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NO. XLII.

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ARTICLE I.

MEMORABILIA OF DR. JOHN OWEN.

*The Works of the Rev. John Owen, D. D.* Edited by THOMAS RUSSELL, M. A. 28 vols. 8vo. London, 1826.

IF, a little more than two centuries ago, in the times of "The Great Rebellion," a stranger visiting England should have chanced to have fallen in with an encampment of Prince Rupert's cavaliers, or have been privileged to listen to the conversation of a circle of Royalists, he would have been led to form a curious notion of the men most frequently described and abused by the name of "Puritans." His ideal of them would have combined together the strangest elements of human feature, garb and language. He would have seemed to see before him a morose, bigoted, boorish specimen of a man, with stern, grim look, frowning brow, close-cropped hair, threadbare garments, of most antique and homeliest fashion, while, with nasal twang, he spoke of Amalek and Agag, and spiced his denunciations with homilies on the great Apostacy and the scarlet lady of Rome. Such, to the stranger's view, would have been the representative Puritan—the man on whom the cavalier vented the spite of his scoffs and witticisms, but whose war-cry in battle he was to find as terrible as that of "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon."

and Southern savannahs; and, intellectually, the home of a race, whose character, formed by the commingling of almost all European nationalities, is like, Corinthian brass, for that very reason the more precious: such a land, emerging from this terrible baptism of blood, purified from all the dross of sin, and thus starting out upon a new career of blessing; will not that be a spectacle that angels will delight to behold? May God hasten it, in our time, and all the praise shall be His forever and ever. Amen.

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## ARTICLE VI.

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### DEATH OF REV. BENJAMIN JOHN WALLACE, EDITOR OF THE "PRESBYTERIAN QUARTERLY REVIEW."

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The relation of an editor to his constant readers is so uniform, so intimate, so comprehensive, and mutually dependent, that to write in an editor's own columns his own death, is like announcing a death in a household. The solemnity and trial of such a painful announcement is deepened, when, as in the present case, an associate editor is compelled to record the death of his companion and principal in the editorial chair. In our last number, the editor alluded to his past sickness, with his hopes of a speedy recovery. From other sources, probably, our readers have heard that his hopes of restoration were ill-founded. He died on the 25th of July.

In future times, the historian of our land will regard the year 1862 as a carnival of death. The gigantic struggle in which the country is engaged with desperate traitors, for national existence, unity, and freedom, has filled our land with graves, and our households with mourning. The bones of our nation's martyred heroes whiten the banks of the Potomac, the

Shenandoah, the Arkansas, the Tennessee, and the Mississippi; they bleach on the mountains of Virginia, or sink in her morasses; they stretch as a cordon of patriotism, mementoes of a daring and chivalrous manhood, along 1500 miles of border and 2000 miles of coast—from Manassas to Pea Ridge, from Norfolk to Galveston.

These mute relics of the noble dead who have fallen victims to a murderous treason and mad rebellion, though in brutal hands they have been mutilated and moulded into elements of rebel pride and mockery, will, nevertheless, in all time to come stand as monuments of true loyalty, as germs of stirring thought to stimulate the aspirings of all earnest men to truth and liberty, as the precursors to a march of free and educated millions over regions of our country, until now given up to the control and occupation of classes, vibrating between a proud and beggarly idleness, smooth and pretentious refinement, and savage cruelty and barbarism. These myriad martyrs have died nobly

"For truth's sake and their *country*; and their bones,  
Now they have run their course and sleep in ashes,  
Shall have a tomb of *patriot's* tears wept o'er them."

At the present time, almost of necessity, men are rated not so much by their moral graces and worth, their intellectual attainments and endeavors, as by their iron nerves, their physical endurance, their fearless daring, their shrewd strategy, martial skill and achievements. The nation has been struck in the face with a brutal and strong hand, and she summons to her aid strong passions and trained muscles to repel force by force. All this is right and proper, and we thank God that such an ocean of physical power has risen from the great depths to guard this nation's life, and overwhelm this nation's foes. We desire to move in the front rank when a pilgrimage is to be made to the shrine of any hero and martyr of our nation's conflict.

But we would always remember, and ask our readers to remember, that if the interest of our country be great, there is an interest still greater. It is good and beautiful, in times of peril and fear, to see true men standing firmly by the cause of their country. It is more blessed still, to contemplate a moral

hero, triumphing over self and the world, over foes without and traitors within, and insulating himself from the crowd to consecrate his whole being, loyally and benevolently, to God and humanity at large. Patriotism may have a benevolence wide as one's country; piety struggles for the well-being of a race. Patriotism is satisfied when a country is free and safe; piety aims at the blessedness of a universe. Patriotism is satisfied with a few virtues; piety demands that one's whole being shall bow to all truth and submit to all duty. Patriotism is cheered to its noble work by the huzzas of millions; piety has its great conflicts in solitude, and hears from those without more hisses than hosannas. Patriotism may seek its highest rules in human authority, constitutions and laws; piety looks above all human edicts, and listens to hear from the bosom of eternity the voice of God. Patriotism may be, and ought to be, a bright star in the constellation of Christian virtues; piety weaves that entire constellation into a diadem of holiness. All Christian men, rightly instructed, must be Patriots. May we not add, that all patriots, rightly taught the real sources of a nation's safety and happiness, ought to be Christian men?

