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ART. I.—*Lectures on Moral Science.* Delivered before the Lowell Institute, Boston. By MARK HOPKINS, D.D., LL.D., President of Williams College; author of “Lectures on the Evidences of Christianity,” etc. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. New York: Sheldon & Co. 1862.

DR. HOPKINS first became known to us, and to that portion of the public with which we were then conversant, through an able article on Moral Science, published in one of our principal religious Quarterlies,* more than a quarter of a century ago. This article was of that marked character which at once drew attention to itself and its author, on the part of those interested in ethical, and ethico-theological discussions. In the circle of our acquaintance, it lifted the author, then young and previously unheard of, into decided prominence among the rising thinkers and guides of opinion on moral and religious questions. We well remember the light and inspiration we derived from it, as we were struggling through a chaos of youthful discussions on questions which then convulsed the

* We do not now certainly recollect which, nor have we at hand the means of ascertaining. Our impression is quite strong, however, that it was the *Biblical Repository*, then published at Andover, Massachusetts, and since merged in the *Bibliotheca Sacra*.

as will secure to our youth a thorough training, not only in the doctrines of grace, but in the principles of order which the Scriptures set forth, and keep continually before their minds the burden of baptismal obligations, and the value of covenant privileges, as sealed to the children of God's people."

It is scarcely possible to exaggerate the importance of the questions involved in the points here enumerated; and the time that has elapsed since the introduction of the Sabbath-school, and the experience enjoyed under its instrumentality, would seem to have been enough for a full appreciation of that institution, in its relations to the other agencies of the church, and ought to qualify for a judicious revision and readjustment of her constitution and practice, in view of the exigencies of the entire sphere of her labours, and all the interests which are committed to her trust.

ART. V.—*Memoirs of the Rev. NICHOLAS MURRAY, D. D., (Kirwan.)* By SAMUEL IRENÆUS PRIME, D. D. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THERE is, perhaps, no department of literature in which greater or more numerous mistakes have been committed than in Biography. The cause of this has been, that gratitude, or affection, or possibly self-interest, has been allowed to usurp the place of sober judgment, and thus deliver itself of an effort to embalm mediocrity; or else a really deserving subject, has, from the operation of the same spirit, been so gorgeously or extravagantly dressed up, that the identity of the portrait with the original could scarcely be recognised. To say nothing of the numerous books designed to perpetuate characters whose mission on earth has been only for evil, it may safely be asserted, that if all which are of mere negative tendency, or which emblazen gifts or graces that nobody ever saw in the persons commemorated—thus performing a work of creation rather than of faithful description—if all these were to be put out of the way, not only would there be a vast reduction of many of our libraries, but a very perceptible thinning out of not a few of

our bookstores. This, however, is only admitting that biography shares the fate of all other good things, and that, while it is fitted to accomplish great good, by preserving the remembrance of eminent talent, or virtue, or usefulness, or all of these blended, it is liable to be perverted, belittled, or turned into an instrument of positive and even great evil.

It is hardly necessary to say that these remarks have been suggested to us in connection with this memoir of Dr. Murray, only in the way of contrast; for we have rarely taken up a book that is more strikingly illustrative of the real value of biography than this. Dr. Murray was anything but an everyday character—the qualities both of his mind and of his heart were marked by a degree of individuality that would effectually prevent his ever being confounded with anybody else; while there was a vigour and elevation pertaining to both his intellectual and moral faculties, which were felt not only as an attractive influence, but as a positive power. And then his life was so manifestly directed and controlled by a wonder-working Providence—the sober realities of his history, while at first view they seem to take on the air of romance, when they come to be scrutinized by the eye of faith and reverence, are seen to have been marvellously shaped and stamped by the divine wisdom and goodness. Both his life and character then formed a most fitting subject for the biographer; and public expectation would have been sadly disappointed if no extended memoir of him had appeared. In accordance with an earnest wish expressed by many of his friends, shortly after his lamented death, it was determined that a memoir of him should be prepared; and to no hands could it have been more appropriately committed than to those by which it was undertaken. Dr. Prime had been in relations of fraternal intimacy with Dr. Murray for many years, and from his very frequent intercourse with him, especially as a contributor to the *New York Observer*, had the best opportunity of forming an accurate estimate of his character. Besides, everybody knows that he is one of our most graceful and attractive writers; or if there are any who have not found it out until now, this volume surely will make the revelation to them. It was a grand subject for his skill, and taste, and we may add, genial sympathies, to work upon; and

we are sure that those who expected most are not disappointed in the result. We fully accord with the public verdict, so far as it has already been made known, that this is one of the most instructive and interesting pieces of biography which we have met with for a long time, from either side of the water.

