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ENDLESS LIFE THE INHERITANCE OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

A DISCOURSE

DELIVERED IN THE

FIRST REFORMED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, NEW YORK,

On Sabbath, October 11, 1874,

IN MEMORY OF

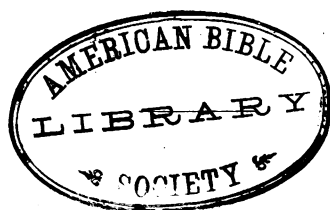
REV. JOHN N. MCLEOD, D.D.

THE PASTOR.

*chairman of Committee on Revision
Am. Bible Society.*

By REV. DAVID STEELE, D.D.,

PASTOR OF THE FOURTH REFORMED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

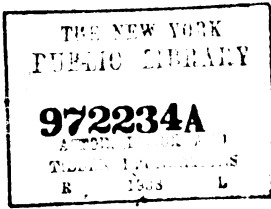


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AN
MACLEOD
STEELE



Published at the request of the Session of the First
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DISCOURSE.

"THY DEAD *men* SHALL LIVE," Isaiah 26:20, *first clause.*

AMONG the writings of Old Testament Scripture, the prophecy of Isaiah occupies a prominent place. For sublimity and fervor it is unsurpassed, while its animated strains of poetry well accord with the golden age of Hebrew literature. Perhaps the most marked characteristic of this inspired oracle is its evangelism. Rapt in profound and holy thought, and ravished with visions of coming glory for the church of Christ, with seraphic ardor the prophet utters his messages of comfort and instruction in the ears of his countrymen. With prophetic eye he penetrates the future. In the horoscope of coming events he beholds the aurora of the world's redemption, by the rising of the Sun of righteousness with healing in his wings. Under the afflatus of the Spirit he perceives event succeeding event, providence linked to providence, until, in the fulness of time, the mystery of godliness is manifested, the rod

*A B S
MAY 5, 1938

comes forth from the stem of Jesse, a branch grows out of his root, and to the ever-blessed Shiloh is the gathering of the people. To the son of Amos ages are condensed into moments, centuries revolve with the rapidity of thought, and unborn generations are rolled up into one glorious present. In pursuance of the Divine purpose, the Lamb of God, slain from the foundation of the world, is led to the top of Calvary; and as the sword of Divine justice descends upon the head of the victim, personally innocent, but by imputation chargeable with the sins of millions born and unborn, the prophet declares, "*he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with his stripes we are healed.*" The results are glorious. The mediator sees his seed, prolongs his days, and the pleasure of the Lord prospers in his hand. In this twenty-sixth chapter the prophet personating the church sings, — "Salvation will *God* appoint *for* walls and bulwarks," and redeemed saints exult in God. He warms as he proceeds with his theme. Under the figure of a resurrection he describes the church's ultimate triumphs over her enemies. The dry bones live, Death is robbed of its sting, dissolution is succeeded by regeneration, and life

and immortality are brought to light. In the application of our text, the transition from the figurative to the literal resurrection is easy. Personating Christ, who has destroyed death, the prophet announces the cheering fact, "Thy dead *men* shall live," and then, with energy adds, *together* "*with my dead body shall they arise.*" The sententious declaration of the text is not of difficult analysis. It includes two thoughts:—

- I. *The solemn fact that men are dead.*
- II. *The comforting promise that the dead shall live.*

We proceed to remark:—

1. *That death is an event which happens to all mankind.* No labored argument is necessary to confirm this statement. Scripture abounds with declarations to this effect. The afflicted man of Uz declares, "Man that is born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble." Paul with emphasis asserts, "By one man sin entered into the world and death by sin, and so death passed upon all men; for that all have sinned." Death is not the debt of nature, as some have frequently and vainly asserted; for to nature no such debt is due. Upon man at his creation the principle of immortality was enstamped, and the threatening

of death for disobedience could have had no significance if the dissolution of the body must take place as the original and normal condition of human being.

Nor is death annihilation. To the sentient being no idea is more revolting than reduction to non-existence. A little reflection, however, serves to show that death is not the destruction of anything. The physical system is dissolved, it is true, but not a particle of the dying body ceases to be. The noble bark which once rode proudly on the ocean, the glory of her builder as well as the hope of her owner, may be wrecked and scattered in broken fragments over the waters, and some of its parts may sink in the mighty deep. We say that it is lost; but it is not annihilated, nor has a single particle passed out of existence. Likewise in death the soul is separated from the body. The latter decays and mingles with its kindred earth, but not an atom of it ceases to exist. The former is borne into the presence of its Judge; but, like its eternal Author, it is indestructible, and from its very essence is incapable of being destroyed by dissolution.

Whence, then, it may be asked, comes death, and why the extensive character of its commission? Why must man, with his stately bearing,

his vast affections, his far-reaching thought, the masterpiece of Jehovah's works, fearfully and wonderfully made, die? The answer is at hand : "The wages of sin is death." God is angry with the children of men. He has armed Death with fatal strength, and sent him forth the executioner of a just sentence, the avenger of a broken law. In virtue of a Divine constitution, all men descending from the first pair by ordinary generation are involved in guilt. As a consequence, death is as widespread as the human race ; for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God. To the young creation death was unknown, but with sin this cruel monster entered our world, thenceforth destined to subject everything that lives and moves to his sceptre. Sin has armed Death, as it were, with omnipotence, and what power can resist him? The kings of the earth lie in the desolate places which they built for themselves. The marble in its sculptured pomp acknowledges the struggle with death to have been in vain. Neither talent, nor youth, nor beauty, nor strength has been able to effect a discharge in this war. The generations of the past have crumbled into dust. All the living are following in one vast funeral. All posterity shall follow us. The silence of those who have gone down to the grave, the

sorrow of surviving friends, and the mortality of all that shall be born of mortals, proclaim the power as well as the universality of death.

