



**JOHN T. DUFFIELD, D.D., LL.D.**

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**ADDRESS BY REVEREND THEODORE LEDYARD CUYLER, D.D., LL.D., AT A SERVICE HELD IN MEMORY OF DR. JOHN THOMAS DUFFIELD, ON MAY 12th, 1901, IN THE SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, PRINCETON.**

I must ask the indulgence of my friends for having suffered for several weeks from a severe cough and hoarseness, it makes it difficult for me to speak at all. But I could not excuse myself from the labor of love that has been assigned to me this evening.

During the last half century I have come to dear old Princeton more than any other graduate not connected with the institution. I came here at the Centennial in '47; also to take part in the Sesquicentennial. I have come between fifty and sixty times to preach sermons or deliver religious addresses in the town and to the students. I came here to take part in uncovering the memorial to President Maclean, and to Dr. James Alexander in the Seminary Chapel; to take part in the Jubilee services of my beloved Seminary classmate, Dr. William Henry Green. And whenever I came, commonly the first house I entered was the house entered lately by God's angel of death; the first hand I grasped was that hand now motionless; the first voice that greeted me was the voice that has passed into the harmonies of the heavenly world. And my mission to-night is simply to speak some simple,

honest words about the good man whom God has taken. He needs no eulogy; it is we that need to utter it,—both in justice to ourselves and in gratitude for the gift that God gave us.

Dr. John Thomas Duffield had passed recently his seventy-eighth birthday, having been born on the 19th of February, 1823, at McConnellsburg, in Pennsylvania. He came of a noble ancestry that rooted back deep down in the province of Ulster in the North of Ireland; stalwart men and women that had the iron of Protestantism in their blood. One of his predecessors, Dr. George Duffield, graduated here at Princeton, 1752, was a tutor and afterwards a trustee of the College. He was the first stated clerk of our first General Assembly. Like the Alexanders and the Breckinridges and the Hodges, the name of Duffield is a distinguished name in Presbyterian annals. Dr. George Duffield, of Detroit, was a Moderator of our General Assembly in 1862. His son, another George Duffield, composed one of the most popular evangelical hymns ever yet written in our country.

My own acquaintance with my beloved friend began in November, 1838, when we answered to the first roll call of the new Sophomore class. The Princeton College to which we came was rather a primitive institution in comparison with the splendid structures that now crown these University heights. There were only seven or eight plain buildings surrounding the

campus, the two society halls the only ones that boasted architectural beauty. In endowments the College was poor as a churchmouse. There were no College clubs, no intercollegiate games thronged by thousands of people from over the land. But the period of our connection with the College was really a golden period in its history. Never were its chairs occupied with more distinguished occupants. The polished culture of James W. Alexander adorned the chair of Belles Lettres. Dr. John Torrey held the chemical professorship. He was engaged with Dr. Asa Gray in preparing the history of the American flora. Stephen Alexander's modest eye outwatched Orion's seven stars through the telescope of the astronomer. The flashing wit and silver voice of Albert B. Dod—then in his splendid prime—threw an influence and charm over the higher mathematics. And in that old laboratory, with negro "Sam" as his assistant, reigned Joseph Henry, the acknowledged king of American science. And when soon after he gave me a note of introduction to Michael Faraday, Faraday said that "far the greatest man of science your country has produced since Benjamin Franklin is Professor Henry."

Young Duffield came to us at that time from the preparatory training school of Dr. Baynard Hall. Keen-eyed, ardent, enthusiastic, clean-lived youth he was, too. He at once took his place among the four leading students of the class; and took to mathematics just as naturally as a bird takes to the air. Our class, that class of 1841, contained several members who have made a deep mark in church and commonwealth. Archibald Alexander Hodge was one of us. He inherited the name and much of the power of his beloved and distinguished father. General Francis P. Blair was another. He wrought heroic service on the battle-field. Eugene

Lawrence became eminent in the line of historical productions. John T. Nixon brought to the Bench of the United States Court, and Edward W. Scudder brought to the Supreme Court Bench of New Jersey, legal learning, clear heads and Christian consciences. Richard W. Walker became a distinguished man in the Senate of the Southern Confederacy. George M. Giger and John Stillwell Schanck both held professorships in the College—thus proving or showing that our class had four men in professors' chairs in Princeton.

