

DISCOURSE c2573

IN COMMEMORATION OF

THE LIFE AND LABORS

OF

REV. GEORGE COOPER GREGG,

PASTOR OF SALEM CHURCH, SUMTER DISTRICT, S. C.,

DELIVERED IN SAID CHURCH ON SABBATH, JAN 19, 1862,

BY REV. GEO. HOWE, D.D.,

PROFESSOR OF BIBLICAL LITERATURE, THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, COLUMBIA, S. C.



COLUMBIA, S. C.:

STEAM POWER PRESS OF R. W. GIBBES.

1862.



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CORRESPONDENCE.

JANUARY 22, 1862.

REV. GEORGE HOWE, D.D. :

DEAR SIR: Appreciating the merits of the sermon you preached on last Sabbath, (the 19th of January,) in commemoration of the death of our late respected and beloved Pastor, the Rev. G. C. Gregg, in which you so fully portrayed his Christian character, and believing that the character of such a man should be held up to the Church as a bright and shining light, the Congregation held a meeting, and passed the following resolutions unanimously :

“That the Rev. Dr. Howe be requested to furnish the Congregation with a copy of his sermon on the death of the Rev. G. C. Gregg, for publication.

“That W. E. Mills, Samuel Cooper and Dr. J. A. Mayes are appointed a committee to request Dr. Howe to furnish a copy for publication, and to have it published.”

The undersigned, in accordance with the duty assigned them, now very respectfully solicit a copy of your sermon for publication, and hope that you will comply with their request.

W. E. MILLS,
SAMUEL COOPER,
J. A. MAYES,
Committee.

COLUMBIA, Feb. 24, 1862.

TO MESSRS. W. E. MILLS, SAMUEL COOPER, J. A. MAYES, Committee :

I trust you will forgive me, that in my deep sorrow I have failed to reply earlier to your letter communicating the request of the Salem Congregation for the publication of my sermon in commemoration of your late Pastor. The consolations which I attempted to draw from the story of Bethany for their good, return into my own bosom in the sad bereavement which has come so soon to me and to my house. So, through the track of ages, God's people are called to suffer. In their homes a beloved Lazarus lies dead, and the voice of Jesus is heard—“I am the Resurrection and the Life. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.”

I have been much indebted to others for the particulars of the life and labors of your lamented Pastor, and, with suitable acknowledgements to them, place the manuscript at your disposal.

With great respect,
Yours very truly,
GEO. HOWE.

DISCOURSE.

Jesus saith unto her, I am the Resurrection, and the Life. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.—(John xi., 25, 26.)

These words are taken from that beautiful history of the Resurrection of Lazarus, which dropped, like the dew of the morning from the flowers of spring, softly, and full of sympathy, from the pen of John, the one of all the Twelve the quickest to feel the sorrows of others. He was the readiest, also, to appreciate the human and the Divine in the love of the Son of God, into whose depths he penetrated the farthest, but whose abysses he did not pretend to fathom. It is a lovely picture of domestic peace he spreads before us. "Behold how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!" Like the precious and fragrant ointment which descended from the head on the beard of Aaron, is the confiding love of brothers and sisters, is all that dutiful and engaging conduct seen around the domestic hearth, in a family in which there are no bickerings, among those who are of one flesh and blood, who have drank from one breast, and have one and the same fortune in life. In this quiet family of Bethany Jesus had often been. It was his habitual refuge from the din and jostling crowds of Jerusalem; from its ambition; its greed; its hollow pretence of zeal for God; its malignant Priests and Pharisees; its proud, narrow-minded, scowling and angry Scribes.

"Now Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus." Abiding, eternal honor this to that peaceful house, that happy isle amid the raging sea. He loved them all, different though

they were—the busy, bustling Martha, the meek and thoughtful Mary, the manly Lazarus, to whom they clung, their sole stay and defender among men. Domestic scenes were his delight. He caught children in his arms and blessed them; he wrought his first miracle at a marriage feast, amid a rejoicing family; and his last in this one now filled with anguish. The youngest, freshest blossom of the three withers. Lazarus, the brother of Mary and Martha, is sick.

