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Biographical Notice of Rev. Douglas Kellogg Turner.

BY REV. S. F. HOTCHKIN, BUSTLETON, PA.

(Warminster Meeting, May 27, 1902.)

The birthplace of the Rev. Mr. Turner was Stockbridge, Massachusetts; a place so charming in its scenery that it has been called "Eden." Monument Mountain and Rose Hill lie in this same zone of beauty, while Ice Glen on Little Mountain adds its charm.



REV. D. K. TURNER.

Mrs. Sigourney wrote of the Stockbridge pond:

"High set among the breezy hills
Where spotless marble glows,
It takes the tribute of the rills
Distill'd by mountain snows."

Among elms and maples and blossoming apple-trees and quiet streets our departed friends first saw the light. The English novelist, G. P. R. James, selected this spot as a home, saying that he had never seen elsewhere

such a lovely combination of landscape.

Miss Electa F. Jones has written a volume on the history of Stockbridge, which was first an Indian mission, where the noble missionary, John Sergeant, did a Christ-like work, which Great Britain aided, influenced by the Apostolic Eliot.

A conch shell served for a church bell. The Indians, with wandering feet, passed on to New York State, Ohio, Green Bay, Wisconsin, and later to Lake Winnebago, Minnesota. On a bluff overlooking a meadow, enclosed in a green hedge, the red-men and the pale-faces rest together in a cemetery.

Stockbridge has a worthy Revolutionary history. The great

divine and scholar, President Jonathan Edwards, of Princeton College, was once the minister of this parish in Berkshire county, and a monument commemorates him. Stockbridge, about a century ago, had an improvement association to plant trees and flowers and its influence has spread over this land. But what a spiritual stream has gone out from the place which the Fields and the Byingtons and the Indian missionary, Samuel Kirkland, have blessed with their presence.

Amid these grand mountains and lakes and grander men, in this spot filled with memories of classic American times the Rev. Mr. Turner was born on December 17, 1823. He was a descendant of Elder Brewster, and the son of Bela and Mary Nash Turner. In 1630, Nathaniel Turner came from England with Governor Lathrop to Salem, Massachusetts; he afterward moved to Lynn, and later to New Haven, of which city he was a founder. Bela, the father of Douglas Kellogg, went to Stockbridge when he was eight years old, with his own father Jabez. Bela died in Hartford.

Our "son of Berkshire" went to Yale College to pursue his studies, where he seemed to have a right by primogeniture.

Battle's History of Bucks county tells us that Captain Nathaniel Turner was a sea captain before emigrating to America. In New Haven colony he was a captain of military affairs. He had been active in the Indian Pequot War of 1636-37. He held all the offices of New Haven colony, and owned much land in that section. Before his emigration to America he had earned a reputation as a captain in the army of Holland. He was a member of the General Court of Boston. His daughter married the English emigrant, Thomas Yale, and her son was Elihu Yale.

In 1658, Thomas Yale went back to England, and Elihu never returned to America. He became Governor of Fort St. George, in Madras, India, and after returning to England, became Governor of the East India company, and a Fellow of the Royal Society. His gifts in books and money to Yale College are said to have amounted to £500, but the help at that time was exceedingly valuable; the college began in 1701.

When Mr. Turner entered Yale College in 1839, at the early age of 15 years, the celebrated mathematical writer, Rev. Dr. Jeremiah Day was president. His son, Sherman Day, wrote an

historical work on Pennsylvania, published in 1843, called "Historical Collections of Pennsylvania."

Mr. Turner labored to improve his mind in the old brick factory-like buildings which used to stand in the "City-of-the-elms," in which beautiful trees now guard the new and more costly architectural halls of learning.

About that time I note that the Rev. Dr. Francis Wharton, Professor in Kenyon College, Ohio, and in Cambridge Episcopal Theological School and Columbia University, Charles Astor Bristed, Hamilton Lamphere Smith, Professor in Kenyon and Hobart Colleges, and the late distinguished Professor of History and English Literature in the University of Pennsylvania and Charles Janeway Stille, were students in Yale College. Some of them may have been his friends, and pleasant college associations sometimes continue through life.

Rev. Turner's father was a mechanic; he moved from Stockbridge to Hartford, and was steward of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, one of the noted and historic institutions of that delightful city. The instruction of the unfortunate deaf and dumb had interested England and France. Dr. F. M. Cogswell, of Hartford, had a daughter named Alice, who became deaf, and he investigated the need of such an asylum for others, and sent the Rev. T. H. Gallaudet to England and Paris for information. Laurent Clerc, a distinguished pupil of the Abbe Sicard, returned with him, and in 1817 the Hartford Asylum opened with seven scholars, increasing to thirty-three in a year. Congress donated land to its aid. The Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, the son of the founder of this asylum, has done a great work in the Episcopal church in New York in overseeing the religious instruction of this afflicted portion of our community, and his brother, Dr. E. M. Gallaudet, who was my college classmate at Trinity College, is at the head of the institution at Washington. The New York institution, chartered on the very day that Hartford opened, is on a fine elevated site, overlooking the Hudson, in Fort Washington, New York city; while the Mount Airy (Philadelphia) school, with its fine and ample buildings, is well known. Thus Christian people strive, in a human way, to imitate the divine work of the Master.