The first thing we meet, on opening this volume, is an engraved portrait of our departed friend, which almost startles us by its well-nigh matchless fidelity to the original. Those to whom his face is most familiar will find it difficult to criticise any thing in respect either to the features or the expression. The intelligence, the kindness, the firmness, the good humour, are all there. Truly, it is one of our manifold blessings that, by a process that takes but a few moments, and costs but a few pennies, we may have secured to us a life-like image of not only those friends from whom we are temporarily separated on earth, but those whom we can hope to meet no more till we go to mingle with them in other scenes.

Of the life of Dr. Murray, which the Memoir presents with great fidelity, and in much more detail than we should have thought possible, we can give but the merest outline. He was born at Ballynaskea, in the county of Westmeath, Ireland, December 25, 1802. His parents were both Roman Catholics. His father was a man of some consideration in the neighbourhood in which he lived, but he died when this son was only three years of age. When he (the son) was about twelve, he was apprenticed as a merchant's clerk in a store in Grannard, near Edgeworthstown, where he remained three years, but he was so badly treated by his employer that, at the end of that time, he ran away, and returned to his mother's house. In spite of his mother's importunity to the contrary, he resolutely refused to return to his clerkship, and having made an arrangement with his brother, which secured to him the necessary means of crossing the Atlantic, he embarked for America. Up to this period, he had been buried in the deepest darkness of Romanism. His education, at least so far as the elementary branches were concerned, had not been specially neglected; but of the true religion he knew nothing; and though he conformed to the Romish rites, and in the main accepted his hereditary prejudices as having the authority of a Divine revelation, his mind

was too essentially reflective, not to be occasionally oppressed with difficulties which he knew not how to solve.

He arrived in New York, in July, 1818, nearly penniless, and was of course cast entirely on his own resources. Wandering about the streets of that city in quest of something to do, his attention was directed to the printing establishment of the Harpers, which, though not as great then as it has become since, was already a highly enterprising and prosperous concern. Here he became engaged as a clerk; and here now commenced a friendship between himself and his employers, which proved a source of mutual satisfaction and benefit through a long succession of years. His mind, naturally active, was quickened by the new light into which it was brought; but, instead of accepting that light and turning it to good account, its first effort was to leap from the darkness of Romanism into that of infidelity. He quickly felt, however, that he was not on firm ground yet; and God's wise and gracious providence soon brought him in contact with influences that put both his intellect and his heart to moving in the right direction. He was led, as he would have said, *accidentally*, to hear a sermon from Dr. Mason; and so deeply was he impressed with the force and majesty of the effort, that he went again and again; and at no distant period he saw the infidel fabric which he had reared for himself, in ruins at his feet. About this time he was brought into intimate relations with some of the Methodist brethren in New York, from whom he received important encouragement and aid; and at one time it seemed not improbable that he might become a member of that communion. Circumstances, however, subsequently pointed him in another direction; and when his mind had become sufficiently enlightened, and his confidence in the genuineness of his own Christian experience sufficiently strong to warrant it, he made a public profession of his faith by becoming a member of Dr. Spring's church.

As he very soon, in his intercourse with his Christian friends, developed much more than ordinary talents, and withal an earnest desire to consecrate himself to God in the ministry of reconciliation, some benevolent individuals quickly originated a plan for gratifying his desire, and securing him to the sacred office. In accordance with this plan, he went first, through the

offerings of a considerate charity, to Amherst Academy, where he remained prosecuting his studies, preparatory to entering college, for about nine months; and then, in the autumn of 1822, he entered the Freshman Class in Williams College. Throughout his whole college course he had a high reputation in respect to both scholarship and deportment; and he graduated with high honour in the year 1826.

