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ANNALS
OF THE
AMERICAN PULPIT;
OR
COMMEMORATIVE NOTICES
OF
DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN CLERGYMEN
OF
VARIOUS DENOMINATIONS

FROM THE EARLY SETTLEMENT OF THE COUNTRY TO THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR
EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FIVE.

WITH HISTORICAL INTRODUCTIONS.

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BY WILLIAM B. SPRAGUE, D. D.

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VOLUME IX.
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NEW YORK:
ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS,
530 BROADWAY.
1869.

JOHN HENRY LIVINGSTON, D.D.*

1770—1825.

JOHN HENRY LIVINGSTON was a descendant, in the fourth generation, of the celebrated John Livingston, whose name is identified with the wonderful revival that occurred in Kirk of Shotts, Scotland, in the year 1630. He (the ancestor) was constrained, by the intolerant spirit of the time, to leave his native country, and, accordingly, in the year 1663, he took up his abode in Rotterdam, Holland, where he spent the remainder of his life, and died August 9th, 1672, at the age of sixty-nine.

Robert Livingston, the son of John, and the great-grandfather of the subject of this notice, came to this country shortly after his father's death, and was, for many years, a leading man in the Colony of New York. John Henry Livingston was a son of Henry and S. (Conklin) Livingston, and was born at Poughkeepsie, Dutchess County, N. Y., on the 30th of May, 1746.

At the age of seven, there being no school in his native place, he was sent to Fishkill, and placed under the care of the Rev. Chauncey Graham. Here he remained two or three years, when his father obtained a private tutor for him, (Mr. Moss Kent,† father of the late Chancellor Kent,) under whose instruction he continued two years, making rapid improvement. In 1757 he was transferred to a Grammar School at New Milford, Conn., of which the Rev. Nathaniel Taylor was then Principal, where, after about a year, he completed his studies preparatory to entering College. In September, 1758, when he was a little past twelve, he was admitted a member of the Freshman class in Yale College. Though he pursued some of the studies, especially the higher branches of Mathematics, at a disadvantage, on account of his extreme youth, yet he maintained a respectable standing in his class, and was graduated with honour in July, 1762.

Soon after leaving College he entered on the study of the Law, under Bartholomew Crannel, Esq., of Poughkeepsie, who had a high reputation both as a Counsellor and an Advocate. Here he continued, pursuing his studies with great avidity, till the close of 1764, when his health became so much impaired, in consequence of a close application, that he was obliged to discontinue his studies altogether. Though he had been blessed with a religious education, and had occasionally had a deep sense of eternal things, he seems, up to this time, never to have had enduring impressions of Divine truth; but now, under an apprehension that he had not long to live, he became deeply concerned for his salvation, and, after a somewhat protracted season of anxiety and conflict, he found peace and joy in believing.

After a few months' cessation from study his health began to improve; but, instead of returning to the study of the Law, he resolved to prepare for the Christian Ministry; his father readily acceding to his wishes in regard to a change of profession. About this time (1765) he formed an acquaintance with the Rev. Dr. Laidlie, of New York, who not only encouraged him to go forward in his theological course, but advised him to cross the ocean, and prosecute his studies

* Memoir by Dr. Gunn.

† Graduated at Yale College in 1752, and died in 1794.

in one of the Universities of Holland. He was the more disposed to listen to this suggestion from the fact that the Reformed Dutch Church in this country was labouring under certain grievances, which, he thought, his residence in Holland might help to remove. Accordingly, on the 12th of May, 1766, he took leave of his friends, and embarked for Amsterdam, being then within a few weeks of twenty years of age. He arrived at Amsterdam on the 20th of June, and was received by various distinguished individuals, to whom he had letters, with marked favour; and he very soon determined to pursue his theological studies at the University of Utrecht; Professor G. Bonnet, one of the most eminent divines and scholars then on the Continent of Europe, being one principal attraction.

Here he continued his preparatory studies four years. On the 5th of June, 1769, he appeared before the Classis of Amsterdam to be examined for licensure, and, his examination being sustained, he became a regular candidate for the Ministry, or what is called in Holland, a "Proponent." About the same time he was invited to become the Pastor of the Reformed Dutch Church in the city of New York. Having received from the Faculty of the University of Utrecht the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and having been ordained by the Classis of Amsterdam, he came back to his native country, by way of England, and arrived at New York on the 3d of September, 1770.

Immediately on his arrival he commenced his labours in the church to which he had been called, and was met with every expression of confidence and good will. One of the first things to which he directed his attention was a reconciliation of the famous *Cœtus* and *Conferentie* parties, into which the Church had unhappily divided; and, in about two years from the time of his settlement, he had the pleasure of seeing this object accomplished, and in a great measure through his own instrumentality.

In October, 1775, Dr. Livingston was married to Sarah, daughter of Philip Livingston, an eminent Patriot, and one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence. This event occurred at Kingston, to which place Philip Livingston had just before removed his family from the city of New York, on account of an apprehended invasion by the British army. Dr. Livingston remained for some time in the family of his father-in-law, visiting the city as often as was practicable, and preaching to the remnant of his flock, until September, 1776, when New York was taken possession of by the British forces.

