

DANIEL LEWIS COLLIER.

---

A MEMORIAL DISCOURSE,

BY HIS PASTOR,

REV. W. P. BREED, D. D.

---

PHILADELPHIA:  
THE LEISENRING STEAM PRINTING HOUSE,  
Jayne's Building, Nos. 237 and 239 Dock Street.

1869.

Biog.  
C699b  
1869

OCLC: 16051594

DANIEL LEWIS COLLIER,

Born

AT LITCHFIELD, CT.,

*January 15th, 1796.*

---

Died

AT PHILADELPHIA, PA.,

*March 30th, 1869.*

Aged 73 Years 2 Months and 15 Days.

PHILADELPHIA, April 29th, 1869.

*Rev. Wm. P. Breed, D. D.,*

DEAR SIR:—We listened with great pleasure to your Memorial Discourse upon the Life and Character of our late fellow church-member and Ruling Elder, Daniel L. Collier, Esq., delivered on Sabbath morning last in the West Spruce Street Presbyterian Church. So faithful a delineation of such a noble Christian life, we think, ought to be preserved in a permanent form; and, if consistent with your feelings and those of his family, we would ask that you furnish your discourse to us for publication.

We remain

Yours, Respectfully,

MORRIS PATTERSON,	HENRY D. SHERRERD,
G. S. BENSON,	GEORGE JUNKIN,
WM. L. MACTIER,	J. E. GOULD,
CHAS. O. ABBEY,	H. J. LOMBAERT,
H. C. FOX,	H. MAULE,
R. B. POTTER.	

---

REPLY.

*Messrs. Morris Patterson, H. D. Sherrerd and Others,*

GENTLEMEN:—To prepare the above-mentioned discourse was a labor of love, and I very willingly transmit to you the manuscript for publication.

Yours, with high esteem,

W. P. BREED.

PHILADELPHIA, May 6th, 1869.

At a meeting of the Trustees of the West Spruce Street Church, on May 3d, 1869, it was

*Resolved*, That it is with feelings of no ordinary sorrow that we are called upon to record the death of Daniel L. Collier, Esq. Since the year 1859, he has been one of the Ruling Elders of our church and a member of this Board. Than he, none were more faithful in the discharge of the duties of these offices. Especially are we called upon to testify to his uniform kindness of manner and gentleness of spirit, his thoughtful wisdom in counsel, and his generous support given to the temporalities of our beloved Zion. During these ten years he has endeared himself to us all by that dignity of manner which combined genuine Christian affability with a deportment that never chilled by its loftiness,—by that constant attendance upon all the duties of his office, which always cheered and encouraged, and by the daily exercise of those graces of the Spirit which adorn that highest style of man—the Christian gentleman. We shall long mourn his loss and miss his noble presence at our meetings, and feel it to be a high privilege thus to record our appreciation of his worth, and of our irreparable loss in his death. To his beloved family we tender our hearty sympathies in their sad bereavement. May the mantle of his goodness fall upon them all, and may the God of the widow and the fatherless comfort and sustain them in their great sorrow! The Secretary is directed to send a copy of this minute to the family of Mr. Collier.

Attest:

G. S. BENSON,  
*Secretary.*

## DISCOURSE.

---

"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace."—*Ps. 37, 37.*

---

At certain intervals the sky above us is invaded by an erratic stranger, in unusual guise,—a bright nucleus and a brilliant train,—threading his way among the stars, and toward that celestial prodigy every eye is turned. Little need here of exhortation to "mark! behold!" But while all the world wonders at that flaunting marvel, there in the sky sits the quiet, unobtrusive star, shedding his calm beams upon the subject world,—the ever-faithful star, always at his post, ever at work upon his appointed task,—the star that smiled his silver beams on Eden,—that sent his rays through the windows in the ark-roof to certify the lonely voyagers within, that if the earth was all a liquid anarchy, the skies at least stood firm in their adamant frame,—the star that guided Abraham in his wanderings, Jacob on his way to Joseph, and that now lights the traveler over the land, and the mariner across the sea; and every ray from his bright face whispers, "In your admiration of the comet, do not forget the faithful star!"

