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OF

WILLIAM MORRISON ENGLES, D. D.

LATE

Editor of The Presbyterian

AND OF THE

PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF PUBLICATION.

A D I S C O U R S E

ON THE

LIFE AND SERVICES

OF THE

REV. WILLIAM M. ENGLS, D. D.

PREACHED IN THE

SEVENTH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA,

ON SABBATH, DECEMBER 8, 1867.

BY

PROF. CHARLES W. SHIELDS, D. D.

COLLEGE OF NEW JERSEY, PRINCETON, N. J.

DISCOURSE.

I PETER v. 4.

“And when the chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away.”

THE crown for which the Greek athlete contended, was a mere wreath of withering leaves; and the honors which it betokened, were scarcely less worthless and perishing. Even the best of earthly heroisms—masteries in courage, or genius, or power—often prove to be but laurels which fade as soon as they are grasped—only won to be despised and forgotten. But to be excellent in virtue, to be eminent in piety, to be great in goodness, to be a blessing to mankind, will be honor as enduring as it is exalted and pure—even “a crown of glory that fadeth not away.”

It was to such a prize that the great Apostle to the Gentiles looked forward, as he exclaimed at the close of his earthly career in the ministry of Christ—“I have fought a good fight, I have

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finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."

And it is to such a prize that the faithful minister of Christ, in the words before us, is still pointed as his final reward. His eye is to be ever fixed upon a heavenly goal; and though here on earth his course of useful labor may have attracted but little of the applause of the world, and may even have been, more or less, hidden from the view of the Church; yet hereafter, in the general assembly on high, and before the Supreme Bishop of souls, he is to be accounted worthy of a diadem of immortal joy and honor, compared with which the most splendid guerdon among men shall seem but like a mouldered chaplet to be trodden in the mire. "And when the chief Shepherd shall appear, [he] shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away."

I feel, my friends, that with that solemn and unerring judgment in prospect, any words which I am here to utter should be words of truth and soberness. I desire in such a spirit to enter upon my sad, though grateful task. I would

speak as in view of that day which shall try every man's work, of what sort it is. I would speak as not unmindful of an expressed wish, the most sacred that could now be remembered.* And I would speak as representing what I suppose will be your own concurrent estimate, now that death has swept aside the illusions of life, and left us confronted with simple reality and truth.

We are here assembled, in Christ's name and for his sake, to do honor to one of his servants, whose life has extended through the most formative period of the Church to which we belong; whose ministry has been influentially exercised in the origin and developement of its leading institutions; whose services comprise benefits which are diffused to its farthest bounds; whose character exemplifies the highest type of Christian, ministerial, and natural virtue; and whose death affords still another proof of the power of our common faith.

* While Dr. Engles must have desired to be held justly in the esteem of good men, yet it is known that he was exceedingly averse to anything that savored of mere eulogy or panegyric upon his own services—so much so, that this discourse would not have been attempted but for the feeling that some memorial was due as well to the living as to the dead.

WILLIAM MORRISON ENGLER was born in the city of Philadelphia, on the 12th of October, in the year 1797. Of English and Scottish descent, in a religious line, he seems to have inherited a vigorous physical frame, with corresponding moral elements of strength and solidity. His father was Captain Silas Engler, of the Revolutionary army, and a citizen of high character in his day for integrity and intelligence. His mother was Anna Patterson, a lady of a family, both then and since distinguished for intellectual gifts and attainments. He was the youngest of their children, and was baptized in the Scots' Presbyterian Church, which they attended, then under the ministry of the Rev. Dr. Annin.

His boyhood was spent in his native city, and was marked by traits which are still remembered by some who were then his playmates, as foreshadowing his mature character.

His education, which was begun in the best schools of that period, was pursued in the University of Pennsylvania, in which his uncle, Dr. Robert Patterson, was at that time a distinguished Professor. Among his classmates and life-long friends, were the Rev. Dr. Muhlenburg, Dr. George B. Wood, and others, who have reached eminence in different walks of life. At

the commencement, January 10, 1815, he stood among the first of his class, with the honor of the "Ethical Oration."

After his graduation, he studied theology for three years with Dr. Samuel B. Wylie of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, and on the 21st of October, 1818, he was licensed as a preacher of the gospel by the Presbytery of Philadelphia.

