



BENJAMIN MORGAN PALMER, D. D., LL. D.

(SEE PAGE 77.)

Per
P928A
V.16
NO 1-3, 1902, 1903

THE PRESBYTERIAN QUARTERLY.

No. 59.—JULY, 1902.

I.

THE ADAMIC PRINCIPLE IN THEOLOGY.

THE origin of our race is Adamic; its probation and apostasy were Adamic; its guilt and depravity are Adamic; its redemption, as far as it is redeemed, is Adamic. This word *Adamic* is the italic word in our language, having more meaning and distinction than any other. Without it, human history would be an enigma, mental philosophy a puzzle, and theology but a vain logomachy. Anthropology and soteriology both turn upon it as a pivotal word.

What, then, is its import in theology—what underlying, informing, and shaping principle does it symbolize as it stands in the vocabulary of the science of religion?

To this question three typical answers have been proposed, giving three fundamental hypotheses as to the nature of the union between Adam and his posterity, and as to the nature of our participation in his guilt and depravity; and the constructive influence of these theories reaches into soteriology. One class of theologians translates the word *Adamic* by the word *parental*; another, by the word *realistic*; and the third, by the word *federal*.

I. According to parentalists, Adam sustained no other relation to his posterity than that of a father to his children; and this relation ruled the whole Edenic probation, and all the consequences of the fall, as they flowed down to the race. This is the key to all the arrangements and consequences of the covenant of works. As a race-father, Adam sinned; as children, all mankind heir his misery and the defects of his character. The Adamic principle, then, to them is precisely and definitely the law of genetic transmission.

VI.

BENJAMIN MORGAN PALMER, D. D., LL. D.

“How is the strong staff broken, the beautiful rod!” We came but a little while since from his burial. The scene is fresh in mind; it has not faded in the least. Our hearts are still aching and bleeding, and the tears still flow, as we think and speak of him. But it is a holy sorrow, purified by the unselfish, gentle, ennobling memories which he has left with us. And so it would be a greater grief if we might not recall him in thought and speech, and dwell fondly, tenderly on his life and character. Just now we are asked to write about him, as we knew him, his life, his work; and we know not how it can be done with adequacy of treatment, with that perfect judicial composure of mind so necessary to a just estimate, and within the brief space of time allowed, in which to make proper selection from the abundant material available, the deep impressions of nearly twenty-five years of intimate association, as well as the tributes from a thousand sources, all testifying to the exalted worth and nobility of the Christian gentleman, the patriotic citizen, the true and tender husband, father and friend, the kind helper and comforter of the poor and the sorrowing, the loving guide of the erring and sinful, the eloquent orator, the wise counsellor, the faithful preacher of the “glorious gospel of the blessed God,” the model pastor, the profound theologian, the scholar of wide and varied learning, the man of God! The request, to which these pages are a feeble and inadequate response, comes to the writer as a command which may not be disobeyed, calling for such service as this faltering hand can render, in memory of the greatest and best-loved man of his day!

BENJAMIN MORGAN PALMER was born in Charleston, S. C., on January 25, 1818, and departed this life from his home in New Orleans, La., May 28, 1902, being in his eighty-fifth year. He was one of a family noted in the history of this country from

the early settlement of the colonies. William Palmer, the ancestor of the American family of Palmers, came to these shores on the first ship that arrived after the *Mayflower*. From that day to the present there has been no time when there was not some representative of the family rising above the average in distinction for ability and character, in the ministry and in other walks in life; and among the numerous descendants have been many, both of men and women, of great eminence for ability, learning and piety. They came of English ancestry on both sides, father and mother, both running back to the colonial times.

Next to William Palmer was his son, Samuel Palmer, one of the first students of Harvard, the first college in America; having graduated, he entered the ministry, and attained distinction as a learned and pious man of God; he died in 1755, at the age of sixty-eight years.

A son of this Samuel, Job, it next appears, moved to Charleston, S. C., some time before the Revolutionary War, making that his home, and dying there at the age of ninety-seven years. He had two sons, B. M. and Edward. The elder of these, B. M. Palmer, D. D., was a graduate of Princeton College, New Jersey, and was for many years pastor of the Circular Church, Charleston. The second of the two was the Rev. Edward Palmer, who was the father of the Rev. B. M. Palmer, D. D., LL. D., the subject of this brief sketch.

