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The Rev. E.P. Rogers, D.D. :



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E. P. Rogers

“ At Rest with the Lord.”

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THE REV. E. P. ROGERS, D.D..

PASTOR OF THE SOUTH REFORMED CHURCH,
FIFTH AVENUE AND TWENTY-FIRST ST.,
NEW YORK.

“They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever.”
DANIEL, xii. 4.

PRIVATELY PRINTED.

1882

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A NOBLE, a beautiful, a useful life has finished its earthly work. Fruition has already crowned it. Eternal glory has enveloped it. Of the promise which it always gave in the past of such a joyful present, all who knew and loved it bear record. Kindly, reverent, tender and sorrowful hands have woven many a memorial wreath for it.

For those whose life-blood sprang from this fountain ; for those whose hearts are ploughed with grief's deepest furrows ; for those whose opening lives may be guided and stimulated by so pure an example, these laurels have been gathered together ; that so long as memory stirs the heart and the lineage shall live, all may cherish the life of this man, greatly beloved ; thanking their God daily for every remembrance of him.

BIOGRAPHY.

EBENEZER PLATT ROGERS was the son of Edmund J. and Rebecca Rogers, and was born in the City of New York, December 18th, 1817. His father was the son of Jeremiah Rogers, and was born at Southampton, L. I. His mother was the daughter of Ebenezer Platt, formerly of Huntington, L. I., and afterward of New York City. At the time of their marriage, both Mr. and Mrs. Rogers were resident in New York, where Mr. R. was actively engaged in mercantile business. All of their nine children, save the youngest, were born there. Of the five who grew to maturity Ebenezer was the eldest. The others still live to mourn the loss of their beloved and honored brother.

The home in which he was nurtured was a *Christian* home. Both his parents were sincere believers; and Mrs. Rogers was an example of all that is excellent and lovely in a Christian wife and mother. Her son never failed in after years to acknowledge with the warmest gratitude his obligations to her influence and example.

The family resided in New York until 1831, when Ebenezer was thirteen years of age. They then removed to Fairfield, Conn., where Mr. Rogers had purchased a country residence, still continuing his business in New York. His son, after completing his preparatory studies, partly in the Fairfield Academy, and partly at Pittsfield, Mass., entered Yale College in 1833, becoming a member of the "Class of 1837," embracing so many names which have since risen to eminence. It was during a season of special religious interest in the college, while he was a student there, that he was led, with many others, to embrace Christ as his personal Saviour, and to form the purpose of becoming His servant as a minister of the Gospel. The circumstances of his conversion formed the groundwork of a narrative from his pen, published by the American Sunday School Union in 1857, in a small volume entitled "The Classmates."

The sudden death of his father in June, 1835, at the early age of forty-seven, led to the breaking up, for a time, of the family home at Fairfield, and to the interruption of his college course before completion. He, however, pursued his studies, and ultimately received his Bachelor's degree from Yale, though not in regular course. His name appears in the class of 1837 in the college catalogue, and to the end of his life he cherished

a warm regard for his classmates, and never failed, when circumstances permitted, to attend their occasional reunions.

In 1837 he entered the Princeton Theological Seminary, but after a year spent there was compelled by an affection of the eyes to suspend his studies. At this time it seemed that his cherished purpose to enter the ministry would have to be abandoned.

But two years of active life in the country (chiefly spent at Fairfield, which had again become the family home), restored his eye-sight, and enabled him to resume his theological studies. These he prosecuted at first with Rev. Lyman H. Atwater, then pastor of the Fairfield Church, and afterwards with Rev. Joel Hawes, D.D., of Hartford. During this interval occurred his marriage, on the 26th of Feb., 1839, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late John Caldwell, Esq., of Hartford, who, after a union of forty-two years, survives her departed husband. Ten children were born to them, eight of whom (three sons and five daughters) are living, all grown to maturity.

In 1840, Mr. Rogers, having been first licensed to preach the gospel by the Litchfield South Association of Conn., accepted a call to the pastorate of the Congregational Church of Chicopee Falls, Mass., and was ordained as a minister at the time of his settlement. In this his first

field he labored with much acceptance and usefulness until 1843, when he accepted a call to the Edwards Congregational Church of Northampton, Mass. His ministry here continued until December, 1846, when he resigned his charge and went on a Southern journey with a view to the improvement of his health, which had suffered from the New England climate. While at the South he was invited to supply temporarily the pulpit of the Presbyterian Church of Augusta, Georgia, then vacant. His preaching proved so acceptable to the congregation that he was called to the pastorate of the church, and was settled there in the year 1847. In this charge he remained for six years, laboring with great usefulness, and constantly increasing reputation as a preacher and pastor. During this period he received the degree of D.D. from Oglethorpe University, Georgia. Here also death first entered his household, taking away his sixth child, Charles Jenkins, a lovely boy of four years. This occurred on the 30th day of August, 1853; and a few days afterward (Sept. 8th, 1853), Dr. Rogers' beloved mother, whose bedside he had left on learning of his boy's dangerous sickness, died in her distant home in New England.

In 1854, Dr. Rogers removed to Philadelphia, becoming pastor of the Seventh Presbyterian Church of that

city. In 1856, he was called to the North Reformed Dutch Church, of Albany, N. Y., and was installed as its pastor in November of that year. After six years' labor here, with acceptance and usefulness, he removed to New York, his native city, to become pastor of the South Reformed Dutch Church, his last and longest pastorate.

Just after their removal to New York, Dr. Rogers and his family were called to suffer a crushing blow, in the death, in battle, of his first-born child, Theodore Caldwell Rogers, aged twenty-three years; a young man of noble Christian character, and of the brightest promise. At the outbreak of the war of the rebellion, he gave up his flattering business prospects at Albany, to enlist in the service of his country, and joined the Army of the Potomac as first lieutenant of Company H., 18th N. Y. Volunteers. Having passed safely through the bitter experiences of the first battle of Bull Run, in 1861, and the long period of inactivity which followed—having, meantime, been promoted to a captaincy, and united in marriage to the lady to whom he had been for some time engaged—he fell in the bloody action at Gaines' Mill on the 27th June, 1862, while gallantly leading on his company to the charge.

No nobler young life was offered up on the altar of patriotism, during those four years of conflict; nor did

any fall, more tenderly beloved, or more deeply lamented.

The remainder of Dr. Rogers' life, except the few months preceding his decease, was spent in the discharge of the laborious and unremitting duties of his pastorate in New York. To this field he brought his fully ripened powers, and the fruits of his abundant experience in more than twenty years of pastoral service; and all his powers and resources, during the eighteen years of his labor here, were given without stint or measure to his church and people.

Of the character and quality of these arduous labors, as well as of their results, others, more competent to speak on such a theme, will tell. During these years, he and his beloved wife saw their children, one after another, grow to maturity, and settle in life near them. In his summer seasons of rest and recreation, Dr. Rogers made several short European tours, accompanied by his wife, or other members of his family, and sometimes by other friends. These, his companions in travel, will never forget his untiring care for the comfort and enjoyment of every member of the party, nor the charm which his genial companionship imparted to every scene and incident.

For the last three or four years of his life his health and strength were evidently declining. The wear and tear of nerve and brain under the toils of a city pastorate, told upon him more and more, and his seasons of rest in the summer vacation no longer restored his wonted vigor. In 1876 he was suddenly deprived permanently of the use of one of his eyes, by the rupture of a small blood-vessel. He continued, however, to toil on, with such energy and cheerfulness as would have deceived those who did not know him intimately. The spring of 1880 found him so exhausted by the winter's work that a kind friend and member of Consistory urged him to rest in foreign lands, and his loving people sent him beyond the sea. Alas! he was even then slowly fading from earth, and the journey was of but little help. He returned to follow dear friends and helpers in the church to their graves, and grew daily weaker under his burden of sorrow and pain. His kindred urged him to rest from his labors, but with earnest conscientiousness he only said he must spend and be spent in his Master's service. During three months he was assisted most kindly and efficiently by the Rev. Roderick Terry, whose tender and generous ministrations he appreciated with warm fraternal regard.

In January, 1881, however, he felt that the time for him to put off the harness had come. He preached with the

solemnity and earnestness as of a dying man, on Sabbath morning, January 23d, to a large and attentive congregation, from Zachariah, 14th chapter, 6th and 7th verses: "And it shall come to pass in that day, that the light shall not be clear nor dark. But it shall be one day that shall be known to the Lord, not day, nor night, but it shall come to pass that at evening time it shall be light."

None knew that these strangely fitting words were the last he would ever speak from that sacred desk; but a few days after he sent to the Consistory his resignation as the pastor of the South Reformed Church.

It was accepted with sincere grief, his salary was continued until the first of the following May, and from then an annuity was given to him. But rest had been too long delayed; for on the 21st day of February, 1881, the day after a letter of loving farewell had been read from the pulpit to his sorrowing people, he was prostrated by a stroke of paralysis, from the effects of which he never recovered. This occurred at the house of his son-in-law, in High Bridge, New Jersey, where he and Mrs. Rogers were spending a short time. After a few weeks he improved sufficiently to be brought with great care to his New York home, where he was able to enjoy somewhat the kind words and visits of people and friends.

Believing that he would gain more rapidly in country

air, a home was prepared for him in Montclair, New Jersey, adjoining the residence of one of his daughters, and there the last months of his life were spent in freedom from acute suffering; and, retaining his mental faculties, he enjoyed the society and loving ministrations of his family and friends. His greatest sorrow was the growing consciousness that he could speak no more for the Saviour. It was an unmixed joy to him to know that the church had called the Rev. Roderick Terry to fill the vacant pulpit, for he had often said that in no man's hands would he rather leave his work; and by a strange coincidence the Sabbath of the installation of the Rev. Roderick Terry was the Rev. Dr. Rogers' first Sabbath in his heavenly home.

The end came suddenly, but peacefully, after a week of apparent improvement and special enjoyment of the beautiful autumn days. In the evening of Saturday, October 22d, after a day of pleasant family experiences, he became conscious of great difficulty in breathing. This increased so rapidly that almost immediately after the danger became known to his sorrowing household, he calmly fell asleep and was at rest with the Lord.

His brethren who knew and loved him well tell what he was as a pastor, a preacher, a friend and a Christian. To speak of what he was in the circle of home to

those bound to him in the nearer relations of life, is an office which none can undertake. All loved, and all mourn him. Words seem inadequate to express the wealth of affection and tenderness, the unwearied care and self-sacrifice which he found his happiness in lavishing on all who were dear to him. Never, surely, has it fallen to the lot of man to be more sadly missed or deeply lamented as a husband, a father, a brother or a friend.

“ While memory bids us weep thee,
 Nor thought nor words are free ;
 The grief is fixed too deeply,
 That mourns a man like thee.”

The printed writings of the Rev. Dr. Rogers were various, beginning with a funeral sermon preached in Augusta, Ga., in 1848, on Death, the Christian's Gain, followed by

Three Discourses on the Doctrine of Election.

Earnest Words to Young Men.

Orations before Oglethorpe University.

Relations of Christianity to Law.

A Pious Mother.

The Christian Traveler.

On Daniel Webster.

The Worth of a Good Character.

In Philadelphia, 1855.

The Dangers and Duties of Men of Business.

How Much Owest Thou ?

The Classmates.

In Albany, 1857.

The Dignity of Teaching.
 The Sovereignty of God in Calamity.
 Historical Discourse on the North Dutch Church.
 Sermon before City Missionary Society of New York.
 Everything in Christ.
 The Strong Staff Broken.
 The Syrian Leper.
 Religion in Public Life.
 Funeral Sermon for Mrs. Talcott.

In New York, 1862.

The Prodigal Son.
 Lessons from our National Calamity.
 The Great Conference and its Lessons.
 The Glory of New York.
 Jehovah Jireh.
 Magnetism of the Cross.
 The Precious Things of St. Peter.

The Rev. Dr. Rogers was a frequent contributor to the *New York Observer* and the *Christian Intelligencer*. To the former he contributed during the last years of his life the weekly papers on the International Sunday School Lessons, which received much commendation, and are believed to have been extremely useful. These were still in progress when he finally ceased from his labors.

REV. DR. ROGERS' FAREWELL LETTER.

Read by the Rev. Roderick Terry,

TO THE CONGREGATION OF THE SOUTH REFORMED
CHURCH, SUNDAY, *February 20TH*, 1881.

BELOVED BRETHREN AND FRIENDS:—It has become my painful duty to inform you that I have tendered to the Consistory my resignation of my pastoral charge, and that they, with many expressions of sympathy, affection, and regret, have signified their acceptance of the same.