So also human history, whose apparent monotony (apparent, not real, for its every hour is full of diversity, complexity and contrast) is now and then varied by the

appearance of some brilliant genius, perhaps a discoverer or inventor, or rudely assailed by the incursion of some conqueror, who, with his shouts of victory, drowns the groans of his victims, or some noisy demagogue promising great things to the people, while he robs them. To these all eyes turn, all ears listen. Meanwhile, here and there along the quiet walks of life, a man passes on from youth to age, resisting temptation, shaking from himself the dust that would soil his character, repressing impulses to wrong, giving play to virtuous emotions, and resolutely shaping his nature after the highest models; and, having finished his work, glides behind the veil and disappears from human view.

And in the words before us there comes a mandate from the Throne,—mark! behold! turn your eyes toward, fill your thoughts with, in your meditations dwell upon,—not the exceptional genius, good or bad, not the intellectual giant, not the stray, erratic, abnormal wonder, but the perfect man, the upright man, the righteous man, the just man, the good man. Mark that man whose course is so sweetly in harmony with the laws of right-living, that, instead of stamping through the world on iron shoes, he passes along as if with slippers feet over a carpeted floor. Mark the man who comes like the quiet sunbeam, and not the lightning-flash, the man who is another sweet voice in the orchestra, and not

“A jarring, dissonant thing  
Amid this general dance of minstrelsy,”—

the man of honesty, integrity, truth and charity; mark! behold! such a man—if such a man have come athwart your vision.

And we are met this hour to recall the form, the features and the character of a man who, having walked the earth for seventy years and more, has now yielded up his body to the grave, his spirit to his God, his memory to our hearts,

and his example to those capable of appreciating and emulating it.

True, the delicacy of family affection shrinks from the thought of exposing to public gaze what is so sacredly enshrined in the penetralia of the heart. It would remind us that the native modesty of our departed friend, were he consulted, would say, "No display, no sounding eulogy,—only the kind farewell word, the tear of love, the benediction of piety, and then the quiet coverlet of grass and flowers." Yet little misgiving have we, that, could we reach that ear with the suggestion, "The God who employed you while alive would still make use of you for His glory and human good," we should hear the submissive response, "Well, whatever is right and proper; God's will be done!"

And indeed what option have we in the matter? We shall claim that the character we contemplate owed its chief charms to our holy religion, and why may not that religion hold up its trophies in the eye of a supercilious world? And does not the word of God charge it as a reproach upon a generation that allows the memory of the good to sink at once into oblivion—that allows "the righteous to perish, no man laying it to heart?" The command before us leaves us without option in the case. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright!"

Let us, then, obeying that command, proceed to recall his history, delineate his character, and then show how felicitously in his case the close harmonized with the assurance, "The end of that man is peace."

Daniel Lewis Collier was born at Litchfield, Connecticut, January 15th, 1796. His father, Thomas Collier, a native of Boston, was a man of marked ability, fine education, and of literary and poetic talents of no common order. Largely influential as an editor, he was also intimately ac-

quainted with the distinguished men of New England then upon the stage. His mother, Elizabeth Stockwell, of Norwalk, Connecticut, was a woman of more than ordinary powers of mind, and was especially distinguished for her piety.

It too often happens that in an ample fortune a child inherits the heaviest of misfortunes. Wealth, unhallowed by the possessor's own sweat of brow and brain, very often paralyzes his powers—buries him alive beneath his treasures. And it is for the encouragement of the young man whose fortune yet lies in the future to know that he whose remains were so lately borne from that spacious mansion, found his fortune in his own brave heart and strong arm. First, we find him an apprentice in a printing office, where, together with mechanical skill, he acquired also a wide range of information. Afterwards, we trace him for a brief period as a clerk, until, at the age of twenty, we see him passenger, not on one of those palatial steamers that since have moved in majesty over the western waters, but on a rough raft, gliding down the Allegheny—down the Ohio, and at last landing in that beautiful amphitheatre, where the high hills of Virginia and Ohio, skirting the river, recede westward on the Ohio side, and leave the area occupied, then by the town, now by the city of Steubenville. Here he soon became a student in the law office of, and afterwards copartner with, his brother-in-law, Hon. John C. Wright. From the first he devoted himself to business with a diligence that to some seemed excessive. Making rapid progress, he was admitted to the bar, where his name first appears upon the records of the court for the August term of 1818.