In the Hartford institution Mr. Turner lived, having entered

Hartford, as his sister, Mrs. Cornelia D. Lathrop, of Traverse City, Michigan, writes me, when eleven years old. The lad's uncle, the Rev. William W. Turner, had for years been an instructor there and later became the principal.

Mr. Turner's father united with the "Center church," under the Rev. Dr. Joel Hawes. I well remember seeing this influential Congregational divine in my college days. His large church stood on Main street. Douglas, with two elder sisters, became members of that church. The boy but fourteen or fifteen—the sister thinks fourteen—becoming an example of early Christian devotion. The foolish proverb about sowing wild oats did not apply here. Good farmers would be thought insane if they sowed wild oats, and he had none to sow. He sowed good seed and reaped an excellent harvest.

He was studious and conscientious as a boy; and the good boy was the father of the future good man. The Hartford Grammar School was the place in which he fitted himself for college. He had a good standing at Yale, delivering the salutatory oration, the second honor of the class.

The collegian made use of his newly acquired learning in teaching in the Hartford Grammar School a year; and then repaired to Andover, Massachusetts, to continue his studies in theology, "The Queen of the Sciences," in that ancient and honored seat of sacred learning. The Rev. Leonard Woods, an author of note, was then president. The pleasant village of Andover derives its name from an English market town, and the Anglo-Saxon word was Andeafaran, meaning the ferry over the river Ande. The Phillips Academy and the Abbott Female Academy are also located in this literary town.

In Andover Seminary I marked the following students in years that might have touched his course, Rensselaer Chanceford Robbins, D. D., Professor of Languages in Middleburg College, Vermont, when I was a student there, this fine scholar was once the librarian of Andover Seminary, and he edited Xenophon's Memorabilia of Socrates, with his own notes; the Rev. Darius Richmond Brewer, who died as rector of Christ Church, Westerly, Rhode Island, in 1881; and the noted clergyman and author, the Rev. Dr. Edward A. Washburn, once rector of St. John's

Church, Hartford, but at his death in 1881, rector of Calvary Church, New York.

Mr. Turner spent a year in Andover, and then returned to New Haven, entering Yale Theological School in 1846. He was licensed to preach by the Hampden East Association of Massachusetts.

In 1846 he came to Hartsville, Bucks county, to teach a private school, following the example of many sons of New England, who have moved southward on a like errand. He taught a year and a half, and occasionally preached in the Neshaminy church of Warwick, to which he was later called to be its pastor and was transferred from the East Hampden Congregational Association to the Fourth Presbytery of Philadelphia; he therefore resigned his school to accept the call and was installed as pastor in 1848, which position he faithfully held until 1873, a period of 25 years, which speaks well for both pastor and people in these days of change. He was charitable and beloved by his rural flock, was highly respected and influential in the neighborhood, laboring for the good of the whole community.

He was trustee and treasurer of the Bucks County Bible Society, of which the devoted Dr. Charles R. King, of happy memory, was president. He was also a member of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, and the Presbyterian Historical Society of Philadelphia, of which he was secretary from 1883 to 1893. He was also one of the most active and influential members of the Bucks County Historical Society, was one of its charter members February 23, 1885, and served on the board of directors continuously until his decease.

The book of biographies of leading citizens of Bucks county, from which I have gleaned, gives the following notes of his domestic life: "On May 14, 1856, he was joined in wedlock with Rachel H. Darrah, a daughter of Robert and Catharine (Galt) Darrah; she was called Home August 13, 1863. He formed a second marital union May 28, 1868, with a sister of his former wife, Rebecca Darrah, who has proved a true help-meet to her worthy husband." I may add that she has kindly aided my work in this narrative.

Mr. Turner's life is sketched in "Who's Who in America," edited by John W. Leonard. Mr. Turner's father moved from

Hartford to Jackson, Michigan, and became a dealer in wool. There he died, March 30, 1879. His wife was Mary Nash; she died November 3, 1863. The family were George, Mary, Eliza, Douglas Kellogg, Susan, Cornelia, now Mrs. George H. Lathrop, Sarah and Walter Henry, who died in childhood, as did Susan.