Immediately after leaving college, he became an agent of the American Tract Society, and laboured for a few weeks in its behalf very successfully in Washington county, New York. He then entered the Theological Seminary at Princeton; but, at the end of the year, in order to relieve himself of pecuniary embarrassments, took another agency under the Tract Society at Philadelphia, where he established a branch society, and finally accepted an invitation to become its secretary. Here he continued eighteen months, and then returned to Princeton and resumed his place in his class, having kept along with them in their studies during his absence. He was licensed to preach, by the Presbytery of Philadelphia, in April, 1829.

After preaching for a short time, with much acceptance, at Morristown, New Jersey, he went, in the capacity of a domestic missionary, to Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, and very soon received and accepted a call to become pastor of the church in that place. Here he was ordained and installed in November following, and was not only highly acceptable in his ministrations among his own people, but was greatly respected and honoured throughout the whole region. When the church in Elizabethtown became vacant, by the removal of Dr. McDowell to Philadelphia, their attention was immediately directed to Dr. Murray, as a suitable person to become his successor; and he, having accepted their unanimous call, was installed as their pastor, in July, 1833.

Here Dr. Murray found his last field of labour; for though he was called to at least half a dozen of the most prominent churches in the land, besides being invited to two theological professorships, and several other positions of great responsibility and usefulness in the church, he was never willing to break the tie that bound him to this congregation. But his field of labour was far from being comprised within the limits of his

pastoral charge—indeed, his field was literally the world. His earnest devotion to his Master's work, in connection with his high executive talent, made it easy for him to respond to the numerous claims of the church for his services, in almost every department of benevolent effort; and he seemed as much at home in each, as if his training had been exclusively in reference to it. To the several Boards of the church especially he lent an unremitting and powerful influence; while towards the Princeton Theological Seminary he manifested not only the watchful fidelity of a constituted guardian, but the gratitude and affection of a devoted son. He kept steadily at his work until the revelation was suddenly made to him that his work was done. Almost before his nearest neighbours were aware that he was not in his full health, the startling intelligence went abroad that his connection with all earthly scenes and interests had closed. He died on Monday evening, the 4th of February, 1861, and his funeral was attended by an immense throng—all of whom seemed like mourners—on the Friday following.

Dr. Murray made two visits to Europe,—the first in 1851, the second in 1860. It was an event of no small interest in his life to return to his native land, after an absence of more than forty years, especially considering the varied experience of which, in the meantime, he had been the subject, and the wonderful transition he had made from the bigotted Romish boy, going to seek his fortune, to one of the most influential and honoured Protestant clergymen of his day. When he reached his birth-place and the home of his early years, he was well nigh overwhelmed by comparing what he saw with what he remembered—a few who had been his youthful companions remained, but both they and he had changed so much as to have got beyond the point of mutual recognition, and they gazed at each other in vain to discover the least mark of identity. The shadows of Romanism hung just as dark and heavy around the endeared spot as ever; and though he was not disposed, during his brief visit, to assail needlessly the prejudices of his friends, especially as he could not remain to reason the matter out with them, yet neither could he refrain from letting fall a note of solemn admonition upon the ear of his two brothers, the only surviving members of his father's family; and in order to give

the greater impressiveness to what he said, he took the opportunity to speak to them while the three were standing together beside the graves of their parents. On both these transatlantic visits he made the acquaintance of many eminent men, and attracted great attention by his frequent appearance on public occasions in connection with what had previously been known of his history. He was deeply interested, both on the Continent and in Ireland, in watching the operations of that religious system under whose blighting influence he had received his early training; and everything that he saw only served to make him more grateful for the deliverance he had experienced, and more earnest to do his part in dissipating the wide-spread delusion.

Dr. Murray's outward appearance and manners were but a faithful reflection of the intellectual and moral qualities which formed his noble character. With a strongly built and robust frame, he combined a countenance expressive of high intelligence, of great decision, of imperturbable good nature, of exhaustless humour. His manners, though simple and unstudied, were gentlemanly, and there was a bland and genial air about him, that, of itself, would have rendered him an attraction in any circle. He had enough of the Irish accent to have his nationality recognised any where, but not enough to be regarded by anybody as an imperfection in his speaking. Into whatever company he might be thrown, he was almost sure to be recognised as a leading spirit; and yet there was nothing in his manner in the least degree assuming or dictatorial. He had a rich vein of native wit, and was not slow either to give or take a joke; but his wit was usually a bright and genial sunshine—very rarely the depository of anything that could rive or blast. Though he was one of the busiest of men, no one was more ready than he to welcome his friends, and no one more able than he to render them contented and happy.

