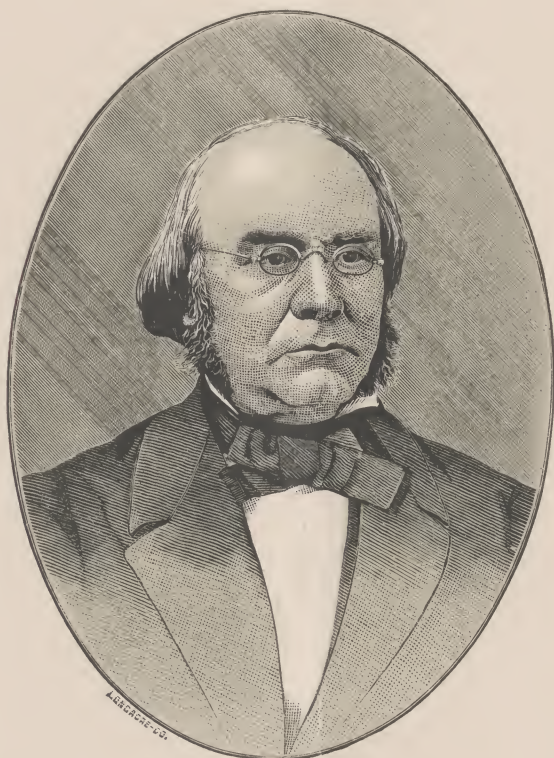

In Memoriam.

REV. CHARLES WADSWORTH, D. D.



Very truly Yours
Charles Bradenbury

FUNERAL SERVICES

OF THE

REV. CHARLES WADSWORTH, D. D.,

Pastor of the Clinton Street Immanuel Presbyterian Church,

OF PHILADELPHIA,

April 4, 1882.

ADDRESS

BY

THE REV. JOHN DEWITT, D. D.

ALSO

CORRESPONDENCE, RESOLUTIONS, &c.

PHILADELPHIA:

THE PRESBYTERIAN PRINTING CO.,

No. 1510 Chestnut Street.

In Memoriam.

REV. CHARLES WADSWORTH, D. D., Pastor of the Clinton Street Immanuel Presbyterian Church, of Philadelphia, died suddenly of Pneumonia, at 4.30 on Saturday morning, April 1st, 1882, in the 68th year of his age.

On the afternoon of April 1st, a joint meeting of the Session and Trustees of the Church was held. Mr. Henry J. Fox was elected Chairman, and Mr. Henry C. Wilson, Secretary. On motion a Committee was appointed, consisting of Messrs. Geo. W. Mears, H. P. M. Birkinbine and Henry J. Fox, to draft a suitable minute upon the death of the Pastor.

The following minute was adopted and ordered to be published in the daily papers.

IN MEMORIAM.

REV. CHARLES WADSWORTH, D. D.

At a joint meeting of the Elders and Trustees of the Clinton Street Immanuel Presbyterian Church, held April 1st, the following minute was adopted:—

As it has pleased our Father in Heaven to call to his eternal rest our beloved Pastor, Rev. Charles Wadsworth, D. D., we desire to place upon record this testimonial of our love and of our sorrow.

Dr. Wadsworth had throughout his life a profound impression of the nearness of Heaven to all Believers, and his ministrations, while clothed in language of rare beauty and impressiveness, left the thought uppermost that the veil which separates us from the unseen is just before us—that the heavenly land is immediately beyond—that its glories are so overpowering that even Paul felt that the words heard by him in his heavenly vision were not lawful for him to utter.

The beautiful imagery which constantly floated through his mind tinged all his ministrations, so that his sermons and lectures were feasts both of beauty and of the highest spirituality.

His defense of the Word of God against the attacks of Infidelity and Rationalism were clear and pronounced.

His constant and unflagging attention to his pulpit duties was marvelous. He never repeated a sermon, and never called upon another to fill his pulpit.

He seemed to hold it as a conscientious duty to be in his pulpit HIMSELF every Sabbath and every Wednesday evening, never visiting other localities, and never preaching elsewhere. Even at the last, when death was drawing near, he filled his pulpit morning and evening. This was the last Sabbath he spent on earth. On Wednesday evening, when he had but two whole days to live, and when he was already battling with his fatal disease, he filled the pulpit, (giving out the Hymn "Lord dismiss us with thy blessing,) and pronouncing his last benediction on earth with a full, clear voice. The sermon for the next Sabbath was all prepared and ready for delivery. He died "in the harness" literally.

Our congregation mourns his loss. The Session grieves with profound sorrow. The Board of Trustees of the Church unite in the general grief, feeling that the community has lost a bright and living light, and the Church a beloved and tender father.

With his bereaved family we mourn, knowing the depth of their loss as only his Church can know it.

GEORGE W. MEARS,
H. P. M. BIRKINBINE,
HENRY J. FOX,

Committee.

The clerk of Session was also requested to send a letter of sympathy and condolence to Mrs. Wadsworth. The following is the copy of the letter and of the reply received:—

Philadelphia, April 3, 1882.