In spite, then, of the glare of greater names, and the tendency now to see no greatness but in military prowess, we make no apology for asking a due appreciation of one whose merit and worth were measured by a higher standard, and whose character has the endorsement of a higher authority. While we say this, we might with truth, we believe, number Dr. Wallace among the victims of the causeless and wicked rebellion now raging. He so loved his country, he so deprecated the coming storm, he so labored and prayed to prepare his countrymen to meet the trial and loss with courage and patience, he was so confounded and overwhelmed by the brutal treachery of rebels in the South, sustained, as they have been, by the sympathy of heartless demagogues, and the whines of hypocritical "*peace-men*" in the North; he was so agitated by the temporary triumphs of treason in the field, and pained by the want of harmony in our Cabinet councils, vigor in our Executive, and genius and energy in our military commanders; he so utterly loathed and abhorred the miscreants who availed themselves of the na-

tion's distress to fill their pockets, and traded the best blood of the nation for partisan and selfish ends; he so sympathized with the noble martyrs of the battle-field, and the wasted inmates of our military hospitals, that when added to all his country's wrongs and woes, from treason at home and vile calumniators across the seas; when to all this was added the loss of his own *son*, a victim to disease in the army, we believe it broke his large, noble, patriotic heart, and that in a proper sense he sleeps among the recent patriots who have offered up life on the altar of their country. If our readers concur with us, they will see that while we are mourning the nation's dead, and "garnishing their sepulchres," there is a pertinence in asking tears and a monument for one who, both as a patriot and Christian, moved in the first rank of his loyal countrymen.

It is true that at the present time, when the country is compelled to purchase national honor, liberty, and order, by the sacrifice of human victims, human life itself is liable to be held cheap. The rebels against our flag at the South, with their sympathizers and apologists at the North, have succeeded in perpetrating crimes so stupendous that we almost lose our abhorrence of their depravity in the magnificence of the ruin which they have wrought. An assassin, with steel or lead, creeps in the still night to the bedside of his victim and destroys a single life. We gaze on the scene and the man with horror. But what shall we say of the arch-traitor and his accomplices, who is not satisfied with one, or one hundred, or one thousand murders, but opens the flood-gates and bathes a nation in tears, and stretches a hundred thousand of the bravest and best on the field of slaughter? His guilt is only surpassed by those who, without his temptations, encourage his crimes by cold indifference and weak apologies. But while such a wholesale ruin is being wrought, and death is holding such a carnival in our land, we are all liable to be too much absorbed in our own griefs and perils or in our country's fate, to estimate individual deaths or family sorrows. When the tornado has swept down the forest, we have little thought of single trees; when the conflagration has annihilated a city, we take little note of single dwellings; so when war rages, and the purest and noblest are

falling like leaves of autumn, it is difficult so to insulate and elevate any individual, whatever his character or worth, that the community shall do justice to his memory.

But, as in following the forest track of the tornado, the fall of some tree, taller than its fellows, will claim our attention; as in the blackened city, some edifice more beautiful than the rest, will linger on our memories; and as on the battle-field, strewed with its dead, some noble form or some cherished friend among the victims will claim our sympathy and tears, so, at the present time, we can give a special remembrance to one whose greatness was not limited to any one interest, whose influence was bounded by no national border nor party line, and whose death may be regarded as a loss to humanity itself.

Some persons, who knew less of Dr. Wallace than ourselves, or whose party or personal prejudices forbid them properly to appreciate him, may be surprised to hear us speak of him as a *truly great man*. But such he really was. Tried by the best standard, he had a real and comprehensive magnitude, which compels us to say, "*that a prince and great man hath fallen in our Israel.*" Those who knew him and were capable of appreciating him, will credit us when we claim for him a large, active, comprehensive, and independent intellect, a scholarship that set him in advance of his ministerial brethren, a will that never bent but at the claims of duty, a courage equal to any daring or endurance, a hopefulness that made all that was best possible, an industry that never wearied, and a piety and philanthropy equal to any sacrifice for his country, his church, or his God.

The life of a Christian minister and a literary man is ordinarily so uniform and tranquil as to be barren of stirring incidents. To this general law, the life of Dr. Wallace was no exception. His experience was peculiar; in many aspects, trying; but not so diverse from his brethren as to claim special attention.

Dr. Wallace was the third child, and second son of William Wallace and Eleanor Maclay. His father was a member of the bar; an active, energetic man, capable of forming and carrying out large enterprises. From him we think Dr. Wallace inhe-

rited a portion of his restless activity and power of accomplishment. His father was born in Hanover, in this State, where his grandfather, Squire Wallace, also resided, whose wife was the sister of Dr. Benjamin Rush, of Philadelphia. Eleanor Maclay, Dr. Wallace's mother, was the daughter of Hon. William Maclay, a man of high respectability and worth, of great wealth, and a senator in the first Congress of the United States from the State of Pennsylvania. She was a woman of high position, vigorous talents, great ambition, and she is thought to have left strong traces of her marked character upon all her children, but particularly upon Benjamin. Mr. William Wallace bought large tracts of land in Erie county, laid out the town of Erie, and was residing there when Benjamin was born, on the 10th of June, 1810.

