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Life of Rev. Thomas  
Brainerd, D.D.

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2  
to Rev. George W. Brainerd  
New England  
B. Brainerd  
Approved June 10 1871

L I F E

O F

REV. THOMAS BRAINERD, D.D.



THE HON. JAMES H. HARRIS



L I F E  
OF  
✓  
REV. THOMAS BRAINERD, D.D.,

FOR THIRTY YEARS  
PASTOR OF OLD PINE STREET CHURCH,  
PHILADELPHIA.

BY M. ✓ BRAINERD.



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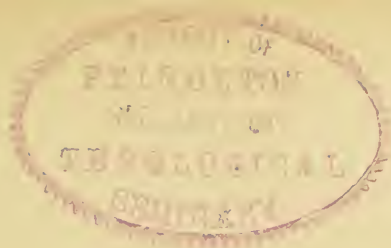
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## PREFACE.

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THE present work was commenced at the urgent request of several of Dr. Brainerd's friends, and prepared chiefly for their gratification. It is a venture in a new field, and has been written under many disadvantages, with frequent interruptions from impaired health and family changes, which at one time would make writing difficult and at another impossible. Removed from all the associations of the past, and without the opportunity of asking counsel or assistance from any one, it will not be surprising if errors of judgment and defects in execution should be apparent; but the writer is encouraged by the belief that the personal friends, for whom it is designed, will not become severe critics. The generous contributions from Dr. Brainerd's ministerial brethren constitute the chief attraction of the book, and will be heartily appreciated by his friends, as they are here most gratefully acknowledged by the writer.

The chapter on the Division of the Presbyterian Church was written before the Reunion; and, in the simple narration of facts, the writer has aimed to avoid everything approaching to acrimony or bitterness, as none certainly existed in the heart of the subject of this biography.

The oblivious wave of time closes so soon over those who fall in its current, that it is hoped this imperfect effort to rescue the earnest life of a man who made it his daily prayer that "the world might be the better for his living in it"—may not be wholly in vain.

M. B.

PHILADELPHIA, *March*, 1870.

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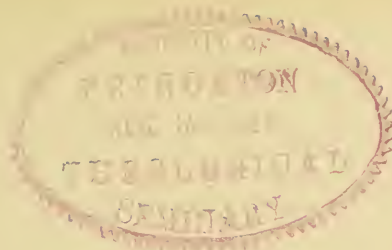
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# LIFE

OF

REV. THOMAS BRAINERD, D.D.

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## CHAPTER I.

### ANCESTRY—BIRTH—CHILDHOOD.

THE Genealogy of the Brainerd Family was published in 1857, by the Rev. David D. Field, D.D., of Stockbridge, Mass., in a volume of three hundred pages. Dr. Field was for twenty-eight years pastor of the churches of Haddam and Higganum—the HOMESTEAD of the Brainerd family. He gives abundant proof in these historical records of the respect and affection in which the family were held, many of whom were reared under his own eye as members of the churches to which he ministered. Eight years later, in 1865, the publication of the "Life of Rev. John Brainerd," by the subject of the present biography, led the author to single out, for personal and family considerations, one particular line of ancestry, from which is now drawn a still more direct lineage with reference to the parentage of the Rev. Thomas Brainerd.

For the information of such as have seen neither Dr. Field's Genealogy nor the Life of Rev. John Brainerd, it is proper to state, briefly, that a little boy, eight years of



age, named Daniel Brainerd, came over from Exeter, England, in the year 1649, with the Wyllis family, who settled in Hartford, Conn. At the age of twenty-one, in company with twenty-seven other young men about his own age, Daniel Brainerd went thirty miles below Hartford, and selected a tract of land twelve miles square, comprehending equal portions on each side of the Connecticut River. The name of Haddam was given to the new settlement, and Daniel Brainerd located his estate about two miles above the present village of Haddam; and his property has remained with his descendants nearly two hundred years, to the present generation. He aided to found the first church of Haddam, which he served as deacon. Dr. Field says of him: "He became the proprietor and settler of Haddam about 1662, and was a prosperous, influential, and very respectable man—a justice of peace in the town, and a deacon in the church."