Shortly after this the Consistory of the Dutch Church in Albany invited him to come and labour among them as long as might consist with his convenience. He accepted the invitation and removed thither with his family, where he supplied the pulpit, in conjunction with the Rev. Dr. Westerlo, nearly three years. The climate of Albany proving too severe for the constitution of Mrs. Livingston, he removed, in the summer of 1779, to Livingston's Manor, in the hope that the change might be beneficial to her health. He preached now regularly in the village of Lithgow, where he resided, and extended his labours, as there was occasion or opportunity, into some of the neighbouring congregations, preaching indiscriminately in the Dutch or English language, as necessity required. In April, 1780, the church which he had served in Albany invited him to return and settle among them as Associate Pastor; but, after mature deliberation, he declined the call. After remaining at the Manor about eighteen months, he removed, in 1781, to his father's residence in Poughkeepsie, and became the

stated supply of the congregation in that place, then destitute of a Pastor. Here he continued, diligently engaged in his work, till the evacuation of the city of New York, by the British troops, in 1783; when he returned to his own pastoral charge. Of the four Ministers connected with the Church at the beginning of the War, he was the only one whom Providence permitted to resume his labours at its close.

After the union of the two parties in the Dutch Church, already referred to, the project was early conceived of procuring the appointment of a Professor of Theology; and, when the requisite funds had been collected for the purpose, application was made to the Classis of Amsterdam. and, by them, to the Theological Faculty of Utrecht, to recommend a person suitable to occupy such a place. They immediately recommended Dr. Livingston, as possessing higher qualifications for the office than any one whom they could send from Holland. But, when this recommendation came, early in 1775, the storm of the Revolution had begun, and the contemplated measure was necessarily deferred till the return of Peace. A Convention of Ministers and Elders, held in October, 1784, proceeded to the appointment of a Professor, when Dr. Livingston was unanimously chosen. He accepted the appointment, and was inducted into his office on the 19th of May, 1785, when he delivered an elaborate and elegant Oration in Latin, on "The Truth of the Christian Religion."

For nearly three years he was the sole Pastor of a congregation, which was served by four ministers previous to the Revolution; and this, together with the discharge of his somewhat severe duties as Professor, was too heavy a tax upon his constitution. With a view to recruit his health, he removed, in the spring, or early in the summer, of 1786, to Flatbush, Long Island; and, shortly after, was relieved from a part of his pastoral labours by the settlement of a colleague. He spent only the summer months in the country; returning to his residence in the city for the winter, and performing his full share of ministerial service in his congregation.

In 1787 Dr. Livingston was Chairman of a Committee to make a selection of Psalms for the use of the Church in public worship. He was also a prominent member of a Committee to form the Constitution of the Church. Both these important trusts he executed with great fidelity and ability.

The Synod, in 1794, took measures to enable Dr. Livingston to devote a larger part of his time to his duties as Professor. With a view to carry out the wishes of the Synod, the congregation, in the autumn of 1795, called the Rev. John N. Abeel, of Philadelphia, to be Colleague Pastor; and Dr. Livingston, being thus further relieved, removed to Bedford, a small village about two miles from Brooklyn, where he opened his Divinity Hall under very promising auspices. He cheerfully consented to this change, though it was at a very considerable pecuniary sacrifice. The Synod seem to have regarded this as only a temporary arrangement; for, in a short time, they came to the conclusion that it was "inexpedient, under present circumstances, to take any further measures for the support of the Professorate." The consequence of this was that Dr. Livingston gave up his school, and returned to the city. The Synod, however, seem subsequently to have been little satisfied with their own movements; for, in 1804, they appointed Dr. Livingston *permanent* Professor, to reside, for the time being, in the city of New York, but subject to a removal to a more eligible place, at their pleasure.

In 1805 Dr. Linn, who for some years had been associated with Dr. Livingston in the Pastorate, was obliged to resign his charge on account of bodily infirmity. This considerably increased the amount of Dr. Livingston's pastoral labour; and, besides meeting the claims of his own congregation, he was called upon for various public services abroad. In the summer of 1809 it was manifest that his constitution was beginning to yield under an excess of labour; in consequence of which the Consistory of his Church voted to excuse him from preaching more than once on the Sabbath. On the revival of Queen's College, at New Brunswick, there was a conference held between the Trustees of that institution and the Synod, the result of which was an agreement that the Professorate should be united with the College. As soon as the necessary amount of funds was secured, Dr. Livingston was transferred to New Brunswick, to fill the double office of Theological Professor and President of the College. This occurred in October, 1810.

Here this venerable man continued during the remainder of his life. The institution regularly advanced under his administration. Upwards of one hundred and twenty young men enjoyed the benefit of his instructions in their preparation for the ministry. He continued in his usual health and spirits, and in the vigorous discharge of his official duties, until his life was at length abruptly terminated. On the 19th of January, 1825, he delivered a long lecture to the students on the subject of Divine Providence, and, during the following evening, conversed with great animation with his colleague on religious subjects. He retired at the usual hour without complaining of indisposition; but, in the morning, it was found that he had fallen into the sleep of death. His Funeral was attended the next Sabbath, the services being conducted by the Rev. Dr. Milledoler. Several Commemorative Discourses were subsequently preached; and those of the Rev. Dr. Dewitt of New Brunswick, of the Rev. N. J. Marselus of Greenwich, and of the Rev. C. C. Cuyler of Poughkeepsie, were published.

Mrs. Livingston died in December, 1814. They had but one child,—a son, Col. Henry A. Livingston, of Poughkeepsie, who survived his father many years, and was at one time member of the Senate of the State of New York.

