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# MEMORIAL

OF THE

REV. JOHN N. CAMPBELL, D. D.,

---

LATE PASTOR OF THE

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,

IN THE

CITY OF ALBANY.

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# MEMORIAL.

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Dr. John N. Campbell, D.D., Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in the City of Albany, died at his residence in Hudson street, Albany, on Sunday morning, March 27th, 1864, after a short and very severe attack of pleurisy. Dr. Campbell had always been more or less an invalid; still, so suddenly was he taken away from earth, that his death was a surprise and shock to all.

On the Sunday previous he had preached at both services, with his usual vigour and impressiveness, and his very last sermon because of the sad sequel has become one of unusual solemnity—the text which he chose was, “And I heard a voice from Heaven, saying unto me, ‘write: Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them.’”

The tie which binds a Pastor to his congregation, and the congregation to its Pastor is no ordinary one, for beside its sacredness, it has about it more of affection than can in any

other case exist outside the family circle, and the severing of that tie necessarily gives rise to an outburst of feeling, sincere, heartfelt and sorrowing. This was markedly so with the congregation of the First Presbyterian Church of Albany, in the instance of the death of their much beloved and respected Pastor, who had so long and so faithfully watched over and cared for them, and their interests; and in commemoration of his life and death, it has been deemed just and fitting that all which has been said *in memoriam* of him should be strung together like so many pearls which his People may guard and wear as a souvenir of his numerous excellences and virtues.

Thursday, subsequent to the death of Dr. Campbell, was the day designated by the officers of the Church for the last sad ceremonies over the remains of their revered and much beloved Pastor. A dreary rain served to drape all nature in grief's shadow, and its gloom, harmonizing as it were, with the desolation hanging over the Church, and with the sad depression of the congregation.

The Church edifice, a beautiful monument of Dr. Campbell's refined and cultivated taste,

was draped to the very organ loft in sombre folds of wo: the festoons of black from the Pulpit were thrown over the branches of its candelabra which, being brilliantly lighted, gave to the whole the effect of a *chapelle ardente*.

Long before the hour appointed for the funeral services—3 o'clock in the afternoon,—the Church was already thronged. A preliminary service was performed by the Rev. Trumbull Backus, D. D., of Schenectady, at the late residence of the Pastor, in the presence of the officers—sacred and secular—of the Church over which Dr. Campbell had so long presided, all of whom officiated as Pall Bearers.

In the Session Room of the Church, had assembled, the Governor of the State, the State officers, the members of the Legislature, the Regents of the University, with the ministers of the various churches of the city, who united with the procession as it came from the house.

The tolling of the Church bell was the signal of the approach of this cortege.

The doors of the Church were thrown open and the procession entering occupied the seats

which had been reserved, when the Organ pealed forth its accompaniment to the choir in a sublime anthem from the 14th Chapter of Revelations,

“ And I heard a voice from Heaven,”

from the verse which had been selected by Dr. Campbell for the text of the last sermon which he addressed to his congregation one short week before, and which had since been set to beautiful and appropriate music by Mr. Thos. Spencer Lloyd, formerly organist of the Church. Whilst this anthem was being sung the coffin was borne up the aisle and placed just under the Pulpit on the very spot where so often the Pastor had solemnly officiated in the dedication of the children of the congregation to the Church, and in the commemoration of the Death and Resurrection of our Lord and Master.

The anthem finished, the Rev. Mr. Twombly of the State street Presbyterian Church, in an impressive manner read the following selections from the Scriptures,

“ I heard a voice from Heaven saying unto me, ‘ write: Blessed are the dead which die

in the Lord from henceforth.' Yea, saith the Spirit, 'that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.' "

From 1st Corinthians, 15th chapter, "Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood can not inherit the kingdom of God ; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption. Behold, I show you a mystery : we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed in a moment in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump : for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written : 'Death is swallowed up of victory.' '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 which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

From the 21st chapter of Revelation, "And I saw a new Heaven and a new

earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea. And I, John, saw the Holy City, New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of Heaven prepared as a Bride adorned for her Husband. And I heard a great voice out of Heaven saying, 'Behold! the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death; neither sorrow, nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.' "

"Glory be unto the Father, and unto the Son, and to the Holy Ghost. Amen."

Which was followed by a solemn and earnest Prayer by the Rev. Dr. Halley of the Third Presbyterian Church. After which was sung the hymn, "Hear what the voice from Heaven proclaims."

When the Rev. Wm. B. Sprague, D. D., of the Second Presbyterian Church, delivered the funeral oration, a sincere and beautiful tribute to the memory of the deceased Pastor.

# ADDRESS,

BY THE

REV. WILLIAM B. SPRAGUE, D. D.

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“The Prophets,” the Ministers of Christ, “do they live forever?” No, they die like other men, and make their graves with those whom they have been instrumental of guiding to Heaven. And the mission of the Christian minister covers the period of his death as well as of his life—from the hour that he is consecrated as an ambassador for Christ until he has passed the connecting point between earth and Heaven, he is charged, officially charged, with the spiritual interests of his fellow men, especially of those of whom the Holy Ghost hath given him the more immediate oversight. The work to which he has been set apart is that of turning men from darkness to light. With the Word of God in his hand, and the Spirit of God for his Guide and Helper, he goes forth to arouse the slumbering; to guide the inquiring; to establish the wavering; to

strengthen the weak ; to comfort the sorrowful, and to help the pilgrim, just finishing his course, over the dark waters, into his eternal rest. Not those alone who constitute his own immediate flock, but the world, in all its great moral and spiritual interests, is committed to him—that is, he is bound to employ the gifts with which he has been endowed, in connection with the authority with which he has been invested, for helping forward the great cause of truth and peace and righteousness, and thus advancing the Mediator's triumph. Such, I say, is to be the employment of his life ; and his death is designed to subserve the same great end for which he has lived. No matter what may be the *circumstances* of his death ; whether he dies suddenly or by a lingering process ; whether his paralyzed faculties render his death-bed a scene of solemn silence, or his mind, acting with wonderful clearness and power, gives full utterance to its views and impressions while on the borders of Heaven,—in every variety of circumstances in which a minister can die, he continues a minister to the last ; and sometimes the lessons of his dying hour, though spoken into the ear of only a few

weeping friends, or even delivered through speaking looks, which the heart is left to interpret, may be more impressive and far reaching than the most studied or eloquent words that ever fell from his lips.

But while it pertains to the mission of a Christian minister to die for the benefit of those for whom he has lived, it is obvious that this result can never be reached without the vigorous and hearty co-operation of those upon whom his life and death are designed more immediately to act. As this whole subject has its practical illustration here to-day, amidst the sorrows of this bereaved congregation, I am sure, my friends, you will allow me, in what I have to say of it, to ignore the didactic form, and to endeavour to impress the solemn teachings of God's providence directly upon your hearts. A ministry, which has been exercised among you for more than a generation, is now closed; and whatever may have been your improvement of this ministry in its progress, what you have now to do is to profit by its termination. Your Pastor lies here before me in his grave clothes; and surely, in such a presence, my tongue would refuse to do its office, if I were

to deal with you otherwise than in affectionate fidelity.

Let me say then, in the first place, if you would receive the blessing that is proffered to you through your Pastor's death, let the sad event serve to impress you more deeply with the certainty and the solemnity of *your own* death. You have heard his eloquent and impressive teachings on the subject of death, oh how often! The last message which he delivered here, and which still vibrates in a note of sadness upon your hearts, was upon the Blessedness of the Dead who die in the Lord. As he has stood by the coffins of your friends, he has made striking representations of the last conflict, and the last victory, and the glory that follows; but never, no never, has he given you such a lesson upon death as he is delivering here, on occasion of this his last visit to the sanctuary. Believe me, it is *his* voice rather than mine, that calls upon you now to commune with your own hearts in reference to your preparation for death; to forget every thing else in the great life-work of getting ready for life's close; to be prepared, in your ignorance of the future, for a sudden transi-

tion, as his has been, from one world to another. He charges you to remember, amidst all your engrossing cares, all your oppressive labours, all your social enjoyments, all your plans for an uncertain future, that you must die. And the best tribute you can pay to his memory is to identify with the solemnities of this hour a purpose, formed in better strength than your own, that your whole future life shall be an unbroken scene of preparation for what awaits you beyond the veil. Such a purpose, I am sure, would go far towards securing the end which the death of your minister is designed to effect.

As another means of accomplishing the same gracious design of Providence towards you, remember that the death of your Pastor has closed a much more than ordinarily protracted ministry, for which you must give an account. The Gospel, faithfully preached, is a savour of life unto life, or a savour of death unto death, to all who hear it—what say you then of the responsibility of having heard this Gospel proclaimed in all fidelity and plainness, by the same Pastor, during so long a period? Have your affections gone forth in the words of

praise and prayer which he has here uttered? Have you received into a good and honest heart those great truths which he has so impressively commended to your acceptance? Have you, who are the professed disciples of Christ, been constantly rising in your spiritual attainments; giving out a brighter light, and feeling in your hearts, and illustrating by your lives, more and more, the attraction of the Cross? Have not some of you been sometimes conscience-stricken by his pungent appeals, and then administered to yourselves some opiate that has thrown back your conscience into its accustomed lethargy? Have not some of you been rather attracted than profited by his ministrations; rather filled with admiration of an eloquent manner, than impressed by the weight of the momentous truths which have been delivered? I propound these questions, not as though I were making a charge against any of you, but only to bring you into communion with yourselves in regard to the results of the ministry that is now closed. That ministry is now a matter of full record in the book of God's remembrance; and you will have to look upon the record as sure as

there will be a judgment day. Many of you, I trust, can anticipate that occasion with joyful confidence; and as for you to whom the word has proved profitless, because it has not been mixed with faith, what better can I do than to counsel and urge you to let your mind fasten, in solemn practical contemplation, upon the truths to which you have hitherto been indifferent, and to rest not till God's Spirit has impressed upon you the Redeemer's living image. As the grand results of this ministry are yet to be developed in respect to you, so you may still modify these results by reproducing in your memories what you have heard and neglected, and keeping it before your minds in solemn thought, and fervent prayer, and humble dependence on the agency of the Great Sanctifier, until it has actually become to you the power of God unto salvation. I would say to you, one and all, let the good influence of the ministrations you have enjoyed here, instead of being terminated by your Pastor's death, be quickened into more intense action by all your tender and hallowed recollections of him, so that, while he sleeps in his grave, he may still be represented here

in your vivid remembrance and faithful application of the truths he has so long preached to you.

Yet another means of securing the blessings proffered to you through this sad dispensation is the humble recognition of God's hand, in connection with earnest prayer for the accompanying influences of his Spirit. You are to bear in mind that the same wise and gracious Providence that has continued your Pastor to you so long, has at length broken the tie by which you and he were mutually bound; has ordained all the circumstances by which the disruption was attended, including especially its startling suddenness; and that, in each and every circumstance that makes an appeal to your hearts, there is solemn warning or counsel conveyed to you by the voice of God. You are to prostrate yourselves before the mercy seat in humble supplication that the blessings of his ministry may culminate in his death; that those who could resist his voice from the pulpit may find the voice from his coffin too mighty for them; that those who have been co-workers with him to secure the objects of his ministry, may labour still more

earnestly for the same end, now that he has been translated to another sphere ; that the great exigency which this bereavement has created, may be provided for in the exercise of the Divine wisdom and goodness ; and, finally, that light may break forth amidst all this darkness, and the blessings of God's grace come pouring down upon you in such rich profusion that Heaven itself shall seem to be gloriously represented here. Oh, if the prayers, which shall now rise from your stricken hearts, should touch the chord of infinite love, and set the gracious Spirit to working wonders among you ; if the aged sinner should be seen reaching out his trembling hand as a token of affectionate welcome to his Saviour ; and the middle-aged man of the world should abjure his idolatries, and give his heart and his life to Christ ; and a throng of these beloved youth should be seeking pleasure beyond the world ; and even the little children should be singing, out of the fulness of a renovated heart, " Hosanna to the Son of David " ; and then if this flame of love and blessing should be communicated to neighbouring sister churches, and they should severally witness to a mighty work of

grace among themselves, and there should be triumphs of redeeming mercy all around that would create a fresh jubilee among the angels—would you not all feel that part of the mystery pertaining to your bereavement was cleared up; that God had led you through these bitter scenes as a preparation for filling your hearts with gratitude, and your mouths with praise, in view of the great things which He had done for all of us?

But I should not meet the demands of the hour, if I were not to speak more particularly of my departed brother whose death has convened us. And yet I will not dissemble the embarrassment that I feel in attempting to perform this office,—partly because I have not the material from which to frame even a satisfactory *outline* of his life, and partly because I can say nothing of his character, which is not even more familiar to you than to myself.

Dr. Campbell was born in the city of Philadelphia, of very respectable parentage, on the 4th of March, 1798. His maternal grandfather was ROBERT AITKEN, a man of high character and standing, and the publisher of the first English edition of the Bible in this

country. He was baptized by the Rev. Robert Annan, at that time minister of the Old Scots' Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia, and in connection with that Church he had his early training. After being, for several years, a pupil of that celebrated teacher, James Ross, he entered the University of Pennsylvania; but, from the fact that his name does not appear on the catalogue, I suppose he could not have completed his collegiate course. He pursued his theological studies, for some time, under the direction of Dr. Ezra Stiles Ely, but subsequently went to Virginia, where he prosecuted his studies still further, and became temporarily connected, as Teacher of the Languages, with Hampden Sydney College. He was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Hanover, on the 10th of May, 1817, and his first efforts in the pulpit were in the heart of the Old Dominion. In the autumn of 1820, he was chosen Chaplain to Congress; and, though he was then only twenty-two years of age, he discharged the duties of that difficult place to unusual acceptance. He afterwards returned to Virginia, and remained, it is believed, between two and three years. Of

his movements in detail during his residence at the South, I am not informed ; though it is understood that he preached, for some time, in Petersburg, Virginia, and also in Newbern, North Carolina ; and in the latter place was instrumental in establishing the First Presbyterian Church. In 1823, he became the assistant of the venerable Dr. Balch, of Georgetown, and continued in that relation from one to two years. In 1824 or '25, he took charge of the New York Avenue Church in Washington City, where his great popularity very soon crowded their place of worship. In January, 1825, he was elected one of the Managers of the American Colonization Society, and very ably and efficiently discharged the duties of the office for about six years. During his residence in Washington he made the acquaintance of many of the prominent characters of the day, and became especially intimate with that noble specimen of a man and a statesman, WILLIAM WIRT, with whom, for some time, he kept up a correspondence. Here, too, he acquired great popularity as a preacher, and was especially admired, both in and out of Congress, for his graceful and impressive elocution. It

was here that the late CHIEF JUSTICE SPENCER, then a member of this congregation, and a member of Congress, first heard him, and then became acquainted with him, and then recommended him to you as a suitable person to take charge of this then vacant church. He accepted your invitation to come and preach to you as a candidate; and shortly after accepted your invitation to settle over you as a Pastor; and he was actually installed in this relation on the evening of the 11th of September, 1831. I remember the occasion was rendered specially interesting by the presence of a former venerable Pastor, Dr. Nott, who addressed the congregation with an air of tender familiarity, which might well become a father in speaking to his own children.\*

Through all these intervening years Dr. Campbell has remained steadily at his post, except for a few weeks during each summer, which he has spent in relaxation at Lake George; and has been in his own pulpit with a degree of constancy, unparalleled, so far as

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\* Several facts stated in this paragraph have been communicated to me by the Rev. R. R. Gurley, of Washington City, since the Address was delivered.

I know, in the Presbyterian Church. And, in addition to his duties as a minister, he has performed a great amount of labour in other capacities, especially as one of the Regents of the University of the State of New York ;—an office which he deemed in no wise incongruous with his higher vocation, on account of its intimate connection with the educational interests of the State. During nearly the whole time that this prodigious burden of care and labour has rested upon him, his health has not been firm, and nothing but a highly elastic constitution, and an indomitable strength of purpose, could have enabled him to endure it.

But, notwithstanding he seemed so frail, and you knew that his physical system was often and easily disordered, there had been nothing in any of his recent demonstrations to betoken the near approach of death. He had, indeed, just closed an interesting course of Wednesday evening Lectures upon Church History, by an eloquent representation of the condition of the Church in its triumphant and glorified state. He had preached a sermon, which some of you have said was worthy to be his own Funeral Sermon, and *that*, when

there was nothing apparent to give the subject any special fitness ; but it turned out that he was standing in his pulpit then for the last time. You are ready now to think of these circumstances as having been well nigh prophetic ; but, at the time of their occurrence, you saw in them no foreshadowing of evil. When he pronounced the benediction at the close of his last service, I am sure it did not occur to any one of you that those were the last words he was to utter in the house of God. The next day he was walking about the streets, and visiting in some of your families, with at least his usual degree of vigour and buoyancy. The day following he was under his physician's care, and it was but too apparent that he had been attacked by a serious malady. It was the week immediately preceding your Communion ; but, instead of being engaged in the usual preparation for that solemnity, he was burning with fever upon his bed. Friday evening came, when he had expected to meet you in the preparatory services, and you found one of his brethren occupying his place. The morning of the Sabbath came, and just as you were on your

way hither to commemorate your Redeemer's death, the appalling news was flying in every direction that your Pastor was ready to be dressed for the grave. You came hither, and listened to impressive words, spoken out of a warm full heart, and received the sacred memorials from unaccustomed hands; but your hearts were bowed under the reflection that you were a bereaved people. The tidings were quickly proclaimed at the doors of all our churches, and from the pulpits of some of them, and prayers were offered that the Sanctifier and Comforter might be among you.

Dr. Campbell's character, in respect to its predominant qualities, both intellectual and moral, was strongly marked. His perceptions were like the lightning's flash—he saw, as if by intuition, what most minds reach by a thoughtful, if not laborious, process. Hence his opinions were generally formed quickly, and were held with great tenacity; and though, in view of new evidence that might present itself, they were sometimes modified or reversed, yet it never required much time for him to make the change—indeed, I may safely say that to a doubting, much more a

vacillating, habit of mind he was an utter stranger. From this quickness of perception, in connection with a habit of close observation and a retentive memory, it resulted that he had treasured up a vast amount of valuable knowledge, especially in connection with almost every department of practical life ; insomuch that it was difficult to introduce a subject upon which he had not some matured thoughts, if indeed he was not quite at home. He had also a graceful facility of communication that made him welcome to all intelligent society, and was likely to secure to him precedence in almost any company into which he could be thrown. What rendered his presence the more attractive was his good humour and fine flow of spirits ; for which, however, if he thought the occasion demanded it, he could substitute an air of stern rebuke, accompanied with words of withering import.

His taste was, in every respect, most exact ; and, from the adjustment of his dress, and the arrangement of his furniture, up to the planning of the magnificent edifice for the State Library, you would scarcely find any thing that admitted of improvement. His mind was

uncommonly versatile—you could not call him to any service, or place him in any position, to which he could not readily adapt himself; and it has been well said, by one of our daily papers, that he could have been any thing else as well as a minister. If I have been correctly informed, you have yourselves made full proof of his financial ability in his very efficient co-operation in those measures which resulted in the erection of this attractive and commodious building, and the liquidation of the entire debt within a reasonable period after its completion.

Of his moral qualities, that which was perhaps as patent as any other was an iron strength of purpose, that defied all ordinary opposing influences. In several instances in the course of his ministry, he has been placed in circumstances, more or less public, well fitted to test the energies of his nature; and the result has always shown that the mountain was not more immovable from its base than he from his settled convictions and purposes. And with a firmness that never yielded he united a frankness that loathed dissimulation—he could utter words of scathing reproof, and mean just what he said, and yet they would

be so qualified and tempered by an indescribable something, a sort of half jocose look and manner, as to give no offence to the party to whom they were addressed. And, to crown all, he had always an open heart and hand, according to his ability, for administering to the wants of the poor and suffering. I may mention, as an evidence of this, that, in instances almost innumerable, in which subscriptions in aid of objects of charity have been brought to me, Dr. Campbell's name has appeared prominent on the list.

Of his character as a Preacher it ill becomes me to speak to you, most of whom have spent the greater part of your lives under his ministry, whereas I have heard him but rarely, and at distant intervals. I think, however, I may safely say that his discourses were generally rich in evangelical truth, constructed with great simplicity, clearness and directness, and hardly ever so long but that his audience, if they could have spoken out their mind, would have bid him proceed. Of the few sermons which I have heard him preach, the one on the Dying Thief has gained the firmest lodgment in my memory—it contained a condensed and

powerful argument, abounded in thrilling appeals, and was delivered, as all his sermons were, with a force and a grace which added greatly to its effect.

In your own houses I suppose you saw less of him than your high and affectionate regard for him prompted you to desire. But this you did not set down to any lack of interest in your welfare. It was owing partly no doubt to the fact that he never enjoyed vigorous health, and partly to the strong conviction he had that the pulpit was, as old Herbert said, the minister's throne. To a right dividing of the word of truth here, he looked chiefly for the results of his ministry.

Dr. Campbell was, in his views and practice, a thorough Presbyterian. In the great controversy which divided our Church, he took a deep interest, and his opinion never changed in respect to the rectitude of the dividing act, much as he deplored the consequences. His remarkable executive power, in connection with his great familiarity with ecclesiastical rule, gave him a decided influence in the councils of the Church, so far as he mingled with them. His strong aversion to leaving home

has prevented his being a member of the General Assembly, at more than two or three of its sessions, during his ministry; but, on one of these occasions, he was nominated for the Moderatorship, and came very near being chosen. He has always taken a deep interest in our Theological Seminary at Princeton, and his name has been on the list of its Board of Directors ever since the year 1836.

Dr. Campbell, I hardly need say, was no careless spectator of the distracted and convulsed state of our nation. His watchful and sagacious eye carefully scanned every movement, and noted every sign of good or evil; and sometimes his earnest spirit would unburden itself in words of strong condemnation in respect to men or measures: but he looked with the utmost confidence to a glorious issue; and he doubted not that this great affliction through which the nation is passing is destined to work for it the peaceable fruits of righteousness. He believed that God's hand is at work amidst all this desolation, and that it will ere long be lifted out of the darkness to scatter blessings throughout all our borders.

When I think of the deep sorrow which this unlooked for dispensation of Providence has called forth, my mind flies first to that desolate dwelling, and to that lonely mourner, who scarcely yet realizes the fact that she is wearing the weeds of widowhood. Believe me, *there* is a heart which would refuse to be comforted by any thing this poor world could bestow. Far removed from the region of her nativity and her early associations, with no relatives at hand to share the burden of her sorrows, and with every object around her speaking of the wreck of her best earthly hopes, something beyond the world she must have to keep her from sinking in these deep waters — that something, I doubt not, she does have, will have, in the everlasting arm stretched out for her to lean upon, in the everlasting promises shedding light into all this darkness. Sure I am that we shall all unite in common and fervent supplication that she may enjoy the constant presence of the Comforter ; while nothing that the warmest sympathy and the most affectionate attentions can do to relieve and sustain her stricken spirit, will be overlooked.

Need I say that the occasion which has convened us marks a sad, and in some respects an extraordinary, epoch in the history of this ancient and venerable church. I know not whether the fact has occurred to you, — but I find, in looking back through your history, which now covers a full century, that of the nine ministers who have successively had charge of this Church, he whom we are burying to-day is the first who has died as its Pastor. And what is yet more remarkable, one who stands prominent among the distinguished names on this list, was settled here sixty-six or seven years ago, and is yet among the living. Of the first two I believe that both history and tradition are well nigh silent ; but all the rest have been men of high intellectual endowments, and some of them have earned for themselves not only a bright but an enduring name. So too this church has numbered many excellent spirits in its Eldership ; among whom I now call to mind the venerable ANANIAS PLATT, whose name was a synonyme for godliness and brotherly kindness and charity ; and the no less venerable PETER BOYD, who was a sort of balance-wheel

amidst all conflicting interests, and a moving power for good in the Church at large ; and, at a more recent period, the excellent AMOS FASSETT, whose life was an epistle known and read of all men. These and scores of other excellent men among you have passed away ; and now the man who has been your spiritual guide for a third of a century, and has seen more than one generation die, and has drawn forth both your affection and admiration, has himself bowed to the destroyer. Other ministers are destined to stand here —God grant that they may be full of faith and of the Holy Ghost, and that from them may be heard the same blessed truths which those lips, now sealed in death, have so plainly and forcibly proclaimed. Remember that you are all in the current that is sweeping onward to the ocean of eternity. May the merciful God display richly his grace and glory in this house, in all coming years, and may his Spirit begin, even now, to work, amidst this scene of mourning.

Ministers of the Gospel, our brother with whom some of us have been associated for many years, meeting him in our daily walks,

and sometimes in our professional engagements, and interchanging with him views on subjects of mutual interest, this brother has now finished his course, leaving us to stay in this house of our pilgrimage, in this scene of labour and conflict, a little longer. In respect to some of us, we know that it can be *but* a little longer—in respect to all, the period, when it has expired, will seem like a mere “inch or two of time.” What remains then but that we work while the day lasts. Let the whole residue of our life be devoted to Him to whom our best services are pledged in the double relation of Christians and Ministers; and then, though the last enemy should overtake us suddenly, as he has overtaken our brother, we can afford to look him in the face and smile.

Which was followed by the Hymn :

Oh, for the death of those  
Who slumber in the Lord:  
Oh! be like their's my last repose,  
Like their's my last reward.

The Benediction was pronounced by the  
Rev. Mr. PITMAN.

After which an opportunity was afforded for those assembled to take the last view of that countenance which they were now to see no more forever. And an affecting scene indeed was it to witness the throng which pressed about the bier, bending over and gazing upon all that was left of the revered Pastor, who, wrapped in his robes, lay seemingly so quietly asleep that one was startled and led

“— to doubt the Tyrant’s power:  
So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,  
The first last look by Death revealed.”

The procession being once again formed, took up its march to the Albany Rural Cemetery, where the remains were entombed:—  
“Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust—  
till the general resurrection in the last day,  
when the earth and sea shall give up their  
dead, and the Son of God shall come, in glory  
of the Father, to judge the quick and the  
dead.”

## FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

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Proceedings of the Church Session in reference to the death of the Rev. Dr. John N. Campbell.

*Whereas*, it has seemed good to an all-wise God, the sovereign ruler and disposer of all events, to remove from us by death, our beloved Pastor, the Rev. John N. Campbell, it seems eminently fitting that in our collective capacity as a Church Session, we should give expression to those feelings of respect and sorrow, which we feel as individuals and members of that church, of which he was so long the faithful and efficient head. Therefore,

*Resolved*, That as the representatives of that church and congregation, which for thirty-four years has enjoyed the privilege of his spiritual ministrations, listened to the teachings, the instructions and consolations of the Gospel imparted by him from the sacred desk; and admired those intellectual gifts, and rendered those high moral qualities, which enabled him to exert so salutary an influence in all the relations of life; we mourn with heartfelt sorrow his departure, and whilst we confidently trust that he is enjoying the blessedness of those who die in the Lord, we shall wish in vain for those judicious counsels, that wise decision and friendship which enabled him to guide us safely in the difficult and responsible duties of the government and discipline of the church.

*Resolved*, That we tender to the widow and relatives of the deceased our sincere sympathies under this bereavement, commending them to the God of all comfort for that consolation which human words and tears can not bestow.

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### Proceedings of the Board of Trustees of the First Presbyterian Church.

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the First Presbyterian Church of the city of Albany, held March 28th, 1864, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

*Resolved*, That in the death of our beloved Pastor, the Rev. John N. Campbell, we mourn an irreparable loss to the church, and an affliction penetrating the hearts of his entire congregation. Through his whole ministration, of over a third of a century, he has ever been a sound and able theologian, an eloquent preacher, a kind and devoted pastor, and a warm personal friend.

Of those who called him here, few remain. He lived to perform the last sad rites that consigned them to the grave. Those who now mourn his death have grown up under his teaching, and feel his death akin to that a child feels at the loss of a father. Nor would we be unmindful of his labors and usefulness beyond the limits of his own congregation—of his efforts for the promotion of religion and learning, and every good work in the community at large, and of the remarkable force and energy of his character, which, prevailing over physical weakness, made him a man of eminent mark and usefulness in his day and generation.

Deeply deploring the loss we have sustained in his death, we are thankful to a kind Providence that we have been permitted so long to have the blessing of his prayers, his teachings, his life and his example.

*Resolved*, That we tender our sincere sympathy and condolence to the widow of our deceased Pastor, and our prayers for Divine support and consolation in her great bereavement.

By order of the Board.

HOWARD BOYD, *Clerk*.

### Proceedings of the Church Session of the Second Presbyterian Church.

The following resolutions were unanimously adopted at a regular meeting of the session of the Second Presbyterian Church, April 5, 1864 :

*Resolved*, That we view with deep sorrow the recent death of the Rev. Dr. John N. Campbell, Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in this city.

*Resolved*, That we regard him as having been a man of extraordinary powers and accomplishments ; as having been uncommonly devoted to the interests of his congregation in various ways ; as having been practically and efficiently identified with numerous objects of public interest ; and as having made a decided mark in every circle in which he has moved.

*Resolved*, That we tender our cordial sympathy to the widow in this hour of her deep sorrow ; to the session of the church, and the trustees of the congregation, deprived of a most efficient coadjutor and leader in their good enterprises ; and to all who in any way came under his pastoral supervision.

*Resolved*, That a copy of the foregoing resolutions be sent to Mrs. Campbell and to the session of the bereaved church.

W. B. SPRAGUE, *Mod'r*.

A. McCLURE, *Clerk*.

Albany, April 5, 1864.

## Proceedings of the Church Session of the Third Presbyterian Church.

At a Meeting of the Session of the Third Presbyterian Church of Albany, the accompanying propositions were submitted and unanimously adopted :

*Resolved*, That we deeply share in the widely-diffused sorrow occasioned by the sudden and lamented death of the Rev. John N. Campbell, D.D., Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of this city, and bow in submission to the will of the Supreme Disposer.

*Resolved*, That we now record in our minutes the exalted estimate we had always formed of his talents, his benevolence and public enterprise, the christian graces by which his life was adorned, and his eminent qualifications as a Minister of the Sanctuary, and regard his death as a severe calamity to this city and the church at large.

*Resolved*, That we extend our most cordial sympathy to his bereaved partner and pray that the God of all grace may sustain and comfort her under her severe calamity with the richest assurances of his covenant love.

*Resolved*, That we sincerely sympathise with the members of the church and congregation in the loss they have sustained by the death of their devoted and eminently gifted Pastor, earnestly praying that the spirit of love and harmony may regulate all their proceedings while in a state of vacancy, and that the great Head of the church may speedily send them one "after His own heart" to watch over their spiritual interests and break to them the Bread of Life.

*Resolved*, That the Clerk of Session be authorised to transmit copies of these resolutions to the widow of the deceased and to the Session of the First Presbyterian Church.

EBENEZER HALLEY, *Mod'r.*

WALTER FERGUSON, *Clerk.*

ALBANY, March 30, 1864.

TO MRS. J. N. CAMPBELL—

Dear Madam: In sending you the enclosed copy of the action of the Session of the State Street Church, allow me, in behalf of the society thus represented, to offer our assurances of sympathy and condolence to you also, as the one most deeply touched by this great grief.

The friendship shown us, as a church, by him whose loss we mourn with you, his presence and assistance at the dedication of our house of worship, and the constant kindness and cordiality shown to the pastor, make this sad bereavement personal and great indeed to us.

While then we feel God's love and mercy, even in an event that brings such deprivation and distress, we yet may weep with you and mourn with you in mutual sympathy and sadness. But we would likewise look above this transient pain with joy, since God has simply taken our beloved brother, after a life of wondrous and completed usefulness, to that perfect rest, henceforth forever his.

Allow me to subscribe myself in behalf of the State Street Church.

Yours, very sincerely,

A. S. TWOMBLY,

*Pastor and Moderator of Session.*

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### Proceedings of the Session of the State Street Presbyterian Church.

*To the Session and Society of the First Presbyterian Church, Albany, N. Y.:*

At a meeting of the Session of the State Street Presbyterian Church, held Wednesday evening, March 30, 1864, it was the earnest wish of all, that some expression of our christian sympathy be extended to the Session and Society

of the First Presbyterian Church, from whom their Pastor, the Rev. J. N. Campbell, has so suddenly been called by death.

Therefore, we offer you this expression, dear brethren, of our heartfelt sorrow over your great loss; and we peculiarly must bear the burden of this bereavement with you, since some of our number have till recently sustained the same relation you have held towards him we mourn.

We all moreover knew his influence and value as a citizen; his strength and candor as a man; his eloquence and culture as a faithful minister of Christ; his piety and friendliness as pastor, neighbor, and co-worker in the vineyard of the Lord.

He was our friend; his words of dedication gave our house of worship to Jehovah, therefore your loss is ours, and in our consciousness of the illustrious memory he leaves we measure the intensity of our bereavement.

Accept then our most tender, tearful words of condolence and sympathy, with which may also mingle joyful thoughts and animating hopes in view of the blest immortality into which our brother has, we trust, already entered thro' the precious blood of the Redeemer.

(Signed.)

A. S. TWOMBLY,

*Pastor and Moderator of Session.*

By order of Session.

A. H. WELLS, *Clerk.*

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### Proceedings of the Consistory of the North Dutch Church of the City of Albany.

At a Meeting of Consistory of the North Dutch Church, held on Wednesday, the 30th day of March, 1864, it was unanimously

*Resolved*, That we have received with great sorrow the tidings of the death of the Rev. John N. Campbell, D.D., Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of this city, and in his departure we mourn the loss of a useful and distinguished citizen, an accomplished scholar, and an able and faithful Minister of our Lord Jesus Christ.

*Resolved*, That we extend to the afflicted widow and the bereaved church our warmest sympathies, praying that the God of all grace may sanctify to them this great trial, and prepare them to meet their late beloved Pastor in the Heavenly Jerusalem, and in the General Assembly and Church of the First Born, whose names are written in the Book of Life.

*Resolved*, That the Clerk of Consistory be instructed to present copies of these resolutions to Mrs. Campbell, and to the Session of the First Presbyterian Church.

RUFUS W. CLARK, *President of Consistory*.

J. McNAUGHTON, *Clerk*.

## Proceedings at a meeting of the Regents of the University of the State of New York :

ALBANY, March 31, 1864.

At a Meeting of the Regents of the University, held this day, the death of the Rev. John N. Campbell, D.D., a member of the Board, having been announced, after appropriate and impressive expressions of respect for his character by several members, the following entry was ordered to be made on the minutes of the meeting :

The Board records, with feelings of deep solemnity, their sorrow for the removal by death of their associate, the Rev. John N. Campbell, D.D. from the scenes of his usefulness. Dr. Campbell, with an established reputation as a

Christian Divine and a man of high literary cultivation, was, by the Legislature, elected a Regent of the University in 1851, and immediately took his place among those who, with the most active and useful zeal, gave their thoughts and their time to the business of the Board. His genial disposition, his great intelligence and his practical sense in the duties to which he was called, vindicated the wisdom of the choice of the Legislature, and secured for him the respect and affection of his associates. We mourn his death as a public loss and a personal bereavement.

*Resolved*, That we tender to the widow of the deceased our deepest sympathy in her affliction, and that the Secretary be directed to deliver to her a copy of these proceedings.

A true copy from the minutes,

S. B. WOOLWORTH, *Secretary*.

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Proceedings in the New York State Legislature in reference to the death of the Rev. John N. Campbell, D. D.:

SENATE.

The death of the Rev. Dr. Campbell was announced to the Senate by Mr. Murphy who said:

Mr. President—I rise to perform a solemn duty towards the memory of one who has just departed this life and from the labors imposed upon him by our State. The Rev. Dr. Campbell, a Regent of the University, breathed his last in this city, the place of his residence, on Sunday last, in the 68th year of his age. Thus we are called upon in the midst of the excitements and occupations of the Senate and the consideration of the questions of the hour, to stop and remember that there are higher and more important consid-

erations than our temporal affairs imperatively demanding our attention. We have in the character of the illustrious deceased an example which we might justly follow in remembering the concerns of eternity as well as of time ; for few have lived and passed from amongst us who have better fulfilled the harmonious duties of a good citizen and good Christian than he of whom I speak. Dr. Campbell was born in the city of Philadelphia. Among his first employments in life was that of Professor of Languages in William and Mary's College in Virginia. He afterwards became pastor of a church in the city of Washington, when, thirty-five or more years ago, such illustrious men as Wirt and Pinckney and Adams and Jackson and others,—“names which were not born to die,”—gave the government a character and society in Washington a charm which rendered him fortunate who was called to reside in that city. There our friend became acquainted with the good and great men of our country of that day,—an acquaintance which no doubt helped to strengthen that natural force of personal character for which he was distinguished. Dr. Campbell was invited to the city of Albany in 1831 as pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, which charge he continued to hold until the time of his death.

My acquaintance with him was not as intimate, perhaps, as some other Senators ; but I knew him well enough to know that in his death the State has lost a valuable officer. No one was more assiduous in the discharge of his duties as Regent. Always at his post, he was ever faithful to the cause of education, of literature and science. On Monday of last week he was at this Capitol attending to those duties ; on Tuesday he was stricken on his bed of death, to give up to the God who gave it, the breath which to the last moment he yielded to the service of the commonwealth.

I should, however, do injustice to the great interests of society and to the cause of humanity, if I did not bear special testimony to the high personal qualities of the deceased, his urbanity, his fine taste and appreciation of art, and of the amenities of his life and his great firmness of purpose in the discharge of duty. And what especially commend that example to our admiration, is the inflexibility and strictness with which he held himself in his sacred office, to its proper duties, the cure of souls.

Sir, I submit the following resolution for the consideration of the Senate :

*Resolved*, That the members of the Senate, while submitting to the decree of an all-wise Providence in taking from us the Rev. Dr. John N. Campbell, a Regent of the University of this State, deeply deplore his loss from the public service; and that out of respect to his memory, the flag on this Capitol be raised at half-mast during his funeral service. Adopted.

Mr. Shafer moved that out of respect for the memory of the illustrious dead, the Senate attend the funeral of deceased in a body. Carried.

Mr. Cook moved that the Senate take a recess. Carried.

Recess till 7:30 P. M.

#### ASSEMBLY.

Mr. McCarty rose to a question of privilege, and announced the death of Rev. John N. Campbell, D.D. Mr. McCarty said :

Rev. John N. Campbell was born in Philadelphia, and graduated at Nassau Hall College, Princeton. Before he was 21 years old he was Professor of Languages in William and Mary's College, Va. Was made Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Washington, during Gen. Jackson's administration, who attended his church and over whom he had great influence. He came to Albany as Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in 1831, and was elected Regent,

March 18, 1851. He had the principal charge of the plan and erection of the present State Library Building—being one of the Commissioners.

He was one of the most active and efficient members of the Board of Regents, especially as chairman of the Standing Committee on the Library, from the regular weekly meetings of which he was seldom absent, and he was present on Monday of last week, and attended to the usual business. He died on Sunday last at 9½ o'clock. The funeral will take place at his church this P. M. at 3 o'clock.

Mr. McCarty concluded his remarks by offering the following resolution :

*Resolved*, That as a token of respect to the memory of the late Rev. John N. Campbell, D.D., the flag of the Capitol be placed at half-mast during the funeral ceremonies, and that the members of this body will attend his funeral. Adopted.

The Speaker responded to the resolution. He said that the memory of the man we now proposed to honor, was one entitled to our highest regard and esteem. Not only had he instructed men in the way of a better and a future world, but he had given his elevated taste and distinguished talents to benefit his fellow citizens in other departments of life. As a Regent of the University, and a member of the Standing Committee on the State Library, he had been conspicuous. In this department he had long rendered services too valuable to be forgotten, and it was proper that as the presiding officer of this House, and standing in his place, that he should make this acknowledgment in honor of his memory. Recess.

## NOTICES

OF THE DEATH OF DR. CAMPBELL, AS THEY APPEARED IN THE JOURNALS  
OF THE CITY OF ALBANY, AND ELSEWHERE.

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*From the Albany Atlas and Argus, Monday morning,  
March 28th, 1864.*

## DEATH OF REV. DR. JOHN N. CAMPBELL.

Our community at large were astounded yesterday morning by the sad and unlooked for intelligence that the Rev. Dr. Campbell had closed his earthly career, just as the people were about assembling in their respective churches. He preached twice the last Sabbath, with his accustomed ease, nor was there anything to indicate that the effort was at all injurious to him. On Monday he was in his usual health, and spent a considerable part of the day in calling upon his friends in different parts of the city. Monday evening he stopped for a short time at the house of his friend and physician, Dr. Boyd, and though not apparently much indisposed, he expressed the opinion that he had taken cold. The next day the doctor was called in, and found him with a violent fever, and other symptoms indicating pneumonia. This state of the system continued for two or three days; but when the disease yielded, it was found that the system had not vigor enough to sustain itself. From this time he sunk rapidly, and during his last hours was too feeble for any intelligible utterance. Comparatively few of his friends in the city, outside of his own congregation, were aware that he was not in his usual health, until, as they were on their way to church, or at the church door, they were thrown into a

state of sad amazement by hearing that he had just before breathed his last.

Dr. Campbell became the Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in this city in September, 1831, having previously exercised his ministry both in Petersburg, Va., and in Washington city. He was a man of much more than ordinary powers, of unusual versatility of mind, of extensive and varied culture, of refined and gentlemanly manners and of great strength and decision of purpose. He had an uncommon share of executive ability, and performed much valuable service beyond the limits of his own congregation. He was an active and useful member of the Board of Regents of the State of New York, and the building containing the State Library is, in no small degree, a monument of his architectural taste. His death will leave a wide chasm, not only in the dwelling which his presence has irradiated, not only in the congregation who loved and honored him, but in every institution and in every circle with which he has been more immediately connected.

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*From the Morning Express, Albany, Monday, March 28, 1864.*

#### DEATH OF REV. DR. JOHN N. CAMPBELL.

The announcement of death, even when expected, comes to us with a shock, and certainly is it so when the arrow falls suddenly upon a shining mark, as it has just done in our city.

Yesterday, almost at the moment the congregation of the First Presbyterian Church were assembling in their earthly tabernacle, the spirit of their Pastor was being carried beyond the veil into the presence of the Great Jehovah. The Rev. Dr. John N. Campbell, after a few days'—only a

few hours' of alarming—illness, breathed his last just before the hour of service on Sunday morning. His congregation were assembling to celebrate the last sacrament of their risen Redeemer, in which their Pastor had made every preparation to participate. Consequently it was an occasion of peculiar sacredness and of holy interest, and the startling announcement that he had gone from them forever was indeed overawing.

Dr. Campbell was a man of such delicacy of physique as seemed incapable of resisting the wearing influence to which his mind of acumen and activity subjected it, and yet though almost his whole life has been that of an invalid, rarely, scarcely ever did he allow his ministerial duties to be interrupted; and if prevented, as he often was, because of his feebleness, from accomplishing the more arduous avocations of the Pastor, his teachings from the pulpit, his admonitions, his warnings were never neglected—they were as constant as they were convincing and irresistible.

Dr. Campbell commenced his career of usefulness as a minister in and citizen of Albany so long ago that those who are now among its influential and active citizens were then lisping the first lessons of their catechism. He has identified himself with the progress, religious moral and *morale* of the city and the State, and even the country. He was ever ready to aid in every way the advancement of the temporal as well as the eternal interest of his fellow-men.

He has long been an energetic and influential member of the Board of Regents of the University, and the highly respectable position of that Board and its wide-spread and beneficial influence are greatly owing to his untiring efforts in its behalf.

In Dr. Campbell were added to the power of a vigorous intellect the polish and cultivation of the finished scholar; and

in the church, like Massillon, he had an original way of searching the human heart, its secret passions and interests, in order to arrive at the motives, and to combat the illusions of self-love by powerful appeals to the feelings. He painted the passions with so much truth and such irresistible force, that even those whose vicious tendencies he might expose to the noon-day glare were constrained to respect and admire him.

A week ago yesterday afternoon Dr. Campbell preached his last sermon, we may now say his funeral oration, for he selected for his text the following verse from the Book of Revelation :

“ And I heard a voice from Heaven saying unto me write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.”

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*Times and Courier, Monday morning, March 28, 1864.*

#### THE LATE DR. CAMPBELL.

Our citizens generally will be deeply pained to learn that this venerable and distinguished clergyman is no more. He died yesterday morning about 10 o'clock, of pneumonia, after an illness of only three or four days. The announcement of his death comes with startling suddenness, for but few were aware that he had been ill.

Dr. Campbell had been pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in this city for over thirty years. During all that time he maintained the most affectionate relations with his congregation. He was held in the highest estimation here, and wherever he was known, for his qualities as a pastor and a man. His intellect was acute and massive, and his sermons uniformly gave evidence of intellectual ability of the first order. He was as distinguished for his piety and good works as for his

learning and talents. The cause of religion and science has met with a loss in his death, and his departure to a better world, will leave a void here in the Church and in literary and social circles.

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*Albany Knickerbocker, Monday morning, March 28, 1864.*

DEATH OF DR. JOHN N. CAMPBELL.

