the office to which he daily resorted, he gave himself more and more to the enjoyment of his home, his books and his friends, and to such good works as his ample means enabled him to promote. His cultivated mind and taste for reading saved him from that sense

of vacancy which is so apt to canker the ease of retiring business men.

His religious life, though flowing from Puritan springs, was far from being austere or saturnine. With a conscience uncompromising and imperious, he was suavity and gentleness itself in his intercourse with men. The rugged theology he had quarried from the Bible with the help of Augustinian and Calvinistic tools, lay at the foundation of his strong and manly character. The sovereignty of God; the total depravity and inability of man; the sinfulness of the race, both federal and actual; the sacrifice and the imputed righteousness of Christ, as the only ground of pardon and justification; and the work of the Holy Spirit as the only means of sanctification;—these and kindred doctrines he believed with all his soul. And he lived as one imbued with such a theology might be expected to live. His doctrinal preferences drew him to the Old School wing of the Presbyterian Church in the days of the division. Strongly conservative in temper, and ever jealous of what he believed to be purity of doctrine, when the question of the reunion of the Old and New School bodies was up in the General Assembly at Albany in 1868, of which Assembly he was a member, he ranked himself courageously upon the unpopular side, and, true to his convictions, voted with a small minority in the negative.

But above the rock-like substratum of religious conviction there lay a warm and mellow soil in which the genial graces found abundant rooting. Not alone along theologi-

cal lines had his mind been trained. The journal of his early life in New York contains evidence of careful reading in history, biography, mental, moral and natural philosophy, poetry, travels and general literature. Even with the severer paths of metaphysics he was not unfamiliar. He had a discriminating taste for art, and in his younger days he even used the pencil himself in sketching with pleasing accuracy and fair perspective. A journal of travel which he wrote for his sister on a trip to Washington in 1834, is interleaved with pencil drawings of prominent objects which attracted his attention. From the west window of an apartment he occupied at No. 23 Broadway, about that time, he drew a sketch of the scene which lay before him, which is interesting not only as a proof of skill with the pencil, but as a reminiscence of those early days of the now mammoth city. The half-dozen houses that intervened between his window and the water front, the mile-wide river beyond, the shipping at the wharves, and Jersey City in the distance, with a large windmill on the water's edge and the smoking stack of a glass-factory at the southern point of land,—the only tall chimney denoting a factory which then appeared,—all are clearly delineated and form a pleasing picture.

He had an eye for beauty, whether in the human face and form, the animal kingdom, inanimate nature, or the creations of art. The country roads in all directions had for him a never failing charm. Often, as I have been driving with him, his eye would kindle at the sight of a meadow full of daisies. As the royal yellow of the golden-rod

flashed along the roadside, or the autumnal scarlet and vermillion of the dogwood and maple flamed among the foliage, he would appear excited and absorbed by the beauty of the scene. A handsome horse passing under his eye would never fail of an admiring glance. I remember his once calling my attention to the picturesqueness of a group of children in bright-colored dresses on an emerald lawn. Dogs, with their curious and amusing characters, delighted him not a little. And the sight of fawn-colored, blooded cattle tethered on the green would bring a smile of pleasure to his face. Birds, flowers, clouds, mountains, trees, waters, blue skies, all the beautiful things with which God has crowded this beautiful world, formed an element about him in which he seemed to hold continual revel. And he saw the hand of God in all these things. There was a devoutness in his enjoyment of nature which crowned it like a diadem; which gave it a zest that can only be felt by the pure in heart to whom alone it is given to see God. And here, again, we mark how the steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord.

These sensibilities, these subtle capacities for enjoyment doubtless, to the casual observer, lay beneath the surface of the man. His countenance, grave and almost solemn when in repose, gave no token of them. But all who knew him intimately will judge the portrait true. Principle, perhaps, rather than feeling was mainly the guiding motive of his conduct. But while we might not call his an emotional nature, it could by no means be qualified as cold, stern, or

apathetic. They to whom he was friendly never had a truer friend. What he lacked in demonstrativeness he more than made good in genuine warmth of attachment. An unconquerable diffidence was more responsible for apparent coldness than any lack of tenderness of heart. I venture to say that those who knew him only by sight and never heard his hearty laugh, little suspected that he possessed as keen a sense of the ridiculous as any among us. Yet I have seen him convulsed with laughter in the exuberance of his enjoyment of a humorous anecdote.