The following is a list of Dr. Livingston's publications:—

An Inaugural Oration in Latin, - - - - -	1785
Two Sermons in the American Preacher—one on Growth in Grace, [vol. i.,] the other on Sanctuary Blessings, [vol. ii.,] - - -	1791
A Sermon before the New York Missionary Society, - - -	1799
A Sermon before the New York Missionary Society, - - -	1804
An Address at the Commencement in Queen's College, - - -	1810
Funeral Service, or Meditations adapted to Funeral Addresses, -	1812
A Dissertation on the Marriage of a Man with his Sister-in-law, - -	1816
An Address to the Reformed German Churches in the United States.	1819

A year or two before Dr. Livingston's death, I had the pleasure of passing an evening with him at his house in New Brunswick, being introduced to him by a note, I think, from Dr. McDowell, of Elizabethtown. I found him exceedingly cordial and urbane, while yet nothing could exceed the dignity and impressiveness of his manner. He talked abundantly, and yet not enough to satisfy me, for every thing he said was most edifying and interesting, worthy of being pondered and treasured. He had not forgotten that he was a graduate of

Yale College, and I was not sure that the identity of the place of our education did not render my call the more welcome to him. He seemed to me to live much in the past, but still more in the glorious eternal future. A nobler specimen of a Patriarch than he was it has never been my privilege to meet.

FROM THE REV. THOMAS DEWITT, D.D.

NEW YORK, May 25, 1849.

Reverend and dear Brother : In the autumn of 1810, the Theological Seminary, founded by the General Synod of the Reformed Dutch Church, was opened, and Dr. Livingston, having relinquished his charge as one of the Collegiate Pastors in the city of New York, removed to New Brunswick to take charge of it. I was one of the few who first entered the Seminary, and one of the two who first graduated from it. Admitted to frequent and confidential intercourse with him, and at times passing several successive days in his family under peculiar circumstances, I had an opportunity of witnessing the development of his spirit and character, not merely in his public positions and relations, but also in the intimacy of private intercourse and in the domestic circle. The strong impressions I received, on my first interview, deepened, in the progress of my studies under him and my acquaintance with him. And, as years have rolled away, my recollections of him have not grown less vivid, nor have my impressions lost any thing of their strength or pleasantness.

The person of Dr. Livingston was commanding and attractive. He was tall of stature, of a well built frame, with a countenance distinguished for its regular features and agreeable expression. His manners were in the highest degree dignified, courteous and kind. His early associations and training here, followed by his four years course of theological study in Holland, rendered him, in the best sense of the word, a polished gentleman. His presence at any time or place would attract attention to his person ; and the remark has frequently been made by strangers, who have seen him either in the pulpit or in private, that one could not easily suppress a feeling of reverence in looking at him. I well remember, when I visited New Haven at the Commencement in 1817, I met Dr. Livingston, paying, as he told me, his last Commencement visit to his Alma Mater ; and when he passed through the aisle of the church and ascended the stage, there was a general bending forward to gain a view of him, and the inquiry passed from one to another,—“Who is it ?” There was, in the ministers, as well as in the educated and distinguished members of other professions, during the last century, a certain something, which has been understood to constitute the “old school gentleman ;” and of this Dr. Livingston was one of the best specimens. With an unvarying dignity which always inspired respect, he united a frankness and affability that quickly won confidence, and a richness and readiness of conversation that rendered him alike welcome and edifying to all ranks and classes.

When I first called upon the Doctor, with a view to connect myself with the Seminary, he received me with his characteristic kindness of manner, and entered into a familiar conversation, during which the awe I had in anticipation gave way to a strong and pleasant interest. After a pause he turned to me, with a mingled air of solemnity and tenderness, and said,—“Well, my son, it is a great, blessed and responsible work that you have in view,—to feed the lambs and sheep of Christ. Do you love the Lord Jesus Christ ?” I replied,—“I hope so.” He responded, “Hope and love are intimately allied, but they are not the same thing. You *must love* the Lord Jesus Christ. You should hear his voice saying to you daily,—‘Lovest thou me ?’ and be it your aim and privilege continually to respond,—‘Thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee.’” It was the manner, not to be described, in

which this was said, which bore the remarks impressively home to my heart; and very frequently since has the scene recurred to me, and, in connection with it, I have seemed to hear the voice of Jesus. After a few more remarks, he commended me, in a brief and never to be forgotten prayer, to the Head of the Church. I allude to the incident as a specimen of the characteristic manner of Dr. Livingston, which those educated under him will readily recall.

Prominent in his personal character was his deeply lodged, carefully cultivated, all pervading piety. I venture nothing in saying that no one was ever brought into acquaintance and intercourse with him who was not strongly impressed with this conviction. I never knew him, in any circle in which he might be found, to hold a conversation of any length, which he did not turn into some channel for religious improvement. This was done in a manner so discreet, appropriate and gentle, as not only to avoid awakening prejudice, but to conciliate respect and good will. It was not uncommon for him, in mixed companies, when the secular concerns of the day were the theme of conversation, to interweave religious sentiments and reflections, so naturally deduced, so wisely stated, and so courteously and kindly applied, that even those who were generally most indifferent to religion could not but reverence it as it thus appeared in its venerable representative and minister. In his intercourse with Christians his conversation was like ointment poured forth; and his pupils will testify, one and all, that they never enjoyed an interview of any length with him, in which the Lord Jesus Christ was not brought prominently before them, and valuable hints were not given, bearing upon the culture of the spiritual life. His daily habits were eminently devotional. My occasional sojourn in his family furnished me with the evidence of his uncommonly close walk with God. From the closet, as from the Mount of spiritual communion, he came forth as Moses with his face shining, though he knew it not. Thus it was that the spirit of piety seemed like his native element. His heart, fed as a spring from the fountain of living waters, diffused its streams widely and permanently around. The relation between him and his excellent wife was one of most tender endearment, hallowed by kindred faith and piety. An incident here occurs to me, which impressed me deeply at the time, and has often since been recalled to my mind. A few years after my settlement in the ministry I visited New Brunswick, and called upon Dr. L., shortly after the death of his wife. Reference being made by me to her death, he remarked, in an indescribably impressive manner,—“She is not dead; Christ’s people do not die; they sleep in Jesus. She is with Him; and blessed be his name, He is with me.” In the last interview I had with him, but a short time before his death, the topic of conversation was the life of faith in the Son of God. I observed that, in his lengthened spiritual pilgrimage, he doubtless had had his share of the trials of faith. He replied,—“My son, surely the Lord has not left me without a knowledge of the trials of faith; but, though my little bark has oftentimes been greatly agitated, and ready to sink in the deep, yet I bless Him that I have been able to cast my anchor upon the rock, and within the veil. I have never been allowed to doubt of the reality of that transaction in which I first gave myself to Christ under the bonds of an everlasting covenant. But the storms have made the roots strike deeper and stronger; and, on the voyage of life, the waters have become placid and smooth, and the haven is clear in view and near at hand.”