Mr. Turner was a man of strong feelings and decided character, but, by the grace of God, he kept himself under constant control. The still water ran deep, and in quiet confidence lay his strength. He was very painstaking in hunting up historic matter, and making it trustworthy. He loved country life, where he saw God in His works. He was wrapped up in his books, and was a constant student. He was gentle among his parishioners and took an interest in them as a father in his family, or a shepherd in his flock.

Judge Harman Yerkes, whose boyhood was spent near Harts-ville, wrote thus to Mrs. Turner of her husband:

"I regarded him as the purest character of a man in all my broad acquaintance, and I can conceive of no greater triumph in the battle of life than to have lived as he lived for the good of his fellow men, and to die as he died, honored and loved by all who knew him, without an enemy. The death of such a man in any community produces a profound impression of loss, as necessarily such a life must have had great influence for good."

Mr. Turner died, after a brief illness, on March 8, 1902, and was buried on the 12th. The funeral services were held in the Neshaminy Presbyterian church of Warwick. The Rev. W. K. Preston, the present pastor, the Rev. S. G. Boardman, the Rev. Dr. William L. Ledwith and the Rev. Richard Montgomery made addresses; the Rev. J. B. Krewson, of Forestville, and the Rev. William B. McCollum, pastor of the Hartsville Presbyterian church, offered prayers. A large congregation was present.

A memorial service was held in the church on the third Sunday after his death by the Sunday school, led by G. W. Rubinkam, in which addresses were made in regard to him as a pastor, Sunday school superintendent, neighbor and true friend by different members of the congregation.

The Presbyterian Historical Society of Philadelphia passed a minute honoring their former librarian and secretary; and the corresponding secretary, the Rev. Dr. Samuel T. Lowrie, ex-

pressed his high personal regard for his clerical neighbor, as he was once pastor at Abington.

Thus was rightly honored one who was, on his father's side, descended, in the tenth generation from the famed Elder William Brewster, of the Mayflower Pilgrims. Bradford says of the Elder: "He was wise and discreet and well-spoken, having a grave and deliberate utterance, of a very cheerful spirit, of an humble and modest mind." Does not this well describe his descendant, Mr. Turner, who belonged to the society of the Mayflower's descendants?

Mr. Turner was a fine linguist, reading French, German, Latin, Greek and Hebrew, and perusing the Greek Testament daily, that he might drink fresh draughts from the source of Divine Inspiration.

His great work was the "History of Neshaminy Presbyterian Church, of Warwick," which is really the history of the neighborhood. I wish that every parish had such a chronicler.

Your president, General Davis, knew the value of that natural thinker, Mr. Turner, and called from him a marvelous collection of articles for the Bucks County Historical Society. You loved to hear him, and when he rose, in quiet and dignified self-possession, you knew that every sentence would instruct you; but you did not realize that those essays, polished as marble statues, sometimes cost him months of willing toil in consulting libraries. I wish that all the essays of the Bucks County Historical Society could appear in printed volumes.

And now this noble work is done, this man of active brain, firm-set mouth and quiet humor, is no more seen or heard in the country village where God's providence led his youthful steps.

The other day I visited his Hartsville home. There was his empty study and the vacant chair at the table where for years he had handled his much loved books, and he was missed at the family meal. The road where he so often walked or rode on errands of mercy is there; the hills which his eye had looked on, clad in sparkling snow or covered with their raiment of "living green" in the summer sunlight were there; but where was the sacred teacher who loved them so well?

I walked with his friend and mine, the Rev. Mr. Boardman,

along the beautiful Little Neshaminy, which like Milton's description, reminds one of

"Siloa's brook that flows,
Fast by the oracle of God,"

as its living waters run by the old church, where Whitefield's eloquent Christian words seem still to echo from 1739, when 1,000 persons heard his voice in the churchyard. We visit the cemetery, and find in God's acre, where Tennent, of Log College fame, and the Rev. Dr. James P. Wilson, Sr., of holy memory, and many of Mr. Turner's former parishioners, and their ancestors sleep. His own resurrection can be with the cry, "Lord, here am I, and the spiritual children whom Thou hast given me." The heart of the pastor is now in the peace that "passeth all understanding," deeper than that he found in these encircling hills and snow-white clouds, and refreshing earthly breezes, scented with the fragrance of the clover.

"The Wisdom of Solomon," our All Saints' Day lesson, declares that "the souls of the righteous are in the hand of God," though "in the sight of the unwise they seemed to die." Our query is answered, the Christian pastor lives with God in Christ, and may we as the Collect for All Saints' day reads: pray God for "grace so to follow Thy blessed Saints in all virtuous and godly living, that we may come to those unspeakable joys which Thou hast prepared for those who unfeignedly love Thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

And so, my friend and my father's friend, I lay this tribute of love on thy new-made grave, hoping that my soul may be with thine in God's everlasting kingdom.