It is due to you, between whom and myself those solemn and tender ties have existed now almost nineteen years, that you should be made fully acquainted with the reasons which have obliged me, most reluctantly, to ask now that they may be severed. These reasons do not lie in any diminution of mutual affection or confidence between you and myself. The years of our long and intimate connection have been always full of the most ample manifestations of kindness and love on your part, and I think I may say of entire and loving reciprocation

on my own. Since the day when I came among you as your pastor, I have never from word, look, or action had any reason to doubt that I enjoyed your entire confidence, respect, and love. No pastor could receive more constant and convincing proofs of the regard of his people. These nineteen years have been the happiest, as they have been the best and most useful, of my life. Although now that my work among you is finished, I am too acutely conscious that it might have been more faithfully done, yet the remembrance of my connection with you and your families, will go with me to my grave as among the brightest and happiest memories of my life.

But God in His infinitely wise and inscrutable providence, has clearly shown that I must cease from those pleasant and sacred labors as your pastor, to which He called me.

Five years since, as you remember, I received a stroke from His fatherly hand, in the sudden rupture of a blood-vessel, which seriously affected my capacity for labor, by depriving me, almost entirely, of the use of one eye, and inflicting a shock upon my nervous system from which I have never fully recovered. After a brief period of rest at that time, I resumed my labors, but for the past five years they have been prosecuted under constant embarrassment and distress, due to imperfect vision. About

one year ago the strain became intolerable and demanded a renewed season of relief. At the suggestion of an esteemed friend and member of the Consistory, whose wise and thoughtful consideration has for many years been generously extended in my behalf, and with the ready and kind co-operation of the whole Consistory and many of the congregation, I was led to seek rest and recuperation in foreign travel, which has always proved beneficial, and was absent during the summer season, hoping to return in the autumn with renewed health and energies to resume my work among you. That hope was not realized, and the work which I have attempted since my return has been but partially and imperfectly done, yet at a greater cost of suffering than ever; so that it has become clear to myself, as it had already become clear to my medical advisers, that my only hope of health, perhaps of life, depended upon an instant and entire release from the duties and responsibilities of a pastoral charge. This conclusion has been hastened by the extraordinary strain which, during the last few months, has been laid upon my sympathies and affections as a pastor and friend, by the loss of so many valuable friends and helpers who have been taken from among us, and whose memory, like that of very many who have preceded them, will always be so precious to this church and to me.

This, dear brethren and friends, is the simple history of the reasons which have influenced me in the step which I have taken, after much sad and solemn thought and earnest prayer. Beyond this history, which it was your right to hear, I can scarcely trust myself to go in this communication. You can all understand now the imperative character of my act. Deprived, as I am, of adequate vision, of the power of continued intellectual labor, of the physical ability even of caring for the scattered families of a city parish, what avails it that I have still the same loving heart for you and yours which I have carried through all these years, when I can no longer work for your instruction and consolation as I have so long tried to do?

No, dear brethren, He who sent me to you and has for many years so kindly permitted me to think, and speak, and labor, and pray for the best good of you and your children, tells me that my work is done, and that I have only to say one closing word which is full of sadness, and that word is farewell.

Yet no words of mine can adequately express the sense of painful and reluctant sacrifice with which I speak that word. The memory of all these happy years rushes over me with overwhelming power.

The hours we have spent together in this holy and

beautiful house in the worship of our common God and Saviour; where I have sprinkled the baptismal water upon the brows of so many of your children; where I have welcomed so many of you to the Lord's table; where I have invoked the blessing of God on bridal vows; and where I have tried to speak words of consolation over your sainted dead; the hours I have spent in your homes with you and your children in scenes of joy and sorrow, light or shade; all of these come back to me now, crowded with the most fragrant memories, and the tenderest associations, and I must sorrow most of all because in those sacred and delightful scenes I shall see your faces no more, as your pastor and your servant for Jesus' sake.

There are some of you who are drawing nearer and nearer to the heavenly home. I had hoped to be able to go with you on the rest of your journey. There are some of you with whom I have often pleaded that you would be the friends of Jesus, and I had hoped to be permitted to lead you at last to His cross and heart. But God's Providence has ordered otherwise, and God's will be done!

Let me thank you, beloved friends, for the constant kindness which I have received at your hands, which has made my long ministry among you so pleasant to remember.

Think of me as one who loved you and yours, and tried to do you good. Who, though conscious of great imper-

fection in his ministry, thanks God devoutly that he was privileged to exercise it so long and happily among you, and who now lays it down in the prayer, that with all its faults and weaknesses, it may not have been without some blessed fruits of glory to Christ, and hope and salvation to you and your children.

“ And now, behold, I know that ye all, among whom I have gone preaching the kingdom of God, shall see my face no more. Wherefore I take you to record this day that I am free from the blood of all men. For I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God. And now brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of His grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified. I thank my God upon every remembrance of you, always in every prayer of mine for you all, making request with joy, for your fellowship in the gospel from the first day until now; only let your conversation be as it becometh the gospel of Christ, that whether I come and see you, or else be absent, I may hear of your affairs, that ye stand fast in one spirit, with one mind striving together for the faith of the gospel.”

The Lord bless you and keep you. The Lord make His face to shine upon you, and be gracious unto you. The Lord lift up His countenance upon you and give you peace!

INTRODUCTION TO FUNERAL SERVICES.

On Thursday, October 27th, 1881, the funeral services of the Rev. Dr. Rogers were held in the church of which he had been so lately the pastor. A mourning multitude stood with reverence as the long procession of his relatives, the officers of the church, and brethren in the ministry followed him from the room of prayer, down the familiar aisle, and laid him before the pulpit which he had so much loved. The

Rev. Dr. Hitchcock,

Rev. Dr. Hastings,

Rev. Dr. Prentice,

Rev. Dr. Vincent,

Rev. Dr. Vermilye,

Rev. Dr. Ormiston,

Rev. Dr. Crosby,

Rev. Dr. White,

sat beside him, and with other brethren beloved, gave gracious words to his blessed memory.

FUNERAL SERVICE.
OF
REV. E. P. ROGERS, D.D.,
IN THE
SOUTH REFORMED CHURCH,
THURSDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1881.
OPENING PRAYER.

REV. RODERICK TERRY : Let us invoke the presence of God.

Almighty God, our heavenly Father, unto whom we look in all times of trouble and suffering, from whom alone cometh our consolation and our hope, grant us, we beseech Thee, while we are together to-day, the presence of the Holy Comforter, to speak words of peace and of restfulness to our hearts, that we may be able from the midst of earthly clouds and troubles to see Thy fatherly and loving face, and believe that Thou only doest that which is best. Grant us, we pray Thee, in every heart the

presence of this Holy Spirit, that we may commune with Thee, and in communion forget all the troubles of the world in contemplating Thy blessed love toward us and the peace and joy that remaineth for the people of God. Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

SCRIPTURE SELECTION.

REV. DR. VERMILYE read part of the fifteenth chapter of the first epistle of Paul to the Corinthians, commencing at the thirty-fifth verse: "But some man will say, How are the dead raised up? etc., to the 58th verse.

Prayer by REV. ROSWELL D. HITCHCOCK, D.D.,
President Union Theological Seminary, N. Y.

Almighty and most merciful God, our heavenly Father, the God and Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, for whom we thank Thee in our human weakness, timidity and sin, whose promise is our only cheer, we come to Thee in this hour of our bereavement and loss. Trouble

cometh not out of the ground. We lift our eyes to the heavens whence our trouble comes by divine appointment, for each one of us. And we rejoice in the assurance that Thou dost not willingly afflict nor grieve Thy children here upon the earth, but Thou doest for them and with them what they understand not now, but shall know hereafter. The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away ; blessed be the name of the Lord.

We thank Thee for another memory without a stain or shadow. We thank Thee for another life of honorable service, rounded and finished. We thank Thee for another victor crowned and jubilant before Thy throne with all the martyrs and the saints that have gone before, treading the same path, passing through the same conflicts, crowned by the same blessed hand. We thank Thee for these precious memories to us who have known Thy servant so long, loved him so tenderly, and trusted him so confidently. And we pray Thee that Thou wilt come now very close to us, to each one of us, as we are gathered in these Thy courts, within these walls still ringing with the echoes of the voice that shall be heard no more. We offer up our earnest and fervent prayer for those more keenly suffering than we ; for her over whom hangs the blessed promise, that Thou wilt be the husband of the widow ; for them over whom hangs the blessed promise, Thou

wilt be the father of the fatherless; for children and for children's children. Into this inner grief, so profound, so great, we enter not; standing with heads bowed and hearts bleeding in sympathy, may our prayer be that the Hand which touches with sorrow may touch gently with consolation. The hearts which Thou hast bruised and wounded Thou canst bind up and heal, and every grief, however subtle, however keen, Thou canst mitigate and carry. We leave this family to Thee, praying Thee that they may be comforted in all the years that remain, as the days, and the nights, and the weeks, and the months, and the years may come and go, with the remembrance of what he was who will walk with them no more in this earthly journey,

We pray also for the larger family, the spiritual family, weeping now around this bier; the many, many souls comforted by Thy servant in kindred griefs, led by his kind hand to the Saviour's cross, instructed by his kind voice in the way of life day by day and hour by hour. May the words he spoke while yet with them be sacredly cherished in all the years to come; and so long as life endures may this ministry endure to each one of them.

Bless Thy young servant, called in thy providence to assume the mantle which has fallen from the sky. We pray Thee that he may be instructed by Thy Spirit, that

he may be made wise with a wisdom above himself and above all earthly teaching, and that he may follow him who has gone before him even as he followed Christ, and may his ministry also be fruitful of spiritual results to the souls of men.

Command Thy blessing upon all who were associated with our brother in this high ministry of the word : all these Thy servants, gathered out of the many churches of this favored city, stricken now with a common grief and gladdened by a common memory of a beneficent and gracious life.

Grant unto each one of us grace to profit by this affliction, and be reminded that our turn must come, and to be stimulated by what is said so justly of our brother here to-day, to aspire to merit for ourselves, each in his turn, an honest commemoration. May we covet for ourselves the good will, the good opinion, and the good words of those who have known us in the walk and in the warfare of life. And grant, we entreat Thee, Thy benediction upon this city where we dwell, where so many earnest and honest voices are lifted up for the Gospel of Jesus Christ. We thank Thee for this Gospel : for all it requires of us in our daily service ; for all the benediction it showers upon us in our griefs ; for the light with which it floods the day ; for that bright path

up and along which we may go with buoyant feet. Command Thy blessing upon us all in the service in which we are engaged. May we find that it is good for us to be here; that the house of mourning is better for us than the house of feasting. So may we be prepared for our earthly work, for all our earthly conflict, and for the final triumph through riches of grace in Christ our Redeemer. Amen.

ADDRESS OF REV. PHILLIP SCHAFF, D.D.,

PROF. UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, N. Y.

We are met here from different churches to pay our united tribute to a pastor, a husband, a father, a friend, and a brother respected and beloved by all, now safely at home in the mansions of glory and of peace. He is separated from us but a short season, but we trust we shall join him there by and by in singing the praises of the God of power and of grace. Death was but the beginning of life eternal. This is the thought of that beautiful hymn which the family have selected. It was written forty years ago by a distinguished Swiss Minister in the City of Geneva, on the banks of Lake Geneva. It was translated, or rather freely reproduced, by the late Dr. Bethune, once a shining light in the Reformed Church

of this city, and a dearly beloved friend of our departed brother. I will read the first two and the last two stanzas of hymn 744.

It is not death to die,—
 To leave this weary road,
 And, midst the brotherhood on high,
 To be at home with God.

It is not death to close
 The eye long dimmed by tears,
 And wake, in glorious repose
 To spend eternal years.

It is not death to fling
 Aside this sinful dust,
 And rise on strong, exulting wing,
 To live among the just.

Jesus, thou Prince of Life,
 Thy chosen cannot die !
 Like Him they conquer in the strife,
 To reign with Him on high.

REV. DR. SCHAFF: On this mournful, yet joyful, be-
 cause hopeful occasion, let us join in singing this hymn.

ADDRESS OF REV. S. IRENAEUS PRIME, D.D.

We are all mourners here. Each one of us would choose to sit in silence and weep with them that weep. Friend after friend departs, and who has not lost a friend to-day?

“All ye that are about him bemoan him: and all ye that know his name say, ‘How is the strong staff broken and the beautiful rod?’”

After a sketch of his life, Dr. Prime added:

In all these fields of labor, varied as they were in the habits and pursuits of the people, he showed himself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed; winning the hearts of the people to himself and their souls to Christ.

As a preacher of the Gospel he was able, lucid, tender, earnest, affectionate, scriptural and practical: declaring the whole counsel of God, with no fear of man, but always under a deep, abiding sense of his accountability to Him who called him to the ministry. The souls of men were a burden on his soul. Perhaps he was *too much* oppressed thereby, for he was weighed down often beyond his ability to bear. He pleaded with tears.

As a pastor, ye are his witnesses to-day how he went in and out before his people; how he watched day and

night with anxious care. In the presence of his people and a great multitude of ministers of the word, I am not afraid to say he was a *model pastor*.