Dr. Murray's intellect was clear, vigorous, discriminating, and in the highest degree practical. It was not metaphysical, either in its tastes or its habits, but it found its element rather in the region of common sense, and amidst the sober realities of life. While he was a diligent student, and kept himself thoroughly informed in respect to passing events, he was a

great lover of method, and all his various duties seemed to be reduced to a rigid system. First on the list of his duties for the week was his preparation for the Sabbath; and before Monday had passed, his sermon (for he wrote but one sermon a week) was so far advanced as to be beyond all peril of failure. There were always the evidences upon his study-table that he did not rest in the judgment of commentators in respect to the true meaning of his text; for there was the Bible in its original languages, which, without claiming to be an eminent Greek or Hebrew scholar, he freely and constantly consulted.

Dr. Murray's power in the pulpit was the result of a combination of qualities and influences. First of all, he carried thither beaten oil—his sermons, instead of being only an apology for sermons—the product of mere scraps of time, and got up from sheer necessity, were evidently the result of continuous and earnest thought; and the elaboration bestowed upon them, instead of making them profound philosophical disquisitions, made them as clear as the light and as pungent as barbed arrows. For nothing were they more distinguished than the union of brevity with strength; there was a certain sententious air about them, which, while it arrested and enchained the attention, would sometimes make a mighty deposit of truth in the mind, which it would not be easy to dislodge. Then his appearance in the pulpit was eminently commanding; with great dignity and solemnity he had great force and animation; and no one who heard him could doubt that he felt that he was dealing in momentous realities. Sometimes, indeed, though very rarely, a sentence would drop from him that would cause a general smile to pervade his audience, owing to the strong natural proclivities of his own mind in that direction; but it was evidently unintentional on his part, and the effect upon his hearers was only momentary. All the discourses that we have heard from him would lead us to concur in the judgment we have heard expressed by some of the most intelligent of his stated hearers, that few men, of any period, wield the sword of the Spirit with greater skill or power than did Dr. Murray.

But if the pulpit, as was said of old Herbert, was

Dr. Murray's throne, in the sense of its having been the place where he put forth the greatest power, there was no position pertaining to his ministry in which it did not seem easy for him to wield the appropriate influence. In the pastoral relation particularly, he was a model of prudence, watchfulness, tenderness, and fidelity. He regarded his whole flock with an affection scarcely less than parental; and he was always upon the look-out for opportunities to do them good. There was no office of kindness that he was not ready to undertake even for the humblest of them. As he was eminently qualified to be their spiritual guide—to counsel them in their difficulties, and comfort them in their sorrows, and help them in their duties, so his familiar acquaintance with many of the forms of worldly business often rendered him a very competent adviser in respect to their temporal concerns; and hence nothing was more common for him, after praying at the bedside of one of the dying members of his congregation, than to be put in requisition for the writing of his will. This remarkable facility at worldly business, while it never acted as a temptation to him to forget any of the duties of his high vocation, was really an important auxiliary to his usefulness in his relations to his people.

While Dr. Murray fulfilled with scrupulous fidelity and promptness the duties which he owed to his immediate charge, he was always ready to respond to the more public claims that were made upon him, in connection not only with his own denomination, but with the church at large. In all meetings of the Presbytery, the Synod, or the General Assembly, he was, by common consent, recognised as one of the controlling spirits. In debate he was logical, clear, self-possessed, and not lacking in due respect for his opponents, however widely or earnestly he might dissent from them, though nobody could ensure them against an occasional avalanche of extemporaneous wit that would point back to the Erin Isle. His views of the public interests of the church were enlightened, sober, comprehensive; and to the promotion of these interests his whole ministry was carefully and diligently directed. But while he was, from conviction and from association, thoroughly a Presbyterian, he had a warm side for every true follower of Christ—he

was at home among all evangelical denominations; and even those who were not evangelical, he treated with kindness and respect, while they, in turn, felt the attraction of his warm and generous spirit. The day of his funeral was a day of general mourning at Elizabeth; and from the universal demonstrations of grief, extending even to the Roman Catholics, one might have supposed that the whole population had been sitting under his ministry.

