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Memorials: Rev. Henry E.  
Dosker, D.D., LL.B., L.H.D....  
1855-1926

# Memorials



Rev. Henry E. Dosker

D.D., F.L.S., L.H.S.

1855—1926

# Memorials

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# **Memorials**

**Rev. Henry Elias Bosker**  
**D.D., LL.D., L.H.D.**

**Professor of Church History**  
**Louisville Presbyterian**  
**Theological Seminary**



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## FOREWORD

In arranging this memorial number we have had in mind several classes of readers; not only our own alumni and friends of Dr. Dosker in the Presbyterian Churches, but his friends also in the Dutch Reformed Churches in Michigan from which he came. We have, therefore, included in this volume the funeral services as well as the memorial services and we have arranged all the matter in chronological order.

Dr. Dosker had taught his classes as usual till a week or two before he died. The serious nature of what it was hoped was but a slight ailment, was then disclosed and his physicians advised an immediate operation. This was performed on the 20th of December, 1926. He passed quietly away on the morning of December 23rd.

The body lay in state in the Seminary Chapel on Sunday, December 26th, attended by a cordon of students. A brief funeral exercise was held there Sunday afternoon, Dr. Hemphill making the address. The procession passed from there to the Warren Memorial Presbyterian Church, which was the church to which Dr. Dosker and his family belonged. The coffin was borne by six young Presbyterian ministers of the city, all of whom had been his students.

At the church, Dr. Teunis Gouwens, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, made the only address. From there, the family, accompanied by Dr. Vander Meulen, took Dr. Dosker's body to Grand Rapids, Mich., where the funeral services were held in the Central Reformed Church, the church of which his father had once been pastor and from which Dr. Dosker came, the church to which both his own brothers and other relatives belong. The addresses then made follow in order.

After the services, the body, carried by friends of many years, was taken to the cemetery and laid by the side of his wife.

On January 6th the usual exercises at the Seminary were suspended in Dr. Dosker's honor that we might all listen to appropriate addresses to his memory. This constitutes the second part of this volume.

The third part consists of various resolutions by our own faculty, the student body, the faculty of McCormick Seminary, Chicago, and the faculty of Union Seminary, Richmond; of a sketch of the last sermon he preached, at Bowling Green, Ky., on Sunday night, December 5th, 1926; a copy of the last editorial prepared by him for the *Christian Observer* (January 5, 1927); and a copy of a poem he once wrote. This poem is one of many that Dr. Dosker wrote. The sketch is here printed in the thought that perhaps many of his former students may desire to fill it out and use it, perhaps with some public reference to him whom they so much loved and who so well helped them to be preachers of the Gospel of Christ.

PRESIDENT JOHN M. VANDER MEULEN

*Louisville, Ky.*

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**PART I**  
**FUNERAL ADDRESSES**

## FUNERAL ADDRESS *by* REV. TEUNIS E. GOUWENS, D. D.

*At the Warren Memorial Presbyterian Church, December 26, 1926*

We are here to pay our last tribute to one of God's noblemen. In this company of his friends, the life of Dr. Dosker needs no eulogy. For twenty-four years he labored in this city, quietly and effectively, and as he went in and out among his friends, in his unassuming way, he set their hearts aglow with an appreciation of his worth. And today, "he being dead yet speaketh."

We have not come to further beautify his life with words of praise. His life does not require the adornment of human commendation. We have come rather to hear the counsel which he has for us. We shall be paying him our highest honor when, for the good of our own souls, we sit once more in his presence and learn of him. It is good for us to contemplate his life, for by so doing we appropriate something of his virtue and extend the sphere of his influence.

He was a scholar of high attainment, a teacher who not only informed but inspired the young men who sat under him, a preacher who proclaimed with power and passion the Gospel of God's redeeming love in Christ, an author whose books and articles were dedicated to a defense of the faith, a friend who enjoyed the high esteem and warm affection of his companions, and a father whose heart went out in deep and sacrificial devotion to his children and children's children. One hesitates to choose for emphasis certain qualities of his life, for fear the symmetry of the whole may be disturbed. Besides, a full-orbed life has many avenues of approach. What seems to one observer vital may pass unnoticed by another. Yet he bore certain marks which all who knew him must have seen. Certain lineaments were essential to his picture. Certain traits were characteristic of his life.

For one thing, he was a man of unusual intellectual strength. The field in which he specialized was the History of the Church, and his knowledge of his subject was profound. His studies naturally took him to adjoining fields. He was thoroughly conversant with the progress of Christian thought and he felt entirely at home in the intricacies of Systematic Theology. But, with the skill of a master, he knew how to concentrate on the task to which his life had been dedicated.

It is a mark of a great intellect to see life whole. Smaller minds are not aware of the relation of their work to the larger life of mankind. But Dr. Dosker knew that when he taught his classes he was making his contribution to the splendid achievement of equipping young men who in their turn would go out to lead men and women into abundant life. In my last conversation with him, only a few days ago, he spoke of the tremendous influence a seminary professor has. His supreme interest was not in the cold facts of history; his supreme interest was in the contribution which the faithful performance of his own task could make to the enrichment of human life. He had a great mind, and he consecrated it to the highest cause the human heart can entertain.

His vigorous intellect was coupled with a childlike trust. Implicit faith is a beautiful thing wherever it is found. But it assumes a majestic and commanding splendor when it is associated with high intellectual power. He knew absolutely that he was in the hands of his Father in Heaven. The Master's testimony to the unlimited reliability of a God who cares was accepted by him literally. He knew that he was living in the Father's world, and that, therefore, no ultimate harm could come to him. He could meet argument with argument in the presence of the most learned, but he could also sing in quiet trust this little song:

"Let us learn like a bird for a moment to take  
Sweet rest on a branch that is ready to break;  
She feels the branch tremble, yet gaily she sings,  
What is it to her? She has wings, she has wings."

Again, he was a man of virile courage. When he encountered opposition, he knew how to stand his ground.

His convictions were of the firmest, and in no company did he attempt to conceal them. He shared that heroic spirit in which Paul looked to supercilious Rome and said, "I am not ashamed." The world admires the man who has the courage of his convictions.

His courage was shown also in the way he accepted the loss of his beloved life companion a few years ago. He passed through the bitterness of an intense loneliness. But he was not crushed by it. With a fortitude born of the resurrection hope, he went on with his work and faced the world again with a smile.

During his last days, his courage had its final impressive manifestation. He was aware of his critical condition. He spoke in the calmest terms of possible death. No tremor of fear passed through his veins. In the last week of his life, when he had already ceased to meet his classes, he finished an article which he had been preparing for an encyclopedia. He had agreed to make this contribution and he could not face his great ordeal in peace until it was completed. "I have done my work," he said, "and if God means that this should be the end, I am ready." He could have said with the splendid pluck of Stevenson, "Glad did I live \* \* \* and I laid me down with a will."

Closely associated with his courage was his moral earnestness. He tingled with a zeal for the Kingdom of God. And increasing years showed no abatement in his fervor. There was a moral grandeur about the man. He took life seriously, yet not without a hearty participation in its joy. He knew that he was on important business, and he felt that to neglect it was unpardonable. He stood for certain things, certain great truths and principles, and he stood for them with all his might.

One more quality demands a brief word. He was intensely human. His keen intellect, his sense of the reality of God, his courage and his earnestness did not restrict the operation of his affections nor the pleasure he derived from human contacts. He was a genuine friend, and a genial companion. His heart was tender. He loved his home, and his dear ones meant more to him than life. We all feel that a warm heart has been taken away from us.

We feel his loss, and shall continue to feel it. But we are not unmindful of the compensation involved in the tremendous contribution he has made to our life, as teacher and as friend. He lives on not only in the books he wrote, but in the hearts of the young men he inspired and the friends he loved.

He has gone to his reward. He lived a triumphant life and he brought it to a triumphant close. In one of his volumes, Dean Inge says, "When a good man's work in this world is done, when he is able to say, without forgetting his many failures, 'I have finished the work that Thou gavest me to do,' surely his last word will be, 'Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace.'" This is a true description of the way our beloved friend and father approached his end. He was sustained and gladdened by the thought that,

" \* \* \* Heaven is round us as we move,  
Our days are compassed with its love,  
Its light is on our road;  
And when the knell of death is rung,  
Sweet hallelujahs shall be sung  
To welcome us to God."

Now it remains for us to give this solemn hour its full significance by dedicating ourselves anew to the cause he loved and served. At an impressive and sacred moment, God said to Joshua, "Moses My servant is dead; now therefore arise." When God calls home a faithful workman, He calls at that same time for others to step forward and give their lives to Christ. The meaning of these sacred rites is caught only by the heart that through them is made somewhat more aware of the presence and purpose of the living Lord, and that responds to Him with a renewed consecration.

"When some beloved voice that was to you  
Both sound and sweetness, faileth suddenly,  
And silence against which you dare not cry  
Aches 'round you like a strong disease and new—  
What hope? What help? What music will undo  
That silence to your sense? Not friendship's sigh,  
Not reason's subtle count; not melody  
Of viols, nor of pipes that Faunus blew;  
Not songs of poets, nor of nightingales,  
Whose hearts leap upward through the cypress trees  
To the clear moon; nor yet the spheric laws  
Self-chanted, nor the angels' sweet 'All-hails,'  
Met in the smile of God: Nay, none of these,  
Speak Thou, Availing Christ!—and fill this pause."

*Louisville, Ky.*

## REMARKS *of* REV. JOHN A. DYKSTRA, D. D.

*Central Reformed Church, Grand Rapids, Mich., December 27, 1926*

Dear friends, I do not feel competent to pronounce a fitting eulogy. Dr. Vander Meulen in his masterful way will do that.

At our last congregational prayer meeting when we were not aware of the critical condition of Dr. Dosker, I was instructed by the congregation to send Dr. Dosker a telegram assuring him of our concern and affection.

Today, dear friends, I want to assure you of our heartfelt sympathy in your great sorrow, which is a deep sorrow to all of us, and to multitudes of others. I feel it the more as pastor of this church of which Dr. Dosker's father was an honored pastor and in which so many of the family are pillars and living members.

It is perhaps true to say that we, as a congregation, know Dr. Dosker best as a preacher. As a preacher Dr. Dosker was a man of magnetic personality. He was always brilliant in conversation. Whatever group he entered he always contributed refreshment and delight. He was inviting. Younger preachers had no fear of approaching him. He was always willing to share with them the riches of his broad knowledge and experience. He always carried this magnetism with him into the pulpit. There was a radiance in his face and a charm in his manner. His magnetism he used not to attract men to himself but to his Saviour.

Eloquence also was an outstanding mark of Dr. Dosker's pulpit work. It was his happy fortune always to speak to large congregations of people. And God had given him the power to lift them into the very audience chamber of the King Eternal. And who would not say as he led the congregation in prayer that here was a man who dwelt in

the secret place of the Most High? His sermons, expository of the Word of God, illustrated by a wide and profound knowledge of the living past and present, gripped the soul with their vitality and beauty.

I cannot think of Dr. Dosker as a preacher without thinking of the constraint of his preaching. I remember as a boy hearing him read the third chapter of the gospel according to John. When he read that greatest of all verses, "God so loved the world," he paused. Looking at his hearers he said, "Were I to begin preaching on this passage of scripture, though I were to preach all my days upon it, I could not exhaust it. The love of God is infinite." Dr. Dosker revelled in the love of God. There must be great preaching when one can so lose himself in the love of God. Paul said, "The love of Christ constraineth me." I think that we all feel that it ought to constrain us. In the preaching of Dr. Dosker it did.