That there was a call for diligence and ability, too, in his new position, may be seen in the fact that then and for many years after, the Bar of Steubenville was graced by



the highest legal talent. On the Supreme Court bench was Judge Sherman, the father of the present General of our armies. Among the resident members of the bar, were Benjamin Tappan, John C. Wright, John Milton Goodenow, Jeremiah H. Halleck, Nathaniel Dike, David Reddick, Samuel Stokely, Philip Dodridge, Charles Hammond, Walter Beebe, Humphrey H. Leavitt, Ephraim Root, James Bell, James Collier, brother of our departed friend; Roswell Marsh, and others.

Respecting some of these, one familiar with the facts writes:—"Benjamin Tappan was an able lawyer, a fine scholar, and a man of extensive scientific attainments, and as such, while member of the United States Senate, exerted large influence in giving direction to our great national scientific explorations. John C. Wright was distinguished for a fine discriminating intellect, well trained by study and enriched by experience, and for enlarged and enlightened statesmanship. He became member of Congress in days when that body was composed of the ablest men of the nation, and was subsequently Judge of the Supreme Court of Ohio. John M. Goodenow, a man of keen intellect, of great industry and ambition, also held many offices of trust and honor in the State and nation. A bright and highly respected name in this list is that of Jeremiah H. Halleck—of clear, calm intellect, a ripe scholar, and an able lawyer, and long a Ruling Elder in the Presbyterian Church. Walter Beebe, of Harrison county, united in a remarkable degree soundness of understanding with purest simplicity of character." Added to but not closing the list, are the names of Philip Dodridge and Charles Hammond, "who would rank among the giants of the bar in any age." With all these and others, whom we have not space to name, the brief dream of life is over. Surviving them is the Hon. Humphrey H. Leavitt, now United States Judge

of the Southern District of Ohio, whose reputation as a man and judge is high and unsullied, and who has been for many years a Ruling Elder in our beloved Church. Somewhat later than these, James Collier and Roswell Marsh entered the same circle, the former an able lawyer, and well known as Collector of the Port of San Francisco—the first official representative of our National Government in that portion of our country, and the latter, of acute intellect, wide range of information, and of uncommon memory. One other still survives, with whom Mr. Collier formed an acquaintance in those early days, which, renewed in later years, was warmly cherished to his dying-day—Stephen Colwell, so well and widely known and so highly respected and esteemed. It may also be added here, that in after years Mr. Collier was the legal instructor of the man who, as late Secretary of War, wrote his name conspicuously and indelibly upon the page of our country's history—Edwin M. Stanton.

Such was the galaxy in which that modest young man ventured to set his star. "That he was able," writes the venerable Roswell Marsh, "with such surroundings to win his way to such success, is a tribute to his talents; and the fact that in all his forensic conflicts he never made an enemy of a member of the bar, is a degree of praise a volume could not enhance."

In 1823, he was married to Miss Hetty Larimore, a native of Washington county, Pennsylvania, and of godly and highly-esteemed parentage. Four sons and four daughters mingle their tears with their widowed mother over that new-made grave. One little one preceded the father to the better land.

In 1857, he removed to Philadelphia, where, retiring from business, he devoted his time and talents to offices of charity and religion. He was a member of the Board of Managers

of the House of Refuge, the Blind Asylum, and the Colonization Society. He was also a member and Vice-President of our Board of Publication, and a member of its Executive Committee.

The value of the services he rendered in these various Boards can hardly be appreciated, except by those personally cognizant of the duties devolving upon their membership. That certain results are reached, certain charities kept in efficient operation, is obvious to all. But little aware is either the Church or the general public of the amount of eminent business talent, ripened by long experience, gratuitously devoted for hours and days, month after month, to the management of these institutions of benevolence and piety. And it is the unanimous testimony of all the Boards of which Mr. Collier was a member, that another more faithful in punctual attendance, in anxious conscientiousness, and in free-hearted willingness, does not survive him.

During the later years of his life he was also a Ruling Elder in our church, in which capacity he frequently appeared in our various higher judicatories—Presbytery, Synod, and General Assembly. And it will be very long ere, as the bread and wine are passed at our communion-table, we cease to miss that comely form, that kindly face, and that hoary head—"a crown of glory, found in the way of righteousness."

Such, in brief outline, is the story that runs through nearly seventy-four years, through the temptations of youth, the struggles of early manhood, and a long and successful professional career, to an honored sleeping-chamber in the halls of death.

*Mark now that man—behold him!* When we enter the presence of a work of art we first yield ourselves up to the impression it makes as a whole, and afterwards, at our leisure,

we examine it in detail. And of the character of our friend we are prepared to say, after an intimate acquaintance with him since first we began to stammer in the pulpit until now, seeing him in his office, in his family, sitting with him at his table, and in the circle around his fireside, that, take him all in all, we *very* rarely find his like among men.

Of him, one who knew him well, Judge William Johnston, now of Washington, D. C., thus writes:—

“When but a lad, I knew Mr. Collier as one of the younger members of the Steubenville Bar, so much distinguished for its ability. In after times, when he was in the prime of active life, I entered his office as a student, and, like every one else who knew him as well, have kept his life and character before me ever since. And yet it is hard for me to recount incidents, because there were no startling incidents in his life. He was neither a warrior, a politician, an agitator, nor a reformer, nor had he any characteristic of mind running into rickety proportions, so as to attract the wonderment of mankind. His thread of life was spun so evenly that it had neither knots nor flaws. He was a wise and faithful counselor, a kind and steadfast friend, a good and patriotic citizen, and, in all the private and domestic relations of life, I have never known an example more worthy of imitation.

“His success in life seemed to be the result of good fortune, but was really the fruit of great wisdom and prudent management. The art of living was so well understood by him, that he was acquisitive without selfishness, economical without penuriousness, liberal without ostentation, firm without austerity, religious without cant or hypocrisy. I know of no one of the ten precepts of the law which he did not observe, nor of the nine beatitudes of the gospel which he did not enjoy.”

In this generous testimony, the key-note of the character before us is deftly touched—its happy counterpoise of part

with part, no "rickety proportions," no abnormal idiosyncrasies, no mental pyrotechnics to dazzle, amaze or amuse, but a fine unity, a sound mind in a sound body. Hence his extraordinary equableness of temperament. Some by no means despicable people are half a dozen people in as many days or hours, now exhilarated, now depressed, greeting you warmly to-day, coldly to-morrow, warmly the next day, and not at all the next. But this man was one man; once acquainted with him you knew him always. Six months after an interview with him you found him just what you left him, and could resume your intercourse just where you left off.

That his talents were of no common order, is evident from his marked success amid surroundings where mediocrity would soon have sunk to rise no more. He was particularly distinguished for quickness of perception, soundness of judgment, intuitive recognition of the principles of justice, and ability to weigh in even balance the rights of men. He was peculiarly ready, accurate and clear in preparing bills in chancery, declarations, agreements, and other legal documents. He excelled as a counselor, was second to none in solving difficulties, settling disputes, and giving judicious advice; and in the course of life, professional and private, he could oftener than most men read, with the relish of self-appropriation, the beatitude, "Blessed are the peace-makers."

He was also the soul of honor. It is not uncommon to hear the legal profession spoken of as one in which acquaintance between success and integrity is very rare; as if a profession that has erected almost the noblest monument of human genius, has embraced many of the choicest of human characters, that daily executes countless acts of beneficence in behalf of the weak and oppressed, the widow and orphan—in a word, a profession but for which the wheels of civilized society would be seriously retarded, if not stopped in their course, must necessarily or could possibly be a kind of

lazar-house of moral infection. The life and character of which we now treat is another demonstration, where none is needed, that it may be, and often is, rather a handmaid in the formation of the purest of characters. Of Mr. Collier it may be said, as has been said of another ornament of the same profession, "He had that extreme sensitiveness, without which professional honor, like female modesty, cannot long survive,—which dreads suspicion as much as wrong-doing. He was not satisfied with *being* pure. He did not rest content, as many do, with the approving voice of his own conscience. He desired that men should never have reason to dream of his being anything else than pure." Trickery, chicane, double-dealing, brow-beating, unscrupulous over-pressing a cause to victory, unfairness in any form or degree, were to him a loathing; nor would he, except under compulsion, long endure association with the perpetrators of these sins.

Mr. Collier was a man of refined taste. With considerable musical talent, he possessed a delicate ear and enjoyed an extreme fondness for music; and whatever was beautiful in art or nature found in him a delicate and appreciative sensibility. There was in his character a singular admixture of extreme tenderness and immovable firmness. He was gentle and affectionate as a woman; yet moveless as a rock, upon questions of right and duty. For every tale of suffering there was in his eye an ever-ready tear.

No other trait in his character was more obvious than his sunny, genial cheerfulness. Doubtless, to anxieties his bosom was no stranger. No doubt, a nature so sensitive would now and then feel the chill of those shadows that so mysteriously and, so far as we can see, causelessly fall on the spirit—as if the unseen wing of some envious demon were waving over us; but in the main he was a mass of human sunshine, and in his presence every one felt at least

a temporary glow. And we need hardly add that his kindness was of the demonstrative rather than the shrinking sort. There are treasures precious enough when reached, which, however, are overlaid by many a resisting stratum; but to find this man's heart you had only to find the man. In the higher walks of social life there sometimes grows up a stately formality that severely bridles the naturally frank and generous impulses of the heart. Extremes meet; and this last touch of civil culture, imparting an Argus-eyed serupulosity against any undue manifestations of interest, especially in those with whose social antecedents and concomitants you are not fully cognizant, very often places the unhumanized victim side by side in this respect with the red-skinned stoic of the forest. But a kindness of nature that is not demonstrative is a fire that gives no heat,—a sun that gives no light. You, however, who know our departed friend, whose hand has been grasped in his, well know that his was an electric kindness; and if any who came into contact with him failed to find this out, it was because he lacked those nerves along which this electric kindness plays.

What style of neighbor such a man would be, you may now infer. How wide and cordial the hospitalities of his house; how willingly friends flocked thither for social intercourse; how unhesitatingly the poor and humble could approach him. Nor will you be at a loss to comprehend the scene where the poor, pious woman cast herself upon his clay-cold form, and cried out, "O my friend! I have lost my best friend!"

As the head of a household, he was at once eminently affectionate and eminently wise. The result was, that up to this hour with all that family there is no place like home. And sad to say, this is too much a novelty in this time of decay of home affection, when the house is becoming more

and more a mere sleeping-chamber, dining-hall and dressing-room,—a convenient resort on those too rare occasions when no place more attractive offers. We heard in one of our street cars this lamentation poured into the ear of a friend: “I am as if I had no family. I breakfast alone; for after their late hours at night they cannot be with me in the morning. Business compels my absence at dinner-time. At supper I see them a few moments, but they are soon engaged in dressing for another ball, party or opera, and I see them no more until the next evening.” It is something, we say, in these days to find a large family who spend very little time in solving the problem, how not to be at home,—to find a family by whose membership even temporary absence from home is regarded as a sacrifice. And very much of this intense love of home was due to the affectionate judiciousness of that father who made it a study to make home a delight.