In the charmed circle of home and social life, there are no words to fill up the memories of this beloved man. Gentle, refined, the incarnation of truth and honor, and every manly Christian grace, his heart was a well-spring of love and genial humor, overflowing to the refreshment and delight of those who enjoyed the sunshine of his smiles and the cheer of his conversation. His presence was joy, his society a perpetual charm. We read of some such men in books. We very rarely meet them in the walks of life. But they who were nearest to him in daily or occasional intercourse, cherish the gratefullest recollections of his intense earnestness in Christian thought and work, his glow and fervor of holy, happy love, that knew no change or decay.

It was a heart-breaking trial to retire from this pulpit, which he loved more than any other place this side of heaven. Eighteen years he made this pulpit and this church a landmark and a lighthouse in the city. You know how he dragged himself hither when his great infirmities made every step an anguish, every jar a pang. But he came, and would let no one come in his place so long as he could ascend these stairs and speak the word

of a dying man. And greater than all the pains he suffered in climbing to this place was the agony of sorrow that he could preach no more. Ah! he speaks: being dead he saith unto the church, "Remember the words I spake unto you."

The last time I rode out with him he said that his paternal ancestors, for several generations, died before they were sixty, and he saw the end of his own life near. And then we spoke of this service and of our mutual wishes if one survived the other. In him there was no fear in death. His life was hid with Christ in God. And during long weeks and months of exile from pulpit and friends, his soul conversed with heaven. He sent and received messages of love, for he was borne upon our hearts in all his suffering. And though we knew the end was coming, we would not yield to the sad conviction, but prayed on, hoped on. Only last Saturday evening, while he was dying, we were hearing a sweet, loving message from him, a comfort to our hearts. Even then his wings were moving; angels waited at the door.

He has left precious memories with us. We are glad we *had* him, *knew* him, *loved* him, *held* him long and closely to our hearts. What he was to his heart-broken family, to his faithful Consistory, to his loving people, no tongue can tell. We and they still hold in holy memory

the manly form, the loving smile, the friendly pressure of that hand now cold, the beating heart now still. He is part of us and ours. O brother Rogers! dear sainted Rogers! brother, friend! we are coming soon. Where thou art with Christ we will be *with* thee also.

ADDRESS OF REV. WILLIAM M. TAYLOR, D.D.

It seems so strange to me to-day to stand in this pulpit without having Dr. Rogers at my side. I have been often here before; never without him, save once, and that once he was for the moment in my own pulpit. And so it is with deep emotion that I find myself here to-day. I have not known him so long as the brethren who are now around me, but I have known him well. When I came to this city, now nearly ten years ago, I felt no stranger with him, for he showed me his heart and it was that of a Christian brother. From that time to this we have grown into each other's confidence and love. We have consulted with each other; we have sympathized with each other; we have helped to strengthen each other; and were I to consult my own feelings, I should be among the mourners to-day. In the spirit of the poet's words:

“ With silence only as their benediction,
God’s angels come ;
When in the shadow of a great affliction,
The soul sits dumb.”

If I were required to write an epitaph of my departed friend, I think I should do it in the words of the angel to Daniel, “ O man, greatly beloved.” And when we seek to analyze his character, we shall, I think, discover good ground for his being regarded by us all with such affection. He had a loving heart, and he was loved by so many just because he loved so many ; but when grace came into that heart, it wrought in the line of nature and made him a very tender and affectionate Christian.

First and before all things there was loyalty to the Lord Jesus Christ. When he was converted he gave himself entirely to Christ, and he never revoked that gift. The word of his Master was the warrant of his faith. The will of his Master was the rule of his life, and his knowledge of the fact that his Master’s providence was over and in all, was at once the explanation to him of every mystery, and the stay to him in every trial. And this loyalty of his to the Lord Jesus Christ gave him a singular devotedness of heart toward God as well as a strong, manly independence toward those by whom he was surrounded. It gave him reverence toward God ; for when-

ever he conducted us in prayer to the mercy-seat we felt that his petitions were the genuine utterances of his heart, and so they came into ours and bore with them the burdens they found there up to the Lord. He got very near the mercy-seat, and because we felt that he was so devout and reverent, he took us all near to it along with him.

Then there was connected with his loyalty to Christ manliness and independence of spirit among those by whom he was surrounded. He had drank very deeply into the meaning of the words of Paul, "Ye are bought with a price: be not ye the servants of men."

His intellectual gifts did not dispose him to meddle with the primary questions of speculation. He did not care for originality, yet his views and methods always were his own, and he did not shrink from upholding them when it seemed to him that he was called to their defence. And because he was independent himself he was always willing to concede the same independence to others; and when he differed from others, he differed from them with a great deal of love.

He was a delightful companion. Conversation with him was not a monologue, but while he was ready to listen to those who were beside him, he had always something of his own to contribute; and the wit of his

contribution was equalled only by its wisdom. There was a playful humor continually about him, and he had a fund of pleasant anecdote which was a joy to all his friends who came into contact with him ; and though he was, as it were, bubbling over with amusement, there was nothing in it in the least degree unbecoming his profession as a Christian or his position as a minister of the Gospel. He never suffered it to wound another, least of all did he suffer it to dishonor the cause of the Master whom he loved and served ; but it was always there, irradiating his conversation, his conduct, his life ; lighting it up as summer lightning does the evening sky.

His piety was not a morose and gloomy thing ; it was cheerful, and in the fervor of his Christianity he had not forgotten that he was a man.

He was a true friend. The hearts of his brethren in the ministry did safely trust him. He never violated a confidence. His counsel was always wanted ; his sympathy was never withheld. Moreover, there was in him a fine instinctive sense of propriety combined with admirable common sense, which not only kept him from making blunders himself, but qualified him greatly for guiding others, when they were in perplexity. He was always true to the brotherhood, and that not of his own denomination alone, but of the entire church of Christ ;

and I question if there are many pastors in the city who lived more in the love of their brethren's hearts, and who had more of the confidence of those who stood side by side with him in the service of the gospel than Brother Rogers.

He was, as ye are witnesses, a faithful pastor. To the very last his pulpit preparation was faithfully and satisfactorily made. His themes were evangelical, treated with an eye to the present conditions and necessities of his fellow-men. He carried his people continually upon his heart, and in these closing years of his life his sympathy for the sorrows of others was so intense and so frequently called upon, that I do verily believe that it had much to do with the coming on of the attack which compelled him to retire from the ministry. We have missed him much in these months since he left this pulpit, but we shall miss him more in the months and years that may be yet before us. We shall miss his voice, leading us during the week of prayer, in supplication, in gatherings for prayer; we shall miss the sparkle and the geniality of his wit in our social gatherings; and, most of all, we shall miss his companionship in that which was the loved labor of his life, the ministry of the gospel in this city of which he was a native and of which he was so proud.

But under this sorrow there are many sources of consolation. I think it was a happy thing for our brother that he did not long survive his active ministry. The Sabbaths of his period of retirement were the days whose recurrence he most dreaded, because, as we have been hearing from Dr. Prime, he so enjoyed the preaching of the Gospel and so felt the privation of being unable to engage in the work which had been the gladness of his life.

Then, again, there was something comforting in the manner of his going. He had suffered much agony during his life. Few men that I have known have suffered more intense physical pain than Brother Rogers. Then when even-time came he fell asleep on the Saturday evening to awake in the blessed Sabbath of eternal rest.

Moreover, we have for our consolation the prospect of reunion; but a brief season and we shall be with him at home with Christ. When Dr. Cunningham, the famous Scottish theologian lay dying, Dr. Buchanan, one of his colleagues in the Professorship, came to visit him. On leaving him as he had reached the door of the chamber, he turned round, said, "Good-bye, Cunningham," and waved his hand to him, repeating the lines,

“ A few short years of evil past,
We reach the happy shore,
Where death-divided friends at last
Shall meet to part no more.”

That is our comfort now in the sorrow of this dispensation. It will not be long. Our brother has gone home to Christ, and we by-and-by are to follow him. Meanwhile the presence of Christ is with his Church and with us. God lives, no matter who is taken away. This is the consolation of all Christians, in the removal of a pastor especially, from this earthly scene. God buries the workmen, but he carries on the work.

When you take up the Bible itself and read it carefully through, you are struck with the number of different names that come up before you in the course of its perusal. Adam, Noah, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Moses, Samuel, the prophets, and then in the New Testament the evangelists and apostles. One comes, disappears, and then another takes his place. Yes, but in all and over all there is God, giving the book its unity and rounding it out in that circle whose material circumference sweeps from paradise to paradise. In like manner in human life, men come and men go, but the LORD lives. The consolation of Moses, when he saw his companions carried from his side to burial in the wilderness,

is still the consolation of the people of God. "Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever Thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting Thou art God." While, then, we take to ourselves these special consolations, let us heed also the admonitions of this dispensation. To those of us in the ministry of the Gospel there comes a loud call to earnestness and a new consecration. During this past two or three years how many of those prominent in the pulpits of this city at one time have been taken away! Hutton, Adams, Washburne, and now Rogers, and we, a younger generation, are being pushed into the front. Brethren in the ministry, is there not a call to you and me to more earnest fidelity in our ways, bidding us work while it is called to-day, seeing that "the night cometh when no man can work."

Brethren of this congregation, there is a loud call here to you, and I would voice it in the words of the apostle John to one of his correspondents: "Look to yourselves that ye lose not that which he hath wrought, but that he receive a full reward."

Hearers of the Gospel generally, there is here to you also a loud admonition. Let me put it into the words of the author of the epistle to the Hebrews: "Remember

them which have the rule over you, who have spoken unto you the words of life, whose faith follow, considering the end of their conversation." Now, what more can I say? Let me conclude as I began, by numbering myself among the chief mourners in this sorrowful assemblage. Let me take to myself the consolation and admonition I have been trying to give you. Farewell, thou fast friend and true heart! Brother, farewell! May we meet where twilight has become unending day!

ADDRESS OF REV. DR. CHAMBERS.

REV. DR. CHAMBERS said: I have been asked to add a word or two to what has been said, as belonging to the same denomination with our departed brother, and during his whole residence in this city a member of the same ecclesiastical body. Our brother was not a learned and practised exegete, as he often told me. When he was in the seminary an affection of his eyes utterly prohibited him from prosecuting the study of the sacred languages. For much the same reason he was not a profound theologian. The great problems of human thought did not much attract him. Nor was he particularly versed in the history of the Church in ancient or in modern time. What, then, was he? *Far more than all these*

put together! An able and faithful minister of the Lord Jesus Christ! He preached the Gospel with a tender and persuasive eloquence, and he taught the truth as it is in Jesus fully, simply, and without any admixture of human speculation. But his chief forte was in the pastoral work; here he was preëminent. His knowledge of the Scriptures, his experience of divine grace, his familiarity with forms of suffering, his experimental acquaintance with physical pain, and his deep and tender sympathies, fitted him to minister as few other men have been qualified to do. I have often said during his period of health and vigor that if I were a layman in this city with a family of children, I would put myself under his spiritual direction in preference to the occupant of any other pulpit in this metropolis. He knew the way to the hearts of parents and of children, and he used that knowledge for their good. The testimony of his brethren, as you have heard it rehearsed to you, shows what they thought of his sincerity, of his manliness, of his loyalty to Christ, of his tender interest in the welfare of souls. And so he prosecuted his work, giving himself wholly to it.

He published a number of discourses in the various charges that he served. Two of these took the form of volumes, and the very names indicate the character of the themes upon which he loved to linger. One of them

was, "Everything in Christ," and I remember to this day the pleased and grateful expression that played over his face when I had the pleasure of telling him that that book had led one of my own parishioners out of the dark into the light. Another one was, "The Precious Things of St. Peter ; Precious Blood, Precious Faith." Oh, it was the gospel in its simplicity, in its fullness, in its richness, in its adaptation to all human needs which occupied his thought, which guided him, and which made him so extremely, so widely, so permanently useful wherever he was called to minister. Allusion has been made to his suffering. Luther said that prayer and temptation and trials were necessary to make a minister. Our brother had the trials. As has been said, doubtless no one in the ministry in this city had so much, so frequent, so severe physical anguish as he was called to endure. It ripened him. My acquaintance with him began twenty-seven years ago when he was the pastor of my youngest sister in the city of Philadelphia ; and I think from that time on, regularly from year to year, he ripened in grace, in consecration and in success, as he did in years. He was happy in his home—that sweet domestic circle which was never darkened by a cloud, which was never disturbed by a jar in the long course of years—a blessing of which he spoke to me more than once with tears in his

eyes and with thanks to God, who, in this respect, had cast the lines unto him in very pleasant places. And now he is gone. Let me before I sit down remind you that the echoes of that winning voice linger in the arches of this building and they will meet you—you, his people—in the day when you shall give an account to the Judge of quick and dead. Whatever you may have thought, it is the testimony, unanimous and hearty, of all his brethren, that this was a true minister of Christ, and that his one desire was for your salvation and the glory of Christ in the work that he did. When, then, you recollect what you have heard in the years that are gone by, unite with it the recollection of your own knowledge of his person and character, as sustained and fortified by the testimony of all his brethren. And I may add to what has been said in that respect that not only was he a model in kindness to his ministerial brethren in their presence, in his disposition to render service as far as possible, but in their absence their reputation was as dear to him as his own. It has been said, sometimes, that the ministerial profession, like the musical, is unusually subject to the hell-born temptation of envy and jealousy. If it be so, God enabled him to rise above it as no other man of his generation. It is pleasant to say these words over his remains with the assurance that there does not

live a human being who can contradict or question their truth.