In all of his life there was a wonderful loyalty to Christ. There were no paralyzing doubts in his utterances, his trumpet produced no uncertain sound. There was a ring of positive conviction in everything he said. A couple of years ago Dr. Dosker was invited to deliver some lectures across the sea. He accepted the invitation but, when he found out that he was expected to compromise the evangelical position, he immediately cancelled the engagement. We lose today a great champion of the faith once for all delivered unto the saints.

It is a great thing for a servant of God in his preaching to have something of the personal magnetism of a Peter, something of the eloquence of an Apollos, something of the constraint of a Paul, something of the loyalty of long-tested John. Dr. Dosker had all these in addition to his erudition and vast knowledge of human history.

To think of him is to think of his Christ. Multitudes saw the Master in him and learned to know and love the Saviour through him. His works live after him everywhere in all the earth. He is gone yonder to be with the Lord. God has written upon his life His Well Done.

**REMARKS of**  
**PROF. GEORGE L. ROBINSON of**  
**McCORMICK THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY**

*At the Central Reformed Church, Grand Rapids, Mich., December 27, 1926*

It is with deep appreciation that I accept of the privilege afforded me to say a brief word on this occasion. Indeed, as President Vander Meulen has said, I regard it as Providential that I am here and can represent, in a sense, my colleagues of McCormick Theological Seminary.

Dr. Dosker was one of our most conspicuous graduates. In fact, I am prepared to say, what I have often before on different occasions expressed, that Dr. Dosker was in the latter years of his life the best informed and the most erudite man in the whole Presbyterian denomination. We thank the Dutch Reformed Church for having loaned him to us for so many years. The whole Church is one!

Dr. Dosker and I were associated on many Summer Bible Conference programmes. The last was at Holland in August. I always found him a most companionable and kindred spirit. Dr. Dosker held to all the fundamental doctrines of the Christian religion. I admired him for it. Last April he came to his Alma Mater in Chicago, at my invitation, and delivered a lecture on "The Closing Years of Paul's Life," reconstructing the history and traditions of the great Apostle, and constructing, as few are able to do, a firm historical basis for the Pauline authorship of the Pastoral Epistles. The lecture was much appreciated by both Faculty and students.

At the time of his death, he was under tentative engagement to preach this coming Spring, during the whole of Holy Week, for my son-in-law, the Rev. John R. McMahon, pastor of the Westminster Presbyterian Church this city.

And now he is suddenly called home! It is difficult for me to realize the fact, and the loss I shall henceforth

feel, as I think of his absence from us in the flesh. But his day of graduation had come, and we should not envy him his promotion into the presence and fellowship of his Lord, and in company of those of his dear ones who have gone on before. Though dead he will still live; for such a life is immortal!

**FUNERAL SERMON *by***  
**REV. JOHN M. VANDER MEULEN,**  
**D. D., LL. D.**

*Preached in Central Reformed Church, Grand Rapids, Mich., December 27, 1926*

TEXT: *Matt. 25:15: "And unto one he gave five talents."*

It is with a feeling hard to describe, though easy to imagine, that I essay this afternoon the task that was laid on me just two weeks ago today by Dr. Dosker himself.

Nearly forty years ago there occurred a scene in a corner of an old church that must be indelibly stamped upon my memory as long as life shall last. A student had been indefinitely suspended from college for misdemeanors, not the least of which was his deliberate interference with the religious spirit and work of the college itself. Some of the students in the college had induced the culprit to come, one week-day night, to a meeting led by the students themselves. One of the younger ministers of the city was present at the meeting that night, though he was not in charge of the meeting. After the meeting he asked this student to come with him alone in a corner of the old church. And there with great earnestness and tenderness he talked to the young man, appealed to his better instincts, persuaded him, prayed with him and exacted from him a promise that he would go to his room and on his knees give himself to Christ that very night. The young man did so. He owes that decision and his conversion, humanly speaking, to that young minister. That college student, as some of you may know, was myself. That brilliant and earnest young minister was Dr. Dosker.

Little did I think at that time that in the far future he would once more lay his hand on my life and that through his influence I would follow him to the Southland, and later be associated with him as professor in the same theological Seminary; and then that I would be asked by him

to say the final word here in this church over the memory of his dear wife; and finally, that his last request, made to me two weeks ago in my office, would be to do the same for him.

I would be indeed lost to all the deeper and finer emotions of life if, in view of all he has been to me, I could approach such a task without being profoundly stirred in my inmost soul. When a man owes so much; his own conversion and so large a part of his career to one man, how could it be otherwise?

I do not mean further to intrude my own personal relationship to Dr. Dosker and my personal loss in his departure upon our common grief this afternoon. I must not forget that I stand in the presence of so many of his friends who loved him with a more unselfish love than mine and in the presence of a sacred circle of loved ones to whom he meant the supreme blessing of natural fatherhood and brotherhood and of spiritual fatherhood and brotherhood, too.

But so much of personal gratitude to him I felt I must express ere I pass to the peculiar and official duty of that priesthood of sorrow in which I can only endeavor imperfectly to express what is more eloquently in the hearts of you all.

I have chosen for my text this figure from the Saviour's parables: "And unto one he gave five talents." How many other passages from Scripture come surging through one's mind as we think of Dr. Dosker! From how many we have ourselves heard him preach! How many would be equally appropriate from which to make application to his life and death! But this one shall serve us this afternoon: "And unto one he gave five talents."

There are two things that stand out as I read and re-read this parable and think of the five talent man of the story. The first is **THE GIFTS** that were his; the second is **THE SERVICE** that he rendered to his Lord.

## I. THE GIFTS

I do not think there is anyone that knew Dr. Dosker even a little but perceived at once that he was an unusually talented man.

There were four nationalities that contributed to the making of him. From the line of his paternal ancestors Germany had poured something of its genius for industry and erudition into his veins. For his mother's ancestry France had added the quick and vivid imagination and the religious fervor of the Huguenots. The Netherlands furnished the base of common sense in which these elements were blended and supplied, beside, a bit of practical thrift. And America had still further enriched the rich complex with a deal of dash and humor and a goodly measure of frankness. The whole redeemed, illuminated by the supernatural grace of God and yielded to God's service was Dr. Dosker.

We are wont, psychologically, to speak of three phases or functions or departments of the human soul: The intellect, the emotions and the will. There are men who are brilliantly gifted in the one who may yet be totally lacking in either or both of the other two. Dr. Dosker was gifted in them all. A little analysis will make that plain.

The two great talents of the intellect are the reason and the imagination. The first makes the philosopher; the second the poet. The two together make the great scientist, the great artist, the great historian and the great preacher. Dr. Dosker possessed both these major endowments of the intellect. On the shelves of his library, on his table, in his hands, there were the great thinkers of the past and present. He knew the great theologians and their doctrines. He knew the specious arguments by which modern destructive critics and philosophers as well as ancient heretics sought to overthrow the faith once delivered to the saints. He could present, both with learning and originality, the reasons for the defense. He had a mind to those portions of the Bible that appeal to thought and could expound the deep things of God.

Yet though he possessed both the gift of thought and of the imagination, it was in the latter that he most ex-

celled his fellows. It gave wings to his thinking always, and made him supremely interesting to others both in public speech and in private conversation. Ofttimes in our Faculty discussions, by a single striking metaphor or other figure of speech, he would end a whole discussion and win his point. He was himself mentally the most picturesque figure on our staff. It was this never-failing fountain of imagery that made him both the preacher and the teacher he was. I shall have more to say of this presently. I wish here merely to indicate what intellectual endowment was his. If he was something of a philosopher he was more of a poet.

Now the gift of the imagination is a more wonderful gift than that of thought, for this reason—that it blesses the emotional as well as the intellectual life. No man can either sympathize much with men or love God much who does not have the power of imaging the concrete whatever he may be able to do in thinking the abstract. So it happens that the mere philosopher is often a Stoic in temperament, while the poet is as rich on his heart side as on his head side. And Dr. Dosker was a man of quick and rich emotions. It has often been noted how close together in the soul lie the two, at first blush seemingly opposite, qualities of humor and pathos. He who can make men laugh has almost surely the ability to make men cry and then stay their tears, too. No man had a keener sense of humor nor more ability to move others to it than Dr. Dosker. But by the same token his gifts were in demand on occasions when men's hearts were cut wide open with grief. I know personally of some he saved from despair by interpreting or justifying the ways of God at such a time and so setting their feet upon a rock. He could not have done it without a quick and understanding sympathy. So it was, too, that he could lift men up in prayer to God. Coleridge's ancient lines, forever true, were also true of him:

"He prayeth best who loveth best  
All things both great and small,  
For the dear God who loveth us  
He made and loveth all."

Sometimes it would even happen, when there was some special situation or occasion, that the Seminary students

would express the desire that Dr. Dosker be asked to pray. It is because a man prays mostly with his heart. He had sometimes a teacher's impatience with stupidity and especially with idleness. But if any one of them was in trouble, no one was so quick to spring to their championship.

A tender heart and friendship are, of course, a mutual implication. And much might be said, if I had time, concerning Dr. Dosker as a friend, both here in Michigan and in Kentucky, the two states that, for so long, have been the homes of his career in a nearly equally divided number of years. But there are no friends like the old friends. And two weeks ago, at his home—(I saw him only twice after that)—face to face with his impending operation and possible death, he began to talk once more, as he so often did, of a circle of friends in Holland, Michigan, and the joy they had been to him. In thought he was once more among them, some of them living, others of them gone to that world where by now they must have welcomed him. Their laughter was once more in his ears; their idiosyncracies and his own were again the subject of a gentle though sparkling humor; their virtues and goodness were the qualities on which at last he lingered, as one by one they came up for his earthly review—the faces he had loved long since and lost awhile. More of them were yonder than here. He did not love them or they did not love him because of a mutual blindness to each others' faults. It was that best and truest kind of love, the love that sees all, yet feels justified and strong and loyal.

Perhaps the greatest compliment a man can receive is from his children. Dr. Dosker was a man who had his faults and shortcomings, but he wore these all on his sleeve where everyone could see them, and having seen them, there were no further secret meannesses in his heart. A man's consistency of life can be complimented best by his children. Not through the fact that they love him, for we may love one in spite of his inconsistencies; but by the fact that they accept his ideals, that he has drawn them to love Christ and follow Him. It is this high compliment that all Dr. Dosker's children have paid him and there is not one missing in that tribute. Tenderly did he love them and had learned the great secret of parenthood, which

is companionship; and tenderly did they love him in return and give him their confidence. But chiefest of all is that through him they learned to believe in and love his Christ.

But once more I may not linger any longer here for I must add that if Dr. Dosker had rare talent both in his intellectual and in his emotional life, these were further complimented and completed by the gifts of the will. There is no man that knew him but realized very soon that he was a man of pronounced convictions. He was not a man that could not come to a conclusion. Perhaps sometimes he reached his conclusions too soon, for the impulsiveness of boyhood had never quite left him, but he had at least the ability to come to a conclusion. Some men have not. I have, myself, sat at the feet of professors who never seemed able to reach a decision even in things fundamental. They seemed to be always tight-rope walking intellectually in an eternal balance betwixt two. Such a failure comes when a man's intellect has developed at the expense of his will. Professor William James once wrote an illuminating essay on "The Will to Believe." And Dr. Phillips Brooks never said a finer thing than this: "Not from particular intellect to particular intellect but from total life to total life comes the revelation of God to men." Dr. Dosker was a man who could reach conclusions, and the great conviction of his life he did not reach too soon. He had thought on it long and well. He had considered it from every angle, but he could say without wavering and with great firmness, "I know in whom I have believed." For that great conviction was the conviction of the supernatural Gospel of the supernatural Christ.