We must not omit to say, that Dr. Murray acquired an honourable distinction as a writer. While in college, he accustomed himself to use his pen, not as a matter of duty only, but of pleasure; and he was an occasional contributor to one or more of the newspapers in that region. He began, at an early period in his ministry, to publish occasional sermons, but the first thing from his pen, which especially drew public attention toward him, was his first series of Letters to Archbishop Hughes, concerning which there was a general expression not only of decided approval but of strong admiration, while yet their authorship remained a secret. These Letters, as well as those which succeeded them, though addressed to a dignitary of the Romish church, only contemplated him as the representative of Romanism, and were really designed to bring the light of truth in contact with as many of the members of the Romish communion as they might reach. No man could have written on that subject under greater advantages than Dr. Murray; for while he was perfectly familiar with the whole ground, and testified from out of the depths of a bitter experience, he knew by what avenues the deluded votaries of the system could be most successfully approached; and the lucid and sententious deliverances of his pen, already referred to, were fitted to lodge themselves in the mind, both as a light and as a power. His Letters to the Archbishop—some or all of them—have found their way not only into most European countries, but into the heart of Asia, and are read in some four or five different languages. They are characterized by a force of argument, an amplitude of illustration, an earnestness of appeal, and often by a scathing sarcasm, that give them a decided prominence among standard works on the Romish controversy. If Dr. Murray's mission was more in one direction of public usefulness

than another, probably it was like that of Paul,—doing good to his brethren still sitting in the darkness from which he had escaped; and the immense circulation which his books on this subject have already gained, would seem to be a pledge that they have as yet only begun to accomplish the work to which they are destined. But he did not limit himself to this particular field, but wrote several other works, of great practical interest, upon every page of which the characteristics of his own peculiar mind are unmistakably impressed. His book on “*Preachers and Preaching*,” published not long before his death, is full of common sense and deep wisdom, and is admirably fitted to minister both to the dignity and the efficiency of the pulpit. It would be well if every student of theology, and every young minister in the land—to say nothing of those who are older—would read and inwardly digest this work, until they have become thoroughly familiar with its teachings, and fully imbued with its spirit.

It is scarcely necessary to add, after what we have already said of the kindness and warmth of Dr. Murray’s affections, that he never appeared to greater advantage than in the privacy of his own house. In the relations of husband and father, there was a beautiful blending of love and dignity, to render him one of the most admirable models we have ever known; and his friends who used to have the privilege of visiting him, always reckoned the days spent under his roof as among the brightest of the year. He had a just appreciation of character, and did not admit persons to his confidence with undue haste; but when he had once recognised one as a friend, it was no easy matter to dislodge that person from his heart, and there was hardly any sacrifice which he was not ready to make for the promotion of his happiness or usefulness.

From the mere glance which we have taken of Dr. Murray’s life and character, as they are both so admirably portrayed in the *Memoir*, and, we may add, as we knew him in the intimacy of an endeared friendship, it is manifest that his career was marked by extraordinary activity and usefulness. Some men, while they are very good at some one thing, and perhaps know how to ride a hobby at tremendous speed, are good for nothing else. Not so Dr. Murray. When he stood in the pulpit

delivering God's message; or when he was ministering to the sick or the sorrowful, or performing any of his more private pastoral duties; or when he was giving direction or impulse to the movements of some ecclesiastical body; or when he was nerving his intellect and his heart for a desperate encounter with the man of sin—in any one of these cases you might have supposed that he had planted himself on the spot where, of all others, he was most at home; and yet, at the bidding of circumstances, he could occupy any other of those departments of duty with the same graceful facility, and the same decided and desirable results. With this remarkable power of adaptation, and an industry that rarely has a parallel, both controlled by strong religious sensibilities and a deep feeling of obligation to the Master whom he was pledged to serve, it is not strange that the accumulated results of his not very protracted life exhibit an amount of service rendered to both God and man, which it is rarely the privilege of the church to record in respect to any of her ministers.

