

McLeod

TRIBUTE

TO

THE MEMORY

OF

ALEXANDER McLEOD, D. D.

By Stephen N. Rowan, D. D.

NEW-YORK:

1833.

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OF

ALEXANDER McLEOD, D. D.

A DISCOURSE

DELIVERED IN THE

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, CANAL STREET, NEW-YORK, ON
THE EVENING OF THE 10TH OF MARCH, 1833.

BY

STEPHEN N. ROWAN, D. D. *k*

NEW-YORK:

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ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, in the year 1833, by **STEPHEN N. ROWAN**, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New-York.

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TO THE

REV. ROBERT McCARTEE, D. D.

PASTOR OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN CANAL STREET,

This Sermon is respectfully Inscribed,

As a testimonial of gratitude for suggesting the propriety of a tribute of respect
to the memory of the late Dr. ALEXANDER McLEOD, on the part of the minis-
ters of the General Assembly,

By his friend,

S. N. ROWAN.

DISCOURSE.

II SAMUEL iii. 38.—“Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen—in Israel?”

“Know ye not?” I take it for granted ye do: for the fact has been published in all the journals from Maine to Missouri, that the REV. DR. ALEXANDER McLEOD, Pastor of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Chambers Street, left us on Sabbath morning at 11 o'clock of the 17th ult., for his eternal rest:—in the full possession of his intellectual faculties, and in the exercise of all the graces which mark *the Christian*.

He was “a *prince*” and a “*great man*.” To our republican ears, the term “prince” sounds like the first male branch from the tree of royalty. But the Scriptures, which contain no treason against any government *ordained of God*, “and all the powers that be are ordained of God,”* give the title to *commanders in chief* of armies, and generally to all who are at the head of government—whether civil, military or ecclesiastical.

Greatness is a term indicative of singular eminence—of elevation above the ordinary trees of the wood. And when the qualification of a “*great man*” is added to that of “a *prince*,” the application must necessarily be made to a man of powerful intellect, of extensive influence, and of honorable achievement in the niche he occupied in church or state. Alexander, Pompey, and Napoleon were severally surnamed “*the great*,” but it might be a question whether they deserved the appellation from their virtues or their vices; from their military

* Rom. xiii. 1.

exploits or their personal worth. True greatness rests on the basis of virtue and religion, in unison with activity and usefulness in any allotted sphere. It consists not in nobility of birth, or in descent from *titled* families. Such greatness is the mere creature of fancy—is nothing more than the nobility of parchment. In this department, there have been very *great* knaves, and very *great* fools! But wherever there is a man, even without heraldry who fills the measure of his station by activity and usefulness, whether in church or state—in the city or the country, *he is great*. Private ends and aims, exclusively, never yet made nor ever will make a great man.

The truly great man, draws all the lines of his ambition and of his effort to the centre of the civil, the ecclesiastical or the moral good.

The subject of our lamentation to-night, if we—if this whole community, have not grossly mistaken his character, united in himself, in the proper sense of the terms, the qualifications of a prince and a great man. He was at the head of the ecclesiastical denomination to which he belonged—which never had a local habitation or name in the United States, until he connected himself with it, and impressed his intellectual and moral image upon it, by a series of disinterested and magnanimous efforts and of usefulness. Dr. McLeod spent his life and much of his fortune in *active* services for the good of that church; and died in the freshness and fulness of his merited fame.

The king of terrors has placed him beyond the reach of the *envy* of his competitors, and buried in the same grave with himself the wish to record his foibles; and as time recedes from the theatre which is still warm with his stately deeds, his fame will increase: some future historian will make an impartial record of *his greatness*, and some future Homer sing, this ecclesiastical Achilles.

He has "*fallen*;" not like Abner, of whom our text originally spake, by the hands of an assassin, that character of all others most capable of the "*magnanimity of villiany*;" but peacefully, in his own dwelling, by the hands of God—to whose stroke, we, in this instance, would bow in humble submission and

reverence ; and before which every individual in this assembly must soon bow in the dust of death.

He has "*fallen*" "*in Israel*"—among the representatives of those tribes, into which the church of God is unhappily divided : and in one of which he was the brightest ornament. American *Israel*, has lost one of her most brilliant luminaries ; from her hemisphere a star of the first magnitude has fallen in the death of Dr. Alexander McLeod.

The man, then, who rears his monument, must construct it of no common stones, and scatter over his tomb flowers which grew in no common field ! It is most opportune for the individual who now stands before you, in making this feeble attempt, that the character of the deceased himself furnishes the proper material, however unskilfully it may be handled by an architect, whose implements have for some time been out of use.

In this "*labour*," if not of capacity, at least, "*of love*," on behalf of this *prince of great men*, I know not where to begin or when to end.

In his *person* he was one of the noblest works of God in human form. His truly noble countenance, was an indication of the beauty, the taste and the strength of his still nobler mind. His erect and stately tread indicated that firmness and decision of character which was not to be tampered with for base and unworthy purposes : and seems to have been ordered by Providence to point him out to all who approached his presence, as a man inaccessible to the influence of flattery, of frowns, or of corruption.

This noble specimen of God's creative power, first saw the light at St. Kilda in the Isle of Mull ; one of the group which lie scattered over the western part of the Highlands of Scotland, on the 12th day of June, 1774. His father was the Rev. Neil McLeod, who was nearly related to the Dunvegan family, the chief of the clan. His mother was Margaret McLean, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Archibald McLean, who was the immediate predecessor of his son-in-law, Mr. Neil McLeod, in the pastoral charge of his two parishes. To this gentleman the celebrated Dr. Samuel Johnson was introduced during his tour in the

Hebrides, by his relative, Sir Allan McLean, and although Johnson cherished strong prejudices against Scotchmen and Presbyterians, he, in the published account of his tour, bears the following testimony to his merits, viz: "We were entertained," said he, "by Mr. McLeod, a minister that lives upon the coast, whose elegance of conversation and strength of judgment would make him conspicuous in places of greater celebrity."

In that region of mountain and rock and flood—with Loch Leven in front of his father's house—the mountain of Ben-more in the rear, and the cataract of Essan-Dugh on the east, did Alexander, his youngest son but one, spend the years of his childhood. There, to use his own language, "while yet a boy, fatigued with play, and melting under the summer sun, I have contemplated the snow on the top of Ben-more, and imagined myself cooled and refreshed."

Nor was this merely the scene of his boyish gambols; it was also the scene of his early *piety*. He was only *five years* of age when his father died; but thus early, his sensibilities were strong, and his mind acute and thoughtful; and when his father's decease was announced to his weeping family, the little boy was upon his knees in prayer. He was the child of many prayers; was devoted to the ministry of the gospel from his birth: and himself informed me, on his death-bed, that he never lost sight of this as his darling and delightful object from his *sixth* year, notwithstanding the numerous and strange vicissitudes of his life.

To that high honor he ultimately attained: so that in his family, we have a succession of gospel ministers to "the fourth generation" of those whom we hope love God and keep his commandments:—his grand-father, McLean; his own father, Neil McLeod; his distinguished self; and his first-born in the midst of us. May the mantle of the ascended father prophet, descend in ample folds and studded with rich and various intellectual and moral gems, on his beloved son!

We know little of his youthful days, before he left Scotland for America, save that "from the time he began to walk until

he arrived at maturity, he was scarcely three months at a time without having been confined by disease, or accidental injuries to which his activity and enterprise exposed him; and yet he had not completed his *sixth* year, before he could repeat his Latin Grammar."