When Benjamin was eighteen months old, his father was appointed president of the Harrisburg Bank, and removed his family again to Harrisburg, the birth-place of his wife, where he died in 1814, when Benjamin was only four years of age. We are told by those who remember his childhood, that Benjamin was small and slight for his age. He could not remember the time when he was unable to read. He was always a reader and always a student. After his father's death his mother moved to the stone house, built by his father, and now used for an academy. There, seated on the old porch, under the Lombardy poplars, he was to be seen evening after evening, and as the setting sun gilded hill and shore, it fell also on that young, pale, absorbed face, eagerly reading. And yet he loved play, was very active, especially a great *jumper*. He has often said playfully to his son: "Don't forget when I am gone, to say I was the best marble-player in Harrisburg!"

When Benjamin was ten years old, he was placed with his elder brother at Mifflintown, under the tuition of Mr. Hutchison, who was regarded as an excellent instructor, especially in the Greek and Latin languages. Young Wallace remained here several years. On his birth-day, June 10th, 1822, when only twelve years of age, he thought he gave his young heart to the Saviour. He used to say he was born into the world on the 10th of June, and on that day born into the kingdom of God.

He seems to have had religious convictions very early, which were deepened by reading such works as "Doddridge's Rise and Progress." After many days and nights of suffering, when he could neither eat nor sleep, while at prayer in the parlor of his boarding-house, Miss Jane Bryson's, he was suddenly blessed with a rich assurance of mercy. He described this assurance as full, free, triumphant, overwhelming. In his youthful enthusiasm he wrote a covenant and signed it with his blood! His mother died in 1823, leaving him an orphan at thirteen years of age. His devoted love for his mother made her death terrible to him. She died in January, and he stood in the cold beside her grave until his friends were compelled to force him away. Mr. Graydon and his cousin Maclay Hall were appointed his guardians. It had been the earnest desire of the mother that Benjamin and his elder brother should enter college, and he was prepared to enter one of the higher classes; but, for causes unknown to us, the hopes of his mother were not realized.

After spending some years at Mifflintown, he went to reside with his cousin Hall at Lewistown, where he amused himself, as he used to say, by studying law and reading novels. In 1825 he was employed as clerk at the Pennsylvania Furnace, Huntingdon, Pa., by John Lyon, Esq., who had married his father's sister. In 1826 his uncle Lyon sent him to Pittsburgh, to take charge of an iron warehouse for the firm of "Stewart, Lyon, & Co." A young stranger, of good social position and connections, talented, educated, and enthusiastic, he was here subjected to many popular temptations, from which he did not entirely escape. He always regarded this period as unfavorable to his religious well-being. But if he failed in religious profit, he gained in social advantages, for here he formed friendships that had a lasting and grateful influence upon his whole life. There and then he formed the acquaintance of the young maiden whom he afterwards led to the bridal altar, and who now weeps his loss. In 1827 young Wallace received, through the influence of the Hon. Joel B. Sutherland, a cadetship at West Point. Leaving Pittsburgh in April, he stopped on the way at his sister's, the wife of Rev. William R. De Witt, of Harrisburg. The Rev. Herman Norton was then laboring in Dr. De Witt's church, and a great revival was in progress. Young Wallace

was deeply impressed, considered himself a backslider, and sought the Lord anew with deep contrition of heart. He renewed his covenant and found peace—but ever after mourned that he had dared to sin against his first love. He carried to West Point these refreshed religious impressions. His heart yearned for the ministry, but his guardians decided upon a military education. At West Point he found but four pious cadets except himself. They were steadfast under great trials. They had their own prayer-meetings, where they strengthened each other, and were strengthened by Christ. We have conversed with his classmates and seen the record of his deportment, in which he bore himself creditably throughout. In mathematics he had no great enthusiasm, but was distinguished in French and philosophy. Having little military interest, his gun was often poorly polished, his apparel not in perfect keeping with the rules, and for peccadilloes in this line he was always getting marks of censure. Obviously his heart yearned for a nobler service. While it is true that Mr. Wallace had some peculiar qualifications for military duty and achievement, and while it is conceded that his military education left on him certain traces and modes not altogether genial to the sacred profession which he entered, we must honor that grace of God which at West Point allowed him to reap its advantages, and yet hold his allegiance firm and faithful to his divine Master.

When, in the present conflict, it was proposed to make him the *Colonel of a regiment*, he declined on the ground that the ministerial office surpassed every other in dignity and usefulness. In 1830, as soon as his guardians would consent, he left West Point finally, and entered himself as a student in the Theological Seminary at Princeton, New Jersey. He had now reached home. His studies accorded with his taste and judgment, and he gave himself up to them with a willing heart and indomitable industry. A large volume of notes, taken in short hand, of the Rev. Dr. Alexander's Lectures, bear evidence of his deep earnestness and thorough appreciation of his responsibilities.