The two brothers just named married two sisters, daughters of Captain Jared Bunce, a sea captain running into Charleston in the early coast trade, a man of high repute, both in his native State, Connecticut, and in Charleston, the home of his adoption. Three of his daughters married ministers of the gospel; and it is recorded of them that they were all remarkable women, distinguished for intellectual attainments and piety.

The mother of our Dr. B. M. Palmer was Sarah Bunce. She was born in Weathersfield, Conn. She was a woman of remarkably strong mind, highly educated, refined, a great reader, a deep thinker. She was noted for her exalted character, her devotion to her duties as a pastor's wife. She had a sunny disposition, which made her a general favorite, but especially with the young. She died at the age of sixty years, leaving four children, two

daughters and two sons; of these four, but two survive—one son, the Rev. Dr. Edward P. Palmer, pastor of the church at Harrisonburg, Va., and Mrs. I. M. Hutson, of McPhersonville, S. C. Dr. Palmer's father did not decide to enter the ministry until after his marriage. Then he went to Andover, Mass., entering the Seminary without the usual preparatory and collegiate course. But such were his attainments that Yale College bestowed upon him the degree of bachelor of arts upon examination. Returning to South Carolina, he took up his life-work as a minister, and lived there to the good old age of ninety-four years. Well do we remember his appearance the last time that we saw him in New Orleans, as he walked along Prytania Street, erect, moving easily under his weight of years; and while not permitted to hear that last sermon, which he preached in his elder son's pulpit, we have often heard it spoken of and described as a very remarkable discourse for a man in his nineties, remarkable for vigor of thought and of utterance.

During the early years of the life of Benjamin Morgan Palmer, he was the pupil of his gifted mother, and almost her constant companion, and we are told that she took entire control of his early education. Under her guidance he acquired the rudiments of his education, and was deeply grounded in those principles of life and conduct for his faithful adherence to which he became so distinguished in after life, laying the firm foundations of character which so ennobled him, and made him one of the greatest figures of his century. Early in his life, his parents removed to Walterboro, S. C., where he attended school. At the age of fourteen he had mastered all that was there taught, and all that his mother could teach him of the arts and sciences. Hence it was decided to send him to college, and in 1832 he entered Amherst College, Massachusetts. There he took one year's course and a part of a second year, when he returned home, and for two years engaged in teaching. Not much is known of these early years of his life. But there is some reason to believe that, in some respects, they were years of struggle and conflict, mental conflict, doubts and temptations assailing; but they were passed safely under the watchful eye and loving guidance of that wise mother, and of the strong, faithful father, that true man of God; and the

period taken from his collegiate course was not lost time. He was young, and could well afford to await the maturing of mind and the settling of principles, with the ripening of character, all of which was immense gain. Meantime, he was not falling behind, but was moving steadily forward. It was a period of discipline and self-training, by the diligent improvement of which he was better fitting himself for the great tasks which, in later years, he set before himself. In 1837 he was enabled again to enter college, taking the senior course in the University of Georgia at Athens, Ga., graduating thence, with distinction, in 1838. On January 1, 1839, he entered the Theological Seminary at Columbia, S. C., completing the course there in due time, and at once entering upon the work of the gospel ministry, to which his whole life was unreservedly dedicated, and from which he never, for one day, turned aside, under any circumstances or for any purpose.

He was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Charleston in April, 1841, being then twenty-three years of age. His first charge was at Anderson, S. C., but he had been there only three months when he was called to the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church, Savannah, Ga., which call he accepted, and removed at once to Savannah, and was installed pastor of the church by the Presbytery of Georgia in the spring of 1842. But one year later he was called to become pastor of the church at Columbia, S. C., now the First Church, which call he accepted, removing to Columbia early in 1843. While fully engaged in the work of the ministry and in the duties of his pastorate, he yet found time to engage in such literary work as fell in line with his ministry, and became, with such men as Drs. Thornwell, Smythe and Howe, and others like minded, one of the founders and editors of the *Southern Presbyterian Review*, which has since exerted a great influence for good, maintaining sound views of Christian theology and ecclesiastical polity. With this periodical, both in its original form and in that of its successor, THE PRESBYTERIAN QUARTERLY, Dr. Palmer has retained his connection throughout his subsequent life to its close; and his pen, until his increasing blindness made it impossible for him to write, enriched its pages with the product of his fertile and versatile thought.