Sincerity, moreover, was one of his crowning characteristics. No speck of guile could any one discern in his crystal spirit. His honest, kindly eye never looked what it did not mean. He had his antipathies, his likes and dislikes, as what strong manly nature has not. But if he was earnest in his preferences, he was just in his discriminations. The soul of sincerity was his. And none could say that he was ever less than generous in his judgments.

Assuredly a void is made in this whole community by his departure which cannot easily be filled. Public-spirited and liberal as a citizen, his hand was ever open for the furtherance of any enterprise that promised good to his neighbors. And there is not a charitable institution in this whole region, or a struggling church or mission, that has not profited by his beneficence. As a husband and a father, singularly without blemish. As a Christian, a humble penitent before his God, trusting solely in the blood of Christ; a true priest in his household, and a pillar in the church. Truly I feel

to-day as though I could cry out with Elisha as Elijah vanished in the heavens: "My father! my father! the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof!"

In these days of specialism, when excellence in one department of life and labor seems to be conditioned upon ignorance in all other departments, it is a fact worthy to be noted, that with all the qualities which gave Mr. STONE so keen an enjoyment of the poetical and the picturesque and such pleasure and proficiency in reading and study, he held so high a place among his business associates. His successful organization and control of a business firm, with large and widely extended interests, and his reaping the rewards of his labors in an ample competency, are guarantee enough of high capacities for affairs, knowledge of men, and comprehension of the laws of trade. Add to this the fact that he was one of the founders of so prominent a moneyed institution as the Home Insurance Company, and that he was a director and a member of one of its most responsible committees from the beginning of its existence, and we see in what esteem his judgment as a business man was held among some of the ablest financiers of the country.

Among men of letters he was held in no less honorable regard. We have spoken of his interest in the Princeton Theological Seminary. Some years ago, by a generous donation to the Seminary, he established a lecture course which, by consent rather than direction of the founder, bears his name, "The L. P. STONE lectureship." This has been the means of bringing forth choice productions from some of the

ablest theologians in this and other countries, such as the Rev. Drs. R. S. Storrs, Wm. M. Taylor, Robert Flint, of the University of Edinburgh, S. C. Bartlett, President of Dartmouth College, and Mark Hopkins, ex-President of Williams College. The esteem in which he was held by the professors of that institution may be inferred from these words from a member of the Faculty: "For sixteen years he was a most valued member of our Board of Directors, and for ten years he was in addition a member of our Board of Trustees. He always manifested the most lively interest in the welfare of the Seminary, and the successful prosecution of its important work for Christ and His Kingdom. He was wise and judicious in counsel, wide in his sympathies, generous in action, tender and devout in feeling; and there was no one whose presence was more welcomed, and who was regarded with a more genuine respect and affection. His loss will be deeply felt and deplored here, not only from his official connection with the Seminary, but in consequence of the pleasant friendly relations which subsisted, the warm friendship which was entertained for him as a man, the admiration of his gentle and lovely Christian spirit and his manifest devotion to the cause of the Master, and his firm attachment to the form of Scriptural doctrine and order which is represented in the standards of our church.

In addition to his other gifts to the Seminary, the memorial which he erected to himself in the lectureship will keep his name ever in fresh remembrance here as long as the Seminary shall continue."

Not more than two weeks before his death, Mr. STONE had added to his other benefactions to the Seminary a contribution towards the purchase of a valuable collection of the writings of the Puritan Divines which was offered for sale in London, and which the faculty were very desirous of securing. Concerning this latest gift, Professor Green says: "The generous interest taken by Mr. STONE in the matter, and the handsome contribution which he made towards it, has put it into our power to obtain this most valuable collection."

He was also a director of the German Theological School of Newark, and various institutions of learning here and there throughout the land, and needy churches are indebted to his liberality for assistance. I learn that in his will there is contingent remembrance again of the Princeton Seminary, and that our Home and Foreign Mission Boards have not been forgotten.

Let me add a brief testimony of another sort to the influence which such a character exercised on another class of men. The example of his upright and successful life could not be otherwise than salutary to those who are just at the threshold of their business career. Temptations from the sight of prosperous ungodliness under which the Psalmist says his "feet were almost gone; his steps had well nigh slipped," may receive a counter-check from the contemplation of such a life as that which we commemorate. I quote from the letter of a young man connected with the family written to one of the daughters:—

"I can tell you the influence your father always had on me, an influence I have always hoped I would leave behind me when I came to die. Nothing charms a young man like success; and when he sees it attained by any one, like lightning his mind runs over the principles of the life that attracts him. So it was with your father's life to me. To see the happiness of his last years, honored and respected by all, was to me a complete refutation of that prevalent idea that a smart wickedness is the true basis of success; and I can say truly, it has steadied me many a time when the other side of the question seemed more alluring."