He received in Scotland the rudiments of an education for the gospel ministry in the *established church*—the General Assembly, of which the venerated predecessors of his family were ministers and members: but having emigrated to America in 1792, and in the eighteenth year of his age, he, in consequence of hearing a sermon from the Rev. Mr. McKinney, at Princetown, in the state of New-York, determined to embrace the principles of the covenanted reformation. He accordingly pursued his studies with a view to the ministry in the Reformed Presbyterian Church—finished his collegiate education at Union College, Schenectady; and was in one of the first classes graduated at that highly and deservedly popular literary institution.

He was licensed to preach the gospel of our Saviour at Coldenham, near Newburgh, by the Reformed Presbytery, the first organised in this country; together with Dr. Black of Pitts-burgh and Dr. Wylie of Philadelphia, in June, 1799. He was, with the other gentlemen, ordained in 1800, and pastoral charges were assigned them by the Presbytery.

In the same year, 1800, Mr. McLeod received a call from the congregation of Coldenham, to become their pastor; and among the signatures to it, there were the names of those who held slaves.

This fact was urged by him as a motive for neglecting the call; and was the occasion of his publishing a sermon against "negro slavery." The principles of that sermon were carried out in his support of the Colonization Society to the close of his life.

The plan of that Society we believe originated with himself. It was handed to the late venerated Dr. Findley by Dr. McLeod, in his study; approved by Findley, and taken on to Washington, where McLeod followed it, and made an eloquent address in

support of its principles. The work of emancipation, thus begun, has progressed until there are prosperous and unshackled colonies in Liberia; and we hope will progress, until the universe of man shall be as free as the *air* in which we breathe; and there shall not be a spot on *earth*, where its inhabitants will be compelled to say—we are slaves!

As early as 1801, Mr. McLeod became the pastor of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Chambers Street, New-York. He was their first pastor. He found them a little flock; but by the blessing of God upon his pious and talented agency, they increased unto a multitude. To this growing congregation, he broke spiritual bread for thirty-two years, "with knowledge and understanding." At the commencement of his ministry among them he had no ecclesiastical or clerical sympathies. He was an isolated being—he stood alone. But singly and unaided, except by the Head of the church, he worked his way to confidence—to popular favour—to extensive usefulness. The men with whom he had to compete in doing good were of considerable eminence. The mere mention of their names will convey the idea of their importance: the exemplary and pious Rodgers and Livingston; the sound theological ministers, Kuypers and McKnight; the eloquent and lucid expositors of scripture, Linn and Mason, and the amiable and persuasive Abeel and Miller. He was able, however, to bear the contrast, and was hailed by one and all as an able coadjutor in waving the banner of redeeming love over the guilty and enslaved inhabitants of this metropolis.

As early as 1807, when I settled in this city, I was introduced to him, and found him in the counsels, the confidence and affections of the above named distinguished men, and that confidence and attachment was mutually retained and reciprocated to the end of their days.

The reputation he had so deservedly won, by his piety, talents, learning, orthodoxy and industry in his immediate pastoral relations, attracted the notice of other denominations of Christians. In 1812, the Reformed Dutch congregation, worshipping in Garden Street, and now under the care of Dr. Mathews,

chancellor of the University of New-York, when they became disannexed from their collegiate connexion with the North and Middle churches, gave Dr. McLeod a unanimous call to become their pastor.

They were so solicitous to avail themselves of his stores of learning, eloquence and sound doctrine, that they permitted him to retain their call for five months, during which period the strongest solicitations were made by the most respectable individuals in the community to induce him to become their pastor.

This call he ultimately declined, to the regret of this entire community—his own congregation excepted: and thus sacrificed his temporal interests, and retired from an extensive field of usefulness and honor, to maintain consistency of principles.

About this time a joint meeting of the session and board of trustees of the First Presbyterian church, located in Wall Street, in this city, was held soon after Dr. Samuel Miller removed to the Princeton Theological Seminary, at which they unanimously resolved to nominate him as a candidate for a call to their congregation: but the Dr. having objected to the arrangement, when proposed to him, on his usual ground of consistency and attachment to his people, the call was never formally presented to him.

About this time, also, he received an invitation from the trustees of Princeton College, New-Jersey, to succeed his own maternal relative, Professor McLean, in the mathematical chair and as Vice President. This appointment was made with a distinct understanding that he should occupy the office of President, since so ably filled by Drs. Green and Carnaghan, and thus become the successor of Witherspoon, Burr, Edwards and Smith.

This distinguished literary honor, and this ample field of usefulness and influence, among a portion of the youth who will hereafter engage in the counsels, and, under God, wield the destinies of this great nation, he also declined—to preserve covenanted consistency.

Other and similar offers were made to him from various quarters, which he declined. But there was one scheme to which he did lend an ear, originating with and suggested by

Vice President Tompkins, viz: the establishment of a University on Staten Island. The plans were matured, and arrangements made for application to the legislature of the state to incorporate the institution, by one who, at that time, had sufficient interest and influence to accomplish his object. But death put into his lips the sentiment: "My purposes are broken off!" At the head of this institution was Dr. McLeod to have been placed, with the choice of his own faculty.

Passing by these declined but merited proffers, and the ability, faithfulness, and acceptableness of his ministrations among the people of his charge, let us observe him in beneficent walks out of his own ecclesiastical sphere.

He was decidedly friendly to the organization of the American Bible Society in 1816. He loved the Bible, as his "last and best created companion." He wished a copy of it, without note or comment, in the hands of every individual of the family of man: and he was heard eloquently pleading for such wide spread distribution at the first anniversary of that noble institution, in 1817.

I have already intimated that he was among the founders, if not the father of the *Colonization* Society. He was a member of the *Historical* Society, of this city; he patronized the *Belles Lettres* institution; he sympathised with the *Deaf and Dumb*;* and the descendants of Abraham were the peculiar objects of his prayers and exertions.

I know this object is unpopular among us, even in this great day of active benevolence; but I also know that it is despised only by fanatics, and those who do not understandingly read their bibles. Their restoration to the church of God, if not to their own land, (in which I am a firm believer,) is the sum and substance of the Old Testament predictions; and that event must take place prior to, or, at least, simultaneously with, the introduction of the milennial glory of our Lord; about the *immediate* introduction of which, we hear so many high swelling words of vanity! †

The conversion of the *whole nation*, however, does not pre-

* Note 1, (Appendix.)

† Note 2, (Appendix.)

clude exertions on behalf of individuals *now*, any more than it did in the days of the apostles.

Accordingly, Drs. McLeod and Milledoler, the President of Rutgers's College, New-Jersey, with the venerated Dr. Wilson of Columbia College, took the lead in organising a society to endeavour to communicate religious instruction to inquiring or converted Jews. To this institution he gave much of his time and talent: and as its commissioned agent, when on a visit to Europe on family and ecclesiastical business, he earnestly and eloquently plead the cause of outcast *Israel*.

In this connection it may be proper to state, that in a declining state of health, he sighed for a sight of the scenes of his childhood, and of some dear remaining members of his father's house, and with this view embarked on the 16th of February, 1830, for his native land; and just three years from that time, his spirit was borne on angel's wings to heaven.

His visit to North Britain was attended by circumstances, calculated to soothe the sorrows, and comfort the head and heart of this great man. His fame had gone before him. Myself had heard, anterior to *his* visit, anxious inquiries about "that great American divine," Dr. McLeod. The inquiry was met in the simplicity of truth; "he is indeed a great man; he has in his *head* more intellectual stores, and in his *heart* more Christian benevolence, than any other man I know on earth." His subsequent appearance in Britain realised all that curiosity or adulation could wish. He was received with the utmost cordiality by McCrie, the immortal biographer of Knox; by Thompson, the champion of the Bible against the *Apochrypha*; and being at Edinburgh at the time of the meeting of the General Assembly of the church of Scotland, had the honor of an invitation to a seat on the right hand of the lord commissioner—the representative in Scotland of his majesty, George IV.

He was also received most cordially by the ecclesiastical denominations, with whom he was connected. The synods of the Reformed Presbyterian church in Scotland and Ireland, accredited him as one of their brethren; thanked him for the important communications he made to them; and, in return,

made him the depository of their fraternal sentiments and feelings to the Reformed Presbyterian church in America. On his return, he received the cordial and unanimous vote of the General Synod, to which he belonged, in the following words, viz :

“ On motion, the court, through their moderator, expressed their high gratification at the excellent displays of information and good feeling afforded to them, and testify their unfeigned expressions of thankfulness to the Rev. Dr. McLeod, for the eminent services rendered to the church in his visit to Europe.

On motion, it was resolved, that this synod highly appreciate all the services of the Rev. Dr. McLeod, in his intercourse with the Scottish and Irish synods, on his late visit to the British empire; and they do hereby recognize them as clothed with all official authority.

On motion, the synod express their thanks to the sister judicatories of Scotland and Ireland, for the respectful and affectionate manner in which they received our delegate, the Rev. Dr. McLeod.”

On the Dr.'s return from Europe, his health was so far apparently restored as to justify the fond hopes of his family and flock, that he might be spared for years, to be their instructor and counsellor. But the all-wise Governor of the universe had other designs. A physical enlargement of the heart, which was always morally large enough to enclose the whole family of man, retarded the due circulation of the blood, so that symptoms of dropsy in the chest presented themselves, and these agents of God, combined, gradually undermined an otherwise vigorous constitution; and on the 17th day of February, 1833, on the morning of which, he remarked to his wife, “this is the Sabbath—it is a day of rest: and there remaineth a rest for the people of God; for this I long;” and at about half past 11, in the 59th year of his age and the 34th of his ministry, this servant of God expired in my arms, with all the calmness—the intelligence—the dignity and solemnity of one who believed he was about to be introduced to the presence chamber of his God! He had, to use his own favorite phrase, occupied “the niche” allotted to him in the church below, and his covenant God took him

to fill a niche in the temple not made with hands eternal in the heavens!

Sainted friend—farewell! Thou art gone! with as much reputation as it was possible for man to deserve and acquire in the situation thou didst occupy; and deserving in the opinion of all the churches much higher destinations!

“So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
 “And yet anon, repairs his drooping head,
 “And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
 “Flames in the forehead of the morning sky.”

It was my felicity to be much with him during the last month of his life: and I can truly say, I have never witnessed a death bed scene so full of instruction and edification.

“The chamber where the good man meets his fate,
 “Is privileg'd beyond the common walk
 “Of virtuous life—quite in the verge of heaven.” *

He had something appropriate and characteristically original to say to all who visited him; and they will doubtless treasure up those sayings as valuable memorials. My own recollections furnish items of a few conversations, which I think deserve record in this place. On the 21st of January, I called to see him; and he came from his bed-room, for the last time, to his parlour, to receive me. We were alone. He then and there stated, that from his earliest acquaintance with the Rev. Dr. Theodorick Romeyn, (the father of my lamented friend of this city, Rev. Dr. John B. Romeyn, first pastor of the church in Cedar Street,) he had been anxious to maintain the doctrines and preserve the forms of the Reformed Presbyterian church; but in their application to the existing state of things in the United States: and never permitting himself to do any thing inconsistent with his fraternal relations to other churches.”

He stated that “he had been always in controversy; but his, were the controversies of gentlemen. With Bishop Hobart on the subject of church government; but they were ever mutual

* Young, Night II.

friends: and on some topics with Dr. Mason; yet he had never seen any thing in him, which led him for a moment to doubt, that he was a great man—a good man, and an honorable man.”*

He stated that “he had, six years ago, devised a plan for a third Reformed Presbyterian church in this city, and had communicated it to some his people; but they went too fast for him.”

On the 1st of February, I found him, under the influence of his disease, quite lethargic; but being roused by the word, *preaching*, which had been dropped in conversation, he awoke, saying, “I will always preach Christ,” and with tears he added, “it was a work I always loved; I always loved to preach Christ. Yes, from six years of age, I hope and believe, that I loved even to *think* of preaching Christ.”

I remarked, “with that work I believe you are done, and now follows the reward.” “Yes,” he replied, “I believe I am done with that work; but no—no *reward* for me—I deserve nothing; it is all grace. Not even the Father, but the second person in the Trinity paid the debt; and eternity alone will be long enough for me to acknowledge my indebtedness to him.” “But,” said I, “the fact is so in the order of events; the saints rest from their labors and their works do follow them—nay, sometimes go before them, as witnesses for them and evidences in their favor.” “Yes,” he replied, “there is comfort in that; God is my witness, whom I serve with my spirit in the gospel of his Son.”

“And,” said he, “there is another witness: the testimony of our own conscience—I *have that*; and it comforts me, that while man may misrepresent and mistake, God is a God of truth, and will witness to no falsehood. He will witness to the truth, in the cases both of friends and ‘foes.’”

After a pause, and in another connection, he remarked, “I love the world, because God made it. I have loved all mankind; I have always had a favorable opinion of my fellow-men: I never knew the being I hated; and I wish my last hour and my dying pillow may be occupied in loving them that hate me, and blessing them that curse me!”

* Note 3, (Appendix.)

Speaking of the apparent change in his hands in a pendent or horizontal position, he observed, "my frame undergoes many changes, and all for the better; and the last change it will undergo will be the best of all!"

And after uniting in prayer, he distinctly uttered the triumphant exclamation of Paul: "O, death, where is thy sting! O, grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Another interesting occurrence took place at the last family altar around which he worshipped. He had called his family into his room for that purpose, and after the services performed by his son, he looked around upon his wife and upon each of their children, so as to recognise them. He then, like the dying patriarch, concentrated all the energies of his mind and all the affections of his heart, and with uplifted hands and in an audible voice, pronounced the apostolic benediction: "The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all, Amen!" *

And it is now the firm faith and assured consolation of his bereaved family, that a blessing so pronounced, by the father—the husband, and the accredited servant of God, was not pronounced in vain. And, methought, when the pastor of this church, Rev. Dr. McCartee repeated this benediction at the head of his grave—that he, though dead, yet spoke to the concourse which attended his funeral, in accents of blessing. And at that funeral the delightful fact was communicated to me, that a respectable merchant of this city dates his conversion to a prayer, uttered by Dr. McLeod in a former illness; when, like Hezekiah, he turned his face to the wall, and said, "God bless and save that young man!" "They that save a soul from death, shall hide a multitude of sins; and they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars, for ever and ever."

After these details, you will expect me to give you a general view of the Dr.'s character and works.

As a man, it was given him by the Father of spirits to receive superior mental endowments—force of understanding—solidity

• II Cor. xiii. 14.

of judgment—richness of imagination—command of language, and the graces of utterance. He had, more than any of his clerical compeers, studied the science of the human mind; and his metaphysical researches enabled him promptly to detect, expose, and refute the fallacy and folly of an argument, while it enabled him to appreciate the force and justness of legitimate conclusions.

He had a soul fraught with the most expansive kindness; and yet was not more kind, than courageous and firm, and with every expression, either of benevolence or indignation, he was always courteous; always bland; always the polished gentleman; and qualified to entertain and delight the higher orders of society, in whose circles he had mingled from early life.

As a *scholar*, he was truly learned. He was quite familiar with the Hebrew, the Greek, and the Latin languages; with ecclesiastical and civil history; with the science of metaphysics, and the entire range of polite literature—poetry and prose.

As a *friend*, he was true, ardent and enduring.

As a *counsellor*, he was invaluable; but in giving advice in difficult and intricate cases, he had a singularity seldom witnessed: he would come with clearness and precision to the proper result, but would never condescend to explain the concatenation of reasons by which he arrived at it. To those who could not grasp a subject with his own rapidity and strength of mind, this method of advice was sometimes vexatious; but he thought he had done enough to give the advice, without also being obliged to give his reasons.

As a *theologian*, he stood in the foremost rank. He received the merited honor of "Doctor of Divinity," from the college at Middlebury in Vermont. "He was able to teach others." He was well instructed in the principles of our holy religion, and had so deeply imbibed their spirit, that amidst all his theological attainment, he found place for *humiliation*, rather than that vain excitement and exultation, with which a mere ordinary man would have been intoxicated. I make, in his case, no allowance for the exaggerations of *affected* humility; for I know that

in all his attainment he confessed he was nothing; and so far from deeming himself to have surpassed others, he laid all his trophies at the foot of the cross of King Jesus.

"Bent on such glorious toils,
 "The world to him was loss,
 "Yet all his trophies, all his spoils,
 "He hung upon the cross." *

As a *preacher*, he excelled in the department of scriptural exposition. There he trod the wide field of theological inquiry with a firm and manly step. And instead of taking a human arm for his guide, *followed* the holy scriptures. There he found the great realities of religion—a condemning law, a justifying gospel, and a provision of grace for a life of holiness. With these substantial principles in his head and heart, he spurned whatever was trivial and spurious, by whosoever name it was sanctioned. And instead of contenting himself with that mediocrity, which after uttering all its common places, falls back into its slumber of indolence, his spirit of research and of legitimate curiosity, led him to take a calm, a learned and a productive range through the sacred scriptures; and *thence* he brought forth treasures of truth, which he scattered with a liberal hand—with a soundness of judgment, a warmth of heart, a faithfulness of conscience, and a majesty of manner, seldom surpassed in any church in this country, or perhaps in the world.

There was something about his *manner* of delivery, peculiar to himself, and not without its defects. After the announcement of his theme, he would commence its discussion with composure, and continue it in an orderly, lucid and argumentative method; and when he had finished all that was necessary to illustration or proof, he would suddenly break forth in the application, like a flood long pent up by magnificent mounds; and like his favorite cataract of Essan-Dugh, falling one thousand feet, over a ledge of highland granite, he would noisily and vehemently pour forth streams of piety and eloquence, till all who heard him were saturated with their spray.

* Montgomery.

As a *controversialist*, he was noiseless, but *triumphant*. The sacred structure of scriptural truth has often been disfigured by unskilful hands, and *obscurities* cast over it by the mist and bigotry of former ages. From these disfigurements and obscurities it was the study and the honor of Dr. McLeod to rescue some important truths. He permitted no fallen or imbedded pillar of the sacred edifice, to retain its dishonored position among literary rubbish; but having pushed aside its blind guardian, proceeded to erect and re-adorn it. In this department, he is believed to have rendered important services to the cause of truth. His "*Ecclesiastical Catechism*" was drawn up at a time when the controversy between Episcopacy and Presbytery run high; and was published with a view to that controversy. In that, he gave his people and the world correct views of church order and government. He taught, that the "laying on of the hands of the Presbytery," is as valid ordination as that of a *bench* of bishops; that the *Presbyter* is the true *elder* of the church of God, exercising the office in the two departments of *teaching* and ruling; and that the *Episcopacy* is, in fact, only one duty of the ministerial office, and common to all who sustain it, viz: the *oversight* or *pastoral care* of the flock committed to their charge, in imitation of Him who in the character of Mediator, is styled the *Shepherd* and *Bishop* of souls.

The controversy on this subject, in which Drs. McLeod, Mason and Miller were champions on the one side, has done substantial good to the American churches, as it has taught the Episcopal bishops to respect, as their equals, the bishops of the Presbytery; and especially, as it has done more than any other thing to prevent that *desired* union of *church* and *state*, which is most unjustly and iniquitously charged upon the Presbyterians. The harness, in this matter, is not placed on the right animal!

The "*Ecclesiastical Catechism*," containing these scriptural sentiments, received flattering notices from the reviewers, Dr. Mason of the *Christian's Magazine*, and Dr. Thompson of the *Edinburgh Christian Instructor*.

Dr. McLeod is also believed by the *politicians* to have rendered substantial services to his country, in his sermons during the late war. He always admired the republican institutions of this country, and soon after his arrival, became a citizen of the United States, by taking the oath of allegiance to the government in all the usual forms; and ever afterward had the shrinkings of a sensitive plant, on every topic that could by possibility lead to its overthrow.

Accordingly, when the British "orders in council," which were a gross infringement on the rights of neutrals, led Mr. Madison to a declaration of war, about the propriety of which there are still many doubts, Dr. McLeod stood forth in its defence; and among other popular expressions in favor of his sermons, the sage of Monticello said, that he had "seen with great satisfaction the able proofs adduced by the eloquent author from scriptural sources, in justification of a war palpably supported by reason; and rendered deserved honor to him for the piety and patriotism of his discourses."*

In the department of *controversy*, he is also known to have rendered essential services to the cause of *truth*, in a contest with a portion of the church styled, *Hopkinsian*. He delivered a course of sermons on this subject in Chambers Street, to overflowing audiences; and it was amusing to see how he pitted President Edwards, the American Locke, against those who quoted him as authority in favour of their views; and how, like the rhinoceros brushing off moschetos, he put to flight the feeble arguments which sustain this fabric.

And I have since admired the sympathies of great minds on the subject of this controversy. Rev. Robert Hall, late of Bristol, England, said to me, (1829) "I wonder at you Americans, in placing such a man as Hopkins, a man of no talent, at the head of a religious sect! and as to Bellamy, his particular friend, his views of the gospel, like those of Hopkins, were most gloomy and malign!"

And in the same department it is *known* that he rendered important services to the cause of Christian Catholicism. A more Catholic spirit than that of Dr. McLeod, never breathed. It is

* Note 4, (Appendix.)

the spirit of Christ, and therefore inhabited this member of his body.

Dr. Mason published a "plea for sacramental communion, on Catholic principles:" a work considered, both in Britain and America, as a standard; as a monument to the piety and genius of its author; and which will bear his name onward to immortality.

Dr. McLeod, while he objected to some of the details, believed in all the leading principles of that "plea," and practised upon them to the extent of his ability and opportunity.

As early as 1824-5, Dr. McLeod and myself matured a plan of Christian correspondence between the Reformed Presbyterian church and the General Assembly. Committees from the respective bodies met in my study, consisting of S. N. Rowan, R. Mc Cartee and Elihu W. Baldwin, on the part of the General Assembly, and on the part of the Reformed Presbyterian church, Dr. Alexander McLeod and the *Rev. James Christie*. The plan of correspondence was unanimously adopted by these conferring committees, and duly submitted to the ecclesiastical bodies which they respectively represented. It was unanimously adopted by the Assembly at their sessions in 1826. But, strange to tell, when this fraternal overture was thus most cordially made, and when sustained by a written argument of splendid diction and unanswerable force, by Dr. McLeod, the document, without reply, was suffered to sleep among the archives of the Reformed Presbyterian church. The good members of their synod wrapped themselves in their garments of self-complacency, and their attitude spoke as much as this: "we want to have nothing to do with the General Assembly; we are all-sufficient of ourselves: stand by—we are holier than thou."