In 1853 he was called to the chair of Ecclesiastical History and Church Polity in the Seminary at Columbia, and undertook that important work in addition to the duties already incumbent on him. He continued in these manifold labors until 1856.

In 1855 he made a tour of the Southwest in the interest of the Columbia Seminary, during which tour he visited New Orleans, and was brought into contact with the First Presbyterian Church of this city. From this resulted a call to the pastorate, then vacant, when the church was in a condition requiring just such a man and minister and pastor. The call was extended him in the fall of 1856, and accepted by him; and he removed to New Orleans in December of the same year, was installed pastor, and remained in that happy relation to the end of his life. It may be remarked just here that, as might have been expected, many other fields have been opened to him, and large inducements have been offered him by those who sought his services. Some of the most prominent churches, both North and South, have invited him to their pulpits; and various institutions of learning have tried to secure him as professor or head. In 1860 he was elected to the chair of Pastoral Theology in Princeton Theological Seminary. In 1874 he was invited to the chancellorship of the Southwestern Presbyterian University, of which he was one of the projectors and founders, and on whose directorate he has served from the first until his death. In 1881 again he was tendered the chair of Pastoral Theology in the Columbia Seminary.

In 1868, with Dr. Henry Martin Smith and Dr. Thomas R. Markham, he led in the movement which resulted in the establishment of the *Southwestern Presbyterian*, a weekly family and church publication, the property of the Synod of Mississippi, of the board of which he has been president from the beginning down to the day of his death. As in the *Review*, so in the paper, his have been among the most important contributions. It is not too much to say that, by means of them, he has in great measure moulded the sentiments and shaped the policy of the church.

This sketch would be incomplete if it omitted reference to the domestic life of Dr. Palmer. In this he was peculiarly happy. He married, October 7, 1841, Miss Mary Augusta McConnell, of Columbia, S. C., a step-daughter of the Rev. Dr. George Howe,

for so many years a professor in the Columbia Theological Seminary, under whom Dr. Palmer had studied. Mrs. Palmer was born in Liberty county, Ga., in August, 1823. Her father was Robert McConnell, M. D., who was of Scotch-Irish extraction. He was a practicing physician in Liberty county. Mrs. Howe's maiden name was Walthour. She was of a prominent family, an uncle, Mr. George Walthour, being a wealthy planter, who was often a member of the State Legislature. Mrs. Palmer was educated partly in Hartford, Conn., but graduated from the famous school at Barhamville, near Columbia, under the well-known Dr. Marks, one of the most distinguished educators of young ladies of those days. She was a woman of lovely character, uniting gentleness with great force, of remarkable prudence, with unyielding firmness in maintaining principle, and in acting in accordance with her convictions of right, truth and duty; thoroughly domestic in her tastes, devoted to her husband and children, she was, at the same time, a model pastor's wife, exerting great power for good among the people of the church and community. To Dr. and Mrs. Palmer were born six children: Benjamin B., who was born in Savannah, Ga., in July, 1842, and who died in infancy in 1844; Sarah Frances, born in September, 1844, died July 16, 1863; Mary Howe, born in September, 1847, the wife of Dr. J. W. Caldwell, professor of Chemistry in Tulane University, the only one of the six surviving her parents; Augusta B., born in June, 1849, died in February, 1876, married Mr. D. D. Colcock, of New Orleans, and left one daughter, her only child, named for her mother, Augusta Palmer; Kate G., born in August, 1852, died in October, 1871; Marion, born in January, 1856, died in February, 1873. The grandchildren are: Miss Fannie Caldwell, Rev. J. W. Caldwell, Jr., and Prof. Benjamin Palmer Caldwell, of Tulane University. Rev. J. W. Caldwell, Jr., is pastor of the Carrollton Presbyterian Church, New Orleans.

Mrs. Palmer died suddenly on November 13, 1888. Since that sad occurrence, Dr. Palmer's surviving family have been kept around him, clinging closely together, under his guidance, affording him those loving ministrations so necessary in his loneliness, and enjoying the rich benediction of his daily life, his

exalted example of submission to the will of God in sorest affliction, together with the vision of his evident ripening for, and constant advance towards, the perfect life upon which he has now entered. Happy the home where the "God of the covenant" has dwelt through all the years, where the sweet and holy ties of grace have sanctified and glorified the strongest, tenderest affections of human nature. Better than the richest earthly possessions is the precious legacy left behind them for their posterity, the "good name rather to be chosen than great riches," and "better than precious ointment." Truly, "the memory of the just is blessed." And the honor and exceeding joy were given them, before their departure, of witnessing the faith of their grandchildren, as these followed in their footsteps.