He remained in Princeton until 1832, and was then licensed by the Presbytery of Donegal, Pa., to preach the gospel.

On the 5th of November he was united in marriage to Miss Sarah Cochran, daughter of George Cochran, Esquire, of Pitts-

burgh, who united the best qualities of the merchant with the finished courtesy of the gentleman.

At this time, with an unselfish and characteristic regard to simple duty, he had devoted his life to missionary labor in heathen lands. Around this purpose he had twined his thoughts, affections, and prayers. But the health of his wife was so frail that he hesitated. Unwilling to trust his own judgment, he laid the whole matter for counsel before the Presbytery of Donegal. The Presbytery, in view of the facts, unanimously voted that he ought not to go abroad. Submitting to their decision, he next turned his attention to the destitute districts of his native land. In January, 1833, he received a unanimous call to become pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Waterford, near Erie, Pa. He occupied, for a time, the pulpit as a stated supply, but the failing health of his wife compelled him to seek a milder climate. He went to the State of Kentucky, and in 1834 was called to be stated supply of the Presbyterian Church in Russelville, and there he was ordained as an evangelist by the Presbytery of Muhlenburg. Like other Western missionaries of that period, he was called to great labor. A friend who knew him there says: "He preached with very great acceptance, was useful and popular. He studied German with an educated German music teacher, and amidst all his cares and labors, never allowed his studious habits to run down. But Slavery weighed on him like an incubus. His sensitive and Christian heart shrank from it, and he sought another field. Before he left Kentucky he took his position boldly and indignantly against the acts of "*Excision*."

In the memorable year of 1837, he was called to be the pastor of the Presbyterian Church in York, Pa., where the Rev. Dr. Cathcart had so long and usefully labored. Here a great trial fell upon him, and he met it manfully. A minority of his church, under the authority of the excision acts of 1837 and 1838, undertook by process of law to oust him from the pulpit, and his people from the sanctuary of their fathers. Dr. Wallace was not the man voluntarily to submit to wrong or outrage from any quarter. He so defended his case and managed the whole affair, as not only to protect his own church, but to secure from the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania such an endorsement of

the Presbyterianism of his denomination that no other suit will ever again, on similar grounds, be commenced. His ministry at York closed his pastoral labors. It was marked by industry, intelligence, conscientiousness, and the approbation of the church. In 1846, shattered in health, he took the Professorship of Languages in Delaware College. He was faithful as an instructor, and enjoyed the entire confidence of the Rev. Dr. Gilbert, its President. But the prospects of the College being far from flattering, and his health so impaired that he was unable to preach, he resigned the Professorship, and reluctantly for three years devoted himself to secular business in Pittsburgh.

It having been determined by several ministers in Philadelphia to start a Presbyterian Quarterly Review, and means having been collected to commence the work, inquiry was made for one competent and willing to conduct the periodical. After much deliberation, the choice fell upon the Rev. Benjamin J. Wallace, and those who introduced him to the field and sustained him in it by their influence and their pens, have seen, after ten years, no reason to regret their selection. This last labor of Dr. Wallace was the most important and influential of his life. It gratified his peculiar love of literature, gave full scope to all his genius and acquirements, kept him in the society of brethren who appreciated his real worth, and allowed him an opportunity to exercise a broad, deep, and healthful influence on the church and the world. As we stand beside his grave, it is pleasant to remember that intellectually, socially, ecclesiastically, and religiously, "his last days were his best days." So that, like the sun,

"He appeared largest at his setting."

How naturally he fell into the first rank as a leader in the religious literature and ecclesiastical policy of our denomination, our readers know full well. How sternly and eloquently he rebuked the injustice of the excision acts, how clearly he vindicated the substantial Presbyterianism of our body, how much his influence availed to give definiteness to our policy, and development to our distinctive principles, how he talked, and travelled, and wrote, and prayed, to originate the institutions

which we now support, we need not stop to illustrate. That he committed some errors, stirred up much opposition, excited much envy, and endured much reproach, we may here admit. But we also know that around the *beau ideal* of his early purposes and plans, the church has finally crystallized her policy and her hopes. When we remember that he was an active laborer in founding the "Presbyterian House;" that on him rested the chief burden of originating and conducting the "American Presbyterian;" that the existence of the "Church Extension Committee" and its support rested much on his influence; that he was a large and stated writer for the Philadelphia "Evening Bulletin;" that he was a stated attendant and active member of the ecclesiastical bodies to which he belonged; that outside of all this, he was a steady and earnest attendant upon prayer-meetings and other means of grace, it will be regarded as wonderful that he wrote so much and so well for the "Presbyterian Quarterly Review," and imparted to it such expansion, spirit, and usefulness.

