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IN MEMORIAM

JOSEPH CHARLESS:

BEING A COMPENDIUM OF THE ACTION OF THE SEVERAL PUBLIC
INSTITUTIONS AND CORPORATIONS WITH WHICH
THE DECEASED WAS CONNECTED AT
THE TIME OF HIS DEATH;

EULOGIES OF THE PRESS;

AND

FUNERAL SERMON,

Preached at the Second Presbyterian Church, June 6, 1859,

By the Rev. S. B. McPHEETERS, D.D.

Printed for Private Distribution.

ST. LOUIS:

GEORGE KNAPP & CO., PRINTERS AND BINDERS.

1868.

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TO THE MEMORY

Of the Husband and Father,

WHOSE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER,

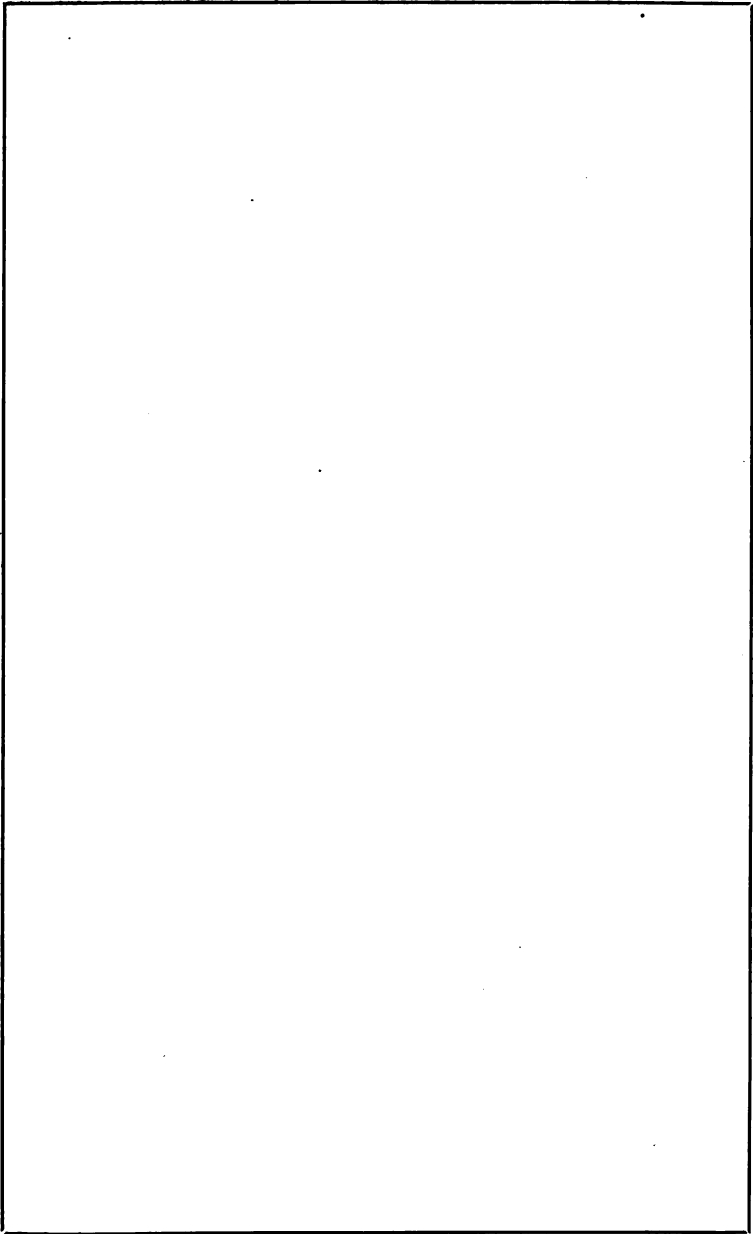
ADMIRIED BY THE WORLD,

APPEARED STILL MORE LOVELY IN THE HOME,

ONCE BRIGHTENED BY THE LIGHT OF HIS PRESENCE,

NOW DARKENED

BY THE SHADOW OF HIS GRAVE.



PREFACE.

It was a happy thought that suggested the Memorial of JOSEPH CHARLESS contained in the following pages. Our recollections of such a man should be carefully cherished, and the records of his life should be piously preserved as an incentive to virtue and religion. More than nine years have passed away since he was summoned into the immediate presence of his Saviour; but still his name lingers amongst us like the fragrance of some sweet perfume, or like the cadence of a sacred song. Of all the distinguished citizens of Saint Louis who have gone to the grave, not one, perhaps, is remembered more tenderly, or mentioned more frequently, in the very choicest circles of society.

His character was so pure, his piety was so sincere, his courtesy was so winning, his generosity was so unbounded, his sympathy with the poor and suffering was so practical, his interest in every worthy enterprise was so intense, and

strength of a vigorous understanding and the ardor of an enthusiastic nature, he discharged thoroughly the manifold duties pressing upon him, and has, doubtless, received the plaudit of the Saviour whom he loved so ardently—
“Well done, thou good and faithful servant.”

The tributes of unsolicited praise and of unaffected grief presented by sorrowing thousands at the time of his death, and here preserved in enduring form for the special benefit of his grand-children, and the younger members of his family connection, teach them the important lesson, that if they would gain lasting esteem here and everlasting blessedness hereafter, they “should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them, and rose again.”

In passing his honored tomb, I felt constrained to lay upon it this little wreath, as a token of my regard and affection for one of the purest and best of men.

JAMES H. BROOKES.

SAINT LOUIS, *July 1*, 1868.

IN MEMORIAM
JOSEPH CHARLESS.

ACTION OF THE CHAMBER OF
COMMERCE.

THE announcement of the demise of JOSEPH CHARLESS, Esq., was made to the Chamber of Commerce on Saturday last, at 12 M., during a full attendance of the members, by the Vice-President, when, on motion, it was

Resolved, That a Committee of five be appointed by the Chair to draft resolutions expressive of the sentiments of the commercial community in relation to the character of the deceased, and the sympathy elicited by his sudden and melancholy death.

The Chair appointed J. B. S. Lemoine, D. A. January, R. M. V. Kercheval, R. K. Woods, and N. Ranney, in accordance with said resolu-

tion, who reported the following preamble and resolutions, which were read and unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, The sudden and unexpected death of our friend, and brother, JOSEPH CHARLESS, Esq., one of the oldest and most esteemed merchants of our city, has been announced to this Chamber; therefore,

Resolved, That the Chamber of Commerce of St. Louis, as an evidence of the profound respect in which the character of our deceased friend was held while living, and of the universal sorrow which his death has caused, will close their Exchange Room, and recommend that all business in the city be suspended on the day of his funeral.

Resolved, That the sympathies of this body are most feelingly tendered to the bereaved and stricken family of the deceased.

Resolved, That these proceedings be entered upon the records of this Chamber, and a copy of the same be addressed by the Secretary to the family of the deceased.

On motion, it was

Resolved, That the proceedings of the meeting be furnished the city papers for publication.

The Chamber was feelingly addressed by Gen. Ranney, on the generous and noble characteristics of the deceased, his Christian life, commercial integrity, and the unfortunate incident of his death while in the faithful discharge of the high duties of his position as an active member

of the Church—husband, father, friend, citizen—in all of which he had gently, kindly and modestly performed his part during a period of thirty-five years in this city.

The Chamber then adjourned.

W. B. BAKER, *Secretary.*

PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY.

