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MEMORIAL.

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MEMORIAL

UPON THE LIFE OF

Rev. Stuart Robinson, D. D.,

BY

REV. J. N. SAUNDERS.

RICHMOND:

PRESBYTERIAN COMMITTEE OF PUBLICATION,

1883.

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MEMORIAL.

STUART ROBINSON was born November 14, 1814, in Strabane, County Tyrone, Ireland. He was the fourth son of James and Martha Porter Robinson. His mother was Scotch in her blood, training, and religion; being the daughter of a ruling elder in the Scotch Irish Presbyterian Church, and the granddaughter of one of its ministers.

She seems to have been a woman of unusual sense, of determined will, of untiring energy, of deep and earnest piety, and to have been thoroughly versed in the distinctive doctrines and usages of her church. And doubtless her son, who was to attain such eminence, and accomplish so much in after life, inherited very many of the elements of his future character and greatness from her. We have reason to believe that, through the grace of God and thorough educational training, he was but an enlarged reproduction of his mother. And here we may note the fact that it is a striking and significant thing in all biography that, as a rule, great men inherit most of the elements of their greatness from their mothers, being really more indebted to them than to all others. Hence the proverb, "Great men have had great mothers."

James Robinson, the father of Stuart, was for a number of years a successful linen merchant in Strabane, his

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native town, in Ireland; but eventually lost his entire property by the failure of one whose liabilities he had assumed as security. Thus broken in finances and seeing but little prospect of recovering his losses at home, he determined to fall in with the tide of emigration to this country, and seek here a home and a living for his wife and children. Hence, in the year 1816 or 1817, when Stuart was only two or three years old, we find the family settled for a while in the city of New York.

Here, as appropriately as at any other point in this sketch, I may state that the serious physical debility under which Dr. Robinson labored, and from which he suffered so much during all his years, was received in Strabane, and not in New York, as has been so often stated. When a child, a little less than a year old, his nurse, while playing with him and tossing him over her head and shoulders, accidentally let him fall from her arms upon the floor. The fall dislocated his right shoulder, seriously injured his hand and thumb, and inflicted such a hurt upon his head that the family and family physician feared for a time that idiocy would be the result. But his head soon recovered, and grew, as he matured, to be unusually large and well-formed, carrying a large, massive brain, and was strikingly attractive in all its features. His arm and hand, however, were disabled for life. His arm especially was ever afterward both weak and stiff. He frequently used it, as all of us have seen and remember, by the help of the other. It was thus he lifted a glass of water to his lips; and his auditors, when he was preaching, were always reminded of his early misfortune by his gestures. This same arm was broken a second time by a railroad accident, as he

passed in subsequent years from Baltimore to Kentucky, but in time regained its former strength and flexibility. This was the rigid, the shattered, and enfeebled arm and hand with which he held, and often painfully moved, the pen that gave to his generation and the world his written thoughts—thoughts that are embodied in his published letters, speeches, lectures, sermons, and books; and thoughts sufficient to fill two or three additional volumes, carefully studied, and well-nigh ready for the press at the beginning of his last sickness.

How long the Robinsons remained in New York is not definitely known—perhaps only a few years. Mr. Robinson's health began to fail him in the city; neither did he find business as prosperous there as he had hoped; hence he removed with his family and made a settlement in Berkeley County, Virginia, either in or near the town of Martinsburg, which was then but a small village. It was here that Mrs. Robinson's piety, force, and energy of character, as well as her molding influence upon her children, began to show themselves with a mighty and telling influence. Being well taught in the Scriptures and catechisms of her church, she piously and carefully imparted to her growing boys what she had learned beyond the waters of the sea, and what was now so sweet and precious to her own soul in a land of strangers, far off from the church of her fathers. To her the Sabbath was God's day—a holy and consecrated day, to be separated from the other six days of the week, and devoted exclusively to religious worship, study, works, and enjoyments. In this faith she taught and trained her children. How deeply these lessons sank into the memory and heart of Stuart,

and how much they helped to mold and determine his after life, we may learn from his own known reverence for the Sabbath, and from the earnestness with which he always contended for its sacred observance. His very last, and among his very ablest, controversies in the city of Louisville were connected with the legal protection of public morals, and the right observance of the Christian Sabbath.

Mrs. Robinson not only taught her children at home, but was careful to take them with her to the church of God, where they might know and mingle with God's people, and gather the instructions of His ministering servants. Therefore she and they attended the church of Rev. John B. Hoge, pastor at Falling Waters, often walking over rough roads a distance of six miles. She also helped to organize Sabbath-schools in her neighborhood, and then taught in them as she had time and opportunity. But alas, this "sainted mother's" days were numbered, and her abounding good works brought to an early close. She died at the end of four years after their settlement in Virginia.

To the loss of property, and to the fact that the family were distant from kindred and their native land, and still comparative strangers about Martinsburg, was now added the sad and grievous loss of the wife and mother—that wife and mother, too, who seemed to be so essential to the well-being of the whole family. As we sit here this morning and look back upon that desolated household, and think of their distress, of their straitened circumstances, of their fearful loss, we can hardly imagine that Stuart, who was still but a lad—a lad with a crippled arm—would or could ever reach the eminence that

awaited him in the future. But it is not for us to see and comprehend a thousand things that lie in the all beclouded future. To us many future events seem most improbable, and many as if they were utterly impossible. To God, however, all things are seen and possible. He is the author of our being, the author and guide of our earthly destiny, the numberer of the very hairs of our head, the disposer of life's fortunes—of its multiplied chances and accidents, as we call them. With Him all things are arranged by the conditions of an infinitely wise plan. Fall within the scope of that plan, and you shall be developed, beyond all doubt, in its onward progress; developed, too, by the agencies of His own appointment, however inadequate these may sometimes appear.

To have watched the little boy, the youngest son of Jesse, as he followed his father's sheep over the rocky hills or grassy vales of Bethlehem, or to have gone with him in after years as he fled for his life from the wrath and persecutions of Saul, one would scarcely imagine that David could ever be a king, a wise and successful ruler, a writer of songs that will live for ever, a mighty man in the Church of God. But God easily brought all this to pass in His own time and way. And so, now, when we look at the little motherless and crippled lad of the Robinson family, and see him in the days of his adversity and affliction, we have only to remember that God had a special work for him to do; a work, too, that shall most certainly be accomplished—accomplished by the training and sanctified use of the heart, brain, and energy which He has given him, accomplished in the certain development of His onmoving providences.