2. *The certainty of death, and the broken relationships which it entails, enhance the solemnity of this event.*

Many things are uncertain, but death is inevitable. "It is appointed unto men once to die." "Man dieth and wasteth away." The Holy Spirit, speaking by the mouth of prophets and Apostles, appears to multiply figures, in order that he may set the uncertainty of life before the human race. The flower that flourisheth in the morning, and in the evening is cut down; the shadow that flings itself for the moment in the pathway of the traveller, and then fleeth and continueth not; and the morning cloud or vapor skirting the mountain side, until the first rays of the sun fall upon it, and it is dissipated in the surrounding atmosphere, are all employed to image forth the fleeting character of man's stay upon earth. Although the days of every man are determined, and He who knows the end from the beginning has appointed his bounds that he cannot pass, nevertheless, God in his wisdom has hidden from the children of men the precise period in the cycle of time when the earthly career of each shall ter-

minate. Under such circumstances it is a solemn thing to live, as well as to die.

Death puts an end to all schemes for the future. All the relations of time, the speculations of business, and the enjoyments of this world, it hides in the darkness of the tomb. Upon the husbandman, absorbed with concern for an approaching harvest, it lays its icy hand, and thus makes havoc of his earthly hopes. To the merchant, intensely earnest in solving the mystery of trade, it comes, and summons him to render up his account to God. It knocks at the door of the philosopher, and snatches him from his books and his meditations, that his immortal spirit may wake up to a clearer apprehension of eternal certitudes. Nor does it pass the faithful minister of Christ, striking him down in the midst of usefulness, and severing the tender tie that binds him to a loving people, that he may rest from his labors, give an account of his stewardship, and receive his reward.

Death is a solemn and affecting event, as it breaks asunder all the tender and endearing ties existing between parent and child, husband and wife, benefactor and friend. Pensively, but with pious submission, the Psalmist sings,—

“Lover and friend hast thou put far from me, and mine acquaintance into darkness.”

The experience of every earth-born child of Adam is similar to that of the Son of Jesse. To the death of friends, many considerations add poignancy. By the removal of connections we are deprived of their society. The eye that beamed with kindness is sealed up in darkness, and the tongue which charmed us is dumb forever. Their example, reproofs, counsels, and prayers, which shed light upon our pathway and stimulated to duty, are no more; no longer can they rectify our mistakes or warn us of our danger. Convinced that his usefulness to his successor was restricted to this life, Elijah, in his last walk with Elisha, says, "Ask now what I shall do for thee, before I be taken away from thee." Moreover, death terminates our relation to the Church and her divinely appointed ordinances. Our eyes are closed upon the scenes of earth, and we bid farewell to all terrestrial objects. The sound of the Gospel no longer falls upon the ear. The last meeting for prayer has been attended and the Eucharistic feast never returns again. Solemn reflections! They teach us the necessity of improving everything we know or possess, for the good of men and the glory of God.

3. *An interest in the great salvation through personal and indissoluble union with Christ secures victory in death.*

“Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.” Union to Christ is for the most part expressed in Scripture by the phrases, “in Christ,” and “in Christ Jesus.” “If any man be in Christ he is a new creature.” From eternity a federal union was established between Christ and his people, yet unborn, when he was appointed or set up as their covenant head. Upon the ground of this union, Christ became answerable for them to the justice of God. Neither could their sins have been imputed to Christ, nor could his righteousness have been imputed to them, if both parties had not been identified, or one in the eye of law. Nor was this all that was necessary to the actual enjoyment of the benefits of Christ’s representation. Jehovah, on whose sovereign will the whole economy of grace is founded, had determined, not only that his Son should be one with those whom he represented, as their surety, but also as their living head; that a real and vital, as well as a federal and representative union should be established, as the foundation of communion with Christ in the blessings of his purchase. Union to Christ is that mutual relation and reciprocal inbeing which secure to believers a participation in all the blessings of which Christ is the depositary. This union is spiritual in its nature, ennobling in its effects, and

indissoluble in its duration. What the vine is to the branches, what the City of Refuge was to the man-slayer, what the foundation is to the superstructure, and what the head is to the members of the body, Christ is to his people. Upon the ground of connection with him, pardon, heirship, sanctification, and perseverance in the divine life, proceed. Death cannot disannul the covenant of redemption; for, says God, "The mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, but my loving kindness shall not depart, neither shall my covenant of peace be removed." Nor can this conquer or sever the connection between Christ and his people. It may sunder the closest bonds, desolate hearts, fill houses with mourning, marshal the funeral procession, and consign to the grave the sainted dust; but it cannot rend the union which subsists between the Mediator and his redeemed inheritance. Upon the cross, Christ spoiled principalities and powers, and through death destroyed him that had the power of death. And although the Lord of Glory fell beneath this destroyer, yet in the very hour and article of death he conquered. All his people triumph in him. To them death is unstinged, all its properties are altered, and all its terrors taken away. Feeling that the munitions of rocks are his defence; that

the eternal God is his refuge, and that beneath him are the everlasting arms, in the hour and embrace of death the Christian sings with the Apostle, "O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory? Or with another saint of God, he declares in confidence, "Christ in his person, Christ in the love of his heart, and Christ in the power of his arm, is the rock on which I rest; and now, Death, strike!" Or with yet another conqueror, raised up with Christ and made to sit with him in the heavenlies, he exclaims:—