OFFICE OF THE PACIFIC R.R. COMPANY,
ST. LOUIS, *June 4th, 1859.*

AT a special meeting of the Board of Directors of the Pacific Railroad Company, held at their office this morning, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted, introduced by Mr. D. R. Garrison:

WHEREAS, we have been informed of the unexpected death of JOSEPH CHARLESS, Esq., late a member of this Directory, who, but a few brief hours before, in the full vigor of health and manhood, was devoting his valuable services in the management of its affairs, and with the promise of great future usefulness; therefore, be it

Resolved, That in the sudden demise of JOSEPH CHARLESS, Esq., a member of this Board, the Company has lost one of its earliest friends, the Board one of its most useful members, the City of St. Louis one of her most exemplary and valued citizens, and society one of its chief ornaments.

Resolved, That the Board deeply sympathize with the bereaved family of their late associate; that these resolutions be spread on the records of the Company; and that the Secretary deliver a copy of these proceedings to the family of our late associate.

Resolved, That this Board will attend the funeral of the deceased.

A true copy from the records.

GEO. R. TAYLOR, *President*.

Attest:

FRED. L. BILLON, *Secretary*.

MECHANICS' BANK.

THE MECHANICS' BANK,
ST. LOUIS, *June 4th*, 1859.

At a special meeting of the Directors of this Bank, held this day, at 12 M., the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, by an inscrutable dispensation of God's providence, we have had torn from our midst our well-beloved friend and fellow-citizen, Mr. JOSEPH CHARLESS, the President of the Board of Directors of this Bank; and, Whereas we are desirous of expressing our deep sense of the great loss which this Institution has sustained, together with that of his bereaved and afflicted family and relations, and of the community at large:

Be it Resolved, 1st, That in the death of Mr. CHARLESS the poor have lost a noble and munificent patron, and that sorrow has been brought home to many a hearthstone; that the defenceless and orphans have lost a warm, sincere friend and protector; that religion has lost one of its purest, brightest ornaments and supporters, and society shorn of one of its most enlightened and useful citizens; and that, in all the relations of life, he was that noblest work of God, "An Honest Man" and Christian Gentleman.

Resolved, 2d, That we tender our warm and heartfelt sympathies to the family and relatives of our deceased President, and mourn with them a long life of honor, purity and usefulness, so unexpectedly cut short.

Resolved, 3d, That the Directors and other officers of this Institution will in a body attend the funeral of our beloved and valued President, and that the usual badge of mourning be worn for the space of thirty days.

Resolved, 4th, That the Cashier of the Bank cause a copy of these resolutions to be sent to the family of the deceased, and published in the papers of the city.

J. W. WILLS, *Cashier.*

CHURCH EXTENSION COMMITTEE.

JOSEPH CHARLESS., Esq., was one of the first members of the Assembly's Church Extension Committee, and at the last General Assembly was re-elected for another period of years. At

the last meeting of the Committee on the Monday following the lamented member's death, the subjoined minute was unanimously adopted and spread on record:

At a meeting of the General Assembly's Church Extension Committee, June 6th, 1859, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted, viz:

WHEREAS, it has pleased our Heavenly Father to permit JOSEPH CHARLESS, a member of this Committee, to be suddenly removed by the hand of violence; therefore,

Resolved, 1st, That while we mourn the departure of this, the first of our members summoned from earth to heaven, we thank God for that triumphant grace which enabled him to manifest most wonderful Christian resignation and forgiveness amid the severest sufferings.

Resolved, 2d, That we recognize this bereavement as a solemn call to increased diligence and fidelity in the service of Him who thus "cometh at an hour when we think not."

Resolved, 3d, That we tender our heartfelt sympathies to the bereaved family of our deceased brother, and will not fail to remember them in their sore affliction at the throne of mercy.

Resolved, 4th, That this action be spread upon our minutes, and a copy be furnished to the family of our late associate in Christian labor.

A true extract from the minutes.

H. I. COE,
Cor. Sec. Ch. Ex. Committee.

WESTMINSTER COLLEGE.

AT an informal meeting of gentlemen connected with the Presbyterian Church, held in the session room of the Second Presbyterian Church, St. Louis, June 8th, 1859, the pressing need of Westminster College for larger endowment was presented, and after discussion, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, 1st, That the interests and the very honor of our Church in Missouri seem to depend in a large measure upon the completion of the endowment for Westminster College. We have here an Institution established, after much prayer and anxious deliberation, for the education of the youth of the Church, and of this broad western country, which has come to a crisis in its history, that must determine whether the Presbyterian Church shall have a College worthy of its renown in this great State, or whether we must abandon an enterprise so well begun.

Resolved, 2d, That we *must* go forward in obedience to the call of God's providence in an earnest effort to raise the sum of fifty thousand dollars, with the express stipulation that, provided this sum of money shall be subscribed, the Trustees of the Institution will solemnly bind themselves to keep the College hereafter out of debt.

Resolved, 3d, In view of the melancholy bereavement which has fallen upon our Church, in the death of Mr. JOSEPH CHARLESS—in view of his profound interest in all that looked to the advancement of CHRIST'S Kingdom upon the earth—in view of

the fact that he himself called this very meeting, and had plans matured which he was confident would result in securing the object contemplated in these resolutions,—we feel it to be every way becoming, that the chair of Physical Sciences, so much needed in the Institution, should receive the name of the “Charless Professorship,” in memory of our lamented brother.

Resolved, 4th, That a committee of five be appointed, to whom this whole matter of raising the endowment shall be referred.

In accordance with the last resolution, Rev. S. B. McPheeters, D.D., Judge Wood, David H. Bishop, W. S. Woods, and Henry T. Blow, were appointed the Committee.

The above resolutions were introduced by Rev. J. H. Brookes, Pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church. The lamented JOSEPH CHARLESS, Esq., was a member of the Board, and one of the warmest and most liberal friends of the Institution. The above meeting was called at his suggestion, and a generous scheme to complete the endowment of Westminster College was one of the last conceptions of his benevolent mind. But his useful life was not spared to carry it out. Who will take his place? It was happily suggested by Rev. Dr. Chester that his friends and brethren in the Church should execute his noble plan as a worthy tribute and monument to his memory.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF JOSEPH CHARLESS.

[The following sketch of the history of JOSEPH CHARLESS, from Mr. Edward's recent book, "The Great West and its Commercial Metropolis," will have a melancholy interest at this time:]

JOSEPH CHARLESS was born January 17th, 1804, at Lexington, Ky. He is of a most reputable family, who were forced to flee from Ireland, and arrived in this country, at the city of New York, in 1795. All well remember the sad circumstances connected with the Irish Rebellion, at the head of which figured the young and noble Emmett, who fell a sacrifice for loving too well his enslaved country. JOSEPH CHARLESS, the father of the subject of this memoir, was actively engaged in the spirit of resistance; but when the plan for resistance was discovered in its incipiency, he precipitately fled to avoid the halter or transportation, and, after a sojourn of some time in France, sailed for the United States.

He was a printer by trade, and established himself in the city of Philadelphia. He worked for Mathew Carey, who, at that time, did the largest publishing business in the Quaker City,

and Mr. Charless often boasted that he printed the first quarto edition of the Bible that was ever issued in the United States. Marrying Miss Sarah Gouch in 1798, in two years after he started for Kentucky, and settled in Lexington, where he pursued his business, and in 1807 came to St. Louis. He can boast of having started the first paper in the city of St. Louis and west of the Mississippi river, having in July, 1808, started the *Missouri Gazette*, which is still in existence, and is known now as the *Missouri Republican*, which has the largest circulation of any journal west of the Alleghany mountains. He died in 1834.