They see and realize the danger, and bethink themselves of their mighty friend, whose power they had heard of, and, perhaps, had witnessed. He is at Bethabara, gone thither for safety. They send a simple message to him: “Lord, behold he whom thou lovest is sick.” They ask nothing, entreat nothing, and yet *say* everything—the act itself speaks confidence, love, humble meekness, urgent sense of their need. He whom thou *lovest* is suffering, is sick, very sick; he suffers, and we also. Shall he suffer? Shall he die whom thou lovest, and we lose our brother, and thou thy friend? What confidence! What friendship on both sides! What meek humility and anxious sorrow on theirs! He could save, save even from death. He would soon be there.

And so they comforted themselves, and strove to comfort him, their brother. As they wiped the cold sweat from his brow, or urged him to patience under suffering, they were assured that Jesus would soon be there. Did he not heal the centurion’s servant, and the courtier’s son, and would he now delay? No, he will assuredly come. Perhaps he is near already, though we hear not his footsteps. And so did they encourage themselves and their brother—so mingled their cup of sorrow with drops, if we may so say, of hope, through all his mortal agony, till he expired.

What a trial to their faith! It might be that he could not come. But he might have spoken one word of command. He might have quietly willed the cure; and, from the recesses of his power, there would have gone forth healthful vigor to the dying man, he would have stood again upon his feet, like the mother-in-law of Peter, filling the house at Bethany with his ministries of love, and the hearts of the sisters with

irrepressible joy. But alas! he has succumbed to the power of death, and lies motionless and unconscious before their weeping eyes.

Their messenger, also, had now returned, and bore to their ears, it may be, those mysterious words, now clad in deeper mystery: "This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God, that the Son of God might be glorified thereby." How seemingly inconsistent this! And how mysterious the juxtaposition of the words, "Now Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus. When he heard, therefore, that he was sick, he abode two days still in the place where he was." And yet, how do these seeming difficulties disappear when we remember who and what He was who speaks. He looked through the future. He saw, in one glance, the resurrection of his much loved friend following close upon his death; and this death, and all its pains, swallowed up in God's greater glory, and the joy of the sufferer. His pains and agonies were but the birth-pangs of a new existence; the transition to a mighty deliverance; the preparation for moments of surpassing joy. In His view, whose proper dwelling place, even though incarnate on the earth, was in heaven itself, who inhabits eternity, to whom time and space are nothing, the future was beheld as accomplished, the incomplete finished, sickness, death and decay overcome, and immortality and glory gained. If Lazarus lies there sick, if he agonizes and expires, if his sisters stand wringing their hands, and hope in vain till hope is exhausted, his sickness is not unto death, but unto life, and unto the glory of God. Exalted, clear-sighted glance of that God-head, which surveys all, wills all, and beholds all complete and glorious in the eternity before us; to which sickness, pain and dying beds are but the needful steps that bear us from a world of sin to realms of light and beauty! Oh, if one glimpse of this vision—the merest ray of this glory could enter the soul of the suffering one who lies forsaken in his hour of gloom, the heavens dark above him, chained to this *now* of his anguish, and incapable of reaching forward to the distant future—if he could lift himself up to the view of the coming glory, which is always present to the mind of the

Eternal One, how would his heart be comforted and his tears be wiped away!

“This sickness is not unto death,” said Jesus, yet he did die. Had he then deceived them? Or had he been mistaken? No, he knew all. He had planned all; and, through what we call death, would he give to Lazarus life, not to the body only, but life and blessedness to the soul. “He loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus,” the dying and the surviving ones, and meant their good. Yet did he not hasten to them, nor speak the life-giving word. Because he loved them, he waited two days till hope had expired, and man’s extremity was come.