"Open thine arms, O Death, thou fine of woe
And warranty of bliss! I feel the last,
Red mountainous remnant of the earth give way.
The stars are rushing upward to the light;
My limbs are light, and liberty is mine.
The spirit's infinite purity consumes
The sullied soul. Eternal destiny
Opens its bright abyss. I am God's."

Let us consider,

II. The comforting promise, that *the righteous dead shall live*. Nothing is more mysterious than the principle of life, whether viewed in its animal or vegetable form. Science may analyze and classify the accidents and qualities of the living creature. It may compute the elements which enter into

the organic being, gauging with precision the proportion and relation of each to other; but there are no means known to it by which to calculate or solve the enigma of life. Upon this subject nothing is more unsatisfactory than the theory of "spontaneous generation," propounded by the ancients and adopted by Huxley. Equally absurd is the theory of "development," to which Darwin has lent his name and authority; and the mind turns away astonished and disappointed at the materialistic utterances of Professor Tyndall in the year 1874, *viz.*, that in matter itself we may find the "potency and promise of every form of life." The truth announced in the text, therefore, is as surprising as it is agreeable, and furnishes us with an illustration that life and death are in the hands of Him in whom we live and move and have our being. And here we remark, —

1. *That the pious dead live in the influences and fragrant recollections resulting from their life and labors when they were upon the earth.*

It is a momentous and melancholy fact that men do not continue by reason of death. And the history of our race is a comment upon the Scripture declaration—"One generation passeth away, and another cometh." But the beneficent influence which a good man, and especially a

Christian minister, exerts while he is on the earth does not die with the dissolution of his body. No, it is as immortal as the Divine Being in whose grace it originated. It may be silent in its operations and unseen in its course, but it is, as an agency, as effective as it is deathless.

It seldom happens that histories and biographies make such account as they should of the influence which men exert over their fellow-men. Their pages glow with descriptions of how men have led armies, established empires, gained causes, sung, learned, and taught. But the streams of influence which, unbidden, flow from the persons and lives of men, no author can trace or compute. These, however, are not insignificant because they are noiseless. They are not lost because they have operated silently. An earthquake comes thundering through the solid foundations of the earth; it rocks a continent; the noblest works of man—cities, monuments, and temples—are in a moment levelled to the ground or swallowed down by the opening gulfs of fire. Such a phenomenon awes men into a recognition of its power; and yet the soft, genial, and silent light of every morning is an agent many times more powerful. For let the sun cease to rise, and let the light of day return no more, and soon

the chill of death would settle down on everything that lives and moves upon the surface of the globe. The Christian is a light, and his influence is felt when his sun has gone down and he has ceased to shine among his fellow-men.

Niagara is an object of wonder to the contemplative mind. In the presence of its magnificence and power we stand amazed. But the bubbling spring, far up on the mountain-side, where the print of human foot is seldom found, and which forms the beautiful rivulet, flowing gently through farm and village, may be far more valuable and useful than the rushing flood or roaring cataract. The influence of the Christian is like the beautiful fountain which sends forth its waters to gladden, benefit, and bless thousands yet unborn.

Abel, the protomartyr, is dead, but he still speaks, by the Divine approval of his sacrifice, and lives by the influence of his example. David, the son of Jesse, is gone the way of all the earth, but in his immortal and inspired lyrics the prophet-bard is still alive. Paul is no more the Apostle of the Gentiles, but in his speeches and letters, his tongue and pen seem to be as eloquent as when he stood on Mars Hill, or dictated his commendations of love in the prison at Rome. Down the corridors of time Luther's immortal declaration, *Justificatio*

fide est articulus stantis vel cadentis ecclesiæ, reverberates, and is as potent to-day as it was, when it shook the Papal empire to its foundations. Calvin lives in his famous Institutes, and John Knox has enstamped upon Scotland its religious greatness. Travellers gaze upon the house where he lived. Posterity marks with a simple slab the spot where it is supposed rest his remains, and the Heart of Mid-Lothian, marked by a variegated setting of stone, and adjacent to each of these places, wakes the memories of Scotsmen; but by the influence of his prayers, and in his giant efforts to free the souls of men, the great reformer lives ten thousand times ten thousand lives at once, as time rolls on. We may attempt to gauge the influence of the sun and of the rain, we may take the dimensions of the planets and tell the parallaxes of the stars; but no scientist or philosopher can compute the influence of one Christian man, much less of one laborious and faithful minister of Christ. No wonder, then, that such men live in the memory and hearts of those who survive them from generation to generation.

2. *The sanctified dead shall live in the resurrection.* "Thy dead men shall live."