Very soon after the death of Mrs. Robinson, the family, for a time at least, seems to have been broken up. One of the sons was apprenticed to a trade here and another there, while Stuart, the least suited of all his brothers for the hard and rough work of agriculture, was placed upon a farm, that he might learn to till the ground and make his living by the sweat of his face. His new home was with a Mr. and Mrs. Troutman—plain, honest, industrious and thrifty German people, and also members of the Presbyterian Church. He was still less than thirteen years of age. His education at this period was of course in its very first stages. His good mother had taught him to read, and had instructed him a little in the Bible and catechisms of her church; but farther than this, his school advantages, if any, must have been few and imperfect.

Mr. Troutman, however, soon became greatly attached to Stuart. Being a man of fine natural sense, he saw at once that he was an unusually bright and noble little fellow, a boy of uncommon promise, one who would be quick to learn, and one who, from his crippled condition, was wholly unfit for the pursuits of agriculture. Hence, as a good and wise man, he started him to school at once with his own children; watching with interest and great delight the wonderful progress he made in his studies. In fact, the little motherless Irish boy soon became the wonder of the whole school, as well as the wonder of the master of the school. With a quick, bright and sparkling mind, and with a tenacious memory, he could learn rapidly and with the least apparent difficulty. Studies that ordinarily worried and taxed other boys of his age for weeks and months were easily mastered by him in a

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few days. Nothing in the way of study then or afterward ever seemed to be very difficult when he had once fixed his whole mind upon it. His progress in this school was so remarkable, and his genius and native abilities so apparent, that the old teacher wrote this judgment and prophecy in the back of his book: "This is a wonderful child, and will some day make his mark in the world."

As time passed Mr. and Mrs. Troutman grew in their interest and affection for the motherless boy. They delighted in him because he was always respectful and obedient to them, always full of cheerfulness, full of pleasant and instructive talk, full of laughing humor, full of sparkling genius, full of the first fresh buddings of those qualities and attainments that characterized and distinguished him through life. They also cherished an anxious care and solicitude about the future of "young Stuart," as they fondly called him. With their piety, good sense, and innate ideas of the fitness of things, they readily reached the conclusion that their bright boy, with his lame hand and arm, ought to be educated for something else than the life of a farmer. They thus frequently talked the whole matter over with themselves, and, under the guidance of God's grace and special superintending providence, they called in their pastor, Rev. James M. Brown, and discussed anew the whole matter with him, telling him of the wonderful smartness and promise of young Stuart, and what a pity it was that he could not be educated for a great man. . . .

Mr. Brown was then a very young man in the ministry, but was old enough and wise enough to see the force of their reasonings, and to take in the idea that the young

Robinson boy was really a boy of unusual ability, and that he ought to be educated. Without a single thought of trouble, care, or expense, he at once took charge of the lad, who was then about thirteen years old, and made him a member of his own family, treated him as a son, and trained and educated him as if he had been his own child. How wonderful are the ways of Divine Providence! He governs all.

Before carrying this sketch further, let us pause for a moment and take an affectionate leave of these good German people—the Troutmans. The writer has often heard Dr. Robinson speak of them in the most grateful and affectionate terms. He never forgot the pleasant home they gave him when he had no home of his own; never forgot their hearty care and interest in him, just as he never forgot any who were kind to him when kindness meant something. They were pious and church-going people, but at the same time were diligent in business, having a sharp and shrewd eye for the thrift and gains of their farm and dairy. The Doctor could tell many a good joke about all this, giving you the broken English and expressive gestures of both, showing by his wonderful powers of word-painting just how they looked and just how they were dressed, even to the old lady's quaint caps and German petticoats.

Once when the Doctor had been absent at school for several years, and had grown quite out of their remembrance, he concluded to revisit them, and thus renew some of the sweet and pleasant memories of his boyhood. He did so, and approached the Troutman farm on horseback. Seeing the old gentleman near the barn inspecting a herd

of fat cattle, a thought struck him that he would test his old friend's memory, as well as his former well known information about the highest price of stock. There was fun ahead of him. So, assuming for a time the airs and tones of a cattle-buyer, he advanced and said, "Good morning, Mr. Troutman; I see you have some fine cattle here. Are they for sale, and if so, what is the least money you will take for them per pound?" "Yes, sir, they are for sale," was the reply, "and I will take, cash in hand, just so much (naming the price), and not a cent nor the fraction of a cent less." "Tut, tut," responded Robinson, "you are above the market at least a cent or more. I am a cattle-dealer, as you see, and am better posted about prices than you farmers, who live so distant from Baltimore and other leading cattle markets." "Now, look here, my young man," replied Mr. Troutman, "I've got up to such travelling and misrepresenting chaps as you are. You can't take the advantage of me, for I've just heard from Baltimore, and know to a fraction what good fat steers are worth." By this time Robinson was in a loud and hearty laugh, and said, "Well, well, Mr. Troutman, I see that you are still posted about the price of fat steers, but how is it that you have forgotten the voice and face of Stuart Robinson?" "Why, Stuart, is that you?" the old man exclaimed. And then he ran and pulled him from his horse and embraced him, crying out, "Stuart, Stuart, you dirty dog, why did you fool me so? You have been gone so long, and lived so long with the Yankees in New England, that I did not know you at first, but now I see that you are Stuart, and are just as fond of your pranks as ever, so come along and we

will prank the old woman too." They went to the house, and the young man was introduced as a cattle-buyer, who would remain till after dinner. Of course the conversation was still about cattle and trade, the old lady all the while casting inquiring and suspicious glances at the stranger. Finally, with a woman's love and intuitions, she sprang at him, exclaiming, "You can't deceive me any longer. This is Stuart Robinson. I knew it was Stuart just as soon as I saw that old laugh upon his face."

In a few years these, his true and loving friends, passed away to their rest and reward. Still, however, they lived long enough to see their boy, Stuart, rising to that eminence which they had predicted for him, and to feel grateful to God that they had borne even an humble part in his promotion.

At his new home his surroundings were all pleasant, yea, delightful, and his opportunities for study and improvement just as good as they well could be. He was in the midst of a scholarly, cultured, and Christian family—the adopted son, so to speak, of those who entered with love and enthusiasm upon his future development. To Mr. and Mrs. Brown he owed vastly more than to all others except from his own mother. They really and truly, and with the most benevolent and disinterested motives, put him upon those paths that led him to whatever success he achieved in subsequent years. He was aware of this, and realized the full extent of his obligations to them. He therefore gave them his love and his most tender and life-long gratitude, and following the impulses of his just and generous nature, he not only paid

back in dollars his indebtedness to the family, but put Mrs. Brown, who still survives her husband as well as himself, in circumstances that will make her easy and comfortable the remnant of her days.

While being taught by Mr. and Mrs. Brown their testimony was that he made rapid progress in all his studies, and showed constantly new phases of genius and mental development. He was a close student, true and faithful in the discharge of all his duties, kind and playful in his temper and intercourse with others, full of fun and good humor, a favorite with all who knew him. They affirm also that, as a boy, he was remarkably free from everything that was cowardly, coarse, selfish, little, and mean.