The first years of the young JOSEPH CHARLESS were partially employed in receiving the limited instructions which the village schoolmaster at that time could impart, and directly he had attained a working size, he was put to work as a printer in his father's office, and, while in that employment, gleaned a great deal of useful knowledge. He then commenced the study of the law, and read for some time in the office of Francis Spaulding, and afterwards went to complete his legal education at the Transylvania University, Kentucky.

In 1828, Mr. CHARLESS entered into partnership with his father, who had sold out the *Mis-*

souri Gazette and gone into the drug business. He still continues in that pursuit, and is the senior partner of the large and respectable firm now known as Charless, Blow & Co.

In politics, Mr. CHARLESS has always been identified with the old Whig party; but has never been a politician, nor has he sought the loaves and fishes of office. His sphere in life has been in a business circle, and he is well known in St. Louis, and his name carries with it respect and influence. He has been in St. Louis since a few years after his birth, and has witnessed and helped to make the great change from poverty to wealth, from log houses to palatial residences, which has taken place in the last two score years in the Mound City.

Mrs. Sarah Charless, his mother, was a most exemplary Christian, and was the first to set in agitation an organization for the building of the First Presbyterian Church in St. Louis, and from her hospitable doors no unhappy stranger or suffering mendicant was ever turned away unrelieved. She died loved and regretted; for she had lived in the service of her Creator, and in loving and assisting her fellow-creatures.

In nearly all works of general and municipal importance, Mr. CHARLESS was connected. He has been a member of the Board of Aldermen, and

Director of the Public Schools—has been President of the Bank of the State of Missouri, and is now President of the Mechanics' Bank of this city, and one of the Directors of the Pacific Railroad. He is likewise a Christian, being a member of the Presbyterian Church, and was one of the most active to carry into execution the building of the City University, which is an ornament of the city, and is under the control of the Presbyterian Church.

November 8th, 1831, Mr. CHARLESS married Miss Charlotte Blow, daughter of Capt. Blow, of Virginia. He is of domestic habits, and his sterling business qualities, integrity, social disposition and enterprise, have created a large number of friends, and given him deserving influence in the city which few possess.

DEATH OF MR. CHARLESS.

[From the St. Louis Republican, June 6, 1859.]

MR. CHARLESS had nearly completed the 55th year of his age when this sudden termination was given to his life of usefulness. He was

born on the 17th of January, 1804, in Lexington, Kentucky, and removed, with his father's family, to St. Louis, in 1808. Mr. JOSEPH CHARLESS, of whom he was the surviving child, settled in St. Louis in 1807, and commenced the publication of the paper of which the *Republican* is the lineal descendant. In the office of his father, he was employed, more for amusement than anything else, for some time, and there acquired, as every one must acquire, a good deal of information. But it was not intended at any time that he should follow the profession of his father, and in due time he entered upon the study of the law, and was admitted to the Bar; but his tastes did not lie in this direction, and he never prosecuted it. At a later period, when he had attained the age of full manhood, he was associated with his father, who had in the interim disposed of his interest in the printing business, and they founded the extensive house which has been so long conducted by Charless, Blow & Co. From that day to the period of his death, while it could not be said of Mr. CHARLESS that he was a public man—by virtue of his holding office or being prominent in political affairs—he was yet a most valuable citizen. No enterprise in which the city of St. Louis was concerned ever failed to receive pecuniary aid from him.

He was quick to perceive advantages resulting from public improvements, and always urged them onward. Every road, every public building, every church, every benevolent institution, received liberal assistance from him, and that without parade, or with any desire that it should be known to men. His charities were bestowed in the same spirit, and those who have known him most intimately bear testimony to his liberality in assisting the unfortunate and the poor—the latter of whom have lost, in him, a true friend. Mr. CHARLESS was a member of the Presbyterian Church for many years before his death, and was most liberal in his contributions for every object connected with the advancement of religion and good morals, at home and abroad. Exemplifying in his own course and conversation the character of a true Christian, it may well be supposed that he passed through life without censure and without an enemy—if we except the one who so suddenly, and causelessly, put an end to that life—and seldom has a man departed from among us with deeper expressions of regret.

Mr. CHARLESS was elected, by the Legislature, President of the Bank of the State of Missouri, in which capacity he served for two years. At a later period, on the passage of the law authoriz-

ing the establishment of Banks in this State, he was selected as President of the Mechanics' Bank, in this city, and retained that office until the time of his death. The estimate in which he was held by his associates in office is best shown by the resolutions which we publish this morning.

Into the hallowed precincts of his domestic life we may not enter. There, where the cords of affection have been snapped so suddenly, all is grief, and we are only allowed to sympathize with the wife and daughter, and relatives and friends in their bereavement.

* * * * *

After nearly twenty four hours of intense and excruciating agony, Mr. JOSEPH CHARLESS expired at his residence at twenty-five minutes to eight o'clock, yesterday morning, in the presence of his family and several near friends. He had preserved his consciousness through the severe trial, until within a short time previous to his demise, and announced himself ready to go on the oft-travelled, but pathless journey to which he had been so abruptly called. Before he died he freely forgave the unhappy man by whose hands he fell.

JOSEPH CHARLESS, ESQ.

BY REV. ROBERT BAIRD, D.D.

[Writing to the *Presbyterian*, Rev. Dr. Baird pays the following just tribute to the memory of the late Mr. CHARLESS:]

WILL you allow me to contribute my testimony to the great worth of Mr. CHARLESS of St. Louis? * * * * When in St. Louis, more than two years ago, I had the pleasure of making his acquaintance; and when there some six months since, I learned still more of his great excellence of character. He was a most valuable ruling elder in Rev. Dr. McPheeter's church, and the tried friend of that eloquent and faithful pastor, to whom he ever manifested a most considerate kindness. The loss of Mr. CHARLESS to that church, as well as to his own family, is, humanly speaking, irreparable. Nor will the general interests of Presbyterianism in St. Louis soon cease to feel his death. He had taken a very active part in founding a Presbyterian College in that city, whose noble edifice has just been completed. The cause of education, especially the education of young men for the ministry, as well as every other good cause,

greatly interested his heart, and received his liberal support.

The last time I saw Mr. CHARLESS was in January, at Jefferson City. He had come up to the capital of Missouri with his brother-in-law, Mr. Drake, on business connected with the Legislature, which was then in session. One evening he came to the house of a friend with whom I was staying for the purpose of drinking tea. We were all greatly pleased with his agreeable and christian manner and conversation. Another evening I met him and Mr. Drake at the prayer-meeting in the Presbyterian church, at which he offered up a very earnest and fervent prayer. He was in every sense a christian gentleman. He knew how to unite religion and business in such a way as not to merge or lose sight of the former whilst engaged in the latter. But his career on earth is ended, and the Saviour has taken him to a higher sphere.

DEATH OF JOSEPH CHARLESS, ESQ.

[From the St. Louis Presbyterian, June 9, 1865.]