Among the most comforting doctrines of Holy Scripture is the doctrine of the resurrection. It

is taught, in no ambiguous terms, in both Testaments. It cheered the afflicted man of Uz, in prospect of death, as he declares, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." The prophet Daniel was familiar with it, when, in finishing his prophecy and sketching the future, he writes, "Many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake." This doctrine the Saviour taught in the days of his flesh. Paul, in his first letter to the Thessalonians, writes, "The dead in Christ shall rise first." That the resurrection of the dead is possible, we have only to turn to nature and providence for illustration. What is morning but a resurrection from the shades of darkness? What is spring, with its buds, blossoms, and fragrance, but a resurrection from the chill and death of winter? What is the emergence of the insect, with all the beautiful colors of the rainbow, from its chrysalis, but a quickening from death?

By actual example, the Scriptures of both Testaments furnish us with proof that the body is capable of residence in heaven. *Enoch* and *Elijah* were translated that they should not see death. The body of neither of these men was in the grave; but both of them, in the possession of the earthly house, changed and glorified, ascended to the right of God. Upon the doctrine of the res-

urrection then oracles are no less explicit. When the prophet Elijah stretched himself upon the dead child, we are told that the child breathed, and sneezed seven times, and his soul came to him.

At the memorable words of the Saviour, "Lazarus, come forth," death relinquished its grasp upon him who had been in the grave three days. By the same almighty power, at the gates of Nain the widow's son rose from the bier. These instances of bodies translated from earth to heaven, and of quickening brought to the dead, are pledges of the resurrection, — a few specimens of how the dry bones shall live, and the temple of the Holy Ghost shall be built up again.

But the crowning argument of all is the resurrection of Christ. He has arisen, the first fruits of them that slept. "Even them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him." In their resurrection, as well as in their death, the saints shall be conformed to their living Head. Death is not an eternal sleep, as the French philosophers of the last century aimed to persuade themselves and others. No doubt, to the impenitent it is a curse, but to the child of God it is a blessing; and as one has well said "The blow which inflicts it is the last stroke of the rod of paternal disci-

pline which the Father holds in his hand, and by which he corrects for eternity." At death the soul is released from the clay tabernacle, and hies its way to regions of everlasting light. Ordinarily, the body borne by the hands of love is laid in the grave, and mingles with its kindred dust. At the last day the trumpet of God shall wake the sleeping dust. No indignity done to the body on earth, whether in life or in death, can serve to detain it in the tomb when God says to the prisoners, "Go forth, and to them that are in darkness, shew yourselves." Body and spirit shall be reunited, and both shall dwell in the house of the Lord for evermore.

"But some *one* will say, with what body do they come?" Let an apostle answer. "It is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory. It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body." In the hands of man matter is capable of astonishing sublimation: to what ethereal beauty may it not be raised in the hands of Jesus Christ? Is it not matter that sparkles in the dewdrop, dances in the sunbeam, corruscates in the electric flash, dissolves in the colors of the rainbow, and regales the sense in the delightful fragrance of the rose? To what exalted perfection and beauty, then, may not the bodies of the saints be carried? They

shall be caught up to meet the Lord in the air. Mortality shall be swallowed up of life. And from all that is unsightly and inglorious in death, they shall be changed to all that is imperishable and fadeless in the presence of God.

3. *The saints shall live forever in heaven.* Death shall have no more dominion over them. How this thought quickens the pulse, warms the heart, and stirs the soul to its depths! Heaven is the home of the righteous. Their estate lies there. And "eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." The reunions of heaven shall be joyous. Parents and children, pastors and people, shall meet to part no more. The recognitions of heaven shall be inspiring. The loved and honored of earth shall be the objects of renewed and reciprocal regard. The fellowships of the better country shall be enchanting. The saints of every land and clime shall dwell together in everlasting concord. The employments of the upper sanctuary shall be transporting. Praise shall fill the heart and occupy the lips forever. But above and beyond all, the glories of the celestial abode shall be enrapturing. Not a tear shall trickle down the cheek of poverty or distress. Not a sigh shall pass across

the breast of anguish or disappointment. Not a shadow shall fall upon the brightness of heaven's unspoken glory; for the glory of God does lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof. And upon the whole inheritance of light, life, and glory eternity shall be enstamped.

Like their living Head, those who become one with Christ are invested with the power of an endless life. If the saints of God are streams from the fountain head of life in glory, then before they can die Christ the fountain must be dried up. If they are branches in the vine of heaven, then before they could become extinct Christ, the parent stock, must perish. If the people of God are sparks from the central sun of heaven, then before they can die the Sun of righteousness must be quenched forever. But because he lives they shall live also. Christ gives to his people eternal life, and they shall never perish.

The theme which has been under consideration is comprehensive. It embraces the past, the present, and the future. Turning from its discussion, we proceed to unfold, in a few particulars, the salient points in the life and death of the venerated father, brother, and pastor whose departure from earth we mourn, whose virtues and worth we desire to hand down to posterity, and to whose memory we would pay the tribute of the hour.

The Reverend *John Niel McLeod*, Doctor in Divinity, Pastor of the First Reformed Presbyterian Church, New York, and Professor of Doctrinal Theology in the Theological Seminary of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, in North America, was born in the City of New York, on the eleventh day of October, 1806. He died on the twenty-seventh day of April, 1874, in the sixty-eighth year of his age and the forty-sixth year of his ministry. On the first day of May, 1874, by the hands of loving and Christian friends, his remains were consigned to the grave in Hill Girt Lawn, one of the most beautiful spots in Greenwood Cemetery, Long Island, New York.