Now, then, it remains for me only to say, in the name of all my brethren, that we sympathize deeply and tenderly with this large circle of which he was the centre, and the head, and the life; and in which he was so happy, and the members of which are so saddened by his removal. We sympathize with you, but we bid you rejoice with us in his finished work—in his blessed memory—in his unfading crown.

CLOSING PRAYER.

Rev. WM. TAYLOR, D.D. : Let us unite in prayer.

O God, our heavenly Father, let Thy blessing accompany this service, and may the words spoken produce good fruit in all our lives. We thank Thee that though sorrowing to-day, we are also yet rejoicing. We give Thee praise for what our brother was, for Thou didst make him what he was, and by the grace of God he was what he was. We thank Thee for what Thou didst enable him to do in the ministry of the gospel, and for all the joy he shed so radiantly around him in his home, in the companionship of his brethren, and in his

visiting with the people from house to house. While we bless Thee for what he was; we know, too, where he is. For inasmuch as it was, as we knew full well, to him to live, Christ, we have the firm assurance that having departed from us, he is now with Christ, which is far better. We bless Thee that we know he is at home with the Lord, and in that we would have our greatest consolation. We pray that Thou wouldst hear the supplications which have been offered to Thee for those whom Thou hast most severely stricken in this dispensation. Bless the widow. Thou knowest the loneliness of her heart. Come near to her and say, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee;" so that she may be able to testify to those around her, "I am not alone, for the Father is with me."

Bless those from whom Thou hast taken a loving father—a faithful friend as well as father. We cast them upon Thy fatherhood to-day. We pray that they may realize more than ever that Thou art near them, and as their props on earth are stricken from beneath them, may they learn to cling more than ever to the hand above them.

We pray for the people here stately worshiping within these walls, from whom Thou hast taken one who, for many years, went in and out among them, breaking the

bread of life. O God! may they heed the admonition of Thy providence in this; and may they be enabled to follow his path, considering the end of his conversation.

We pray for our young brother upon whom the mantle of the departed has fallen. O God! as Thou hast been with our friend and brother who has gone, so be Thou with him. Strengthen, stablish, settle him; and may he see the pleasure of the Lord prosper in his hand. Be with the brotherhood of the ministry here to-day. We thank Thee for the work thus committed to our hands, for the joy of it—and for that Thou dost see Thy work prosper. We pray Thee, to-day, that we may go hence with quickened conscience and with united consecration, determined to be nobler ministers of Thy word, and be better shepherds of our flocks. And so may this service be to all of us a means of grace. Listen to this, our imperfect prayer. Hear us not according to our poor petitions, but according to Thy precious promise, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

Rev. R. TERRY: In closing these services, let us turn our minds away from our sorrow to his entrance into the everlasting joy, and let us remember the glorious band of whom he is now a member. Let us sing the 785th hymn.

Who are these in bright array,
 This innumerable throng,
 Round the altar night and day,
 Hymning one triumphant song?
 "Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,
 Blessing, honor, glory, power,
 Wisdom, riches to obtain,
 New dominion every hour.

These through fiery trials trod ;
 These from great affliction came :
 Now, before the throne of God,
 Sealed with His almighty name,
 Clad in raiment pure and white,
 Victor-palms in every hand,
 Through their dear Redeemer's might,
 More than conquerors they stand.

Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
 On immortal fruits they feed ;
 Them, the Lamb, amid the throne,
 Shall to living fountains lead :
 Joy and gladness banish sighs,
 Perfect love dispel all fears ;
 And forever from their eyes,
 God shall wipe away the tears.

RESOLUTIONS OF CONSISTORY.

AT A MEETING OF THE CONSISTORY, held Tuesday evening, November 22d, 1881, the following minute, prepared for consistorial meeting on the occasion of Rev. Dr. Rogers' funeral, was unanimously adopted:

In view of the death of our late pastor and of the solemn services of this day, it is resolved that this Consistory place upon their minutes an appropriate expression of their deep sorrow.

This day severs the bond of all earthly relationship with him, and we pay our adieu to his mortal remains as to those of a near personal friend, as well as to the teacher of the precious Gospel of Christ.

Dr. Rogers labored in the ministry of this church for nearly nineteen years.

While he ever held the pen of a ready and a graceful writer, his preaching was characterized with much variety of subject, and proclaimed among us for that long period with great joy to his own soul, the fullness of the love of God, and the doctrine of a free salvation to sinners through

the cross of Christ only. He preached with much acceptance to large audiences ; but perhaps the best commentary on his work here is found in the fact that under his care this church grew from a state of feebleness to strength, and became one of the largest churches in our denomination, whose influence he made to be increasingly felt in the field of charitable and Christian effort ; and that he maintained them to the end, a united and harmonious congregation, whose Christian order, progress and peace were very dear to his heart.

He terminated with us his long ministry of forty years in the service of his Lord and master, declaring the truth at the last in much physical infirmity, which touched deeply the sympathies of his hearers.

It was obvious that his work on earth was nearly done ; smitten with a mortal blow, he could hardly bear to lay aside the weapons he had so long wielded, and retire from the field ; to human view it would have been better for him to have done so at a much earlier period.

Dr. Rogers' retirement from the ministry of this church left in the hearts of many of its members very precious and tender memories. He was a faithful Pastor. He was often in the house of mourning and death, and his ministration in these trying scenes, while they caused many and deep wounds to his own heart, opened the

springs of Christian sympathy, and united him in a common suffering with the bereaved. Many will remember how sweet and comforting he was in the grace of Christ, and the consolation of a personal affection, in those hours when the human soul needs them most.

To those qualities of a tenderer nature so often called for in the relations of his high office were united, for the larger part of his life, those that pertained in a degree to an organization and a temperament somewhat sanguine, animated and buoyant ; he felt with the ancient preacher, "how pleasant a thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun," the strong sense and joy of life itself, the glory and beauty of the visible universe, and all that the Father has given us here so richly to enjoy were for him, and he took his portion with gladness and thanksgiving.

With this genial and hearty nature, he was also the courteous and graceful gentleman, striving to be without offense in the love and fellowship of the gospel, and will be long remembered in the circle he adorned.

He was called to bear his share of life's burthens. We trust he has laid them all down at the feet of Him who bore our griefs, and carried our sorrows, and that among the ransomed of the Lord he is forever free, both from sorrow and from sin, and forever is made partaker through riches of infinite grace of all the fullness of Christ.

RESOLVED, that a copy of this minute be sent to the family of the deceased, and that a copy be published in the "Intelligencer," and the "Observer."

It was also resolved, that the Treasurer be authorized to pay the expenses of the funeral of Dr. Rogers, and that he pay to Mrs. Rogers the salary due, and which would have become due to her husband up to May 1, 1882. Also, that the family be requested to continue the occupation of their pew as long as they may desire to do so.

F. C. WHITE,
Clerk of Consistory.

MEETING OF THE CLERGY AND RESOLUTIONS.

THE LATE REV. E. P. ROGERS, D.D.

At a meeting of the clergy of the city of New York, held in the chapel of the South Reformed Church, Oct. 27, 1881, the Rev. Roswell D. Hitchcock, D.D., President of the New York Union Theological Seminary, was called to the chair, and Rev. Roderick Terry was made Secretary. Remarks were made by the chairman and many ministers present, on the life and character of Dr. Rogers, whose death was the occasion of the assembly. The undersigned, appointed a committee to express the sentiment of the meeting, present the following paper:—

The death of Dr. Rogers is a personal and public loss to the ministers and members of the various branches of the Church in the city of New York. His social and ministerial intercourse with his brethren, in the direction of our benevolent institutions and in every department of Christian work, was a source of unalloyed comfort and pleasure to his associates, and to those who had the near-

est and most frequent relations with him he was the most endeared. As he was distinguished by the largest Christian charity, and was an example of diligence and devotion in every department of the pastoral office, we, his brethren, cherish the most delightful recollections of his genial Christian conversation, his pure and beautiful life, his constant kindness and brotherly love; making his memory a precious treasure in the heart of the Church.

Touched deeply by the solemn Providence which has called him to his rest in the midst of his usefulness, we would heed the admonition to be faithful and diligent, and so much the more as we see the day approaching.

We desire to share the sorrow of those who loved him as husband and father, and to assure them of our tenderest sympathies, while our prayer shall be made that God the Father may be their God and guard from this time forth forever more.

It was resolved that a copy of this minute be sent to the bereaved family of our lamented brother, and also given to the press for publication.

S. IRENÆUS PRIME.
THOMAS E. VERMILYE.
THOMAS ARMITAGE.
ALBERT S. HUNT.
JOHN COTTON SMITH.

NEWSPAPER NOTICES.

From the Hartford Courant, Oct. 24, 1881.

THE REV. EBENEZER P. ROGERS, D.D.

The death of the Rev. Ebenezer P. Rogers, D.D., at Montclair, N. J., on Saturday evening, though not wholly unexpected of late by his family, will be a sad surprise to his many friends and acquaintances in this city. Over forty years ago Dr. Rogers resided in Hartford, and married here the youngest daughter of the late John Caldwell, Esq. Here he studied for the Congregational ministry, and frequently preached in Hartford and vicinity till his early settlement in Chicopee and then in Northampton. Subsequently he removed to Augusta, Ga., but on the restoration of his health, he was settled successively in Philadelphia and Albany. In 1862 he became pastor of the Dutch Reformed Church on Fifth avenue and Twenty-first street, New York, where he labored successfully and most acceptably until last February, when his active life was closed by a paralytic attack from which he never fully recovered.

Dr. Rogers was a fluent and graceful speaker and an earnest preacher. Though making no claim to profound scholarship, his industry and activity were shown by constant literary work outside his pulpit. Numerous occasional addresses, newspaper contributions, historical and biographical sketches, tracts, and modest volumes of lectures and sermons, of essay and doctrine, remain as proofs of his ready and skillful pen. But probably his greatest success was as a pastor. Prompt, genial, witty, affectionate, sympathetic, sincere, manly—he was equally welcome and equally at home in scenes of joy or of mourning ; in humble cottages and elegant mansions.

The oldest son of Dr. Rogers, one of the first volunteers of the war, was killed near Gaines' Mill, in the battles before Richmond. Eight other children survive, all living in or near New York.

From The Christian Intelligencer, Oct. 26th, 1881.

REV. DR. ROGERS combined to an unusual degree the qualities of a Christian minister. He was an able and pleasing preacher, a faithful and beloved pastor, a cultured and courted gentleman in society, a wise leader in his own church and in the councils of the denomination, a helper in every good cause. His untiring activity, his absorption in the work given him to do, and his con-

scientiousness in the minutest details of his duties probably hastened the decline of his health. The one burden of his lament during these last days was the feeling that he was "useless." He was greatly and widely beloved, because he was so genial and kindly to all. He prized, as the best compliment ever paid him, the remark of one in whose presence his name was mentioned: "Dr. Rogers! Yes, that is the man who *comforts* everybody." It was doubtless a double measure of the Divine Comforter that made him such. And we can testify that these same comforts, which he shed on so many broken hearts and darkened homes, are now returned in showers of peace and consolation on his own greatly afflicted household.

Dr. Rogers was favored in having about him an unusually valuable band of Elders, such as Thomas C. Doremus, Erastus C. Benedict, Judge Slosson, James Morrison, and Matthew Bird, many of whom preceded him to their reward and will welcome him into the joy of their Lord. He was not "useless," as he deemed, even when unused for active duty;—only the worn-out weapon had to lie passive for a little while under the fiery blows which were fashioning it for a higher service.

The Reformed Church will mourn and miss him. A conspicuous and beloved figure has passed from her

scenes and service. But she thanks the great Head of the Church, that He sent to her and continued to her so long such a loyal and zealous, such an able and useful son as Ebenezer P. Rogers.

From The New York Observer, Oct. 27th, 1881.

DR. E. P. ROGERS' DEATH.

Alas! that we must make the sad record, but he is dead. Our friend and brother, in whom we have long delighted, in whom our readers have delighted, in whom the Church has taken great delight, is dead.

Nineteen years ago he was settled over the South Reformed Dutch Church in the City of New York, where he has labored with fidelity, enthusiasm, and great success, until he was constrained by the failure of his health to resign his charge in the early part of this year, 1881.

Besides the pulpit, the press has been largely used by Dr. Rogers. He has published several sermons and volumes, and for many years has been one of the most valued and popular writers in the *New York Observer*. His expositions in this paper of the Sabbath-school lessons have been extensively read and immensely useful, repeated requests being made for their preservation in a volume.