We have yet to speak of his connection with this church, which he loved so well and served so faithfully.

Upon his making his permanent home in Orange, Mr. STONE transferred his membership to the First Church of Orange, then under the charge of the Rev. Mr. Hoyt. Here he continued to worship for nearly ten years. When the movement was made which resulted in the formation of the Central Church, he was one of the leading men in the enterprise. And when this church was organized in 1867, Mr. STONE, with Francis H. Abbot, David L. Wallace and George W. Thorp constituted the original session. Three of these, together with the first Pastor, have now gone from us to the church above, and there is but one member of the original eldership remaining with us.

I need hardly speak of the invaluable services of the late senior elder to the young church. His character in the community was like a benediction upon the enterprise.

His hand was open for its needs, and his beneficence made up a goodly portion of the money represented in the church property to-day. His heart was given to this work as it had not been given to the furtherance of any similar work before. He loved his church. He delighted in its services. Never was the gray head missing in the sanctuary or even in the prayer-meeting, when ill health or absence from home did not detain him. He was one of those rare spirits that would never forsake his seat in his own church to attend a service elsewhere. Such constancy of devotion was one of the elements of his influence here. In the building of the church his taste was one of the forming, guiding powers, determining that the structure should be of nothing less solid than stone, and the architecture such as should be pleasing to the eye. He took pleasure in the very walls of Zion, and his spirit could respond to the breathings of desire in the song of David: "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts! I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness."

There was no service for the church or its members so humble that he felt himself above it, and there is not a poor hovel in this town to which he would not gladly go in person if he thought he could do good thereby. He seemed bent upon fulfilling his covenant of consecration: "I do this day renewedly devote myself to the service of God; all my faculties of body and mind, all my time, property and influence, resolving to bring into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ."

During two or three of the last years of his life, his strength had been perceptibly failing, and his regular attendance upon the church services began to be intermitted. But through all his days of declining powers he was bright and happy, retaining to the last his interest in what was going on around him, and to the end continuing his charitable gifts as the steward of the Lord. He was often heard to speak of what a happy life he had lived, unbroken by any great and crushing sorrow. He felt indeed that his steps had been ordered by the Lord and that He who had promised, "Even to hoar hairs will I carry you; even I will carry and will deliver you," was true to his pledge.

His spirit was much in prayer during his last illness, and he seemed to be anxious for the coming of his Lord. When oppressed for breath and able only to speak in half-articulate words, the name of Jesus was often on his lips, and he appeared to be repeating in connection with it the word, Come! Come! Come! which those beside him thought to be a prayer to Christ. His thoughts may have been dwelling on those closing words of the Holy Book: "Even so, come, Lord Jesus!"

Gently the Saviour led him to his rest, blotting out in unconsciousness, by degrees, the faces of those he loved on earth, while the eye of his spirit looked right on to the King in his beauty. Surely to the last his steps were ordered by the Lord. Up to his journey's end was he not led by the kindly hand that—

“ Leads us to rest so gently that we go
 Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
 Being too full of sleep to understand
 How far the unknown transcends the what we know.”

The continuity of the Christian fellowship was typified in his departure between two communion days. At one sacramental season, he sat with us and took of the bread and wine which present to our faith the body and blood of our Lord; and at the next, the veil of sense was rent, he saw the Saviour as He is, and his spirit was joining in the praises of the saints.

While by faith, therefore, we see him joined with us in the fellowship of the one body of our Lord, he is not lost to us, but only gone before. And while in our feeble sight we cry out: “Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth; for the faithful fail from among the children of men,” let our faith join the two worlds of grace and glory into one, with Christ at the head of both, and let us claim him still as ours and resolve to follow him as he has followed Christ.

IV.

ORANGE, 18th January, 1885.

At a meeting of the Session of the Central Presbyterian Church, held this day, the following Minute was adopted, ordered to be recorded, and a copy forwarded to Mr. STONE's family:—

It well becometh us, as a Session, to recognize our Master's hand, in removing from our midst our beloved senior elder, LEVI P. STONE; who, "after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep" on the last day of the past year.

We give thanks that he was spared, for so many years, to go in and out among us; for his holy example; his wise counsels; his liberal support; and his friendly fellowship; and that, when his work here was ended, he was painlessly gathered, "in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season," into the garner of God.