MRS. REV. CHARLES WADSWORTH, D. D.,

Dear Madam :—The Session and Trustees of Clinton Street Immanuel Presbyterian Church desire to express their heartfelt sympathy with you in your heavy sorrow.

They feel that next to you and your children *they* are the most severe sufferers by the sad death of your dear husband. His faithfulness and devotion to his pulpit duties made him very precious to the office bearers of the church, ~~which~~ his elevated spiritual life and warm Christian heart has been uplifting to the whole Church.

We mourn with you and pray for you, that the God of the widow and the fatherless will comfort you in this, your hour of trial.

Signed,

GEO. W. MEARS,

Clerk of Session.

[REPLY.]

Philadelphia, April 7, 1882.

THE SESSION AND TRUSTEES OF THE CLINTON
STREET IMMANUEL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Gentlemen :—Your kind expressions of sympathy are truly a great comfort, and will ever be one of the most kindly remembrances of my life.

May our Heavenly Father, by this severe affliction, bring us all nearer to Him, and since we are chastened may we feel that we are of those whom the "Father loveth."

Gratefully and Respectfully,

JANE L. WADSWORTH.

Presbytery of Philadelphia.

On Monday, April 3d, at a meeting of the Presbytery of Philadelphia, upon the announcement of the death of Doctor Wadsworth, a committee was appointed to draft a suitable minute expressive of the sense of the Presbytery upon the death of their late fellow Presbyter.

The Committee consisted of Mr. George W. Mears, Rev. Dr. David Malin and Rev. Dr. H. S. Dickson, who brought in the following minute, which was adopted after some remarks by Mr. Mears on behalf of the Church, giving an account of the Doctor's last ministrations in the pulpit and the circumstances of his death.

Rev. Wm. Blackwood next addressed the Presbytery, dwelling with great emotion upon the wonderful talents of the deceased preacher.

Rev. Dr. David Malin then spoke upon the building up of the Arch Street Church by Dr. Wadsworth, thirty

years ago, of the crowds that flocked to it, and of the enthusiasm elicited by his preaching. Rev. J. M. Crowell then addressed the Presbytery upon Dr. Wadsworth's congregation at that period, of the affection they evinced for him, he having been requested by Dr. Wadsworth to read his letter of resignation when he had determined to leave for California.

The last speaker was Rev. Dr. Wm. E. Schenck, who had been a fellow-student with Dr. Wadsworth in the Theological Seminary at Princeton, where his popularity as a preacher began.

The following is the minute adopted:—

The Presbytery of Philadelphia announces with deep sorrow the great loss that the Presbyterian Church has sustained in the death of Rev. Charles Wadsworth, D. D. Doctor Wadsworth was a man of rare ability in the pulpit. His sermons were marked by an originality in the structure, by purity of doctrine, and by rare metaphorical beauty. They were logical, spiritual, and popular, attractive to men of intellect and of cultivated minds. They were eminently Scriptural, simple in analysis, and logical in reasoning, choice in diction, sound in philosophy, in harmony with the Word of God. His defense of truth against the attacks of infidelity, whether ancient or modern, were clear, satisfactory and pronounced. For forty years he labored in the ministry

continually, conscientiously, and with a spirit of self-sacrifice. With his bereaved Church the Presbytery deeply sympathizes.

Presbytery also expresses a deep sense of the loss which his family have sustained of the husband and father, and unite with them in fervent prayer that the God of all grace will make their strength equal to their day.

Signed,

GEO. W. MEARS,

DAVID MALIN,

H. S. DICKSON.

Funeral Services.

THE FUNERAL took place on TUESDAY, APRIL 4th, at the CLINTON STREET IMMANUEL CHURCH, the edifice being crowded with his mourning congregation, together with many from other churches, a large proportion being his former parishioners of the Arch Street congregation of twenty to thirty years ago. The ministers of the Presbyteries of Philadelphia, Philadelphia Central and Philadelphia North were present in large numbers. The body was deposited on the platform in front of the pulpit, which, with columns and galleries, were heavily draped in mourning.

The following gentlemen acted as pall-bearers:—

Henry J. Fox,	}	<i>Members of the Session.</i>
George W. Mears,		
H. P. M. Birkinbine,		
Louis Renshaw,		
Thos. E. Ashmead,	}	<i>Trustees.</i>
H. H. Reed,		
John Thomson,		
E. J. Reed,		
Wm. W. Apsley,		
Jno. H. Dingee, Jr.,	}	
Henry C. Wilson,		

THE SERVICES WERE OPENED by a recitative by the choir.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

Rev. J. Addison Henry, D. D., then offered prayer, and followed it by the reading of Scripture.

"It is not death to die" was then sung by the congregation.