No pastor in New York was more diligent, devoted and faithful. He bore his people on his heart. Every family and every child of his charge was his personal friend, and he won them to himself by his genial, kindly, tender nature; being in sympathy with them in every time of sorrow and of joy. His house was open as his heart, and with a charming family around him, the social and domestic circle was attractive to his people, who were always welcome. Thus the young were fond of him. He was their brother as well as their pastor; he won them to himself and led them to Christ and Christian work. Surrounded by an able and faithful body of elders to hold up his hands, he was a power in the city. No pastor was more generally beloved in his own and other congregations: no one was more frequently called to take part in public meetings, and no one was more acceptable and successful on such occasions.

In the social circle he was a shining light in whom all rejoiced. Full of anecdote, overflowing with good humor and innocent pleasantry, he was beyond all doubt the most popular minister in the midst of his ministerial brethren and friends. To know him there, was to love him.

About four years ago he had a premonition of evil in the breaking a blood-vessel behind the eye and the sudden

loss of its sight. But it did not prevent the performance of his usual labors, and he often said that one eye answered all the purposes of two. But his health has been gradually giving way. He sought rest in foreign travel and returned without much improvement. His devotion to his pulpit was heroic. When he was altogether unfit for public labor he would drag himself to his place, and with the earnestness of a dying man proclaim the Word. What unction and tenderness, what pathos and power, now were revealed in his words! His own heart was filled with love for souls, and he felt that the time was short. He preached while he could, and longer than his friends thought that he should. At last he laid down his charge and retired broken-hearted, sorrowing most of all that he could preach the Gospel no more.

In the early spring he was moved to Montclair, N. J., for the benefit of rural surroundings, and there he has passed the summer with his family and in the midst of friends. Cheerful and patient under the will of God, sending messages of love and hope to his brethren who were anxious to hear of his state, he has been waiting for the end. Last Saturday afternoon he walked out as usual, but on his return appeared to be more feeble, and a little before nine o'clock in the evening he rested from all his labors and sufferings in the joy of the Lord.

From the New York Observer, November 3, 1881.

THE BURIAL OF DR. ROGERS.

Concourse of Clergymen : Words of Affection : The Great Congregation :

Touching Tributes to His Memory.

In forty years and more of life in New York city, I have never seen so many clergymen assembled at the funeral of one of their number as were present Thursday (October 27) at the services in memory of the late Ebenezer Platt Rogers, D.D. They were held in the South Reformed Church, of which he was, through eighteen happy years, the honored and beloved pastor.

An hour before the public services, his brethren of the clergy met in the chapel. The assembly was very remarkable for numbers and character, all the evangelical denominations being largely represented by many of their most distinguished ministers. The Rev. Dr. Hitchcock, President of the Theological Seminary, was called to the chair, and the Rev. Dr. Armitage led in a tender and appropriate prayer. When a committee had been appointed to embody the sentiment of the brethren in resolutions of respect and affection, they went on to speak freely of him, one after another, in terms of admiration and love. It was not surprising that all loved him, but

it was strange to hear that all loved him so much. And their memories of him were the pleasantest. His warm, genial nature, his welcome to those who sought him in his home and his study, his readiness to deny himself to do a favor, his deep personal piety, impressing every one with a sense of his nearness to God, and longing for the souls of men—these features of his character were dwelt upon by several speakers with fondness. Others delighted to recur to his playful humor, his flashing wit, so bright and yet always so kind, never wounding, always pleasing; making him the life of every social circle, the light and joy of every house which enjoyed his presence.

At this point one of the ministers produced a letter received that day from a distant friend, relating an incident in the city life of Dr. Rogers, which was recognized as exceedingly characteristic.

“Through a delightful social intercourse of many years, I have had occasion, again and again, to mark his generous nature, as well as his genial soul. With a sparkling wit, accompanied always with a most benevolent purpose, and a desire both to amuse and instruct, his conversation delighted every circle in which he moved. One day he had an amusing interview with a friend whom he met in one of the public conveyances of the city. Dr. R. said to him :

“ ‘ My friend, I am glad to meet you. I want to ask you to give three hundred dollars to an object in which I am much interested, and in which I hope you will be.’ ”

“ The Doctor then stated to his friend the object for which he was soliciting contributions. After first a refusal, and then a reconsideration of the sudden appeal, the gentleman replied :

“ ‘ Dr. Rogers, I will give you the sum you ask on one condition ; that you will allow me to put upon your tombstone this inscription : “ And it came to pass that the beggar died.” ’ ”

“ The Doctor, with his characteristic quickness in rep-
artee, said at once : ‘ Certainly I will, if you will add the remainder of the verse, “ *and was carried by the angels into Abraham’s bosom.*” ’ ”

Other speakers went back to their recollections of him when he was a boy at the village school, and freely said that many of the fine and beautiful traits of character that adorned his ministerial walk and conversation, were visible in the days of his early youth. One venerable man said, “ I have been in the ministry near him in every place, but one, in which he has been settled, and he has everywhere and always been the same delightful, charm-

ing friend, the same devout man of God, winning all hearts to himself, and leading souls to Christ." The words, love, lovely, loving, were more frequently than any others on the lips of the speakers. No other words seemed to meet the heart-wants of those who were trying to express their feelings now that he was gone.

There was no time to pursue these remarks, which followed one another in rapid succession, for the hour had come when we must take up the precious body of our brother and bear it into the house of God, where the great congregation was waiting. Devout men carried Stephen to his burial, and a more goodly company than ours seldom, if ever, attended a saint on his way to the grave. The elders of his church, who had stood by him so long and so lovingly, and his people and friends from other churches, and men of business, senators and secretaries, learned and eloquent professors and presidents, pastors and authors of wide fame, and men of business and wealth, and the poor whom he had befriended, joined in the procession, as we walked with the remains of our friend and laid them reverently in front of the pulpit which had been the throne and seat of his power. The house was heavily draped with the symbols of mourning, but there was no need of them, for sorrow sat on every face and pressed heavily on every heart. We listened to the triumphant

words of Paul, and rejoiced in the hope of that day when this mortal shall put on immortality. We sang hymns that the dead, while yet living, had been fond of singing ; for to all his other gifts he added yet this also, that he could lead the songs of the saints in the sanctuary, and often did, to the praise of Christ and the joy of his people. Then we prayed for the stricken household and the smitten church, and tried to put our hands into those of Him whom we call our Elder Brother ; one born for adversity, and who wept with them who mourned a brother dead.

The three addresses which were made were full of precious memories of the departed, warm eulogies, that must have seemed extravagant to those, if any such were in the house, who did not know him of whom they were spoken. But when Dr. Taylor and Dr. Chambers declared there was no pastor in the city more nearly perfect as a model of all that is to be desired in a pastor, they were free to challenge denial and to assert it in the hearing of that great throng of men who held the same high office. I thought it the finest eulogy by one pastor of another, when Dr. Chambers said : " I have often thought if I were a layman coming into the city with a family of children, Dr. Rogers would be my choice for a pastor, before all others." And when he had laid these honest words upon his memory, and shed warmer tears, the great

assembly came forward and looked in sadness and silence upon the face of the dead. What a procession of mourners! It was a long procession of friends sorrowing that they should see his placid face no more.

IRENÆUS.

From the Cazenovia Republican.

DEATH OF REV. DR. E. P. ROGERS.

Our community have received the intelligence of the death of Rev. Dr. E. P. Rogers with feelings of profound sorrow.

The Doctor was well known to all our people, having passed a number of his summer vacations among us, in our healthful and beautiful village.

Here he rested from the labors of the year, and by such rest and the invigorating climate of this region, laid up a stock of health for the year to come.

But the Doctor, while resting, was not idle; he went about doing good. He was known and welcomed at the bedside of the sick and in the home of the poor; and by his kind deeds and loving words he became the warm friend of all he met. The older people loved him for his words of sympathy and comfort; the middle-aged loved

him for his wise counsels and words of encouragement ; tho children loved him for his genial and happy spirit.

Our Church loved him for the faithful and eloquent way in which he so openly proclaimed to us the truth of his Divine Lord.

We shall all miss him, but he has left an influence for good among us which will be enduring.

W.

ARTICLE BY REV. DR. VAN SANTVOORD,

In the "Christian Intelligencer," November 30th, 1881.

THE LATE REV. DR. E. P. ROGERS.

Mr. Editor : Many of your readers knew and loved the late Dr. Rogers so well, and valued his many Christian virtues so highly, that they feel in his death a sense of personal bereavement. A Christian life so earnest and consistent in its consecration to a single high object, so symmetrical in its parts, so fruitful in its results, teaches lessons fitted to impress and improve us all.

Dr. Rogers' ministry in the Ref. Dutch Church began in 1856, and continued for a quarter of a century. He had served both the Congregational and Presbyterian

churches previously—the latter Church having enjoyed his labors from 1843 to the time of his entering on the pastorate of the First Reformed Church of Albany, N.Y. Though not much known at that time to the ministers of our communion, his name soon became familiar throughout the churches of our order. A few months after his settlement at Albany he attended the General Synod at Ithaca, in 1857. He was known personally to but few of the delegates, and some curiosity was felt as to the gifts of the new man who had come from a sister denomination to take charge of one of the strongest and most influential of our churches. The impression could not well have been more favorable. His frankness, his cordial manners, his genial spirit, his readiness and pertinence as a debater without a particle of assumption, the interest he took in the business of the Synod and the tact he showed in carrying it forward, his earnestness and fervor in matters touching the interests of the Church, with his uniform courtesy and gentleness, won for him a warm place in the regards of the brethren. That Synod, over which the writer happened to preside, was memorable as the one which decided to sever the connection which had hitherto subsisted between the Ref. Dutch Church and the American Board of Foreign Missions, and establish a separate For. Miss. Board. The discussion was prolonged

and animated, and I well remember how heartily Dr. Rogers espoused this project—as presenting fresh motives to the Church to labor and give, and rise to a higher consecration ; and how those who were timid and hesitating found in his glowing arguments courage to go forward, leaving difficulties to vanish, as he declared they must, before the might of faith, prayer, and labor. The influence of his persuasive words was marked, and helped to secure a well-nigh unanimous vote in favor of the measure.

On the Sunday during the meeting of the Synod, Dr. Rogers preached in the Reformed Church where the sessions were held. His text was: “If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous.” The sermon was preached without notes, thus enhancing its effect—his musical intonations imparting tenderness and pathos to the accents that “besought men in Christ’s stead to be reconciled to God.” He showed how fully he understood the power of preaching “Christ crucified,” and how adapted such preaching is to every man’s needs. Certainly the impression was very happy.

Though Dr. Rogers had come to the Synod a stranger, he returned well known, esteemed by all, and on terms of warm friendliness with many,—who, as they came to

know him longer, learned to honor and love him more. He seemed to us—so heartily did he adapt himself to his new home and surroundings—never to have been an alien, but always to have lived among us. He was through and through a loyal servant and supporter of his adopted Church—not in any sectarian spirit, indeed, for all churches, so they were true Christians, were dear to him—but he placed himself in heartiest accord with the body of Christians where his lot was cast, upholding its institutions, promoting its charities, giving aid and comfort to its Boards, and doing earnestly, gladly and persistently whatever his hand found to do to add to its strength and prosperity. The heart of the Church warmed to him, and the place of trust and honor given him in her Boards and Councils detracted nothing from the high estimate in which he was held by Christians of other names. Every field which Providence assigned him he cultivated with his best diligence as beneath the Master's eye, and every position he occupied at the bidding of the Church he filled well, performing its duties with conscientious fidelity. Did space allow, I would like to speak of his six years' pastorate in Albany, where his Christian enterprise and activity, his pastoral assiduity, his fervid preaching, his genial, loving and catholic temper, his unwearied labors in behalf of the Church and

man's best interests, impressed the people as few pastors succeed in doing.

I may not dwell upon this, nor upon his eighteen years' fruitful labors in his last charge in New York, where the rare qualities he possessed drew people to his ministry, and kept his church full during all his pastorate there. We mingle our lamentations with those who were wont to hear his voice and who weep because they shall see his face no more. But He, who in His wisdom has put this "lover and friend far from us," consoles us with the assurance that, following him as he followed Christ, we shall greet him in 'due time among the "innumerable company" of "the saints in light,"—where it will be given us to see eye to eye, and learn the full meaning of the Inspired Word, when it says, "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever."

RESOLUTIONS FROM VARIOUS SOCIETIES.

UNIVERSITY OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

WASHINGTON SQUARE.

NEW YORK, December 1st, 1881.