What every theologian should have to make him a really great theologian is three things: a philosophic grasp, the historic sense, and a personal experience of Christ. There are professors in Seminaries who have the first but haven't the second; there are those that have the first and second and still do not have the third. They are not safe guides for men in training for the ministry. Dr. Dosker had them all. His religious conviction sprang chiefly, as it should, out of his personal experience of Christ. No man can speak truly and well here but the real empiricist. This experience lay back of his conviction, but that, without the

gift of the will, would still have lacked point with which to penetrate the minds of others.

And then he had that other gift of the will—persistence. Whether it was in his loves and friendships or whether his ideals and tasks, he had the loyalty of carrying on. He was impulsive but beneath all these impulses, like ripples on the surface of a stream, there was the great current of it that never dried up and flowed steadily on to its determined end.

And these gifts of the will were completed by the shining gift of courage. He was an outspoken man. He dared say what he thought. Some may possibly think that he did this too much and, perhaps, for this reason, too, it was that God gave him two gentle inhibitions with it: one was his gentle wife; and the other was the grace of God. But with all it was a shining gift. Personally I think that it is a virtue that has never yet been sufficiently evaluated in this world—the virtue of moral courage, of daring to have convictions and to express them. There are so many cowards in the world hiding their cowardice under the all too thin and transparent cloak of tact. The world needs moral courage more than almost anything else, and the cause of Christ needs it supremely. It was, we read, when those Jerusalemites saw the boldness of Peter and John that they took note of them that they had been with Jesus and had learned of Him. “And ye shall be my witnesses,” Christ commanded his disciples. It took courage. It does still, and it was an outstanding virtue of Dr. Dosker that in whatever company he was, whether of friends or foes of the supernatural Christ, he was an unafraid and unashamed witness of his Lord.

## II. HIS SERVICE

There is a second outstanding thing in the figure of the five talent man in the parable of our Saviour. It is his service to his Lord. I want now to turn with you from the talents of our departed friend to this service that he, too, rendered to the Lord of talents.

That service was chiefly twofold.

1. It was first of all as a preacher.

I have already referred to the sparkling natural gifts that constituted Dr. Dosker the great preacher he was.

Given a man with the power of thought and imagination, and a rich and quick emotional life, is not that all that is needed to make him a great preacher? No—not quite!

There must still go with it, first of all, a great industry and zeal. Great preaching cannot be done, no matter what one's gifts, without hard work. But this Dr. Dosker gave to the task in abundance. He began his ministry in a quiet little country church—the church at Ebenezer, Michigan. One of the elders who sat under his ministry—Mr. Gerrit Rooks—is present here this afternoon. Dr. Dosker, in after years, was wont to advise his students to begin their ministry in some small place where they could form those intellectual and spiritual habits that might serve as a sufficiently broad and solid foundation for an adequate career in the ministry. This advice was born out of his own experience. It was in this little country church that he began to achieve his remarkable style. He learned to read both French and German well and he knew two languages—the Dutch and the English—so intimately that he could express himself in either with a style that was both prose and poetry.

One thing more is necessary to make a man a great preacher. And this is a mighty theme. It falls to my lot in the institution to which we both belonged to teach the history of preaching. It is a great history. The late Sylvester Horne in his lectures to the Yale Divinity students on “The Romance of Preaching” said: “Who should be glad of their calling if not we? Think of the procession of the preachers! No mountains were high enough to daunt them; no rivers broad and deep enough to withstand their advance. Wherever they went they trod the pilgrim road and flung forth their faith oftentimes to a scornful generation. But what heeded they? From frontier to frontier they went, the legion that never was counted, and that never knew defeat.” And all this is true. But there have been ages in which this great succession of preaching has been well nigh lost. It was not because there was no ability, nor because there was lack of industry. It was because men missed their theme. No man can preach greatly on little themes, whether of art, or philosophy, or science, of literature or politics, or even ethics, though there are able

men today in this country that essay that. There is only one theme mighty enough to make great preaching. That theme is Christ—the Christ of the Gospels—the supernatural, atoning, the redeeming Christ.

And amid all the Doctor's erudition and the highest flights of his imagination, he never once lost sight of that. He neither hid his talents in a napkin nor could he be diverted to use them for any secondary purpose. Like the five talent man, he laid his gifts at the feet of his Lord. He could say with the Apostle, "I determined to know nothing among you save Jesus Christ and him crucified."

Presently it became known throughout the circles of his denomination in Michigan that there in the little country church at Ebenezer was a brilliant and rising young preacher. Soon the larger churches began to seek him,—the First Church of Grand Haven, the Third Church of Holland, both of which he served with distinction, and others to whose calls he turned a deaf ear. Then he went to Louisville and the circle of his influence widened until he stood in one after another of the great pulpits of the land, preaching still always the unsearchable riches of Christ—the Lord of the talents.

When, through the Associated Press, the sad news was flashed over the country that he was gone, from one after another of the churches to which he had preached in Kentucky, from Lexington, Frankfort, Owensboro, Paducah, there came floral wreaths to be laid upon or about his bier and that is but a small token of the unexpressed appreciation in the hearts of thousands of men over the length and breadth of the land whose faith he had strengthened, whose spiritual life he had stimulated and whose hearts he had comforted by his gifted evangel of the one theme he never for a single moment forgot, in any company of hearers—the gospel of the supernatural Christ.

## 2. His service as a teacher.

I said a moment ago that the service Dr. Dosker rendered the absent Lord of the talents was twofold. If the first was his preaching—the second was his teaching.

It could hardly have been expected beforehand that a man so qualified to preach, while never abandoning that,

would, nevertheless, turn to teaching, instead, as his great life work. But that was what happened in the providence of God; for there was a crisis in belief at hand and God had called Dr. Dosker to the kingdom for such a time as this.

The teaching of history, most of all Church history, is not an easy task. The men that can do it well are rare indeed; rarer than the men that can teach most every other subject well in the Seminary curriculum. The teaching of Church history in most of our Seminaries has not been a distinguished success.

Nor is it easier in this day when the passion of the age is to be up to the latest, no matter how rootless and mushroom-like that latest may be; destined, like Jonah's gourd, to grow in a night and perish in a night.

But for that reason all the more the teaching of Church history is so essential. No man can know and understand either the great human movements or the great movements of God in the world without knowing their historic backgrounds. You cannot tell the general direction in which a train is going nor guess its ultimate goal by simply seeing a mile of its track. For that may be, for a time, in quite a different—indeed, if it has to cross over a mountain or through a city—in quite an opposite direction. So it is that an age, self-confident though it may seem to be and independent both of its past and its future, often little understands itself. What it needs for its intelligent co-operation in the onward movement of society, especially in the coming of the kingdom of God in it, is to know those historical movements and impulses of which it is in large part the creature or the child.

Nor is that the whole story. There is something else and more vital. For the Church of Christ is committed to the fact that there has been no mere evolution of human society in the world, that there has been and is a supernatural redemption intervening from above and centering in the incarnation and atonement of the Son of God on earth, prepared for by events both supernatural and natural, and carried on since by events and influences of supernatural grace as well as by God's providence in the natural.

Now our age, carried away to obsession by its discovery of the unsuspected marvels of the purely natural, has been tempted in its thinking to eliminate the supernatural altogether. And the great battle ground of faith during the past fifty years that cover the career of Dr. Dosker has been whether or not, in these great historic roots out of which the Church and Christianity has grown, men should find and admit and believe and frankly accept the supernatural.

It all has made the teaching of Church history in our training schools for the Gospel ministry an exceedingly difficult but an exceedingly vital task. What sort of a man has it demanded for such a task? Well—it has demanded, first of all, a man who should so combine the acquisition of erudition with the gifts of the imagination that he would not only know the facts but would make them live again before the minds of this very unhistorically minded age. It has demanded, secondly, a man whose eyes have not been blinded by the obsession of mere naturalism; who, on the contrary, would have a sort of instinct for the supernatural. In my knowledge of the Presbyterian Seminaries of our country—and I have learned something of most of them—there has been one man who, during these past fifty critical years, has possessed the combination supremely. That man was Dr. Dosker.

And so he gave to the Church a supreme service. He had seen the battle line of faith waver both in Europe and also in America, but through it all he not only stood like a rock in the midst of the storm himself, but from his strategic position as a teacher in the Seminary, he sent forth one company of young men after another, year after year, profoundly impressed with the same conviction and with the same attitude, to hold the line until the attack should pass.

In addition to all this, he achieved the dear ambition of a teacher, to win the affection, as well as the confidence, of his students. Not once during the six years I have been president of the Louisville Seminary have I heard any student criticize him adversely. When the news came of his death, it was as if a black shadow had fallen athwart all their hearts. Very tenderly did six young men, all of them now ministers in the Presbyterian ministry in Louisville, all of them his former students, too, bear his body

from the Seminary Chapel where he had so often spoken and led in prayer, to the Warren Memorial Church; and from there to the train as they committed it to us and to you. Very tenderly did others guard what had been his earthly temple while it lay in state. He had won not merely their heads but he had won their hearts, too.

Well, thus had he discharged to the Lord of the talents the very remarkable gifts that had been entrusted to him as a teacher.

### CONCLUSION

Finally, the Lord of the talents came to receive an account of His servant and to call him up to higher service. And when He came, there happened an exceedingly beautiful manifestation of the Lord's grace. It is a sore trial for a man to leave the few things over which he has been faithful here, even if it is to be a ruler over many things there. It is hard to bid farewell to the tasks and loves of time even for those of eternity, since the former are those we know well and the latter have to be taken on faith. It requires much tearing of the heartstrings not only, but a courage more than we possess to pass into the valley of the shadow, when the lights go out forever on this side and those on the other side do not yet shine and we must go, for the first time, without a single human companionship.

But more than once as I have seen the pilgrims of earth draw near to that other shore, I have noticed that something of the transforming glory of that other world seems to reach down to enfold them and lift them up and glorify them.

It was so now. All the gifts that God had given Dr. Dosker were still in evidence, for when Christ comes, He always comes not to destroy, but to fulfill. And for everyone of the gifts of His servants there will be a place yonder. So there was still in Dr. Dosker the same thirst for knowledge. Coming to my office for the last time a week ago last Tuesday and sitting there a bit, he renewed his request to me to preach his funeral sermon. And then he said: "I have an eager curiosity to know what that other world is like. I have had it for many years. Perhaps I shall now soon know."

The same industry was still with him. He had promised to write an article on Presbyterianism for a new encyclopedia—he often wrote such articles—and all that week, though knowing that the operation was just ahead of him, he was writing, busily fulfilling this task that the last work might be accomplished before he went.

There was the same humor, too. He went to the hospital on last Sunday but before he went, he handed a humorous clipping to his son—the father of his little grandson—containing a funny remark that another little grandson had made about his grandfather.

He was just the same Dr. Dosker but also he was already being glorified. All that hindered was falling away. One of his little idiosyncracies had been a certain meticulousness about his health so I, for one, was scarcely prepared for the gallant, almost debonair way in which he could stake it all on a single throw. The last time I saw him was a week ago last Thursday—just before I was leaving the city. As I climbed the stairs to his study where he was working on the article I have referred to, and asked him how he felt, at the top of the stairs, he almost shouted the word, "Happy." He added, "God has been very good to me. He has let me live a long and useful life; my children are all grown; and my wife is in heaven. If He wants me to go now, I am ready."

Last Sunday he went to the hospital to be operated on, on Monday. It was the morning of Christmas week and he did not know whether he would spend Christmas in pain and weakness with his loved ones here, or in glory and rejoicing with his loved ones yonder. If the latter, the dark valley lay still between; but he had committed himself to his Lord and he was not afraid.

When I entered Princeton Seminary, Robert Speer had just gone, but the traditions of him with the students were still fresh. They bore universal testimony to his courage and manliness. Someone once gave me this account of an incident in his later home life. It seems that his little son was afraid to sleep in the dark. So brave a father must needs have a gallant son and so he trained the little lad to sleep with the lights out. But one night the child awoke, perhaps out of a bad dream. The darkness

gripped his little soul with fear for it was, to him, like the darkness of the last valley; but he did not want to be a coward, so he whispered to his father who was lying on a bed nearby: "Daddy! Daddy! Don't turn on the light, but tell me—is your face toward me?" "Yes, my son," said the father, "my face is toward you"; so the lad once more composed himself in peace to sleep. It seems like a happy illustration of what happens when God's children at last enter the greatest darkness. It was so with Dr. Dosker. He was entering the dark valley and he had to go alone; it was Christmas week and the meaning of the gift of Christ to men is that God's face is toward them. That was all he cared to know and that he devoutly believed. We may be sure that he had not gone far into the darkness ere he saw the lights of the other side and heard a voice saying, "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

I have finished the last task he laid upon me, but I cannot let you go with any last word of mine. I want to dismiss you with a word of his. Some years ago he found a monastic legend. It was the legend of a monk who had pondered much over the question and had at last begun to doubt whether the joys of heaven would not cloy and pall on men in eternity since those of time all do so even in its few years. Then through some mystic experience and vision he learned otherwise. Dr. Dosker wrote a very beautiful poem on the legend entitled "The Bird of Paradise." The Roman Catholic press took it up and published it and gave it much praise. Among other tributes an abbess at a convent told him that though he was not a Roman Catholic, his soul could not be lost since, in that poem, he had performed a work of supererogation. Dr. Dosker used to relate her tribute with a twinkle in his eye. I will not read the poem but I will close with the last verse of it which expressed a faith that was fulfilled in him and which, could he speak, he would desire might find fulfillment in all his friends:

"So will the peace which simple faith doth give  
Steal o'er my heart and calm my fears:  
Teach me below the endless life to live  
And taste the joy of endless years."

**PART II**  
**MEMORIAL ADDRESSES**

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# Memorial Service

REV. HENRY ELIAS DOSKER, D.D., LL. D., L. H. D.

*February 5, 1855—December 23, 1926*

*Professor of Church History 1903-1926*

LOUISVILLE PRESBYTERIAN THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

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## PROGRAM

HYMN No. 426—"For All the Saints Who From Their Labor Rest"

INVOCATION . . . President John M. Vander Meulen, D. D., LL. D.

"Blessed Is He That Readeth" (*Colburn*) . . Seminary Quartet

SCRIPTURE (*Revelation 7:9-17*) . . Rev. Chas. H. Pratt, D.D., LL. D.

HYMN No. 643—"There Is a Land of Pure Delight"

SCRIPTURE (*II Cor. 4:6—5:8*)—

Rev. Thornton Whaling, D. D., LL. D., Litt. D.

PRAYER . . . . . Rev. Thornton Whaling, D. D., LL. D., Litt. D.

ADDRESS—"The Antecedents and Early Career of Dr. Dosker"

President John M. Vander Meulen, D. D., LL. D.

ADDRESS—"Dr. Dosker, the Preacher"—

Rev. Jesse L. Cotton, D. D., LL. D.

ADDRESS—"Dr. Dosker, the Writer"—

Rev. David M. Sweets, D. D., Editor of the *Christian Observer*

HYMN No. 603—"O For a Faith That Will Not Shrink"

ADDRESS—"Dr. Dosker, the Teacher"—Rev. Lewis J. Sherrill, D. D.

ADDRESS—"Dr. Dosker in His Relationship to the Students"—

Mr. A. D. McArn, Class of '27 (*representing the students*)

ADDRESS—"Dr. Dosker, the Man"—

Rev. Charles R. Hemphill, D. D., LL. D.

PRAYER . . . . . Rev. Andrew W. Blackwood, D. D.

HYMN No. 637—"Jerusalem the Golden"

BENEDICTION . . . President John M. Vander Meulen, D. D., LL. D.

*Service held in*

HARBISON MEMORIAL CHAPEL

*Thursday, January 6, 1927*

## *The ANTECEDENTS and* EARLY CAREER *of* DR. DOSKER

*By Rev. John M. Vander Meulen, D. D., LL. D.*

It has fallen to me, being the only member of the Faculty who knew Dr. Dosker before he came to this Seminary, to say something of his antecedents and early career.

His father was of German extraction. The original name was Docher. In the turmoil and agitation of the Napoleonic wars the family was somehow or other transplanted to the soil of the Netherlands, and later, the French officials then in charge of affairs in the Netherlands, softened the name by calling it Dosker. There, in the famous city of Amsterdam, Nicholas Herman Dosker was born in the year 1820. While yet a mere infant he lost his father and presently was the only support of his mother. At the age of 15 he was apprenticed to a pharmacist. For ten years he was destined to be engaged in this confining work. But meanwhile he had been led to give his heart to Christ and it was his constant prayer that God might open the way by which he could become prepared for the ministry of the Gospel. Finally his prayer was answered and at 30 years of age he was ordained to the ministry by the Classis, or, as we would call it, Presbytery at Groningen. That same year he was married to Wilhelmina De Ronden. If he was of German extraction, her ancestors were French Huguenots. It was my privilege in my own boyhood and young manhood to know both his parents. Dr. Nicholas Dosker was a man of quiet dignity and thoughtfulness and poise in his ministry, of amiability and comraderie at home. His wife, Wilhelmina, was a woman of lively imagination and unfailing animation and vivacity and religious fervor. Our Dr. Dosker, Henry Elias, to speak his full name, while he owed something by heredity to both parents, nevertheless, partook more of the nature of his mother. There was always something decidedly French

about the liveliness of his mind and style, and the religious convictions and emotional fervor of the best French blood as it flowed through the veins of the Huguenots was likewise constantly in evidence as most of you could bear witness.

Henry Elias was born to them in February, 1858, during his father's ministry at Bunschoten, the third of four sons that grew to manhood and were destined to hold places of leadership, the others as elders, he as a minister in the Church of Jesus Christ.

He was educated in the Dutch "Gymnasie" at Zwolle, a school of secondary education that corresponds somewhat closely to our academies or high schools in this country. One thing of interest may be mentioned in connection with his course there. Henry Elias was not greatly interested in mathematics. He was by nature a poet and linguist and it is often true that the mental taste and capacity for the languages do not co-exist in the same mind with a taste and talent for mathematics. Apparently Henry Elias did not do very well in mathematics; for one day his teacher called him a blockhead in that subject. And now Dutch persistence and pluck came to triumph in him over native French temperament. For when his teacher called him a blockhead, Henry Elias said inwardly: "Just for that I'll take the first prize in mathematics." And so he did. The prize was a book on astronomy. And it may be of interest to you to know that I have the book here with the Latin inscription of the Curators awarding it.

Meanwhile, both preceding his life-time and during it, events had been ripening that were to culminate in the emigration of the Dosker family to America. The political constitution of the Netherlands had been rapidly changing. First, under the impulse of the French Revolution, it had become The Batavian Republic. Then Napoleon had overturned it and made it a part of the French empire, placing his brother Louis Napoleon upon the throne. Then the Netherlanders took advantage of the disastrous campaign of Napoleon in Russia to throw off the French yoke and in 1813 the head of the house of Orange, Prince William Frederick, returned from his 8 year exile in England and ascended the Dutch throne.

His return was to have important consequences for the church as well as for the state. For during his stay in England he had apparently become enamored of the idea of a state church. During the days of the Batavian Republic, Church and State had been separated in the Netherlands. William Frederick wanted now to make of the Reformed Church of the Netherlands the State Church, with himself as the titular head of it. So, through a committee appointed by himself, he drew up an order entitled: "General Rule for the Government of the Reformed Church" and made it binding by royal authority and himself called a meeting of the Synod. It was not to go unchallenged. The two Classis, or as we would call them, Presbyteries of Amsterdam and Woerden, protested against this high-handed proceeding. But they were commanded by the same royal authority to be silent and were declared disbanded.

Nor was that all or worst. In the Reformed Church of the Netherlands as hitherto constituted, every minister on entering the ministry was obliged to sign a statement that they honestly and conscientiously accepted the doctrines of the Reformed Church as being the system of doctrine taught in God's Word. Now the Modernists of that day had apparently gotten in their hand and a change, slight in terminology but very vital and important in its significance, was introduced to the effect that they accepted the doctrines of the Reformed Church in so far as they were taught in and were in harmony with God's Word, it being left to each minister to determine for himself in how far these doctrines were in accordance with the Word of God.

So the door was thrown open to all sorts of heresies and unbelief. For the French Revolution had influenced the life of the Netherlands in two ways. It had introduced the Republic in the state which now had once more given way to monarchy. But it had also introduced its unbelief into the religious life of Holland and now, through the breach made in the minister's signature of confession, one error after another found admission into and was foisted upon the Church.

It was not to be supposed that the evangelical thinkers in the Church would lamely submit to this without chal-

lenge. A group of the younger ministers especially began to become restive under it and after futile protest, they at last separated themselves from the Reformed Church of the Netherlands, now the State Church, and began a secession movement and Church—the Free Church of Holland.

And then began a strange proceeding for a country whose government had once afforded an asylum for the religious refugees of other lands. The government entered upon a course of religious persecution itself. An old Napoleonic law was remembered, giving the government the right to prosecute religious gatherings of more than 19 persons. The secessionist church meetings were invaded by the soldiers, disbanded, their leaders fined and even jailed. It is the one blot on a noble history of tolerance. Among the younger ministers who belonged to the Secessionist Church were Dr. A. C. Van Raalte and my own grandfather, Rev. Cornelius Vander Meulen. And presently they became the leaders in a new project, a project like to that of the Pilgrim Fathers, to escape the restrictions of their native land by emigrating to America. Dr. Van Raalte came in 1846 and Rev. C. Vander Meulen the next year, in 1847, each bringing his congregation with him in a sailing vessel and settling in Southwestern Michigan. They were to be followed by thousands of like-minded Dutch immigrants from the Secessionist Church, settling in Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa and other Western States, founding Hope College and forming the Western branch of the Dutch Reformed Church in America, the eastern branch of which was chiefly in New York and New Jersey. This had always been orthodox so that these Holland immigrants of the Free Church felt theologically congenial with it and so joined it rather than form a new and unnecessary sect of their own.

Meanwhile, the Dosker family still abode in the Netherlands. But the years passed on and in 1869, Rev. C. Vander Meulen revisited the Netherlands and was present at the Synod of the Free Church, now called the Christian Reformed Church, then held in Middleburg. There he met the Rev. Nicholas Dosker, the very successful and much beloved pastor of the church at Zwolle. Our Dr. Dosker, in a historical sketch of his father, says that the two men,

though there was 20 years difference between them, at once felt mutually drawn to each other. Indeed, they formed a warm friendship that lasted as long as life, and so it happened that on Vander Meulen's return to America and when, on account of his now advanced years, he desired to retire from the pastorate of the influential Second Reformed Church of Grand Rapids and become emeritus, he persuaded his church to call the Rev. Nicholas Dosker from the Netherlands as his successor. Dr. Dosker accepted and came in the spring of that year, bringing his wife and four sons with him, the third of whom, then 18 years of age, was Henry Elias, many years afterward to be your professor in Church History. He was thus of Pilgrim stock.

He graduated from Hope College, Holland, Mich., of which he was one of the most distinguished alumni and which honored him last spring by giving him the honorary title of L. H. D. He attended and graduated from McCormick Seminary in the Presbyterian Church without, of course, himself leaving the membership of the Dutch Reformed Church in America.

His early career was all in that Church. His first charge was a fine country pastorate in Ebenezer, a spot about four miles from the city of Holland, Michigan. There he began his first regular preaching and his first post seminary studies. There his poetic soul drank in the beauties of the quiet landscape and his sense of humor fed on the dialect and the idiosyncracies of some of the Dutch farmers who constituted his congregation. His preaching was all in the Dutch language of which he was a master. Indeed, I remember him in my boyhood days in the Dutch Reformed Church in Michigan. It used to be said that of all the Dutch preachers to the Dutch people that had settled there, the finest Dutch was that used by young Dosker.

There, too, there came to him a double tragedy. The first was a tragedy in his home life. He lost his bride by death after he had been married to her but a few months. The second tragedy was in his church. A wave of narrow and bigoted separatism swept over the Dutch Reformed Church in the west. The immediate occasion, generally real, sometimes perhaps only ostensible, was the fear and hatred of secret organizations, specially of free masonry.

The Hollanders that had come to Western America were, for the most part, peasant Dutch—poor and uneducated. They were living in a country where customs were strange to them and whose language they did not understand. It made it easier for agitators from among them or from outside to fill them with fear of this bogey. Free masonry was pictured to them in horrid color, sometimes even as a sort of anti-Christ that would take away their religious liberties in the state and rob them of the deposit of faith as a Church. It was a secret organization and behind that word "secret" they were given to feel there lurked every possibility of evil. The eastern branch of the Reformed Church contained many free masons in its membership, some of them among the elders, some of them even among the ministers of the Church. There was but one thing to do, said the agitators, and that was to separate from this eastern branch and form a new denomination.

What made this separatism seem more plausible to the ignorant was that here in America the orthodox Reformed Church bore the same name as the heterodox Reformed Church in the Netherlands which had persecuted them. That was the Reformed Church in the Netherlands; this was the Reformed Church in America. The names sounded alike. From the Reformed Church in the Netherlands they had separated and formed what they had called the Christian Reformed Church there. So now they were told by the agitators they ought to separate from the Reformed Church here and form the Christian Reformed Church in America. What the agitators failed to add was that there they had separated for vital reasons of faith and that here they were asked to separate for a bogey; that separatism in itself is not a virtue but on the contrary a very great evil and sin.

In vain did the loyal leaders try to stem the fanatical tide. The split came. And though of course the larger and more intelligent element stayed with the Reformed Church, in one community and church after another the agitators succeeded in carrying a portion of the flock with them to join the so-called Christian Reformed Church in America. It is the darkest page in the religious history of the Hollanders in America.

And this second tragedy came to young Dosker while yet so young and inexperienced in his country parish at Ebenezer. He saw a portion of his flock leave him and join the schismatics. It was a bitter trial. But one of the blessings of such an experience of disloyalty is that it brings out the loyalty of others. True men and women were all the more revealed in their fidelity. And it was a touching tribute that one of the elders of that first church, the only survival of that eldership, the ablest of them all, a prince among men, Mr. Gerrit Rooks, at four score came all the way to Grand Rapids, Michigan, to attend the funeral of the man who, through these bitter years, had been his pastor.

From the country church at Ebenezer, young Dosker was called to the larger and more influential First Reformed Church of Grand Haven, Michigan, and from there to the still more important and influential Third Reformed Church of Holland, Michigan; important in this respect, too—that Holland, Michigan, is the headquarters of the Western Branch of the Dutch Reformed Church and that its college is there—Hope College—and the Western Theological Seminary.

That Seminary had had its eye on Dr. Dosker for some time. Indeed, he had already served in that newly reorganized institution as lector in the subject of Church History. And presently the General Synod of the Dutch Reformed Church, which corresponds to our General Assembly, called him to be the Professor of Church History.

It was no doubt with some struggle that he went. He had displayed eminent gifts in the ministry. Most of you have heard him preach and admired his preaching. You must remember that when you heard him it was in a language that he had acquired since attaining to young manhood. Those who never heard him in the native and beautiful Dutch of which he was master, however much they have been thrilled by his address, never quite heard him at his best. It was in that language chiefly he had preached to his churches. And the fame of this growing and eloquent preacher had steadily risen throughout the denomination.

But he had become interested in the subject of Church History for the teaching of which he had also eminent gifts.

So, at the call of the Church, he left his pastorate to occupy the chair in the Seminary. From that Seminary after a number of years of brilliant service in it, he was called to this institution.

Meanwhile, God had been very good to him. He had married again, the new bride being the cousin of the one he had lost. She proved to be just the one he needed to steady him and complete his life and help him make the most of his gifts. Five children had blessed their union, all of whom survive him—two daughters and three sons, one of whom has followed him into the ministry and spoke with his father from this very platform a few weeks ago.

## DR. DOSKER, *The* PREACHER

*By Rev. Jesse L. Cotton, D. D., LL. D.*

It is fitting that we should turn aside from our regular tasks for a little while and, in the quietness of this place made sacred by many precious associations, pay our tribute of honor and respect to the memory of one who, for nearly a quarter of a century, gave the best services of his heart and mind to this institution; and not alone to this institution, but to the Church at large.

It is left to others to speak of him as a man and as a teacher, while I am given the privilege of directing your attention for a few moments to the place he occupied as a preacher.

Dr. Dosker was a great preacher. This is evident from the fact that his services were sought by the pulpits of outstanding churches far and near. Those who heard him once were eager to hear him again and again. He was a master in the art of preaching, and so was an illustrious example of that toward which all his teaching was directed. For while his special province was that of the history of the Christian Church, he kept constantly in mind the better training and equipping of young men for the work of the ministry.

It is no easy matter to appraise in any proper manner any phase of the work of one having so many accomplishments, and the qualities of whose mind and heart were so rare and varied. Let us then be content to note some of the more important elements, as it appears to us, that contributed to his pulpit power.

For one thing his preaching was serious. Preaching with him was not a mere formal matter, nor was its purpose that of entertainment. Although possessing a fine sense of humor, which enlivened his conversation in social circles, clothing it with grace and charm, and which served him in good stead in occasional addresses other than those which

were distinctively religious, yet no flippant or trivial utterance ever found a place in his preaching. Preaching was with him a most serious business. An intense earnestness which might be termed a spiritual enthusiasm, or a holy passion, characterized his sermons. He made careful preparation for his pulpit work and delivered his messages "in demonstration of the Spirit and of power."

Then, too, his preaching was always interesting. The reason for this was not far to seek by those who knew him with any degree of intimacy. In a word, his preaching was interesting because he was himself interested in his preaching. He well knew that if the preacher would interest others in the truth, he must himself be interested in it. He was deeply interested in the Church, in its triumphant progress through the centuries, and in everything that pertained to the Kingdom of God. Above all he was interested in the sacred Scriptures. "His delight was in the law of the Lord." I am sure he could have said with the Psalmist, "O how love I Thy law! it is my meditation all the day." He loved to talk with others about the great teachings of the Word of God, and his own interest in the particular subject with which he was dealing could not but enlist the interest of his hearers and hold their attention to the truth he was proclaiming.

His preaching was also scholarly. His love of the truth and his interest in the Bible led him to seek out diligently its broader, deeper and more hidden contents. His keen intellect and his well-trained mind found most congenial employment in searching the Scriptures. His scholarship was extensive and profound. His knowledge of the original languages of Scripture, his perfect familiarity with the history of the Church, together with his wide reading along many lines, were all laid under tribute in his pulpit utterances. His preaching, while not above the heads of his hearers, bore the marks of one well able rightly to divide the word of truth. His accurate scholarship, his poetic insight and his delicate literary touch enabled him to present truth in most attractive, impressive and convincing fashion. In his hands the truth was made to appear "like apples of gold in pictures of silver." His words like the arrows of the skilled archer went straight to the mark.

But best of all his preaching was biblical. He believed the Bible and he preached the Bible. He regarded the sacred Scriptures as alone able to make men wise unto salvation. He never found it necessary to roam afar for matter out of which to build his sermons. The Bible itself furnished him with abundant material for all his preaching. It was always a peculiar delight to listen to him as he unfolded the meaning of some passage of Scripture and made its application to our present needs. Under his touch the truths of the Bible were made to throb with living power. His vivid imagination, kindled as by a coal from the altar of God, made the truth with which he was dealing glow and burn. Out of this treasure house of wisdom he brought forth truths old and new for the comfort, the guidance, the instruction and the inspiration of those who heard him.

We thank God today for the memory of this great preacher and for the privilege of fellowship with him during a number of years. We sorrow that we shall hear his voice no more.

“Servant of God, well done!  
Rest from thy loved employ:  
The battle fought, the vict'ry won,  
Enter thy Master's joy.”

## DR. DOSKER, *The* WRITER

*By Rev. David M. Sweets, D. D., Editor of "Christian Observer"*

In the death of Rev. Henry E. Dosker, D. D., LL. D., the Kingdom has suffered an irreparable loss. He was a preacher of unusual power and earnestness and was greatly beloved by a host of friends throughout all branches of the Presbyterian Church. He was a teacher of remarkable magnetism and success and his popularity both as a preacher and teacher had made him an international figure.

Any record of Dr. Dosker's life and work would be incomplete that failed to mention his ability as a writer. Throughout his long and useful life he had made it a rule to write something practically every day, and his advice to students for the ministry was that they should cultivate the art of writing with assiduous care. His scholarship, which was thorough and comprehensive, was a fitting background for the literary work that he accomplished. He exemplified the oft quoted truth that reading makes a full man and writing makes an accurate man. He viewed life from many viewpoints and always sought to interpret current events as evidences and proofs of God's overruling and directing Providence.

For twenty years he was an editorial writer for the *Christian Observer* and many of his contributions dealing especially with conditions in foreign countries, as well as with conditions in the Church at home, received cordial commendation and helped to clarify many doctrinal and ecclesiastical discussions. Early in life he had determined to cultivate and develop his ability as a writer. In speaking of this desire on one occasion he said that in his early ministry he prepared an article for a church paper and sent it to the editor, hoping it would be accepted. A kindly letter came to him in a few days from the editor telling him that it contained many excellent ideas, but it should be and could be condensed, and would be more effective in the shorter form. Without taking offense at this kindly

criticism, he applied himself to the task of condensation and succeeded in a remarkable degree. The editor wrote back expressing his pleasure at his ability to condense and urged that his contributions be made frequent if he would continue to show the same ability in writing. He often quoted this to young men and urged that they profit by his experience.

In addition to his writing for the religious press, Dr. Dosker was the author of a book bearing the title, "Outline Studies in Ecclesiastical History," published in 1901 and revised in 1913. Perhaps his most pretentious work was the book, "The Dutch Anabaptists," published in 1921. This book gives evidence of most careful research and accurate scholarship. It received cordial commendation from the religious press and made a tremendous impression at the time of its appearance. Earlier in his life Dr. Dosker had written "The Life of A. C. Van Raalte," "John of Barneveldt," etc.

The field in which Dr. Dosker specialized was that of church history, and in this field he was without a peer. Many of his articles dealt with historical subjects and he was able to make historical characters live and move before the reader in a most interesting way. He vivified church history in a way that few teachers and writers have been able to do. His thorough familiarity with all the departments of religious thought and life fitted him for the chair that he occupied in the Seminary and also made him a most interesting and informing writer on any subject. During his trip to the Orient several years ago he wrote a series of descriptive letters that were widely read and thoroughly enjoyed.

The last contribution that Dr. Dosker prepared for the *Christian Observer* indicates that his thoughts were dwelling on the satisfaction of a completed task and a fulfillment of one's appointed course in life. In this, perhaps his last written message, he gave a beautiful description of the struggle and victory of faith as set forth in the twelfth chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews. He found great comfort in the words, "Run with patience the race that is set before us," and he thanked God that it is not we that mark the course, but it is a loving Father Who knows us through

and through and has made the effort required from us entirely commensurate with our endurance and strength of faith.

He pointed out that the only thing demanded of us is that we shall run in our appointed course "with patience." He concluded this beautiful picture with the following words:

"And we are sure of this one thing, that when we shall look upon the course back of us, from the vantage of the inheritance of the saints in glory, we will find to our amazement that the smooth bits of the race course were the most dangerous and deceiving and that, on the contrary, the rough and steep places were those where we made our true gains and our best progress. Blessed is the man or woman who has learned the lesson of true progress here below and who has seen the advantage of the 'appointed way' and has learned to run in it with that patience which is taught only in the school of Christ."

## DR. DOSKER, *The* TEACHER

By Rev. Lewis J. Sherrill, D. D.

The other members of the faculty have known Dr. Dosker for many years as a colleague but my relation with him in the faculty was unique in that I was the only one of that body who had actually sat in his classes as a student. It is then appropriate that I should speak of him as a teacher; and I do it with great pleasure because of what he has meant to me as a teacher in former years.

The possession of profound knowledge does not guarantee high teaching ability; but it is equally certain that one may not be a great teacher without a thorough knowledge of the field in which he works. This requisite, Dr. Dosker possessed in an eminent degree. I well recall the day of opening of the Seminary, in the year of my entrance here. Dr. Dosker was the faculty speaker on that occasion. "Erasmus and the Reformation" was his subject. Without laboring, he seemed to move easily over the intricacies of the period during which Erasmus lived. One had the impression that there was nothing which had been written about this man, which the speaker did not know. The impression of thorough acquaintance with a single man, and a period, was constantly deepened as one sat in his classes, and saw him move with equal ease in every period. An enthusiastic admirer of Lloyd George exclaimed on one occasion, "The whole history of the world has seeped through that man's mind." I felt it as enthusiastically, about this teacher. His unusual knowledge of many languages contributed the more to this result. The forgotten tongues which to the most of us are last resources and only used with great laboriousness, were to him, due to his Continental training, like native speech. The result was that the rich treasures hidden away in forbidding languages, were literally an open book. To his students he brought the gleanings from many a source that would have otherwise remained forever locked.

He was a wise teacher in that he did not devote his teaching time to a mass of detail which is meaningless to the student today, and tomorrow is forgotten. He knew his detail. He could trace every step of the wandering pathway of some obscure character when such a procedure was necessary. But he could move over that same ground with seven-league boots when he wished to give us perspective. Nor was his summarizing marked by that too-facile characterization of a period which so often is misleading. But he knew the larger drifts of history because he knew so well the smaller veins.

It is of great importance that a teacher of history should have thorough knowledge of his field, and that he should be able to balance so nicely the infinite detail and the larger trends. But this still is not enough to make a great teacher. There was another trait which united to form a very trio of graces. That was his ability to make the past live again. He had imagination. He had been born and had spent his early life among and near the scenes of many a stirring passage in the world's history. In addition, he had traveled widely, visiting the scenes of many another crucial event. The poet that was within him, peopled those places with the men and women of other days and manners. So to those who worked with him, history became no mere poking among the ashes of the dead; it was rather life come to life again. In the basement of our city library there is an Egyptian mummy which is thought by some to be the body of a former sovereign of Egypt. Years ago it reposed in another city. As a mere lad, I saw it there. At first sight, it meant little more to me than some unusual stone might mean. But it had been recently opened; and as I looked closer at that ancient face, I could discern in the corner of one of the eyes, a lingering trace of moisture. It was some of the fluid placed in that body by an old world skill; but it became to my childish imagination, a tear within that eye. Instantly there was a transformation. This was no longer just a mummy. It was a man. I could see him upon his throne, surrounded by his court. I could feel his sorrows and his joys. I could sense the tug of his loves, and the drive of his hates. He was a man that once had lived, and now for me was alive again. Now it was just

this which Dr. Dosker was forever doing with history. One saw no shadowy procession of characterless beings flitting across a foggy landscape. These were men and women such as we know; sorrowing, toiling, rejoicing, hot with the strife of battle, flushed with the exultation of victory, depressed by the burden of defeat; heavy with disappointment and disillusionment, or elated by the hope that would not die; the visions of youth and the dreams of age, we saw them all. Further, his inevitable sense of the humorous lit up many a dull episode, or pierced the pretentious armor of some great figure and showed us his humanness. It was masterly work, such as only a great teacher could have done.

If he had a fault as a teacher, it was that he did too much of the work of his classes himself. But if that be a fault, it was more than redeemed by the fact that in so doing, he gave us so much of himself. And I for one can say that after two years of work with him, I came out of his classes with a love for history which I doubt that I could have gained in any other way, and with a keen desire to know more of it. Growing out of that desire was the result that for several years, all the time I could command was spent in reading within this rich field which he had opened up to me. Such a net result, I take it, is one which any teacher would covet as the fruit of his work. And I have reason to believe that such a result was not unique in my own case, but was typical.

It can be imagined, then, with what trepidation I enter upon a few months of effort to carry on his work until a successor can be found. For what can the man do that shall come after the king!

## DR. DOSKER—*In* HIS RELATIONSHIP *To* HIS STUDENTS

By Mr. A. D. McArn, Class of '27

The student body is deeply grateful that it may participate in this memorial service. We rejoice that we, who sat at the feet of our esteemed professor, are granted this opportunity to pay tribute to his memory. We do not pride ourselves primarily on the splendid physical equipment of our seminary, but particularly on the noble, consecrated, godly men into whose care our preparation has been intrusted. Our chief source of appreciation is not to be found in the excellent opportunities for our preparation offered in this great city, but in the spirit-filled men of God, to whom He has committed us for training in life's greatest task. We are profoundly grateful for every blessing that flows from the God of grace, but our thanksgiving to Him finds its fullest expression in the high esteem and appreciation we have for the men of God at whose feet we daily sit. And now that God in His mercy has taken from us one such man, one whom we loved and respected, a teacher sent from God at whose feet we sat with constant admiration and interest, we students wish to honor his memory with these few words of genuine appreciation.

To no one of us was given the privilege of more than two years' intimate association with Dr. Dosker and yet in this brief relationship, he made a graven impression upon us that neither time nor seasons will ever destroy. We pay tribute to his memory because in our relationship with him, we were impressed by an *intense spirituality that was joined with a genuine "humanness."* When we came to the seminary we thought that to be ministers of the gospel, it was necessary to suppress the human element within us and to become long-faced ascetics; that to be a real Christian meant to dwarf the manhood God has given us and to live in a realm apart from that in which men work, play, suffer,

live and die. But in the classroom of Dr. Dosker our conception was changed, for in him we saw reflected that abundant life of which the Master spoke. He impressed us with the profundity of his knowledge, he swayed us with his marvelous teaching, his wit was sharp as a needle, his humor exceedingly clever and his anecdotes without limit. At times he held us spell-bound as he related some thrilling incident of the great saints and martyrs; again he convulsed us in laughter over some historical anecdote and out of this he would suddenly bring us to the sober realization of some great truth that made our hearts yearn to beat in closer harmony with the Master's. For us his genuine humanness destroyed forever the notion that the Saviour was what the artists have so often portrayed Him as being, merely a meek, gentle Christ, without the temptations, the passions of a strong, virile man.

Genuinely human as he was, we have often seen tears fill his eyes, we have heard his voice subdued to tones of sympathy, we have seen his gentle face radiate with love and pity for lost sinners that proved to us, that though he was a Prince among red-blooded men yet he was a saint of God, that though he was a virile man who enjoyed associating with men yet he was one who delighted most to commune and walk with his God. We discovered that though he was a brilliant scholar and teacher, who loved to explore into the intellectual findings of man, yet he persuaded us that he was most interested in contemplating the hidden mysteries of God. We honor his memory today that though a man in the masculine, intellectual, social sense, he impressed us most as one who lived in closest fellowship with the King, who in his living, his thinking and teaching gave all the preeminence to his Saviour.

We pay tribute to his memory, too, because of *his valiant defense of the faith*. This is a period when faith in the Christ of the gospels is being fiercely assaulted. From every corner of Christendom in the recent years, writers and theologians have been directing artillery fire against the Jesus of history. They have attempted to destroy the validity of the atonement and to ridicule the vicarious sufferings. It is against such assaults upon our Saviour that Dr. Dosker valiantly defended the faith before us.

Ignorant and unequipped as we students are to intelligently combat these heresies, we have found a great help and defender in him. He has verily been to us a shield and a buckler against the heretical arrows aimed at our feeble understandings.

I dare say no heresy of antiquity or of modern times came from the press that was not read and disproved by him. Many a time in his lectures he has paused to give us a digest of some heretical book he had just read and always pointed out the writer's pernicious error. And in so doing he always held up afresh before our eyes, the wounded hands and feet and the pierced side of the Saviour Who died in our stead. We have all been impressed by his scholarly attainment, we have been persuaded of his preeminence as a teacher, we have been lifted to higher living by his preaching but it was in the valiant defense of the faith in Christ Jesus that saves from sin and death, that our esteemed professor has left his memory indelibly fixed upon our minds and hearts. The one point in which we students all agree is, that along with Luther, Knox, Savonorola and others, he lived and fought constantly beneath the banner of unsullied faith in Christ as Saviour. It was in this faith that he lived, he laboured, he taught, and in this faith, too, that as one who lies down upon his own couch in peaceful sleep, that he died. We honor him today because in our relationship with him, he changed the faith that was in us as a glowing ember into a burning flame, the faith that was in us as yielding sand, because of him became a solid rock. We pay tribute to him today because he taught and inspired us to stand faster in the faith of Him Who loved us and gave Himself for us. We will gladly remember him as the defender and establisher of our faith in days that were dark, on seas that were troubled.

We pay tribute to him, too, because of the *contribution he has made to our preparation for the ministry*. There is not one of us, who has sat at his feet, who has not received some tangible contribution from him. It is true that we have not responded fully to his noble example, we have not laboured for him as earnestly as he wanted us to do, we have not drunk as freely from the stream of spiritual and ecclesiastical knowledge that flowed from his lips as

we should have drunk. And yet in our relationship with him, we have all received something that will fit us to be better servants of the Master.