Brother Duffield's relation to our class was a very peculiar one. Living as he did in Princeton, he became our dean or corresponding secretary,—kept the roll of all the members and arranged for us our Semicentennial Celebration in 1891. And well I remember that that day, when I was delivering the address of the class, no words that I uttered called forth such a spontaneous and tremendous burst of applause as the tribute I paid to our beloved classmate, Professor Duffield. Out of seventy-two students who graduated in 1841, only five are known to be surviving: One of them, John H. Voorhees, is a lawyer of Washington; Rev. Caleb Baldwin, returned missionary from China; Hon. J. Craig Biddle, judge in Philadelphia; and the Hon. Amzi Dodd, the youngest, yet the first-honor man in the class, who still lives as the ex-Vice-Chancellor of the State and president of a great insurance company. Had Brother Duffield lived, we might perhaps have got together the little half-dozen survivors, to have looked each other once more in the face ere our faces failed at the touch of the coming Angel of Death.

After graduating with high honor in '41, he spent two years in teaching. We were brought together again, fellow-students though not classmates, in the Theological Seminary. The two mighty Alex-

anders were then there in the height of their power, Joseph Addison Alexander, with his matchless eloquence, and the wise old father, whose hand was on every heart in the institution. Dr. Charles Hodge was then preparing the massive work in Systematic Theology, which is the high-water mark of all kindred productions in our land. A company that Dr. Miller week after week gathered were trained in Ecclesiastical History. In those days Princeton never attempted, and, thank God, never has attempted since, to add a single syllable to biblical theology, and has never allowed another line to be taken away; and no gale of irreverent biblical criticism has ever rattled a single pane of glass in the windows of that institution.

During the second year in the Seminary, young Duffield was elected tutor in Greek in the College, and after his graduation was chosen Assistant Professor in Mathematics. Some years afterwards he was promoted to a full professorship, to which the chair of Mechanics was added.

Filling the professor's chair during the week, he loved on Sunday to ascend the pulpit as the ambassador of the Lord Jesus Christ. He was ordained in New Brunswick, February, '51, and in connection with his duties to the College, was for two years the stated supply of this church, then just organized. The same year he published, for the benefit of the church, "The Princeton Pulpit," a volume containing sermons of each of the ministers of this town. At the meeting of the Synod of New Jersey, he was elected Moderator in '65. He opened the Synod and preached a remarkable sermon on the "Second Advent of Jesus Christ." In '66 he published an article on the "Discovery of the Law of Gravitation." In '77, a sermon in the College Chapel on "Adam, the Son of God," in which he discussed the question of Evolution. That sermon was printed, by

request, in the Princeton Review for '78. He also delivered the discourse at the funeral of the beloved President Maclean, published by request of the Board of Trustees.

For many years Dr. Duffield was a frequent contributor to the leading religious journals, and his articles were generally called forth by the agitation of some important question in Christian doctrine or Church polity. He was admirably fitted for such discussions. He had a keen, vigorous intellect, with a great capacity for what Newton called "intending of the mind" on a question until he had explored it in every quarter. He was a born logician, and his mathematics made him an exact thinker. Joined to these native gifts was a most irrepressible and indomitable courage of his convictions. He believed nothing by the halves. He never hung on the ragged edge of any question. He was never on the fence. When sober judgment, Christian conscience indicated the right side, there he planted his foot. He planted it immovably as the solid structures on Princeton heights. In all the controversies which have arisen in our beloved Church, he claimed his birthright. His Presbyterianism came by inheritance. A dozen generations of stalwart Presbyterian ancestors had so saturated his blood and vertebrated his loyalty that he could say, "If any man thinketh that he is a Presbyterian, *I more.*" All those who have read his very powerful articles called forth by the controversy over the Westminster Standards, must have felt—Here is a man that has a right to speak and a claim to be heard. He is one of our household, of our kindred faith, and has always been true as steel. It was his loving loyalty to our venerated and time-honored Confession of Faith that made him so desirous that some infelicities of expression or misleading expres-

sions should be eliminated. It was his intense loyalty to the great fundamental truths of that glorious symbol of faith that made him resist all radical revolutionary attacks upon it. In his private letters to me, he constantly insisted that the most effectual way to prevent radical attempts to lay the axe at the root of our majestic cedar of Lebanon was to lop off the few twigs that had been an eyesore to those who revered it most and targets to the assaults of gainsayers. The best proof that my beloved brother took no disloyal attitude is found in the fact that when the Presbyteries gave their vote nine years ago, the majority of them avowed their actual consensus with his conscientious convictions. And it was a source of serene satisfaction to him, in the closing months of his long, heaven-honored life, that the verdicts of our Presbyteries showed their concurrence in his honest efforts to conform all the phraseology of our noble Confession still more clearly to God's own infallible Word. While the loss of such a conspicuous figure in our Presbyterian realm would be at any time a great bereavement, it is more lamentable at the present time, when his influence could tell so effectively on the side of sound conservatism and orthodox Bible doctrine.