At a meeting of the Council, held at the council room, on the first day of December, 1881, Rev. A. R. Thompson, D.D., and S. O. Vanderpoel, M.D., LL.D., the committee appointed to prepare a minute on the death of the Rev. E. P. Rogers, D.D., a member of the Council, reported the following, which was unanimously adopted by the Council:

The committee to whom was referred the duty of preparing a memorial of the late Rev. Dr. Rogers, respectfully report the following:

Through a long and useful life, Rev. Dr. Ebenezer P. Rogers maintained the integrity of a high-toned Christian character. Naturally he was characterized by great amiability. He had the advantage of fine culture. He was habitually industrious, and with a clear sense of duty and re-

sponsibility, and with entire devotion fulfilled his work to the end. Out of this grew a life of great sweetness, kindness, genial winsomeness, and indefatigable usefulness. No man could be a more delightful companion, nor a more faithful friend. It pleased God to keep him in positions of large responsibility and wide influence, where a man of his eminent fidelity could fulfil a grand measure of usefulness; and such usefulness was his great characteristic. In his own denomination and church he was greatly beloved, and all his intercourse with us, as a member of this Council, was bright with genial kindness, and marked with faithful devotion to the interests of the University.

Sadly, but not without thankfulness for the delightful memories of him, the Council do hereby direct this minute to be entered on its records, and to be communicated to his church and to his family.

Extract from the minutes.

WM. R. MARTIN,
Secretary.

JOHN TAYLOR JOHNSTON, *President.*

REV. JOHN HALL, D.D., *Chancellor ad interim.*

WM. R. MARTIN, *Secretary.*

WM. A. WHELOCK, *Treasurer.*

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY,
150 Nassau St., N. Y.

December, 9, 1881. }

DEAR MRS. ROGERS: I enclose a copy of a minute adopted by our Executive Committee at its last meeting, which I hope may give you and your family a little comfort, as one of a thousand testimonies how much your dear husband was trusted and beloved. I do not know when a city pastor has been so universally a favorite among his brethren. We went somewhat out of our course in passing this minute, inasmuch as he was not at the time a member of our committee.

With sincere condolence,

Yours truly,

W. W. RAND.

From the Minutes of the Executive Committee.

At a meeting of the Committee held November 21st, 1881, the following minute was adopted:

“The Committee cannot forbear to place upon its records some brief tribute of esteem and affection in memory of Rev. E. P. Rogers, D.D., who has recently gone to his reward, October 22d, in his 64th year. At the last Anniversary, Dr. Rogers had been ten years a member of this Committee, and the Publishing Committee, but was then reluctantly compelled to withdraw

by his increasing ill health. The Committee mourn him as a brother beloved, a genial companion, a wise counselor, a model pastor, a graceful and effective preacher, an associate in this and many other forms of Christian work, remarkably ready, prompt and able. He loved the service of Christ, and when called by Providence to lay it down, his own deep and sore regrets were only equaled by the profound sorrow of his co-laborers."

A true copy.

W. W. RAND,
Secretary.

AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY. }
NEW YORK, Nov. 11th, 1881. }

MRS. ROGERS:

My dear Madam—It affords me great satisfaction to transmit to you, under instructions from the Board of Managers of the American Bible Society, the enclosed paper concerning their sense of loss, in the removal of your highly esteemed husband.

He has found rest in the home above, but the doctrine of the Book he loved so well assures us that "We still are one, despite of change and time."

I am

Very respectfully yours,

A. S. HUNT,
Cor. Sec'y.

AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY,
 BIBLE HOUSE, ASTOR PLACE,
 New York, Nov. 9th, 1881. }

At the stated meeting of the Board of Managers of the American Bible Society, held at the Bible House, Nov. 3d, 1881, the following minute was unanimously adopted:

The earthly life of the Rev. Ebenezer P. Rogers, D.D., recently pastor of the South Reformed Church in this city, terminated on the 22d day of October last. His interest in the work of the American Bible Society has ever been decided, and he was unanimously elected in May, 1880, to fill the vacancy in the Standing Committee on Anniversaries, occasioned by the death of the lamented Dr. Hutton.

This Committee had occasion to meet more frequently than usual shortly after he became a member of it, in order to make arrangements for the Wyckliffe Semi-millennial Celebration, and his associates had therefore good opportunity to learn how wise he was in counsel, and how kindly and genial in his bearing.

The Board of Managers place upon their minutes a sincere expression of their sorrow in being so soon deprived of the valued services of Dr. Rogers as a member of the Committee on Anniversaries, while they recognize in his removal an impressive lesson concerning

the necessity of the most prompt and faithful service in the Master's cause, "for the night cometh when no man can work." The Secretaries are hereby instructed to transmit a copy of this minute to the family of Dr. Rogers, and to publish the same in the Bible Society Record.

(From the minutes.)

CALEB T. ROWE,
Rec'g. Sec'y.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS OF FRIENDS.

One of his dearly-loved brethren in the ministry writes: "A note apprised me of the home-going of my much loved friend. Considering whither he has gone I cannot say I am sorry that he has gone as he did; the gentle falling asleep on the Saturday night, to awake in heaven's own Eternal Sabbath Morning, is very sweet to my heart. He has not outlived his work, and while the circle on earth is broken for a season, we must not forget that, on the other side, there has been reunion, and there is especially the 'being at home with the Lord.'

"I feel myself bereaved. I loved him tenderly and truly. I always knew where to find him. He was closer to me than any other brother in the ministry; our intimacy was of the tenderest sort. I had learned to lean upon his friendship, and I feel as if I had lost one of my most reliable companions. So, perhaps more than most, I am sorrowing, 'sorrowing, yet rejoicing,' for we know that he has gone to his reward, and heaven is more attractive from his presence there."

Another well-known clergyman, regretting his un-

avoidable absence from the funeral services, says: "I have known Dr. Rogers for almost forty years, and in proportion as my acquaintance with him has become more intimate, I have held him in higher and more affectionate esteem. It is a real grief to me to feel that I am not again to meet him on earth."

One of his special friends, also a minister, writes: "Among all my associates, none so tender and clinging as he. He was scarcely any older than I, yet he seemed so much stronger and larger in the comprehensiveness and breadth of his wisdom and love, that an element of filial deference was always present in my feelings toward him. I admired and honored as much as I loved him.

"Nobody can take his place toward his family or toward the rest of us. Nobody can be so quick to see all wants except his own, or so blind to all mistakes and shortcomings except his own—so genial, so cheering, so helpful, so large-hearted and generous and tender as he."

Again, a clergyman writes: "Let us rejoice that his threescore and four years were filled with the works of a faithful ministry, works that shall follow him, and rejoice too in the hope of soon being reunited to him whose genial, bright, social disposition may make even the heavenly communion of saints more delightful, as it always did the communion of saints on earth."

One who once had charge of a church near him, says : "Our dear brother, Dr. Rogers, has been translated ! He has always had a warm place in my heart. We have held pleasant intercourse in many ways. The little meetings for prayer in his study, his genial spirit and ready cooperation in everything good ; in short everything about him, I have loved to remember. When I came to New York he met me with the same glow of friendship, and though we have been able to see each other only occasionally, it has always been a satisfaction to know that he was near me, and I have truly loved and honored him. The memory of what he was, of his eminently useful and honorable life, cannot but be a source of the richest present satisfaction and of enduring joy."

A clergyman of another denomination speaks of an acquaintance with Dr. Rogers of thirty years, of intimate and cordial relations when they were contemporary pastors, and of religious conversations, when he always claimed to be but "a poor sinner clinging to the Cross, looking unto Jesus for everything."

A brother clergyman, who knew him only during the last summer of his life, writes : "My regret is that I did not know more of the Doctor ; love him more I could not."

A neighboring clergyman says of him : "My kind,

true, and ever-faithful friend for twenty years! How we shall miss him in Chi Alpha! No one more beloved in that circle of brethren than he! No one who leaves a sweeter, purer or more gracious memory. For many years I have counted Dr. Rogers to be the model pastor of New York. His heart-power was prodigious, and his idea of the minister was 'to heal the broken-hearted.'

"Such a man lives in the memories of his flock long after all intellectual exploits are forgotten."

Still another brother in the ministry writes: "I want to gratify my own heart by saying how very much I loved beloved Dr. Rogers, now at rest in God, and how tenderly I shall cherish his memory. I count his friendship among my precious things, and hope to renew it in a better world."

An intimate clerical friend says: "Every one feels that he was taken away before his place could afford to spare him. Just because his health failed with such apparent suddenness, and he passed from his graceful manly vigor into infirmity and then to death, the most affectionate regard is attracted to him.

"I have been greatly pleased to notice the large and hearty terms in which the brethren have spoken of his character and work. Few men would be more missed. Few men have more available ability; and fewer still

equal him in those invaluable qualities which win men and cheer them. He was a comfort to all his brethren."

From a pulpit where he had often preached during his summer vacations, came this tribute: "One honored and beloved among you has passed away to the things unseen. Dr. Rogers, great in heart, great in conscience, who loved God, and loved his fellow-men; whose life, so pure in its simplicity, will live forever in your hearts, has gone from us; but such a life death cannot end.

"It was long and useful, one of arduous and unremitting toil. With disease encroaching upon a strong manhood, he did double work for Christ. His days of rest never found him idle. A single spot in yonder lecture-room is hallowed by his memory; the groves and parks around us are places where he often preached the Gospel, and all bear witness to his ceaseless efforts to spread abroad the Master's kingdom. Hearts have been warmed to a deeper Christian love, the graces of character called out to a richer life, by his love and words of kind encouragement. Many souls called from death unto life are better monuments than marble. There is triumph in such a life!"

A friend who united with the second church which Dr. Rogers had under his charge in his early ministry, writes: "I have special occasion to remember the departed

very tenderly, but to-night at our church prayer meeting we have recalled the story of the past and the life of the sainted one. We remember the sermons that he preached here, the sweet savor of his life, his sunny spirit, his earnest words, his fervent prayers, and have thanked God for his influence over us. During the years since he left us, we have followed him from place to place, rejoicing in his success, in the good work done, in the wide circle of noble and true friends gained; and now he is with the Christ whom he loved to preach, and sees Him, the crucified one. His sermon, preached here from the words, 'I am determined to know,' etc., and the emphasis placed on the words, '*and Him crucified,*' gave a new meaning to the text."

Another says: "His work was done, and well done. His sermons always comforted me, and I never heard him without wishing I could do so more frequently."

Again: "I can only tell how much I loved and respected Dr. Rogers. His noble character won my admiration years ago, and time has only increased it. His devoted attention to my dear mother during her long illness attached him to all the members of our family, and I am sure his gracious presence will live in our memories as long as life shall last."

And still one writes: "I must send you what I cannot

repress. Dear Dr. Rogers has been so much to us. When our mother was taken, he came right to us; when our father went home, he sat and wept with us as if he were our own by ties of kindred as well as of affection, and so it has always been time out of mind; now, what blessed revelations, what blessed recognitions are his!"

A friend of many years says: "May I venture to tell you how darkly the shadow of your deep sorrow has fallen on our hearts? We held him in full appreciation, and I have no words worthy to do him honor. Lovingly will we revere his memory, sorrowing most of all that we shall see his face no more."

One writes: "How the absence of his weakened body in the presence of his glorified Lord, must be to him peace and serene happiness. His affection was always very sweet and comforting, for he has been so much more than even most good men are to his family and his friends."

And another: "Such men do not fall asleep every day. God needs them when they do. His talks, so full of Christian comfort, and his warm love for the cause to which he had given his life, are impressed upon my heart and can never be forgotten."

A friend says: "We are shocked and grieved to the very soul; yet how happy is that weary soul to-day, his

first Sabbath in Paradise! May we all emulate his holy life, so gentle, so noble, so sweet and pure."

Another: "Dear Dr. Rogers has reached that heaven he so vividly portrayed in his beautiful sermons a few years ago."

Expressing sincere sympathy with those bereaved, one says: "From many years of intercourse with dear Dr. Rogers, I had come to cherish for him a sincere regard and affection, and his death was to me the loss of a friend. His last visit at my house is fresh in my memory."

One of the kindred writes: "How many pleasures I have owed to him, and what comfort in all times of our affliction! His brightness and readiness, his tender sympathy, his excellent taste and judgment and varied abilities are not only models but precious treasures in remembrance."

Again: "What a precious legacy his memory is! He always made religion so attractive to young and old, that by his very manner, as well as words, he could win souls to Christ. In his own words of sympathy to me, 'Tears are for us who linger here, not for those who are now forever with the Lord.'"

One of the many to whom he had ministered speaks of "the brave spirit and useful life we so loved and honored. Beyond, peradventure, he has been taken to the higher

life for which he was so fitted. How well I remember when he said to me, 'For Christians, sudden death is sudden benediction!'

A clergyman of another denomination writes: "It was a joy to me to hear the tender, appreciative words which were spoken at the funeral of Dr. Rogers, and to know that they carried with them the assent of all those who knew with what a loving, earnest, and generous spirit he had accomplished his ministry.

"In the less public service which was held in the chapel, it was evident from what was said by his brethren, that his friendship had been a source of great gladness and help to them, and that his loss was regarded by each as a personal bereavement. The testimony was unstudied, sincere and impressive, and as I reflect on it, I must congratulate you that his name is associated with so much of honor and love, and the work of his life has been so nobly done.

"The end of such a life must be blessed, but the extent of the blessedness who of us can imagine?"