THE intelligence of this most sad and startling event has, ere this, gone by other organs, throughout this and neighboring States, and inflicted a painful surprise upon thousands of hearts. MR. CHARLESS was extensively known, and no good man knew him but to love him. His very look was one of the most winning benevolence, his manner that of the most refined gentleness and true politeness, his address that of unconstrained kindness and courtesy. His business transactions, while varied and extensive, and characterized by consummate talent, energy and intelligent self-interest, were no less distinguished by fairness towards others and the strictest rectitude and integrity. Without ambition, he was popular. Though a private citizen from choice, he was pressed into public service by the call of the people. Places of honor and trust were not only at his command, but urged upon him to an onerous extent. Yet such was his wonderful activity that he filled a number of them, not only with acceptance, but such masterly ability, that his name at the head of any enterprise or institution, had become a

sufficient guarantee of its success. And he always served in these positions, often gratuitously and at great private sacrifice, with the most cheerful readiness, from a genuine and unpretending public spirit. His liberal contributions, encouraging countenance, judicious counsels, and active efforts, were ever freely given to whatever promoted the public good, the commercial prosperity, and the educational and moral interests of his beloved city, St. Louis. Not only esteemed, honored and loved as a citizen for his social and public virtues, his natural suavity of disposition, affectionate tenderness of manner, refined domestic tastes and habits, and sedulous attention to the comfort and happiness of his family and kindred, made him loved at home and by his relatives with a more than natural ardor of attachment. But over all his private and public virtues, an amiable, intelligent and consistent piety shed a radiance of christian glory that endeared him to all the "excellent of the earth."

TRIBUTE OF THE PINE STREET CHURCH.

At a meeting of the Session of Pine Street Presbyterian Church, duly convened this day, (June 13,) Elders Green, Marshall and Strong were appointed a committee to prepare a minute respecting the death of Elder JOSEPH CHARLESS. At a subsequent meeting of Session, the following preamble and resolutions, having been submitted by the committee, were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, it has seemed good in the sight of our Heavenly Father to remove from our midst a member of the Session of this Church, our beloved brother, JOSEPH CHARLESS, by the hand of violence,

Resolved, That by this afflictive dispensation we have lost an affectionate and cherished Christian brother, a prudent counsellor, an efficient ruling elder, a warm-hearted, devoted friend of the Church and kingdom of our Divine Redeemer; that while to our mortal vision it seems all dark and inscrutable, that our brother should be so suddenly stricken down in the vigor of his manhood, in the midst of his usefulness, while actively engaged in doing good as he had opportunity, while zealously prosecuting measures for the advancement of the cause of Christian education, and for the extension and up-building of the Church of Jesus Christ, and we are overwhelmed with sorrow by the suddenness and severity of the blow, yet we rejoice and bless God that to the eye of faith

there is hope in his death. Looking beyond the present, so full of darkness and gloom, and calling to mind the past life of our departed brother, a life of zeal for God, of faith and hope in Jesus Christ, and of cheerful, earnest devotion to every good word and work; we would here record our gratitude to our Heavenly Father, for the abounding grace of our Redeemer, so richly displayed in the holy life, the consistent walk and christian conversation of our brother; in his gentleness, meekness, readiness to forgive even his cruel murderer; in his enlarged benevolence, his kindly sympathies; in his promptness to discover, and readiness to relieve the wants of those in distress; in his liberal support of every enterprise which promised good to his fellow-man, and his generous aid to all the benevolent schemes of the Church of Christ; and above all, in his simple trust and reliance for salvation, in the all-sufficient righteousness of the Saviour of sinners, who was precious to him in life, unspeakably precious in the agonies of death, and will ever be increasingly precious as eternity discloses more and more the infinite greatness and glory of the redemption He hath purchased with His blood. That, while mourning over this sad bereavement, we can cherish the consoling assurance that our immeasurable loss is infinite and eternal gain to our departed brother; that while his body, redeemed from the curse of sin, is calmly reposing in the tomb, awaiting the resurrection to eternal life, his sanctified spirit is even now enjoying, in full measure, the ineffable glory of the redeemed in Heaven; that he has already joined the heavenly choir, and is singing the song of redeeming love in the very presence of our elder Brother and Redeemer; a companion of Moses and the Patriarchs, of David and the Prophets, of the Apostles and Martyrs, and of all that countless throng who stand before the throne, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

Resolved, That in view of the sudden and unlooked for coming of our Lord, in the removal of our brother, it becomes the members of this Session, surviving him, and the Church with which he was connected, to see that our lamps are trimmed and burning, for in such an hour as we think not our Lord will come.

Resolved, That we tender our heartfelt sympathies to the family and relatives of our deceased brother, and commend them to God, and to the word of His grace, who in the midst of this great affliction hath furnished such unspeakable comfort and consolation, in the precious hopes which cluster around and lighten up this dark and mysterious dispensation of His providence.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the family of our deceased brother, and that they be published in the St. Louis Presbyterian.

OBSEQUIES OF MR. CHARLESS.

[From the St. Louis Republican, June 7, 1859.]

INTERESTING SERVICES—DISCOURSE BY REV. DR.
MCPHEETERS—LARGE FUNERAL CORTEGE.

YESTERDAY the last solemnities were paid the remains of Mr. JOSEPH CHARLESS. The occasion was one of general thoughtfulness and gloom.

Long before 10 o'clock, the hour named for the funeral services, the neighborhood of the Second Presbyterian Church, corner of Walnut and Fifth streets, and the late residence of the deceased, nearly opposite, were thronged with people of both sexes. To say how many were present would be impossible, but the city reader will form some estimate when he is told that the concourse lacked but little of being equal to that which assembled on the day of the burial of Col. Benton, in April of last year—a memorable event in the history of St. Louis. By half-past 9 o'clock the commodious church was nearly filled, and soon after that time not a vacant place could be secured. Thousands sought entrance in vain, and were compelled to remain outside, lining Fifth street from Walnut to Market, and Walnut street, for some distance, on each side of Fifth street. The irreproachable and exemplary character of Mr. CHARLESS; his manly integrity and other Christian traits; his many deeds of public and private benevolence; his expansive liberality of opinion, together with the painful manner in which he was so suddenly cut down whilst in the midst of his usefulness—all these conspired to produce that profound sympathetic feeling which seemed to reign with such universality throughout the city.

It was these that gathered the multitude to pay the final melancholy rites to Mr. CHARLESS.

At a little after ten. o'clock the body was removed to the church, Messrs. John O'Fallon, H. R. Gamble, Edward Bates, John Simonds, Robert Campbell, Wm. W. Greene, Thornton Grimsley, Jas. H. Lucas, Geo. K. McGunnege, Edward Walsh, N. Paschall, Chas. Keemle, B. F. Edwards, Wm. Nisbet, J. W. Willis, and Chas. S. Rannels, acting as pall-bearers, followed by the family and chief mourners of the deceased, the organ, meanwhile, playing a low and plaintiff dirge.

The solemn ceremonies were begun by the offering of a short invocation to the Most High, by the Rev. Mr. Brookes, of the Second Presbyterian Church, who also read a portion of the 15th chapter of 1st Corinthians, and a portion of the 4th chapter of 1st Thessalonians. The Rev. Dr. Anderson then offered a feeling and appropriate prayer. The Rev. Mr. Paige, of the Park Avenue Church, read the familiar hymn, beginning—

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform,"

which was sung by the choir to the majestic air of "Dundee."