From that moment the spirit of Dr. McLeod was broken. He said little about the result, but his intimate friends witnessed the throes of his intense sensibilities. He had given his wisest counsel; he could not press the consciences of his brethren—he left the result to the Head of the church.

From that period the Reformed Presbyterian church has beaten high with party waves; the tempestuous and angry seas

have swollen and been intractable; but while Dr. McLeod was in health, he was, under God, the intelligent and fearless pilot, who conducted the ship, laden with invaluable freight, to the place of safety—to the haven where her commodities were unladen, to the accumulation of the wealth and respectability of the denomination to which he belonged.

But will the ship endure another voyage? Her timbers are in a decaying state; her main-mast is overboard; her sails are fluttering in the wind; her pilot is dead; her crew are mutinous; she is, as a denomination, *wrecked*.

It requires the sagacity of neither a prophet or a prophet's son, to foresee that ere *twenty years* shall have passed away, the very *name* of Reformed Presbyterians, in the United States, will exist only in isolated congregations, or in ecclesiastical history.

Why should they exist any where, but in the Catholic bosom of the church of God? Are there any peculiar traits of character in Reformed Presbyterians, which should place an adamant barrier between them and Christians of a different name? I have most carefully read the "draft of a covenant and league, submitted to the synods of the Reformed Presbyterian churches in Scotland, Ireland and America;" and I see nothing in it, which a believer in the Catechisms and confession of the Westminster Assembly, could not most cheerfully subscribe. And when I converse with ministers or private members of this church, I see nothing very distinctive about them. They generally understand theology about as well as some of us; but they all speak the language of Canaan—a language just as familiar to other Christians as themselves. Why, then, should we be apart? and why should themselves be rent asunder? Alas! their dissensions of the last year. I understand all their merits; or rather, their demerits. I have read all the documents, ~~on both sides~~; and the painful result is, a conviction, that that ~~portion~~ of the Redeemer's mantle, which enveloped this denomination in the United States, is rent, never to be made whole on earth.*

I might say the same of some of the other minor sects in this community.

Note 5, (Appendix.)

I have scarcely time to allude to Dr. McLeod as an *author*, and can certainly do no justice to his published works. In addition to those I have already named, he published a volume on the book of Revelation, and another on the nature of true godliness; both of which were re-printed and favorably received in Europe.

He was a large contributor to the *Christian's Magazine*, edited by Drs. Mason and Romeyn; he wrote many essays for the "*Evangelical Guardian*," edited by Dr. Woodhull and myself; he frequently filled up the columns of our daily papers; and the "*American Christian Expositor*" is the preservative of many of his valuable writings. But the last I have seen, though among the least as to volume, is among the best of all, and I am sure you will be interested in the contents of this most singular, most splendid, most orthodox, most conspicuous and tender expression of his last will—found among his papers after he had gone to the place where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.*

Who, on the recital of such a document, will not remark: How mysterious are the ways of heaven! Here is a man capable of magnificent mental efforts—eminently gifted for important and peculiar services, and trained to perform them by long and arduous discipline. It is a sad ruin of a rare structure of intellectual and moral power!

But, my hearers, we have been taught, from a higher oracle: "Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might; let not the rich man glory in his riches: but let him that glorieth, glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me; that I am the Lord which exercise loving kindness, judgment and righteousness in the earth; for in these things I delight, saith the Lord." †

"Put not your trust in *princes*, nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help. His breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth; in that very day his thoughts perish. Happy is the man that hath the God of Jacob for his help, whose hope is in the Lord his God; which made heaven and earth, the sea, and all

* Note 6, (Appendix.)

† Jeremiah ix. 23, 24.

that therein is: which keepeth truth forever; which executeth judgment for the oppressed—which giveth food to the hungry. The Lord relieveth the fatherless and widow; the Lord shall reign forever—even thy God, O Zion, unto all generations.” *

And we as helpless and dependant beings must learn, in this instance, to bow before the great arbiter of all things, who can, in an unexpected moment, say to Moses, “Go up and die!” and of whom the only record which remains is, “Moses, my servant, is dead.”

But he, “being *dead*, yet speaketh. And I should feel that I was doing injustice to his whole life of Christian love, and especially to his recent expressions on that subject, if I did not carry out his dying sentiments. *Let Christians learn to love one another.*

There can be no objections to distinct denominations of Christians; but as long as the Bible endures as a rule of faith and practice, there will be inspired reasons against Christian strife. “God is love—and love is of God.” “Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another;” and hereby shall all men know that we are Christ’s disciples. We have here a divine pattern after which we are bound to copy; and an inducement in gratitude for the performance of the duty. That all rational creatures are bound thus to imitate God, needs no labored proof. By the fundamental law of our being, we are bound to pursue our own happiness: our happiness consists in the perfection of our natures; the perfection of our natures consists in their resemblance to the God of infinite perfection. As we would therefore aspire to that perfection in which our happiness consists, we must place before us, as our pattern, the image of God. From the perfection of his nature flows his love to men, in Christ Jesus; and this love, makes him at once the object of our affection and the example of our love to one another.

We have, indeed, specimens of the benignity of God in all his works; but the scene brightens when we turn our eyes to the manifestation of divine love in Jesus Christ. This is love, in

* Psalm cxlvi. 3, 10.

the contemplation of which our minds are lost in wonder; and all we can do, is, to join in the apostles exclamation: "O! the height, the depth, the breadth and the length of the love of God in Christ Jesus, that passeth knowledge."

This bright example of love, was unsought—was unmerited, and even pressed upon and overcame, hatred and enmity. What more glorious character then can adorn us, than likeness to God, in spreading joy and gladness around a world, where misery and sorrow reign! "Be ye, therefore, followers (imitators) of God, as dear children; and walk in love, as Christ also hath loved us, and hath given himself for us, an offering and a sacrifice to God, for a sweet smelling savour."*

Do as our departed friend: "love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven." †

Let your brotherly love, as Paul characterizes it, "think no evil; let it spread a veil over every short-coming and defect; let it suffer long and be kind." Let it forgive injuries, as a greater than Paul directs, not only "seven times, but seventy times seven." Let it remember, how numerous and aggravated were the sins which God forgives in Jesus Christ; and learn, that if God can forgive a sinner his debt of "ten thousand talents," we ought to forgive a brother his debt of a "hundred pence."

How happy would it be for us, if we were in this respect, Christians in fact, as we are in profession and name! Our religion is surely a religion of love. But may not the words of Revelation be too justly applied to Christians of the present day: "I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love." Have they not miserably departed from the spirit of the gospel? Is it not a just, though a mortifying remark, that there is no species of history which a benevolent man reads, with less pleasure, or rather with more disgust, than modern ecclesiastical annals? Is it not too true, that had our Lord left the precept on record, "a new commandment I give unto you, that ye hate one another," it could not have been better obeyed

* Ephesians v. 1.

† Matthew v. 44 5.

than it has been from the third century down to the present hour?

Yes! from the day on which Constantine ascended the throne of the Cæsars, to that in which we live, Christians have acted scenes at which every nerve of humanity trembles.

I draw a veil over our own experience and observation. But whatever has passed, and whatever others may think and feel, I am justified in saying of my departed friend and his surviving family, that there did not and does not exist one spark of malevolence in any corner of their souls; and that there is not a human creature in the wide lap of earth, in whose face they would not desire to read the clearest title to their best love and service.

"Now abideth, faith—hope—charity; but the greatest of these is charity." "Without *faith*, it is impossible to please God."¹ This grace has, we see from the eleventh chapter to the Hebrews, done wonders in former days; and it is also daily working wonders in the experience of the redeemed ones.

Hope is one of the kindest friends that ever travelled with a soul in sorrow; one who can always beguile the tediousness of this earthly pilgrimage.

"Her's is the charm of life's bewilder'd way."

"Take away *hope*, and life in all its departments and occupations, would be a dull and miserable blank.

"Grieve, every joy, to glimmer on my mind,

"But leave, O leave the light of hope behind."

But *love* is greater than either faith or hope.

Hope, with a cheering smile, will say, "better days may come." *Faith* affirms, "they will come;" but *love* makes the present better, while she derives many advantages from the past. Her burning ardour enabled primitive Christians to melt the frozen barriers of the north; devised the means of sending the gospel to the superstitious Britons; and in our own day, contrived to send it back again to its native east. She has, without the

wealth or power of civil magistrates, and although often opposed by them, borne the ark of God for eighteen centuries, through every storm. She will bear it through the wilderness of this world, and safely lodge it on Mount Zion; and she will yet achieve, what neither the armies or the cabinets of the universe will be able to accomplish:—kiss the nations into peace.

And after she has done her work on earth, she will continue to be the business, the element, the joy and glory of heaven. The flame of love enkindled in the hearts of the redeemed, by the infinitely lovely sight of God in Christ, will remain unextinguished and unconsumed, after sun and stars have expended their fires. “*Now abideth faith, hope and charity.*” Then, *hope* shall die of the joy which the fulness of her inheritance shall afford; and *faith*, having seen the accomplishment of all the prophecies, shall expire and lie entombed in glory. But *love* shall survive both her companions, and live, with my departed friend—in *immortality*.

“Our fathers; where are they? and the prophets—do they live forever?” No, brethren, you may enjoy their labours for years, but they must finally leave you to render up their account. “The Lord hath sent unto you all his servants the prophets, rising early and sending; but ye have not hearkened, nor inclined your ear to hear. They said, turn ye again now every one from his evil way, from the evil of his doings; yet ye have not hearkened unto me, saith the Lord.” *

In view of the years we have enjoyed the services of God's servants, and of our final meeting with them at a higher tribunal, may we not imagine, that if moaning could enter heaven, they would make the lamentation, “Who hath believed our report; and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?” And, my hearers, how many more messages would you have the gracious God to send you? How many more messengers to bear them, before you will awaken to serious consideration, and be induced to attend to the concerns of another world?

The barrenness of the fig-tree for *three* years, was enough to call forth the doom: “Cut it down; why cumberst it the ground.”

* Jeremiah xxv. 4, 7.

How many more have you been spared? How many more have you misimproved? Would you have more to fill up the estimate of the measure of divine patience, and your own indifference and folly? The end will come. Think of the agonies of the last hour. Look at the myriads of the redeemed, taking wing and rising to mingle with "the spirits of the just made perfect." Imagine the looks of the finally impenitent, when the "books are opened." Witness the adjudication of all to their eternal states—the heavens rolled together as a scroll, and the elements melting with fervent heat!

To these solemn scenes we must all soon be witnesses. In these solemn scenes we must all soon—very soon, be actors. Are we prepared? Have we satisfactorily answered the question: "Who shall deliver *me* from the wrath to come?" If not, take in kindness one more warning, that it is time you should be able to answer this question. And to enable you to do so to your eternal satisfaction, go to Christ—the Lord—our righteousness and strength.

"Lo! his arms are stretch'd abroad to grace thee;

"And, as they open stand, call to embrace thee.

"Why stayest thou, then? O, fly! fly thither; haste thee."*

So that when it becomes our privilege to pass over Jordan, we may severally possess the confidence of our lamented friend: "O, death, where is thy sting! O, grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law; but thanks be to God who giveth me the victory, through my Lord, Jesus Christ."

"O! thou who hast broken the power

Of this last victor of men,

Be with me in that solemn hour;

O! grant me deliverance then."

The glory from Calvary streaming,

May shine o'er the cold sable wave;

* Giles Fletcher.

And the faith that's oftentimes beaming,
May burst through the gloom of the grave.

And peace may shine cloudless above me,
When I think what my Saviour has said,
The *Father* himself deigns to love me,
And Jesus has died in my stead.

With the prospect of meeting forever,
With the bright gate of heaven in view,
From the dearest on earth I could sever,
And smile a delightful adieu !* *

* Edmonston.

A P P E N D I X .

NOTE I TO PAGE XII.

At a meeting holden in the mayor's office in this city, at the call of Dr. McLeod and Mr. Stanford of the Baptist connection, for the purpose of forming a Society for the instruction of the Deaf and Dumb of this state; the room was found filled by the opponents of the measure, and the exclusive friends of the institution at Hartford, Connecticut. After the Dr. and his friends had been outvoted and a vote taken for adjournment, the Dr. rose and in a very polite manner requested the friends of a similar institution in this city to remain. The opponents of course retired; and then the institution was organized which is now doing so much good.

NOTE II TO PAGE XII.

I once heard a celebrated Doctor of Divinity in the General Assembly at Philadelphia, say, "that had it not been for the quarrels of Christians, the millenium might have been introduced thirty years ago!" I then looked at this very popular man with amazement; and I now regret that such a sciolist in the study of his Bible, is a professor in one of our western theological seminaries.

NOTE III TO PAGE XVI.

Extract from a Sermon by Dr. Rowan, on occasion of the death of Dr. Romeyn. pp. 28-9.

I could record instances without number of his liberal and magnanimous spirit; but content myself with the cases of his yielding his pulpit to the Rev. Dr. Mason, and selecting his particular friend, the Rev. Dr. Alexander McLeod, to supply that pulpit during his absence in Europe; thus declaring, in the spirit of the Master, "they may increase, though I may decrease;" and thus offering his own reputation a sacrifice, to the preference of public opinion, if they chose to give it, in favor of his friends. But the sacrifice, though offered, was not immolated. For although, in those instances, he came in collision with the most gigantic intellects which have ever been consecrated to the service of God in any church, nation or age, he sustained the ordeal in a manner, honorable at once to the powers of his own mind, and the attachment of his people. Dr. McLeod supplied the pulpit in the morning and Dr. Woodhull in the afternoon, at the request, and to the entire satisfaction, of the congregation.

NOTE IV TO PAGE XXI.

[COPY.]

"Thomas Jefferson presents his compliments to Mr. Wendover, and his thanks for the volume of Mr. McLeod's discourses, which he has been so kind as to send him. He has seen with great satisfaction the able proofs adduced by the eloquent author from scriptural sources, in justification of a war so palpably supported by reason. He supposes, indeed, that true religion and well informed reason will ever be in unison, in the hands of candid interpretation; and that in the impassioned endeavours to place these two great authorities at variance, on so important a question, the eastern clergy have not deserved well either of their religion or their country. He renders deserved honor to Mr. McLeod for the piety and patriotism of his discourses, and salutes Mr. Wendover with respect and esteem."

Monticello, March 13, 1815.