As a Preacher Dr. Livingston was eminent. His fine personal appearance and commanding air, already referred to, gave him great advantage in the pulpit. There was a peculiarity in his elocution and gesticulation, that rendered him an unsafe model to others, while yet it was so appropriate to himself that it gave a greatly increased impressiveness to his discourses. He was accustomed to preach from a copious analysis, carefully and methodically drawn

up, allowing, in the filling up, during the delivery, scope for expansion under the kindling of the spirit. He was not greatly distinguished for what may be called mental acumen, or profound argumentation, but in the just elucidation of Scripture, in the clear and forcible statement of evangelical doctrines, especially in delineating the varied experience of the renewed soul, and the means of spiritual growth and comfort, I have not known him excelled. He was often very powerful in his appeals to the careless and ungodly, but the theme on which he loved most to dwell was faith, in its life, walk and triumphs. He was eminently adapted to "speak a word in season to them who are weary." I have frequently heard not only ministers and private Christians of our own Church, but those of other denominations, refer to the almost unrivalled excellence of his preaching in this respect. Many of the discourses which I heard from him readily recur to my mind. But there was one which stands out in my recollection as pre-eminent above the rest. The old church edifice at New Brunswick was to be taken down, for the purpose of building a new one. On the Sabbath preceding this, Dr. Livingston preached the last sermon in the old house. A few days previous, Dr. Condit, the Pastor, had died, after a short but severe illness. He took for his text,—*"Genesis xxxi. 13—"I am the God of Bethel;"* and delivered a discourse exceedingly rich, appropriate and impressive. His allusions to Dr. C.'s death and to the pulling down of the old house were not only touching and tender, but quite overpowering. I have often wished the sermon might have been preserved in a permanent form.

In the Professor's chair he is remembered by his pupils with an almost unbounded respect and affection. During his four years' diligent study at Utrecht, he became intimately acquainted with the writings of the divines of the Reformation, and of the seventeenth century, and attended the lectures of the celebrated Bonnet, Professor of Systematic Theology, of whom he was a favourite pupil. When he graduated at Utrecht, he obtained the degree of Doctor of Divinity, on a public disputation in Latin, on a thesis which he had written. On his return to this country he was recommended by the Ecclesiastical authorities in Holland for a Professorship here. This shows in what estimation his acquirements and qualifications for the office were held, even in that early period. His manner in the lecture room was marked by unrestrained ease, like a father sitting among his children, exhibiting, with beautiful vivacity, and in distinct and lucid order, the various topics that came up for discussion; and showing the bearings of each upon both practice and experience. His object was to render his pupils well grounded in Systematic Divinity, in all the variety and harmony of its truths, and to make them faithful ministers of its truths, not in the letter only, but in the spirit. Those trained under his instruction have, almost without exception, proved steadfast in their attachment to the doctrines of the Reformation, and furnished a practical testimony to the character and value of his professorial services.

In what I have now written you have a few of my personal recollections, without any reference to the leading incidents of his life, as exhibited in his biography. Allow me, in closing my communication, just to advert to an impression made upon my mind when, in 1846, I stood at Rotterdam, by the site of the edifice (now occupied by another) wherein John Livingston and Samuel Rutherford preached, in the sixteenth century, during their exile from their own land to escape persecution. The thought impressed me with the wonder-working Providence of God, which honoured the instrumentality of a descendant of this John Livingston, as an eminent blessing to the branch of the Reformed Church of Holland, planted in America. When at Rotterdam I became acquainted with a venerable clergyman, who died only the last year, for a long time Secretary of the Netherlands Missionary Society, who

stated to me that his father was a fellow student with Dr. Livingston at Utrecht, and that he had often heard him affectionately refer to his friend as having been highly esteemed, both for his intellectual and religious attainments. In the church where I now labour, which was the field of Dr. Livingston's earliest ministrations, I have met with many—the precious fruit of his labours—exhibiting a type of intelligent and earnest piety, most of whom have now sealed the testimony of their life by a peaceful and blessed death.

Yours, in Christian bonds,

THOMAS DEWITT.

FROM THE REV. JAMES ROMEYN, D.D.

BERGEN POINT, N. J., May 23, 1849.

Dear Brother : My first introduction to Dr. Livingston was in the autumn of 1816, when I was about to commence the study of Theology. “I need not ask, I presume,” said he, “respecting your certificate of church-membership and diploma. My child, you are about to undertake a great work. You know not what is before you. You will find many short turns and dark and rugged paths, which now you little conceive of; but it is not my business to discourage you—to love your work you must think well of your Master; and I would now only give you one general direction—*Keep your heart filled with the love of Christ, as the Lord your Righteousness, and the Lord your Strength, and all will be well.* I am glad to see you here. The Lord bless you and make you faithful.”