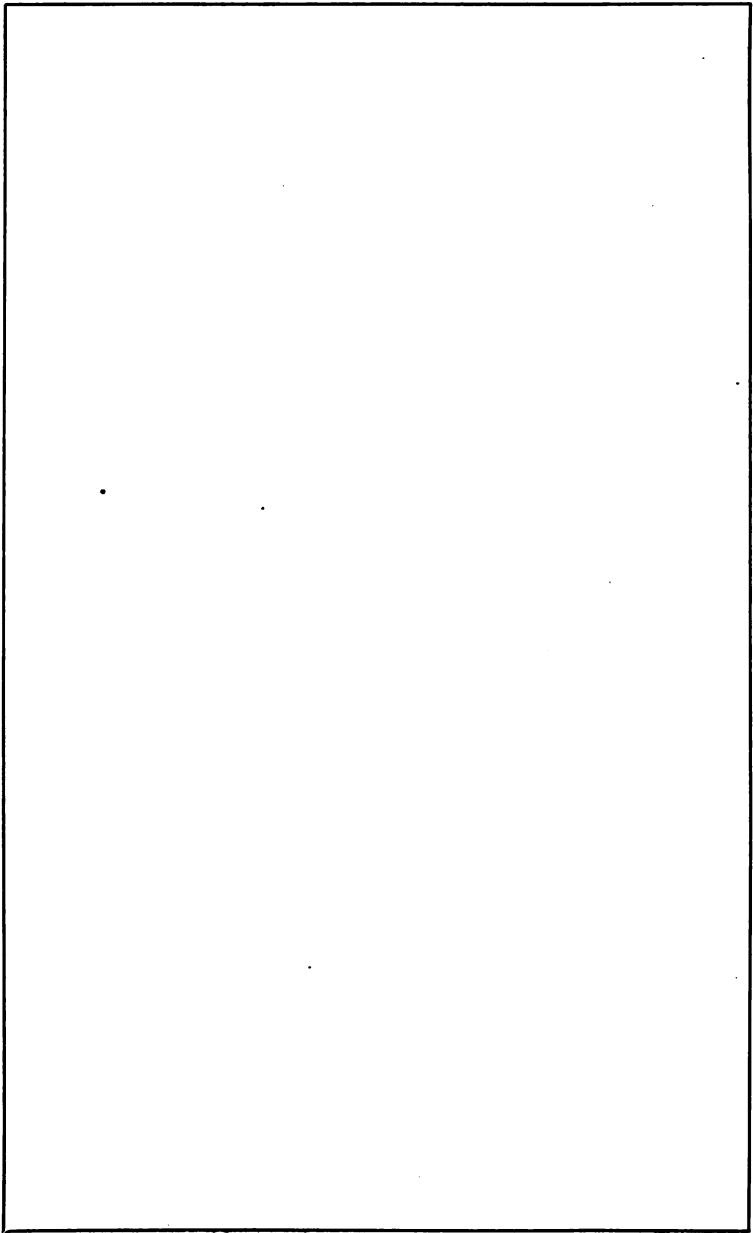
The Rev. Dr. McPheeters, Pastor of the

Pine Street Church, of which congregation the lamented deceased was a member and elder, preached the funeral discourse, taking for his text the second verse of the third chapter of the First Epistle General of John—"Beloved, now are we the sons of God; and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is."

Dr. Anderson, on the conclusion of his discourse, gave out the hymn—

"Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb;
Take this new treasure to thy trust," &c.

The benediction was then pronounced, and the congregation were dismissed. The corpse was then removed to the hearse, in waiting in front of the church, and the procession, to escort the remains to their last resting-place, was formed. It was about noon before the *cortege* got fairly under way, the streets in the vicinity of the church being so blockaded that it was next to impossible to move with a vehicle. The procession comprised ninety-nine carriages, and many buggies and other conveyances. The solemn retinue proceeded to Bellefontaine Cemetery, where, with additional religious ceremonies, the remains were deposited in their last resting-place.



SERMON.

Beloved, now are we the sons of God; and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is.—1 *John*, iii: 2.

To be a Christian, is, in the eyes of men generally, the least of distinctions. To many, the idea of assuming the Christian profession, is an idea intimately associated with something humiliating. Many look upon vital religion as involving a sacrifice of almost everything that is desirable in life—a sacrifice so great that it is not to be made until decrepitude or disease has rendered death inevitable. But, my hearers, if we turn our eyes from the earth-bound views of men to the word of God, we shall find that, in the estimation of the Infinite intelligence, to be a true Christian is to secure, the very highest honor which our nature can receive, or to which our thoughts can aspire. We shall learn that the poorest disciple of Christ is heir to an inheritance which the exhausted Indies could not

purchase; that the most despised has titles which princes might envy, and the most obscure a destiny, the grandeur of which imagination itself is too feeble to portray.

“Beloved, now are we the sons of God; and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is.”

Now are we the sons of God—yes! the Bible and Christian experience both tell us that godliness is profitable, having promise of the life that now is; that a life of earnest piety is the best and happiest life on earth. But the Bible at the same time teaches that it is not the most blessed part of the Christian’s existence. It speaks of Christians as strangers and pilgrims here—as being in a condition of trial and expectancy—as looking toward a glory that shall be revealed—as having respect unto the recompense of reward. The Apostle Paul speaks of the whole creation groaning and travailing in pain together, and, by a bold and most striking figure, he represents all creatures with outstretched necks, with anxious and joyful expectation, waiting for the manifestation of the sons of God; “and not only the creature,” says the Apostle, “but ourselves also, which have the first fruits of the Spirit, even we ourselves groan

within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, to-wit, the redemption of the body.”

What, then, are the blessings which flow from adoption into the family of God when this life is ended? But here a prying curiosity and bold speculation is checked by the declaration—“it doth not yet appear what we shall be.” The wonders and the bliss of that unseen and glorious world have thrown around them a veil which we cannot lift and look beyond. Why this is so we cannot tell. It may be necessary, as some have suggested, to our condition here as in a state of trial, that no more light should be furnished in regard to the future, than to stimulate us to reach that world where all is light; or, more probable still, it may be that these things are concealed, because they are so different from anything we know or have experienced, that they could not in our present state be conveyed to our minds—so that if they were revealed with our present attainments, they would be incomprehensible, “for the eye hath not seen, nor the ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, what God has prepared for them that love Him.”

The Scriptures contain hints, but they are only hints, upon this subject. Here and there in the Bible, as the Heavens are opened to send

some message to man, a ray of celestial light flashes through the pearly gates; but its very brightness so dazzles the eye, that we cannot look with steady gaze to see what lies beyond. Sometimes, too, a favored prophet or apostle, standing high on the summit of inspiration, and looking beyond "the stars, the street lamps of the city of our God," shouts with unutterable joy, "There is no night there." But John, who saw the visions and revelations of Patmos, says: "It doth not yet appear what the sons of God shall be." But, while we do not know all, we would be disregarding the goodness of God, and denying ourselves a mighty help in the divine life, if we never collected and meditated upon what we do know.

We know, for instance, that being the sons of God includes the inheritance of the boundless treasures of our Father; for the Apostle tells us expressly, that if we are children, then we are heirs, heirs of God, and joint heirs of Jesus Christ; and we know that Jesus Christ is heir of all things, for by him and for him were all things created which are in Heaven, or in earth—and we know that it is our Father's good pleasure to give His children this Kingdom.

But it doth not yet appear what it is to be "joint heir" with Jesus Christ; what it is to

have an "inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away"; what it is to be "kings and priests unto God"; what it is that is bestowed, when Christ says to the redeemed, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit a Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." We know that for the Christian pilgrim wandering through this wilderness of sin, there is a "city" which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God; we know, too, that Christ himself has gone to prepare a place for his people, and that he will come again and receive them to himself, that where he is there they may be also; that in his Father's house there are many mansions. But it doth not yet appear what is meant when we are told of the glorious city, the new Jerusalem, whose gates are pearls, whose streets are paved with gold—whose walls are precious stones—whose day knows no night—whose inhabitants know no sickness, nor pain, nor death—whose cisterns are filled from the pure river of the water of life, springing out of the throne of God and the Lamb. We know something of this world which God has given to his enemies—a world which groans under a mighty curse, and yet a world which, in despite of all that sin and the curse of sin has done to mar it, is still full of ravishing physical beauties. But it doth not yet

appear what kind of a world he has prepared for his friends—what manner of place the Son of God will choose for his heavenly court, and the everlasting dwelling-place of the redeemed.