One who had been his parishioner for some years says: "Every feeling of resignation, every good deed, thought, and impulse that I possess, I owe to beloved Dr. Rogers. His perfect life and example, his gentle words, and ever ready sympathy, his unwavering Christian

faith, and all his perfect ways and works, will ever be remembered by us all, but most sincerely and earnestly by myself. I can think of nothing but his loveliness, his gentleness, his goodness, and his perfect life as our example. He told us, after our dear aunt's death, that 'we had nothing but pleasant memories of her.' Surely, those words are most fitting for him, for no pastor could have been more tenderly loved, and of none could it be more truly said, there are naught but pleasant memories."

A friend writes: "Among my earliest recollections of men who commanded my admiration and respect, is a very well defined memory of Dr. Rogers, as he was in his early middle life; and now he stands in my thoughts as one for whom my regard never diminished, but rather increased. When I reflect that the number of those of whom I can think in that way is very limited, I am sure there is reason to say of him, 'He was a great man.'"

One Sabbath morning, during his settlement in Augusta, Ga., Daniel Webster took his seat among the hearers. He listened with marked attention, and, after the service was ended, said that he "liked that young minister; he preached like a converted man!"

LETTER FROM X. A. TO REV. DR. ROGERS.

DEAR BRO. ROGERS: We, of X. A., missed the warm grasp of your hand and your hearty words of greeting when we reassembled after vacation; and almost the first word, on the announcement of "miscellaneous business," was, "*Has any one heard from Brother Rogers?*"

As the tidings came in, one was reminded of the circle which surrounded Æneas, when he began the story of Troy, in Dido's banqueting hall—

"Conticuere omnes intentique ora tenebant:"

and the issue of it all is that I am honored by my brethren with the pleasant commission of conveying to you Chi Alpha's greetings.

"We thank God upon every remembrance of you, for your fellowship in the Gospel from the first day even until now; being confident that He who hath begun a good work in you, will perfect it until the day of Jesus Christ.

If our wishes and prayers could concentrate upon you all the restful and bracing influences which have come

to X. A. from the mountains, the sea, and the healing springs, you would be strong indeed, and your place among us would not long remain empty; yet, better than the mountains which "bring peace," is the presence with you of the God of the mountains, who also is the "God of peace," and who is "round about His people as the mountains are round about Jerusalem. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved. He shall preserve thee from all evil, He shall preserve thy soul."

You will be glad to learn that our brethren return to their work in good health and with brave hearts. * * * *

Thus we are again together, only the poorer by the lack of your genial face and familiar voice. Yet we shall instruct Bro. Spaulding always to mark you "present," for we know where the best part of you—your heart—always is on Saturday evening.

Accept, dear brother, the renewed assurance of our love and sympathy. What better can we ask for you as you tarry in your tent, than that "the peace of God may guard your heart in Christ Jesus"?

On behalf of X. A., I am

Very sincerely and affectionately yours,

MARVIN R. VINCENT.

Oct. 8, 1881.

X. A. TRIBUTE.



X. A.

OUR BROTHER,

REV. E. P. ROGERS, D.D.

DIED OCTOBER 22, 1881.

[This paper was read Nov. 5, 1881, before X. A., by Rev. S. Irenæus Prime, D.D., and printed by order of the Circle.]

WHEN Dr. Adams left us we knew that the father of this band of brethren was gone. It stirs no latent jealousy in any breast to say that he held the highest place in our hearts, and no one would or could be more deeply mourned.

Dr. Rogers held us by other but not less powerful and perhaps more tender ties. At any moment in the last ten or fifteen years we would have unanimously chosen him as the most universally beloved of this Circle.

He was for many years the Secretary of X. A.; his retirement, resisted as long as it was right to resist, was

finally submitted to as a positive calamity. We then procured a handsome album, and each member of the Circle in turn took it home, wrote a page in it, and signed his name. We all remember with what emotion he accepted this extraordinary testimonial, and how he declared on this floor that he valued that book above any other thing in his possession ; that he should preserve it with grateful pride, and transmit it to his children.

His admiration and love for this Circle were chivalric and sublime. Others may have equal affection and esteem for it ; none have given such marked and forcible expression of the sentiment.

To portray the character, to catalogue the virtues, or to define the attributes of this lovely and loving brother in the sole hearing of the Circle in which he was "the observed of all observers," is a work which I am not so weak as to think of attempting. Cut down to the heart of each one of us and you will find the portrait of Rogers. Call up the successive evenings, the "noctes ambrosianæ," we have enjoyed with him, and each night is lighted with a joyous or a pathetic memory of something Rogers said. No one remembers a sharp or querulous word ; his were words of grace seasoned with salt—Attic salt sometimes, that never loses its savor ; his playful speech half unuttered, as if he were ashamed to disturb

the gravity of a Circle of such dignity; his frequent anecdote, so pertinent and brief that it hit and told, and was lost in the applause that it drew; how he suppressed his own laugh as though it had cost him an effort to restrain the story, and the rest could have the pleasure of it! I think no one will question the remark that he was the most entertaining member of the company. And this I have put first, because it is the least of all that is to be said of him. His wit and humor were merely the efflorescence of his bright and sparkling genius; the rich, ripe fruitage of his mind and heart had other exhibition. And *therefore* his brilliant flashes and sudden repartees never wounded; and, what is more to be admired, never shone *mal à propos*; never disturbed the serenity of an hour or moment when higher and better things than even innocent amusement were before us. It is much to know when to indulge in humor, and we who have no temptation that way, ought to be very charitable to our more vivacious brethren who are so overcharged they cannot hold it well in hand.

Dr. South was one of these men of exuberant wit. Dr. Sherlock remonstrated with him on its too free indulgence; but Dr. South, turning on him, said: "Dear Dr. Sherlock, had it pleased the Lord to make you a wit, what would you have done?"

“Thin partitions divide the cells” in which smiles and tears are held. By some strange economy of infinite skill, natures like that of our dear Rogers have the elements of the gay and the grave, the lively and the pathetic, in such harmony and proportions as to produce the most charming and the most useful character. When Dr. Rogers preached the Gospel, when he addressed the great assembly from the platform, when he discussed the subject for the evening in this presence, he was uniformly and intensely serious. He was often sad to a remarkable degree. I recall the evening when we were discussing the future state of the finally impenitent. He told us, with quivering lips and tearful eyes, of the awful emotions awakened in his soul by the contemplation of the theme, and he solemnly declared he accepted the revelation of God as truth, but he could not talk about it.

His discourses were full of rich, religious, solemn, and momentous truth. Every Christian hearer would be instructed, edified, and gratified. It was a privilege to sit at his feet. He loved to preach. He would rarely let anybody preach for him if he could help it.

There may be in this city other preachers more attractive than Dr. Rogers was, but there are none whose sermons are more highly charged with all the constituent elements of the Gospel of Christ.

The secret of his usefulness was revealed in his work as a pastor. Here he was *primus inter pares*. From house to house, like Paul, he preached. He was the good shepherd. He knew the lambs by name. No higher praise could be given by one pastor to another, than the tribute by Dr. Chambers to our brother at his funeral when he said: "I have often thought if I were a layman coming into the city with a family of children, Dr. Rogers would be my choice for a pastor, before all others."

What a joy it was to be led by him in holy song! Here in our devotions, or in the house of God when we held our union meetings for prayer, how his strong, sweet voice was followed by the great congregation! I never heard any man's singing that seemed more like the heart-utterance of one in converse with heaven.

"When one that holds communion with the skies
Has filled his urn where these pure waters rise,
And once more mingles with us meaner things,
'Tis e'en as if an angel shook his wings;
Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide,
That tells us whence his treasures are supplied."

Few of us knew how much physical pain he endured. Long years ago, before he came to New York, I knew the fierce agonies that sometimes seemed more than mortal could suffer and yet survive. And in the midst of

this Circle he has told those near him often, that his anguish was inexpressible. But in this great fight of affliction, endured as seeing the invisible, he made pastoral visits, he climbed his pulpit stairs, he preached the Word, though every movement was a protracted pang.

Happy are we to have lived and been X. A. with dear Rogers. His memory is fragrant as roses. It is almost impossible to be sad in thinking of him, even as one who is forever gone from the Circle, thoughts of him are so delightful. "Very pleasant hast thou been unto us," we keep on saying; and his wonderful loveliness appears the more as we think it is hereafter to be only a memory.

A few years ago a blood-vessel broke behind one of his eyes, and the suffusion extinguished its sight. He was able to see quite as well with one eye as with two; but he knew that the rupture indicated tendency to apoplexy, and that if the discharge had been upon the brain, it would have been fatal. It is not strange that he felt himself now peculiarly liable to a stroke of death.* He had apprehensions that settled into convictions, that his life was not to be long continued.

When too feeble to conduct the worship in his family,

* His father died of apoplexy at the age of forty-seven, and none of his ancestors had passed sixty-four years.

and another led the devotions, he added to the daily prayer these words: "God be merciful to me a sinner."

He rode out almost daily with one of the family. He had been so weak during the summer, and his speech was so much impeded by the paralysis affecting his mouth, that he could not have the society of his friends; but he did enjoy the autumn scenery. As he rode in the midst of it, he spoke often of its beauty and of his joy in God, who was now the strength of his heart. On the last day of his life, two weeks ago to-day, he walked out with his daughter, and as they returned toward evening, he complained of being more feeble; a gentle stroke—the hand of death was very gentle—and at a quarter before nine o'clock, P. M., Saturday, October 22, 1881, he quietly fell on sleep, and awoke with the Lord.

His remains were brought from Montclair to this city, and to the church of his eighteen years' pastoral love and care.

In forty years and more of life in New York City, I have never seen so many clergymen assembled at the funeral of one of their number as were present (October 27) at the services in his memory.

An hour before the public services, his brethren of the clergy met in the chapel. The assembly was very remarkable for numbers and character, all the evangelical

denominations being largely represented by many of their most distinguished ministers. The Rev. Dr. Hitchcock, President of the Theological Seminary, was called to the chair, and the Rev. Dr. Armitage led in a tender and appropriate prayer. When a committee had been appointed to embody the sentiment of the brethren in resolutions of respect and affection, they went on to speak freely of him, one after another, in terms of admiration and love. It was not surprising that all loved him, but it was strange to hear that all loved him so much. And their memories of him were the pleasantest. His warm, genial nature, his welcome to those who sought him in his home and in his study, his readiness to deny himself to do a favor, his deep personal piety, impressing every one with a sense of his nearness to God, and longing for the souls of men—these features of his character were dwelt upon by several speakers with fondness. Others delighted to recur to his playful humor, his flashing wit, so bright and yet so kind, never wounding, always pleasing; making him the life of every social circle, the light and joy of every house which enjoyed his presence.

The funeral services were conducted by members of this Circle, addresses being made by three of our number, and then the great assembly came forward and looked in sadness and silence upon the face of the dead.

Next morning we went with the remains to Fairfield, Conn., and laid him by the side of his parents in the rural cemetery there. It was a lovely October day when we went out of town into the country to find a grave for our brother. Autumn leaves were falling all about us. The "melancholy days, the saddest of the year," had come. But beyond the autumn and the winter, beyond the coldness and the darkness of the tomb, the light of a brighter morn than this was breaking on our weeping eyes.

And I heard a voice from heaven, saying, "Thy brother shall rise again."

LAST SERMON.

JAN. 23, 1881.

“ And it shall come to pass in that day that the light shall not be clear nor dark : but it shall be one day that shall be known to the Lord, not day nor night : but it shall come to pass, that at evening time it shall be light.”
—ZACHARIAH xiv. 6, 7.

THE prophet Zachariah and the prophet Haggai flourished and prophesied about the same period, or eighteen years after the return of the Jews from their captivity in Babylon, though Zachariah continued longer in the prophetic office than Haggai. They were both greatly interested in the building of the second temple, and did much for the restoration of Jerusalem to something like its former prosperity. Zachariah did not begin to prophesy quite as early as his colleague, but he continued longer, and his prophetic writings are rather in a loftier strain, and are more especially concerned with the coming of the Messiah, and the glories of that auspicious period. He was a bold and fearless public teacher, as indeed most of the old Hebrew prophets were, for they were an extraordinary body of men, rebuking with un-

sparing severity the people for sin, pointing them to the fierce judgments of God; calling them to repentance, and assuring them of forgiveness and mercy, whenever they would repent and return to the Lord; and bearing all their plain, stern, uncompromising utterances, whether of rebuke or of promise, on the simple authority of the divine word. You will find that very commonly their prophecies are introduced in this language: the "word of the Lord came to Zachariah," or "the burden of the word of the Lord to Israel by Malachi." It was always the word of the Lord, and armed with that, these commissioned religious teachers of the ancient Hebrews felt that they could use the plainest language, and deal with their hearers in the most uncompromising manner; even at the risk of incurring the disapprobation, the opposition, and even the persecution of the people. It has been said that the part which the prophets played in ancient Israel might be compared to that which belongs to the free and independent press in modern days.