It was his custom to make occasional excursions to neighbouring villages. On one of them I attended him to Princeton. On resuming our place in the carriage to return, he recalled the waiter, who had already closed the door and reached the porch, and requested him to bring a coal of fire that he might enjoy his pipe. Hesitation and other indications of impatience appearing, the Doctor, at once, on his returning, in compliance with his request, said to him,—“I am sorry to trouble you, but I hope you will forgive an old man for doing so—I have been a servant to the public all my life, though in a different capacity from yourself, and I will be happy if you will become my fellow-servant, and if my Master may become your Master. I trust you love the Lord Jesus Christ. If you do not, there is a time coming when you will find your need of Him. Seek Him while He may be found. Your situation in life is not very favourable to your spiritual interests,—yet the Lord has grace sufficient for every station, and He will be found of them that ask after Him.” Surprise and confusion were depicted in the countenance of the waiter, as the Doctor proceeded; tears started and stole down his cheeks, and at length, in a respectful tone, and with a subdued manner, he responded to our “Good Afternoon.”

He was applied to, on one occasion, to join, in company with the students of the Seminary, in a celebration of, I think, St. John's day, by the Freemason Lodge. When I met him, shortly after, he said to me,—“I have been applied to, to bear a part in the proceedings of the day, but I will have nothing to do with it, and my children (meaning the students) shall not with my consent. I said, when applied to, No, gentlemen, I have no faith in you. Faith rests on knowledge—I don't know you. You will not let me know you. You meet in secret, and you veil your principles, whatever they be, under symbols and forms. Truth and benevolence have no need of this disguise. I *might* judge you.—Our blessed Lord says,—‘He that doeth truth cometh to the light,’ &c.; but I judge you not. Your association may be one of the best in the world, and it may be one of the worst. I have no ground afforded me to rest a positive judgment upon. ‘Whatever is not of faith is sin.’ I can't, in con-

science, attend, and my children shan't." The above is one of the many specimens Doctor Livingston furnished of his apt and pungent illustrations of the application of great Gospel principles, for the regulation of "his way" in the daily affairs of life. "To the law and to the testimony," and "Thy commandment is exceeding broad,"—were standard references. Once, speaking of "the love of pre-eminence," he cautioned a small circle gathered around his fireside, against the opposite danger, namely, unworthy, inadequate views of ministerial responsibility; want of a due appreciation of the value and legitimate sphere of ministerial influence; want of due aspiration—"I began," said he, "my public life, at the commencement of the age of revolutions. I felt impressions of responsibility, and I saw opportunities for usefulness opening to my view, and my prayerful desire was to be found faithful, and to give myself up a living sacrifice to the service of my blessed Lord." After some details of deep interest respecting the settlement of the difficulties between the *Cetus* and *Conferentie* parties, he said summarily,—"I was not willing to make the voyage of life, remaining all the time in the hold—I resolved to be on deck," and then added, with a jocose smile, "I have got there."

His criticisms on the sermons of the students were distinguished for good judgment and faithfulness. Nothing offended his taste more than a want of symmetrical arrangement in a discourse, while his piety uttered indignant rebuke at any want of clearness or fulness of evangelical statement.

His uniform urbanity of manner has seldom been equalled; but he often made himself felt in the consciences of others with terrible effect. He never, on these occasions, roused *resentment*, for there was no mixture of personal feeling with his remarks. His evident aim, the advancement and honour of evangelical truth, redeemed his motives from censure, and he always shielded *himself* behind some great undeniable and important principle, whose palpable violation warranted warning or rebuke. On one occasion a student preached from Jeremiah vi, 14,—“They have healed also the hurt of the daughter of my people slightly,” &c. The Doctor opened his criticism by remarking on the enormity, danger, &c., of the charge contained in the text, and added,—“I am afraid, my son, you may have partly fallen under the very censure—what you have said is true, but you have not told us the whole truth.” He then dissected the subject, and the sermon seemed like an insect in the palm of a lecturer’s left hand, which he turns over with the fore finger of his right, “as a very little thing,” while exposing it to view; and, on finishing his exhibit, left the theme, *ministerial unfaithfulness*, before us, dilated in its form and impressive for its awfulness. Encouraging the spirit of Missions and Church Extension, he advised a student, in whose abilities he had confidence, to go at once to Detroit. The young man conveyed an expression of his self-distrust, by naming, among other “lions in the way,” the fastidiousness of public taste,—that people have itching ears, &c. “Scratch them, my son,” said the Doctor,—“scratch them by all means. You surely would not leave them to perish because their ears itch. Some one must do it, and why not you?” With his usual aptness he then threw out suggestions, defining the limits between “becoming all things to all men,” with a view to save, and sinful compliance, involving dereliction of principle, as was Aaron’s in making the Golden Calf, because the people were importunately set on mischief. Nothing disturbed his feelings more than the irreverence for the Word of God, which is so often betrayed by imperfect or perverting quotations of it. In the lecture-room he always insisted rigidly on definitions, and literal and exact rehearsal of the text of Scripture. On one occasion he uttered this withering rebuke to an offender:—“You quote Scripture just as the Devil did to Christ, when he tempted

Him—you leave out the very point of the passage. You doubtless mean right, which *he* did not, but you should not be found in such company. The Lord never said what you told us that He had said;—be cautious.” Another repeated several times in a discourse,—“*I think.*” The fireside criticism of the Doctor was to this effect:—“*You think.* You! who are you? Your being one of the lights of the world alone can justify this use of *Egomé*. *You think!* You have no right to *think*, and give forth your thoughts, when you come to men with a message from the Lord of Hosts—‘Thus saith the Lord.’ What depends on your individual opinion is not worth repeating, nor are men bound to receive it. If a subject be doubtful, or is questioned, and you have reasons to advance that go to establish a certain conclusion, of sufficient importance, name *them*—but always hide your little *self* behind your *subject*, when you reason out of the Scriptures.” He then bade us remember the nursery song of little Jackey Horner, and said that a preacher, with his *I think*, was not a whit more sublime than, and was not unlike, in his estimate of true grandeur, to, that trundle-bed hero, when he “put in his thumb, and pulled out a plum, and said what a man am I.” All laughed heartily, but to the taste of one at least the dose was rather overcharged with acid. My own wounds ache a little yet at one reminiscence in this connection. My first essay at sermonizing was a short time after entering the Seminary. My text, the Ministerial Commission, Mark xvi, 15. “Go ye,” &c. Recently from College, and accustomed to the use of the pen, the agony of effort in preparing it was not prolonged over a couple of days; and I felt cheered by the prospect of facility in pulpit preparation. After its delivery, I awaited, with some degree of composure, the usual ordeal. The Doctor complimented me on the rhetorical and literary merits of my production, and, as he advanced, I began to feel very happy; whereas he was lifting me up only to cast me down. “It is a beautiful eulogium on the Gospel,” said he, “but there is not a word of Jesus Christ, such as will save the soul, in it. It is all *about* Christ, but not Christ in his person, or offices; so that a perishing sinner can find the way to Him, or a disconsolate saint get hold of Him, from any thing you have said.” I felt as though I had run at full speed against the side of a house. Perceiving my confusion and distress, he changed his tone and said that he knew I could do better, and that hereafter he wished me to be sure, whatever might be the character of the casket, not to forget that the jewel was the principal thing, and that the casket was worthless without it. My next sermon on “Be thou faithful unto death,” &c., was undertaken with fear and trembling, and cost me a fortnight’s labour. I chewed up, in my distress, half a dozen quills, wandered from room to room, and strove to get some clear practical apprehension of the meaning and bearings of the criticism, and, on its delivery, had the satisfaction of receiving due encouragement. A mere tyro, I could not clearly apprehend, at that time, his distinction. I can now see that there was kindness in the severity. A church in the Classis of New York had called a minister, and offered the petty sum of two hundred dollars annually. The Doctor rose and remonstrated at what he considered an indignity. The person called did not welcome the sympathy, and replied, with sufficient rudeness, “Dr. Livingston, naked came I into the world and naked I expect to go out of it, and if I choose to accept a call for two hundred dollars, I do not think it is any body’s business.” “Oh,” was the reply, “I beg pardon—I see I was mistaken—I will not stand in the way of the gentleman’s action, under the consciousness of the correctness of the estimate made of his services—I withdraw my opposition.”

His preparation for pulpit service generally consisted of a careful analysis, more or less full, according to circumstances. This he studied, dwelling consecutively on the different points, till the whole subject stood out to his view

in all the attraction of a proportioned, important, living thing. By keeping his mind concentrated upon the main thoughts, the appropriate phraseology readily occurred during delivery. As he usually omitted to take his analysis into the pulpit, he would occasionally forget some argument, or illustration, or sentiment, on which he laid no inconsiderable stress. He preached after the death of his wife, and the Sabbath after his second granddaughter had been pronounced incurable of a lingering disease, a sermon on Hebrews xii, 1, 2. Taking it all in all, it is venturing but little to say that the impressiveness of that service has not often been surpassed. Some time after reaching home, instead of reclining, as usual, in his arm-chair, he paced the room, and it was evident there was a live coal on his heart on some subject. At length he exclaimed, soliloquizing,—“Too late to be helped now,—I ought to be whipped, I ought to be whipped.” On my looking up in surprise, and respectfully replying that such I felt sure would not be the verdict of his audience, he said that he had forgotten, absolutely forgotten, several things growing out of the subject, of special pertinence in view of circumstances, and of special endearment to his own heart. There was surely no need of self-reproach, after holding his audience enchained nearly an hour and a half. The lights and shadows of the picture were so disposed that the vision has not yet, after the lapse of thirty years, entirely lost its exciting power. The bearing he gave to one topic of the text,—the cloud of witnesses, the ideal presence of it which he so vividly summoned, deserve to be ranked among the noblest specimens of pulpit power.

Professional men, whose nerves ache, whose time is precious, and whose engagements are stated, have few greater annoyances to encounter than long, unseasonable calls, or visits, amounting, as they often do, to well-nigh a *visitation*. With the advance of age, the interruptions, thus occasioned, became well-nigh intolerable; and, by a process,—a slight of manner, that cannot be defined, yet without the least breach of good manners, he could generally contrive, as it was familiarly termed, “to bow company out.” A person, not apprised of it, would be wholly unconscious of having been set adrift. Those who were, were often highly amused with the gentle violence employed, if once a visitor had got so far as to *offer to go*; and when they were, as most of his acquaintances, both plebeian and patrician, were, the subjects of it, they submitted in good nature, and felt much more amusement than smart.

Opportunities for more than usual closeness and frequency of observation warrant me in speaking of him as well-nigh engrossed in the things of God’s Kingdom and Spirit. He spoke with explicitness, yet sparingly, on the topics of the day. His habits were eminently devotional. His lectures were often interspersed with pious, practical remark, indicating the bearings of truth on Christian consolation, duty and hope.

He never suffered to pass by unimproved an opportunity for inculcating upon the students warm, experimental piety, as the most effectual guard against error, the most vigorous spring of activity in Christian duties, as well as the richest, surest source of practical wisdom and sound judgment in conducting the affairs of the Church. Every thing that met his view seemed to be suggestive of the “great things of God’s law” and Kingdom. Tidings of calamity led him to remark on the evil of sin. Civil commotion, the “shaking of the nations,” was associated in his mind with the footsteps of Him whom Isaiah saw in vision, “coming with dyed garments from Bozrah, travelling in the greatness of his strength.” The close of the day was almost always attended by a solemn reference to the close of life. Often, in the family circle, when conversation flagged, abstraction became manifest, and the first words he uttered, when again breaking silence, showed that his thoughts had been on Christ and Heaven.