But however widely Dr. Duffield may have been known by his vigorous writings throughout the Church, here was the central sphere of his activity, and the best work of his long life was in yonder University. I do not refer distinctly to his work in the mathematical chair, though he wrought most admirably,—worthy to be successor to Albert B. Dod. But he recognized this great truth, that the highest mission of any great educational institution was not merely mental discipline, enlargement of facts, or any achievement of scholarship, but the formation of char-

acter—*character*, the only part that lasts out into the eternities.

The greatest Englishman of the last century, Gladstone, when addressing the students of Cambridge University, said: "Whatever you aspire to, aspire above all things to be Christians, and to perfect Christian character." That was the keynote of my beloved brother's work throughout. He seemed to be standing as it were out yonder, and saying to the troops of ardent young men as they came up before him year after year, "Get these things, get them thoroughly, get them well; but what shall it profit to get them all and lose your soul? What shall any man here give for his soul?" He let flashes of eternity break into many a room and many a heart in yonder institution.

His relations to the students for a number of years past were partly pastoral and partly what is called evangelistic. He was a pastor in that he opened his heart to them and theirs to him, in that he welcomed interviews, and in that he exercised peculiar parental care over them. His evangelistic work was winning them to Jesus Christ. He threw himself ardently into every effort for the conversion of souls and the upbuilding of the Christian life. In the early part of 1870 occurred one of the most remarkable revivals that Princeton College witnessed during the nineteenth century. Dr. McCosh had assumed the presidency of the institution but a short time before, and had given his great imperial heart with eager enthusiasm to the work of spiritual harvesting of those young souls. That remarkable work of grace in 1870 began with a day of prayer for colleges on the 24th day of February. I remember it well, as President McCosh sent for me to conduct the exercises on that important day. In the early morning Dr. Charles Hodge spoke with great tenderness. In the afternoon the

students, then to the number of 320 or 330, thronged the chapel. Dr. Maclean poured out his big, loving heart in a very fervent prayer. I then, seeking God's help, delivered perhaps the most earnest of all the appeals I was ever permitted to deliver to the students of Princeton College; and appointed for the next morning interviews for any who wished to converse with me, down in a basement room of Old North College. When I entered the room one young man was sitting there. I recognized him in an instant as the son of my beloved classmate. I believe that then and there he gave that young heart to Christ; and to-night that brilliant, beloved Howard Duffield is the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of New York. And so it was that watering others God beautifully and delightfully watered the heart and home of my beloved brother. The results of that revival were remarkable; a very large number were converted. Every night, in all the college buildings, there were prayer meetings, and if I remember rightly, the managers of the annual ball being converted, it was given up entirely that commencement. Into that work of grace Dr. Duffield threw his whole heart. What was true of that visitation of the Spirit to Princeton in '70 was true in every other season of awakening. The spiritual life of the College was always of more moment to him than its literary or scientific life. The preservation of the students from the snares and temptations that belong to college life engaged his deepest solicitude. And I remember when Dr. McCosh, in this very sanctuary, on more than one occasion, led the movement for closing the saloons in Princeton, my Brother Duffield was one of the most earnest and faithful seconders of the movement. Hundreds of the alumni can testify to his fidelity to their spiritual welfare. His was an apostolic office to which

he was ordained by the Holy Spirit. During these later years I have been called in my ministry at large to religious service in many of the prominent colleges and universities in the land. If I were asked to-night what is the crying want of too many of these institutions, I would say it is the want of deep interest felt by members of the faculty in the moral and religious welfare of the students. The greatest blessing many a university or college could receive would be one or more John T. Duffields. I ought also to add that no religious society in any of the prominent universities of the land is equal in numbers and spiritual power to the "Philadelphian Society" of this University; and you all know how much it has been owing for half a century to Dr. Duffield for the maintenance of its spiritual life and constant activity.