The prophet tells us his name; Zachariah the son of Barachiah, the son of Iddo. And some critics are of the opinion that he is referred to by our Lord, Matt. xxiii. 35, as that Zachariah, the son of Barachiah, who was slain between the temple and the altar. There are some things said in this prophecy concerning the Messiah being smit-

ten and being wounded in the house of his friends, which favor the idea, and also that Zachariah was truly a type of Christ himself, and that being assaulted by his persecutors, he took refuge in the court of the priests, being himself a priest, and so "was slain between the porch and the altar."

The time when the word of the Lord came to Zachariah is said to be in the second year of Darius. This shows that it must have been after the captivity, for had it been before that sad era, the chronology would have dated in the reign of either of the kings of Judah or of Israel, whichever it might have been; but now all that was changed, and things were dated by the reign of the kings of Persia, to whom the Hebrews were subject, so that the very date of the prophet's message shows us that was in the dark age of Israel, and the period of their bitter degradation.

It is not according to our purpose to consider this prophecy at all in detail. This only can be said, that while the prophet does not spare the Jewish people in reproving them for sin on sin, threatening God's wrath upon such as did not repent under his warnings, yet the general strain of his prophecy is encouraging and hopeful, and they who feared God and trusted in Him had good reason to hope that the future had in it abundance

of mercy, connected with the coming of the Messiah and the setting up of His kingdom in the world. Under the figure, which is often repeated, of *a day, a day of the Lord*, which was not to be all cloudy, nor light, but of a mixed and blended character, the time which was to elapse before the final coming of the Messiah is described as a time which should be of a mixed character, not all darkness, neither all light, but now with dark days and now with bright ones; while yet the course of God's providence would go steadily on toward the end of the dispensation, and then the light of the latter day would dawn, and the day of trial and discipline, and mingled light and shade, and alternations of hope and fear, sorrow and joy, anticipation and disappointment, would give place to the full-orbed and permanent brightness of the evening, or the final close of the dispensation. "And it shall come to pass in that day that the light shall not be clear nor dark: but it shall be one day which shall be known to the Lord, not day, nor night: but it shall come to pass, that at evening time it shall be light."

From this sketch of the character of the day especially referred to in this prophetic utterance, we may learn a lesson as to the method of God's providence in His dealings with individuals or with His Church, so long as they are concerned with the present dispensation.

We learn, then, from the language of the text, that life for all of us, in this world, is under the superintendence of the providence of God. It is a day, *one day*, appointed by God, sustained by God, watched over by God, and subject to such laws of God's appointing, as He sees to be consistent with His own wise, just, and good purposes for all His creatures, whether as nations, communities or individuals.

One of the most marked and universal of these divine laws is, that which arranges the mixed and average character of our day of life. The prophet says, "It shall come to pass in that day that the light shall not be clear nor dark: but it shall be one day which shall be known to the Lord, not *day*, nor *night*: but it shall come to pass, that at evening time it shall be light." So it is of the great day of human life. With none of us is it a time of unmingled brightness, nor yet of deep and gloomy shadows, but of alternate light and shade. No man's life is one of perpetual sunshine, or of unrelieved darkness. The child may fancy that it will be always summer with its genial warmth, its beauteous flowers, and its luscious fruits, but he soon learns that after the summer zephyrs, come "chill November's surly blasts," the biting frosts, the blinding snows, and the bitter cold and rigor of winter; that each season has its average amount of cold and heat, of storm

and sunshine, of days when the sky is gold and purple, and hours when it is lead-colored and sad, and that to expect either constant summer or perpetual winter, would alike be unnatural, unreasonable, and on the whole undesirable. And so it is with life, as it is with the weather. It is not always January, nor is it always June. Days of trouble alternate with days of joy ; times of prosperity with times of disaster ; sickness with health ; gratification with disappointment ; gain with loss. Now and then an exuberant and sanguine spirit may paint life in rosy hues, or a determined hypochondriac may see nothing but subdued and sober gray, often deepening into funereal black ; but neither of these is a wholesome or normal mental condition ; and both physical, social, and spiritual life in this world, according to the general experience of mankind, is but represented by a day, the light of which shall not be "clear nor dark," not "day nor night," so that we need not cherish exaggerated expectations of good, nor indulge in extraordinary forebodings of evil, both of which will inevitably unfit us for the wholesome and important duties and responsibilities of life. God's providence has arranged the plan of life for us in infinite wisdom, so that the same set of muscles shall not be always in action, or the same sensibilities always on a strain, but that seasons of toil shall be relieved by seasons

of rest ; times of depression shall be compensated by times of exhilaration, and episodes of trial be counterbalanced by episodes of joy. This is a wise and benignant arrangement, and one which should awaken a thoroughly appreciative gratitude in our hearts.

It is in accordance with this providential law that one of the wisest of men offered what I have, as you may remember, characterized as a wonderful prayer, "Give me neither poverty nor riches." That is the happiest life, and probably the most useful and fruitful, which is not marked by great extremes, but which is characterized by a reasonable and happy mediocrity. And the wholesome and rational view of life which enabled Agur to offer such a prayer, justifies us in the opinion that he was probably a happy and useful man.

It will be, my friends, a wise thing for us to accustom ourselves to take moderate, and rational, and Christian views of life. Regarding it first of all as marked out for us by a wise and benevolent God, who knows what is best for us, and is inclined "to make all things work together for our good," let us accept the conditions which He has arranged for us, and expect our day not clear, nor dark ; not *all* brightness, of which we should tire ; nor all darkness, by which we should be discouraged ; not day, not night, but a blending of the two, in fair proportions, and

in reasonable measure ; in which we may do our work, bear our burdens, meet our responsibilities, and enjoy our comforts ; and daily grow and ripen under the blended discipline of God's providence and grace for the perfect, satisfying, and unchanging life to come.

But another of the laws which characterizes God's providence, is one to which we have no parallel in the natural day, while yet it is one of the most precious and blessed of all the conditions of the Christian life. It is that revealed in the latter clause of this prophecy, " But it shall come to pass that at evening-time it shall be light."

This is a very remarkable declaration, and, as we have said, it is not warranted by any laws of analogy with the natural day. We look for light in the morning, or at noon, but evening is the season when daylight fades, and the curtains of the night are drawn, and the landscape is draped in gloom, which soon deepens in darkness. It is the withdrawal of the light which makes the evening, and nothing would surprise us more if we should see the advancing twilight suddenly glow with the purple and gold of the noon-day, and the thickening shadows be arrested by a grand outburst of light. But that which is never literally true of the natural day, is often true of the providential day, " that at the evening time it shall be light." It is true of our spiritual days, of the Christian's day,

which begins when he first enters on the Christian life. The dawn of that day, the day of our earlier and immature Christian experience, may be overcast with the clouds of ignorance, with the shadows of despondency and doubt, with the troubles of a reproving conscience, with a growing sense of sin, and a feeling of unworthiness which gives us many dark and sorrowful hours. But as the day wears on and the noontide passes, many an aged Christian can testify that brighter and more cheering and comforting light came as the hours grew less; and while the approach of evening to the natural day brought the darkening shadows, yet to the spiritual day it brought increasing light. Increased knowledge of God's word brought to light exceeding great and precious promises; an enlarged sense of sin made him better acquainted with the love of Christ and the preciousness of His atonement, and protracted and sometimes bitter struggles with temptation only made increasingly valuable the help of the Holy Spirit in his infirmities, and those supplies of divine strength which were perfected in his human weakness. And this is in accordance with all God's promises to His people; one of these is that "the righteous shall hold on his way, and he that hath clean hands shall wax stronger and stronger." This is not true of our natural life; as that advances, our strength of muscle and our elasticity of

sinew relaxes and grows weaker, and the grasshopper becomes a burden, and the eyes grow dim, and the sky is shaded or sombre. But the spiritual strength may be renewed and the vision of the soul be quickened, the sky grow clearer and brighter, and the "path of the just be as a shining light, shining more and more unto the perfect day." And so the Christian's last days may be his best days, and though his day of spiritual life, like the day of his natural, may have been "not clear, nor dark," but a blending of both, yet, unlike that, at "evening time" it may be calm and bright and radiant light.

And if we consider the close of day as but another term to describe the close of life, and death but as the evening time whose shadows must sooner or later envelop us all, then there is a precious and certain truth in this language applied to the close of the good man's life. "At the evening time it shall be light." No matter how clouded may have been the morning, how shaded even the noon-day, to a true Christian the light will come with the going down of the sun. There are many reasons why the best we can expect of life is that it shall be a day "not clear nor dark;" a life of average comfort and hope, not always bright, not always dark, but with blended light and shade, sorrow and joy, hope and fear; so that no wise man cherishes over-strained expectations of prosperity or excep-

tional seasons of joy, but indulges in moderate views, and is contented with the average course of God's providence, thankful for all the good, patient and resigned to all the evil, and learning in whatever state he may be, therewith to be content. But we may be certain that all clouds will vanish from the Christian's sky when the sun at last goes down, and "at the evening time it shall be light." The western horizon shall be all aflame with purple and gold; the Sun of Righteousness will break through the clouds, and all will be light. Many pious Christians, like Cowper, in gloom and despondency, have groped their way to the banks of the dark river, and feared that the valley of the shadow of death would close around them to the last with its densest gloom, and have found themselves gloriously mistaken at the end. Dr. Payson, in his last sickness, wrote thus to a friend: "Were I to adopt the figurative language of Bunyan, I might date this letter from the land of Beulah, of which I have been for some weeks a happy inhabitant. The celestial city is full in my view. Its glories have been upon me, its breezes fan me, its odors are wafted to me, its sounds strike upon my ears, and its spirit is breathed into my heart. Nothing separates me from it but the river of death, which now appears but an insignificant rill, that may be crossed at a single step whenever God shall give

me permission. The Sun of Righteousness has been gradually drawing nearer and nearer, appearing larger and brighter as He approached, and now He fills the whole hemisphere, pouring forth a flood of glory, in which I seem to float like an insect in the beams of the sun, yet almost trembling while I gaze on this excessive brightness, and wondering with unutterable wonder why God should deign thus to shine upon a sinful worm."

This indeed may not be the experience of all Christians. There are some, perhaps many, whose dying are like their living hours, "not *clear*, nor *dark*," not *day*, nor *night*, but a blending of the two; some beams of hope, yet mingled with some clouds of doubt or fear; yet nevertheless, the assurance shall be fulfilled that at "the evening time it shall be light," when the sun of a Christian's life actually goes down.

" It sets, as sets the morning star,
Which goes not down behind the darkened west;
Nor sinks obscured amid the tempests of the sky,
But melts away into the light of Heaven."

This subject has a special appropriateness to some of us to-day.

The providence of God has come very near to an unusual number of these beloved households during the last

few weeks. No less than six bereaved families in this church are in special sorrow, two during the last week. Now it would not be strange if some of these were tempted to think that the course of God's providence toward them had been *exceptional*, and that in the blended colors of the day through which they have been passing, there had been far more of the sombre than the bright; far more of shadow than of light. But, let me remind you, dear friends, that you should take one day with another, and set the light of one over against the gloom of another. As you look back upon the whole of the journey through which you have traveled, has not the light been "not *clear* nor *dark*?" has not the day been not indeed of unclouded brightness, but neither of despairing darkness? Has not your path been as often at least in the sunshine as in the darkness? Yea, far more so; and if you have sometimes been obliged to sing the dirges of judgment, have you not also been privileged to chant the joyful hymns of mercy? Your life, after all, has not been an exceptional life. The average course of God's providence has marked its history—the day has not been "*clear* nor *dark*," but blended light and shade, sunshine and showers. And this is all that we have any right or reason to expect; and certainly it is enough to be grateful for, even in the midst of shadows

and sorrows. It is true that just now your day is cloudy, even tempestuous, and some of your most precious things have been laid low ; but how many hours of life's day have been bright and happy, and what sweet and blessed memories of these are left which are now unchangeable and immortal ? Ah, dear friends ! it is better as it is. Better that our times are in God's hand ; that our day is a day which is known to the Lord, and ordered by His wise and holy will ; that we cannot take it out of His hands, even if we would, and that we ought not even if we could. Let the day roll on, neither bright nor dark, neither exuberant with joy, nor depressing nor heart-breaking with sadness, but bringing us calmly and hopefully to the evening time, when it shall be all and always light.

And let us not forget that so it has already been with the venerated and beloved ones who have gone before us.

“ They have all gone unto the world of light,
 Tho' we, alas ! sit lingering here ;
 Their very memory is fair and bright,
 And our sad thoughts doth cheer.”

When the evening came it was light for them ! For the evening of the earthly was the morning of the heav-

only day. And to that morning no shady evening, no,
gray or sombre night shall ever come.

He that has found some fledged bird's nest may know
At first sight if the bird be flown ;
But what fair field or grove he sings in now—
That is to him unknown.

And yet as angels, in some brighter dreams,
Speak to the soul when the man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep.

Dear, beauteous death ! the jewel of the just,
Shining nowhere but in the dark ;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark !

