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ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER HODGE.

Plan of Jan. - 1850
Described in Review, April - 1870
Addressal received 14 4/18/70 - 1886

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DELIVERED AT THE FUNERAL OF

ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER HODGE

D.D., LL.D.

PROFESSOR IN THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

PRINCETON, N. J.

NOVEMBER 15, 1886.

BY

WILLIAM M. PAXTON, D.D.

NEW YORK

ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH & COMPANY

38 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET

The first edition of this Address having been entirely exhausted, it is reprinted in the present form for a wider distribution.

JANUARY, 1887.

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In circulation
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ADDRESS.

THE last act in the life of the Prophet Elijah was his visit to the Schools of the Prophets in Gilgal, Bethel, and Jericho. There was on that day a deep but suppressed excitement among the young students in those seminaries of learning. A mysterious presentiment seemed to be given them that their great teacher was about to be taken away. In this state of anxiety they approached Elisha, saying: "Knowest thou that the Lord will take away thy Master from thy head to-day?" He answered, "I know it, hold ye your peace." When at length the two prophets left Jericho, and held their way toward the Jordan, the anxiety of the students could no longer be restrained. A band of fifty young men followed at a distance, and ascending an eminence on the banks of the River Jordan, they watched the prophets as they crossed the river and disappeared in the wilderness. They prob-

ably did not see the "chariot" and the "whirlwind" by which Elijah was carried into Heaven; they only knew their great Teacher was taken from them.

A position somewhat similar to this we occupy to-day. A *great and beloved Teacher* has been taken from us; and we, like this company of students from the school of the prophets, have followed, as it were, to an eminence upon this side of the Jordan to look after him. We cannot see his steps upon the other bank. We cannot see the "chariot" or the "whirlwind," or trace the radiant pathway by which he sped his flight to glory—we only know that "he is not, for God took him."

It is this sense of loss that fills our hearts with sorrow. We can acquiesce in this dispensation of God's will, but we cannot suppress the sob of grief that will rise to our lips, or stifle the pang of sorrow that rends our hearts.

Our Seminary has met with a calamity. Our students have lost a teacher whose vacant place no one else can fill. Our Professors mourn for a friend and brother whom we loved with all our hearts.

Our College is deprived of a counsellor whose heart was true to her best interests. The welfare of this College was one of the great solitudes of his heart. He felt the most anxious concern for the spiritual interests of the students. Young men, you have lost one who loved you. Let me entreat you to remember the urgency of his last sermon, when he appealed to you not to say to the call of Christ, "Go thy way for this time; when I have a more convenient season I will call for you."

Our community has lost a citizen who not only had no enemy, but whom people of all classes and all denominations loved, and whose memory they are here to-day to honor.

The telegraph has sent out from this town a message of sorrow to the world—for he stood for the world as a valiant defender and expounder of God's truth. Letters of condolence have already come from every quarter, showing how wide-spread is the grief. Other Seminaries have sent representatives to sit down with us in our sorrow. The Synod of Virginia has sent its Stated Clerk as a representative to unite with us in doing honor to his memory. In all Christen-

dom the message will be received with a sigh of regret; and in pagan lands in how many Missions will tears be shed over one who held the whole heathen world in the embrace of his great heart and loving prayers.

Let me recite to you briefly the events of his life, and endeavor to estimate his character and work.

This occasion forces upon us, with more than ordinary impressiveness, the thought of our rapid passage to the tomb. Not only is individual life "a vapor," but generations pass with the swiftness of "a weaver's shuttle." It is but eight years since we buried the distinguished Father, and now we assemble to lay his no less honored Son by his side. His succession to his Father in the Chair of Theology is speedily followed by his succession to the tomb.