And now that his great and busy life is ended, we, his brethren of the Synod of Kentucky; we, who have known him long and well, can conscientiously say, that he carried these traits with him to the grave. We know that he had a strong and commanding will, and loved to have his own way in whatever he undertook; but still, in all his plans, debates, or controversies there was nothing that was little or mean; nothing that savored of unholy ambition; nothing that smacked of spite or revenge. He was always ready to listen to those who differed with him in opinion—ready to compromise for the sake of peace and unanimity of action, where compromise, to his mind, was not plainly a surrender of truth and principle.

From the Rev. Mr. Brown's private school, young Robinson passed to the academy at Romney, where, under the tuition of that accomplished scholar and teacher, Dr. Foote, he was thoroughly prepared to enter the freshman class in Amherst College.

It was some time during these years of his preparatory studies that he made a profession of religion. He joined the church at Martinsburg, under the preaching of the Rev. Dr. Jacob Mitchell, who, in the providence of God, was holding a protracted service at that place. Of his early religious experiences we have no record, and have learned but little from his own lips, as it seemed to be a rule of his life to talk but little and very modestly of his own religion. He had a great aversion to egotism, and heartily detested what he called prating and gabbling about one's own goodness or piety. In a religious point of view, he was an humble man. His conception of himself was, that he was nothing but a poor and helpless sinner; that his righteousness, about which he had neither doubts nor fears, was wholly *an imputed*, and not an *inherited* or *self-wrought* righteousness. God had devised it for him; Jesus Christ had wrought it out, and the Holy Spirit had applied it to his penitent, believing, and obedient soul. It was his not because he had earned or bought it, but because God, in the exercise of His sovereign mercy, had freely and graciously bestowed it upon him. This righteousness always gave him a quiet and satisfactory, though never a noisy or boastful joy and peace in the practice of his religion. It soothed him in life's sunny hours; nerved him for a manly discharge of life's abounding duties; and gave him a quiet and trustful spirit as he approached the end. Within a month of his decease, and in my last earthly interview with him, he modestly expressed to me the substance of what I have here penned. This, therefore, was his dying testimony. With his views of sin, of the helplessness and utter de-

gravity of human nature, Dr. Robinson could only approach God as one who was poor and miserable and blind and naked, crying, "God be merciful to me, a sinner," or, in the language of one of his favorite hymns:

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!"

One of the old stories of Princeton is something like this: An emotional and somewhat over-righteous or pious student called, at the close of his seminary course, to take leave of Dr. Archibald Alexander. At the close of the interview the good young man rose, extended his hand, and said, "Doctor, however it may be with me as a preacher, I shall be abundantly satisfied if I can only attain your degree of piety." To which the old doctor responded, in sharp and excited tones, "Young man, I have no religion to brag about; good bye!" It was just so with our friend and co-presbyter; he had no religion to brag about.

That Dr. Robinson's reticence in reference to the struggles, conflicts, and victories of his own spiritual life was pushed to an unwise extreme, is, I think, probable, yea, almost certain. The Church loves to know something, and is often profited by knowing much of the spiritual history of her distinguished ministers. Such knowledge instructs, comforts, and strengthens God's little ones. It shows them that the great have, substantially, the same trials and conflicts that attend the small, and that all are saved by the same grace. Dr. R. J. Breckinridge used to

express the same thought thus: "Yes, brethren, we are all saved by the same grace, but you will bear in mind—and I speak from my own experience—that it requires much more grace to save some men than it does others. It is a marvel to me that some men are saved at all."

Some of us who are left behind Dr. Robinson cannot but regret that he did not oftener lay aside his reluctance to speak of himself, and tell us more and more of his conflicts and spiritual victories. But why express such a regret? Why ask more than he has already left us? Is not the religion of his whole life substantially before us?—before us in its reality, in its sincerity, in its life, in its power, and in its grand results? Yes, verily it is thus before us, for the Doctor's piety was not a matter of mere changeable sentiment, to be nurtured and indulged in the closet, or whispered in the ear of the curious and sentimental; but a divine, living, and active principle, to be fed by prayer, study, and work; to be gratified, strengthened and utilized by constant good-doing, and then to be proved by its daily fruit.

If we are to know a tree by its fruits, it is safe to say that Dr. Robinson was not only a devoutly religious man, but that his religion was pre-eminently active and practical. The practical was, perhaps, the master element in his whole nature, and his piety wrought marvelously through this. It is seen and felt in his whole ministerial life; in his consecration to the pulpit; in his sermons and published books; in the chamber of sickness, as well as in all his relations and engagements, as a citizen and business man; in his whole life, even down to the grave. With his varied and accurate learning, in connection with

his pre-eminent abilities, he might have been a merchant prince, a distinguished lawyer, a wise governor, an eloquent senator, almost any thing he chose, but was satisfied, yea, gloried in being an humble minister of the gospel. He preached because he felt that God had called him to preach. He preached because he loved the gospel and the souls of men, and because he believed that he could thus accomplish the greatest amount of good, and thereby render to his kind heavenly Father his highest tribute of love, praise, honor, and service.

In October, 1832, and when he was just eighteen years of age, Mr. Robinson, through the kindness of his friend, Mr. Brown, went to Amherst College, and entered the freshman class. His college life, of course, ran through four years, on to the year 1836, when he received his degree of Bachelor of Arts. Those who were with him in college testify to his great diligence and proficiency in all his studies. He ranked very high with the professors and students, not only as a young man of great promise, but as a general and accurate scholar. His favorite studies were in natural science and the higher branches of mathematics. For these he had special tastes and aptitudes. He was most fortunate in his classmates, as many of them proved to be young men of great ability, and have since made their mark in the world, in law, politics and divinity. Governor Bullock, Drs. Allan, Hitchcock, and others were among these. Henry Ward Beecher, Drs. E. P. Humphrey and Ben. Palmer were also at Amherst at the same time; the first two graduating before, and the last one later than himself.

Of his college life he often spoke with the most sincere

and hearty pleasure. And for his class and college friends he cherished fond, tender, and pleasant memories while he lived. He often said that some of his truest and best friends lived in New England. He always spoke of them as true, good, and noble men—men who were great and trustworthy in their several callings in life. He did not like some of the doctrines and much of the polity of the New England church; he did not take to many of New England's ideas of social and political life; but still, there was very much there that he honored and prized. He honored her schools, her thrift, her industry, her order, her enterprise, her family discipline, and various other things that go to make up her life, power, and Christian civilization. Those who are accustomed to think and speak of Stuart Robinson as a despiser of northern people, as a fire-eating southern man, who could see nothing good or worthy of love and imitation on the north side of Mason and Dixon's line, are simply mistaken in the man. He had no such feelings, no such foolish and irrational prejudices, but was liberal, fair-minded, and both just and generous in his judgments. He could and did appreciate good people and good institutions wherever he found them, north or south.