NOTE V TO PAGE XXIII.

I have read Dr. Wilson's pamphlet—the Pastoral Address, as originally presented and as afterward adopted. I have read three recent publications; one signed *John Gibbon*; another signed *James Chrystie*, *Robert Gibbon* and *Moses Roney*; and another signed *Robert Gibbon*. I have a passing remark to make on these three last documents. The *first* is a smooth composition and an able argument, as far as it goes; the *second* is plausible; the *third* is most unbrotherly and scurrilous; and neither of them have touched the merits of the pending questions. The gentlemen may talk about it—and about it, and affect to despise the opinions of others; but I affirm that there is not an individual of common sense in the General Assembly churches of Scotland or America, or in any other church under heaven, who does not understand the doctrine of "*Pro-re-nata*" in a sense different from themselves. "*Pro-re-nata*" for the thing just *born*; for some business now first originating, and which had no existence at the time of the adjournment of the court having regular jurisdiction.—Whether this doctrine was correctly applied to the late meeting of the *sub synod*, I know not, as I have never seen the circular of the moderator; but I may venture to conjecture that the circular did not contain the item "for the purpose of suspending from the gospel ministry the Rev. J. N. McLeod, because he has refused to give us up our papers!" If my conjecture be true, why did they this unhallowed deed? They were not called together for that purpose; and if they were, they had no right to perform the act. A *SYNOD* has no right to suspend a gospel minister, even if *he deserves suspension*, unless they first submit his case to his peers—the Presbytery to which he belongs; or unless his Presbytery send it up by way of reference or for advice; or unless himself bring it there by complaint, protest or appeal. Mr. McLeod then, I aver, *was not, is not, and cannot be suspended*, as his case now stands; and especially, *not for such cause*. I have been stated clerk of a Presbytery and of a Synod for years, and I never dreamed of carrying the minutes of the last regular meeting to a *pro-re-nata*. What Mr. McLeod's reasons were for not giving up his minutes, when called for, other than those he alleged, I know not; but this I know, that he received most unmerited and cruel punishment. He was of course put out of his clerkship, for the time being, because he refused to attend the court. But to suspend him from *the gospel ministry*

for such cause: "Heu! et he!" The men who would suspend for not *giving up papers*, would suspend for *circulating papers* expressive of their opinions, even in this free country; and therefore I recur to my first conclusion, that the Reformed Presbyterian church has the seeds of dissolution within her own body. And every individual not especially fond of smarting under the iron rod of discipline without sufficient scriptural cause, will stand aloof from this nearly spent ball, as did Gen. Mathews in India; and taking off his hat will say, "I do not dispute precedence with gentlemen of your cloth!"

NOTE VI TO PAGE XXIV.

ACT, DECLARATION AND TESTIMONY OF ALEXANDER McLEOD.

Found among the papers of Dr. McLeod after his decease.

I, Alexander McLeod, of the city of New-York, minister of the gospel, and Doctor of Divinity, do make and ordain this DECLARATION and TESTIMONY, as the last expression of my WILL, in relation to religion, this nineteenth day of the month of March, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-two: and in the first place,

Being, by the mercy of God, preserved in the exercise of a sound recollection and judgment, though with indication of speedy dissolution in my mortal constitution, I perform this ACT, viz. I commend my soul to God who gave it, now, or when called for by him to leave this body, that I may be accepted in Jesus Christ, on the footing of the Covenant of Grace, which is all my salvation and all my desire; and so read and appropriate Psalm cxix. 57, 60. After this voluntary surrender of my spirit, and in connexion with my personal covenant with God in relation to it, I also commit to him my body, as redeemed dust, in hope of a resurrection from the dead, to die no more. Accordingly, I bid farewell to this world, and all the good things which it contains—to my beloved Spouse, the wife of my youth—to each of my remaining offspring; and I resign them all to God *their* Father and *my* friend. I bid farewell to the Church militant and its delightful ordinances—and to all its sanctified, though yet imperfect members, and even to my long and best created companion THE BIBLE, leaving all, without a grudge, in order to be in heaven with the Lord, which is far better.

In the second place, I DECLARE, in the sight of the heart-searching God, my unwavering conviction of the truth of the doctrine, which I preached, and published from the press, during my ministry. I strove earnestly and prayerfully to utter nothing that I did not know to be from God, and to publish nothing, but what appeared to my understanding and my conscience to be useful both for the illustration and defence of the truth; and also, for the good of the brethren in the Church, and in the world.

I never quoted or selected from any human composition, or for any purpose, without previous examination of its truth; and never, from the works of any man either living or dead, except for the sake of promoting sound doctrine; and by reference, to bestow due honor upon respectable names to whom honor is due; or with design to refute detrimental sentiments. Seeing every thing I wrote in the course of my ministry, is entirely my own, and not composed hastily, I give it now, again, as a part of my declared religious belief, and affirm that all my avowed principles remain firm and unaltered, according to the form of the Covenant which I recently drew up; and which is now in *overture* before the three Synods, viz. of Scotland, Ireland and the United States.

In the *third* place, I give my **TESTIMONY**, to the truth and propriety of the doctrine of "Reformation Principles exhibited" in defence of Christianity and in opposition to error—to the terms of ecclesiastical communion" in the Reformed Presbyterian Church, and to "the Ecclesiastical Catechism" under my own name. I continue in my unabated attachment to the cause of the covenanted followers of the British reformers without ill-will to any organized church, or any individual on earth. Lamenting the evil causes, which continue the heresies, the schisms, the prejudices, the selfish policy, and the party passions and zeal, which distract, I have never advised, occasioned, or given countenance to the divisions of the commonwealth of Christ. While endeavouring, for myself, in this divided state in which I found the Church of God to select, and faithfully to adhere—without consulting my temporal interests—to that communion which appeared most pure, and correspondent with the Scriptures.

Finally, I call to witness for the sincerity of these my professions, the rocks, the caverns, and the hovels of Caledonia; the woodlands, and barns, and hills of Currie-bush, and Duaneburgh—the class-rooms and lodging houses of Schenectady, the scene of my collegiate studies: and all the delightful closets of my youthful prayers, meditations and fastings. I call upon the Sun, and the Moon, and the Stars, that adorn the heavens, to bear witness to my repeated vows to God; and now, O Father, I appeal to thee to accept of me in thy Son Jesus Christ, while I disclaim all confidence in any good works, or affections, or experience of my own, and rely exclusively upon the Lord my Righteousness and Strength, who is able to save to the uttermost all who come unto thee by him. I, a poor miserable sinner; by nature a child of wrath, shapen in iniquity, conceived in sin, and deserving hell, do now trust in him for salvation, because of thy gift, offer, invitation, commandment, and assured promise, and with this confident persuasion,

I set down my name,

ALEXANDER McLEOD.

OBITUARY NOTICES IN THE PUBLIC JOURNALS.

From the Christian Intelligencer.

By the Rev. Dr. Westbrook of the Reformed Dutch Church.

The Rev. Alexander McLeod, D. D.—This eminent and devoted Servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, had been withdrawn from his active and useful labours for some time, by a severe and obstinate affection of the heart. But it was hoped that his strong and vigorous constitution might sustain him under its powerful influence, and that he might in due time resume the important place which he had for so long a time, and with such reputation, filled in the church, and in the American community.

The footsteps of the Almighty are in the deep waters and his ways are unsearchable. The infirmities consequent on his disease combined with the pressure of ecclesiastical cares, have finally broken down this mighty man—mighty in intellectual and acquired strength, and mighty in his moral influence over his fellow men.

