

J. W. Masgrave

M E M O I R

OF

WILLIAM C. WALTON,

LATE PASTOR OF THE

SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

IN ALEXANDRIA, D. C.

AND OF

THE FREE CHURCH IN HARTFORD, CONN.

BY

JOSHUA N. DANFORTH.

"I ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears."—PAUL.

"Virginia gave him birth; Columbia a home; New England a grave; Heaven
an everlasting rest."—*Monumental inscription.*

HARTFORD.

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Letters of condolence.

From Rev. J. Parker.

Among various letters received by the bereaved widow on the occasion of the demise of her beloved husband, we extract from two:

From Rev. Joel Parker.

“ Dear Friend,

I have long waited and hesitated on the subject of addressing a letter to you. I feel myself so incompetent to administer consolation to one so deeply afflicted as yourself, that my resolution fails when I think of it, and I commended you to God and deferred speaking, till he who knows how to bind up the broken heart has allayed the first paroxysms of distressing bereavment. I trust you have found support in trusting in that kind Father, who caused your dear husband to triumph in the hour of dissolution. No death has occurred within my knowledge since that of brother Bissell, which has so deeply wounded my heart as that of your beloved husband. Oh he was so sweet and heavenly, so tender and so meek, so like the Saviour whom he served, that I cannot think of him now, even with all my coldness and want of emotion, without weeping. Yet my acquaintance with him personally was very brief. I ask myself, then, how must his wife—the companion of his youth and the mother of his children, feel this stroke? I cannot conceive of all the endearing recollections that must spring up and come thronging along back and knocking at the heart of one thus situated—but I know God can make his grace sufficient for his children in any circumstances, and I pray that you may be fully sustained under your affliction.

Your friend and brother,

JOEL PARKER.”

From Rev. Daniel Baker.

FRANKFORT, Ky., Aug. 14, 1835.

“ My dear Madam,

* * * I ought to have written to you in the hour of your deep affliction. It is true, I was at that time particularly occupied as an Evangelist, and could not very well have written such a letter, as the case demanded; but I will not justify myself. I ought to have written to the widowed companion of my early friend, my long loved and

From Rev. Daniel Baker.

much beloved friend. His name is still pleasant to my ear. His memory is blest, and long will it be as ointment poured forth. I loved him as a brother. At Hampden Sydney College we first became acquainted with each other. We were class mates, room mates, confidential companions, bosom friends. We loved the same Saviour, and our views, our aims were *one*, to go forth in due time, and preach Christ to a dying world. Verily we took sweet counsel together, and were wont to go to the house of God in company. All the associations of those by-gone days, are still fresh to my mind, and are yet, like "the music of Caryl, pleasant and mournful to the soul." When, in the Providence of God, we subsequently were separated from each other, an epistolary correspondence was maintained for many a long year, indeed, I may say, even to the period of his death, for he wrote a letter to me only a few weeks before his last sickness, and I think my reply must have reached him but a few days before his departure. Your husband, my dear sister, was truly a most excellent man. He possessed great sweetness and simplicity of character; was emphatically without guile; and I never knew one, I think, whose piety was more ardent, and whose zeal was more quenchless and untiring. His talents and his time—his influence, and *all* that he called his own, he most sacredly and conscientiously devoted to the service of his Master, and the good of souls. Oh how bright is the crown which he now wears! Oh how many will, in the resurrection morn, rise up and call him blessed! Dear Friend of my youth! you now see the Saviour whom you loved on earth, and in whose cause you were so unwearied! Oh my much beloved Walton, shall I meet you in glory? Yes, the tide of time is rolling me on, and the day is not far distant, when, I trust, we shall in Heaven revive a friendship, formed on earth, to be perpetuated through all eternity! Most devoutly do I wish that all who minister at the altar—all who preach the Gospel, had the spirit of Walton—had his stamp of character—how much more useful would they be. And here I will mention a circumstance which I had almost forgotten. In the very last letter, I think which I ever wrote to him, I urged him to write a tract on the subject of *ministerial responsibility*; a premium of \$50 had been offered for the best tract that should be written upon the

From Rev. Daniel Baker.

subject, and I knew no one that would be more likely to do justice to the theme than himself. But alas! his days were already numbered, and he was soon to leave earth for Heaven, and exchange the Church militant, for the Church triumphant!

Your's sincerely,

DANIEL BAKER."