The whole career of my beloved classmate was singularly happy. Delighting himself in the Lord, he was granted the dearest desires of his heart. Among the many tender mercies of his Heavenly Father, the crowning mercy was his wedlock, that must have been ordered in Heaven. It was my privilege in December, 1852, to stand beside him when that tie was formed that remained unbroken for almost half a century. The chosen partner of his heart and home belonged to a family distinguished in Church and State. One of her ancestors was Jonathan Dickinson, first President of Princeton College; her father a successful Christian merchant; one of her uncles Chancellor and Chief Justice of the State; another an eminent judge; another a beneficent philanthropist, whose wealth has left many a monument of brick and stone on yonder campus and in his own native Lawrenceville. Her beloved brother, by his magnificent achievements in scholarship and his unanswerable defence of the integrity

and inspiration of the Old Testament Scriptures, rendered the name of William Henry Green among the most sacred and precious treasures of the American Church. And that God spared his six children to grow up beside them, was another sovereign mercy to my friend that made his heart to sing for gladness.

In this restless age, when ministers catch the mania for travel and are on the wing, I don't remember that my Brother Duffield ever crossed the ocean but once. That was for the recovery of his health, twenty-eight years ago. He went sometimes to the Synod and General Assembly, where his trenchant logic and orthodox views always secured for him profound hearing and impression. He once came on a very sweet and tender mission to my home in Brooklyn, to deliver the funeral tribute to my venerable mother, who was very fond of him and very proud of him. And the other day, when I looked up at her face on my study wall and said to her, "Mother, our beloved Duffield is gone," it seemed as if a shadow gathered over the dear pictured face.

Though he did not travel widely, he is best known and was the most useful here on the soil of Princeton. With the exception of good old Dr. Maclean, he spent a longer time in connection with yonder institution than any person on this earth. To many generations of students the most familiar figure in Princeton was the tall, slender, somewhat stooping form that moved slowly across that campus from his residence to his class-room or the chapel. In the grounds of Christ College, at Cambridge, stands the mulberry tree that the poet Milton planted in his student days. I observed that they bank the old tree round with earth, up to the limbs, to keep it warm and vigorous. So methinks every bough of my beloved brother was vigorous, and not a leaf was withered; because

the affection of hosts of loving students and friends banked him round with the perennial warmth of their undying devotion. Well might they love John T. Duffield, all of them; for he was an universal benefactor.

He touched life, I suppose, in more points than any man in this town for the last five and twenty years of his life. He was the foremost benefactor of this church from its very inception. He rocked its cradle and watched over it. Had it not been for him, I doubt whether the church would have been in existence. He loved it and labored for it; and the very last act of his life was an appeal made for the completion of this edifice to that munificent lady who has loved so to aid this church in all its history.

He was a benefactor to the children of Princeton, irrespective of degree and color, and at the head of the Board of Education rendered vast service to the poorest child—aye, the poorest negro child in all this town. He would see that for them was provided the best possible education.

He was the benefactor of all that large number of students who received at his hands bestowment of pecuniary aid. He was the almoner of the beneficiary funds of the University. And if I were asked wherein lay the preëminence of the man whose departure has so touched the fount of tears in us, I would not say that it is in the class-room; for successful as he was, there were many others that displayed equal skill, culture and successful administration of their chairs. His preëminent gift was *heart power*—that power of heart over heart, taking the key, turning the lock, finding admission to the heart, bringing the Lord Jesus Christ in with him. I think in that respect my beloved brother wielded perhaps an influence never surpassed in the history of this institution nor of any church in the town.

Well, I must not detain you too long, especially under the physical disabilities that I am contending with. Many of you know that he belonged to that school of devout theologians that confidently maintained a belief in the second advent and personal reign of our beloved Lord and Saviour. Some, like my friend, the late Dr. Andrew Bonar of Glasgow, held this theory so strongly that he never retired at night certain that before the day dawned his Master might not make His second appearance. Dr. Duffield was too well-balanced and conservative to have ever become a visionary mystic. Yet he so interpreted Scripture prophecy as to hold that many dangerous portents were but the precursors of the second coming of our King to take possession of His throne. While he who is addressing you does not belong to the technical school of Premillenarians, I have always observed that the constant looking for and longing for the glorious appearing of our Blessed Master commonly has a quickening and absolving influence upon the soul. And that influence it had upon him who has gone from the contests of earth to take his place among the crowned conquerors in glory. While he waited for his Master, it was not as an idler; while he watched, it was not as a visionary; while he worked with untiring zeal, it was that he might hasten the coming of the Bridegroom. And now the beatific vision has been vouchsafed to him. He long sought to behold that Face which is hidden from mortal eyes, and now he sees Him as He is. He often cried out, "O Lord, how long! how long!" and at last a glimpse of the King in His beauty has more than compensated for all life's trials and conflicts.