We pray that his mantle may fall on each of us, his surviving associates in the service of the Church of Christ; that we may be followers of him, who, by faith and patience, now inherits the promises.

Our sympathies go forth to that other little circle, of Home, where his absence will be more felt than even by ourselves; and commending the bereaved ones to the tender mercies of a compassionate God, we bid them be thankful

for the distinguishing blessing so long vouchsafed them ;
resigned under its withdrawal for a season ; and joyful in
hopes of eternal reunion.

By direction of the Session,

DAVID L. WALLACE.

V.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Central Presbyterian Church of Orange, held on January 5th, 1885, the following resolutions were moved and adopted :—

Whereas, it hath pleased Almighty God to take unto Himself our friend and fellow-officer, Mr. LEVI P. STONE, senior elder and one of the founders of this Church :

Resolved : that we, the Board of Trustees, hereby record our sincere sorrow at the loss which this Church has sustained by his death, and our high appreciation of his lofty and consistent Christian character, his loyal zeal, and his ever-ready benevolence whereby the interests of this Church have been greatly promoted and strengthened :

Further resolved : that we respectfully tender to his bereaved family our heartfelt condolence and sympathy on the removal of one whose conspicuous virtues shone in private as in public life—and that we transmit for their acceptance a signed copy of these resolutions.

JAS. K. MORGAN,

ABIEL ABBOT,

C. G. ALFORD, *Sec'y*,

N. E. WHITESIDE,

JOHN DUNN,

A. LANG,

THOMAS MILLER, *President*.

VI.

Upon the news of the death of Mr. STONE, Professor W. Henry Green, D.D., LL.D., (author also of another tribute quoted on page 27) wrote as follows, in a communication dated, Theological Seminary, Princeton, N. J., December 31st, 1884 :—

“ His deep interest in this Seminary, and the benefits he has conferred upon it by his counsels and his gifts during his official connection with our Board of Directors cannot soon be forgotten.

“ His gentle and lovely Christian character, his kindly spirit and his refined manners shed a grace and attractiveness over his whole person. Such a death must be keenly felt in his own household and immediate circle, but it is besides a great public loss.”

VII.

Copy of Resolutions adopted by the New England Society of Orange, N. J., in memory of the late LEVI P. STONE, Esq.

At the monthly meeting of the New England Society of Orange, January 3d, 1885, it having been announced that Mr. LEVI P. STONE, a member of the Society, had departed this life at the ripe age of eighty-three years, the following minute was unanimously adopted :—

Resolved : that the Society has learned, with unfeigned sorrow, of the decease of an honored member, Mr. LEVI P. STONE, of Llewellyn Park.

Mr. STONE had shown his appreciation of the objects and aims of the Society by becoming a member when already past the age of three score and ten, and although it could not have been expected that one so far advanced could be an attendant upon its business meetings, the Society has felt honored by the sympathy and fellowship of a citizen and friend of so high a character.

Mr. STONE has been widely known among us, and in the neighboring metropolis, as a business man of the strictest integrity and honor, as well as of eminent success, and in all the relations of life he has shown himself to be a true Christian and a philanthropist whose ear was never deaf to the cry of human want or distress.

Resolved: that the Secretary be requested to communicate to the family of the deceased this expression of esteem for the departed, and of sympathy with those who survive.

H. B. THOMAS, *Sec'y.*

January 7th, 1885.

VIII.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the *Home Insurance Company*, of the City of New York, held January 3d, 1885, at the office of said Company, the following Preamble and Resolutions were unanimously adopted :—

Whereas, We have assembled to pay a suitable tribute of respect to our friend and long time associate, LEVI P. STONE, who departed this life on the morning of 31st December, last, it is

Resolved, That in the death of Mr. STONE we lament the loss of one of the founders of the Company and one of the original Directors whose valued services, for more than thirty years as a member of this board and of one of its standing committees, are entitled to our grateful recognition.

Resolved, That in submitting to the Divine will, we also recognize the goodness which gave to our departed friend and associate so long a life of honor and of usefulness.

Resolved, That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family, and that a copy of these resolutions be suitably transcribed and presented to them.

The foregoing is correctly transcribed from the records of the Company.

J. H. WASHBURN,	CHAS. J. MARTIN,
<i>Secretary.</i>	<i>President.</i>

Press of C. H. Jones & Co., 114 Fulton Street, New York City.