As a son, he honored his father and mother, and his days were long in the land which the Lord his God gave him. As a brother, he was cherished with a fondness seldom equalled, never surpassed. As a father, he was only not idolized. As a husband, he as nearly realized the true ideal of the woman’s best and tenderest friend, we venture to affirm, as has ever been done since the frosts of sin blasted the flowers of Eden. As a friend, he was true as steel, and constant as sunrise.

Last of all and best of all, he was a Christian; and he was what we have sketched him, because he was a Christian. We do not say that had he not been in formal communion with the Church he would have been a bad man; but we challenge any one to tell us what he would have been as a *rejector* of religion. We shrink not from saying that the tendency of irreligion is to damage, and of true religion to meliorate, whatever is good in man. Show me a man who



holds God for a nonentity, or Christ for a myth, or the gospel for a fiction, and in nine cases out of ten I will show you a man who is better avoided than courted. Show me a man who has shielded himself in resolute unbelief from all the effects that religion, around him in society, in literature, in the very air he breathes, would work upon him, and I will show you one who is anything but a good man. Tell me not that Socrates, the heathen, was a good man, for this does not meet the case. Socrates never murdered Christianity! That boy, an orphan from early infancy and grown to maturity without the sweetly-moulding influences of parental piety, is one thing; and that boy who has murdered his father, is quite another. But the rejector of religion in our day has, by his unbelief, *for himself* at least, murdered his Heavenly Father—has cast the Saviour out of his own vineyard and killed him! He has quenched the light, called evil good and good evil, and hence no wonder if he is bad, while Socrates was “good,” as men talk. Irreligion—infidelity is to the character as frost upon the flowers, and when unhindered by external influences leaves it withered and sere. We have heard it said by a venerable colporteur, who has visited thousands of homes in our Western States, that in most cases he found the infidel’s wife a broken-hearted woman. However this may be, the fact is, that he whose form reposes so peacefully on that mound whose foot is laved by the winding Schuylkill, was born in a Christian family; was prayed over in infancy by a Christian mother; was early familiar with lessons from the word of God; was all his life face to face with that model man, Jesus of Nazareth; was many years of his life a reverent and affectionate worshipper of the Son of God, offering his heart, as the soft wax to the seal, to impressions from the God-man he worshipped; and, therefore, what he was, in the lofty aggregate of his character, his religion made him. His piety, profound and fervent, was, so far as words

go, quiet and shrinking—mute rather than loquacious. He seldom, in conversation, introduced the subject of personal religious experience, and never avoided it when introduced by one in whom he had confidence, saying little himself, except by way of assent, yet this assent, often accompanied with a moistening of the eye, was very obviously that of the heart. To the very last there was a tremulousness in his tone, as he said, "Shall we have a word of prayer?" And we can recall no instance in which, when rising from the knees in his home, we did not see evidence that while we were praying he was weeping. Than he, no one in all our congregation said with greater cordiality, on the Sabbath morning, "I was glad when they said unto me, let us go up into the house of the Lord." With him, a Sabbath-storm was no greater obstacle athwart the way to church, than a week-day storm athwart the way to the place of business or pleasure. The morning of our last December communion, as many well remember, was one of dismal storm. The rain of the preceding night, and the fine chill rain still falling, freezing as it fell, had sheeted street and sidewalk as with glass. But on that morning, which imprisoned in your homes so many of you who longed to be present here, that faithful officer, though long the victim of painful disease, was to be seen laboriously making his way from the door of that distant home, every moment in peril of a fall which might have cost him limb or even life, and to our surprise we found him in his place that day in the house of God. But we did not know then what since has been disclosed, that that occasion was the sacramental anointing for his burial. It was his last communion season here on earth!

Such, in feeble outline, was this man. Will any one suggest, "But you have given us only one side of the picture. You have said nothing of his faults." True; but of his faults we must be excused from speaking, for we do not

know what they were. That he was perfect, neither our conscience, nor the word of God, nor he himself would allow us to intimate. His confessions in the ear of his Maker were doubtless as full and honest as ours. He too would sigh, "I am all as an unclean thing, and all my righteousnesses are as filthy rags; and I do fade as a leaf, and mine iniquities, like the wind, have taken me away." But if any one, after contemplating the virtues and graces of a character such as we know his to have been, is afflicted with a morbid desire to find by what faults it was kept on the human side of perfection, he shall have the labor all to himself; we will none of it!