We can only hint at two or three of the most obvious lessons which have occurred to us, as we have passed over the pages of this remarkable book. First of all, every one, surely, who has ever learned to reverence or recognise God's hand, must trace it in the whole course of Dr. Murray's extraordinary life. Who would have conjectured that his being born of Roman Catholic parents, and educated to a belief of the absurd doctrines, and an observance of the equally absurd rites, of the Romish church; that the cruel treatment of the man to whom he was apprenticed, leading him unceremoniously to quit his service, and his coming a forlorn and nearly penniless boy to this country, in spite even of the earnest remonstrances of his own mother—who would have believed that this was to form an essential part of the preparation for the high stand he was to take, and the important part he was to perform in our American church? Had it not been for his early experience of the cold horrors of Romanism, he never could have wielded such a pen of fire in exposing them; and had it not been for the unkind and almost savage bearing of that Grannard merchant, there is no reason to believe that he might not have lived and died in as deep darkness as either of his brothers. Surely God worked

in a mysterious way to make out of material that seemed to promise so little that noble minister of the gospel, whose name has become as a household word almost all over Protestant Christendom. Shall not such facts as this lead us to trust our God as well in the darkness as in the sunshine, and to wait patiently and reverently for the mysteries of his providence to develop their own explanation?

Another lesson which this volume most impressively teaches, is the vast importance of that form of the charity of the church which looks after the education of her indigent and promising sons. There was Nicholas Murray, with great natural gifts, with a warm and generous heart, and withal struggling into the kingdom of heaven, and yet doing his daily task, like any other hireling boy, at that great printing establishment of the Harpers; and even though, along with his regenerate nature, there might come aspirations for higher usefulness, yet with them would naturally be associated the thought that he was a stranger in a strange land, and that he might well afford to be satisfied if he could earn his daily bread. But as God's gracious providence would have it, he fell in with some of the benevolent men in Dr. Spring's church, who, being struck with his intellectual superiority as well as his decided demonstrations of Christian principle and feeling, offered themselves to him as auxiliaries if he would study for the ministry. We cannot say, indeed, what might have been accomplished by his own sanctified energies both of mind and heart, if no aid from without had been proffered to him; but there is no doubt as to the fact that these excellent men not only gave him the first impulse towards an education with reference to the ministry, but furnished the first facilities towards the carrying out of this object. He never forgot the debt of gratitude he owed them while he lived; and now that the beneficiary and the benefactors have met on a nobler field, where they can trace the results of that first movement in favour of his education by a brighter light, can we doubt that, in view of this experience, their hearts are knit together more closely, and drawn forth in offerings of more intense thankfulness to their common Father?

And why should not this example stimulate a multitude of others to go and do likewise? Young men in indigent circum-

stances, but of pious aspirations and great capabilities for usefulness, are scattered everywhere; and all that is needed in order to render them, perhaps, even pillars in the church of God, is for the hand of Christian charity to be stretched out for their encouragement and help! Is not this an object worthy of deeper consideration, of more liberal offerings, than the church has yet bestowed upon it? Especially, shall not those public institutions which contemplate exclusively this object find increased favour in the eyes of our rich men, who, in consecrating themselves, have also consecrated all that they possess unto the Lord? Is it too much to hope that one effect of the circulation of the *Memoir of Dr. Murray* will be that many gifted and excellent young men will have a way opened for them to enter the ministry, who otherwise would have lived and died, perhaps, in the drudgery of some humble secular vocation.

And, finally, what an example is Dr. Murray to all young men, and to all ministers of the gospel, of vigorous and self-denying effort! The same heroic resolution, the same unflinching diligence, the same fearlessness of difficulties and obstacles which marked both his earlier and his later developments, if associated with the same high tone of spiritual feeling which he exemplified, would throw success and triumph into the path of any young man; and to the minister of the gospel, of powers even greatly inferior to those which he possessed, they would be a pledge for extensive usefulness and an honoured name. Let those who read this book, and learn what it is possible for one man to do, then settle the question with themselves whether they are labouring for God and the church up to the full measure of their ability.

We cannot take leave of this work without thanking the author for having so gracefully and tenderly embalmed the memory of his friend and ours, and at the same time conferred so great and permanent a favour upon the whole church. When scores and hundreds of memoirs—even of those which have had their brief day of being talked about and admired—shall be numbered with the things that have been, we confidently predict that this will be holding on its way with posterity, and performing its great work with undiminished power.