In 1664, Daniel Brainerd married Hannah Spencer. He had eight children. His youngest son, HEZEKIAH, was the father of the missionary brothers, David and John Brainerd. JAMES, the second son, was the ancestor of Rev. Thomas Brainerd. He was born June 2d, 1669, and was married April 1st, 1696. He had a large family of children; the third child, GIDEON, being the next in descent in relation to the subject of this memoir. Gideon Brainerd was born March 4th, 1700. He married Sarah Seldon, and left five children. His third son, ELIAKIM, born 1732, married (first) Eunice Doane, June 7th, 1753, who left one child, JESSE BRAINERD, born March 4th, 1754—the father of Rev. Thomas Brainerd.

In a quiet, shaded grave-yard, on the hill near Haddam, the ancestors and descendants of five generations sleep side by side. Of no place in our country, besides a New England village, could this be said; and only here before the last half century. The enterprise and immigration of

fifty years have scattered the descendants of the Pilgrims through the length and breadth of this vast country.\*

Jesse Brainerd married Mary Thomas, daughter of Ebenezer Thomas, May 23d, 1776. They lived in Haddam until the fall of 1803, when they removed to Leyden, Lewis County, New York. Eleven children were born to them before their removal, and one afterward.

THOMAS BRAINERD was the youngest of these twelve children, and was born June 17th, 1804,—the year after his father's removal to New York. He was called "Thomas," after the family name of his mother. Being four years younger than the first child above him, and nine younger than the second, he was emphatically to his parents, the child of their old age. His father was a grave, silent, reflective man,—of a thorough Puritan type; severe in his views of duty, and stern in his adherence to principle.

\* The following inscriptions were copied by Rev. Thomas Brainerd himself from the tombstones of his own direct lineal ancestry of four generations, as they rest side by side, in the same grave-yard at Haddam. The occurrence is as uncommon as it is interesting.

"Here lyeth ye body of Deacon DANIEL BRAINERD; aged 74 years. Who died April 1, 1715."

"Here lies interred the body of Deacon JAMES BRAINERD, who died Feb. 10th, 1742; aged 73 years."

"In memory of Captain GIDEON BRAINERD, who died Sept. 25th, 1767; in ye 68th year of his age."

"Hark, what a solemn sound,  
Let friends attend ye cry;  
Come children view ye ground,  
Where you must shortly lie."

"In memory of Deacon ELIAKIM BRAINERD, who died June 17th, 1815; aged 84. 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.'"

JESSE BRAINERD, of the fifth generation from Daniel Brainerd, was interred in Lewis County, New York, in 1837, aged 84, after a residence there of thirty-four years.

Occupying a new country, where every provision of necessity and comfort were wrested from the wilderness by hard labor, and where "laborers were few," the children of a family were early accustomed to share the toil and responsibilities of their parents. A sketch of the early life and training of Thomas Brainerd cannot be better furnished than by a transcript of his own narrative, in stating the influences which bore upon the early character of David and John Brainerd. In adherence to the plan of making this memoir, as far as possible, an autobiography, no apology is needed for introducing it here.

In the memorial sermon preached by the Rev. Albert Barnes, on the death of Dr. Brainerd, he says: "In respect to his own early training, I cannot be wrong in supposing that his account, in his life of John Brainerd—in accordance with the general course of family discipline in New England—was derived from what occurred substantially in his own father's house."

When writing this sketch for his book, Dr. Brainerd said repeatedly in his home circle, that he had drawn a true portrait of his own family training,—while reproducing and perpetuating the century model of other days.

"We had enforced on us in early life, with too little effect, we fear, many of the principles which formed the characters of David and John Brainerd one hundred and fifty years ago.