The life that has so lately come to its earthly end was several times threatened by serious maladies. In 1872, when I met him in London, I thought I saw al-

ready upon him incipient signs of pulmonary danger. Nine years ago his life long trembled in the balance, and prayer seemed to touch the equally poised balance and give him back to us. There must have been a very great and strenuous secret vitality in the constitution that withstood more than one violent assault, as well as the constant abrasions of almost four-score years. The final fatal attack came on Saturday morning, the 6th of April. He was very much prostrated by it, and on the next day, Easter Sabbath, realized that the end was not far off. His tender words to the beloved ones, while the silver chord still held him to the life that was becoming feebler every hour, showed that he was in closest confidential intercourse with his Master. God's precious word was on his lips. He repeated to himself, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, Thou art with me." "Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life." "We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." "To be with Christ is far better." "I shall see Him face to face." On Tuesday he unexpectedly rallied, as if a certain reserve force had been brought into action. He said, "Perhaps my work is not yet done; my Master has something yet for me to do." The flaming up of the life-light of force proved but transient, during the night steadily growing weaker and weaker; and when Wednesday morning dawned, the pulsations of the heart grew feebler.

"The sands of time were sinking,  
The dawn of Heaven broke,  
The summer morn he sighed for,  
The fair sweet morn awoke."

Not the slightest pain disturbed his radiant countenance. A beautiful expression kindled his face, as if a glimpse of



the coming glory had been vouchsafed to him; and the next moment he was with God.

So it was kindly ordered by Providence that Dr. Duffield should end his long and godly life in your own classic town. He loved Princeton as Sir Walter Scott loved Edinburgh; as an Athenian loved the "City of the Violet Crown"; and he could honestly say, "O Princeton, Princeton, if I ever forget thee, let my right hand forget its cunning." Hither he came in his early youth. Here he wrought out his life-work with conscientious fidelity. He saw his Alma Mater lengthened, strengthened and enriched, until a modest group of half a dozen plain structures had expanded into the row of architectural splendor rivaling some of the oldest institutions of earth. He saw new departments. He saw a faculty of eight members enlarged to eighty, and a roll of students from 250 to 1,400.

He had done his part nobly, faithfully, conscientiously to the last. In Princeton is the only pulpit that he could ever call his own, even for two years,—the one in which I stand to-night,—this pulpit where he knew no other but Christ crucified. In Princeton he reared his home, where no shadow ever fell but the shadow of the Great Rock; he dwelt for near fifty golden years there by the side of the wife of his youth, training their children in the nurture of the Lord. Here was the place for him to die. The last breath he drew was of Princeton air, ere he went up and inhaled the crystalline atmosphere of Heaven. There is only one spot where the teacher of truth and preacher of righteousness should be laid to his rest. It was down in yonder sacred Macpelah, which to American Presbyterians is what Westminster Abbey is to the British Empire. There he could rest along side of his gifted classmate, Archibald Hodge,

and his illustrious kinsman, the defender of God's Word, William Henry Green. There he could repose beside his brilliant instructor, Albert B. Dod, whose chair he filled so amply as his successor. There his dust will slumber in company with the dust of his beloved teachers, Charles Hodge and the Alexanders, until at the archangel's trump the precious buried seed shall burst forth into the resurrection bloom. And in all that illustrious company that slumber beside the hallowed dust of Jonathan Edwards, there is none, no, not one man, that ever walked more sincerely and lovingly in the truth that is in Jesus, than JOHN THOMAS DUFFIELD.

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**TRIBUTE BY THE PRESBYTERY OF  
 NEW BRUNSWICK TO THE MEM-  
 ORY OF THE REV. JOHN T.  
 DUFFIELD, D.D., LL.D.**  
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ADOPTED APRIL 22d, 1901.

WHEREAS, It hath pleased our Heavenly Father in His wise and holy providence to remove from this life the Rev. John Thomas Duffield, D.D., LL.D., for fifty years a beloved member of this Presbytery, and for a still longer period a Professor in the College of New Jersey (now Princeton University), the Presbytery of New Brunswick hereby expresses its high estimate of his character and labors, its deep sympathy with his bereaved family, and its gratitude to God for the eminent services which, through grace, His servant was enabled to render the Presbyterian Church and to Princeton University.

Among the Huguenots who escaped from France after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685 and settled in England was a family named DuFielde, afterwards anglicised to Duffield. Some members of the family subsequently removed from Yorkshire to Ulster in Ireland.

George Duffield and his wife Margaret