To his disciples, he now announces the event: “Lazarus, our *friend*, sleepeth.” Beautiful would it have been as an inscription over his last resting place, “Lazarus, *our friend*,” your friend, and my friend. Precious words to fall from the lips of God’s only Son, whom Angels worship, our Brother too, and sympathising one—“Lazarus, our friend, *sleepeth*.” Beautiful euphemism for the death of a believer. Sleep and death are brothers. Each is a gentle and certain transition to life. As in the one, so in the other, the outward only becomes inactive. Sleep is an ebbing of the powers of life to return again in new freshness and vigor, a wonderful and mysterious, but kind arrangement for enjoying another day. The mind ceases not, but is refreshed still for new activity, and the body prepared with new power to do its bidding. We dread not sleep, though it locks up our senses, for we know that without it we are incapable of the refreshment and joy which morning brings, and unfit for the duties still required. So, without death—it is the ordinance of Heaven—we will not be ready for that newness of life which soul and body are to enjoy together. “Lazarus, our friend, sleepeth; but I go that I may awake him out of sleep.” “That I may awake him!” How appropriate! how gentle the word! Thou sleepest, Brother of Jesus, and deep is thy slumber, narrow thy chamber, and low lies thy form in the dust. But from the distance approaches the step, though by thee unheard, of Him who has the keys of death and of hell; of Him who spake on the morn of the creation; and it was done. The hour will soon be here

when His voice shall be heard above thy grave : “ Lazarus, my friend, the morning is breaking, awake from thy sleep! awake !”

His disciples understood him not. And he was obliged to speak plainly the hard word : “ Lazarus is dead.” “ And I am glad, says he, for your sakes, that I was not there, to the intent that ye may believe ;” believe with a higher faith when ye shall see my wondrous power, and believe, also, in the Resurrection of the Saints at the last day.

He arrives at Bethany, near Jerusalem, finds that Lazarus had lain in the grave four days already, and that there were many Jews, who had come from the city to comfort the mourners, and who were to be witnesses of his deed. He enters not the house, but tarries outside the town, nearer to the place of burial. The busy, active Martha knew of his coming ; the heart-broken Mary sat retired, absorbed in grief, and unsuspecting as yet of the rumor of his arrival. Martha approaches, and says : “ Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died.” These might have been construed as words of reproach. If thou hadst done this or that, if thou hadst taken the little trouble to hasten hither, the dead would have lived ; this great misfortune would not have occurred. But not in such a temper were these words uttered. Not in such a spirit were they repeated by the gentle Mary, who, hearing that the Master had come, and was calling for her, came quickly. They had tried all human help. Brother, sister, friend, could not have saved one pang. They had waited vainly for his coming, like those who wait for the morning. But come he did not. And the bitterest drop in their cup of sorrow was that all this might have been prevented. Had the sickness occurred when he was near, or had they informed him sooner, Lazarus might yet have been by their side, their living brother. And yet, says Martha, “ I know that even now,” though we have laid him away in the grave, and decay is doing its work upon his once fair form—“ whatsoever thou wilt ask of God, God will give it thee.” It was the utterance of faith, and yet of want of faith. He was prevalent in prayer, and by this could obtain *from* God that which, if she only knew it, he could do