Here reposes the dust of his distinguished father, the late Dr. Alexander McLeod, whose shining talents and masterly eloquence adorned the Reformed Presbyterian Church during the first quarter of the present century.

Early in the morning a number of ministerial and other friends assembled in the house of the deceased, when the solemn occasion was improved by fervent and appropriate prayer. The House of God, into which the honored dead was subsequently brought, previous to interment, was filled to its utmost capacity by a congregation composed of persons of diversified professions and of differ-

ent Christian denominations. All were bowed with sincere and reverent feelings, as solemn words were spoken and the throne of grace was addressed. A large part of the assembled multitude accompanied the funeral procession, and bedewed with tears of affection and grief the spot where the mortal remains were laid.

It was the season of spring. Through the rifted cloud and retiring winter the king of day was making himself felt by his warming rays. Here and there a flower was seen opening its petals, and giving promise of the coming summer. The blades of grass were shooting forth from amid the decay and *débris* of former life. The tuneful bird at intervals uttered a stray note, reminding the attentive listeners that the death and muteness of winter were gone, and that in a short time, the bloom and beauty of nature would ensue. As we retired from the last resting-place of our dear friend, sad, lonely, and filled with unutterable emotions, everything around seemed to whisper "Thy brother shall live again," and the words of the prophet, "Awake and sing, ye that dwell in the dust," fell like music on the grief-stricken heart.

Dr. McLeod, together with Drs. Wilson and Clarke, may be said to have formed a connecting

link between that "honorable triumvirate," as they have been called, — Alexander McLeod, John Black, Samuel Brown Wylie, — and the Reformed Presbyterian Church of the present day. At the feet of these distinguished masters in Israel he had sat.

From their lips he had caught the animating sentiments which imbued his soul with love for the system of faith so dear to his heart. Around "the Church which they loved, for which they labored, from which no honors elsewhere offered could entice them, and which they literally " "set above their chiefest joy," his affections clustered, and the triumph of her principles one day on the earth, he confidently anticipated.

These illustrious fathers have all been removed from earth to their home in heaven. They have exchanged labor for rest, conflict for triumph, reproach for glory, and the Church visible and militant for the Church invisible and triumphant.

And oh, how the soul yearns to feel their rapture, to bathe in their bliss, to enjoy their communion, and to participate in their celestial fellowship!

But we come to speak more particularly of our departed friend and brother; and here may be noticed, —

I. His characteristics *as a man*.

For Dr. McLeod, nature had done much. He was about medium height, symmetrically formed, and in person and in mien fitted to secure influence and command respect. His face was lighted up with intelligence, while every feature indicated thought and was suggestive of something excellent.

In manner he was dignified, courteous, conciliatory, and eminently social, when in company with those in whom he could confide. His mental characteristics were strongly marked. Earnest in his convictions, deeply conscious of his own integrity of purpose, he was ever fearless in his defence of what he esteemed to be the truth, and constantly ready to discharge whatever service he felt himself called upon in the providence of God to perform.

In conversation he was particularly happy, interesting, and instructive. His large stores of knowledge, intimate acquaintance with men and books, correct diction, and love to communicate information, supplied him with resources, which, on suitable occasions, he could turn to advantage, to the gratification and profit of those who were so fortunate as to be in his society. His house was the abode of cheerfulness, hospitality, and genuine friendship, and in his domestic economy he was regular and unostentatious.

Called upon frequently to leave his home in the service of the church, he was nevertheless fondly attached to it, and to every one of its members, from the infant orphanage to the partner of his life. . For the spiritual as well as temporal prosperity of his family he labored, and frequent references to the health of its members in his correspondence showed how near it was to his heart, and how his affections clustered around it whether at home or abroad. At the close of a week of severe labor in the seminary, often has he journeyed homeward in order that he might spend the Sabbath in his own congregation and among the members of his own family, and then return to Philadelphia on Monday to resume instruction in the class-room. The death of such a husband and father is enough to prostrate any family. His sympathy with suffering was lively, and his benevolent acting took a wide range, from the bereaved relative to the immigrant stranger landing upon the shores of our country. In times of stagnation in trade, when numbers were suffering from poverty, he took delight in becoming the projector and almoner of charities which have gladdened the hearts of thousands and evoked thanksgivings unseen and unrecognized by any but God. The poor have lost one of their best

friends, and benevolence one of its most active and self-denying agents.

Dr. McLeod was a patriot; he loved the country of his birth. Thoroughly American in all his feelings, he labored in his individual and ecclesiastical capacity to elevate and ennoble Columbia in the scale of nationality. He raised his voice against oppression, and when the "irrepressible conflict" was precipitated, his whole soul was stirred to its depths in desire to suppress rebellion and uphold constitutional authority.

He was one of the organizers of the 84th regiment N. G. S. N. Y., commanded by Colonel Fred. A. Conkling. For a period of seven years he acted as chaplain, serving two campaigns with the regiment in the field.

Although intensely American in all his instincts, yet, being of immediate Scotch descent, his father, Dr. Alexander McLeod, having emigrated to this country from Mull, Argyleshire, Scotland, he was warmly attached to Scotland and to Scotsmen. This attachment, as well as other circumstances, no doubt induced him to make no less than four visits to the land of martyrs, and of his father's sepulchres. In 1869 his tour through the Highlands was very extended; and being versed in the traditions and literature of the Gaelic language,

his last journey afforded him great delight. Often have we heard him become enthusiastic in his descriptions of the noble men with whom he met in Scotland, and in its neighboring province, the North of Ireland.