Rev. Jno. DeWitt, D. D., then pronounced the eulogium, which was listened to with rapt attention to the close. Dr. Henry then read a telegram from Rev. Dr. Wm. Irvin, Pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of Troy, N. Y., as follows:—

The Session of the Second Presbyterian Church of Troy, N. Y., Dr. Wadsworth's first charge, express to their brethren of the Clinton Street Immanuel Presbyterian Church, to whom his last services were given, and also to his afflicted family, their grateful recollection of his long past but unforgotten labors and their sorrowful sympathy in the bereavement of his death; only time and distance prevent our being personally represented at his funeral.

Signed,

WM. IRVIN.

The Hymn "I would not live alway," was sung, after which Rev. Dr. David Malin led in prayer.

The choir then chanted "Beyond the smiling and the

weeping," after which the coffin lid was removed and the congregation passed in line to take a final look at the features of the deceased pastor.

The funeral cortege then proceeded to Woodland Cemetery, where the body was deposited, Rev. Dr. J. M. Crowell pronouncing the Benediction.

[REPLY.]

TO THE SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF TROY, N. Y.

A joint meeting of the Session and Board of Trustees was held April 5th, when the Clerk of Session was requested to convey to the Session of the Second Presbyterian Church of Troy, N. Y., the appreciation of our church of their kind remembrance of our pastor.

Philadelphia, April 7, 1882.

REV. WILLIAM IRVIN, D. D. AND THE SESSION OF

THE SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF TROY, N. Y.

Dear Brethren:—I am directed by the Session and Board of Trustees of the Clinton Street Immanuel Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia, to express to you their profound appreciation of your kind telegram of the 3d inst., sent to Dr. Dana, and read at the funeral of our beloved pastor, Rev. Charles Wadsworth, D. D.

That you who had received his first services, more than thirty years ago, should send your sympathies to us who received his last ministrations, was indeed a beautiful tribute of respect and of filial affection on your part.

We enjoyed the Doctor's ministrations on the last Sabbath of his life; and even on the Wednesday evening, less than three days before his death, he occupied his pulpit, though suffering at the time. At the close of that service he gave out the Hymn "Lord dismiss us with thy blessing," and then pronounced his last benediction on earth.

"Faithful unto death." Surely his is a "Crown of Life." The shock of his death is passed. The heavy sorrow of his bereavement is upon us, and we desire your prayers that the Father, who "knoweth our frame and remembereth that we are dust," may comfort us.

Yours, very truly,

GEO W MEARS,

Clerk of Session.

At the joint meeting of the Session of Board of Trustees held April 5th, the Clerk of Session was requested to forward to Dr. John DeWitt the thanks of the Church for his admirable eulogium, and request a copy for publication.

Philadelphia, April 7, 1882.

REV. JOHN DEWITT, D. D.,

Dear Sir:—In behalf of the Session and Trustees of the Clinton Street Immanuel Presbyterian Church, allow me to express their high appreciation of your admirable eulogium pronounced upon their late pastor upon the occasion of his funeral.

Your full appreciation of his wonderful talent as a preacher of the Gospel, of his exalted Christian character, and of the great good accomplished by his ministry, was not more grateful to them, than the very skilful and affectionate manner in which you accomplished the difficult task of accounting for and excusing his natural diffidence and personal seclusion, which have been to some degree a drawback in his success.

By the unanimous vote of the Session and Trustees I am directed to express their heartfelt thanks for the labor you have expended upon your theme, as well as for the beautiful, clear, and impressive manner of its delivery, and to request your permission to have it printed in pamphlet form as a permanent memento of the life of our deceased pastor.

I am, Sir, very Truly, Yours, &c.,

GEORGE W. MEARS,

Clerk of Session of Clinton Street

Immanuel Presbyterian Church.

1913 SPRUCE STREET,
Philadelphia, 14th April, 1882.

GEO. W. MEARS, ESQ.,
Philadelphia.


MY DEAR SIR:

Your kind note, conveying to me the action of the congregation of the Clinton Street Immanuel Church, requesting for publication the address at Dr. Wadsworth's funeral, is at hand. You know with what reluctance, in view of the short time I had for its preparation, I undertook to deliver the address. But knowing that, however inadequately prepared, any address, commemorating Dr. Wadsworth's life and work, must be interesting to a large number of persons, I thank the congregation for their request, and have great pleasure in complying with it.

I am, very truly yours,
JOHN DEWITT.

Funeral Address.

By the Rev. John DeWitt, D. D.

E have gathered around his lifeless body, to pay the tribute of our respect to the memory of one, who, as a preacher of the Gospel, was both highly honored and widely known: but one, who, in his personal life, was so secluded, that few of his own congregation and few of his professional brethren knew him well or saw him often, elsewhere than in the pulpit. It would not have been surprising if, owing to this seclusion, while Dr. Wadsworth's exceptional gifts and productions called forth admiration, the expression of that admiration had been united with other expressions, evincing a lack of personal interest. But I am sure, that here in Philadelphia and certainly among his brethren of the ministry, whenever his name was mentioned, and that of course was often, he was spoken of in terms of friendly and even of affectionate interest. This high personal regard for Dr. Wadsworth on the part of his professional brethren, most of whom did not know him personally at all, was largely due to the conviction, that his seclusion was not a deliberate choice on his part; that, at any rate, it was not to be regarded as evidence of any want of affection for his co-laborers; that it was due solely to a temperament, as singular, and as powerful in its command over his conduct, as his mode of viewing or his mode of expressing evangelical truth. The fact of this high personal regard for Dr. Wadsworth on the part of his brethren, I know; for it has often been the theme of conversation among them. They have deeply regretted that they could not know one, whom all felt it would have been an advantage to know well. And I have been told that, on more than one occasion, Dr. Wadsworth gave expression to his own great