His first work in the ministry was a missionary tour, upon which he was sent by the Presbytery, in the Valley of Wyoming, where his preaching, which was then without notes, and had the freshness and zeal of a young evangelist, attracted great attention. He loved to look back to this period in after years, and often spoke of his adventures on horseback in that beautiful and cultivated region, and of the families in which he was made welcome, forming friendships which continued through life. His earnestness and spirituality, combined with lively and agreeable manners, made many salutary impressions which have lasted until this day; and the experience which he gained was, no doubt, a valuable training for his subsequent work.

On his return to Philadelphia, he was soon to be called to the pastoral charge. A colony of

English Independents, then worshipping in a building in Ranstead Court, familiarly called the "Tabernacle," having been led by various events to connect themselves with the Presbytery, were organized as the Seventh Presbyterian Church, (now in charge of the Rev. Dr. Crowell;) and Mr. Engles was called by them to be their first pastor. He was ordained and installed July 6, 1820, and continued in office until September 4, 1834, when a disease of the throat, which threatened to disable him from public speaking, led to his resignation. The church, during the fourteen years of his pastorate, increased in numbers and efficiency, until the drifting of population westward, together with other causes, began to affect its prosperity, and at length, shortly after his withdrawal, compelled its removal to its present site on Penn Square, where it has since flourished, under a succession of able pastors.

The ministry of the Rev. Mr. Engles, at this time, is said to have been faithful and attractive. Although he did not visit his people as often as some pastors, yet his care for their spiritual good was shown in the appointment of special meetings for religious inquiry, as well as by fidelity in his round of duties. In the pulpit his manner was deliberate and quiet—didactic rather than horta-

tory; and his matter, which was always strictly evangelical, had more of the practical than the doctrinal element. Some of his sermons, after the lapse of many years, are still remembered as having made a deep and lasting impression; and among the converts due to his ministry, were two of the most distinguished jurists of the State. But whatever success of this kind he might have been capable of attaining, it would seem that the pulpit was not to be the sphere of his usefulness. After retiring from it, he seldom took part in public services, and as a preacher at length passed from view; so that he is probably now remembered in that character by comparatively few persons. What at first seemed so trying and mysterious, was to be made clear in the light of following events, and his desire to remain in the service of Christ to be gratified by the opening of a new field of labor before him.

The *Presbyterian*, from the editorship of which Dr. James W. Alexander was then about to retire, was placed under his direction, and from that time until the day of his death, a period of thirty-three years, he continued in the sole charge, with the exception of the intervals when it was successively shared with him by Drs. Prime and Leyburn, and its present editor, Dr.

Grier. Of his connection with that paper, his associate has lately said, "The history of the *Presbyterian* is the history of the greater part of Dr. Engles' life. He found it weak, restricted in its circulation, with an uncertain future, and surrounded by rivals and opponents. He has left it securely established, with a large and increasing list of subscribers, and with a character for which it is very largely indebted to his hand."

In May, 1838, four years after entering upon this editorship, he was appointed editor of the Presbyterian Board of Publication, a post which he held from the time of its establishment until the year 1863, during a period of twenty-five years. After his withdrawal, and on the decease of the Rev. Dr. Phillips, he was elected President of the Board, in testimony of his valued services, and was still in that position at the time of his death.

He was chosen Moderator of the General Assembly in the year 1840, and at the close of its sessions appointed Stated Clerk, a place which he filled during six years.

It is now known more generally than hitherto, that for some years past Dr. Engles was subject to an obscure disease of the heart, which made sudden death at any moment probable. Fre-

quent attacks of this mysterious ailment had warned him and his friends of his danger. Often he would awake at night as in the very struggle of death. Only last winter, moreover, a serious illness of another kind seemed to have brought him to the brink of the grave. But he had apparently so rallied his strength that fears were beginning to be allayed, when a fresh seizure, attended with congestion of the lungs, made it plain to his physicians and to himself that the end was near. He resigned himself prayerfully to what he felt to be inevitable; submitted, though without hope, to the remedies which were used; endured with patience the labored breathing and suffocation, which taxed so painfully his still vigorous frame; and at length, in one of the paroxysms of the disease, ceased to live—expiring so suddenly, it was hard to believe that his spirit was gone. He died on Wednesday night, November 27th, after an illness of six days, in the seventy-first year of his age. The event, though not unlooked for by his friends, was a shock when it came, and many tears were shed as his honored remains were borne away to the grave.*

* The death of Dr. Engles, as the senior editor in Philadelphia, was noticed by the daily press of the city

On reviewing the life thus briefly sketched, we shall be struck by the eventful character of the period in which it was passed, as well as the important place which it filled in the history.

It was a period fraught with all the great movements, the results of which are now passing before us. During the last fifty years, the political map of the world has undergone some of the most surprising changes in both hemispheres, affecting the interests of nations and races; human society has passed through a new and marvellous phase of civilization in the arts and sciences; and Christianity has been diffused over the earth, even in heathen lands, as with the glory of the latter days. And all that period Doctor Engles has been in a position such as few men have enjoyed to discern the signs of the times, and review events as they passed before him, not only in the world at large and throughout his own country, but especially in his own church, which he was called habitually

in terms of the highest respect for his character and services. Editorial tributes also appeared in the different Presbyterian journals and other religious papers throughout the country, and memorial resolutions were adopted by the Presbyterian Board of Publication, the Presbytery of Philadelphia, and the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

to survey from a high point of view. He became familiar with every event or question of general interest throughout its borders; he beheld several generations of pastors pass through its pulpit, as such generations are to be estimated in these days of short pastorates; and he lived to see its organization strengthen and extend itself, until its churches, missions, schools, and presses were scattered through the whole land and over the globe.

And in all these scenes the part which he himself bore was by no means inactive or unimportant. There may have been, and doubtless were, some more conspicuous figures before the Church; and yet no one can even glance through its public records without seeing that to erase that name and all that it represented, would be to most seriously mutilate its history. If this be not at once apparent to all, it is partly because the influence of Dr. Engles, during the later years of his life, was to so great an extent quiet and unseen, exerted from the retirement of his study, through the editorial columns of a newspaper, and in published writings—mostly anonymous,—and also because his earlier services in the Church are beginning to be hidden from public view by a new race of ministers, and by

changing parties and interests. It will, therefore, be necessary to look back to the times in which he lived, and take into view contemporaneous events and persons.

Every age of the Church, under Divine Providence, would seem to have had its special problems to solve; each succeeding generation some stage in their solution to fulfil; and leading individuals upon that stage their several tasks to perform. If we inquire, in the light of history, what were the questions to be settled in the Presbyterian Church at the beginning of this century, we shall find them to have been a learned ministry, a sound theology, a pure literature, and a complete ecclesiastical organization. How the present generation is likely to deal with these questions as still pending, is matter of speculation, not becoming this occasion; but if we ask how they were handled by the generation that is passing away, we shall behold two rival schools developing at length into distinct churches with opposite views of government, doctrine and policy, and a consequent grouping together of leaders on one side or the other. And now, if we seek to place our departed friend among the eminent men of his day with whom he acted, in that peculiar sphere

for which he seemed to have been fitted, we shall see that while Miller and the Alexanders were putting forth a wide and lasting influence from the professor's chair; Breckinridge, Alexander, and Potts, from the pulpit; and McDowell, Van Rensselaer, and Chester, through the Boards,—it was reserved for him to perform a special service through the press. So far, indeed, as any one man can deserve such preëminence, he might justly be called the founder of the Presbyterian literature of this country.

Fitted, as he was, for such a work by an exact taste and careful training, by systematic habits of application, by accurate scholarship, by varied reading and information, by long experience in church affairs and large acquaintance with ministers, as well as by his own influential part in the crisis just passed,—he came to that work at a moment when he believed it to be imperatively demanded by the need for popular instruction, not only in the leading truths of evangelical religion, but also in the theological and ecclesiastical questions which led to the disruption; and he was called to discharge that work on the largest scale, in the spheres both of periodical and of permanent literature, as editor at once of

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the chief paper of the Church, and of all its authorized publications.

In the former capacity, as *Editor of the Presbyterian*, he made that journal what it soon became, the accepted organ of the Old-school. He might be said, indeed, to have been the first to raise the standard of denominational journalism in the Church, as hitherto the paper had not even borne such a distinctive name, and it was thought a risk to give it such a character. But from the outset it became, in his hands, a trumpet of no uncertain sound. He rallied to its support the best writers in all parts of the Church, acquired general confidence in it for its unswerving orthodoxy and evangelical sentiment, and imparted to it a tone of Christian dignity and respect toward surrounding denominations. His own contributions to its columns, as collected and preserved, fill several large albums. And the influence which he has quietly put forth from its editorial chair is beyond any power to estimate. During a whole generation he has been a spectator and chronicler of public events, moulding and reflecting the mind of the Church upon all current questions, not only in regard to its own doctrine and policy, but also in the related departments of morals, politics, phi-

losophy, science, and literature. For thirty years he has stood as in a watch-tower and bulwark of Zion, sounding the alarm and rallying to the defence, against all infidelity without and all heresy within her walls. As long as some of you can remember, he has become every week a preacher at your firesides, and a herald of good tidings to your hearts.

In the other literary station which he filled, as *Editor of the Board of Publication*, his services were not less marked and valuable. That institution, indeed, might also be said to have been the child of his brain. If the idea of it did not actually originate with him, he was at least one of its active founders, a leading member of its original Executive Committee, and during its history a ruling spirit in its counsels. Its publications, for twenty-five years, bore the impress of his mind and taste. Besides his editorial revision of the numerous standard works which were issued, his own contributions to its literature, in the form of abridgments, compilations, original treatises and tracts, published without his name,* but familiar in many households, reached

* Until the issue of the last Catalogue of the Board, his own publications contained no hint of their authorship.

a circulation amounting to thousands, and, in some instances, hundreds of thousands of copies, and the mere testimonies to their value would themselves fill volumes. Multitudes, indeed, owing to the wide circulation which they obtained through the agencies of the Board, have received good from him without knowing their benefactor; pastors who have his "Records of the Presbyterian Church" on their shelves; sessions who have been instructed by his tract on the "Duties and Qualifications of Ruling Elders;" church members who have been stimulated by his "Hints to Congregations;" Sabbath-schools in which his "Bible Dictionary" and children's books have been used; invalids and aged people who have been comforted by his "Sick-Room Devotions;" retired Christian homes in which his "Book of Poetry" and "Fountain of Wisdom" have blended entertainment with instruction; while beyond the sphere of the Church, in the army and navy, his "Soldier's Pocket Book" and "Sailor's Companion" have cheered thousands of the sick, the wounded and the dying. The very titles of these works, and others, such as "The World and its Influences," "Prevailing Errors," "Evenings' Entertainment," indicate the varied practi-

cal tendencies of his writings, and the incalculable good which must have ensued upon their wide diffusion.

While, however, the services of Doctor Engles were thus chiefly of a literary nature, he did not himself lose sight of his ministerial calling and responsibility. Although no longer in the pulpit, and obliged to engage in seemingly less sacred pursuits than those of pastoral life, yet mere worldly business he carefully excluded from his labors, and even in his editorial character still sought to preach the gospel. His religious articles, somewhat in the style of a brief homily, became a feature, in contrast with the secularized columns of certain so-called religious papers, and, if passed over by some readers, were doubtless prized by the classes for whom they were mainly intended.

As a presbyter, too, he still served the Church in its deliberative assemblies, and on all occasions requiring the application of its rules and principles in practice. He was often consulted in regard to new and difficult questions of order or policy. His experience, good judgment, fairness, and equable temper, made him, now and then, an accepted umpire between conflicting parties in sessions or congregations; and in

boards and public bodies, when contending interests seemed incapable of adjustment, and both the wisdom and patience of the disputants were exhausted, his more calm, sensible view would come in at the last moment, as a kind of reserved corps, to decide the doubtful battle.

As to the public character or reputation which he acquired in these different positions, it was, as might be expected, in keeping with the services he had rendered. His theology could hardly help being of a polemical cast. He came upon the stage in times when doctrine was valued as the only source of duty, and sound words were more prized than decorous forms; when opposite views and parties were forming upon what were thought to be vital questions; and it was made an ecclesiastical virtue to "contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints." And his own opinions were so clear and settled in his mind, so much to him the very word and truth of God, that he could, as he did, throw his whole heart, with all his powers, into their defence. It has been said that he "was the first to dip pen into ink in the New-school controversy," having written for the *Philadelphian* a series of articles which drew attention to the disputed points then rising into view.

Probably no minister in the Church knew more of the causes of the great schism, or better understood the doctrinal distinctions it involved, or was instrumentally so active in the legal proceedings to which it gave rise. And yet it should be added, that while he may never have regretted the course pursued, he could only look upon it ever afterwards in the light of a sad duty. As it was certainly with no vain boasting that he buckled his armor on, so it was with none that he took it off, when the field was won.

His love of harmony and desire for union among Christian brethren were in fact not less ardent than his zeal for truth. As much as was possible, he lived peaceably with all men; and when controversy came, as it must come, sometimes with friends no less than foes, he knew how to treat honorable opponents with due respect and fairness, and himself retained the same meed of just consideration at their hands. In the two offices he held as critic of the authors and writers of the Church, it would have been strange if he had not been called, though unwillingly, and perhaps even unwittingly, to wound the vanity of some who could seize the opportune moment which came with new parties and measures for an unjust and ungenerous return;

but the quiet bearing of conscious uprightness with which, on his part, it was endured, soon rendered the victory, to them at least, worse than a defeat. If ever any mere assailant was left, where he had placed himself, beyond the pale of his congenial intercourse, it was not merely because his dignity would not countenance what he felt to be base, but also because his conscience could not make terms with what he believed to be wrong.

As a writer, his style reflected mainly the solid qualities of his mind, and was dressed in that grave and stately diction befitting the themes upon which he wrote. In some of its lighter moods, it is thought by a friend, who knew him well, to have been formed in early life upon the writings of Sir Walter Scott, one of the models of elegant letters in that day. But his habit of reading for many years every variety of book, pamphlet, and paper with which his table became covered, while it afforded him much intellectual enjoyment and fostered a catholic taste, never impaired, in the slightest degree, his moral judgment of an author, or even tinged his own characteristic mode of expressing it. His editorial articles, which could easily be recognized, were correct, lucid, and judicious, at

times relieved by some sportive sally or sedate fancy, but always strictly spiritual in their tone. And his permanent works, if they cannot be cited as specimens of mere fine writing, according to the reigning taste, have at least the sober graces of a former and perhaps more earnest age, and will long remain to do their silent work of usefulness, with no line which any friend could now wish to blot.

On passing from the public to the more private aspects of his character, we are at once struck with apparent contrasts—contrasts in it so great indeed that those who did not know both sides of it, will either find it hard to understand what I have already said of the one, or what I am about to say of the other.

As the veil of these seeming contrasts, and no doubt also the cause of them, there was a certain reserve, which to some was the most obvious trait, while by others it was not even perceived or felt, but which can only be justly rated in connection with its accompanying qualities. There may be a reserve which has nothing to hide, and is the effect of mere phlegm or stolidity. There may be a reserve which is only the mask of a cold misanthropy or pharisaic exclusiveness; and there may be a reserve, too, which

is but the instinctive protection of delicacy and sensitiveness. But there is also a reserve which, in some intense natures, consists with the keenest sympathy, and is simply the constitutional barrier of a certain unexpended moral force or latent virtue that does not go out of them into the crowd, except at the secret touch of congeniality. Now, when to this sort of native dignity was added his habit of secluding himself from the world, due perhaps to his ailment rather than to any lack of sociability, it will be seen how far this trait leaned towards a fault or a virtue. It is certain that if any thought him consciously cold or distant, they wronged one of the kindest hearts that ever beat.

But while some who knew him only by reputation can scarcely be said to have known him at all, owing to this repellent, not repulsive, quality, others who knew him personally may have found it difficult even to recognize his public character, owing to a supposed inconsistency between it and certain of his private traits, with which they were more familiar.

The opponents of Calvinism have sometimes depicted its grave features as drawn into an habitual frown upon all that is bright and fair in the scene of life, and unable, with any native

graciousness, ever to relax into a genial smile of human kindness. Its ethics and manners are thought, by them, to have been moulded by a theology which dwells high up in the cold region of the intellect, amid barren forms of logic and arid peaks of metaphysics, where any glimpse of nature or touch of tenderness is to be greeted as some stray flower on the skirts of Alpine snows. But if there was ground for such a view in the founder of the system, or has been ground for it in any of his followers, too many other examples have shown it to be but a caricature; and among them none more strikingly than the one before us.

This champion of orthodoxy, whom the stranger expected to find bristling with controversy, proved on acquaintance to be one of the mildest and gentlest of men. This leader of the strictest sect, without any peril or sacrifice of his principles, made Roman Catholics, Quakers, and Unitarians his warm, admiring friends. This believer in total depravity entered with the keenest zest into whatsoever things are lovely and of good report. A lover of books, he was also a true lover of men. A student of the Bible, he was not less a student of nature. While he enjoyed the doctrines and services of a

supernatural religion, he still delighted with a calm pleasure in all objects of natural science and art; in birds, and shells, and ferns, of which he made rare collections; in exquisite specimens of taste and skill; in coins and relics, new inventions, and things quaint and curious. His study, which was flanked with the heavy tomes of his grand old creed, contained upon its table the new poem or the freshly plucked flower; and the grave student himself could in a moment lapse into a playmate of little children, who flew to his arms with instinctive love. Young people did not simply venerate him at a distance, but perplexed their elders by a certain romantic freedom with which they gave him their confidence. Indeed, so much of this kind of youthfulness of feeling did he retain, with so little of the prejudice or infirmity of advancing years, that none of them, I venture to say, can now think of him as old.

He might often be seen, as some of you will remember him, passing out of the city on one of his solitary rambles to the banks of the Schuylkill, every nook of which he knew well; pausing here and there to talk with the workmen about their craft, or to notice some simple thing in nature which others would have passed unheeded

—a squirrel in the path or bird upon the branch; and at length returning home again, as from the last walk that was taken, with a fragment of moss or an autumn leaf, and forgetting all fatigue in rapt admiration of its delicate tracery.

His charity towards men was simply wonderful—the effect, no doubt, of long training and experience, as well as native largeness of heart. He had known—who of us has not known?—something of the harshness of the world, and alas! something, too, of that which comes with a long career in the Church; but while his judgment of character was still just, his knowledge of the frailties and machinations of men seemed never for one moment to have sullied his clear spirit. His lips were sealed under an injury, or if he spoke, it was without malice or bitterness. Over the infirmities of friends he threw a veil of seeming forgetfulness. He was tender towards the erring on the first sign of penitence. In his benefactions, his left hand knew not what his right hand did. His affections were warm and constant; and to a true friend he adhered through all vicissitudes with a tenacity which nothing could weaken or change.

Although no mere conversationalist, yet his

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kindliness, his delicacy and tact, his keen sense of humor, his wonderful memory and fund of anecdotes, his readiness at reply and graphic powers, made him, in his genial moods, among his friends one of the most delightful of companions.

Shining through all these varied experiences and natural traits, was a piety which, if it never flamed into rapture or enthusiasm, was yet calm and pure as the light upon the path of the just. His religion was one of doctrine, principle, and practice, rather than of mere feeling. The phrases of his creed lost all semblance of cant in the evident earnestness with which he used them. He enjoyed simple, evangelical preaching. Under his methodical self-command, through Divine help, every Christian grace seemed to have acquired the force of a habit. His devotion had become regular as the breath of life; his faith appeared never to waver; his humility was manifestly deep and abiding; and his whole life reflected the peace of a soul which was stayed upon God.

If now we bring into one view all that he was by nature and all that he became by grace, I think the result will appear to have been a union of complementary traits of orthodoxy blended

with charity, of sternness with gentleness, of dignity with love, of freshness with age, of godliness with humanity,—all held together under the reins of principle, and forming such a compact and balanced character as might suggest to us that noble image of Bacon—“Certainly it is heaven upon earth to have a man’s mind rest in Providence, move in charity, and turn upon the poles of truth.”

When good men die, we sometimes please ourselves by finding fit presages of their death in little incidents which would otherwise have been forgotten. It may not, therefore, seem trivial in this instance, to mention coincidences which are certainly noticeable enough to appear providential.

His last remark, on leaving the place of his life-long labors, was a pleasantry in allusion to the time, soon coming, when others would be speaking of him as he had just been speaking of some gone before him.

His last editorial message to his readers, pondered by them after the hand that wrote it was cold in death, was that “Walk towards Zion,” which now looks so much like a dying confession of faith.

And his last private reading, left marked in

his book of daily devotions, happened to be for that date upon the motto, "O grave, where is thy victory?"

But to understand fully that victory, as he was about to experience it, we must recall all that death meant to him, and in what spirit he encountered it. We must remember that he met it not as it may be met by the brutes that perish, with a mere instinctive recoil from its physical pain; nor yet as it might be met by men who have so far imbruted themselves as to drown all thought or fear of it in worldliness and sin; but as alone it should be met by a rational and accountable creature.

He met it with a creed which regarded it as the bitter fruit of sin, the penalty of God's holy law, and the harbinger of judgment; together with an enlightened conscience and deeply penitential piety, which would not allow him to treat as a mere doctrinal abstraction what he felt to be a personal experience.

He met it with an anguished affection, a yearning tenderness akin to that which tore the Saviour's heart as he looked on her who stood weeping by his cross.

And he met it, too, as no unknown terror, but as the dread messenger, for whose coming,

through many years, he had been daily waiting. The very beating of his heart made it familiar to his thoughts. It was the shadow in which he walked on the bright earth by day, and the spectre which woke him, as with a mortal throb, at night. If ever any man habitually looked death in the face, it was he. And when therefore he came to that last conflict, the moral victory, which through Divine grace was to be achieved, was something more than the courage with which brave men are said to die in battle, amid the wild excitement of the moment; something more even than the rapture with which martyrs have clasped death as the angel of glory; it was the calm ascendancy of reason and faith over sense, and doubt, and fear; it was the triumph of grace over nature, effected without noise or display, in lowliness and secrecy, alone with God.

All night long, in the pauses of that intense suffering, were heard broken prayers and whispered texts, and self-applied solaces, until at length, as if the moment had been reached when the sting of the monster was plucked away, and the spear shivered, came that utterance of an assured hope and faith, no more of this world, telling that the victory was won: "Dear Saviour,

take me to thyself, and give me a crown of glory."

When Beza stood at the grave of the great Genevan reformer, he exclaimed, in an outburst of holy grief, "Now that Calvin is dead, life will be less sweet, and death less bitter." And there is, my friends, in the first view of this event, scarcely anything but sadness and mystery. A zealous defender of the faith has fallen at his post, while yet the enemies of the truth seem mustering as for a last onset. A bulwark of orthodoxy is left exposed, in times when men's minds are full of change and perplexity. An exalted type of the Christian, the minister, and the man—which is of the past, and growing rare—has gone from our sight for ever. And we are left, who knew him best, doubting if ever again we shall see so good a man, or find so true a friend.

And yet, as I close this poor tribute, some better thoughts force themselves to view. I think of that life so honored, so useful, so complete; I think of that character so graciously moulded, so radiant with truth and mellow with charity; I think of that intellect descending full-orbed to the grave without a cloud; I think of that death, with its glimpse of "*a crown of*

glory;" and at once I behold a scene of coronation, beneath which this empty life has vanished away; a Judge, sifting with unerring glance the evil from the good; a chaplet, lustrous with holy renown; and an assembly of all the just, ready for the plaudit, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

LINES

In Memory

OF THE

REV. WILLIAM M. ENGLES, D. D.

BY

MRS. S. B. H.

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IN MEMORY

OF

REV. DR. WILLIAM MORRISON ENGLER.

By Mrs. S. B. H.

Laid down to rest,
A man that in his quiet place
Was royal with the saintly grace
Of spirit blest.

Who kept apart
From noisy throngs of busy lives,
Nor soiled his soul with aim that strives
In wordly mart.

But stood alone
On wisdom's height and watched his age,
And balanced in his judgment sage
Its bread and stone.

Who humbly wore
The scholar's robe, or led by God,
'Mid Egypt's priests the prophet's rod
With power bore.

Who lived so nigh
To Nature, that he caught the gleams
Of unveiled truth through beauty's beams,
Or culture's eye.



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Time's changing sands
Ne'er touched his love for leaf or stone,
Or ceased to link within his own,
Fond childhood's hands.

His passing days
Dropped through his years like beads of prayer ;
And ever rose, an incense rare,
His thoughts of praise.

The seraph Death,
Walked with him oft, till in his shade
Heaven's lustre shone, and unafraid
He felt his breath.

His weary feet
Lie still from going ; silent rest
Folds aching brain and throbbing breast
In calm complete.

Immortal made,
Freed from flesh, etherealized,
His risen form wears glory prized
That cannot fade.

In memory's nave,
He stands in niche of honor white,
As aureoled with moral light,
That hides his grave.