When he left his home in Virginia for college, he did not return for nearly four years, or until he had graduated. His vacations were spent in Massachusetts that he might teach country and village schools, and thus lighten the burdens of those who were helping him in his own education. He was young, strong and willing to work, willing to forego the pleasures of an idle student's vacation, as he visits home, friends and the places of his youth; willing to

do and endure anything that will help those who are so generously helping him. He thus early began to exhibit that spirit of manly independence and self-reliance that was so characteristic of him in after years. And in this respect he is a model worthy to be looked at and carefully imitated by many who are now receiving a beneficiary education. He did not and would not receive aid, except as a loan—a loan that could not be avoided; a loan that was to be paid at the earliest period practicable. He held the doctrine, just as many of us do, that beneficiary education is a wise and good thing; a thing that has furnished the church with some of its most able and efficient ministers; a thing that we cannot discourage or abandon; but a thing that is to be guarded and watched with the closest scrutiny by those who manage it, as well as by those who receive its benefits. Beneficiary education that destroys manliness and self-reliance, and that makes a man a poor, helpless pensioner all his life, is a curse. Rightly used, it is a great blessing.

When Mr. Robinson returned from the North, he was twenty-two years old, with some experience as a teacher, and an extended and valuable knowledge of northern people, in their manners, tastes, habits, and modes of thought and life. His sojourn, therefore, in the North was most pleasant and valuable. Hence, in advising with boys who were thinking of going off to school, he has been heard to say, "Go where you will not only be at a first-class college, but where you will be among a new people, and see and learn new things, as well as make friends who will be scattered all over the land. All this will be of immense service to you in after life."

For the next two years after his return to Virginia we find him diligently engaged in theological studies at Union Seminary. At the close of these two seminary years he went directly to Charleston, West Virginia, and once more became a member of the Rev. Mr. Brown's family; Mr. Brown, in the meantime, having located at Charleston both as a pastor and teacher. He assisted Mr. Brown in his academy, or rather taught it for him. He did this that he might be able to pay back to the board of education a sum which he had previously accepted as a loan, and also that he might have means to defray his expenses for a year at Princeton Seminary. He so far accomplished this as to be able to spend the year 1840 at Princeton.

He was licensed to preach probably by the Presbytery of Winchester. He was ordained to the full work of the ministry by the Presbytery of Greenbrier, at its April meeting, in Charleston, in 1841, when he was in the twenty-sixth year of his age, and was immediately installed as pastor of the little church at Malden, at the East Salt-works, and only a short distance from Charleston.

In September, 1841, he was married to the wife who still lives to mourn her irreparable loss. She was Miss Mary E. Brigham, eldest daughter of Colonel William Brigham, a native of Massachusetts, and not of England, as has been published so often. Colonel Brigham married Alethea Bream, daughter of James Bream, a wealthy Englishman, who owned large salt-furnaces and immense tracts of land in the Kanawha Valley, West Virginia. Colonel Brigham died of fever in Missouri, leaving his widow and four little children large parcels of land, but

little money, and even that was entirely lost by the mismanagement of executors. Hence, when Mary E. Brigham married Stuart Robinson, she had very little of this world's goods, and never did have until she received it as a gift from her mother, only a few years ago. Mrs. Brigham got her fortune from her father, James Bream, and not from her husband. This Dr. Robinson managed and increased for her, but never used or absorbed any part of it on his own account or to gratify his benevolent wishes or plans. All, therefore, that Mrs. Robinson ever received from her mother by gift or inheritance was kept in her own name and only managed by her husband, subject to her own order, and, so far as she has not disposed of it, is hers to-day.

Justice to the dead as well as the truth of history seemed to require the statements which I have here written.

Many take it for granted that Dr. Robinson got his wealth from his wife. She was rich, they say, therefore he had it in his power to gratify the noble and generous impulses of his heart. He could live well, give largely, constantly and handsomely, as he always did, to almost every object and scheme connected with the church's progress and prosperity, because he had the bank of another to check upon. This, as I have shown, is simply a mistake. He was, after many years of toil and labor, rich, yea, very rich as compared with many of us, his brethren, but he made his own wealth. He made it by hard work, economical living, and wise business transactions. For many years, in a business point of view, he was an intensely hard worker. For the six years of his pastorate at Malden his salary from the church was just

one hundred and fifty dollars a year ; but then he largely supplemented this by teaching a profitable school all the while in the academy.

Here is a little pen-picture of his six years' life at Malden, given to me by another: "He taught, and preached, and travelled up and down the valleys and over the hills and mountains of his new home. He was diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. He accomplished a mighty work in all that Kanawha country, preaching everywhere, organizing prayer-meetings and Sunday-schools in out of the way neighborhoods, and attaching the people to him as they had never been attached to any other minister. He read, studied, and wrote as he could catch the time, in his own little family room, in the presence of his wife and little children. He was full of missionary zeal ; a live man ; a wonderful worker, with the blessing of God always resting upon him."

This picture of Stuart Robinson in his humble home and field at Malden, retained many of its prominent business and spiritual features in all the subsequent pictures we have of the man as a minister and worker. In this respect his active life closed just as it had opened.

But a word more in this connection about his business and money-making qualities. With him poverty was no disgrace, nothing for which we ought to slight or under-rate any honest and good man, but then it was disagreeable and it pinched. It was not only inconvenient but often thwarted the plans and disappointed the hopes of those who would love to do great and good things. He, therefore, resolved that he would better his fortunes in

the world. Hence, as I have said, he taught at Malden. He also taught a large and flourishing female school at Frankfort, having his house full of young lady boarders, and afterward for a while he taught a boys' school in Louisville. He always made money, made it thus; made it by buying and selling property; made it by an immense rise in the values of property and stocks, which he had wisely and legitimately purchased.

I have developed this feature of Dr. Robinson's character, first, to correct a prevalent misapprehension, and then to affirm and illustrate the truth that a minister of the gospel, while he may be subjected to many dangers and worldly temptations, does not necessarily lose his spirituality, or his power or influence for good, by becoming sometimes even largely *secularized*, as we are accustomed to use that word. He may be fervent in spirit, as a minister of the word, and yet very diligent and active in business, so far as the Great Head of the Church allows and requires him to be complicated with the things of the world. He may be an active power in the world, and still supremely consecrated to God, as a minister of Christ's Church. Stuart Robinson, in his whole life, was a striking instance of this truth. He did, and did marvelously well, many things that lie outside of the closet, the study, the pulpit, and congregation, and yet whoever thought for a moment that he neglected any of his sacred duties as a minister of Christ, or that he loved property or money except as an agent or means of benevolence and good-doing, or that he declined in piety, mental power, and spiritual influence, or that he was ever defiled, crippled, or seriously injured by the business affairs of life?