In conducting the Review he had many difficulties to encounter. In a certain sense it was a success from the beginning, and yielded annually a handsome stipend over all expenses, but not sufficient to sustain the editor or pay a compensation to writers. Hence his mind was diverted by other occupations, and he had to rely upon articles furnished gratuitously by his friends. His associate editors could only aid very occasionally. The Review was peculiarly a church organ, and such are generally not richly remunerative. When we add to this, the entire separation of the South, the conflicting opinions and rival periodicals in the North, with local jealousies and personal piques and antipathies, it is a matter of gratitude to God that the Presbyterian Quarterly Review has for ten years held on its way rejoicing. Much of the interest of the work was created by the articles of the editor himself. In all his editorials, and all his reviews of books, there was an earnestness, vivacity, and freshness, that made them readable, and some were characterized by great eloquence and power.

As his labors have finally closed, it is proper to say that for the following articles his readers were indebted to his pen.

All the book notices, from number one to number forty inclusive.

All the Reviews of the Assembly, except the last one.

1. What ought Laymen in our Church to do?
2. The Greeks and their Language.
3. Spirit of American Presbyterianism.
4. M. Huc and the Lamas.
5. Albany Convention and the New Englander.
6. Young America.
7. The Presbyterian Magazine and the Spirit of American Presbyterianism.
8. Dr. Gilbert.
9. Young America, No. II. Religion and Philosophy.
10. Spirit of American Presbyterianism. No. 3.
11. Spirit of American Presbyterianism, No. 4. The Division, No. 1.
12. Spirit of American Presbyterianism, No. 5. The Division, No. 2.
13. Is Effective Writing Necessarily "Volcanic?"
14. The Fragmentary Age of Literature.
15. Young America, No. 3. Its Health and Social Life.
16. The Latin Language.
17. Recent Poetry.
18. Will the Jews as a Nation be Restored to their own Land?
19. Charlotte Bronte.
20. Church Poetry and Music.
21. Dr. Barclay's City of the Great King.
22. The Review.
23. The Church Extension Cause.
24. Dr. Thompson's and Dr. Osborne's Works on Palestine.
25. Travels in Distant Lands.
26. Princeton Review's Criticism on "Barnes on the Atonement."
27. Presbyterianism in Foreign Lands.
28. The Insurrection of the Paxton Boys.
29. The Arabs.
30. The Fathers of the HarrisburgPresbytery.

31. Hebrew Language and Literature.
32. The Arrow-Headed Inscriptions.
33. Motley's History of the Netherlands.
34. The Ter-Centenary of the Meeting of the First General Assembly.
35. The State of the Country.
36. The Gorilla Book.
37. The Nature and Destiny of the English Language.
38. Phœnicia and Carthage.
39. The War for the Union.
40. The Okavango River.
41. Some Thoughts about Pennsylvania.

This was the last Article Dr. Wallace wrote, during his almost dying days at Harrisburg, amid the scenery he here eulogised.

Dr. Wallace wrote a book notice of "The Electress Juliane," published after his death, in the last number of the Review.

His other published works were not numerous. They are one on "Sanskrit," published in the "Bibliotheca Sacra." A Sermon before the Synod, on "Spiritual Ambition." A Temperance Sermon, preached in York, Pa. And many spirited and judicious contributions to the secular newspapers of the day.

As these emanations from the pen of Dr. Wallace have all been before our readers, they can judge for themselves of his merits. While some of them may be criticised as savoring of pedantry, hypercriticism, rhapsody, or ex-cathedra assumption, or as lacking profound learning, deep philosophy, and broad observation and reflection, yet taken as a whole, in real originality, useful facts, just opinions, deep religious earnestness, clear, forcible, impressive, and attractive style, and elevation of aim, these articles constitute a treasure of religious, literary, and philosophical truths, for which the Church and the world owe the author a great debt of gratitude. How few have written so much and so well! Our readers will share with us in deep sorrow, that the golden chain is sundered forever between an intellect so fertile and active, and the world which it illumined; between a heart so pious and benevolent, and a race which it

yearned to bless and save. Our only relief is, that by his published opinions and appeals, our brother has left a radiance to benefit mankind long after his earthly sun has set.

The death of Dr. Wallace was unexpected to his friends. His form was slender, his *physique* not robust. He had no relish for physical exercise, and gave himself almost no relaxation. Although seldom sick, he was never strong; for, "like a steam engine set up in a shanty," his active mind and sensitive nature wrought too powerfully for his frail constitution. About a month before his death he was seized with an attack of *Neuralgia*.\* His pains were fearful, breaking down at once his strength and the tone of his system. His disease yielded to powerful medicines, but left him too weak to rally. True, he rose from his bed, returned to his office, and once met with his associates to read articles for the last number of the Review. This was the last time we saw him. As he seemed not aware of his weak condition, we cautioned him against exposure; left the place (Rev. Mr. Barnes',) with him, and, where our roads parted, bade him farewell, to see him on earth no more.

Failing to gain strength, he was persuaded to make a visit to Harrisburg, in hopes that surrounded by the friends of his early life, and the beautiful scenery so dear to his heart, he might improve. It was all vain. His wife and friends hastened to him, and brought him home to die. His eldest daughter has, at our suggestion, given us the following account of the last scenes of his life.