*Mark now this character! behold it! dwell upon it! It will do you good.* The young artist devotes days and months to the study of the great masters, and thus grows to be himself a master. But the masterpiece of God in this world is a good man. Behold him, that you may become like him!

*Let the citizen mark such a man with the spirit of prayerful covetousness;* for of such men society and the nation have pressing need. Great men we need, to discern from their lofty watch-towers, for a bewildered world, the light-houses by which to steer. Philosophers we need, and poets and painters, and keen-sighted, broad-minded statesmen; but before all these, and more than all these, we need *good men!*—good men in private and in public life. Purify your congresses and legislatures, even if thereby you empty them of their statesmanship and experience; take a scourge of small cords and drive out of your magistracies and public offices all the self-seeking and the dishonest, however able and brilliant some of them may be, and fill their places with good, pure men; for in genuine honesty there is a native genius that will find its way to results much more welcome to the people than they can enjoy under brilliant iniquity.

Better one like Aristides, than a score like Themistocles. Mark, then, the good man, the pure man, while he lives, and beg of God to spare him long; and when he dies, mark him for imitation, and weep for yourselves and for the world over your loss.

*Mark this man in the spirit of devout gratitude.* Who can estimate the value of the boon conferred upon society, in the life and character of such a man? That tree, that for seventy-three consecutive summers has hung itself all over with green leaves, filtering the air for our breathing, pouring life into its bosom, offering its branches to the birds, its shelter to the beasts, its shade to the sporting children and weary men,—who can tell the sum of its contributions to human weal? And what shall be the tale of a good man's life, the precious aggregate of its influence, checks imposed on sin, spurs applied to virtue by precept and example, influences hourly falling like the dew of God on the garden of society?

*Young man, mark that character!*

What is it you wish to be or to do in this world? To be a drone in the hive? to be a human butterfly? to eat, drink and be merry, to secure so many pleasurable sensations, to throw the bridle on the neck of appetite, and yield you, body and soul, to the delirious whirl of passion? If so, the sooner you take ship for another country, or another world, the better. Of you, neither Church nor State, God nor man has need; for you the republic has no room. Will you strike for "a fortune," and make gold your god? Do so; but first sit down and picture to your mind that scene to which you are predestinated, where, your breath fast failing and your eye growing dim, you shall sigh in helpless, hopeless self-reproach, "I made me great works, I builded me houses, I planted me vineyards, I gathered me silver and gold, and now I die a bankrupt and pauper forever!"

No, no! Lay your plans to live out your full three-score and ten years, and do nothing to shorten that life by one hour! Cleopatra dissolved a pearl and drank it; and young men often drink up ten years of life in one wild debauch. Aim at the life of the just man. Look at the monument we have sketched for you, and put us up another like it, that every interest of man may call you blessed. And in order to this, do as did he of whom we have been speaking—by faith and repentance such as the Spirit of God proffers, ally yourself as a younger brother to the Man of Calvary!

*Mark this man, one and all, in the spirit of earnest supplication.* A father in Israel is fallen: where are the sons to fill his place! A standard-bearer has been smitten down: who will spring forward and stand in his stead in the ranks of God!

*“Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace.”*

It was about three o'clock on the afternoon of the 30th of March, that we entered that chamber of peace; for if ever an end was truly peaceful, such was his. Hopeful as he was by constitution, when the last attack had laid him in his bed a few days before, he recognized it as the summons home. His sufferings, at times severe, were borne with perfect patience. To the last, the same delicate regard for others manifested itself in expressions of regret at being the occasion of so much trouble. To his eldest daughter he said:—“It will be very hard to leave you all, but I am prepared to go.” And prepared he was—his business affairs in order, his family amply provided for, and his soul at peace with God.