Reverting to the mention of Dr. Palmer's younger brother, the Rev. Dr. E. P. Palmer, it is to be noted that his son, the Rev. Dr. Wallace T. Palmer, has been, during the past two years, co-pastor with his uncle, and survives him in the charge of the large and important church to which they two have so harmoniously and efficiently ministered; and this was regarded by our departed father in Israel as one of the crowning mercies of his old age, that God had given him such a co-worker, not only bearing his family name, but deserving his love and confidence, to whom he could and did safely transmit the care of the flock.

Thus far the family history has claimed attention, together with the simple narrative of the leading facts of the life of our venerated leader. May we not now try to get a glimpse of the man? Thousands have seen and heard him. For long years, probably, not many strangers came to the city of New Orleans, and remained over the Sabbath, who did not make it a point to hear him preach. They do not need any description of his person and appearance, or manner and voice; once seen or heard, these would not soon or easily be forgotten. In figure, small and slight, and rather stooped; yet on the street or in the pulpit, and very peculiarly in personal contact and private intercourse, there was a dignity, a grace of bearing, an indefinable air of power, all unconscious, which could not be mistaken, and which seemed to be thrown off over all who came anywhere within the charmed circle of his presence and influence; so that the stranger who saw

him for the first time would be irresistibly impressed and drawn to him, and would ask who he was, and when told that it was Dr. Palmer, would receive the reply with satisfaction. I never knew or heard of one who expressed any disappointment. Yet there was never the least ostentation or assumption of superiority; far otherwise. The truth was happily expressed by one who said, "He is the most unassuming great man I ever saw." Or, sitting in his congregation for the first time (let us suppose), whatever may have been the preconceived ideas of the man with which you had come, you speedily lost sight of every thought except that you were listening to a man who had a message from God, and who came in the spirit and power of that message. As his soul looked forth through his eyes, and spake through his lips, he appeared as one transfigured; so that you felt, as one of the little girls of his flock put it, "Oh! mother, isn't Dr. Palmer just the most beautiful man that ever was!" And speaking for God, he was always equal to the occasion; he measured fully up to every demand that could justly be made. May I illustrate my meaning? I sat one Sabbath in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York City, and had the opportunity, for some moments before the service began, of noting the size, style, fittings, etc., of that magnificent house of worship, before the preacher, the Rev. Dr. John Hall, entered his pulpit (whom I had not previously seen); and the remembrance is to this moment very distinct, of the deep impression made, as that great man stood in his place, and conducted the service; it was just this, "The man fits and fills the place; he is exactly adapted to all the surroundings; he and they blend in perfect harmony; the symmetry is complete; all things here are in due proportion." And the impression grew upon me, as the preacher announced his text, developed his theme, and unfolded the truth, "For what can the man do that cometh after the king?" (Eccles. ii. 12.) So it was always, in my experience, with Dr. Palmer. Among the many discourses, addresses, etc., which it was my privilege to hear from his lips, there are two—as different in character as they were widely separated in point of the time of delivery—which I can never forget; nor can any one, I feel sure, who heard either, ever forget it: the one was his wonderful speech before the General

Assembly of 1870, at Louisville, Ky., delivered during that great debate which was called forth by the message from the Northern Church by the commission of which the Rev. Dr. H. J. Van Dyke was chairman, with whom were associated the Rev. Dr. Backus, of Baltimore, and the Hon. H. E. Dodge, of New York, all of whom had spoken with great earnestness. The speech of Dr. Palmer was, I think, the most pathetic, soul-stirring utterance to which I ever listened. The other was the sermon delivered by request, on January 1, 1901, "The Centennial Sermon," as it is called, when for one hour and a half he held spell-bound the listening thousands. Because of his impaired vision he was unable to make or use any notes; yet he swept through all history, massing the facts, as an immutable foundation, laying bare the principles of the divine government, and flooding all souls with the light of eternal truth, the certainty of God's absolute sovereignty, with the supreme duty and responsibility of man. The characteristics of this discourse were the copiousness and aptness of illustration, the felicity of expression, the sublimity of conception, with the holy unction, the mighty spiritual power which bowed the multitude as before the majesty of God revealed through his Word, spoken by his servant, who seemed as if he were one of the prophets of old! The interval between these two discourses was nearly thirty-two years. They were utterly unlike, yet in each the speaker was (as we say) "at his best;" and easily, without apparent effort, rose to the very highest summits of sanctified human eloquence, carrying all with him.