A great and good man is dead. The Rev. John N. Campbell, pastor of the Hudson street Presbyterian Church, died very suddenly yesterday morning. He had been unwell since Wednesday last. His death cast a deep gloom over the city. Dr. Campbell was loved, respected and admired by all classes, rich and poor, high and low. For over thirty years he was one of our most distinguished pulpit orators. Next to Dr. Sprague, he was the oldest clergyman in the city. Dr. Campbell commenced life, we believe, as a tutor in one of the Virginia Universities, where his finely cultivated mind and elegant conversational powers attracted the attention of the most distinguished men of the State, and he was called to the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church at Washington. His fine presence, commanding talents and winning eloquence, soon won him a high position among the notables at the Capital. He was there during the greater part of the administration of President Jackson, and at one time had the most intimate and confidential relations with the old General. His recollections of that interesting period of the Nation's history, were of the most intensely entertaining character. Dr. Campbell highly offended the hero of New Orleans by taking side against him in the troubles which occurred between him and Mrs. Eaton. The Doctor found the northern atmosphere more congenial, and in the year 1831 he was installed minister of the "old brick church," corner of Beaver and South

Pearl streets in this city. From that time to this, Dr. Campbell has grown in the affections of the people of Albany. He was a man of large views—more catholic, broad and liberal than is usually found in the Presbyterian Church. He was frank, bold, manly, and without hypocrisy or fanaticism. He was a true christian without austerity. Dr. Campbell has been identified with all the public charities of Albany, and with every movement for the last twenty-five years calculated to improve and elevate our citizens. He was for many years a trustee of the Female Academy, and for the last ten years one of the most active Regents of the University. Dr. Campbell had reached a green old age. He was about sixty-eight years old. His memory will be cherished by every one who enjoyed his acquaintance. Peace to his ashes.

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*From the Albany Evening Journal, Monday, March 28th, 1864.*

DEATH OF THE REV. JOHN N. CAMPBELL.

The church, of which he was peculiarly its head, is bereaved of a beloved Pastor, and our citizens, universally, saddened by the unexpected death of this eminent Divine. The Rev. Dr. John N. Campbell has been with us, and of us, for nearly a third of a century, participating actively in all our religious, literary, educational and social enterprises, and pervading the atmosphere of our city with the wholesome and healthful influences of a cultivated mind, a cheerful temperament, and a refined nature. Though ever valuing the deceased, now that he is gone, we realize more perfectly how much a community loses in the death of one who was his neighbors' counsellor and friend—one upon whose judgment, good sense and sympathy, all who were in trouble or difficulty could and did rely.

Albany is fortunate in its clergy; in ministers who abide with their people until, like their churches, they become fixtures. Dr. Campbell was one of them. Generations have risen and passed away during his Pastoral charge of the First Presbyterian Church. Those who were elders in his church when he became its shepherd, long since departed, are succeeded by their sons and grand sons. Many who received the rite of baptism from his hands, enjoyed religious instruction in his Sunday School; whose marriages he solemnized, have preceded him to the grave.

Though a faithful Pastor, keeping up the discipline and regarding all the ordinances of his church, Dr. Campbell found leisure for usefulness in other departments of duty. His mind was an adaptive one. He was a distinguished clergyman. He would have been an equally distinguished Artisan, Engineer, Jurist, Statesman or General.

Dr. Campbell was both a Christian and a man of the world. Though strict in religious observances and pure in life, he threw aside the semblance of his calling and interested himself, for the benefit of others, with the every day business and pursuits of men. His political opinions, his knowledge of men, his acquaintance with commerce, manufactures, trade and of business generally, were matured and out spoken. He discussed all public questions freely and ably. He loved his country and its institutions intensely, and we have often, during its severe trial, wished that that country could avail itself of his ability, his genius, and his indomitable will.

Dr. Campbell was a native of the city of Philadelphia. His Pastoral life commenced, we believe, in Petersburg, Va. He subsequently accepted a call at Newbern, N. C., from whence he went to Washington. Gen. Jackson was a member of his congregation. During the Mrs. Eaton

embroglio, which occasioned a breaking up of the Cabinet, Dr. Campbell, who spoke as plainly to the President as he would have done to the humblest citizen, incurred Gen. Jackson's displeasure.

In 1830, the late Chief Justice Spencer, then a member of Congress, attended the Rev. Dr. Campbell's church, and became much interested in him. This circumstance led to his call and settlement in Albany—a circumstance auspicious alike to Pastor and People, and out of which endearing relations grew up and have existed for thirty-four years.

Dr. Campbell will be most missed, outside of his family and church, in the Board of Regents, and at the State Library, where for many years his knowledge, judgment, diligence, taste and tact, have been invaluable.

Unconsciously, this good man seems to have been finishing his work and setting his house in order. He had just delivered a series of weekly lectures in which he had been engaged for two years; and his last sermon, (on the Sunday afternoon preceding his death,) now that his spirit has departed, possesses a solemn significance.

Though to his family physician, Dr. Campbell's illness, from the beginning, was alarming, his congregation and our citizens generally were startled by the announcement of his death. His last hours were exempt from physical suffering, and while his strength failed, his consciousness remained. A few hours before he expired he asked his physician, (who is one of his elders,) to pray, and when the prayer was concluded, he sank gradually and quietly into that state which, after the "spirit has drifted away into the ocean of eternity," leaves the body inanimate and cold.

Dr. Campbell, eminently domestic, had a home in which his personal enjoyment centered. That home consisted of but two individuals, bound together by affections, sympathies,

tastes and habits very precious to both, and only to be broken up or disturbed by the event which, sooner or later, was contemplated. That home, so long bright and cheerful, is now dark and desolate. But "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," and that childless widow will find consolation where she had planted her faith.

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*From the Times and Courier, Tuesday, March 29th.*

THE LATE REV. JOHN N. CAMPBELL.

As we were able yesterday morning barely to announce the death of the Rev. Dr. Campbell, we wish now to add a few words conveying our general impressions of his character. His mind was cast in a decidedly superior mould, being remarkable for quickness and clearness of apprehension, and a sagacity and shrewdness that admirably qualified him for positions of difficulty. His moral constitution was characterized by great firmness of purpose, by a genial frankness which seemed to keep back nothing, and by a thoughtful and benevolent regard to the interests of those who were in want. His manners were highly cultivated, indicating great familiarity with polished society, and worthy even of the court. His attainments were extensive and varied, and his facility to command and apply them at pleasure was well nigh unrivalled. As a preacher he attracted great attention both at home and abroad; his manner was exceedingly graceful and animated, and his mode of utterance fervent and impressive. He had great executive talent, and had the opportunity of manifesting it not only in Church but in State; for he has been for a number of years a member of the Board of Regents in this State, and has shown himself fully competent to that important position. His death leaves a chasm in various fields of honorable usefulness that will not quickly be filled.

# NOTICE OF THE FUNERAL OBSEQUIES.

*Albany Evening Journal, Thursday, March 31, 1864.*

## THE FUNERAL OBSEQUIES OF THE REV. DR. CAMPBELL.

The funeral services over the remains of the late Rev. Dr. John N. Campbell were commenced at the late residence of the deceased in Hudson street, where the Rev. Dr. Sprague, Dr. Halley, Dr. Palmer, and Rev. Mr. Twombly officiated. About 3 o'clock, amid the tolling of bells, the remains were carried on a bier to the First Presbyterian Church, of which the deceased was Pastor, followed by the pall bearers, Thomas P. Crook, William G. Brown, Peter E. Don, Chas. B. Nichols, Andrew E. Brown, H. H. Martin, William White, Dr. Alden March, Howard Boyd, William Wendell, William Mitchell, Anthony M. Strong, William N. Strong and B. H. Mills, and the officiating clergymen, and the relatives and friends.

The Church was draped in mourning, and the attendance was very large, filling the entire of the spacious edifice, by the clergy, the Governor, the heads of State Departments, the Regents of the University, the instructors and pupils in the Academies and State Normal School, and the friends and acquaintances of the deceased.

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*Albany Atlas and Argus, Friday morning, April 1, 1864.*

## THE FUNERAL SERVICES YESTERDAY.

The funeral services of the late Rev. Dr. Campbell, at the First Presbyterian Church, were very impressive and affecting. The pews, galleries, aisles, and indeed every available space within the spacious church, was crowded.

The opening prayer was made by Rev Dr. Halley, and the funeral sermon by Rev. Dr. Sprague, was an able and eloquent effort, and an elegant tribute to the memory of the lamented deceased.

*Albany Express, Friday morning, April 1, 1864.*

**THE FUNERAL OBSEQUIES OF THE REV. DR. CAMPBELL.**

The funeral services over the remains of the late Rev. Dr. John N. Campbell were commenced yesterday afternoon, at the late residence of the deceased in Hudson street, where the Rev. Dr. Sprague, Dr. Halley, Dr. Palmer and Rev. Mr. Twombly officiated. About 3 o'clock, amid the tolling of bells, the remains were carried on a bier to the First Presbyterian Church, of which the deceased was Pastor, followed by the pall bearers, Thomas P. Crook, William G. Brown, Peter E. Don, Charles B. Nichols, Andrew E. Brown, H. H. Martin, William White, Dr. Alden March, Howard Boyd, William Wendell, William Mitchell, Anthony M. Strong, William N. Strong and B. H. Mills, and the officiating clergymen and the relatives and friends.