Archibald Alexander Hodge was born in this village on the 18th day of July, 1823. Reared under the nurture of a pious household, he developed both a religious character and experience in early life. He never could recollect a time when he was not under the influence of religious impressions. His formal union with

the church was on the 9th of September, 1842. He entered Princeton College when quite young, probably about the age of fourteen or fifteen, and graduated in the year 1841, in the nineteenth year of his age. During his College course he was intimately associated with Professor Dod, the distinguished Mathematician, and Professor Henry, the eminent Scientist. The influence of Professor Dod made him a mathematician, and after his graduation he remained in the College one year as tutor of Mathematics. The influence of Professor Henry gave him a taste for natural science, which furnished him with materials from which in after years he drew many of his brilliant and effective illustrations both for the pulpit and the class-room. One of the pleasantest recollections of his life was his association with Professor Henry. He worked with him in his Laboratory as a boy, and the intimacy thus formed ripened into a confidential and endeared friendship in maturer life.

After spending one year as a tutor in the College, and another year as a teacher at Lawrenceville, he came to the Seminary in 1843,

from which he graduated in the year 1847. While he was a student in the Seminary, he became deeply interested in the work of Foreign Missions, and at the close of his course he offered himself to the Board as a Missionary to the heathen. At this time he was oppressed with a great distrust of his own abilities, and he would say in his peculiar semi-serious way that he could never preach at home, that he did not know enough to instruct intelligent people, but that it might be possible that he could teach the heathen the rudiments of Christian knowledge. This remembrance is all the more interesting now, because since his return he always insisted strongly, in the Professor's chair and in the pulpit, that the men of first ability should be sent to the heathen, and men of inferior capacity should be kept at home. His offer of himself as a missionary produced a great impression, as I well remember, upon the students of the Seminary, and was accepted with deep emotion by the Board of Missions. His ordination was an occasion of much interest in the Presbytery. At a Monthly Concert held in this Church on a Sabbath evening, Dr. Charles

Hodge was invited to speak. His heart was deeply moved by his son's choice of the mission work, and this called forth one of those bursts of emotional eloquence that thrilled the whole assembly, and produced impressions which can never be forgotten by those who heard it.

The field appointed for the young missionary was India, for which he sailed in August, 1847. He was stationed at Allahabad, where he remained for two years. It soon became evident that this was not the sphere for which God designed him. His heart was deeply enlisted in the work, but he was not permitted to pursue it. God accepted the purpose of David to build the Temple, but he was not permitted to execute it. So, doubtless, God accepted the purpose of the young missionary to devote his life to the heathen, but His Providence closed the door against him. The health of his wife was completely broken by the exhausting effects of the climate, and his own health was affected to such a degree, that it became evident to his brethren that he could not live and work in India. This was a great trial. It was the sacrifice of the chief ideal of his life. But under the pressure

of a necessity that leaves no choice, he left India, and arrived at home in May, 1850. In 1851 he accepted a call to the church of Lower West Nottingham, in the State of Maryland. In this Pastorate he remained five years, and then accepted a call to the Presbyterian Church in Fredericksburg, Va., in the autumn of 1855. In this charge he carried out his plan of preaching courses of popular doctrinal sermons covering the whole field of Theology. In connection with this course of sermons, he formed a large theological class composed of persons of different ages, whom he catechised, and with whom he discussed minutely all the various points of doctrinal Theology. It was in this way that the Lord led him on, opened to him the ideal of his life, and prepared him to be the popular theologian of his age. It was in this class also that he discovered the idea that catechetical instruction is the best method for educating students in Didactic Theology.

The studies connected with this method of doctrinal instruction for his own congregation furnished the material and originated the idea of his great book, "The Outlines of Theology,"

which was first published during his Fredericksburg Pastorate in 1860. A new and enlarged edition was called for and published in 1878. It was also republished in Great Britain and translated into Welsh, Modern Greek, and Hindoostanee.

This quiet and studious life in Fredericksburg was interrupted by the war. His Pastorate was in the heart of the intensest conflict. This occasioned his removal from Fredericksburg, and his settlement in the flourishing town of Wilkesbarre, Pa. He there continued his plan of systematic doctrinal instruction, which was mingled and transfused with so much emotional warmth and fervor as to produce the deepest religious impression. The result was that his heart was gladdened by seeing a manifest blessing upon his labors. Many were awakened, and a revival of religion continued for many months, which added large numbers to the membership of the Church. In all his Pastorates, his ministry bore abundant fruits, and the people gathered around him and clung to him with an intense affection.

