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I.

MILTON AND TENNYSON.

“ Blessings be with them and immortal praise,  
Who gave us noble lives and nobler cares,  
The Poets, who on earth have made us heirs  
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays.”—WORDSWORTH.

**T**WO rivers, rising in the same lofty region and fed by kindred springs, are guided by the mountain-slopes of their environment into channels which, though not far apart, are widely different. The one, deeper and stronger from its birth, after a swift and lovely course through fair uplands of peace, is shattered suddenly by the turmoil of a fierce conflict, lifting but one foam-crested wave of warning, is plunged into the secret and tumultuous warfare of a deep cañon, emerging at length with wondrously augmented current, to flow majestically through a land of awful, thunder-riven cliffs, towering peaks, vast forests, and immeasurable plains,—a mighty land, a mighty stream. The other river, from a source less deep, but no less pure and clear, passing with the same gentle current through the same region of sweet seclusion, meets with no mighty obstacle, is torn by no wild cataract in its descent, but with ever-growing force and deepening, widening stream sweeps through a land less majestic, but more beautiful, not void of grandeur, but free from horror,—a land of shadowy vales and gardens; mysterious cities hung in air, and hills crowned with ruined castles,—a stream brimming and bright and large, whose smooth, strong flow often conceals its unsounded depth, and mirrors, not only the fleeting shores, but also the eternal stars, in its bosom.

Such is the figure in which I see the poetry of Milton and of Tennyson flowing through the literature and life of our English race.

## VI.

### NOTES AND NOTICES.

*The Death of Rev. Prof. Samuel Jennings Wilson, D.D., LL.D., of the Western Theological Seminary, Allegheny City, Pennsylvania,* is noticed in the editorial pages of the PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW because he was from the beginning one of its most honored and influential Associate Editors. The undersigned is entrusted with the preparation of this notice because he was for thirteen years the colleague and intimate friend of its distinguished subject.

The fact that Professor Wilson was by the spontaneous suffrages of his peers made the first Moderator of the great Synod of Pennsylvania, accurately marks his rank in the entire Christian ministry of that immense Commonwealth. In learning, ability, eloquence, and influence he was beyond question the most eminent Christian minister of any denomination in his native State. And it is a coincidence that will not be forgotten that Pennsylvania's greatest minister, Samuel Jennings Wilson, and her greatest lawyer, Jeremiah Black, lay awaiting their burial at the same time.

There are two measures of a man's greatness: the one to be determined in the estimate of his intrinsic qualities, the other by his acquired position and relation to the community of which he is a part. In each of these respects Professor Wilson's claim to be regarded great is valid.

His natural faculties were of a high order, and they were earnestly and wisely exercised in the highest uses from his childhood. He possessed capacity for concentrated and sustained attention, a retentive memory, wide and clear intellectual vision, accurate judgment, vivid and fertile imagination, strong affections, burning enthusiasm, and unparalleled powers of expression by word, look, and gesture. The foundation laid in his school and college days for his future scholarly growth was accurate and broad. Afterward he continued uninterruptedly to the close of his laborious life a constant student in every branch of his profession, and a wide, general reader. He was for twenty-eight years tutor and Professor of Ecclesiastical and Sacred History and of the History of Doctrines, but on different occasions and for protracted periods he also discharged the duties of the professors of Hebrew and Old Testament Literature, of New Testament Greek and Exegesis, and of Systematic Theology, and all with distinguished success. His thought was as clear as light, his judgment sound, and heart pure and brave and as true as steel. He was extraordinarily

grave and silent in his manner : often in the company of his colleagues or in his family, giving for long passages of time no other sign of conscious life than that afforded by the following of his watchful eye. But under that apparently sleeping surface a whole teeming world of life brooded, and sometimes volcanic fires rolled. His preaching, as the many thousand hearers of his oration on John Knox will testify, and as the majority of the churches in Western Pennsylvania and Eastern Ohio will cherish among their proudest sectional traditions, was often characterized by the most moving and over-mastering eloquence. Often in the Seminary prayer-meeting his voice broke upon us like the sound of a trumpet, and he at once lifted up the whole service to a higher level of vision and devotion.

The true greatness of a man rests more in his character, especially its moral elements, than in his intellect or his learning. Professor Wilson in this species also graded among the very highest of his generation. He was unselfish, pure, absolutely consecrated to his chief ends, concentrated in purpose, of strong will, of strong passions held in restraint and always made to serve reason and conscience. Self-respectful but unambitious, sympathetic with all weakness and suffering, tender as a woman, strong as a lion, true and honorable as a Knight of Christ.

As to the second element of greatness found in his position and his relation to his community Professor Wilson must be estimated as occupying an even yet higher rank. He was native to the soil, embodying in finest quality and proportions the characteristic excellences of Scotch-Irish ancestry and of the Western Pennsylvanian population. He was truly representative as a man and as a Presbyterian minister in a sense and to a degree not true of any other man of his generation. His grandfather, Thomas Dill, gave his whole life to prayer, visiting in turn all the sections of Western Pennsylvania and Virginia and Eastern Ohio, seeking the conversion of souls and the revival of the Church. His mother, Jane Dill, was a woman of great force of character and eminently spiritual and devoted. She consecrated her son to the ministry from his birth, and impressed her own character and purpose upon him in his infancy.

Last April, on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his entering upon his professorship, he said : " I am glad to have the opportunity of saying that whatever I am is due to my mother. I would rather hear it said that my mother was Jane Dill, and my grandfather praying Thomas Dill, than to hear it said that my mother was Queen and my grandfather Emperor." He struggled to gain his education, but went up through all the stages first in each class from the start. He became teacher in every school in which he learned, retaining to the end a most absolute identification of himself and his interests with his scholars and his schools, and of the section of the nation out of which these grew. His roots ran out into all that land and took deep and wide hold of the ground.

Every student, especially every struggling student, was taken into his heart. The Professor appeared always reticent and undemonstrative, yet no honest student ever misread the man. It was to him before any of his colleagues through all those years of service that the student needing sympathy went,

whether poor, or sick, or bereaved, or in spiritual darkness, or in need of counsel for his future course. Once loving he loved forever, for greater tenacity of fibre God never wrought out of Scotch-Irish or Northman blood. Thus his nearly one thousand graduates remained bound to his heart by hooks of steel. He prayed for them, wept with them, gloried over them, following them along all their ways. And they knew him and gloried in him as their leader, and now they weep over the wide world, for their prince is dead.

He was naturally put forward as the representative of his section, and as such bore all the honors from his immediate constituents and from the Church as a whole, open to the career of a Presbyterian minister. He had been Moderator of the Synod of Pittsburgh, and was Moderator of the great Synod of Pennsylvania at the time of his death. He was Moderator of the General Assembly in 1874, was actually for a time President of Washington and Jefferson College, and would have been so always if he had not preferred to be the presiding professor of the Western Theological Seminary. He represented his Church in the preparatory meeting in London in 1875, and in the Grand Council in Philadelphia in 1880. He was the orator always spontaneously chosen to represent his denomination as a whole on its grandest occasions as upon the tercentenary anniversary of Presbyterianism, A.D. 1872, in Philadelphia, and his own more immediate circle, as at the funerals of men so pre-eminent in his section as the Rev. Dr. Elisha P. Swift and Rev. Dr. C. C. Beatty. And if he had continued in his place for a century, all the elements of power, and all the tributes of love and honor from a wide constituency would more and more have gathered into his hands.

Western Pennsylvania has generously entertained, while they lived, many an ally enlisted from other fields, and with equal generosity cherished their memory after their death. But there is no risk in anticipating the judgment of history in inscribing in letters of gold the name of their own son, Samuel Jennings Wilson, at the head of the list, first and best beloved, and longest remembered of a noble line. Dear friend, it was a blessing to know thy heart. It will be a living joy to assist in keeping thy memory green.