He contributed to us the *heroism of humility*. I venture to say no contemporary teacher of his field, in all our land, excelled him in his scholastic attainment and despite his proficiency and his possibilities, he was among us as one who girded himself with a towel and washed the feet of his brethren. With all his endowments and opportunities of advancement we saw him as one who came not to be ministered unto but to minister and to give his life in serving humanity.

He also inspired in us the spirit of charity and toleration for all men. He was never antagonistic, never intolerant save only with sin. It mattered not what the faith or creed of others might be, he urged us always to be kind to Jew, Catholic and Greek. He never spoke bitterly of any one of a false faith but often times we have seen his eyes fill with tears as he pitied them. We have been so impressed with his oft repeated words of the Master, "All they that take the sword, shall perish with the sword," that we will remember always that the weapon Jesus would have us use for Him in this world of sin, is the sole weapon of love, which weapon was the sole defense and sword of our beloved teacher.

The preeminent contribution he made to us is the desire he has planted within us to *better appropriate and to more valiantly preach the faith of Christ Jesus*. The life of every great saint has centered about some great scriptural theme and for him his theme seems to have been, "Stand fast therefore in the faith, take unto you the whole armour of God that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day and having done all to stand." At any rate the truth that seemed to lie most deeply embedded in his heart and teaching and that he best imparted to us was, that even as Jesus took His stand against sin, oppression, greed and hate, even so to be good ministers of His, we must resolve to live and preach Him crucified despite what the world may say, think or do. We rejoice to pay tribute to him who greatly strengthened our faith and inspired within us the desire to

know Jesus better, to preach Him more confidently and to defend Him more valiantly.

The master of writers has smuggled into the world's renowned literature these words, "The evil that men do lives after them, the good is oft interred with their bones." Appropriate they may be for Antony on the death of the cruel tyrant Caesar, whose life was spent in oppressing his fellows. But how foolish it would be to think that the good that Dr. Dosker has imparted to us his students has perished with his departure. It must be, that in us his untiring efforts for Christ will be realized by our carrying into our ministry, what he taught us in the class room. And though his lips are silent as we honor him today, yet he speaks and in response to his command we pledge ourselves to cherish his memory by better living for the Saviour, whom he so loved and served.

## DR. DOSKER, *The* MAN

By *Rev. Charles R. Hemphill, D. D., LL. D.*

I am to speak of Dr. Dosker, the Man, and in thinking of him I cannot but recall other colleagues of mine in this institution who have entered into the rest of God: T. D. Witherspoon, C. B. H. Martin, F. R. Beattie, J. M. Worrall, R. A. Webb, T. M. Hawes, and now H. E. Dosker; a noble band of brothers, different in gifts but one in faith and purpose. To be an associate of these servants of God in a high and holy enterprise has been a joy and privilege, and now that they are gone, there remain the happy memories of unbroken affection and friendship, and the bright hope of renewing our fellowship in the better country, even the heavenly.

In what has been already said of Dr. Dosker's accomplishments, his characteristic qualities have been more or less fully revealed. I shall content myself, therefore, with signaling two or three of his striking traits.

Dr. Dosker had a marked individuality. Behind all a man accomplishes is the man, and his deeds rarely equal or completely express the real self. Among the millions of leaves in a forest no leaf is the exact duplicate of another, and in His creation of the myriads of mankind, God has never made two men exactly alike. In our mechanistic age we are disposed to standardize everything, men included: to level the hills and to fill up the valleys, and to reduce the landscape to a monotonous plane. But this is not God's way; He loves variety, and in making men He never repeats Himself. Of this Dr. Dosker was an eminent illustration. With no oddities or eccentricities or artificialities he was frankly himself. In every form of expression, from lightest conversation to learned lecture, there was an original flavor. Buffon would have been pleased to cite him in proof of his famous saying: "The style is the man." This individuality gave him distinction

in any company and made everything he said and did interesting and impressive.

Reference has been made more than once to the faculty of Imagination in Dr. Dosker, but it was so characteristic of him that I cannot wholly pass it by. This was his most conspicuous and probably strongest intellectual gift, and it pervaded all the other high qualities of his mind. He possessed this imperial faculty in its profounder forms such as the creative and constructive imagination, and in its lighter form of fancy, and that to an uncommon degree. He used it effectively in all his teaching and preaching, giving him dramatic action, descriptive power, and the charm of apt and graphic illustration. His possession of this faculty kept his learning from changing him into a dry-as-dust, and enabled him to redeem Church History from the somewhat common reputation of being a thorny and juiceless study.

But the occasion permits only a glance at some other characteristics of our noble friend and teacher.

He was intensely human, a friendly man, with strong feeling, tender sentiment, warm affections, quick sympathies, and kindly humor. He was a lover of nature and the out-of-doors, of tree and flower, of vale and mountain, of boating and swimming and fishing—a true disciple of Isaac Walton.

He was a tireless seeker after knowledge. From his youth and to the end a student both of men and of books; not only conversant with the productions of the choicest spirits of the past, but keeping abreast of modern thinking both in the realm of religion and in the broader field of general literature.

More than all else Dr. Dosker was profoundly religious; with him religion was indeed the chief concern. All his powers and attainments were consecrated to the Lord Jesus Christ and His Kingdom. His religious convictions were the central things of his being, and in a day of doubt and uncertainty he was steadfast, a defender of the faith, standing four-square to all the winds that blow.

The larger part of Dr. Dosker's life was devoted to the training of men to preach the religion of Jesus Christ in

which he so intensely believed, and he felt keenly the responsibility of his office. Often in the chapel services he prayed that God would restrain us who teach from teaching anything other than the truth of God.

The value of his service of nearly a quarter of a century to this Seminary is beyond our power to estimate. He came to it in the maturity of his intellectual powers, and with a wealth of learning, trained skill in teaching, practical acquaintance with the work of the ministry, and a rich experience in the Christian life. Here he did his chief work and he has left his ineffaceable stamp on this institution and on the men he taught. A frequent petition of his was that some influence for good from us teachers here would abide with our students and, after we are gone, something of our instruction would live in their ministry. That prayer we know is answered as in many lands hundreds of his students are today preaching the Gospel of the Grace of God, which was at the heart of all his life and teaching. When he was facing the issue of life and death he thought of these boys of his now in the Seminary, and he sent them his love and the message that in the faith he had taught them he had lived and in that faith he died.

The end crowns all, and our beloved teacher passed from us in the triumph of the faith of Christ and with the peace of God in his heart. We lament him and sorrow that we shall see his face no more, but we rejoice with him that he is now with the Saviour he loved and with the company of the redeemed.

“O child of God, O Glory's heir,  
How rich a lot is thine.

“A hand almighty to defend,  
An ear for every call,  
An honored life, a peaceful end,  
And heaven to crown it all.”

**PART III  
RESOLUTIONS,  
LAST SERMON OUTLINE, ETC.**

## MINUTE

*Adopted by the Faculty of the Louisville Presbyterian Theological Seminary*

Professor Henry E. Dosker, D. D., LL. D., L. H. D., entered on his duties as Professor of Church History in this Seminary at the beginning of the session of 1903-1904 in succession to Professor C. B. H. Martin who died in May, 1902, and continued his service until he fell asleep on December 23, 1926. Dr. Dosker had been for nine years Professor of Church History in the Western Theological Seminary of the Reformed Church in America at Holland, Michigan, and came to this institution with a high reputation for ability, learning and skill in teaching. And in these more than twenty-three years in Louisville, he has sustained and largely increased this reputation, and has given his department front rank among the Seminaries of our country.

His disciplined intellect, his life-long habits of study, his classical culture, his wide reading, his mastery of the important modern languages, his thorough scholarship, made him a notable man and gave lustre to our Seminary. To all this he added deep piety, soundness in the faith, love for the Seminary and his students, with enthusiasm and inspiring power in teaching. We who were his colleagues found in him a genial and faithful friend, a true yoke-fellow in a common task, and a noble exemplar of our holy religion. We feel keenly the personal bereavement to us and the heavy loss to the Seminary, but we would not fail to be grateful to God for this gift of the ascended Saviour to the Church and to our institution, and for the years in which he here trained hundreds of young men for the ministry of the Gospel. We shall cherish his memory, and by it be moved to more consecrated endeavors in the work to which he was devoted.

To the sons and daughters of our friend and colleague and to all knit to him by ties of blood and friendship, we tender our sincerest sympathies and commend them to the grace of Him who is the Father of mercies and the God to all comfort.

## RESOLUTIONS

*Adopted by the Student Body of the Louisville Presbyterian Theological Seminary*

On Thursday morning, December 23, 1926, there passed triumphantly to his reward one of the most delightful and lovable of men in the person of Dr. Henry E. Dosker.

In his death the world at large has lost a profound scholar and an authority in the field of Church History. The Church has lost an eloquent preacher of the Gospel and an outstanding leader of men. The Seminary has lost one of the oldest and most capable members of her faculty. The Student Body has lost not only an efficient teacher, but also a faithful friend, beloved by all who knew him. Therefore, be it resolved:

FIRST, that we extend our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family.

SECOND, that we as a Student Body place on record the deep sense of our own loss brought upon us by his passing.

THIRD, that we shall sadly miss his genial figure from the campus.

FOURTH, that we shall cherish the memory of his inspiring ability as a teacher, his eloquence as a lecturer, the true simplicity of his nature, his playful humor, his sympathetic friendship, and wise counsel; and that we shall strive to emulate his exemplary Christian life, his faithfulness to his task, his earnestness and zeal for the propagation of the Kingdom of God throughout the world; and seek to attain to his triumphant faith in Jesus Christ.

FIFTH, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of our late friend and teacher; to THE REGISTER of the Seminary; to representative religious papers; and a copy be preserved in the records of the Student Body.

## MEMORIAL

*Adopted by the Faculty of McCormick Theological Seminary*

It is with profound sorrow that we record the death of our revered and beloved alumnus, Professor Henry E. Dosker, D. D., who entered into rest on December 23rd, 1926.

Dr. Dosker was one of the most celebrated and most scholarly of all our alumni, having graduated from McCormick in the class of 1879. Being by nature highly gifted as a linguist, and being an omnivorous reader, he acquainted himself with all phases of theology and theological science in various tongues, especially in English, Dutch, German and French. His predilections carried him into the department of Church History, with which discipline he became thoroughly conversant. He not only knew the facts of Church History, but he was able to present them in a most interesting and instructive manner. This was especially manifest in his many popular lectures to ministers, given at Summer Conferences, at Grove City, Lake Winona, and elsewhere. Twice over, he was approached by his Alma Mater to consider a position as Professor in McCormick Seminary. In both spirit and erudition, in faith and in attitude, Dr. Dosker had few, if any peers. His death brings sincere sorrow to us all. We accordingly extend our sincere sympathies to his colleagues in our sister Seminary in this time of their deep bereavement.

# AN EXPRESSION *of* SYMPATHY .

*From the Faculty of Union Theological Seminary, Richmond, Virginia*

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

January 31st, 1927.

