

The Independent.

"EVEN AS WE HAVE BEEN APPROVED OF GOD TO BE INTRUSTED WITH THE GOSPEL, SO WE SPEAK; NOT AS PLEASING MEN, BUT GOD WHICH PROVETH OUR HEARTS."

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The Song in My Soul.

BY KATE UPSON CLARK.

ON the shores of my soul a song
Beats ever, the whole day long;
And when I awake at night,
It surgeth till morning light.

My lips were not framed to sing,
My hands no harp can string;
I cannot utter the song
Tho its waves beat fierce and strong.

Yet their sound is passing sweet,
It thrills me from head to feet;
And I would that the world might know
The song that enchants me so.

I struggle to set it free
When I go where the singers be;
I strive the keys to play,
But my hands are like nerveless clay.

I shall die with my song unsung,
For I cannot give it a tongue;
But up where the souls belong,
Who knows? I may sing my song.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Song.

BY ROBERT LOVEMAN.

WHEN nights are calm, and days are dear,
What can one do but sing?
When happiness is everywhere,
What can one do but sing?
The mountains melt along the sky,
The snowy pigeons circling fly,
A thousand visions kiss the eye,—
What can one do but sing?

When hope is thrond in the heart,
What can one do but sing?
When pity pleads, and sweet tears start,
What can one do but sing?
A thousand lights are in the sky,
A thousand thoughts about me fly,
A thousand visions kiss mine eye,—
What can I do but sing?

The Full Volt.

BY DENIS WORTMAN.

More God! more God! let's cry;
With measure slight we die.
More God! The generous thrill
Strong through! Oh, not until
Struck by his millionth volt
We find safe thunderbolt!
'Tis some few hundred odd
That slay! Dare take more God!

SAUGERTIES-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

The Jubilee of Dr. Richard S. Storrs.

BY THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D.

FIFTY-ONE years ago, during the vacation of my last year in the Princeton Seminary, I was strolling with my old friend Littell of the *Living Age* through the leafy lanes of Brookline—near Boston—and we came upon a new church edifice. My Episcopal friend said to me: "That is Harvard Congregationalist meeting-house; they have lately given a call to young Richard Storrs who has just graduated from Andover Seminary." He was twenty-four years old when he undertook that first pastorate—having been born in his father's Braintree parish on the twenty-first of August, 1821. After graduating from Amherst College at the age of eighteen, and teaching at Williston Academy, he began the study of the law with Rufus Choate in Boston. If he had pursued a legal career, he would have reached the top round in his profession, and perhaps won a seat alongside of Ed-

munds and Sherman in the United States Senate. The Divine Spirit guided him to the pulpit; and after three years at Andover he began his ministry at Brookline. It was destined to be a brief one; for the newly organized Church of the Pilgrims in Brooklyn got their eye on him, and on the nineteenth of November, 1846, he became their first pastor. They thank God that he is their pastor still, and are preparing to celebrate his Jubilee.

The first twenty-five years of his Brooklyn ministry Dr. Storrs devoted to hard study, diligent pastoral service, and the writing of elaborate discourses, which were as brilliant in their diction as they were soundly evangelical in their theology. At the end of that time he had built up a powerful church, and had published an able work on "The Constitution of the Human Soul." Then his health gave way, and for a time, as he said to me, he "lived on bare nerves." In February, 1861, he fled away to Europe (his first and only visit), and for fifteen months he threw off the harness, took a vow of silence, and gave his overworked nervous system a long, thoroughly recuperative rest. He left home a depressed invalid; he returned home—at the age of fifty-one—a giant. All the grandest intellectual achievements of his life have been wrought since he crossed what certain fools have called "the dead-line of fifty!"

One of the first things which he did after his return was to throw off entirely the bondage of manuscripts and give his mind the unhindered freedom of the eagle. In addition to a remarkable fluency of speech, he had carefully formed his style by over twenty years of pen-work, and he had also the inestimable advantage of a marvelous memory. This enabled him to draw at the moment from all his accumulated stores of thought. One of his extraordinary feats of memory was his delivery of the two masterly lectures on the "Ottoman and the Muscovite," which abounded in names and dates; and yet without a scrap of notes the majestic stream of his stately eloquence flowed on for two hours with the flow of a mighty river. In his passion for historical studies, in his brilliancy of style, and in his gift of memory, Dr. Storrs has always reminded me of Lord Macaulay.