She says: "My father suffered terribly at times, on account of religious melancholy; my mother has often read the Psalms to him, and talked to him about our Saviour, as standing over against his sins, and satisfying in the atonement the awful jus-

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\* One cause of Dr. Wallace's death we think may be traced to the breaking down of his health on the death of his second son, Lieut. Irwin M. Wallace, of the 18th Infantry, U. S. A., who died at Pittsburg, on the 20th of February, of the present year. He had served as a sergeant in the 71st Pennsylvania Regiment, (formerly Baker's California Regiment,) for seven months after the fall of Fort Sumter. He was then appointed a Lieutenant in the regular army, and was on recruiting service at the time of his decease. How keenly Dr. Wallace felt his loss can only be known by those who saw him and sympathized with him in his home, after this bereavement.

tice of God; for a most profound sense of his own sinfulness, and an intense realization of the holiness of God in his mind at the same time overwhelmed him. Well do I remember seating myself at my mother's request, beside him as he lay in bed—a short time before he left home for Harrisburg—and repeating passage after passage from the Bible, as he suggested the topics, such as—'God keeps us after our conversion, and not our works. 'Even if we wander and are unfaithful, we will finally be saved by grace.' 'Our Saviour's relation to us.' He repeated oftener than any other, this:—'He restoreth my soul,' and said over very thoughtfully and slowly; particularly so, the last part of the thirtieth verse of the first chapter of first Corinthians—'Who of God is made unto us *wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.*' A few hours after this, when he seemed to feel happier, his mind being somewhat brighter, he said to me, I cannot say like Paul, 'I have fought the good fight, I have kept the faith,' nothing like that! 'I have finished the work thou gavest me to do,' not at all! of course Paul had made such advances in religion and humility he could say that; but I can't! I feel, that imperfectly, very imperfectly, in a feeble way, you know I have done something for Christ and the church, that's all.' The next day his state of mind was exactly such as to suggest to our thoughts, 'the clear shining after rain,'—peaceful, happy, without one doubt, and so it remained, as far as his relations with God were concerned, and his happiness increased until his death. His faith, through all his excruciating and prostrating illness, was verily child-like. [Mr. Taylor's account of his conversation with father, narrated at the funeral shows this.] One afternoon, when several of the family were together with him, and when he was feeling better, he began deliberately and without waiting for the conversation to take such a direction, to tell us that he understood practically the meaning of the expression, 'Glorifying God in the fires.' He had been in the fires, he said, the fires of agonizing, burning pain, and his religion had sustained him. His language was most forcible, direct, impressive and affecting. It was a deliberate and most decided testimony to the sufficiency and purifying nature of the Christian religion. He evidently wished us to feel this and profit by it."

The following is an extract from a letter written by my aunt, Mary De Witt, to my sister.

"The morning you left us I went up stairs, and was alone with brother a little while I said to him, 'You are too weak to have me read the Psalm to you,' referring to the ninety-first, which he loved, and which I had read to him the day before. He said, 'Yes, not just now.' I said, 'The Saviour is precious to you this morning, is He not?' He said, 'Very precious, very precious! everything, everything to me! I am ready for life or death.' His eyes were closed and his hands clasped when he said this, but almost immediately opening them and turning them full on me, he said, 'This is strong language, sister, but I fully appreciate what I am saying.'"

"Father said but little after he came home on the subject of religion, but what he did say was very comprehensive. On the afternoon of the day before he died, we were near him expecting every moment might be the last we would look upon him living. My mother said, 'We are all watching you, dear, and there is One watching who never sleeps.' None of us who saw him then will ever forget the radiance that at that moment spread over his face; an apparently supernatural glory seemed to shine out from it. After a moment of what seemed to be rapturous contemplation, he said, 'Oh, the inexpressible glory! the ineffable sweetness of our Saviour! you must just come to the cross, cling to our Saviour, lay hold of the cross in simple child-like faith!' He wanted to hear some of the promises, and I repeated as nearly as I could the second verse of the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah: 'When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.' He answered simply 'Yes!' After this he did not talk much. The last words he said to my mother were: '*I move into the light!*'"

We have nothing to add to this graphic and touching narrative. Any daughter might desire thus to cheer with the promises of God, the father whose tenderness and care had yearned over her infancy. It was, if we may so express it, an *evangelical* death scene. How humbly, penitently, and confidingly, Dr.

Wallace disrobed himself of all merit and claim, to be enrobed in the finished righteousness of Christ! And when "the best robe was put on him," how naturally and sweetly did he begin the peace and praise of heaven!

His last remarkable words, "I MOVE INTO THE LIGHT," remind us of his own language, on the death of Rev. Dr. Gilbert, also one of our little editorial *corps*. He says:

"His awakening was in that city where they have no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it; for the glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.

