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*W.W. Phillips*



1866 BY D. HERRON JUN.

C. W. LEWIS & LITHO. 122 FULTON ST. N. Y.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,  
FIFTH AVENUE, N. Y.

# MEMORIAL

OF

REV. WILLIAM W. PHILLIPS, D. D.

PRINTED BY REQUEST OF THE SESSION, AND OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES  
OF THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

*new York.*



NEW YORK: *W*  
CHARLES SCRIBNER & COMPANY.  
1865.



H.R. 6 Aug 36

[From the New York Evening Post, March 25th, 1865.]

## FUNERAL OF THE LATE DR. PHILLIPS.

THE funeral services of the late WILLIAM W. PHILLIPS, D. D., were held in the First Presbyterian Church, Fifth Avenue, on Thursday, 23d inst., at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and were attended by a large concourse of friends—hundreds being unable to obtain admission to the church.

A striking feature of the occasion was the presence of so large a number of clergymen, of all evangelical denominations, who came from far and near to evince their respect and affection for the memory of their departed brother in the ministry.

The services were conducted by

REV. DR. SPRING,  
“ “ PLUMER,  
“ “ FERRIS,

REV. DR. KREBS,  
“ “ DICKINSON,  
“ “ THOMPSON.

The pall-bearers were

REV. DR. VINTON,  
“ “ SHEDD,  
“ “ SOMERS,  
“ “ VERMILYE,

REV. DR. DEWITT,  
“ “ ADAMS,  
“ “ RICE,  
“ “ CAMPBELL.

Dr. KREBS delivered the address, giving a sketch of the life and character of the deceased ; and was followed by Dr. PLUMER in a few touching remarks.

The impressive services, the sombre drapery, the manifest sorrow of those

who were taking their final leave of the remains of him who had baptized their infants, married their young men and maidens, visited their sick, and buried their dead; the beautiful rendering of the hymns (favorites of the deceased) commencing

“There is a fountain filled with blood,”

and

“How blest the righteous when he dies;”

the tolling of the bell as the mournful procession passed from the late residence of the deceased to the church; presented a scene so truly solemn and affecting as will scarcely be effaced from the memory of any of its observers.

“Thus passed forever from our view

The noble, faithful, pious, true;

But from our hearts and mem'ries never

Can we his name or virtues sever.”

ADDRESSES

DELIVERED AT THE FUNERAL OF

REV. DR. PHILLIPS,

MARCH 23d, 1865,

BY

REV. JOHN M. KREBS, D. D.,

AND

REV. WILLIAM S. PLUMER, D. D.

REMARKS OF REV. DR. PLUMER.

“AND devout men carried Stephen to his burial, and made great lamentation over him.” Blessed be God, true religion chills none of the kindly feelings of our hearts. Stoicism receives no countenance from Christianity. When we are afflicted, God allows that we may weep. “Jesus wept” at the grave of his friend Lazarus, and we may weep at the graves of our friends too. The enlightened teacher of Christ’s religion is too well taught to reprove the mourner. True, indeed, when good men die, we do not weep for the loss they have sustained, but for ourselves. And yet we weep.

The general outlines of the character of the deceased have been well delineated by the brother who preceded me. Repetition would be out of place. But a few additional thoughts may not be untimely.

When the late Dr. Baxter died, his students pointed to the pulpit, and said: “There Baxter wept.” When Dr. Payson was gone, one of his people took a stranger into his church, and, pointing to his pulpit, said: “There Payson prayed.” Perhaps



the deepest impression made by the public ministrations of Dr. Phillips was through his prayers. Here he stood and prayed. He did not pray at the people, nor to the people; but for the people, and to the Almighty. He was indeed mouth and wisdom to the penitent, the broken-hearted, and the child of sorrow. He came not to the throne of grace to display his gifts, nor to harangue the people through the form of devotion; but to adore the Sovereign of all worlds, to make prostrate obeisance of all his faculties before the God of heaven, to confess and bewail sin, and to plead—oh, with what earnestness and tenderness!—for the life of the souls of men.

There is probably not living a man who ever suspected Dr. Phillips of an envious disposition. If the whole world would act according to the tenor of his life, we should begin to think that the Scripture saith in vain: "The spirit that is in us listeth to envy." His heart never sickened at the growing reputation or usefulness of a brother in the ministry, or of any one else. Great, humble man! He rejoiced in the blessing that God granted to the persons and the labors of his fellow servants. Perhaps a more unselfish man did not live in this world. Truly he did not live unto himself. How many here to-day, not resident in this city, have in years gone by been mightily cheered in their labors for Christ's cause by the hearty good will and efficient aid of our dear departed brother!

As a matter of course, Dr. Phillips was remarkably free from unkindness of heart. Nor was his goodness merely negative. His heart overflowed with kindness. For more than a third of a century I have known him well. Under no circumstances have I ever heard from his lips an uncharitable word. Oftentimes has he spoken with respect and affection of those whose deportment had given him great pain. Well did he understand the exhortation of the apostle when he said: "Mind not high things; but condescend to men of low estate." To the poor, pious boy, aiming at the ministry, or to the young, timid probationer for the ministry, he was as affable and as kind as to the aged servant of Christ of high reputation. He wept and prayed and as tenderly sympathized with the poor widow and her fatherless children, as he would with the most honored matron in the land.

The secrets of Dr. Phillips's usefulness and high character were found in his faith and love. He believed God. He believed in God, and in Jesus Christ His Son, and in the blessed Holy Spirit. He endured as seeing Him who is invisible. He walked by faith and not by sight. He was habitually and profoundly assured that every word of God was pure and true, and would be infallibly accomplished. And his faith worked by love. He greatly desired that others should know the mystery of God and of Christ, by which his heart was supported. Never was

he so eloquent as when beseeching men to accept the salvation of the gospel, or beseeching Christians to a large liberality and an enlightened zeal in sending the gospel to the perishing heathen. If he had had even serious faults of character, all but the malignant would agree that the grave should bury them forever. But it is pleasant to be persuaded that there is probably no good man living, who on hearing of his death, felt that he had any thing to erase from the tablet of his memory, in the way of forgiving or forgetting a wrong received from Dr. Phillips.

Under these sad, yet consoling circumstances, we come here to-day to commit to the tomb the mortal remains of our beloved friend. Farewell, thou noble, loving, generous, tender-hearted man! Farewell, till we meet around the throne of God and of the Lamb. Christians never part to meet no more. Nor do any of them leave the world but in answer to the intercession of our great High Priest, one of whose authoritative petitions is: "Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me: that they may behold my glory, which thou hast given me; for thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world."