But we proceed to consider him, —

II. *In his public relations.*

These were numerous and exceedingly varied. From his youth he had been devoted to the pursuit of literature. His preparatory studies, previous to entering college, were pursued under the direction of the late Rev. S. B. Wylie, D. D., to whom so many in the learned professions, especially in and around Philadelphia, are indebted for their acquaintance with ancient classic literature. In 1826 he graduated from Columbia College, New York, with distinction. Having had the ministry in view from an early age, after leaving college he entered the Theological Seminary of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, then located in the City of Philadelphia. But from his boyhood he had been a student of theology. Like his esteemed father, he had received much of his divinity in the nursery, and in the social prayer-meetings of the Reformed Presbyterian Church.

With philosophy and science in all their ramifications and subtleties, the subject of our memoir

was remarkably familiar. His reading was extensive, and he never allowed himself to fall behind in an acquaintance with the latest discoveries and most advanced opinions in relation to every subject of interest. He was well acquainted with the stores of knowledge embodied in the Greek and Roman tongues. He was an excellent Orientalist, and until the last devoted himself to the study of the Celtic and modern languages. His acquisitions in every department of literature were made subsidiary to the knowledge of Divine truth. His conceptions of inspiration were lofty and devout. And while he viewed the Hebrew as the parent stock of all the spoken and unspoken dialects, he felt that the Bible was for man, and that its inspiration could not be lost in a *faithful* translation into any of the languages of human kind. Hence, the deep and absorbing interest which he took in everything pertaining to the circulation of the Holy Scriptures. In the possession of such furniture, it is not surprising that he should be successful as a minister of the Gospel.

After a short period of probation, subsequent to licensure, he was called to the Reformed Presbyterian Church of Galway, Saratoga County, State of New York. In this congregation he was or-

dained and installed in the year 1829. On the fifteenth of April, 1830, he was united in marriage to Miss Margaret T. Wylie, eldest daughter of the Rev. S. B. Wylie, D. D., of Philadelphia. The health of his father becoming somewhat impaired, he was called from his field of labor in Galway by the First Reformed Presbyterian congregation of New York City. This call he accepted, and on the fourteenth of January, 1833, he was installed as assistant pastor and successor to his father. The relation established between him and the congregation of New York continued until his death, a period of more than forty years. To sum up all the good that has been done to the souls of men by this servant of Christ during these years is beyond the power of human computation. The aged who have ripened for heaven, those in the prime of life who have been strengthened to overcome the world, the youth who have been encouraged to lay hold on Christ, and the careless who have been warned of their danger under this ministry, can testify to the fidelity of him whose memory we aim to honor, and whose voice we can hear no more on earth.

As an appreciation of his scholarship and Biblical research the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by Dickinson College in

the year 1846. This honor is seldom conferred on one so worthy of distinction.

The material of Dr. McLeod's discourses was the marrow of the Gospel, announced with the accuracy of the scholar, the grace and ease of the accomplished orator, and the unction and application of one deeply imbued with the love of God and earnestly concerned for the welfare of the souls of men. His preaching was didactic and expository, and he was peculiarly happy in availing himself of occasions and events to arrest attention and press home truth upon the conscience. His views of the two covenants, the mediatorial throne, the Church, and the ultimate triumph of religion on the earth through her instrumentality, were singularly clear, comprehensive, and satisfying. And at times, in speaking upon these themes, he would become so deeply moved and absorbed with their grandeur, in relation to the two eternities, that the most inattentive listener could not fail to perceive that the Holy Ghost had come down upon his servant with more than ordinary fulness and power. Nor did he ever fail to assert and illustrate the paramount obligation of the law of God revealed in the Scriptures, over man in all his relations, pursuits, and circumstances.

On communion occasions he was particularly

happy. These have always been seasons of great interest in the Reformed Presbyterian Church, and the observance of established order, as well as the provision of material for discourse, makes regal draughts upon the mental resources of the minister. With all the "forms" and "ordinances" of Zion on such occasions he was familiar, and he well knew how to adapt and use the Scriptural *form*, so as to secure the largest attention for the *substance*. It was in such connection that he would dwell upon the unity and catholicity of the church, and with a spirit of good-will towards others aim to infuse into the hearts of his hearers an intelligent regard for that department of Zion with which, by solemn transacting with God, they entered into covenant. These seasons he loved, and in them he rejoiced. To him, therefore, we believe, it was no ordinary privilege, that in his departure from among us, there was only the interval of a few days between the moment of communion on earth and the table of everlasting fellowship in heaven. His Father's house here, he has left, that he might enter with gladness and rejoicing the palace of the King of Glory. And in his experience the hallowed intercourse of the church visible is swallowed up in the uninterrupted fellowship of the celestial paradise. Not

for effect, but in faith, each survivor may say, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!"

As a Theological Professor, our esteemed brother excelled. It was, we believe, in the Theological Seminary that Dr. McLeod's gifts shone with peculiar lustre. Here he brought forth the results of the study of more than half a century. Here he gathered his pupils around him, as a family, and addressed them as a father. Here, while charitable to others, he labored to communicate to the students under his care some of his own glow of ecclesiastical patriotism, as he expounded and illustrated the system of faith solemnly adopted by the department of the church of God with which he was associated. His sympathies stretching out as widely as humanity, and his researches embracing the whole range of useful and instructive literature, were all brought, as it were, to a focus in the school of the prophets. With an accuracy rarely equalled, and a diction pure and classic as the rarest literary gems of ancient or of modern times, he laid before those waiting upon his prelections the sum of theology, invariably and ever making all his teaching centre in, and radiate from, glory to the mediatorial throne. He loved the school of the prophets, and was willing to make any and every sacrifice for its success.

Called to the Chair of Theology in the year 1851 he had received a charge from Rev. S. B. Wylie, D. D., its first Professor of Theology, to the following effect: "Take care of the seminary. It is the hope of the church," and this dying request of his honored predecessor he never forgot. At great personal inconvenience, he journeyed to and from New York and Philadelphia in the depth of winter, in order that he might discharge the duties devolved upon him in the School of Theology. And there can be no doubt that his abundant labors in connection with the seminary, together with his tribulations and patience in the kingdom of Jesus Christ, hastened the breaking down of a constitution which, with ordinary labor, humanly speaking, might have been good for years longer. In his death, literature has lost an ornament, and theology a sound and safe instructor. Let those who have received his instructions feel their responsibility, and never forget that their preceptor died in the same faith that he taught, and in which he lived, as will be seen by the following extract from his last will and testament:—

"I declare my belief in the Christian religion as revealed in Holy Scripture of both Testaments, and in the Reformed Presbyterian system,

in all its parts, as the best exposition of that religion which is known to me; and I embrace the Divine Author of that religion, the Lord Jesus Christ, as my own Saviour, for wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. To Him I commit my body, soul, family, church, country — all, while once more I act faith on His blessed person, and complete and glorious sacrifice.”

In the councils of the church Dr. McLeod was an able and judicious adviser, and upon the floor of a church judicatory few men were his superiors. For twenty-five years he acted as Stated Clerk of General Synod, and with every detail in the order of judicial proceeding he had become perfectly familiar. His recollection of precedents was remarkably accurate; and when the business of the court of which he was member would sometimes become entangled, he could always indicate the way to consistent deliverance from difficulty.

In his affections the union of the Church of Christ had a large place. He deplored the divisions of Zion, prayed for her peace, and labored and longed for the day when the watchman shall see eye to eye.

In the year 1858 the subject of this memoir was appointed on the Standing Committee on Versions of the American Bible Society, of which, after the

resignation of Rev. Dr. Gardner Spring, in 1864, he was elected chairman. In this position he was highly valued by his associates for his good judgment, kind spirit, sound scholarship, and great promptness and fidelity. And at a meeting of the Board of Managers of the American Bible Society, held May 6, 1874, a minute was adopted expressive of regard for their esteemed associate.

At an early period of its history he was connected with the Evangelical Alliance, and attended as a delegate its meeting in Paris in the year 1855. At the monthly meeting of the Executive Committee of the Evangelical Alliance of the United States, held April 27, 1874, a resolution of respect was passed.

For thirty-eight years he acted as chaplain of the St. Andrew's Society of the State of New York.

He was one of a committee of fifteen of the American Tract Society, N. Y., to report as to the duty of the society in regard to issuing publications on the subject of slavery. This committee reported that tracts against slavery should be issued, as well as against intemperance and other evils. He was one of the four clerical directors of the Presbyterian Hospital, New York, to whom are committed all matters relating to the spiritual and religious ministrations of the hospital. In

all these public relations, so numerous and so varied, he possessed the esteem of every one who knew how to appreciate his love for truth and his regard for the glory of the Church's Head. Nor should it be overlooked that while he was thus active in helping forward schemes which were designed to benefit and bless mankind at home, he was also busily engaged in concerting measures for the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom abroad. And the success of the Reformed Presbyterian Mission at Saharanpur, India, is largely due to his earnest efforts on behalf of its establishment at first, and his continued sympathy and fostering hand during its subsequent progress. The memories of the past should still keep alive the missionary spirit in the Church, which is the spirit of the Gospel. But,

We pass on to notice briefly the religious life of our departed brother, particularly in its close.

And here it may be noted that his religious experiences were singularly inobtrusive. They took the form of the deep and quiet river, moving majestically onward to the ocean, rather than that of the noisy cataract, which, notwithstanding its temporary din, is frequently lost in a short distance from the spot where it was first caught by the eye of the observer. Their reality and value must be

judged more from their untiring and beneficent activity than from personal expression by words.

In his infancy he was dedicated to God. He grew up under the fostering care of a godly and distinguished parentage. He enjoyed the privilege of hearing the Gospel regularly from the lips of his illustrious father, while at the same time in the family and in the fellowship meeting, he was brought constantly into contact with doctrinal and practical truth by catechising and other forms of instruction, still common in Reformed Presbyterian families. Head and heart received their appropriate culture. Under such influences, accompanied by the blessing of the Spirit, he was early led to make a profession of his faith in the Lord Jesus Christ and to devote himself to the ministry of the Gospel. Our personal recollections of him extend over a period of nearly twenty years. When we first saw him he was in the vigor of manhood, and his appearance as a man and a minister of Christ made an impression on us which no lapse of time can efface. But it was more particularly within the last fifteen years that we were brought into contact with his ripe scholarship, profound acquaintance with the mysteries of the kingdom of God, rich Christian experience, and unwavering trust in God. In his youth

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he had been mercifully delivered from the temptations which are so prevalent in a large city like New York. As he approached the close of his earthly sojourn, the bloom of youthful piety developed into the clusters of religious manhood, and his heavenward thought and conversation more and more conspicuously lighted up the entire background of a life devoted exclusively to the service of the Master.

In the August of 1873, when in the act of moving from his own church door, he met with an accident, by which he sustained the fracture of an arm. Nothing could surpass the patience with which he bore up under this dispensation; and when it was feared that he would be unable to be in his place at the opening of the services of the Theological Seminary, to the surprise and pleasure of all interested, he was forward at the appointed time. Although suffering from the pain of his arm, all his duties in the seminary were regularly and punctually performed. The prayer with which he concluded his last meeting with the class was noticeably fervent and affecting. His pleadings with God deepened and intensified, as his soul, burdened with concern for the Church and her students of theology, labored to bring down the Divine blessing upon the work of the session. He never met with the class again.

For several weeks before his death he was considerably indisposed, although it would appear that no alarming symptoms were manifest. That he was arranging for his removal from earth, numerous evidences have been disclosed since his decease. Upon his table, placed by himself in a conspicuous place, was found a little piece of newspaper, with the words, "Meet me in heaven." "Stepping Heavenward," with other devotional books, lay upon his table at his hand. The picture of Dr. Andrew Black he always kept before him in his study. A short time previous to his death he had cut out a small picture of himself, and placed it beside that of his dear friend. In a corner of his study hung a picture of the church. In connection with this he had arranged a small vignette of himself also, while in another part of the room was a piece of rock bracket with a small copy of the Bible resting upon it.

These were symbolical acts, very like those of the prophets of old. They speak of heaven, of the communion of saints, of attachment to the Church, of the Bible as enduring as the rock, and of the grand meeting of the people of God in the house not made with hands.

In his diary he seems to delight in the expression, as he closes his writing for the day, "Keeper

of Israel, keep me." The mediatorial headship was frequently uppermost in his thoughts, and the expression, "Let Messiah reign," was with him a favorite. And then, as he meditates on death, he employs the language, "When mortality itself shall be swallowed up of life."

He continued at his post until his death. On the nineteenth of April the Lord's Supper was dispensed to the people under his pastoral care, and he was in his place. On the day of humiliation he preached, and he conducted the whole or the preparatory services on the Sabbath, explaining the Psalm and preaching the *action* sermon from the words, "Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift." With remarkable animation he addressed the communicants at the first and last tables. On this occasion his descriptions of heaven, and the meeting of its redeemed inhabitants to part no more, were peculiarly sublime and impressive. These duties were exhausting, and on Monday he was unable to attend to the closing exercises of the solemnity. In the evening, while ascending the stairs of his own house, he became exhausted, and sinking down he exclaimed, "My work is done." On the following Sabbath a consultation of physicians was held, but no alarming symptoms were detected. During

the night he rested comparatively well ; but in the morning, as he arose, he was seized with pain in the region of the heart. While Mrs. McLeod was engaged in preparing breakfast for him, and his youngest son was in the act of applying friction to his back, his head dropped upon his bosom, and as he lay back upon his pillow, the long expiration was the only indication that the spirit had taken its flight to the world above. The immediate cause of his death was paralysis of the heart. It was just such a release as he desired. This would appear from a scrap of paper, which was subsequently found containing words in his handwriting to the following effect : " Erasmus declared sudden death one of the greatest blessings a human creature could receive." The departure of our beloved friend from earth was more like a translation than death.

He died in the Lord, and his works follow him. But oh, how much the Church has lost, and how much we all miss him ! Well, indeed, may his family mourn ; they have lost a father and head, whose affection for them was deep and constant. Well may the Church mourn ; she has been deprived of one whose whole life was offered up on her behalf. Well may society mourn ; they have been bereaved of a benefactor, and of one who, as a prince in Israel, had power with God.

But we do not mourn as those who have no hope. Our beloved brother sleeps in Jesus. His spirit is before the throne of God. To use his own language in reference to another servant of God, who had been removed by death, "He is gone to better company, to higher employments, to the sinless, painless, deathless state of immortality. His work was done, his crown prepared. Another mansion in the Father's house is filled; another seat beside the throne is occupied; another harp is seized and struck in harmony with those of David, Paul, and all the other older sons of glory." His body is on earth, but the Church's dead shall live, and in body and in soul they shall be introduced into the bliss of the celestial city. "Such honor is to all His saints." Praise ye the Lord.

During the past year an unusual number of distinguished men, both in church and in state, have fallen. Let us hear the voice of God in these providences. "Be ye therefore also ready, for at such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh"; and when pillars in the church visible are being removed, let us remember that the bride, the Lamb's wife, is safe. Her origin is divine; her charter is the everlasting covenant; her foundation is the Rock of Ages. The eternal

God is her refuge, and beneath her are the everlasting arms. To continue her in being, and to supply her with a succession of sanctified members and divinely qualified ministers, the Holy Ghost is poured out, and the earth is preserved as a theatre, upon which her missionary operations are to be conducted and her triumphs secured. As a consequence, however death may thin her ranks, she is immortal until her work is done.

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