Not one. But, then, some one may say we have few Stuart Robinsons in the ministry. He could do what others dare not attempt, could withstand temptations and overcome trials and difficulties that would certainly injure if not ruin the mental growth and spiritual influence of others. In this there is much truth, and I am fully aware of the dangers and evils that necessarily attend an unduly secularized ministry; but it is possible that God's chosen ambassadors may sometimes gravitate to the other extreme of this question, and be too much afraid of soiling their hands and employing their minds, wills, and active energies about the temporal interests of themselves and their families, too much afraid of even the semblance of an effort upon their part to supplement the offerings of the church. Still, however, pious, working, earnest, and devoted ministers will hardly err upon either side of this question. They will do in the church and out of the church whatever God clearly reveals to them in the way of duty and privilege.

In the spring of 1846 Dr. E. P. Humphrey, then pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church in the city of Louisville, was compelled, from ill-health, to travel abroad. At his suggestion his old college friend, Stuart Robinson, was invited to fill his pulpit during his absence. This he did to the great acceptance of the church, and this was Dr. Robinson's first introduction to and acquaintance with our Kentucky churches and people. In the fall of that year, and after he had returned to West Virginia, he received flattering calls from several different churches. One of these was from the church at Frankfort, Kentucky. His few months' residence in Louisville, together with

what he had already seen and learned of our churches and people, had so impressed him with this State as a great and promising field of future labor, that he determined at once to come to Frankfort. He did so, and for nearly six years onward accomplished a most valuable work in the capital city of our commonwealth.

In Frankfort, as he had done at Malden, and as he afterward did at Baltimore and Louisville, he built a large and expensive church. There, too, as before stated, he superintended a large female boarding school, teaching the advanced classes himself, Mrs. Robinson taking charge of the boarding department. It was in Frankfort that his great business tact and talents began to show themselves so clearly that they were gladly utilized by various secular and money-making institutions in the city. He did not hesitate to act as a director of a bank, nor to give his counsel to those who operated a cotton factory. And in Frankfort, even before he had reached the age of thirty-five, he did some of the most powerful and popular preaching of his whole ministerial life. A few of us can remember him very distinctly that far back. He was a young man then, of commanding and attractive person, of medium stature, but with a full and shapely body; with a fine head and classically-cut features; full of life, strength and energy; full of thought, genius, and fresh and living themes of discourse; with a voice that was distinct, clear, full, and forcible, as well as charmingly sweet and silvery in many of its tones. He was a grand preacher—a most attractive pulpit orator. Crowds of people attended his ordinary Sabbath services, and during the sittings of the legislature his church was always filled to its utmost ca-

capacity. He was then, as ever afterward, a preacher of the plain and simple doctrines of the gospel.

It is safe to say that he never purposely made a sensational effort in all his life. Full of the pure gospel himself, he had almost a burning desire to tell it to others. Knowing how to read the Bible, his great effort in preaching, as he often said, was to teach others how to read it.

It was about this time that he began to devote a part of each Sabbath to what he called expository or exegetical preaching. His custom was to take a single part or book of the Bible and go over it chapter by chapter, explaining it to his great congregations, in its connection with other parts of the Bible—in its words, history, literature, biography, doctrines, prophecy, and so on.

He began this mode of preaching with a full realization of its intrinsic value and importance, but with grave doubts as to its popularity with those who had been trained to mere textual or topical preaching. His fears, however, were soon dissipated, for the numbers who still heard him were rather increased than diminished. To the close of his ministry the Doctor was exceedingly fond of this mode of handling the Scriptures. Many of his weekly lectures on the book of Genesis—lectures which he delivered on Sabbath evenings in the Second Church of Louisville—were published in the *Courier-Journal*, and were thus seen and read by thousands of people who never saw the face or heard the voice of their author.

I know that it was a part of Dr. Robinson's plan, in closing up his labors on earth, to revise these lectures and other papers upon which he had spent much thought and labor, and then publish them in two or three separate

volumes. But, alas, he was called home before the work was done, and it can now be completed only by the hand of another—if ever completed at all.

In this connection it will be proper to conclude all that this sketch proposes to say of Dr. Robinson as a man of the pulpit. To have known him at Frankfort, as a preacher, was really to know him as a preacher all his life. Substantially his changes were few and unimportant, except those which were wrought by the physical infirmities of his last years. In the preparation of his sermons and lectures he carefully studied and wrote them out in full, or nearly so. When at home or abroad he ordinarily delivered these with the manuscript before him. He had a fine memory, was a good elocutionist, and could in his earlier years preach his exact manuscript, without seeming to be hampered by it in the least. This, however, was not the fact as age crept upon him. As it approached, his discourses were just as labored, just as able, just as convincing in their argument, and just as handsomely turned in their illustrations and rhetoric as ever before; but, alas, much of his physical strength had gone, the fires of his soul had somewhat abated, his eyes had grown dim, and his voice had lost its compass and many of its sweeter tones. Still the grand old man was a prince among preachers even to the last.

It is proper to record, too, in this connection, that Dr. Robinson was a great preacher on special or set occasions. Eloquent and distinguished public speakers sometimes make pitiable and mortifying failures. They are not always themselves, and cannot be great and eloquent upon every occasion. But as far as my information goes,

the Doctor was, in this respect, exceedingly happy and fortunate. Before the General Assembly, before boards and conventions, before large audiences in large cities, and on great occasions, he was always himself; equal to the emergency, and fully up to the expectations of his friends and admirers. At the second meeting of the Pan-Presbyterian Council in Edinburgh, Scotland, he delivered an address on the "Venerableness of Presbyterianism," which is said to have drawn forth the wildest applause from that staid but great and venerable body. But he was never more eloquent, popular or effective than when preaching to the country and village churches within the bounds of his own Presbytery and Synod. He loved to visit his brethren and preach for them in these churches. For a city pastor, he did much of this kind of work, and did it as few could do it. Ordinarily, great crowds of people gathered to hear him. It was his custom on many of these occasions to preach without a manuscript, not using even the briefest notes; and if possible, he discarded high country and village pulpits, and stood upon a low platform, or even upon the floor just in front of the pulpit. Standing there, in full sympathy with plain country and village people, and they in full sympathy with him, he began his discourse in a simple conversational tone and manner. With his brief introduction finished, and his theme plainly before the minds of his hearers, he began to warm up, and just as he warmed so did they, and then for an hour or more it was argument, striking illustration, inimitable word-painting, earnest appeal, yea, the living truth of the living God, poured into excited and listening ears. The result was grand. His auditors went home

instructed, benefited, delighted, feeling that they had hardly ever listened to such preaching before. Many of the sermons now in his book, "Discourses of Redemption," were thus preached—preached without a note before him, and nearly word for word as they now appear in their printed form. I once heard him preach his Dives and Lazarus sermon, or "The Divine Tragedy of Earth, Heaven and Hell," to an immense country congregation, and have never seen such an effect produced by a single discourse. It was wonderful, and clearly demonstrated the power of Divine truth, as well as the power of human genius in handling that truth so as to enlighten the judgment and move to their lowest depths the hearts of men. I often hear the older people talking about that sermon yet, though it was preached to them many years ago.