Of his peculiar qualities as an orator, both in the pulpit and on the platform, the chief thing to be said is his power to captivate and astonish his auditors. The first hearing of him has always been a surprise. When he preached, many years ago, in the chapel of the Princeton Theological Seminary, that acute theologian, Dr. Charles Hodge, who listened to him for the first time, went up to him after the service and, with deep emotion, said: "Dr. Storrs, I thank you for the noblest sermon I have ever heard." Dean Stanley, on the last day of his visit to us, said to me: "The man who has most impressed me in this country is your Dr. Storrs." The Dean had heard him at the Century Club in New York; and the combination of graceful, efflorescent speech and of musical voice was to him a revelation. Dr. Storrs had never been heard in England, and when I expressed to him my regret that he did not consent to deliver the opening sermon before the London Congregational Council, he replied: "Oh, I am tired of these ceremonial occasions." Yet it has been on such occasions as his eulogy on the astronomer, Professor Mitchell, the centennial address in 1876, the Phi Beta Kappa oration at Harvard, and his various presidential addresses before the American Board of Foreign Missions, that he has wrought his grandest achievements of lofty eloquence. Some other men have a command of language; but language has commanded him when a torrent of great thought was pressing to his lips.

All the land knows that Dr. Storrs is a famous preacher, an accomplished scholar and a fascinating orator; but all the land does not know what a big, warm heart throbs in his stalwart frame. Sheer

brain-power is not enough to make a great minister of Jesus Christ; that requires heart-power, also. Some of the private letters with which my old friend has enriched our friendship during the last thirty years have the effusive sweetness of the honeycomb. When a severe affliction once smote the four corners of my house, he was one of the first to come with words of condolence. Many of his own flock have had a similar experience. He has not always given full swing to his emotional nature; but when he has done this—as in the peroration of his magnificent address at the Congregational Council in Clinton Avenue Church—he stirred the fount of tears in every heart. Dr. Leonard Bacon said to me afterward: "That was the most wonderful speech I ever heard in a deliberative assembly." It is a pleasant thing to be respected; it is more pleasant to be admired; but it is the sweetest thing of all to be trusted, and to be loved; and Richard S. Storrs wears this crown on his good gray head.

That Brooklyn should be honestly proud of her most gifted and distinguished citizen is a matter of course. His whole long public life has been spent in her, and for her highest interests. He has presided over her "city missions"; he has given the chief impetus to the building of her Historical Hall, and to other public improvements; his loyal affection for her has made him oppose her absorption in a vast civic conglomeration. His face is as familiar as the City Hall; and when he appears, we are all ready to rise up and do him reverence. It is the pure, noble, unselfish, conscientious, God-fearing *man himself* that is more eloquent than any words that have flowed from his lips, even when touched with celestial fire.

Dr. Storrs is just reaching the grand climacteric of his career, and is completing his half-century of splendid service. Perhaps he may desire to emulate the example of his venerable father, who spent over sixty years in the charge of the parish of Braintree. Or he may prefer to lay down his pastoral cares and devote himself to a ministry-at-large, and reach with his eloquent tongue the young men in our institutions of learning, and vast audiences in our chief cities. It is hardly in human nature that his loving flock, who have sat at his bountiful board of "royal dainties" for fifty years, should consent to this act of self-abnegation. But wherever he shall spend the remainder of his days—whether as the pastor of the "Pilgrims," or in a far wider spiritual bishopric—our fervent prayer is that he may long continue to be what he is to-day—the acknowledged king of the American pulpit.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Sir Walter Scott's Remarkable Letter.

BY GEN. JAMES GRANT WILSON.

SEVENTY-THREE years ago the author of "Ten Thousand a Year," then a young medical student, was preparing, during his leisure hours, a work which a few years later appeared as a serial in *Blackwood's Magazine*, entitled "Passages from the Diary of a late Physician." Before its publication in the Edinburgh periodical, Samuel Warren wrote a letter from London, dated July 26th, 1823, to Walter Scott, asking as the experienced author of "Ivanhoe," "Kenilworth," "Rob Roy," and other of the "Waverley" novels, if he would kindly advise him as to the best method of publishing the imaginary work ("Diary of a Physician") on which he (Warren) was at that time engaged. A week later the following reply, written by Scott, was addressed to "Samuel Warren, Esq., 4 City Road, London," and is at present in the possession of his son, the Rev. E. Walpole Warren, D.D., Rector of St. James Church, New York. At the time the "Great Unknown" wrote the unequivocal