Although I may betray my own simplicity by the occasion of what I am now going to relate, let Christ be magnified.

After a sermon, on a Communion Sabbath, on the "*witness within*," I was favoured, as some one of the students generally was, to attend him home after the service. On my remarking, in reply to something incidental that fell from him in relation to the subject, that I supposed, from his great familiarity with the Scriptures, from his long-continued and deep experiences, from the promised manifestations of God to the soul, and the natural increase of light as we draw nearer to its source, that he could almost say that he "walked" no longer "by faith," but well-nigh, in a sense, "by sight," and that the use of the Bible was, in a measure, superseded,—he promptly interrupted me by the rebuke,—"*Tut, tut, tut*, my child! how you talk! You surely don't know what you are saying. Your '*in a sense*,' '*in a measure*,' are worth nothing as qualifications and limitations of a most dangerous sentiment." After a few kind words to relieve my confusion, he added,—"*You are at a point where you may easily go astray, as many have done before you, and it is important that you should understand. It is not difficult to construct dogmas out of the Bible. Words are mere signs,—sounds that suggest the mere notion of things; but the apprehension of the things themselves, in their nature and influence, belongs to the new nature. 'Who knoweth the things of a man, but the spirit of man that is in him?'—but this apprehension can arise only in the order and by the methods of the Lord's appointment. The Bible, of whose use being superseded you just now spoke, is the sum of all spiritual knowledge. The fulness and glory of what its words mean can never be exhausted. The 'riches of Christ are unsearchable'. He is God's 'unspeakable gift.' In Heaven, and throughout eternal ages, what the redeemed see and enjoy will be only the development of the hints, and fulfilment of the promises set forth in the Bible. We shall there have facilities and means for knowing, which here we do not enjoy; but the lesson and the bliss are the same in kind. Christ crucified is the library the redeemed will study throughout eternity. Let me make this plain to you. The things of God's Spirit and of Heaven are all realities—verities, just as the stars are—they exist, though they are not seen with the naked eye. The Bible stands in the same relation to the spiritual and unseen, to the child of God, that the reflecting telescope does to the stars for the purposes of the astronomer. A blind man cannot see by means of it, if he tries; but a man who has sight cannot see what in itself is visible, without it. He must carefully look into it to discern and get a sense of what is passing so far above him. If there were no stars there would be no image or notice to his sense of any thing; but though there be, he gets at the knowledge of them and traces them only while he looks into the telescope; and every time he looks, and while he looks, the impression is renewed and his views enlarge, and the power of the discoveries made is confirmed and strengthened. 'We all, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory.' You have now got my answer to your question. Never let me hear you again say a word that sounds like taking down the Bible from its place in the firmament of the Church—it is the reflection of the light and the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. I know nothing of Christ but by and through the Bible, and though, blessed be his name, the secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him, the Bible is as really the means of my knowledge and experience as it is the test of its value and quality. Never separate the Word and the Spirit of the Lord. If the Word is dethroned from its supremacy, you open the door to the wildest enthusiasm, and have nothing left whereby 'to try the spirits, whether they be of God.' If you exclude the Spirit, you make formalists, and the Church becomes an Ezekiel's valley. There are many things*

in religion that are understood only by the heart. The most dangerous men to the Church are those who, having no special propensities to outward immoralities, enter the ministry as a profession, without piety,—cold, dogmatic speculators. Their power to do harm is in proportion to their genius, their love of the curious, and ability to construct theories, and the lures to ambition or avarice that may be presented to lead off in some new movement; and away they go, confounding gain and godliness. Every man has at least ten friends, and those ten have each ten more. If a broom-stick could talk, it would have followers, though it had no more sense than broom-sticks generally have. The facilities for propagating error are indefinitely great. ‘One sinner destroys much good.’ The knowledge, experience and love of the Truth are the only means of safety. ‘The wise shall understand.’ Study carefully the Nineteenth Psalm. Remember ‘No man, speaking by the Spirit of God, calleth Jesus accursed.’ The teaching of the Holy Spirit secures the knowledge and love of the truth respecting the Lord Jesus. No man on this side Heaven gets beyond the necessity and experience of David,—‘Thy Word hath quickened me.’” With his usual admiration of Watts, he then repeated,

“And when my spirit takes her fill
At some good word of thine,
Not mighty men that share the spoil
Have joys compared with mine.”

As he encouraged communication on spiritual themes, a student once complained that he felt it difficult to get away from the influence of present things, and to feel the power of the world to come, and that he did not know how it would be possible to discourse to men pertinently, and with effect, in this state of mind; and added that he supposed, however, the difficulty would become less with the advance of life, and that the attraction, in spiritual, as in natural, things, becomes stronger, as a body gets nearer to the centre. All was, however, prefatory to the question,—“How it felt to be old—whether theory was not largely surmounted—whether there was not an actuality in eternal things, heretofore but feebly felt and perceived, and a realization of their existence and glory allied to what we feel in regard to earthly things when we see them—there they are, right before us, and we are moved directly, sensibly, by them.” The venerable man, with the modesty and humility of true piety, drew, as it were, a veil over his experience, as he replied,—“There is but one answer to all this—Now, we see through a glass darkly—then, face to face.”

It is a familiar fact that, though he was raised above the fear of being dead, he often spoke tremblingly of the process of dying. He once said,—“It is an awful hour—strong faith is necessary to support us in it, and habitual reflection alone can prepare us for it. It is a subject not to be talked about, but pondered. If my blessed Lord will only keep me, my heart shall not fear; and we may all pray for an easy release.” His desire was granted. The affecting result is known. He was found dead in his bed. When the shutters of his chamber were thrown open, the morning light revealed him gently sleeping in Jesus.