regret, that he found himself unable, without painful and exhausting physical effort, to engage with his brethren, in that conversational interchange of ideas and beliefs and experiences, which nearly all men find so helpful, and which the great majority of men find an absolute necessity. Notwithstanding this lack in Dr. Wadsworth, his career, as a preacher of the Gospel of Christ, was useful and eminent in an extraordinary degree. In Troy, in Philadelphia and in San Francisco, he was not only admired but loved by his own people; while his singularly eloquent and profoundly spiritual discourses were heard by crowded congregations, whom he never failed to charm, and whose spiritual natures he often profoundly impressed.

You will agree with me, that this is a striking and unusual statement to make in these days, when personal interest in the preacher of the Gospel is dependent largely upon personal acquaintance with him. Inevitably, it carries the mind back to other ages of the Church; as the age in which John Chrysostom was wont to come from the seclusion of his cell in Antioch, into the pulpit of the Cathedral; and, after having delivered his discourse, to disappear as though he were a messenger from another world. The fact that there was this wide and deep personal interest in Dr. Wadsworth, although his personal acquaintances were very few, makes it singularly appropriate, that, before his body is taken for the last time from the scene of his latest labors, the story of his life be told, and the elements of his power be shortly stated.

Charles Wadsworth's ancestors, on both his father's side and his mother's side, were Puritans. All of us know how deep an impression has been made by the Puritans, both of England and of New England, on politics, on literature, on social life and, above all, on theology. In politics, their influence has been on the side of civil liberty and self-government. In literature, they have enriched every department of effort save, perhaps, the department of the Drama. The two greatest works of genius, which England in the seventeenth century gave to the world, were the *Paradise Lost* of the Puritan John Milton, and the *Pilgrim's Progress* of the

Puritan John Bunyan. From the descendants of this same class, has proceeded the great body of the increasing literary product of our own country. I do not doubt that many of you must have remarked, in connection with the event which we deplore to-day, that the middle name of the American poet, whose death, within a week or two, has called forth the eulogies of all English speaking peoples, was the same Puritan name, Wadsworth, that was borne by your pastor. Of the impress of Puritanism on social life, I feel that I have a right to speak. It was my privilege to live for several years, as a pastor, in the capital of New England; and I do not wonder that, when strangers visit our country, they are urged, if they wish to carry back to their homes a favorable impression of the land, to visit, and to study the life, of a characteristic New England village.

But the greatest impression made by the Puritans, of both England and America, has been a religious impression. The reason is not far to find or difficult to state. The name Puritan designates, not a race, but a religious class. Upon the strong foundation of the Anglo-Saxon nature, was built up a character, by means of the loftiest religious beliefs and the strongest religious feelings. This was the Puritan character. No writer has more accurately or more eloquently described its broader features, than has Lord Macaulay, in his well-known essay on John Milton. After the statement, which he unfolds at length, that "the Puritan was a man whose mind had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests," he concludes with this description of the Puritan's view of his own relations to the governing forces of the universe. "He was a being to whose fate a mysterious and terrible importance belonged, on whose slightest actions the spirits of light and darkness looked with intensest interest, who had been destined before heaven and earth were created, to enjoy a felicity which should continue when heaven and earth should have passed away. Events, which short-sighted politicians ascribed to earthly causes, had been ordained on his account. For his sake, Empires had risen, flour-

ished and decayed. For his sake, the Almighty had proclaimed His will by the pen of the evangelist and the harp of the prophet. He had been rescued by no common deliverer from the grasp of no common foe. He had been ransomed by the sweat of no vulgar agony, by the blood of no earthly sacrifice. It was for him that the sun had been darkened, that the rocks had been rent, that the dead had arisen, that all nature had shuddered at the sufferings of her expiring God." This was the lofty and religious stock from which Charles Wadsworth's ancestry sprang.

Nor was his ancestry unworthy of the stock. This is not the time to state that ancestry in detail. But I may say that, as on his mother's side a Bradley, and, on his father's side a Wadsworth, there united in his person two currents of the best blood of the New England Colonies. General Wadsworth, his grandfather, was a Brigade Commander in the Revolutionary War; and among his ancestors, was that Captain Wadsworth, who performed no slight service in perpetuating the granted liberties of Connecticut, by hiding, in what has been known as the Charter Oak, the charter of the colony, when the messenger of James II. sought, by attempting to secure it for revocation, to enslave a free people.

Of this ancestry, Charles Wadsworth was born, on the 8th of May, 1814. The place of his birth was the well-known and beautiful New England town of Litchfield, Connecticut. He was born during that period of the Republic's life when, as has well been said, "the rich were poor, and the poor had abundance." He was born during the second war with England when, especially in New England, there were few families who did not know from experience the necessity of economy. This necessity, your pastor had special reason to know; for his father died when he had scarcely passed out of infancy into childhood. His mother, on whom the care of the family devolved, was a devoted mother, a wise woman and a good Christian. She lived to see her son a distinguished man, and to hear of his reputation in his profession as national; and the son was able to make comfortable and happy her last years, by the glad offices of filial piety.

The son inherited from his ancestry the energy and persistence, that we all know as traits of the New England character. These, with his intellectual gifts and tastes, aroused within him a determination to become an educated man, in the special sense in which that phrase is employed. And he set about obtaining an education with a strong New England will. In this matter of securing an education, it is particularly true of a New England boy that "where there is a will, there is a way." There need not here be told, the details of the labors and economies through which he passed, in order to reach the goal of his early ambition, the degree of Bachelor of Arts. It is the same story, in substance, that is told of the large majority of men who rise to eminence in our professions: the story of Presidents, and Judges, and Governors, and of prominent lawyers, and physicians, and clergymen, almost without number. Let us be thankful, that we live in a land where this has been the general rule, and not the mere exception. Young Wadsworth toiled and economized, first at Hamilton College, and then at Union College, where he was graduated in the year 1837.

In his early life, he had been trained in the religion of his ancestors; but somehow, during his college life, his mind strayed away, and that very far. He not only lost his early faith, but lost it entirely. Always a positive man, he was not content with any position half-way between Christianity and blank skepticism. But he did not remain long in skepticism. By means of study and reflection, he was brought back into the light; and he loved it all the more because of the "blackness of darkness," in which for a time his spirit was imprisoned.

His college life was not undistinguished. His love of literary work soon manifested itself. He wrote and wrote acceptably for the newspapers, both in prose and in poetry. He was the poet of his class: indeed, by eminence the poet of the college in his day. The brilliant fancy, which reveals itself in all his sermons, was active, and its products were striking and inspiring to hearers and readers, from the beginning. "I knew him as well as any one knew him at Union College," said a distinguished clergyman

to me, only yesterday, "and the traits of mind and of character, that were conspicuous in his best days, were conspicuous then."

After his college course, he taught awhile. How strong must have been his constitutional tendency to the life of a recluse, is shown by the fact that this occupation, engaged in as it was at a formative period of his life, and involving necessarily, as it did, communion with others, did not teach him how to live in the society of his fellow men. It was probably with a view to awaken within him a love of social life that Alonzo Potter, afterwards a distinguished Bishop in the Episcopal communion, but then a tutor at Union College, who had remarked his exceptional endowments, advised him to become a teacher, and recommended him as eminently fitted for the work.

To his brief career as a teacher, succeeded his life as a student in the Theological Seminary at Princeton. I do not know when he determined to become a clergyman: but I may say, that during his Seminary life the subjects in which he seemed most interested, were those great and elemental themes, like the goodness of God and the doctrine of Providence, that would naturally be selected by one, who had lately been brought out of darkness, into the light of that Gospel, which alone makes clearly known to us the living, and holy, and parental God.

He lived a secluded life at Princeton. His home was not in the dormitory, but a mile distant from it in the country. From his country home he came regularly to his classes, and was a faithful student. But, of course, it was as a preacher that he was best known. When it was known that Wadsworth would preach, the oratory of the Seminary was crowded. Whoever, as a student, has preached to his fellow students from the oratory pulpit in Princeton, needs not to be told that he cannot find a more critical audience, or an audience more generous in the expressions of its approval and delight, if only the preacher dares to defy, and is able to disarm, criticism. It was the merit of Wadsworth, that he began his sermon in defiance of criticism by adopting a new and original homiletical method, and ended his sermon by leaving criticism not only disarmed, but charmed and delighted with its own defeat.

But I should do the accounts which I have received of his Seminary life great injustice, if I were to leave the impression that he was only a brilliant rhetorician and speaker. No one who has heard or read his sermons, has failed to remark that a great theological system underlies them all; a system well-known to the preacher, and, obviously, thoroughly believed by him. Nor can any one have closely studied his sermons, without observing that he was finely familiar with the Book, that is better than all systems of theology; for it is the fountain, from which the one true Christian theology must spring. Dr. Wadsworth's doctrinal and Biblical preaching leads inevitably to the conclusion, which the testimony of his Seminary friends confirms, that during his course at Princeton he was a faithful and able student, both of the Biblical course and of the course in systematic Divinity. Nor was this all. When yesterday at the meeting of his co-Presbyters his death was officially announced, one and another gave feeling expression to their sense of the great loss which the Church had sustained in his death. His classmate, the Rev. Dr. Schenck, of our city, recalled his own impressions of the deep devotional life of your pastor, when preparing as a student for the duties of the sacred ministry; and of the exalted, and yet confiding language in which, in the meetings of prayer, that life was expressed. Dr. Schenck's remarks left on me the impression, that if Charles Wadsworth, the theological student, lived a life secluded from men, he at least did not live a life apart from God.