This beloved and respected disciple ended his wearisome pilgrimage on the day of sacred rest (the 17th ultimo,) in the 59th year of his age and 34th of his ministry.

He is the last of those men of ministerial talent that once threw their light and influence over this city and the Christian community. He was the compeer of Livingston, Romeyn, Mason, Abel—and Hobart. All these men acknowledged him as their equal, and this city felt a community in them all such as is seldom acknowledged.

Dr. McLeod's powers of mind were not confined to the comparatively small Christian community to which he belonged. In the political struggles of his country he was the Christian patriot. He was the patron of literature and science, and throughout the whole course of his life he was true to the sacred claims of friendship; undeviating and consistent in all his public conduct, and to the closing scene, he persevered in displaying all the promptness and decision of the greatest men, without those eccentricities and weaknesses that have detracted from the characters of not a few. He died with all the simplicity of a child in Christ Jesus and all the firmness of a soldier of the cross.

His funeral was numerously attended, and the whole community felt that a great man had fallen in Israel. He sleeps with the mighty dead, whose memory will ever be cherished.

His mourning family, and bereaved flock will especially remember him who had the rule over them. Their father—the guide of their youth, is now no more. His footsteps and his voice have died away in the grave, where he now rests in the hope of glory and honor and immortality.

From the Philadelphian.
OBITUARY NOTICE.

By the Rev. Dr. Wylie of the Reformed Presbyterian Church.

Entered into his rest, on the Sabbath, the 17th inst. at half past 11 o'clock, A. M. in the fifty-ninth year of his age, and the 34th of his ministry, the Rev. Alexander McLeod, D. D. senior pastor of the 1st Reformed Presbyterian congregation, in the City of New York.

Doctor McLeod was a native of the Isle of Mull, North Britain. His father, grandfather, and it is believed, his great grand-father were respectable godly ministers of the Presbyterian church in their native land. The Dr. emigrated to this country, in early youth; and was ever an enthusiastic admirer of its free republican institutions. He was for a considerable time before his decease afflicted with a severe and lingering disease, which he endured with true fortitude and Christian resignation. He possessed a vigorous and masculine mind, and an intellect of the first order, highly cultivated by the best education, and polished by choice society. He was an energetic, eloquent, and powerful preacher; indefatigable in the services of the sanctuary and labors of love; a most learned and profound Theologian. None understood more accurately than he, the doctrines of the Reformation, for which the martyrs bled and died; none exemplified these doctrines more fully and conscientiously, by a life and conversation becoming the profession he made. To these principles he adhered with undeviating steadfastness to the end of his life. "As he had lived the life, so he died the death of the righteous." His faith continued triumphant to the last. Without a struggle—without a groan, he fell asleep in Jesus. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." By the death of Dr. McLeod, the cause of truth has lost a most powerful champion, and the Reformed Presbyterian Church one of her brightest ornaments and most faithful sons. The loss will be long felt and lamented. But there is a consolation in the stroke; their loss is his unspeakable gain. His name will be long remembered; and will be united with pleasing and interesting associations, not only in the churches in the United States, but also in those of Britain and Ireland, where he was known and admired, as well from personal acquaintance, as through

the numerous and valuable productions of his powerful pen. As an author he was profound, yet perspicuous: his arrangement was lucid; his style nervous; his reasons cogent; his demonstrations conclusive; and his elucidations of truth, plain, clear and obvious. But he has gone home. He is beyond the empire of sin and trouble. He has left a congregation in deep sorrow for the loss of such a pastor; he has left a mourning widow and four children to lament him; the eldest of whom, the Rev. J. N. McLeod, a highly talented and godly youth, was lately invited by the congregation and installed as his colleague and successor in his ministerial charge.

The above is a small tribute of respect to the memory of a most excellent man and highly gifted ambassador of Christ, from one whose felicity it was to possess and enjoy the friendship of his youth—a friendship unabated through life—one who was and still continues to be an admirer of his public and private virtues. These could not be known and remain unappreciated. He was an ardent friend, a faithful confidant, and unostentatious Christian; liberal and enlightened in his views of Christianity—equally removed from the insipidity of latitudinarian indifference, and the bigotry of gloomy fanaticism. But he is gone! Yes, the great and good man is gone to his eternal reward—the crown of glory. He rests from his labors and his works shall follow him. “He died to live, and lives to die no more.”

Addenda by the Rev. Dr. Ely, of the General Assembly.

The above praise is neither stultation nor the expression of the partiality of friendship. Our acquaintance with Dr. McLeod commenced in 1810. He was then in the vigour of his days; the companion of Mason, Abeel, and Romeyn; inferior to none of them in the strength of his intellect; and superior to them all in the science of the human mind. Romeyn had more of history and polite literature than any one of them. Abeel excelled in all the persuasiveness of a tender pastor, and practical preacher. Mason was the most commanding orator, classical scholar, and profound expository lecturer on the word of God.

The elocution of McLeod was impetuous and noisy as a mountain torrent, full of foam, and sending off pure water into a thousand pools and subterranean caverns. Abeel and Romeyn, in their public discourses, were like the Connecticut and Hudson rivers: Mason, was the overflowing Mississippi. Four such men have not lived in New-York since Abeel led the way to heaven. Neither of them has left his equal behind him in all that great emporium of our new world.

Dr. McLeod was acute, and witty, as well as ardent in his friendship, and devotedly pious. His style of writing bordered on stiffness; but his pages were always indicative of good sense and deep research. The principal works which he has left behind him, are his “Ecclesiastical Catechism,” “Reformation Principles exhibited by the Reformed Presbyterian Church,”—“Lectures upon the Principal Prophecies of the Revelation,”—“the Life and Power of Godliness, described in a Series of Discourses,”—and “Scriptural View of the Character, Causes, and ends of the Present War,” presented in a series of sermons printed in 1815.

He contributed largely to the two last volumes of the *Christian's Magazine*, edited by Drs. Mason and Romeyn; and at the time of his death was editing the second volume of “*The American Christian Expositor*,” a monthly magazine, “designed to promote the influence of sound principles and social order.”

By these publications, and the memory of his evangelical preaching, and the influence of his godly life, he being dead yet speaketh. The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance.

From the Cincinnati Standard.

OBITUARY.

By the Rev. Dr. Wilson of the General Assembly.

The late New-York papers apprise us of the death, in that city, on Sabbath, the 17th ult. of Alexander McLeod, D. D., pastor of the Reformed Presbyterian Church there.

Dr. McLeod had been extensively and advantageously known to the American church for many years as a burning and shining light. He has been the able and fearless defender of civil and religious liberty for years; a diligent, eminent, and successful preacher of the gospel of Jesus Christ; and the author of a Commentary on the Revelations, and other publications of minor and temporary interest. By common consent and deference, as the head of a denomination, which numbers among its ministers such men as Drs. Black, Wylie, McMaster and Wilson.

He was called away at an age when ministerial usefulness is at its prime; when the gathered influence of years and stores of experience render the warnings and teachings of a pastor peculiarly impressive. He was called away in a period of difficulty in the church general, and his own section of the church, when his knowledge, and piety, and fidelity seem most wanted.

But he who seeth not as man seeth has sent the message "Friend, go up higher," and it ought not to be for us to repine or mourn. The Lord reigneth, and will bring order out of confusion, and light from darkness, by the power of his own right hand.

The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.

24.10.68

Erratum.—In page ix, 29th line from top, for “neglecting” read rejecting.