The publication of his "Outlines of Theology"

and the fame of his catechetical instructions brought his name to the attention of the Directors of the Western Theological Seminary in Allegheny City, and by their unanimous and earnest request the General Assembly elected him to the chair of Didactic, Polemic, and Historical Theology in that institution. His success as an instructor was not only satisfactory but wonderful. His plan was first to lecture upon a subject, and then he would appoint an hour for a free talk with his class upon the same subject. He encouraged the students to ask questions or propose objections. His capacity upon such occasions to pour out a stream of instruction beyond the lecture, his readiness in answering objections, and his singular power of curious and original illustrations excited the wonder of the students, and aroused a great enthusiasm for the study of Theology.

But while he took a high stand as an instructor in the Seminary, his preaching in the cities of Pittsburgh and Allegheny commanded great attention. There was a public demand that such a man should not be shut up within the walls of a Seminary. Accordingly he was in-

vited to supply the First Church in Pittsburgh for a year, during a vacancy in its Pastorate, and afterwards, in the year 1866, he was called and settled as the Pastor of the North Church in Allegheny City. By this arrangement he accomplished the double work of Pastor and Professor with great success. Lawyers, judges, and men of intellect and education gathered to hear him with great delight. It was during this period, in the year 1867, that he wrote and published his work on the Atonement, which was followed two years after (in 1869) by his "Exposition of the Confession of Faith," a book which met such a felt want in the Church as to give it a grateful reception, especially as it exhibits, perhaps more than any of his works, his peculiar power of statement and definition.

After thirteen years of service in the Seminary at Allegheny, the attention of the Board of Directors of Princeton Seminary naturally turned to him as the one most suitable and most capable of rendering his Father such assistance as his advancing age required. He was accordingly elected in 1877 as Associate Professor of Theology in this Seminary, and in the year follow-

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ing, after the death of his Father, he succeeded to his Chair, that of Didactic and Polemic Theology.

How well he has carried forward the work which his Father began we all know. How strongly he established himself in the affections and confidence of students, brethren, and citizens, the presence of this tearful assembly testifies. It was here that he grew to the maturity of his powers, and here he touched the zenith of his usefulness.

During the last two years Providence opened to him a door of popular usefulness outside the sphere of his Seminary work. A few ladies in this town were the means in the hands of divine Providence in opening this door. They invited him to form a theological class for ladies. He heartily responded, and took great pleasure in sitting in his own parlor and talking informally upon the great topics of divinity to such ladies as gathered around him. The fame of these informal talks spread far and wide. Some ladies in Philadelphia invited him to repeat these talks to them. But when he went, he found not a parlor, but a great hall provided, and his audience

not a few ladies, but a large assembly, composed of ministers of all denominations, of professional men, scholars of various classes, and ladies of culture and education from churches of many denominations. To this assembly he delivered twelve lectures upon the most abstruse points of divinity, and yet the audience remained full to the end. The simple fact is a marvel. It is, perhaps, the first time in the history of the world when people crowded in this way to hear simply a discussion of points of divinity. These same lectures he has been delivering this autumn in Orange, and the result is the same, only the interest is deeper and the audiences larger still. Reports of these popular talks were printed and disseminated far and wide. They have made a great impression even through the newspaper, and a demand has come from many quarters that the course should be completed and the Lectures published in a book for popular reading.

In answer to this demand he had assented to a request from the Ladies of Philadelphia to complete the course by the delivery of eight more Lectures this winter, and print the whole

in a book. His tongue is stilled, but it is hoped that, to some extent, he has completed the Lectures. I have reason to know that he wrote five or six of them during the vacation, and since his return he has been busily engaged in preparing the remainder. If this book is completed it will be as rich a legacy to the people of the Church as his "Outlines of Theology" is to the students of Divinity. In this work for the people—this putting the great questions of Theology in a form in which any one of ordinary intellect can understand them—it seems to me that he has reached his highest point of usefulness. But this is what makes us sad. We have seen him rising before us year by year in power and influence. He certainly has never been as great as he was this past year; but just at the point at which he touches the summit of his usefulness, he sinks into the grave. "Oh, Lord, what Thou doest, we know not now, but we shall know hereafter." The last words of his concluding Lecture to the Ladies seem to preintimate his end. "We shall not meet together here any more. Let us pledge one another, as we part, to reassemble in

heaven. We are now parting from one another as pilgrims part upon the road. Let us turn our steps homeward; for if we do we shall soon, some of us very soon, 'be at home with the Lord.' Adieu."