Intellectually, Dr. Palmer was the recognized peer of any of the really great men of his time, his eighty-four years covering two full generations. Certainly, invidious comparisons are not in the slightest degree called for or designed; nothing would be more distasteful to him. I will not, therefore, enter upon any such attempt as that of measuring him by the mental stature of any one. Suffice it to say that he was a profound thinker, who was not content simply to follow along the pathways beaten out by the laborious feet of others; nor was it necessary that he should do so, although ever ready generously to accord the highest meed of praise to men who have grappled with the great themes of philosophy and theology, yet he was an explorer for himself, delighting

in the original study of God, his works and Word. A master of logical reasoning, he brought up out of the depths the mysteries of revelation, developing, simplifying them by the processes of orderly thought, clothing them in his own inimitable style of purest, most beautiful English, placed them within reach of all, so that they could not fail to understand. If not greater than some other man or men in some single element of intellectual power, there were few, if any, who combined as many elements as he. His genius was not that of isolation, disporting upon some lofty, but lone eminence; it was comprehensive, reaching out in many directions, drawing to himself from all quarters, with rarest powers of combination, showing himself master of all sources of knowledge operations of the human mind. He delighted most of all, however, in the philosophy of the plan of salvation, justifying the ways of God to men. A student, in the best sense, all his life, Dr. Palmer's learning was wide, as well as accurate, showing that he had not been willing to be ignorant of any of the branches of human learning; this was often manifested in the examination of candidates for the ministry, in which he was ever one of the kindest, yet most thorough of presbyters.

As a theologian, Dr. Palmer was thoroughly evangelical, conservative, accepting the Word of God as the original and final source of authority, and the standards of the church in their obvious, historical import. Here he planted himself. Holding the great distinguishing principles of the Reformed and Calvinistic theology, he felt that he had beneath his feet an immovable rock, a foundation that could never be destroyed. He held to those doctrines, not only as distinct propositions, but as a whole, a complete system, derived from and built upon the clear and undoubted teachings of scripture, as the mind of God. To the last he clung to that system in its integrity, as one not to be tampered with; he could not bear the thought of change in the long-established and accepted creed of the church. Possibly, it is but justice to him to state that he was not ignorant of or indifferent to the various and varying proposals to revise, amend, etc., the Confession. Among his last utterances to his brethren here was his emphatic and solemn dissent from and protest against any attempt of the sort; and he gave his reasons for that opinion and

advice, as he did for every position taken by him. As a fundamental in his creed was the doctrine of the spirituality of the church; he held this, also, to the last; indeed, he was only the more firmly established in his convictions on this subject with the passing years, and in view of the development of the tendencies of the times. But there is not time or space left for entering into the full exposition of his views on such topics; nor is it necessary; he had given no uncertain testimony touching them all; his voice had been heard throughout the whole church. I do not hesitate to affirm the conviction that as a teacher of theology he would have ranked with Thornwell and Dabney, had he devoted himself, as they did, to that department of work; nor would he have fallen below or behind them in authorship and in theological authorship, had he felt himself called thereto, as they were.

Dr. Mallard, in his brief address upon the occasion of the funeral services, made reference to the fact that we had been in the enjoyment of the privilege of a pastor's conference among ourselves, meeting every two weeks for that purpose. We have an organized association of our Presbyterian pastors in the city, of which Dr. Palmer has been the chosen head during all the years of its existence. He always insisted that each member should take his turn in leading, calling one after another to the chair for the evening. But it may well be imagined that we looked up to him as the life and guide of our work; and I am sure that each one of us will give his willing and grateful testimony that it has been equal to a training both in doctrine and polity, to attend upon those meetings, to engage in the discussions that came up in order as laid out for us generally upon his own suggestion, and to have Dr. Palmer lead or close the treatment of the chosen topic.

In his preaching Dr. Palmer was strictly scriptural, evangelical, topical rather than expository, ascertaining the doctrines set forth in his text, developing these in orderly and proportionate manner, with clearness and precision of method, bringing truth and duty home to the conscience, with most fervid appeal under all the solemn sanctions of eternal judgment, pleading with his hearers by the mercies of God in Jesus Christ. The pulpit was his throne. He had found his vocation as preacher of the "glori-

ous gospel of the blessed God"—"the happy God," as he loved to read and cite it. This was his chosen sphere of activity, the pulpit and its correlated ministrations. Here he was without a peer, preaching, praying, guiding the inquiring soul, dealing with the dying, bearing them into the presence of the gracious Saviour, comforting the sorrowing, taking them upon his own heart; into how many homes of his people, of our people, of us his brethren in the ministry in our times of grief, has he entered, the "Son of Consolation!" I have known him, in response to a telegram, take the first train and go hundreds of miles to carry the message of comfort and hope to a brother minister, whose wife lay dead in the home made desolate by her sudden removal, and ready to be borne forth to the burial; there he sat down in the midst of the broken circle, and, with the word of love and the prayer of faith, brought the mourners under the outstretched wing of the divine Comforter; then, after the burial, he returned to his own home, leaving a heavenly benediction behind.

Throughout this community, throughout this land, there are thousands who can tell of just such ministrations. Think how they have multiplied during the more than sixty years since he was licensed to preach the gospel. Think, too, how he had grown in his special adaptation to this particular form of ministry; what vast stores of experience he had acquired; how deeply he had drunk from the fountain of love and sympathy under the discipline of his own surpassing sorrows; and he was as ready to go, withal, to the home of the lowliest, as of the most exalted; to sit beside the bed of the laborer, or that of the man of science, and tell each the same sweet, old story of Jesus and his love. It will not be matter of surprise or of doubt, therefore, when it is affirmed that it has been the great, warm, loving heart of this man, by which, more than all else, this people have been drawn to him. He has reached out in all directions; he has denied himself to none who have needed him, to none to whom he could bring succor for body or soul.

In a ministry of forty-six years, as pastor of the same church, and in this one community, where not a few have signally failed to maintain themselves with credit, it has been made manifest that, after all, it is character which counts. Mockers are not

wanting here; no one has ever, so far as I have known or heard, sneered at this one man; men and women, who have denied and derided his Lord, have been ashamed to assail him; his moral standard has been so high and pure; his hand has been so open to minister relief; his generosity has been so ready and free, yet careful not to let his left hand know what his right hand did, so unassuming, gentle, lowly in spirit. I write these lines, not in the spirit of flattery, but because there have been those abroad in the land (not here, not among us, who have known better) who have seemed to form the idea that he was unyielding, unrelenting, unforgiving, even unloving. There could not possibly be a greater mistake; nor could graver injustice be done the noblest of men. No man was ever more free from all malice, envy, bitterness toward any human being, any disciple of the Lord, any branch of the church. There was no man of broader sympathy, more catholic spirit. Witness the outpouring of the great masses of the people, mourning the loss of their dearest friend and benefactor. Look over the assembled multitude gathered around his coffin, silent, weeping; Protestants of all denominations; Roman Catholics, priests and people; Jews, men of the world. At the hour for the beginning of the service at the church, mark the throngs that lined the streets, who could not find entrance into the church, and note the strange stillness on the streets in every part of the city, as the cars stop, wherever they might be, and all work on that great system is suspended for three minutes, and all stand silent and reverent in token of sorrow, and as a tribute to the dead. He was no hard, stern man, whose death evoked such sympathy, such sorrow, such mourning; as I never saw it before, so fully and literally illustrated, "the mourners go about the streets." Not thus do men and women, young and old, show the love and grief of their hearts for the death of a cold, hard man; not thus for one who was merely great. Love begets love. They loved him living, and mourn him dead, because he loved them, and laid out his life for them, for the welfare of the community, for the land he fondly loved, and for the church to which he gave his life, and would have laid it down a willing witness to her priceless heritage of truth. That is the key to his character, devotion to the truth; that lost, he felt and knew that all was lost. Principles are

eternal; they make character. When they are sacrificed, it goes with them; and when these, truth, principles and character, are gone, nothing is left. He stood true to this ideal, in pestilence, in war, in the more trying times that came later. In all the controversies in which he has borne a conspicuous part, this was his sole contention. This is, by no means, an apology for any position assumed or principles maintained by him; far from it. He made no apology for himself; he owed none. He was simply true to truth and to his Lord, the King in Zion. I only desire that those who had not known him personally, and who had no opportunity of learning what manner of man he was, may form some correct judgment of him, and appreciate the singleness of purpose and honesty of heart which actuated and governed him in all those matters. One thing is very certain; that is, that no matter how widely men differed from him, when they came into personal contact with him, and conversed with him, or heard him speak, on any of these topics, they were irresistibly drawn to him, and came gradually to see more and more as he did, and to think as he thought; or, if not so, they no longer judged him harshly as unkind or unloving, or even as wanting in patriotism, as has been more than hinted; and some of his most ardent admirers have been of those who had once been most sorely prejudiced against him, whose prejudices all vanished when they really knew the man, and felt the warmth of that great, loving heart.

Greatest of living preachers, he was one of the meekest of men, lowly in spirit, absolutely wanting in self-assertion, never consciously or by intent over-shadowing others. He was one of the very best, most appreciative of hearers, absorbed in listening to the message brought by any of his brethren. More than one can tell how, after he had preached, perhaps with the depressing thought—"Dr. Palmer is sitting there listening, and the people would so much rather hear him, and he could deliver a message to them so much better than any I can speak"—that dear man would be the first to meet him at the close of the service, with a warm grasp of the hand, saying, "My brother, I wish to thank you for that sweet exposition; it went to my heart, and did my very soul good!" Or, as on one occasion known to the writer, he said to the preacher, "It required great courage to stand before

that congregation, constituted as it was, and speak such solemn truths as those which you have uttered; yet it gave no offence, because it was done in such manner and spirit, and I believe we ought to do more of that sort of preaching." Especially did he delight to encourage any of his younger brethren, just when they most needed it. Nor, on the other hand, did he shun to reprove or warn, if he saw a brother going astray; or to point out a fault where he saw one worthy of mention; but he did such things in so fatherly a way as to bind one to him most tenderly. He was so tender himself and considerate, never speaking to wound, but only to help.

When confronting error, resisting evil, defending truth, he was as "bold as a lion;" there was then no shrinking or shirking, no compromise or concession. Drawing the line clearly, there he took his stand, there he remained, immovable, unyielding. He scorned hypocrisy, and when he had to denounce fraud, sham, deceit, he could be terrible indeed; but only against the wrong.

THE ILLUSTRIOUS DEAD! Let me call to mind some of those of our own beloved church, whom I have seen or heard or known, within the forty years of my acquaintance with him of whom these lines are written, and who are in some sort associated in thought with him; I only name them as they come to mind: George Howe, A. W. Leland, James Henley Thornwell, Robert Louis Dabney, Stuart Robinson, Moses Drury Hoge, William Brown, George D. Armstrong, B. M. Smith, F. A. Ross, J. A. Lyons, T. V. Moore, William S. Plumer, J. B. Adger, Thomas Smyth, John L. Girardeau, T. E. Peck, T. R. Welch, John Leighton Wilson, I. S. K. Axson, A. A. Porter, G. H. W. Petrie, S. K. Talmage, Joseph C. Stiles, Henry M. Smith, T. R. Markham; not a complete list by any means; to the number could readily be added not a few others who were co-laborers. I mention not the living. They are among us, and known in our day. Not many of his generation, but a few grand old men, who will feel a sense of loneliness coming over them, walking among the shadows of life's evening, as they realize that now he is gone, and their veteran ranks grow thinner.

“Our Peerless One is gone—Palmer ascended!
 The towering mind,
The tongue inspired, the spotless name and fame;
The guiltless life as white as driven snow;
The sturdy patriot wed to native land,
And larger still the lover of mankind;
The princeliest soul of all the great Southwest,
His country greater for his being there;
The soldier of the Cross, calm, unafraid;
The hero facing fevers, furors, giant wrongs;
The ensign-bearer of God’s heraldry;
The man of God, God’s great ambassador;
Our Elijah and Elisha both in one;
All this through many a gracious, glorious year,
And whole decades — and this all passed away!”¹

J. H. NALL.

¹ Dr. L. P. Bowen, in *Southwestern Presbyterian*, June 12, 1902.