To critically analyze Dr. Robinson's sermons, to search after the true secret of their power and charms more than I have thus incidentally done, or to contrast him, as a preacher, with other great and popular preachers, is aside from the intent of this present imperfect sketch. I shall, therefore, conclude this part of my appointed duty with the simple remark that Stuart Robinson, as a preacher, was simply Stuart Robinson. He imitated no one; and in many of the elements and characteristics of his voice, action and discourse was wholly unlike many with whom he might be compared. He carried with him into the pulpit, and every where, an individuality and incisive directness that were always winning, charming and powerful—an individuality belonging to his whole physical, mental, moral and spiritual nature, that marked him as a great man, a great leader, a great preacher. He stood

before you and looked the great man. And in his presence you felt that you were in contact with a great intellect and a mighty will, and that you were being moved by one who, in the language of the eloquent Palmer, "Could do the things that can't be done."

I have said that Dr. Robinson's nature, temperament and commanding abilities marked him as a leader; a leader in all our church courts; a leader in the stubborn and heated ecclesiastical controversies through which we have been compelled to pass. He had no natural fondness for debate, took no special pleasure in heated controversies, and certainly occupied the position of a working, managing, speaking and writing leader only when his brethren and the surrounding circumstances seemed to compel him to do so. His brethren not only put him in this position, but then, he was necessarily led to it, very often, from his love of what he believed to be essential truth, as well as from his views of the church's mission on earth. With him, truth—God's truth—was above all price. It must be kept separate from error, kept in the minds and hearts of the people, and kept there even at the expense of the most protracted and disagreeable debate.

This view led him into many of the long and earnest controversies of his times. His active years fell within a cycle of marked religious controversy. The old landmarks were being removed; old doctrines and vital principles were being supplanted by those that were new and false, and, as he thought, the truth and purity of God's church were in danger. Hence, so to speak, he was obliged to be a man of controversy—was obliged to em-

ploy what powers he had in defending and preserving what he believed to be vital and sacred. In all this he was right. Again, he rightly held the doctrine that the church militant has, in one respect, a double duty to perform for her adorable Head. She must not only hold and preserve the truth as it is in Jesus Christ, but must, at the same time, be an aggressive church—a church that will wage an unceasing war upon the powers of darkness, upon sin, error and falsehood wherever they are found; a church that shall not strike her colors nor lay down her spiritual weapons until the heathen shall be given to Christ for His inheritance, and the utmost parts of the earth for His possessions. Holding this view, and being endowed by God with an aggressive spirit and abilities, is it any marvel that Stuart Robinson should always be found among the church's vanguard in all her movements upon the enemy's lines? To those who knew him well, it is not And if he took the lead, and wrote and spoke for you as well as for himself, you were obliged to let him write and speak in his own way. He could fight only with his own armor and weapons. If he insisted upon calling things by their right names, you had to let him do it. If he refused to learn the art of slur or palaver, you had to yield, even though he was a native-born Irishman. If you said, "Doctor, Doctor, please fight easy; don't use so many cutting and killing words; don't hurt the feelings of people, and thereby incur their displeasure." If you said these, and other things in the same line, he would, perhaps, answer you about thus: "I am not angry; I cherish no ill-will toward any body, and am only after error and heresy, therefore I use plain talk, and call a spade a spade.

Besides, it is all bosh to make a sure-enough fight a mere child's-play. If war, war material, or war mental or ecclesiastical means anything, it is obliged to mean that which hurts”

As to the ability and wisdom of the Doctor's leadership, I shall leave others to form their own judgment. But as to its temper I have this to add: he could say and write, and did unquestionably too often say and write very bitter and scathing things. He had his faults and weaknesses, just as we all have, and I shall not attempt to ignore or palliate the fact that his temper sometimes got the better of him; that his great will was sometimes too imperious, and that he often said things that were unnecessarily severe and wounding. Still, it is but just to add also, that these faults and weaknesses were always exhibited in times of heated and bitter controversy. And then, too, his severity was more in his words than in his heart. Neither his religion nor kindly nature would allow him to cherish ill-feeling. Hence, if in debate he was sometimes quick to show temper, and utter sharp words, he was just as quick to repent, forget, and if need be, forgive, when the unfortunate occasion had passed. I am sure that he cherished, during his last years, no positive ill-feeling toward any with whom he had hotly differed in former years. Of the greatest—not to say the most bitter and obstinate—of these, he said, on a certain occasion, “I hear that the Doctor is drawing near to his end. He is a very great man, and at heart a good and pious man. He and I have had some fierce discussions in our day. I admire his ability, respect his honest differences from myself, and have full confidence in his piety. I love him in

spite of all that has passed, and, if the way be clear, will see him before he dies." And I beg also to add, as one who had good opportunity to know, that this was the temper and spirit in which he thought of and confidentially talked about those with whom he had greatly differed. Stuart Robinson died cherishing enmity or ill will toward no man!

Let us now return and briefly conclude our narrative. Mr. Robinson remained about six years in Frankfort; and then, through the influence and earnest persuasions of friends, as well as following the leadings of God's providence, he removed to Baltimore, and took charge of an Independent church, usually called the Duncan Church. To this he preached for a year, and then severed his connection with it, and entered upon a new church enterprise. More than one half of the old congregation joined in the movement, and the result was the erection of a splendid new church edifice, known as the Central Presbyterian Church. He remained in Baltimore altogether about three years. He was then in the very prime of life and in full possession of his preaching ability. In 1858 the General Assembly removed Dr. Robinson to the Danville Theological Seminary, to fill the chair of Church Government and Pastoral Theology. His co-professors were Drs. Breckinridge, Humphrey, and Yerkes. He remained there for two years, and discharged the duties of his office with marked ability, powerfully influencing all whom he taught and exhibiting a wonderful versatility of talent. During most of this time his Sabbaths were spent with his wife, and children, then residing in the city of

Louisville, and many of them were given to the Second Church, which was then without a pastor.