On entering the room, we found that all his family were at home—one son, far away when the alarm was given, after a journey in the anguish of suspense, having reached home

on the morning of that last day. As he entered the room, the sick man raised his hands toward heaven, exclaiming, "Bless God, we are all here! You see a great change in me."

The son reminded him of the home to which he was going, and of the friends that awaited him there; to which he replied, "Yes, blessed hope! blessed hope!"

About noon, his faithful physician came in, and to his kind inquiry the reply was, "Perfectly calm, sir."

At the entrance of his pastor, he expressed warm satisfaction. To our first inquiry he answered, "I have a clear head, and I trust the right kind of a heart."

"Your hopes all on Christ?"

"Wholly, entirely."

"How does the future seem?"

"All bright; no clouds, no doubts, no fears!"

"Father," said one of the sons, "you are willing to go; but how can *we* give you up?"

"You," said he, "have the same faith—the same hope."

"They," added his pastor, "will have the same Divine support in parting with you that you have in parting with them."

"Yes," said he; "yes."

At his request, the family were gathered in, and prayer was offered. His heart seemed to overflow with gratitude. Looking around and lifting up his hands, he exclaimed, in tones tremulous with emotion, "What reason to be thankful,—such a wife, such children, such friends, such comforts, such a religion, pure and undefiled!"

Seeing that the end was drawing near, soon afterward one asked, "Father, do you know us?"

"Know you, yes;" and then he named each in turn, not omitting his son-in-law, far away in Nebraska. He then kissed all his family in turn, and shook hands with the friends then present. The servant-girls now entered the room, to whom he said, "You have been faithful girls to

me." After this, he looked at his pastor and said, "A word and prayer." We then recited a few precious scriptures in his ear. "Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God. I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flames kindle upon thee. And a man shall be as an hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest, as rivers of water in a dry place, and as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me: thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

"Yes," he added, "I have often said that while lying here."

Kneeling then, we engaged in prayer; and his "Amen!" to this prayer was the last word that came from his lips. After this, and but a very short time before his departure, as we were reciting words of comfort in his ear, he turned his face toward us and opened his eyes in a look of tender satisfaction, and soon after fell asleep.

"Thus star by star declines,  
Till all are passed away,  
As morning high and higher shines  
To pure and perfect day;  
Nor sink those stars in empty night,  
But hide themselves in heaven's own light."

Amid the hush that preceded our realization that death had actually liberated the spirit, one of the sons recited the opening lines of the hymn that most happily pictures the scenes through which the last few hours had borne us:—

"How blest the righteous when he dies,  
When sinks a weary soul to rest;  
How mildly beam the closing eyes,  
How gently heaves the expiring breast:

“So fades a summer cloud away ;  
 So sinks the gale when storms are o'er ;  
 So gently shuts the eye of day ;  
 So dies a wave along the shore.”

We have seen many deaths, but very few like that. On his part, there was not merely the absence of fear and distress, bodily or mental, but the presence of a positive, devout cheerfulness. Even the grief of parting from his family—so short did the journey and so brief the period of separation seem—was less keen than he had suffered many a time in bidding them adieu for one or two months.

And to our apprehension, instead of gloom, there was around a sacred radiance. It was the quiet sunset of a summer's eve. We were attracted rather than repelled. Not one in that room felt that such dying was more than falling asleep. We felt a kind of surprise that death *could* come in so sweet a guise. The whole scene was a charming comment on the truth, that “Jesus Christ has abolished death.”

Let weeping affection put the monument over his grave. Let it be of marble white as the driven snow, and in form something complete,—no broken column, no stone shattered as by lightning-stroke; for his life was as complete in years as was his character in symmetry, and its close not only without violence, but gentle as the sleep of infancy! And think often and long of the legacy he left to survivors—that life a sunbeam on the world's flowers; that example for all fathers and for their children; those prayers gone up like the mist from the lakes and rivers, to come down again like rain upon the mown grass, and as showers that water the earth. And now what a treasure has been added to our former treasures in heaven! There, then, let our hearts be also! In the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Amen!