Again, we know that the sons of God shall in the next world have an enlargement of the faculties of mind, and an increased range of knowledge, vastly superior to anything which they have here. Paul, speaking on this subject, compares the present and future condition of the Christian to the difference between the child and a man. "We know," says he, "in part, and we prophesy in part; but when that which is perfect is come, that which is in part shall be done away." "When I was a child I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man I put away childish things. For now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face—now I know in part, but then shall I know even as I am known." In this world many things prevent our attaining a very high degree of knowledge. We are here limited in our powers of learning about God and His works. We only become acquainted with the works of God through the senses; and since the fall there has been a want of harmony between the body and the spirit, so that, as it is at present organized, it is not the most fit instrument for the

soul. But, trammelled as we are, the soul has still made very great progress in knowledge. Confined to earth, the soul has nevertheless found means by which it has looked into the universe of worlds; it has sought to explore the mysteries of nature; made inanimate things do its bidding; compelled the power of steam to plough its vessels across the mighty deep, and drag its cars along the iron track; it has not only confined the lightning of heaven, but it has made the subtle galvanic fluid its swift messenger along the highway of thought.

But all this attainment, the Apostle tells us, is the attainment of infancy—it is the speaking of a child, the understanding of a child, the thinking of a child. And this furnished us with a kind of measure. We will take a little child prattling its half-formed sentences, amused with its toys, and investigating the cause why its little rattle gives so pleasant a sound, and we will compare him with Newton, who has assembled around himself the philosophers of his time, and is telling them of his discoveries, and is explaining the laws of gravity. What an amazing difference between the infant and the philosopher! but what Newton is to the child, such in a manner is the saint in Heaven to Isaac Newton. This conveys some idea of the knowledge of Heaven. But

still it doth not yet appear how great or how wonderful that increased capacity of knowing, and increased range of vision will be. It doth not yet appear what the human soul, freed from all sources of error—freed from all the trammels which now bind it down—freed from all the imperfections which its union with the body as now organized make inevitable, will become. It doth not yet appear how it will drink in knowledge when the whole soul shall look directly on the works of God, on spiritual existences, perhaps on God himself, and when every source of knowledge is laid bare to its gaze ; when all the boundless works of God in all their now hidden relations are opened to its view ; when not only the affairs, the history, the science, the philosophy of our little earth is disclosed, but when the whole universe of God is seen in all of its grandeur and magnificence. And if, in addition to this, we remember that we have an eternity before us to grow in knowledge—every advance making a higher advance easier and quicker, and every step in the ascending scale opening a wider prospect, and revealing unknown truths—the soul always getting a clearer and a broader view of the panorama of God's creation—learning more and more of the wisdom, and power, and goodness of the great Creator—yes! when these and still

greater things than these are to be communicated to our enlarged minds and unclouded vision, we may well exclaim with the Apostle—"that it doth not yet appear what we shall be."

You will observe, however, that John, in my text, so far from dwelling on these things, does not even mention them. He passes them all by to fix our attention on a single but very comprehensive view of the future blessedness of the sons of God. He says "when Christ shall appear, we shall be like him," and he gives this reason, "for we shall see him as he is."

We shall be like him! Amazing declaration! Who can expound it? If he had said, we shall be like Abraham, or like Paul, it would excite our admiration. If he had said, we shall be like Gabriel, or Michael, it had been enough and more than enough to fill to overflowing our cup of blessedness. But, transcendently amazing declaration—He leads redeemed man through the ranks of laurelled saints, by the seats of the four-and-twenty white-vested elders, through the angelic hosts, by principalities and powers, and burning seraph, and placing him before the great white Throne, and pointing to the only-begotten Son of God, tells us we shall be like him. Oh, there is a meaning high as Heaven in the Scripture declaration, that our Lord "took not upon

him the nature of angels, but the seed of Abraham, and is not ashamed to call us brethren.”

When he shall appear we shall be like him. This opens a new source of knowledge as to the future blessedness of the sons of God. If we could tell definitely what Christ is now that he is seated at the right hand of the Majesty on High, we might know what we shall be. But that, too, doth not yet appear. Here again we see through a glass darkly, and know but in part. But, little as we see, and darkly as we see, it is a glorious sight.

Our glorified bodies shall be like Christ's. Christ ascended to Heaven in a human body, and he doubtless has now, and will forever have, the same material body in which he lived, and suffered, and ascended. It has undergone a great change, but it is still the same body. We remember what a change took place upon his body in the Mount of transfiguration, when his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light. We can set no limits to the changes which Omnipotence can effect upon matter while it retains all of its essential properties. And bodies of the sons of God shall become like the glorified body of Christ; for we are told in the Epistle to the Philippians, that “when Christ shall come, he will change our vile body, that it

may be fashioned like unto his glorious body." Still it doth not yet appear definitely in what that change shall consist. We only know that the bodies of the saints, sown in corruption, shall be raised in incorruption—sown in dishonor, shall be raised in glory—sown in weakness, shall be raised in power—sown a natural body, shall be raised a spiritual body. We only know that it shall be perfectly free from sickness, disease, pain, and death—that it shall be like Christ's glorious body—that we shall have the same kind of a body that the glorious King of Heaven shall choose for himself when he is seated upon the throne of universal dominion—that as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly.

Again, when we are told that we shall be like Christ, it implies that we shall bear not only his bodily but his moral likeness—that the sons of God shall be perfectly holy. This is the best and highest blessing of all. Without this nothing bestowed would be truly valuable. It is to provide this that regeneration is necessary. It is to promote this that the process of sanctification is carried on in this life. It is to secure this that the Holy Spirit makes the souls of believers his dwelling-place. But here, complete holiness is never attained. To the best and

most perfect of the sons of God sin still cleaves, and in some form remains. We still bear about with us this body of death. But in Heaven we shall be perfectly free from sin. Every spot of defilement shall be washed out, every remnant of pollution removed. God's mind shall be our mind—God's happiness our happiness; we shall be like Christ in holiness, for we shall see him as he is. The Scriptures seem to teach that there will be an influence exerted on believers in seeing Christ which will make them perfectly holy. Hence Christ in his prayer just before he suffered, uses this remarkable language, "Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory." And we are told in 2d Cor., "That we all with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, as by the Spirit of the Lord." And it is a matter of common Christian experience, that every correct view of God which the renewed soul gets in this world, imperfect though it be, still has a powerful tendency to check the motions of sin. Nothing so humbles, purifies and exalts the soul as clear views of God and when we shall see Christ as he is, glorious in holiness, sin can no more exist in the soul than can a worm in the flame of a furnace.

This view of Christ will forever destroy sin and the tendency to sin. This to a true Christian is the most delightful view of heaven. To be perfectly free from sin, to be entirely delivered from corrupt passions and desires, to wander from God no more, to be near Him and like Him, this is Heaven.

But pardon us that we have dwelt so long on the glories of Heaven, forgetting the sad duties that call us back to earth; pardon us that after a night of untold darkness and anguish, in which we have followed our dear friend, step by step, with weeping eyes and aching hearts, through the dark valley of the shadow of death to the very gate of the celestial city, until we saw him enter into the Paradise above, that we have lingered, loth to return—and yet it is our duty to come down from this mount of transfiguration, and as it is our duty, so as ever our duty is our interest—for it is by learning the history of God's people that we may ourselves become followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises. Let us then address ourselves to the sad office that yet remains to be done.

Of the mere facts of our departed friend's life we have little to say. JOSEPH CHARLESS was born in Lexington, Kentucky, on the 17th of Jan-

uary, 1804. In 1807 his father removed to this city, then a small village, and here Mr. CHARLESS has resided ever since—a period of more than fifty years. After enjoying the advantages of the best educational instruction within his reach, he entered the printing office of his father, and received that kind of mental training, that thorough knowledge of passing events, and those habits of accuracy, which has enabled so many practical printers to rise to future distinction. As youth was passing into manhood, he turned his attention to the study of the law—was licensed, and continued in its practice for a short period. Not finding, however, the law to his tastes, he subsequently abandoned it for commerce, and it was as a man of business that Mr. CHARLESS made his reputation and his fortune.

In 1831 he married, and two years afterwards he and his beloved wife united with the First Presbyterian Church, then under the pastoral care of the Rev. Dr. Potts. In 1838 he went out with a colony, and assisted in organizing the Second Presbyterian Church, and was ordained a ruling elder the following year. After ten years of great activity and usefulness in this church, while enjoying in an unusual degree the confidence and esteem of its pastor and people, at the call of duty he cheerfully yielded his per-

sonal preferences, and headed a colony which in 1848 went out from the second church to form Westminster Church. In that enterprise he was a leading member, until in 1853 Westminster and Pine-street churches were united in the present organization, which bears the original name of Pine-street Church, in which he was a ruling elder at the time of his decease.

It is not my purpose on this occasion to speak of Mr. CHARLESS in his relation to the community as a citizen or man of business. Never seeking office, he was nevertheless always among the foremost in every enterprise which promised advantage to the State or city. Called by the spontaneous voice of his fellow-citizens, he has been at various times a member of the Board of Aldermen, Director of the Public Schools, afterwards President of the Bank of Missouri, and at the time of his death President of the Mechanics' Bank.

But I hasten to notice briefly some of the traits of Mr. CHARLESS' moral and religious character, and in doing this I feel that from this sacred place it becomes me to be cautious. Standing here, I dare not utter words of lofty and unmeasured applause over any man, especially over one who in lowly prostration before God confessed his sins, his unlikeness to Christ,

renounced all personal worthiness, and was the last man to seek or desire applause. But Mr. CHARLESS was no ordinary Christian, and the character of such a man it is well to consider and better to imitate. I speak in the hearing of a community where he has been known for half a century. Judge ye what I say. Mr. CHARLESS was a man of unusual loveliness of character irrespective of his religious principles. By nature frank and generous—full of kindly emotions and noble impulses, if he had remained a man of the world, he would have been one of those who often put true Christians to the blush by his deeds of benevolence and acts of humanity. Such a nature trained, elevated, and purified by the grace of God, makes the highest style of man.

A few of those traits of Christian character for which he was distinguished I must be allowed to mention. And first, Mr. CHARLESS was a conscientious Christian. His religion was one of principle. This gave a beautiful consistency to his life which nothing else could have done. He did right because it was right. No one ever suspected him of guile, or hypocrisy, or double dealing. Those who differed from him in opinion never questioned the purity of his motives or the sincerity of his purposes. He carried his religion with him into all the relations of life and

all its duties. It was seen in his daily walk and in his business transactions. Those who never saw him in the sanctuary or on his knees, took knowledge of him that he had been with Jesus.

He was, too, a decided Christian—having settled opinions on the great leading truths of Christianity. He could be relied upon.

Those who knew him well always knew where he would be found when any moral or religious question arose. He was not carried about with every wind of doctrine. But while firm and decided in his own religious convictions—while ardently and earnestly attached to his own church, he was not a bigot nor a sectarian. Who ever heard him disparaging or envying any of the followers of Christ?—who ever heard an uncharitable or malicious remark from his lips about other evangelical denominations? And then how cheerful and hopeful was his religious character; what a beautiful sunshine always rested upon his benignant countenance, recommending religion to the young and the gay, and bearing perpetual witness that wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

Again, the religion of Mr. CHARLESS was one of noble beneficence—he gave liberally, and upon principle. He loved to give. He did not grow weary in giving, and large as was his means, he

gave until it was self-denial to give. I appeal to those who were engaged with him in Christian enterprises in this city; and what was the Christian enterprise in which he was not engaged? Who was it that was always devising large plans and sustaining them by large contributions of time and money?—whose name did we love to have at the head of our subscription lists, as an example and a stimulus to others?—and to whom did we go, too, for wise counsel and efficient help?

The very last time I saw him before the dreadful occurrence of Friday—he called at my house to consult with me about a cherished scheme of endowing Westminster College. But as much as he was engaged, and as largely as he gave to general and public objects, he did not forget private charities—he remembered the poor and the friendless, and helped them. If it were proper, I could relate instance after instance of deeds of kindness which I have learned—but not from him—which are an honor to our humanity.

Of him it was true as of the Patriarch of Uz, “when the ear heard him then it blessed him, and when the eye saw him it gave witness to him, because he delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him; the blessing of him that was ready to perish

came upon him, and he caused the widow's heart to sing for joy."

Again, humanity was a beautiful trait in the religious character of our departed friend. He seldom spoke in any way of himself, and always with the most unaffected modesty. How profoundly unconscious he seemed of the honor and esteem in which he was held by his friends, by the community, by everybody. How unselfish, and unself-seeking; how willing to give others the post of honor; how little afraid lest he would be overlooked, or forgotten, or slighted; how profound his humiliation before God, and how gentle his bearing among men. In him was fulfilled the saying of Christ—"He that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

I should love, if it would not be transcending the limits of a public discourse, and treading too close upon the sacred privacy of domestic life, to speak of Mr. CHARLESS as a son, a husband, and a father, but I forbear. But oh! if you would know what a home his presence made, go and see its desolation and darkness. I may not speak here of those tenderest relations, but I may, and must, speak a word of Mr. CHARLESS as a friend, and how many tearful eyes and sad hearts are here—at the mention of the word *friend*—saying more than language can tell. There are some

here to whom he has sustained a very peculiar relation—he has been the guardian of their boyhood, the guide of their youth, and the companion of their maturity. Ask them, if any wish to know what Mr. CHARLESS was—how he bore himself in the successive characters of father, brother, and friend? How large, too, is the number of those who love to call Mr. CHARLESS friend! How rapid was the process by which nearly all who came in contact with him passed from acquaintances to friends! How marvellous and how strong was the attracting power of that large, loving heart that lies so cold now! Childhood, youth, maturity, and old age, all equally felt and yielded to its genial influence, and revolved around him as a centre of attraction. How tender was his sympathy with his friends in their sorrows—how sunny his smile in their gladness—how careful not to wound their feelings—how quickly he forgot an injury, even the greatest—how long he remembered a kindness, even the smallest.

But why should I enlarge? I hesitate not to say, after an intimate and almost daily intercourse of eight years with JOSEPH CHARLESS, I never knew the man who came nearer realizing the summing up of moral and social excellence given by the holy Apostle, when he says: “Fi-

nally, brethren, whatsoever things are true—whatsoever things are honest—whatsoever things are pure—whatsoever things are lovely—whatsoever things are of good report—if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think of these things.”