From this brief recital of what he did, shall we pause a moment and think what he *was*, what the grace of God *made him*? All that he was as a Scholar, a Theologian, a Preacher, found its origin in and took its shape from what he was as a *Man*. He was a *genius*. God endowed him with that rare gift, *genius*. We do not know what genius is; we cannot define it or reduce it to analysis; but we can recognize it, as the taste recognizes sweetness, or the eye beauty. Just so those who knew Dr. Hodge recognized in him something transcendent—in the march of his thought and in the sweep of his comprehension, there was something far above other men. He had the peculiarities and the eccentricities of genius; but he had also its sublimities, the mighty elements of great thinking, the higher attributes of power and influence. Hence we cannot judge of him by any

ordinary standard, or apply to him the perfunctory rules of common life.

If we think of his personal qualities as a man, the first thing that strikes every one is his *transparent honesty*. He was as sincere and ingenuous as a child, and as transparent as a mountain lake. He had no policy, no concealments, no stratagem. He never deceived. You could look into the workings of his mind and heart as into a mirror. He had no half beliefs, no modified assent to any doctrines that he ever preached or taught. He was as honest in his dislikes as he was in his friendships. He could never conceal his thoughts upon any subject, and he had a very poor faculty of hiding his feelings towards men. I verily believe that he was that "noblest work of God, an honest man."

A no less obvious characteristic of the man was his *greatness of heart*. I have often thought he was like Great-Heart in Bunyan's book. His bosom was a well-spring, bubbling up and flowing out in the purest and tenderest affection. But there was a greatness and generosity in the wealth of his affection that impressed every one

that knew him. His heart, like his intellect, moved in vast circles, and encompassed the world. To his family, and those who stood nearest in life, he overflowed with a luxuriant affection; the poor and the suffering in this town engaged his intensest solicitude; and the great world of humanity, with its wants and its woes, was the habitual theme of his thought and prayer. His heart took in the great and the small. He would take up his dog in his arms, and carry it on the same bosom on which he carried the cause of Christ, the interests of humanity, and the destiny of the world.

If we think of him *as a Christian*, he was simply a child in his religion. *God created* him with a giant intellect, but *grace made* him a child in the simple, sincere, and undoubting exercises of piety. His mind was constantly engaged on the great problem of the Divine Attributes, but the effect upon him was to lay him in the dust, to inspire him with the spirit of adoration, and to induce the simplest trust in this God as his God for ever and ever. He had a view of the Divine imminence which made God in his existence, and presence, and power,

a reality to him, everywhere and in everything, even in the minutest events of his life.

If we think of him *as a theologian*, we see him rising before our view, and taking his place beside his Father—the Gemini, the twin constellation in that great galaxy that illumines the world.

The basis of his eminence as a theologian was his religious experience, in connexion with his peculiar intellectual gifts. *The centre of all his religious experience was Christ.* He worshipped Christ, he believed in Jesus Christ the Son of the living God. He loved Christ, he served Christ, the fixed purpose of his life was to glorify Christ, and all his hope for the future was to be with Christ and to be like Him. Christ was “formed in him the hope of glory.”

Again, *he had a religious experience which found all its sources of life in the Bible.* He received the Bible simply on the authority of God, hence it was the word of life and light to his soul. He believed a doctrine simply because God said so. Few men were so thoroughly versed in the philosophy of the age, and perhaps no one was able to handle these arguments with

greater power and sagacity; but the basis of his own personal belief was not philosophy or human reason in any of its dicta, but simply the Word of God. These two features of his religious experience made him a teacher whose theology was Scriptural and Christo-centric. It rested on the Bible, and gathered around and centered in Christ.

But his theological teaching took form and expression from his peculiar intellectual gifts.

He had a *faculty for definition* which seemed to be intuitive.

He had a *power of statement* that appeared to be sufficient without argument.

He had a *capacity for analysis* by which every subject seemed to fall to pieces in his hands in the clearest and most definite forms.

He had a *force of logic* which made his conclusions inexorable.

He had a *faculty for putting things* which forced them upon the attention and fastened them upon the memory.

He had a *balance of mind* that gave to everything its due proportion.

He had a *faculty for original illustration* that was astonishing and unrivalled.

He had an *imagination* to originate novel conceptions and to throw a glow and splendor around everything that he did.

But his *chief and most remarkable mental characteristic was his power to mingle the intellectual and emotional*—to interpenetrate and transfuse the most abstruse thinking with the warm glow of devotional emotion. Many have the idea that the chair of Theology is a frigid, icy throne, from which are dispensed cold abstractions and rigid dogmas. But it was not so with him; the doctrines which he taught were the life and comfort of his own soul, and they came from the depths of his experience, warm and glowing, and entered as living forces into the souls of others. No, no; there was no "icy stream" in his Theology, but a fountain of atoning blood, "opened for sin and uncleanness," a "river that makes glad the City of our God."

If we think of him *as a preacher*, he rises before our thought with great attraction. When he went into the pulpit, those who were accustomed to hear him scarcely know whether they enjoyed most his preaching or his prayers. His faculty for prayer was a divine gift. The

bent of his genius was in the direction of prayer. His prayers were original, striking; they partook of his own peculiarities; they were copious, comprehensive, fervent; his great thoughts poured themselves out in the spirit of a child appealing with unbounded confidence to a Father's love. Such was his prayer two years ago at the Missionary Convention in this Church, when the fountain of his heart seemed broken up, and a gush of tender moving petition melted the whole assembly to tears. His prayer at a recent funeral where his sympathies were strongly enlisted, no one who was present will ever forget. His prayer on last Sabbath afternoon at the Seminary Conference, his last public exercise, was very remarkable. He massed together in one of his pregnant sentences the dangers to the Church and nation in the present time, and then said, "The crisis is upon us, the battle is joined," and then cast himself upon the Lord in most fervent petition for strength and power to meet the emergency. Such was the impression that when he sat down it occurred to me that he was roused to more than ordinary fervency.

With his preaching we are all familiar. It was theology popularized, illustrated, and en-

forced, sometimes with burning power. All the mental characteristics which I have just noticed entered into his preaching. I will mention only one other element of power, and that is the *poetry of his sermons*, the vein of poetic conception that lit up and adorned many of his pulpit utterances. I do not know that he ever wrote a line of poetry in his life, but he was a born poet. He had an imagination to create great things. His sermon on the Omnipresence of God is Miltonian from beginning to end. His sermon on Heaven was like "Paradise Regained," only far more tender and affecting. His sermon on the Resurrection bristled with poetic conceptions all the way through. His description of the albatross that followed his ship on the way to India, breasting the storm, day after day, and when the gale was most furious, holding itself on outstretched wings—which he used as an illustration of the power of the resurrection body,—produced an impression of the sublime that can never be forgotten.

But time will not permit further detail. To sum up all, I may say that six things constituted the man :

He was a *Christian*, a *Philosopher*, a *Theologian*, an *Orator*, a *Poet*, and a *Child*.

Is there nothing for us but to sit down in sorrow? Shall we not catch some gleam of hope, some feeling of confidence in this dark hour? We have stood with the band of young students from the school of the prophets to watch the crossing of the Jordan. But, lo! Elisha returns. Elijah has gone up, but Elisha comes back, bearing in his hand the prophet's mantle which Elijah had thrown out of the ascending chariot, and which had fallen upon the shoulders of Elisha. As he approaches the river he reflects upon all the great things which God had done for Elijah, and gathering confidence from this memory, he takes the mantle and smites the waters, and cries, "Where is the Lord God of Elijah?" And may not this same confidence be ours? What God did for Elijah, He will do for Elisha. What God did for our departed Brother, and for the Fathers who have gone before us in this Seminary, is but a type and promise of what He will do for us. Shall we not then gather confidence and cry, "Where is the Lord God of our Fathers?" What He did for them, He will do for us.