He was born in Washington County, Pa., July 19, 1828, and had therefore just completed his fifty-fifth year at the time of his death. He was named at his baptism after the Rev. Samuel C. Jennings, D.D., an eminently devoted and successful preacher of the Gospel in that region, who still survives in extreme old age. He united with the Presbyterian Church in Washington, Pa., March, 1849, under the pastoral care of Rev. Dr. J. I. Brownson, who assisted at his burial. He graduated at Washington College in 1852, and at the Western Theological Seminary in 1855. He was immediately made an instructor in that institution, charged from the first with the department of Church History, and for many years vicariously performing the office of teacher of the Hebrew language. He became a full professor in 1858, and colleague of his eminent teachers, Drs. Elliott, Jacobus, and Plummer. He was stated supply or pastor of the church at Sharpsburgh, and then of the Sixth Presbyterian church, Pittsburgh, from his licensure until the death of Dr. Jacobus in the autumn of 1876, and he made his churches pre-eminent centres of ecclesiastical and spiritual life.

In December, 1859, he married Mary Elizabeth, daughter of the late Robert H. Davis, of Sewickley, Pa. Beautiful, intellectual, spiritual, heavenly-minded, full of love and grace, always known as Daisy, she was alike in the family, the congregation, the faculty, and the wider circle of loving friends, always our sweetest flower. She died after much suffering in the early summer of 1880. He has now left their three children, one boy and two girls, orphans, singular in sorrow because bereaved of such parents, but no less singular in their happy fortune as the inheritors of such honors, and of such an inexhaustible wealth of love. God wipe away their tears and comfort them, making them worthy of their noble parents, and then uniting them to them in their joy.

Although delicate in appearance and reality, he finished his last year's work in perfect preservation. At the services extemporized last spring to commemorate the completion of the twenty-fifth year of his professorship, he said: "The Lord has kept me alive these twenty-five years, and I am as strong now as then. With your kind words to cheer me I am ready for twenty-five years more, if God shall spare me." Yet when he presided at the funeral of his friend and colleague, Professor William H. Hornblower, D.D., on the 17th of July, he was unable to follow his body to its eastern grave in Paterson, N. J., because of just noticed indisposition. This proved eventually to be typhoid fever communicated by means of milk from an infected house. When informed of the character of his disease he at once gave up all expectation of recovery, as several members of his family had died in that way. Toward the last when asked "How he felt?" he answered, "In perfect peace"; when asked "What he wanted?" he answered, "Only rest."

And surely all who are represented by this PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW will cordially sympathize with the losses, and pray for the renewed and ever-increasing prosperity of that honored and beloved Theological Seminary so grievously, so singularly bereaved. Dr. Hornblower, the enthusiastic teacher and universally popular preacher and perfect Christian gentleman and loyal friend, died in July, and Dr. Wilson, the Presbyterian prince, died in August. Not a colleague was present at his death or burial. Dr. Jeffers was still in Europe, whence he hastens to take the helm as Senior Professor; Dr. Kellogg in Dakota; Dr. Warfield in Kentucky, detained by the sickness of a near relation.

The very mention of these names proves the present strength and future promise of this grand old Seminary. The most essential chairs, those of the Old and of the New Testament Literature and Exegesis, and of Systematic Theology, are already filled by men who for talents, piety, learning, and skill and enthusiasm and success as teachers, were never surpassed in that or any other Seminary. May God crown them with all the honors of his service, and make their future surpass even the sacred traditions of which they are the heirs.

A. A. HODGE.

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*The General Synod of the Reformed Church in America* met in Albany, N. Y., on the 6th day of June last, and was well attended, 125 members answering to their names at the first roll-call. The Rev. W. R. Duryee, D.D., of