At the end of two years, through the agency and mismanagement of other parties, he became for a time seriously involved in business matters, which seemed to necessitate his removal to Louisville. He accordingly resigned his professorship and went to the city, and at once became the pastor of the Second Church. His business matters were soon arranged, his church waked into a new life, and as if he had not yet half enough to do, he bought the *Presbyterian Herald* from Dr. Hill, changed its name to the *True Presbyterian*, and subsequently this to the *Free Christian Commonwealth*, and became its active and powerfully aggressive editor. In Baltimore he and Dr. Peck had issued for two years the *Presbyterial Critic*, a strongly controversial monthly of marked ability. In Danville, in addition to his laborious professorship, he had prepared and published his "Church of God," a duodecimo volume of sterling merit. And now in Louisville he is working, preaching, and doing, perhaps, the very best editorial work of his most active and busy life. From the several volumes of the two papers just named might be gathered much of his very best thinking and writing upon various themes.

Our unfortunate civil war came. The people everywhere were very naturally wild with excitement, and madly influenced by prejudice and sectional animosities. The Federal military had supreme rule all along the lines that divided the two contending parties. They were jealous and suspicious of all religious journals that did not sound the war-bugle, and were ready to suppress any

that dared to maintain the complete independence of the Church of Christ as a free Christian commonwealth; any that dared to hint that the church, as a church, had no right or liberty to meddle with politics, no right to unfurl the flag of State and cry aloud for Cæsar. With Dr. Robinson's views of the spiritual nature and functions of Christ's visible kingdom, with his boldness and force in maintaining these, together with his denunciations of Erastianism in all its forms and results, he of course rested under the constant suspicion of disloyalty. His paper for a time was suppressed, and through the persuasion of friends he passed from Ohio, whither he had gone to attend and bury a sick and dying brother, to Toronto, Canada, where he remained as a voluntary exile for three and a half years, or until the close of the war.

It is true that Dr. Robinson was a strong southern man in all his tastes, sympathies, and feelings, but in no just sense was he a rebel against his civil government. He was an old-fashioned Democrat in his politics; believed in the doctrine of State rights, but not in the sense that the States have the right to withdraw from the Federal government at will. He never actively helped to bring on or prosecute the war, and if the whole trouble had been left to his will and disposal there never would have been a war.

As a man of wonderful ability in the pulpit, his fame had gone before him to Toronto, and there, in addition to looking after the sick and ministering to the spiritual wants of his many fellow-refugees, he preached, by invitation and arrangement, to his Toronto admirers. His audiences often reached as many as three and four thou-

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sand persons, and were largely made up of students and professors from the different universities in that city.

While in Toronto he prepared for the press his "Discourses of Redemption," which is the largest, most popular and able work of all his published writings, and has now gone through several editions, both in Europe and America. The Canadians offered to build him a large church if he would become a permanent resident in Toronto. This, of course, he declined, as all his thoughts and affections now turned his face toward his beloved church and people in the city of Louisville.

At this time he also had a flattering offer, "rebel" as he was, to go and settle in the city of New York. A large and wealthy congregation would welcome him, and build him a new house of worship. Upon this call he deliberated for a long while, and has been heard to say since that perhaps it was the mistake of his life that he did not accept it.

Returning to Louisville in April, 1866, he began to restore and rebuild that which had suffered so much from the effects of the war. The Second Church needed a vast amount of labor; his weekly paper, which had been resumed, and which he had edited from a far-off land, also needed time, care, and work; and then the whole Southern Church was poor and dispirited, and the church in Kentucky sadly divided. His position, ability, and influence therefore put him at once into places and surrounded him with influences where, as a thinker, leader, and worker, none but a man of iron constitution could have lived under the labors which he was obliged to perform. To many of us who now look back and think of the troubled

and wasted past, and then think of these things, the wonder is that Dr. Robinson lived as long as he did. But he lived on, worked on, still leading and reconstructing, until we find him at Mobile, in May, 1869, the unanimously elected Moderator of the Southern General Assembly, with the Synod of Kentucky represented in that body.

His immense work with the Second Church was but little abated until the congregation had built its present house of worship, at an expense of nearly one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, ten thousand dollars of which the Doctor contributed himself. Nor could it be very much lessened then, with a church-roll of nearly six hundred members constantly before him.

The question naturally presents itself in this connection, how was it possible for the Doctor to keep up with his studies and yet be so constantly full of work and business? Was he a student? Did he read and digest books and keep himself abreast of the sacred and secular literature of the age? He was, and he did. Of course he was not in his study as some great scholars are in their studies. He did not and could not read as many books as some men read. But still he was a student—a close and laborious student—a student, too, who read and studied nearly everything that educated people write, think and talk about. He had a large library, filled with choice books, embracing a wide range of scholarly studies. If he was prodigal and extravagant in anything it was in adding to his library. His library was a pet with him, and there he read, studied, and wrote when other people were asleep. He did most of his heavy mental work at night,

never retiring until twelve or one o'clock, or even later than that. Then, too, he read and thought rapidly, accomplishing much in a very little time. He thought out many a good sermon and many a weighty speech or lecture as he rode in his buggy or made little excursions of business or pleasure. He had wonderful skill in utilizing scraps of time. With him none was lost. Hence he was always up with his studies, ready for the calls of the pulpit, and if you had asked him on Monday morning to go to a particular place on Wednesday night and discuss a theme about which he had thought but little before, he would have given you an address worthy of the theme and himself. He could easily use what he knew, and readily acquire what he desired to know.

Within the past ten years Dr. Robinson visited the old world three times. In 1872 he made a tour through Europe, Egypt, and the Holy Land, and was absent six months. In 1875 he attended the preliminary Pan-Presbyterian Council at London, as a representative of the Southern Presbyterian Church. And then, in 1877, he attended a meeting of the same body, during its sessions at Edinburgh. After his return from his first travels abroad, and at the earnest solicitations of many of his friends, he lectured at various times and places upon what he had seen, heard, and learned in Egypt, Palestine and other countries and places. These lectures, coming as they did from a man of such varied learning; from one of such close and critical observation; from one so full of wit and humor; and from one who talked and described so well, were exceedingly interesting, as well as full of solid instruction. Had the Doctor been so disposed, he

could, by some special preparation, have entered the lecture field and made for himself large sums of money. This, however, he never thought of doing, and all the sums that were ever made by any of these lectures were, by previous arrangement, appropriated to benevolent and charitable uses. In this way he did, sometimes, make money for the poor, but never for himself. During the food famine of 1865 in the South, he bought and gathered by his earnest appeals large quantities of corn and bacon and sent to that needy people. His heart was always full of benevolent feelings, and his hands were constantly bestowing charities. He sympathized with and helped the poor. He sympathized with and quietly—sometimes secretly—helped his young brethren who were struggling through poverty toward the ministry. He assisted feeble congregations to build houses of worship, and to sustain, for a while, a pastor. He executed deeds for the property of two mission churches in the city of Louisville. He gave, in all, fifteen thousand dollars to the Second Church.