The Church was draped in mourning, and the attendance was very large, filling the entire of the spacious edifice, by the clergy, the Governor, the heads of State Departments the Regents of the University, the instructors and pupils in the Academies and State Normal School, and the friends and acquaintances of the deceased.

The opening prayer was made by the Rev. Dr. Halley, of the Third Presbyterian Church, which was very feeling and affecting. An appropriate address was delivered by Rev. Dr. Sprague. The cortege moved up Pearl street at 5 o'clock, amid the tolling of church bells, on the way to the Rural Cemetery, where the remains of this good and lamented Divine now rest.

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*Albany Knickerbocker, Friday, April 1, 1864.*

**THE FUNERAL OBSEQUIES OF THE REV. DR. CAMPBELL.**

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The remarks of the officiating clergy were eloquent and impressive, and we regret that we have not room to refer to them at length.

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*From the Presbyterian, New York and Philadelphia.*

#### DEATH OF THE REV. J. N. CAMPBELL.

It is with unusual sorrow that we announce the death of the Rev. John N. Campbell, D. D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Albany, New York. It occurred on Sabbath, March 27th, after an illness of a few days. Dr. Campbell was a native of the city of Philadelphia, and commenced his ministry in the State of Virginia. He removed from Virginia to the city of Washington, where he became pastor of the church in Washington city in which General Jackson, then President of the United States, was accustomed to worship. Circumstances soon brought him

into collision with the President, and the inflexible will of General Jackson was met by a determination just as inflexible on the part of Dr. Campbell to maintain his rights and dignity as a minister of Christ. A member of Congress, Judge Ambrose Spencer, admiring Dr. Campbell's courage and fidelity in these trying circumstances, made a successful effort to secure his removal to the First Presbyterian Church, in Albany, New York. That conspicuous and influential position he has filled for many years with eminent usefulness, and to the enlargement and increase of the church.

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*From the Correspondence of the New York Observer, March 31st, 1864.*

DEATH OF REV. J. N. CAMPBELL, D. D.

ALBANY, Sunday Evening, March 27th, 1864.

Messrs. Editors :—You will, perhaps, have heard, before this reaches you, of the death of the Rev. Dr. Campbell, pastor of the First Presbyterian church in this city. It was an event wholly unexpected, and has produced a deep sensation throughout our community. I am not in possession of the details of his early history, but such facts pertaining to his life as I am acquainted with I will now communicate to you.

He was born in Philadelphia, if I am correctly informed, in May, 1797. His maternal grandfather was Robert Aitken, who emigrated from Scotland to this country in 1769, was the reputed author of a work on the Principles of a Commercial System for the United States, and was the publisher of an edition of the Bible, copies of which are now rarely met with and highly valued. His parents were in connection with the Seceder church of Philadelphia, and in that church he was baptized and spent his early years.

Part of his education, classical, theological, or both, was under the direction of the Rev. Ezra Stiles Ely, who was, for many years, prominent in the Presbyterian Church. Of the exact time of his licensure I am not informed; but I am quite sure that either shortly before, or shortly after, he held a place in the corps of instructors in Hampden Sydney College, Virginia. He preached for some time at Petersburg, where also he was married to a lady of great respectability; but she survived her marriage only a few years. At a later period, he was for some time settled in the Presbyterian church of Washington, D. C.

When the First Church in this city became vacant by the removal of the Rev. Mr. Weed, their attention was directed to Dr. Campbell by the Hon. Ambrose Spencer, then a member of Congress, who had heard him preach at Washington, and been attracted to him as a man of unusual talents and promise. The congregation, upon Judge Spencer's recommendation, sent him a request to come and visit them; and after hearing him, they gave him a unanimous call, which he accepted, and in September, 1831, he was installed as their pastor. A part of the service on the occasion was performed by Dr. Nott, who had been an early pastor of the same church, and who now, though in a state of great feebleness, survives his fifth successor in the ministry.

Dr. Campbell was a man of great vigor of intellect, of indomitable strength of purpose, of courteous and graceful manners, of an almost intuitive insight into human character, of rare executive ability, and fitted to exert an influence in every sphere in which he moved. As a preacher, he has always had an unusual share of popularity, and has attracted to his church many strangers who have visited the city. In mingling with general society, and especially in conducting

particular enterprises of which he has had the charge, he has evinced great sagacity and tact, and has usually enlisted a vigorous co-operation. He has been for a number of years a member of the Board of Regents of the State of New York, and is understood to have rendered very important service in that capacity. The beautiful building in which the State Library is deposited was in a great measure planned by him ; and in everything pertaining to the library itself he uniformly took a deep interest. His public spirit did not wane with advancing years, but discovered itself to the last in connection with the various objects with which he was identified.

Last Sabbath Dr. Campbell was in his usual health, and preached twice—in the afternoon on the text, “Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord,” &c. ; and such was his train of thought that some of his hearers now say, that it seems as if he were anticipating his own funeral sermon. He continued well during the day on Monday, but in the evening he supposed he had taken a severe cold. The next day he had a violent fever, and his disease developed itself as pneumonia. When its violence came to abate after two or three days, his strength suddenly failed, and it became but too manifest that the current of life was fast ebbing away. His excellent physician, an elder in his church, was at his bedside, and the Doctor asked him to pray with him ; and after that request was complied with, he was too feeble to engage in much more conversation. He died this morning a few minutes before ten, so that the sad intelligence was flying through the city, just as the people were going into their respective churches. This has been in the bereaved church a communion Sabbath, the ordinance being administered by the Rev. Dr. Halley. At the preparatory prayer meeting last evening, the members of the church

were apprized of the critical condition of their pastor, and the exercises are said to have been marked by an awful solemnity. Dr. Campbell leaves a widow (who was a Miss Tilghman, of Maryland,) to mourn his departure; and a congregation who are deeply bowed under their bereavement. He was regarded, and justly, as a man of mark wherever he was known. FRATER.

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*From the Intelligence, April 7th.*

THE LATE DR. CAMPBELL.

This well known divine, whose death we announced last week, was, says the *Albany Evening Journal*, a native of the city of Philadelphia. His pastoral life commenced, we believe, in Petersburg, Va. He subsequently accepted a call at Newbern, N. C., from whence he went to Washington. Gen. Jackson was a member of his congregation. During the Mrs. Eaton imbroglio, which occasioned a breaking up of the Cabinet, Dr. Campbell, who spoke as plainly to the President as he would have done to the humblest citizen, incurred Gen. Jackson's displeasure. In 1830, the late Chief Justice Spencer, then a member of Congress, attended Rev. Dr. Campbell's church, and became much interested in him. This circumstance led to his call and settlement in Albany—a circumstance auspicious alike to pastor and people, and out of which endearing relations grew up and have existed for thirty-four years. Dr. Campbell will be most missed, outside of his family and church, in the Board of Regents, and at the State Library, where for many years his knowledge, judgment, diligence, taste, and tact, have been invaluable.

*From the Correspondent of the New York World.*

THE LATE REV. JOHN N. CAMPBELL.

ALBANY, March 28.

There is nothing in the affairs at Albany which so prominently claims place in the chronicle of to-day as the unlooked for death of the Rev. Dr. John N. Campbell. With the life of the city in his own ministerial labor, with service to the State as the most active of the Regents of the University, with a social influence of large circle, his name has been the familiar word of a period running close to the third of the century. He came to Albany, in circumstances that at once made him a memorable man. His service in the ministry in Virginia, and his career as professor in one of her universities, gave him intimate acquaintance with all the remarkable men of that period, when the most distinguished of Virginians yet lived and made their lion-tread amid the paths of statemanship. Acting as chaplain to Congress, while in charge of one of the Presbyterian congregations of Washington, he was the brilliant, the popular, and the distinguished clergyman of that city, and he deserved the place and the plaudit.

It was the era of General Jackson's administration, or rather of his reign. Shattering the unit feature of his cabinet by his order that the social visit of the cabinet families should extend to one particular person; and the gentlemen very properly rebelling at this interference with their judgment of propriety, he next undertook the very outside duty of determining the church relations of the same individuals. But here the ruler met the high priest, and the will of the chief magistrate found its barrier. Of all men on earth, Dr. Campbell was the very last one to open his altar gate at the behest of any influence than that of the truth, and peasant or president, were, in

his sense of right,, of no avail when they were opposed to that truth. He taught General Jackson that, in his sphere of duty, he, the minister of the gospel, was clothed with an authority before which the will of any man waned. This condition of things was new and obnoxious in an atmosphere where there was the very tuition of despotism, under varied forms of fawning and flattery.

Just at this hour there appeared on the scene another will as strong and as unyielding as ever throbbed in mortal, and united with a mental power that knew few equals. Judge Ambrose Spencer, the Representative from the Albany District, was witness to this strange controversy between power and right, and he espoused the cause of the clergyman who resisted the interference of the state with the polity of the church with a zeal and force that was characteristic of our Mansfield.

He advised his withdrawal from the sycophantic circle of Washington. There were other homes for a minister of the gospel who would not sully his ecclesiastical record, and by the counsel and with the friendship of Judge Spencer, Dr. Campbell came to Albany about 1831, assuming the pastoral care of the First Presbyterian Church, the oldest of that organization in the city.