And how did the man so loved, and so worthy of being loved, die? Was it by disease—by casualty—by a visitation of God? No! he fell by the hand of an assassin—in the open day—in the heart of the city, and in one of its thoroughfares. And what was the offence? It was for bearing reluctant testimony in a court of justice, under the pressure of a stern necessity and the solemnity of an oath, to facts that were forced upon his knowledge in the discharge of his official duty.

No wonder that a thrill of horror ran through the city, and a cry for vengeance, like the deep tones of thunder, burst from an incensed and outraged community. I thank God that wiser and better counsels prevailed. We live, or we think we live, in a land of law; and until the law fails, and resolves a community into its original elements, lawless vengeance by the hands of a thousand has the same moral character that belongs to lawless vengeance by the hands of the individual. The wrath of man worketh not the

righteousness of God. To the magistrate God has committed the sword—"he is the minister of God—a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil."

But we turn with horror and pity from the poor wretch who did this deed, to his innocent victim. We look up through second causes to the Great First Cause; and in this event we recognize a divine hand. God is here. A sparrow does not fall without His permission. I cannot argue this point now. It is clearly the teaching of Scripture. It is consistent with man's free agency. Judas, moved by Satan, to his eternal undoing, betrayed the Son of God into the hands of the Jews—the Jews, moved by envy, delivered him to the Romans—the Romans crucified him—and yet the Bible tells that it was all done by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God.

This, then, which we lament to-day, is a part of the wise and holy providence of Almighty God. That providence we do not attempt to explain—we do not pretend to know. It is very dark and mysterious. The wheel of providence that rolls along such events is so high that it is dreadful—to our short sight, inscrutable. But while we bow before it with reverence and awe, we would gather such lessons of wis-

dom from it as we can. Here is one, and the only one, to which we shall ask your attention, and it is worthy of all the attention you can give. God says of His people: "Ye are my witnesses;" and last Friday, he who lies here was, by God's mysterious providence, suddenly summoned, in blood and agony, to testify for God, His truth, His Gospel and its power, its reality and its glory. And a glorious testimony he gave. Listen to it! I wish the world could hear; and let the peculiar relation which I bore to Mr. CHARLESS as his pastor be my apology for what is personal in this narrative. Soon after his family had gathered around him, he asked that I should be sent for. When I reached the place where he lay, bewildered and stunned, I knelt by his side, incapable of saying a word, until his calm voice restored my self-possession. "My dear pastor," he said, "I am glad to see you, for I have always loved you." "Oh, Mr. CHARLESS," I replied, "this is very unexpected and terrible, but it has not taken you by surprise; you know in whom you have believed. He will sustain you." He replied with great calmness, "I do look to Him. He is my All. He is very precious to my soul;" and with many such expressions to me and others, he witnessed to the salvation that is in Christ.

Just then a member of the family came in, and kneeling by him, amid sobs, said: "Is there no hope? Is there no hope?" He replied to her tenderly: "None, none!—no hope here," and, with a radiant face, added: "But a glorious hope beyond." In a few minutes after, another friend came in, and, after an affectionate salutation, asked with emotion: "Who did this thing? Where is he?" Mr. CHARLESS, mistaking these questions as asked for a purpose to avenge his murder, said quickly: "No, Colonel, no! from the bottom of my heart I forgive my murderer." It was so much like holy Stephen praying for his murderers, that I could not help alluding to it, and, thinking that, like Stephen, he too was about to fall asleep in Jesus, I repeated the prayer of that dying martyr, which he instantly adopted as his own, saying, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." But his time was not yet come. As soon as he could bear it, he was carried to his own house. Here reaction returned more perfectly, and with it came paroxysms of pain more intense than those which he had from the first endured. Hours of silence passed, which were only broken by his groans and prayers for grace to bear his sufferings. I ventured to whisper in his ear, after one of his sharpest pangs, "Mr. CHARLESS, you now know something of

the sufferings which Christ bore for you." His reply was, "I have been thinking of that as I have been lying here." As the weary watches of the night advanced, his paroxysms increased in violence, and became so intolerable that he longed for deliverance by death, and prayed, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." I said to him, in the language of Scripture, "All my appointed time will I wait till my change come." "That is right," he replied, "I deserve all I suffer—I am a great sinner." Do you understand what such an expression as that means, ye men of the world? Do you understand how the best of God's people, while their hope is all clear and joyful, and full of glory—do you understand how the best of God's people, while standing on the very borders of Heaven, say, and say truly and sincerely, that they are *great sinners*? Would to God that ye did. Then would ye know how the Christian is saved by grace, and not by works—by the righteousness and atonement of Christ, and not by his own merits. Then would ye know what Paul meant when, in old age, and in full assurance of hope, he said: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief."

The night advanced, and the sufferings of our

dear friend became an agony that wrung our hearts, until every one around longed and prayed that the Lord would permit his servant to depart in peace. I uttered my thoughts aloud—"Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from him;" and the dear sufferer added, in broken sentences, amid his groans, "Nevertheless, not my will, but thine, be done." It was the sublimest moral scene I ever beheld. His testimony was closed. In life, in death, he had now witnessed a good confession, and his work was done. Nature began to yield; and in His own time, the blessed Saviour said, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful in a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." The message came, and our friend slept in Jesus. There was no shriek, no wail nor sob uttered by wife or child, or brother, or friend; but we all knelt around his couch, and rendered praises and thanks to our God, and His Son Jesus Christ. "Lord, let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

 TRIBUTE

 TO THE MEMORY OF JOSEPH CHARLESS.

“Know ye not there is a great man fallen in Israel?”

BY HENRIETTA GAY LEGGETT.

Sad martyr! of dark passion's ire,
 We mourn thy solemn doom,
 That, midst thy usefulness and worth,
 Consigned thee to the tomb;
 And o'er the sorrowing city, now,
 Gloom resteth as a pall;
 On whom, amidst this mourning throng,
 May thy blest mantle fall?

What cherished hopes have died with thee
 That will not blossom here!
 Love casts a garland on thy grave
 And bathes it with her tears.
 How soon the disembodied soul
 Hath found its rest on high!
 But yet thy memory will live on;
 Thy goodness cannot die.

But oh! that agonizing death,
 The dread and sullen gloom—
 In an unconscious hour called
 To fill the solemn tomb!
 Yet with the wedding garment on
 And lamp of life well trimmed,
 Dark stealthy Death! with dire alarms,
 Thou brough'st no fear to him.

For hallowed faith—that heavenly dove—
Was near the trusting soul;
The christian's voice proclaims in love—
“Friends, this is not my home.
I go to bask in Eden's bowers,
Where pain no more shall come;
And chant, while endless ages roll,
The glory of the Lamb.”

Alas! for love, for human love—
What anguish, what despair,
Mother and child, 'round your lone hearth
Must brood, in sorrow, there!
For Death has wrought a fearful work;
And, of your love bereft,
Must feel, amid this crushing weight,
Few earthly joys are left.

How sad the change in a brief space,
To sorrowing hearts is brought;
And grief, unsoothed and unexpressed,
Must dwell in every thought!
Though as a meteor's ray he passed,
And yet we deem it not;
He who has been your polar star,
In death is not forgot.

The Chastener's hand is on thee, friends;
Well may ye bow and weep;
Yet, as a pearl of richest price,
His precepts ever keep;
Despair not, 'midst earth's adverse scenes,
And feel this heavy rod;
Bring purer faith, a holier trust,
A closer walk with God.

Farewell! we yield thee to the dust,
With many a bitter sigh,
And mourn that one of so much worth
Should be cut down and die;
But, as we sorrow o'er thy fate,
Be this our earnest prayer,
Thy christian love to imitate,
Thy holy Heaven to share.