“Life so sweetly ceased to be,
It lapsed in immortality.”

Comparisons are invidious. The Master and the Cause are the same in every age. All members have not the same office. It is unjust to test men of one age and generation by the adaptations required by the circumstances of another. Suffice it to say, Dr. Livingston was one of whom, as concerning others of his day, it may eminently be said that, like Moses, “they were faithful in all God’s house.” What could they be more? They were firm in emergencies, and wise in

council. They understood the laying of foundations, and the philosophy of outline and construction. If they were not ornamented capitals, to them belongs the higher honour of being Doric pillars. If they were not adepts in matters of taste, they were more,—they were “wise master-builders.” If they failed to tickle the ear, it is enough to say they scorned to attempt it; but they commended themselves to the conscience, and they awed and pierced it. They commanded high personal respect—they possessed eminently the power of presence. The spirit of reverence prevailed under their ministrations. They so set forth the law that crime sent a shudder through the heart of society, and evil doers were put at quarantine by the power of a public sentiment, which was indebted for its tone to the stern morality of the Gospel as they held it forth. They so preached the Cross that the prevailing characteristic of religious profession was the experience and exhibition of a transforming influence, of which the Scriptural solution is the energy and in dwelling of the Spirit of Christ. The establishment of the work of their hands upon them is largely seen in the wholesome sentiments and efficient institutions that bless us, their children. Elisha was recognized in Israel as “the young man that poured water on the hands of Elijah.” Without glorying in man, or arrogating personal superiority, the students of Dr. Livingston have reason to cherish his memory, and to bless the Lord that they had such a Gamaliel. With the mention of his name are associated in their minds venerableness of appearance, blended dignity and kindness of manner, love of the “truth as it is in Jesus,” holy, living, and faithful endeavours to train them for holding the Redeemer forth, as “speaking in righteousness, and mighty to save.”

Yours in Gospel bonds,

JAMES ROMEYN.

FROM THE RT. REV. WILLIAM INGRAHAM KIP, D.D.,
BISHOP OF CALIFORNIA.

ALBANY, March 22, 1848

My dear Sir: In accordance with your request, I send you an account of the incident in Dr. Livingston's life, about which we were recently speaking. The generation which witnessed it has long since passed away, and I suppose that no one, who was present when it occurred, is now numbered among the living. My father frequently related it, but since his death, I am probably the only person in whose memory it dwells. It is something, perhaps, worth recording, as illustrating both the character of Dr. Livingston, and the spirit of the times in which it happened.

My grandfather, Leonard Kip, was an Elder in the Dutch Church in New York, and a warm personal friend of Dr. Livingston. It was a friendship which he bequeathed to his children to continue, and you will find that many of the letters in the published Life of Dr. Livingston were written to my uncle. In November, 1783, while the British were preparing to evacuate New York, my grandfather, after an absence of several years, returned with his family to their residence in the city. Here they were, shortly afterwards, joined by Dr. Livingston, who, as was his custom, when visiting the city, made their house his home. One of the Dutch churches was prepared for service, and notice was given that, on the following Sunday, the Doctor would officiate. My father was then ten years old, and, more than half a century afterwards, he often said he well remembered his walk to church, holding his father's hand, and in company with the Doctor, and the appearance there of many British officers in their red uniforms, dispersed in little groups among the congregation. They were expecting to sail in a few days, and, in the mean time, to while away an hour, had come “to hear what the Yankee Parson would say.”

The Doctor ascended the pulpit, and the first announcement was, that they should "sing to the praise and glory of God, the twenty-first Psalm,"—which he, accordingly, proceeded to read in his most emphatic manner :

"In Thee, Great God, with songs of praise
Our favoured realms rejoice ;
And, blest with thy salvation, raise
To Heaven their cheerful voice.

"Thy sure defence from foes around
Hath spread our rising name ;
And all our feeble efforts crown'd
With freedom and with fame.

"In deep distress our injured land
Implor'd thy power to save ;
For peace we pray'd ; thy bounteous hand
The timely blessing gave.

"Thy mighty arm, Eternal Pow'r,
Oppos'd their deadly aim ;
*In mercy swept them from our shore,
And spread their sails with shame."*

But fully to realize this scene it is necessary to have known Dr. Livingston—you who were personally acquainted with him, can remember his large and commanding form, so admirably set off by the huge powdered wig ; his majestic manner and deep impressive voice, which all united to make the younger portion of his flock (as I can testify from my own experience) look up to him with a kind of awful reverence. On the present occasion, these personal and physical advantages were called into requisition, to give the fullest possible effect to his reading of the Psalm of triumph. You may imagine how it fell on the ears of men, already mortified and maddened by defeat. If, at this time, they had "come to scoff," we cannot affirm that they "remained to pray," yet we can readily believe they never felt disposed to repeat their visit to the "Yankee Parson."

With great regard, I remain

Yours very truly,
W. INGRAHAM KIP.

ELIAS VAN BUNSCHOOTEN.*

1773—1815.

ELIAS VAN BUNSCHOOTEN was born at New Hackensack, township of Fishkill, Dutchess County, N. Y., on the 26th of October, 1738. His father, Tennis Van Bunschooten, was a farmer in very comfortable circumstances. The family consisted of five brothers and three sisters. It was somewhat remarkable that, though all the brothers lived to adult years, and some of them became old and affluent, none of them were ever married. The sisters, however, married, and had large families. The estate was twenty years in a course of settlement, and the interest, accumulated in the hands of the Court for distribution, exceeded sixty thousand dollars.

* New Brunswick Review, 1855.