With failing health, and with all the solemnities of death gathering about him, he made his will. First he remembered his beloved family, then his beloved church, and then the aged, infirm, and indigent ministers of the Southern Church, who were to live, and perhaps suffer, after he had gone to the rest and glories of another life. For their benefit he left, in trust, the magnificent sum of twenty-five thousand dollars. His charities and benefactions were limited only by his ability to give. The last benefaction I ever saw him bestow was a dollar, put into the hand of a poor, wretched looking man, who excited his sympathy

as we passed him on the street, and whose only appeal to us for alms was his pitiable look.

Dr. Robinson not only gave himself, but, filled with the spirit and benevolence of the gospel, he was constantly teaching and admonishing his own people and others to give—to give liberally and systematically; to give, that they might be a blessing to others; to give, that they might experience the luxury of doing good; to give, that they might prove the sincerity of their religion by their constant acts of Christian benefaction; to give, that they might plead and appropriate to themselves the promise, where Christ says, “Give, and it shall be given unto you, good measure, pressed down and running over.” Never was this promise more strikingly fulfilled than in the case of Dr. Robinson himself.

To the benevolence of his nature I may add a word in reference to his kind, genial, and hearty disposition :

At times, as we have already seen, he may have been irritable, quick in temper, harsh, severe; but these were his rare and exceptional moods. As a rule he was pleasant, smooth, genial, and most companionable. In the social circle no one excelled him in the agreeable and pleasing qualities of his mind and heart. He was a good talker, a warm and genial friend, overflowing with wit, pleasantry, and repartee, and was the centre of attraction wherever he went. He was so with his older brethren : and I am sure that I have never known a great man who was on easier or more genial and sympathetic terms with the younger brethren. He had a special fondness for young preachers, especially for those in whom he saw modesty, piety, work, nerve, and backbone, as he often

expressed it. He never took to people whom he believed to be shams, pretenders, hypocrites. He had little patience with a lazy man, less with a constant growler and complainer, and none at all with those who were mere hunters of place and position. His motto was, "Work, work, and be satisfied and happy with the allotments of God's grace and providence." He rigidly exacted the same of others.

A word now in reference to his heart and emotional nature. Many think that great men, men of massive intellects and masterly wills, men of much work and earnest controversy, seldom have warm and tender hearts, warm and strong emotions. The idea is, that the heart and its sympathies and emotions are overmastered by mere intellect, and chilled, if not utterly crushed out, by the cold and stern conflicts of active life. This is, doubtless, sometimes true, but certainly not in the history of him whose life is now passing before us. To those who knew him well, the heart of Stuart Robinson was the heart of a gentle woman, and his emotions those of a most susceptible and loving nature. The truth is, his heart was so tender and his emotions so easily excited, that he often appeared as a man of iron, that he might hold in check feelings that would otherwise unman and overcome him. Take two or three instances: He lost five of the eight children who were born to him and his wife, when they were very young. He loved these with all the tenderness of a father's heart; and yet his feelings seldom allowed him to speak of or refer to them. His son, and only son, Lawrence, a youth of promise and lovely character, died just as he reached man's estate. The hope, almost the

idol of the father, vanished. His heart was crushed and broken; yet none but his wife and children saw him weep, and none but God and they heard his lamentations.

Wasted in health, and now within a few months of the end, he earnestly besought his church and Presbytery to release him of his pastoral charge, affirming that its further continuance was an injury to the church and was hastening his own death. After the most tender and persistent opposition on the part of the church, the Presbytery, being in session in his own church, did, with a sad reluctance, grant this request, and thus, so far as it could, lightened his crushing burdens. He was present when the vote was taken, and at once rose and expressed his thanks. But all that he could utter was, "Brethren, I thank you," and then sank back into his seat, exclaiming, with sobs and tears, "Brethren, my nature compels me to be a child, or a man of iron!"

Of his affection and abounding and constant tenderness toward his wife and two surviving daughters, Mrs. Bennett H. Young and Miss Lizzie Robinson, space and delicacy forbid that I shall add but a word. His children know with what tender and persistent affection he loved them till his heart ceased to beat. And "she who now feels the supreme sorrow of human life, and sits in the loneliness of bereaved widowhood," needs none to tell her of a tender and precious love that won her in her girlhood — that has been hers through all her married life; a love that always lightened her sorrows, and that strengthened her for the performance of life's heavy and sometimes troublesome duties; a love whose sweetness and memory will go with her to the grave.

Through life Dr. Robinson was a man of vigorous and healthy constitution. He was seldom sick, and always seemed to be a man of robust health. None but a body of most marvelous physical powers could have enabled him to accomplish the labor which passed from his mind and hands. A delicate and less recuperative frame would have gone to the dust long, long before he died. His only serious sickness before his last which I can now recall, was a terrific attack of smallpox, which nearly ended his life a few years ago. For a while it was thought he would die, being bereft of reason for nearly three weeks at a time. And doubtless he would have died had it not been for the devotion of his wife and physician, who watched and cared for him day and night through all his sickness. His church also met daily and offered up special prayers for his recovery. God heard these prayers and so blessed the ministry of his nurses that he recovered. He may never have been as strong afterward; still, for some years he looked well and did vigorous and effective work. At sixty-three or four he was not an old man, and yet to the eye of a close observer the evidences of a near decline were visible. He began to take on the semblance of premature old age. At times the different features of this semblance would startle some of us who only met him occasionally through the year. Finally, his decline was not only a well defined semblance, but in two or three years had become an alarming reality. He saw it; his family saw it; we all saw and mourned over it. At first his trouble was pronounced to be an aggravated form of indigestion; but in the lapse of months proved to be cancer of the stomach. This was his own view of his case for a

year or so prior to his death. His disease was fatal; neither travel or skilful medical treatment, nor the loving care of friends at home, could arrest its progress. He quietly passed away October 5, 1881, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. Two days later his funeral was attended with most impressive and solemn services. Dr. B. M. Palmer delivered a very beautiful and just tribute to the memory of his lifelong friend.

An immense concourse of sorrowing people were present - ministers from distant towns and cities, ministers from all the churches in the city of Louisville. A great man had died, and all wished to pay a tribute of respect and affection to the dead, and to show their tender sympathies for the living. At the conclusion of those imposing services, the body of Rev. STUART ROBINSON, D. D., was laid down to its sleep in the dust in that beautiful city of the dead—Cave Hill Cemetery.



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