REV. J. M. VANDER MEULEN, D. D., LL. D.  
President Presbyterian Theological Seminary  
of Kentucky,  
Louisville, Kentucky

*Dear Doctor Vander Meulen:*

By request of the members of the Union Seminary Faculty, and in their behalf, I am sending you this expression of our deep sympathy for you, your faculty, and your student body, in the lamented death of Doctor Henry E. Dosker. His eminent position in the church and the great services which he has rendered make his removal from earthly service a great loss to the whole Southern Presbyterian Church. We always have shared with you and with his nearest friends, your admiration for his signal ability, and your affection for him as a man. We pray that your Board of Directors will be divinely guided in the choice of a worthy successor.

Asking that you will tell the members of the faculty of our sorrow with them in their bereavement, and with best wishes for yourself and the work of the Seminary,

Sincerely yours,

EDWARD MACK

# OUTLINE *of* DR. DOSKER'S LAST SERMON

## "PAUL'S PAEAN OF VICTORY"

(The following is an outline of the last sermon preached by Dr. Dosker on Sunday Evening, December 5th, 1926, in Bowling Green, Ky.)

TEXT: II Tim. 4:6-7. "For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

A bright forward look is good. A bright backward glance is better. And only he who has a vision at the start can have the latter look at the finish. Paul is writing his last will and testament to Timothy. It is presumably the fall of 67. He is in his second Roman imprisonment. But what a difference! Not as Acts 28. He is a common felon in the Mamertine prison without its honors. It is all over. "I will show him how great things he must suffer for my name's sake," the Master had said to Ananias, and he has walked ever since with Christ along the *via dolorosa*. In all the captivity experience he has been willing to die but hopeful of deliverance and further work. Now he has come to the end of the long road. Hear! "I am now *ready* to be." Does it frighten him? No! From the night comes the thrill of God's nightingale; from the depth of the prison comes a paean of victory and that *Paeon of Victory* we want to study a bit tonight.

### I. A WARRIOR DOFFING HIS ARMOR

"I have fought a good fight."

#### A. No self gratulation here—

Great men are always humble;

Are conscious of their value.

Paul's insistence on his apostleship—

His recognition of his own labors. "I have worked more abundantly."

Of his own revelation;

Of his own suffering for Christ. (II Cor. 10).

- B. His Fight:**
- a. The break of the Jews and the Gentile Church.
  - b. The opposition of brethren.
  - c. The opposition of errorists—here and in I Timothy and Titus.
  - d. The separation from former disciples.
  - e. g. The Church of Corinth—Demas.
- C. It had been a bitter fight.**  
 With himself;  
 With the opponents of the Church;  
 With ill health and with sin. (Glimpses of Paul's inner life; Nietzsche's hatred of Paul.)

## II. AN UNCONQUERED RACER

Paul's favorite figure. Thus to the end. That of the Thracians abounded in games and physical play; how completely Paul had become a Greek to the Greeks.

- A. It had been a prescribed course.** (Heb. 12:1).  
 Paul had found in that idea, physically and spiritually, his final comfort and trust.
- B. It had been a long course.**  
 It extends perhaps over 33 years.  
 His only prayer all these years (that of the Damascus way).
- C. A hard course.**  
 Not a level cinder path as in the arena. It had led him over 3 of the Roman provinces and finally perhaps far beyond, "to the ends of the west." (Clement of Rome). Read II Cor. X prayerfully, and you feel what that race implied.
- D. The end at last in sight.**  
 Oh! the wonder of it to Paul. To be with the Lord. To die is—gain. The house of our tabernacle—now comes the vision glorious.

- E. The Master's last wording was Paul's: "I have finished my course." What peace, joy and comfort, hope and assurance in these words!

### III. THE UNDAUNTED WATCHMAN

"I have kept the faith."

- A. The greatest of all comforts.
- B. Paul's intellectuality and its dangers.  
None of the Apostles had such a battle to fight as he. None were so assailed by Satan as he was.
- C. The *Finder of the way* and *keeper of the path*.  
What we owe to Paul as a Christian Church.  
Hence the attacks of the Modernists on Paul, and their efforts to discredit him.
- D. The *final cry of every triumphant soul*.

My brethren, what of us!

Oh, that I were speaking to all the ministers of Christ who have lost Paul's ideals! Are you fighting, running, keeping the faith? The faith of the fathers and ours? The *weakness* of our faith and its superficiality. Oh, God, open our eyes and give us the idealism of Paul, as regards the whole of our Christian life.

## DR. DOSKER'S LAST EDITORIAL

(Published in the "Christian Observer," January 5, 1927)

### THE APPOINTED PATH

One of the most inspiring pictures of the spiritual life in all the Scriptures is the description of the struggle and victory of faith in the twelfth chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews. The writer of that paragraph had certainly been a witness of the intense efforts of the runners in the Olympic arena. He had seen the masses of witnesses like a cloud filling the endless tiers of seats on the slopes of the mountain cut in solid stone and enduring till this day. He had heard their shrill cries of encouragement as a favorite runner passed by them, and he had seen the new life which it put into the well-exhausted man. He had seen the "brabeus," or judge of the race, stand in the very center of the course, holding out to the advancing competitor the crown of laurel or pine leaves, which constituted the badge of victory. And through its symbolism he has given us such a picture of the life of the Christian that, once seen, it can never be forgotten.

Hundreds of believers, ready to lie down in their tracks overwhelmed by a sense of sure defeat, ready to say, "One of these days I shall perish by the hand of Saul," have found in that picture new inspiration and a new source of strength and have finally gained the crown of life. And in all that picture there is nothing more comforting than the words—"and run with patience the race that is set before us."

The Greek runner was not racing in a path of his own making or of his own appointing. Far from it! He ran in the appointed way and thus only could he achieve victory. The Christian race course is different from the Olympic in that he races with himself rather than with any outside competitor. It is the old, old struggle with innate sin and temptation and indifference and impatience and sloth.

And in all his racing, he runs a race of God's own appointing for him individually and for him alone. Oh, the marvel of the difference in Christian experiences, of the different temptations and of the individual weaknesses and sins and of the different burdens of the believers by the way!

"The race that is set before us." Thank God it is not we that marked the course, but it is a loving Father who knows us through and through and has made the effort required from us entirely commensurate with our endurance and strength of faith.

If we had the making of our own lives the path of our running would be entirely different from what it is. We would ever have sunshine and no gloomy days with lowering skies, no suffering, no losses of dear ones, no disappointments in business or family life, our ships would ever sail with full well-trimmed sails before a favoring breeze. And would we be winners in the end? God knows we would not. The way to the Kingdom of Heaven is a hard way, not a path of roses. "The Kingdom of Heaven is taken by violence and the violent take it by violence." We need all the hindrances and all the bitter experiences which we get by the way. As He was made perfect by suffering, so must we. As He patiently endured to the end, so must we. As He, for the crown that was set before Him, bore the cross and endured the shame, so must we. Oh, the glory of the thought that the Master does not ask of His follower anything which He has not done Himself! He ran a race "that was set before Him," and so do we.

The only thing demanded of us is this, that we shall run in the appointed course "with patience." The word in the original refers to burden-bearing. We are not to try to shift the burden from our backs, but we are patiently to remain under it. That is hard, that is completely in conflict with our inclinations and our sinful will. To remain under the burden and "to glory in tribulation" for Christ's sake, here lies the true triumph of the Christian runner in the course.

And we are sure of this one thing, that when we shall look upon the course back of us, from the vantage of the inheritance of the saints in glory, we will find to our amaze-

ment that the smooth bits of the race course were the most dangerous and deceiving and that, on the contrary, the rough and steep places were those where we made our true gains and our best progress. Blessed is the man or woman who has learned the lesson of true progress here below and who has seen the advantage of the "appointed way" and has learned to run in it with that patience which is taught only in the school of Christ.

*Louisville, Ky.*

# *The BIRD of PARADISE*

(*A Monastic Legend*)

*Written by Dr. Dosker*

Is there a sweet that palls not on the taste?  
A joy, which does not lose its strength?  
A limpid stream, that does not go to waste,  
Whose waters are not fouled at length?

How then with heavenly joy and endless praise?  
Will not eternity destroy  
Their thrill, undo their very charm and daze  
The mind, all surfeited with joy?

Thus Fra Antonio stood pondering,  
His head on fire, his face a mask,  
His heart agloom with doubt, and wondering  
If vain at length would prove his task.

Full weary of himself he wandered far  
Afield, through meadows all aglow  
With life and flowers and tall green grasses, where  
A brook across the field did flow.

The monk toiled on, beside the tortuous brook,  
A grim set smile, upon his face.  
'Twas all in vain—thus said his startled look,  
Heaven must at last its path retrace.

The brook led on to sombre forest shades,  
To mouldy smells and narrow trails;  
To low-hung branches and to gloomy glades,  
Where mournfully the soft wind wails.

But suddenly a low, sweet, vibrant note  
Smote on the brother's startled ear.  
A sound so sweet, flung from so fair a throat,  
As never mortal man did hear.

The monk stood rooted to the very ground,  
His searching eye roamed far and near;  
When, far ahead, the mellow silvery sound  
Sent forth anew its thrilling cheer.

He followed on, along the trackless waste,  
The song of heaven still leading on,  
His heart on fire, forgetful in his haste,  
How far from home his feet had gone.

An oak at last, broad branched and strong of root,  
Whence waves of song were flung abroad.  
All spent, he sank exhausted at its foot  
And listened speechless and distraught.

A wondrous heavenly joy surged through his veins,  
It drowned all thought of self and time.  
His soul, bathed in the nectar of those strains,  
Touched things unseen, unheard, sublime.

Hours fled like pulsebeats in that feast of bliss  
And still the monk alert, untired,  
Afraid a single of those notes to miss,  
Drank in the sounds, divine, inspired.

At last they ceased! A gleaming ray of gold,  
A whirr—and lo! the bird had fled.  
The monk arose, numbed with the strain and cold  
And stumbled home with nerveless tread.

Back through the gloom of sombre forest-shades,  
He dragged himself along the trails,  
'Neath low hung branches and through glowering glades,  
Where mournfully the soft wind wails.

And once again a piercing, vibrant note  
Smote on the brother's startled ear.  
The Vesper-bell did call, with brazen throat,  
To every monk, afar and near.

He hastened on and reached the postern-gate,  
But stood amazed and looked in awe.  
What sorcerer's wand, what strange and reckless fate  
Had caused the changes, which he saw?

Strange were the monks and strange the garb they wore.  
They stared at him and stared again,  
And he, amazed and crushed and wondering sore,  
Sought for one face, he knew, in vain.

At last he cried—"I am Antonio,  
At Matins I my cell did leave,  
To spend the day afield; and now I know  
Not whence this sudden change at eve."

"Thy name," an old monk cried, "Antonio?"  
I read the tale, this very morn,  
Of one, who left a thousand years ago,  
Beloved of all, ne'er to return."

"A thousand years," he sighed, "spent like a day,  
In list'ning to yon warbler's song?  
Thank God! Let heaven's joy be what it may,  
It ne'er will tire, ne'er seem too long."

And as he spake, the sturdy, ancient frame  
In crumbling atoms fell apart.  
And tenderly the wondering brethren came  
To bury him with prayerful heart.

There is a sweet, that palls not on the taste;  
A joy, which does not lose its strength;  
A limpid stream, which never goes to waste,  
Whose waters are not fouled at length.

When hope grows dim, when doubts my soul assail,  
When in myself I would be wise;  
When struggling sore, my strength does not avail—  
Then sing, O bird of Paradise!

So will the peace, which simple faith does give,  
Steal o'er my heart and calm my fears,  
Teach me below, the endless life to live,  
And taste the joys of endless years.

*Louisville, Ky.*

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