"When we have gathered on the shore to bid our friends farewell for a distant voyage, when the hand has been grasped, and the tear has started, and our blessing has been fervently breathed, we linger while the vessel is in sight, and watch it heaving and falling on the waves, until the very speck on the horizon has vanished; and then as we turn slowly and sadly to our half-desolate homes, we speak a little of the lands they will visit, and the scenes with which they will presently mingle. There was something in Dr. Gilbert that makes us think of his intellectual joy in heaven. Does light bathe us there at first like an atmosphere, so that there are no difficulties, as when we have lost our way in a wilderness at night, and the very first flush of morning reveals every thing, the path, the country, our point of divergence from the right way, the glories of the landscape? Or do we learn gradually there, ascending in the University of God from one angel teacher to another, as the six days of creation caused ever new bursts of delight to the sons of God who shouted for joy? However that may be, the clearing up of mystery, and the bright vision of intellectual light, impart we feel a joy to Dr. Gilbert, peculiar to his acute and inquiring intellect, and we are all glad that he is 'safe havened,' and so gloriously employed."

"Who would not wish so to die? Who would not pass from a bright, happy and constant activity and usefulness on earth, to a still brighter and higher activity in heaven? Who would not pass from a wide circle of brethren, all trusting and admiring to the last, into the brotherhood of angels and the spirits of the just made perfect? And as he served God al-

ways first; as the honor of God was always paramount in his mind, was there not a fitness in this honor that God put upon him, of carrying him, like Elijah, to heaven, while men felt that Elijah's fire yet burned in him?"

Dr. Wallace indulged occasionally in early life in giving his thoughts a poetical setting; not often—for he would say he had other work to do. A few lines from his own pen seem to form a fitting close to this sketch.

The twilight glow, fading within the West,  
Though beautiful, yet mourns the saddening loss  
Of light withdrawn. And yet the dying day  
Beacons the coming orb, whose dawning ray  
Pours its full glory on the AWFUL CROSS.  
Of all God's mysteries the wondrous *KEY*,  
*Immortal peace from mortal agony.*

We have now followed our brother to life's close, and might terminate this article. But it seems proper to add some estimate of the characteristics of Dr. Wallace. We may be brief here, for more than most men, Dr. Wallace painted himself with his own pen. His writings, now in the hands of our readers, are a "transcript of his image," intellectually and religiously. Indeed, we think his most partial friends believe that his great strength was best developed by his pen, so that "his letters were powerful" above his "presence." We think we can see how the peculiarities of his birth and early history and training modified and stamped his whole life. In a certain recluseness and self-reliance, asking little sympathy and confiding slowly and hesitatingly, we see the orphan-boy, allowed to nestle in no parental tenderness and indulgence, but made wary and cautious by necessary self-protection. In his erect stature and measured manner; his quick sensibility to neglect, rudeness and wrong, with a tendency to have "his rights;" in his sympathy with the injured, and his bold readiness to redress wrongs and vindicate justice and truth every where; in his punctuality, promptness and regard to minuteness of detail; and in the value he sometimes attached to minor matters; in all this we think we see the influence of West Point, permeating a clerical profession with a tinge of military spirit and bearing. In his enthusiasm for the classics—his frequent appeals to Greek and

Roman history and authors—his attempts to systematise and perpetuate regular classical studies, under his full clerical labors—in his ambition to seem familiar with all learning, literature and science, we recognise the youth insatiate for knowledge, covetous of superiority, denied against his will a full college course, and compelled to reach by private study and self-denial the qualifications fitting him for a Professor of Languages. "The ban" of early prohibition from college, "wrought in him" for life "all concupiscence" of learning, which his circumstances could hardly gratify. In a certain easy indifference to set modes of dress and address, and to formalities in religious worship—in his ready adoption of street, wayside, and even theatre preaching, in the great Revival of 1857—as well as in the little awe he felt for wealth, office, and position—we think we see in this the Kentucky missionary importing Western freedom into the stiffness and fossilized stateliness of a great metropolis. When we add to this that he never under-estimated the real and great respectability of his birth and family connexions—that he was bred in the best and most cultivated society,—that he had genius, learning, thorough industry, and deep piety, fitting him in these respects for the highest positions, and yet from his lack of physical strength, attraction of eye, voice, and popular adaptation, compelled to see men far inferior in strength and worth always going before him, it is not surprising that he "set up for himself," and looked down on some who supposed they were looking down on him. He had a character so strong, and his *points* were so outlined that his defects were open, and it was therefore easy for men without a tithe of his genius, knowledge, or piety, to peck at him. But those who knew him well saw that his faults were of human infirmity, mental constitution and circumstances, while his many and overshadowing excellencies of mind and heart were of a naturally noble nature, sanctified by the rich grace of God.

We think we may safely claim for Dr. Wallace, (1,) that he was an *original thinker*. He imported ideas freely from every source, but before he uttered them, they had been subjected to the alembic of his own intellect. He sifted history, weighed facts, scrutinized doctrines, and called no man master. In the prayer-meeting, the pulpit, the pastoral association, the courts

of the church, as well as in the *American Presbyterian* and QUARTERLY REVIEW, no matter how many had spoken, or what others had written, we were certain to have from Dr. Wallace an independent and fresh view of the subject. He might not be always right, but he was always himself. He recast every subject, and was not afraid to strike out new modes and plans for church or national development. To the finest intellect in the land, he would be, not an ECHO merely, but an auxiliary.

(2.) Dr. Wallace was a *full man*. True, his knowledge was more synthetic than analytical. His gold lay on a broad surface rather than in large lumps. He knew something of almost every thing. In profane and sacred History, in Geography, Geology, Astronomy, Politics, Philosophy and Theology—in Physics and Metaphysics, in Poetry and Languages, in Music, Painting, and Architecture; all which dead generations have left for the instruction of the living, he desired to grasp. Of course he failed to reach all knowledge; but with his keen intellect, insatiate relish, untiring industry and strong memory, he distanced most of his competitors. Rich treasures which he was distributing freely are buried with him in the grave. He said in dying he was "*moving into the light*;" but alas, his loss has deepened earth's darkness.

(3.) We claim for Dr. Wallace a *loyal* spirit. We refer not now to his faithfulness to his country, in these dark days, although it is proper to say, here, as we have said elsewhere, that on this American soil there stands not to-day a truer friend of his native land, or one who more abhorred secret or open treason. No man doubted his heart-zeal for his country, nor whether he prayed heartily for victory over its traitor foes. He would have sacrificed, we believe, the last dollar in his purse, or the last drop of blood in his heart, rather than submit to treasonable dictation. He never supposed that active patriotism to save the life of one's country was too secular for the ministry. But by loyalty, as we employ the word, we mean the subjection of his principles, purposes, and affections to all that was pure, noble, and right. The graces of some men are like rich fruits grafted on crabbed trees, where a coarse nature is always developing its germs, and struggling for the mastery. In such,

religion has a difficult office to beget even stunted virtues. With Dr. Wallace it was not so. Aside from his religion, he had a warm, generous, and chivalrous nature. Under a quiet, undemonstrative exterior there beat a heart of the loftiest impulses. In his deep and tender regard for his family, in the fidelity of his social friendships, in his grateful response to any favor, in his enthusiastic attachment to his "Dear Old Pennsylvania," in his filial reverence for his Scotch Irish ancestry, in his sacred regard to the historic faith of the church and its noble martyrs, in his hearty devotion to his own denomination and zeal for its welfare; in short, in his regard to all duty and all rightful claims from any quarter, we recognise a true, reliable and faithful man. Even his antipathies grew out of his virtues. The disruption of our church by revolutionary violence in 1837, the revulsion of New England at the "Albany Convention," from the men who had been martyrs to her interests and institutions, the mad treason of the South against the country, were intolerable to him, mainly because they involved, in his estimate, meanness as well as injustice. He may have failed in duty from mistake, prejudice, or excessive zeal; but who ever accused our brother of an intentional and deliberate wrong. He was eminently a *just* man.

(4.) We claim for Dr. Wallace eminent piety and usefulness. We have seen that for Christianity he gave up the military profession and the benefits of a military education. For the sake of preaching the gospel he sacrificed a handsome patrimony and lived and died a poor man. In his closet and in his family he was a man of prayer, and in his intercourse with society he subordinated every social alliance and gratification to his religious usefulness. As a preacher, he developed the humbling and startling truths of the Bible, in seeming recklessness of human flatteries or frowns. In the clearness, tranquillity and courage with which he evolved unwelcome truths, he seemed entirely to forget himself in his duty to his great Master. Where his labors brought neither honor nor reward, he was still ready, in sunshine or in shade, to make known the glorious gospel. Too honest for cant, pretence or affectation, and too zealous for good to be done to envy laborers more successful than himself,

he never stipulated for opportunities to magnify himself, and never failed to honor those who honored his Master. He was great enough to apprehend and love greatness in others; and good enough to bless any man that truly promoted the cause of Christ. He cherished the "American Presbyterian," the "Presbyterian Quarterly Review," the "Church Extension" Scheme, the "Presbyterian House," and the "Historical Society," not because they had in any degree grown up under his influence and honored him, but because he could employ them to honor Christ. His heart-love for Christ, and his reverence for the church of his fathers, imparted to his religion an elevation and dignity which found expression in his interest in all the minor modes and enterprises of his denomination. We are compelled to say that we look in vain around us for the man who will so earnestly, unselfishly and efficiently care for the estate of our Zion. Not alone his bereaved and heart-stricken family; not alone the personal friends who have long known and loved him; but his whole denomination, which he served so long and so well, are prepared to mingle their tears at his sepulchre.

"Dropped away! we may not hold him;  
 Mightier arms than ours enfold him.  
 Do we call the swallow back?  
 Loves the ship the iceberg's track?

*Let him sleep!*

Though our hopes be torn and dead,  
 And our souls disquieted,  
 We may arise and go and pray  
 In the light of God's pure day—

LET HIM SLEEP!"

The death of Dr. Wallace, however it may strike the public, is adapted to make a deep and thrilling impression upon his associate editors. The writer has known him thirty-one years, and in spite of crushing labors and cares, has deemed it a privilege, as well as duty, to pay this hasty and imperfect tribute to his memory.