Though a recluse, he was never cynical. If a fellow-student but surprised him in his cell, or met him during one of his solitary walks, he found him a frank, genial, charitable, Christian brother, full of knowledge and quite ready "to talk," with a rare fund of anecdotes, which he told with fine humor; in short, a warm, fraternal Christian, whose only defect seemed to be a "diffidence" which he could not overcome; and which, though he was in all other respects eminently fitted for society, pursued him like a fury, till it drove him back within himself. He remained at Princeton two years. He left with the friendly regard and warm admiration of

his fellow-students, and with the respect of his instructors. For one of these last, while he revered them all, he had the highest admiration. Dr. Addison Alexander had no warmer admirer than Charles Wadsworth. He always employed in describing Dr. Alexander the words that Dr. Hodge once employed, "Addison Alexander was the greatest man I have ever known."

When his Seminary course was ended, he was licensed by the Presbytery of Troy. He was invited to supply, during the absence of the pastor, the pulpit of the Second Church of that city. The pulpit becoming vacant soon after by the pastor's resignation, the congregation unanimously and cordially invited him to become their pastor. He accepted the call, and was ordained and installed on the 17th of February, 1842. There he remained for eight years. It is needless to say, that his congregations were immense from the beginning to the close of this pastorate. But mere popularity was not the sole or the chief seal of God's blessing on his ministry. On one occasion, not less than one hundred young men professed their faith in Christ in his Church.

During his life at Troy, he was of course urged to go to other churches; but he remained in his first charge, until the state of his health demanded that he should seek its renovation by a change of pulpits. He came to Philadelphia, and took charge of the Arch Street Presbyterian Church. The congregation was one of the smallest in the city; and the corporation was heavily in debt. The church building was in danger of being sold. Dr. Wadsworth began to preach. Suddenly the church filled. The debt was paid: and a strong congregation was secured to our Church. He was pastor at Arch Street from 1850 to 1862. This was probably the period of his widest popularity and his greatest power. There is no need that I attempt a description, here, of the delivery of one of Dr. Wadsworth's sermons. The testimony is abundant, and is not impeached, that the power which he had over his audience, was the power, of the orator in the superlative degree. Nor did this power abate at all either from the beginning to the close of a single sermon, or from the beginning to the close of his entire Arch Street ministry. He

preached not only to his own congregation, but to the city; and more, perhaps, than any other minister "to the stranger within the gates." Here, his reputation became national: and whenever throughout the country he occupied a pulpit, the whole community was anxious to hear him. I remember, that when I was a boy, my father, then the pastor at Harrisburg, and Dr. Wadsworth exchanged pulpits for a Sunday. I was too young to make one of the crowded congregation that gathered to hear him. But I remember distinctly the immense throng that came to the church, which stood opposite our house, and the profound impression made by his discourses on the community; an impression which thirty years have not served to efface.

After twelve years of work in Philadelphia, he felt compelled, for reasons connected with his health, again to change his field of labor. He accepted a call from Calvary Church, San Francisco. His pastorate in San Francisco was marked by the same popularity and power, that marked his pastorate in Arch Street. For eight years he remained on the Pacific Coast. At their close he accepted an invitation to return to Philadelphia. Here for ten years he was pastor of the Third Reformed Dutch Church. Finally he preached in this pulpit for three years; first, as pastor of Immanuel Presbyterian Church; and afterwards as pastor of the Church formed by the union of Immanuel and Clinton Street Churches, and known as the Clinton Street Immanuel Presbyterian Church.

That Dr. Wadsworth did not enjoy the wide popularity during his second, that he enjoyed during his first residence in Philadelphia, was obvious to all. To no one was it more obvious than it was to himself. This abatement of his popularity must have been a trial. But he bore it not only with fortitude, but with Christian cheerfulness. He was undoubtedly aided in bearing it, by two circumstances. One of these was the fact, that it was known and conceded, that its abatement was due, in no degree whatever, to any loss in intellectual power, but simply to a diminution of the power of the organs of speech. Every one who heard Dr. Wadsworth

was convinced, that if only his voice could return all of his old power and popularity would return with it. His latest sermons possess all the force and beauty which belonged to the sermons of his best days. Nor were these later sermons, in their formal traits, better suited to the last generation than to the present. They were as well suited to the times in which they were preached, as were the discourses of his most brilliant period. This became evident to the whole community, when the *Presbyterian* newspaper began the regular publication of his sermons. Through that medium, he found again his old congregation. Indeed, he found a larger congregation. The editor of that journal has told me, of the wide interest which each of these discourses awakened. Strangers, who never heard him, were charmed by his brilliant and fervid discourses; for they were brilliant and fervid even on the printed page. And his old hearers would pore over the newspaper; and, as they read they would see the impassioned preacher, and hear his noble voice once more, and be rapt away on the wings of his eloquence.

But there was another circumstance, that sustained Dr. Wadsworth in the trial to which I have referred. I mean the unswerving loyalty of the congregation of this Church. I cannot stay to dwell on this loyalty. Nor do you, Christian friends, need any words of commendation from me.

Dr. Wadsworth closed his career, as every minister might well wish to end his life. He was useful and laborious to the last. He preached in the pulpit of his Church on the last Sunday of his life. He conducted the weekly meeting for prayer on the following Wednesday evening. The sermon for the next Lord's day morning was prepared. But on Wednesday evening his condition was such, as to excite the apprehension of his friends, who were at the prayer-meeting. On Thursday he was confined to his bed. On last Saturday morning he died. When one of the distinguished physicians, who were attending him, announced to him the grave character of his disease; and told him that if he had any preparations to make in view of what must soon occur, he ought

to make them at once, Dr. Wadsworth replied, "I have no preparations to make. They have been made." Soon afterwards, his mind began to wander; and in his delirium, as though announcing the close of his own work, he said, "Shut the Bible." In a little while, he fell into a sleep as gentle as the sleep of a little child. And the sleep of a child it was. For when he awoke, he awoke to the open presence of his Heavenly Father.

This is not the time to set forth critically the elements of the great power, which, as a preacher of the Gospel, Dr. Wadsworth wielded for forty years. It is too soon to apply to his work the dissecting knife of literary criticism. We are here to listen to his story, and to find what comfort God offers to us in the loss, which his family, his congregation, the city and the Church of God have suffered. But I should leave far too incomplete this brief address at his burial which I have undertaken to deliver, if I did not at least mention Dr. Wadsworth's profound conviction of the truth of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, as the prime source of his power as a preacher. Eloquence, that has not its root in conviction, is mere elocution and rhetoric, and ends in the mere excitement of the sensibilities. Dr. Wadsworth spoke, above all, because he believed: he spoke that which he believed; and that which he believed the more, because his faith was the termination of an awful struggle of his spirit, upward out of unbelief. I therefore pass by all the special elements of his power, to assert first, that without this deep and abiding conviction he could not have been the mighty preacher he was, and was by all confessed to be.

To this conviction, must be added a well-furnished and well-disciplined mind; a habit of mind that looked at all objects of knowledge from the preacher's point of view, and that subordinated all to the preacher's work; a large and strong intellect; the special gift of a brilliant fancy of remarkable activity and power; profound spiritual emotions; a sympathetic nature; and laborious and (what may be new to some before me) methodical habits of work. Moreover, he had that which, because we cannot call it anything else, we call a "dash of genius;" the "fine frenzy," as Shakes-

peare calls it in the poet ; "the light that never was on sea or land," which the painter, according to Wordsworth, adds, if he possesses genius, to his picture of land or sky or sea, in calm or storm. Dr. Wadsworth had somewhat of this subtle thing, that eludes analysis: and we perhaps do best, when we speak of it only, as a special and immediate gift of God.

Nor do I think that we ought to regard his secluded life as wholly a misfortune. For his sermons possess some noble and lofty qualities, which probably they would have lacked, had he been called, instead of to do this one thing, to dissipate his energies over that wide and diversified field of pastoral and administrative duties, whose fulfillment exhausts the time and wearies the bodies of so many preachers. There are preachers—and perhaps it is true of the majority of preachers—whose sermons are far better when inspired and moulded by intercourse with their people, than when they are the product solely of hard work in the study. But your pastor's sermons were not of this character. He addressed his subject. He was absorbed by his subject, and by the emotions it enkindled in himself. He seemed to forget his audience. He spoke out like a Hebrew prophet whom his lofty theme was enough to satisfy, and to whom it was unknown whether men heard or did not hear.

The work he did was confessedly a great work ; and this great work he did exceptionally well. Great, therefore, is the loss that you sustain. Where, will you find comfort? Where can any of us find comfort in the losses and bereavements and agonies of this life? The heaven saith, it is not in me, and the deep saith, it is not in me. The only comfort in earthly loss that I know, is in the Gospel that he preached. This event, to all who, in whatever degree, are afflicted by it and who trust in God, is a part of what Dr. Wadsworth loved to call "that gracious discipline of our heavenly Father, by which He is preparing us for our eternal home." It seems strange that trials like this should befall Christians. "It seems strange sometimes," he said in one of his noblest sermons, "that at the first moment of repentance and pardon, the justified soul is not taken to glory. But we shall see it by and by, and we

ought to see it presently—that, as spirits under discipline for the different allotments of heaven, more precious to us is this pilgrimage with its poor scrip, and its worn sandal, than the instant fire-car of the prophet to translate us to the skies. There are distinctions in the condition of the redeemed in eternity—harps of a more amazing power—and sceptres of a wider sway,—and stations nearer in honor to the throne of God! And this wearisome pilgrimage on earth is but a continuance on that wrestling arena, where every successful struggle adds to the fair and goodly things that make up eternity.”

This is our comfort, friends. This is always our comfort in affliction. In words like these he would address us, could he speak to us to-day. And he would bid us, in the pain of our earthly pilgrimage, think of the glory that is sure to be its outcome. He would tell us, as once he told you, that painful even as life is, it is not without abundant blessings. He would tell us “That along the desert sand falls the heavenly manna, and fast by our side flows the living water, and steadfast in our van abides the Shekinah of glory. And then beyond! *Canaan!* Canaan, with its royal cities, and its thrones of power, and its diadems of glory! Canaan, as it burst upon the eye of Moses, making his dying hour a triumphant rapture on the heights of Pisgah! Canaan, that house of many mansions! That home of the beloved dead! That dwelling place of Jesus! That glorious Kingdom of God! Canaan lies bright and fair before us; and this path that lies through the desert is the only path that leads to its enrapturing inheritance!”

WRITTEN BY A GRAVE.

The last Poem written by Rev. Dr. Wadsworth.

Night, and a tomb, and shadows dread,
And all day's glorious gladness fled ;
Earth seems a mansion of the dead.
But Heaven above only more bright
For the new glories of the night ;
Stars ! God's great stars in wondrous light.
A Tomb—and yet a shrine no less,
Reared to a creature sent to bless
Earth with an angel's loveliness.
And passed away, as a star given
To light the gathering gloom of even,
Fades in the brightening morn of Heaven.
We bathed that tomb with love's hot tear ;
When voices rose upon the ear—
One sad and low ; one loud and clear.
The low voice, from the earth—a knell,
The loud, from Heaven—a bridal bell ;
“ All hail ” the one, and one “ Farewell.”
“ Farewell ! ” from life a glory passed,
On all earth's joy a shadow cast,
Love's bright flower withered in the blast.
“ All hail ! ” To Heaven new rapture bringing,
A new voice 'mid the angels singing,
New glory on its high thrones flinging.
“ Farewell ! ” a brave heart beats no more,
Hope's eagle wing forgets to soar ;
Love's fairest dream of life is o'er.
“ All hail ! ” That eye in Heaven more bright,
That raiment as an angel's white,
That brow ablaze with stars of light.

RESOLUTIONS
OF
Calvary Church, San Francisco.

The Rev. Charles Wadsworth, D.D., the beloved and honored pastor of Calvary Presbyterian Church, San Francisco, Cal., from June, 1862, until May, 1869, having died in Philadelphia, Pa., on the 1st of April, 1882, in the sixty-eighth year of his age, and the fortieth year of his ministry, the Session of Calvary Church, at a meeting held on the 19th of April, by a unanimous vote adopted the following record and ordered it to be placed upon their minutes.

Whereas, In the good providence of God our former beloved pastor, the Rev. Charles Wadsworth, D.D., has been recently removed from his cherished work as a minister of the gospel of Jesus Christ, therefore be it

Resolved, 1st. That while the Church of Christ in general has sustained a great loss in the death of one who stood among the foremost of her ministers for well-nigh a half a century, we of Calvary Church in particu-

lar, who enjoyed the rare privilege of intimate association with him for a period of seven years, feel that we are bereaved indeed, and mourn for him as for a brother beloved.

Resolved, 2d. That while we reverently submit to the decree which has removed him from his Master's service on earth, we rejoice in the blessed hope that he has gone up to a grander service in a grander world.

Resolved, 3d. That he was a man of extraordinary pulpit power, his sermons presenting at all times a rare combination of "strength and beauty," and yet while every sermon gave abundant evidence of the most painstaking preparation, and of great culture of head and heart, he was singularly free from pretense and pedantry; seeming in all his pulpit ministries, as well as in his social intercourse with us, to remember the words of the Lord Jesus—"He that is greatest among you let him be as the younger, and he that is chief as he that doth serve."

Resolved, 4th. That while he was strictly Calvinistic and Presbyterian in all his teachings he was free from all taint of sectarianism, rejoicing at all times to say a hearty "God-speed" to every soldier of the cross, whatever the uniform he wore, and whatever the colors he marched under.

Resolved, 5th. That he was a man of one idea—the pulpit his throne, and he knowing it, endeavoring at all times to fill it with kingly presence.

Resolved, 6th. That we are deeply grateful to God that He gave us one of the great preachers of our land and of our age to be our teacher, guide and friend for so many years, and we gladly bear witness to the fact that in every relation of life we found him to be a true and cultured gentleman and a faithful minister of the gospel of Christ.

Resolved, 7th. That to the wife and children made desolate by his departure we tender our warmest sympathies in their great bereavement, rejoicing at the same time with them that in his honored name they have a heritage which is better than great riches.

Resolved, 8th. That the Clerk of Session be instructed to forward a copy of these resolutions to the bereaved family.

Copy of record, San Francisco, April 29, 1882.

WM. H. STOWELL,

Clerk of Session of Calvary Presbyterian Church.