Around him a welcoming congregation soon gathered, and the friends that gave him that reception found their choice justified by all that becomes a minister of the gospel. He had not lowered the standard of clerical right—the right which consists in a faithful and zealous guard over the purity of the church, and a long series of events justified and approved him.

He was a preacher of remarkable power. It had its best proof in this well known fact: He always occupied his own pulpit, waving aside assistance as he had thrust aside inter-

ference, and for these long, long years meeting the same hearers day after day, and yet, the hushed attention, that still earnest credit that marks the absorbed and the impressed, were in every hour that he spoke. He never neglected to do whatever he had to do in the very best way that it was in his power so to do. He gave his ministerial service the best of himself, and in this he and the eloquent Bethune were examples and models to all those whose high place it is to preach the gospel.

Dr. Campbell never preached the themes of political strife or question. He scorned to mingle the dust of this world with the most fine gold of the sanctuary; but of all men most fearless, he avowed the opinions he cherished of modern men or modern events with courage of declaration and with judgment of time and place.

He was one of the very ablest and most distinct representatives of the old school of Presbyterians, not using that designation in any partisan or temporary sense, but in its historical and ecclesiastical meaning. Steadily guarding his church from the irresponsibility of congregationalism, he, as well, believed it had attained the just degree of conservatism, and there he in his own department kept it—yes, he kept it—firmly and without dividing authority. He believed (and he was right) that the authority of the clergyman, comprised all the order of its worship, as well the organ loft as the pulpit, and he, not for an hour, ever permitted the weakness of a diluted direction. A gentleman of courtly rule of dress and conduct—precise, neat, orderly, fastidious—he secured the respect of others and preserved his own. He was the concentrated representative of the minister in his own sphere, and, what is of intensely more worth than all the rest, he was ever, and at all times and under all cir-

cumstances, the minister of the gospel—the preacher of the one all-universe, concentrating truth of the atonement.

As Regent of the University, he was assiduous, bright, persevering, and especially to the State Library, its building and its management, gave ceaseless attention ; but of this I write of but for the moment, for, in my judgment, the clergymen may wisest give all such duties to those whose lives belong to literature.

His memory is most vivid in excellence as in his own, the greatest of all the professions—the greatest of all the occupations of mankind. In this he was of that order of men not to be forgotten, seldom to be seen. There is earnest and heartfelt grief that he has ceased to be. We felt that one of those had left us whose life was interwoven with our own.

“Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.” Such were of the last words which were text for his sermon. Unconsciously he was speaking to himself the words we utter over his grave ; and with these words of sacred blessing may, in the truth of *his* history, be blended those which Mary, Queen of Scots, said of John Knox : “Here lies one who never feared the face of man ”

SENTINEL.

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*Correspondent of the Presbyterian, April 23, 1864.*

We found the Presbyterian community in Albany saddened by the recent death of the Rev. John N. Campbell, D. D., the late Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church. From good health and active usefulness he was so suddenly cut off as to have been preaching on one Sabbath with more than usual vigor, and on the next to have been clothed in the habiliments of the grave. A native of Philadelphia, he began his ministry in Virginia, was settled for some time in the city of Washington, and in 1831 was called to succeed

the Rev. Dr. Weed as Pastor of the first church in Albany. For thirty-three years he had ministered to that church with undiminished activity and usefulness, until so suddenly called by the Master to "come up higher." He was an admirable preacher, an indefatigable pastor, and possessed of general executive abilities of the very highest order. In the best sense of the word, he was a finished gentleman, and exhibited always and everywhere a refined and cultivated taste. There was probably no clergyman in our church more seldom absent from his own pulpit. Excepting a few weeks in midsummer, when absent for recreation, or when, at long intervals, he was unable to preach through illness, he always preached in his own pulpit, never accepting the relief even of an exchange, or of an occasional sermon from his brethren. The large and elegant church edifice in which his bereaved people now worship, remains as a monument of his energy, wisdom and taste. He was many years a Regent of the University, and in that capacity rendered important services to his city and his State. He had also long been a member of the Board of Directors of the Princeton Theological Seminary, and always took a lively interest in the welfare of that institution. He was a member of one, perhaps of more, of the Boards of the Assembly, and although at a distance from the seat of their operations, faithfully co-operated in their work. His influence in his own city, and with the members of the Legislature annually assembled there, was very great.\* He will long be remembered in Albany as a faithful minister of Christ, a man of unusual strength of character, and a benefactor of all around him. The

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\* Both Houses of this body, by resolution, adjourned to attend his funeral, and the flag floating over the dome of the State House was lowered to half mast.

funeral services were held in the First Church on Thursday, the 1st inst., when an impressive and eloquent address was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Sprague, the publication of which was solicited, and will, we trust, be granted.

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*From the Albany Evening Journal, March 30th, 1864.*

IN MEMORIAM—J. N. C.

While the bells were ringing forth their glad tidings on the morning of Easter Sunday, the hearts of the many disciples who were assembled in one church in this city, to partake of the Holy Communion, were filled with deep sorrow,—for he who had for many years so acceptably administered the sacred rite, was no longer with them.

He had been that morning called by his Divine Master to “Come up and partake of the ‘Feast of Feasts.’”

Little did any one think on the previous Sabbath, when he announced the Lord’s Supper, how truthfully he might have added, but “I will drink no more of the fruit of the vine, until that day when I drink it new in the Kingdom of God.”

And on that Sabbath, as if by Divine inspiration, the text for his last sermon was prophetically chosen: “Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them.”

Thus the life of the good man, whose chief delight it was properly to perform the will of his Lord, that “all things should ever be done decently and in order,” was beautifully and appropriately closed.

His work was accomplished in the full possession of his mental powers. He died in the field. His week-life of labor ended, like his Creator, on that seventh day, he entered his eternal rest!

“Well done thou good and faithful servant!” was surely the Master’s greeting.

Yes! his work was *well done*, as the years of his ministry do testify. Many who have gone before, saved through his instrumentality, have welcomed him in Heaven; and a multitude still live to bless, love and regret him. Unlike all other men we ever saw, distinct and peculiar in his characteristics, we feel that his place can never be filled. While firm in his own opinions, which were never formed until a subject had been thoroughly investigated, he still could respect the opinion of others, and never *imposed* his own upon them.

His was that rare combination—the man of taste, genius and talent. That unity in trinity, “a gentleman, a scholar and a Christian.” We “ne’er shall look upon his like again!” How great, how irreparable the loss of such a man! We miss him in our literature, in our public buildings, in our church and daily walks. But only those who knew him intimately as a friend, companion and pastor—who listened to his tones of sympathy and consolation in their hour of spiritual agony—who have benefited by his wise, judicious and tender counsels—whose children he has baptized and blessed with the bridal benediction—whose dead he has mourned and buried—can fully appreciate his loss and attest to the purity and perfection of the life that has closed on earth only to be continued in Heaven. H.

*From the Presbyterian.*

ELEGY IN MEMORY OF THE REV. JOHN N.  
CAMPBELL, D. D.

BY THE REV. EDWARD MEYER, (PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL  
CHURCH,) LANSING, MICHIGAN.

There cometh from afar

Borne on the air, the rumor that one more  
Of Zion's sentinels, whose eagle eye for years  
Had watched upon her ramparts, gladly hears  
His Captain's order to "relieve the guard,"  
And give the war-worn veteran his reward.

Quenched now in night, death dims that eagle eye,

Whose keen, quick glance, seemed like the lightning's  
flash ;

Those clear, full trumpet notes expire and die,

Which knew nor "fear nor favor" to abash  
Or make afraid ; but, valiant for the truth,"  
Seemed, like the eagle, to "renew their youth ;"  
Ringing, like Israel's silver trumpet, clear  
And loud through all their tents, from year to year.

Once more array him now in robe and bands ;

Place on his breast the Word he preached so long ;  
And put the "cup of blessing" in his hands ;

Blend "*jubilates*" with your funeral song.

"Ashes to ashes, earth to earth ;" the words  
Ne'er stirred more deep the heart's responsive chords.

Never did hope repose a surer trust

Than while she here consigneth "dust to dust."

Drape pulpit, organ, altar, in the weeds  
 Of mourning ; *not* for *him*, who "gone up higher"  
 Than all earth's toils and mortal griefs and needs,  
 Now sings redemption's song to golden lyre ;  
 But for *yourselves*, the sorely smitten flock  
 He led so gently to the Blessed Rock.

Like Stephen's, let "devout men" bear *his* dust  
 With "lamentation" to its mother earth,  
 And in your hearts the "memory of the just"  
 Be ever green—the record of his worth.  
*"A faithful man" hath laid life's burthen down—*  
*"A war-worn veteran" hath obtained his crown.*  
*"He, being dead, yet speaketh ;" though he die,*  
*"Yet shall he live ; his record is on high !"*

The *Shepherd's* Crook hath yielded to the Palm—  
 The *Ruler's* diligence to blest repose ;  
 The storms of life to heaven's eternal calm,  
 Its sultry noon to a bright sun-set close.  
 His fight is fought—and many souls, as spoil  
 Rescued from sin's stern bondage, crown his toil ;  
 "Crowns of rejoicing"—golden sheaves are given ;  
 The joyful shout of "HARVEST HOME" IN HEAVEN !

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