as God. "Jesus said unto her, thy brother shall rise again." Her tearful eye sees, her sorrowing heart perceives but dimly. The sky is overcast with cloud, and a misty haze gathers around her. "I know that he shall rise again," said she, in the Resurrection, at the last day." She is dreaming of something distant when help is near at hand. She clung with a merely human passion to the object of her earthly love. "I know," she says, "that he shall rise in the Resurrection." But the day was so far off. She must be lifted to loftier views, as we, also, must, and have her heart turned away to her Lord and Master, and absorbed in the contemplation of his power and love. Otherwise, if her brother were given back to life as a mortal man, there would be the pain of another parting when death claimed either him or her as its victim. "I am the Resurrection," says he, in the words of the text, "and the Life." "I am the Resurrection," the death of death. Its corruption and decay are nothing to me. The power to raise the dead abides in me, who am present here. One day with me, your Lord, is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day. And this, as well as that, can be the hour of resurrection to whom I please. "I am the Life," its author, and its source. From me flows the vital flood through all the veins of the natural world, whose Creator and Sustainer I am, and even so do I live in all who are spiritually alive. They who live not in me are spiritually dead, and a rayless night covers their departure from earth, and they go away into dense and eternal darkness. "He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever believeth in me shall never die." By his faith in me, he shall receive a life over which death has no power. Even if he seem to die, he lives still an uninterrupted life; the clay tenement may dissolve under the power of the fell destroyer, but his inner life remains untouched, save as it is lifted to a higher sphere, and flows on in inconceivable enjoyment, under the power of what men call death, but which, to the believer, is but a sleep till the morning breaks. Believest thou this, Martha? and thou, weeping Mary? Believest *thou* this, my hearer? Believest thou that in Him, the Lord of Life, all the powers of life eter-

nal centre, of life not merely in its first creative action, but of life in conflict with death, destroying the grim monster's work, and converting it into a transition and a birth into a wide freedom from all sin and sorrow, into a boundless, joyful and eternal life?

"Yea, I believe," says Martha, "that thou art the Christ, the Son of God, which should come into the world." I believe, and have believed,* as far as I could, and as far as I knew, that thou art the Christ, the Son of God, of whom our Prophets and Scribes have taught that he should come into the world. I own thee as the Author of all life that animates the world, and I own thee as he by whom the Resurrection is to be accomplished, "when they that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake," thy people and thy flock to "shine as the brightness of the firmament"—even as Daniel spoke—"and as the stars, forever and ever." What *she* thus believed, we, my hearers, may believe with a more instructed faith. Not only as he was God was he able, but as Mediator, though clothed with our mortal clay, has he been empowered to invade the realm of death, to take the prey from the mighty, and deliver the lawful captive. "I will ransom them from the power of the grave. I will redeem them from death. O, death! I will be thy plagues. O, grave! I will be thy destruction.—(Hos. 13: 14.)

But behold the love and tender sympathy of our Lord. The broken-hearted Mary had cast herself at His feet, and with her bitter, yet loving cry, "Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died," her voice is choked with grief. It is the moment for tears. The sadness of death overpowers them all. Mary weeps in uncontrollable sorrow. The Jews weep. Nobles they may have been. But they all weep, friends and enemies. Jesus Himself is moved, and His heart is stirred to its lowest depths. Indeed, He is a High Priest who can be touched with our infirmities. Mary cannot speak. And so it often is with the child of sorrow. But the unutterable grief of the voiceless sufferer, her prostrate and exhausted

* *πεπίστευκα.*

form, her sense of nothingness, is the most touching prayer to Him who is mighty to save. Yet is it not mere sympathy with which he is moved. The one case of death before him brings to his view all the graves and bereaved households of earth. It was the wages of that sin he came to expiate, and which, as to believers, was laid upon him. It was the work of the devil; of him who had the power of death, whom he came expressly to cast out and destroy, and "to deliver those who, through fear of death, are all their life time subject to bondage." It was a grief, therefore, mingled with horror and indignation of spirit,* at what sin had wrought, and this thought he pondered till he shuddered† through all his frame.

But he advances to do battle with the conqueror of the human race. "Where have ye laid him," says he? "Lord, come and see," is their reply. The indignation he had felt at the blotting out of the earthly image of God now changes into the gentler emotion of sorrow. The simple words "come and see" bring before him the sad reality. Lazarus, whom he loved, has fallen a victim to the fell destroyer. His dust has gone to commingle with the dust of earth. The friend of his bosom lies a cold earth-clod, no more a man, no more a brother dwelling with us: He lies in his lonely and narrow house, in the hand of God, insensible to us, awaiting like the buried seed-corn the morning of the Resurrection. Death has triumphed over *him*. He can refrain no longer. His heart overflows, his eyes are wet with weeping, till the Jews themselves exclaimed: "Behold how he loved him!"

He approaches the tomb, not without another outburst of indignant horror at the sad ravages of sin. It was but for a moment. "Take ye away the stone," says he, with majestic composure. Your hands have placed it there, your hands can take it away. But the sisterly voice of the anxious, careful Martha is heard. She cannot bear that the remains of that dear brother should be made offensive to others, nor that her Lord should go down and look on the changed countenance of his friend, and be revolted at it. "Said I not to thee," says

* ἐνεβριμήσατο τῷ πνεύματι. † ἐτάραξεν ἑαυτὸν.

the conqueror, "that if thou wouldst believe, thou shouldst see the glory of God?" Then, in a wonderful prayer of thanksgiving, he lifts his eyes to Heaven, thanking his Father that he *had* heard him, triumphing thus before the victory. Though as a Son, he learned obedience on earth, and asked and received; yet, as he was God, each prayer of his human lips, and wish of his human soul, was the declaration of an eternal purpose which must be fulfilled.

"The hour is coming," said he—at an earlier time in his ministry he said it—"in which all that are in their graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth." That hour, at least to one, has come. "He cried with a loud voice, Lazarus, come forth." It was a resistless mandate. The spirit heard, and came from its absence to its wonted abode; the lifeless clay heard; life darted through all its members, and the vital flood ebbed and flowed through every vein; the damp and decay, and odor of death, departed from the cheek, and the man, Lazarus, returned to his weeping sisters, clothed not yet with an immortal, but with a mortal body, the stay and staff for a few years longer, the joy and light once more of the house the Saviour had so honored and blest. And the voice which thus spake, was the voice of that Redeemer who can call back to the body millions as well as one, who shall Himself "descend from Heaven with a shout, with the voice of the Archangel and the trump of God," to call forth the buried Saints, and to transform the living, who "shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air;" to be ever with the Lord. "I am the Resurrection, and the Life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. Believest thou this?" thou sorrowing one that *hast* wept and weepest yet over thy departed friend?

But this Lazarus, who was he? He was no titled man. He was neither Ruler, Scribe, nor Priest, among his people. He was a private person, of an honorable house, we do not doubt, the youngest of the three, perhaps, dear to the Lord, we suppose, for a noble nature and an unflinching love

towards his person, and dear again, because the brother of Mary and Martha, whom he also loved, and who leaned upon this one as their stay.

We have spoken of this household at Bethany at too great length, we fear, for the special purpose of bringing before you that Adorable One who is the Resurrection and the Life, and of showing you how precious in his eyes is the death of all his saints. We come now, to speak of another household, which, though exhibiting other relationships, was, we hope, like that of Bethany, honored with the Master's presence, and held one, at least, whom Jesus loved.

We come to speak of him* who was a friend to you all, and to Jesus, our and his Master and Lord. He lived among you not as a private man only, nor as one who was the light and joy, and stay and defender of one family alone, but the cheerful and wise companion of many, and a lamp bright and shining, which God had placed in the candlestick of his Church to give light to all that are in his house. There are relations which he bore, of kindred and blood, as tender as those of the three friends of whom we spoke; there are relations which he sustained to the Church militant on earth; and there are and were relations to the Church triumphant above, where he is now gathered to be; and there were and are relations sustained by him to our Lord and Head. For it pleased God, who separated him from his mother's womb, and called him by his grace, to reveal his Son in him, that he might preach him among men. He chose him to this end, and for it ordered the events of his life, and fixed the bounds of his habitation that he could not pass, and when the twelve hours of the day he had appointed him to do his work were ended, took him home to himself to receive his reward.

Let me rehearse his life and character, in connection with the preceding history of the house in Bethany, and see if some of its consolations cannot flow over upon us.

It was near forty-eight years ago, in Marion District, on the 19th of February, 1814, that he first saw the light of the sun. It

* Rev. George Cooper Gregg.

was on the 28th of May, in 1861, that he, too, fell asleep in Jesus, having lived on the earth forty-seven years and three months, closing in the midst of an admiring people and weeping friends, an honorable and useful life. Of the parents who guided his infant footsteps, and trained him in the admonition of the Lord, one, his mother, yet survives, and is present with us to-day. He has reached the haven of rest before her. She can say that, in his youth, he kept "his father's commandment, and forsook not the law of his mother," and we can testify that they were, as the wise man has said, "an ornament of grace unto his head and chains of beauty about his neck." (Prov. 6 : 20 ; 1 : 8.) At seventeen years of age his school education, at a distance from home, appears to have commenced. The Holy Spirit pressed, meanwhile, the lessons of parental instruction, and the truths of God's word, upon his heart; and after a youth of thoughtfulness and sobriety, as he was approaching manhood, the decisive moment in his religious history came, in which he passed from death unto life; from that realm of moral darkness into which our birth introduces us, into that realm of light and life into which regeneration ushers us; from the bondage of corruption into the sweet and pleasant service of a new master, Christ our Lord. In his twentieth year he became a member by public profession of the Church of Hopewell, then under the care of the Rev. Thos. R. English, to whom I am indebted for many of these facts. Soon after this, he heard the voice of the enthroned Master, who, when he ascended, received gifts for men, saying, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" His grateful and believing heart replied, "Here am I, send me;" and he began, under his Pastor, those classical studies which he subsequently pursued elsewhere, till at the age of twenty-two, when his mind was mature, he entered the College of South Carolina, where, after a course of successful study, continued through a period of three years, he was graduated in 1838. The next three years were spent in the Theological Seminary, under the instructions of my venerable colleague and myself, and in a class of choice young men, some of whom are gone to their reward. Amid pleasant studies in God's holy word,

in the society of congenial friends, who each contributed their part to the happiness and improvement of the rest, in the contemplation and discussion of Divine truth, the years glided swiftly away. The amicable conflict of mind with mind, the ennobling doctrines of revealed religion daily meditated, the cheerful intercourse with loved associates, left their traces on his whole after life, and established friendships still fresh and green now that he has departed. With the slight change of a word, he could have said with the Apostle, who, on one occasion, reverted to his own student's life: I "profited in the Jews' religion above many my equals in mine own nation." On the 4th of July, 1841, he and his classmates left the walls of that sacred retreat, and went forth to labor in the Master's vineyard. He had been licensed in April before, with his classmate, John D. Wilson, over whose early grave we might well bestow a tear, whose ministry, so full of promise, was so soon terminated, and, after a short trial as a candidate, was ordained and installed your Pastor on the 6th of November of the same year, as the successor of R. W. James, whose memory is still precious. His uninterrupted pastorship of more than nineteen years, in this age of ministerial change, the perfect harmony which prevailed ever between him and his people, and the increasing endearment of this relation between you and him, are evidences how well he filled the office, and how great was that worth which, like a magnet, drew you to him. As he stood up to address you, his manly form, his kind expression of countenance, and his warm and honest heart, contributed to impress you with respect for him, and win your attention to the truths he uttered. His preaching was solid and instructive, sound in doctrine, clear in statement, strong in argument, and close and unambiguous in application. If he did not affect and did not attain the highest graces of style and manner, he was yet, especially in his more elaborate efforts, rich and varied in apt and striking illustrations, drawn from the wide fields which his reading and observation spread out before him. At such times he enchained the attention of his hearers by his instructive discourses, unwritten, as we are told, towards the close of his

ministry, yet faithfully prepared, and delivered with increasing tenderness and force.

In his intercourse with his people, of which you know far more than I, there doubtless was much that was attractive. His dignity and ease of manners, his sound and unbiassed judgment, his freedom from all prejudice, his powers of conversation, and his genial and inoffensive humor and his kindness of heart must have won for him a place in the homes and hearts of men, and made his presence welcome at every hearth.

This was to have been anticipated from the promise of his earlier life. A friend and classmate,* who knew him well, testifies that he was the most deservedly popular man among his fellow students, which was due to the confidence reposed in his judgment, making his opinions valuable to all who stood in need of counsel; due also to the equanimity of his disposition, for he was singularly free from those varying moods which disturb the equanimity of other men, and to the fact that though not seeking others, he was accessible to all, and never disappointed any; due, still further, to that kind and gentle humor which was always bubbling up and pervaded his conversation, lending it a charm which made him an agreeable companion—a humor controlled by a rare prudence, never taking an edge that would irritate and pain, but always kind and genial. The loss of such a man must be deeply felt in the community in which he moved.

By none, we are told, were his labors more appreciated than by the colored members of his flock. Though he was fond of philosophic studies, and kept well abreast of the current literature in Philosophy and Theology while he lived, he adapted himself with wonderful ease to their modes of thought, conveyed the rich treasures of truth, of which he had so great a wealth, into their untutored minds, and, knowing their temptations and frailties, and yet having confidence in them and respect for their character, he had the firmness to deal faithfully with them, and the wisdom with all this faithfulness to win and not discourage those who were prone to wander.

* Rev. Dr. Palmer, of New Orleans.

Probably very few could compare with him in the influence he gained over this portion of his flock, by mingled firmness and kindness; for though he never passed them without a kind word and a pleasant smile, yet he did not rashly receive them into the church, and was firm and decided in discipline when it was required. Many of them will gather around him in the New Jerusalem above, and thank the Good Shepherd who intrusted him for so many years with the care of their souls.

Nor was his voice unheard in the house of affliction. The house of mourning more often welcomed him than the house of feasting. His sympathizing voice spoke consolation to the mourner, and drew towards him the hearts of those whom God had smitten. And in this was he like that Holy One who took upon him our griefs and carried our sorrows.

Nor was his influence restricted to his own congregation. His intercourse with his brethren in the ministry was to them peculiarly valuable and grateful. He was social, and yet his opinions were never obtruded. The friend I have already quoted speaks of him as being the most *self-contained* man he ever knew, and though disposed to silence, and waiting to be challenged, yet as universally accessible, uniformly frank in his utterances, and singularly free from concealment. His mind, too, was of a high order, and his opinions on all subjects of Theology and Philosophy more completely formed than with the most of men, and in these departments he was abreast of the ascertained learning of the age above others. His piety was sincere and deep, his moral sense accurate and unerring. His censure was more easily borne, when it came, than that of others, because free from prejudice, and though it had a kind of judicial severity, it was never volunteered—never obtruded. With those qualities we have mentioned before, it is easy to see that his society was prized by his brethren. As a presbyter among presbyters, his knowledge of the principles of our church polity, his acquaintance with the forms of business, and his instinctive perception of what each case required, gave him a deserved preëminence. We remember well the dignity with which he presided over Synod, on one occasion, as its Moderator; the quickness with which he solved each intricate ques-

tion of order as it arose; his dispatch of business, and his quick rejection of everything, however plausibly presented, which would end in confusion and evil at last. His services were invaluable as the Stated Clerk of Presbytery, and long and gratefully will he be remembered for the important services he rendered as Agent, Director, and Clerk of the Board of the Theological Seminary, the laborious and responsible duties of which last office he performed to the satisfaction of all. He was ready for every good work, and resorted to for counsel in all our schemes of public benevolence. In the Domestic Missionary enterprise of his own Presbytery, his wisdom, energy and firmness were of great price.

Of his domestic relations who shall speak? Who shall tell what he was as a Husband and a Father? God had endowed him with a cheerful, contented disposition, and an almost entire forgetfulness of self. There was no reasonable sacrifice which he would not make for the comfort and happiness of those dearer than life. But even in the privacy of home he was firm as a rock where duty was involved. His conscience, too, was tender, and God's glory was above all things else.

Such was the lovely character of our departed friend. When the news that he was stricken with paralysis went forth, many hearts were made sad throughout the bounds of our State. In four months afterwards another stroke followed, and in September, 1860, he tendered his resignation to your church. This resignation you declined to receive; but at last, convinced that he would labor for you no more, you sorrowfully consented to accept what he still pressed upon you, and the relation between him as your pastor and yourselves as his flock was terminated by the action of Presbytery in April last.

There was still one official act he felt called upon to perform. His patriot heart bled for his country's wrongs, and he deeply felt the impropriety of sending Commissioners to sit in the General Assembly to meet within the bounds of a hostile power at war with the Confederacy we had formed. His last act was to present a paper to the Presbytery of Harmony at a meeting called at Mt. Zion Church, to withhold Commissioners from the General Assembly.

His work on earth was done. He had endured his protracted bodily afflictions with patience and cheerfulness, though he deeply felt the privation of his Sabbath labors among his beloved people and the servants of his charge. But by grace he was enabled to bear up under this load of disappointment, and to cheer, by his almost playful disposition, the sinking hearts of his beloved family. Towards the close of May he was visited with his last and fatal illness. During this he was calm and peaceful, relying wholly on his Saviour's righteousness, and ready to depart. The only pang was parting with his family, for whom he seemed thoughtful and concerned to the last, often fixing upon the objects of his dearest love a look of undying affection when he could no longer articulate a word. It was a scene of earthly sorrow like that at Bethany, of which we spoke in the earlier portion of this discourse. And when he passed away the Master was not on earth, working miracles in confirmation of his mission, and there was no voice of resistless power heard, calling our brother back to the troubled scene of earth, again to die. From all these human sorrows he was at once saved. The promise of our text was fulfilled. And it can be said of him, "our friend sleepeth," awaiting a more glorious morning than he ever beheld. "Whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." He shall live on, in immortal life, which nothing can disturb. And though such an one "were dead," to use the dialect of earth, "yet shall he live." So declares to us to-day He who is "the Resurrection and the Life." Death was to our friend, on the one hand, a slight and momentary pang; on the other, it was the chariot which conveyed him to a happier clime, or the door which opened from a world visited by clouds into one of eternal day. Precious in the eyes of the Lord is the death of all his saints. Precious even is his earthly tabernacle, though visited with decay. The Redeemer keeps his vigils over the sleeping dust, and He that raised up Christ from the dead shall quicken our mortal bodies by his Spirit that dwelleth in us.

Illustrious morning! when the saints are raised with incorruptible bodies, and Mount Zion above is vocal with new songs of triumph! Let the *dead* bury *their* dead in sorrow, and fu-

neral dirges sound around *their* sepulchres. But when the *living* bury Our Saviour's LIVING ONES, *that shall never die*, let our hearts sing with joy at their deliverance from sin, tears and pain, even though we lose their society on earth. For they have escaped this land of sighing, and are gone where "they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them to living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

To-morrow, perhaps, after a few to-morrows at most, we shall be with them, joining in the everlasting song, and going in and out in the temple not made with hands. We shall be united to those who have gone before. Deeply too as his absence is now felt in the family, the church, the Presbytery, Synod and Assembly, he has entered the general assembly of the first-born, which are written in heaven; has gone to that God who is the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect; and instead of ministering here to you, has been worshiping these months past around the throne, and joining in the song, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing."

And though another servant of God occupies this pulpit now, and another voice resounds around these walls, and another youthful David has taken his sling in hand and gone forth to do battle for God in your midst, forget not the pastor who has led you hitherto, and has gone up to his reward, nor allow his bereaved ones to lack the sympathy and affections of the people who have delighted to honor him. So shall your ancient church, now nearly reaching, if it has not already reached, the centenary of its foundation, maintain its renown as a body of true believers, noblemen, if we may so speak, in this earthly kingdom of our Lord, in whose generous and kind hearts all the friends of Christ and his true ministers shall ever find sympathy and love.