"A boy was early taught a profound respect for his parents, teachers, and guardians, and implicit, prompt obedience. If he undertook to rebel, his will was broken by persistent and adequate punishment. He was accustomed, every morning and evening, to bow at the family altar; and the Bible was his ordinary reading-book in school. He was never allowed to close his eyes in sleep without prayer on his pillow.

"At a sufficient age, no caprice, slight illness, or any

condition of roads or weather, was allowed to detain him from church. In the sanctuary he was required to be grave, strictly attentive, and able on his return at least to give the text. From sundown Saturday evening until the Sabbath sunset, his sports were all suspended, and all secular reading laid aside, while the Bible, the New England Primer, Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, Baxter's *Saint's Rest*, etc., were commended to his ready attention and cheerfully pored over.

"He was taught that his blessings were abundant and undeserved, his evils relatively few and merited, and that he was not only bound to contentment, but gratitude. He was taught that time was a talent to be always improved; that industry was a cardinal virtue, and laziness the worst form of original sin. Hence he must rise early, and make himself useful before he went to school; must be diligent there in study, and be promptly home to do 'chores' at evening. His whole time out of school must be filled up by some service—such as bringing in fuel for the day, cutting potatoes for the sheep, feeding the swine, watering the horses, picking the berries, gathering the vegetables, spooling the yarn, and running all errands. He was expected never to be reluctant, and not often tired.

"He was taught that it was a sin to find fault with his meals, his apparel, his tasks, or his lot in life. Labor he was not allowed to regard as a burden, nor abstinence from any improper indulgence as a hardship. His clothes, woolen and linen, for summer and winter, were mostly spun, woven, and made up by his mother and sisters at home; and, as he saw the whole laborious process of their fabrication, he was jubilant and grateful for two suits, with bright buttons, a year. Rents were carefully closed and holes patched in the 'every-day' dress, and the Sabbath dress always kept new and fresh.

"He was expected early to have the 'stops and marks,'

the 'abbreviations,' the 'multiplication table,' the 'ten commandments,' the 'Lord's Prayer,' and the 'Shorter Catechism,' at his tongue's end.

"Courtesy was enjoined as a duty. He must be silent among his superiors. If addressed by older persons, he must respond with a bow. He was to bow as he entered and left the school, and bow to every man or woman, old or young, rich or poor, black or white, whom he met on the road. Special punishment was visited on him if he failed to show respect to the aged, the poor, the colored, or to any persons whatever whom God had visited with infirmities. He was thus taught to stand in awe of the rights of humanity.

"Honesty was urged as a religious duty, and unpaid debts were represented as infamy. He was allowed to be sharp at a bargain, to shudder at dependence, but still to prefer poverty to deception or fraud. His industry was not urged by poverty but by duty. Those who imposed upon him early responsibility and restraint led the way by their example, and commended this example by the prosperity of their fortunes and the respectability of their position, as the result of their virtues. He felt that they governed and restrained him for his good, and not their own.

"He learned to identify himself with the interests he was set to promote. He claimed every acre of his father's ample farm, and every horse and ox and cow and sheep became constructively his, and he had a name for each. The waving harvests, the garnered sheaves, the gathered fruits, were all his own. And besides these, he had his individual treasures. He knew every trout hole in the streams; he was great in building dams, snaring rabbits, trapping squirrels, and gathering chestnuts and walnuts for winter store. Days of election, training, thanksgiving, and school-intermissions were bright spots in his life. His

long winter evenings, made cheerful by sparkling fires within, and cold clear skies, and ice-crusts plains, and frozen streams for his sled and skates, were full of enjoyment. And then he was loved by those whom he could respect, and cheered by that future for which he was being prepared. Religion he was taught to regard as a necessity and luxury, as well as a duty. He was daily brought into contemplation of the Infinite, and made to regard himself as ever on the brink of an endless being. With a deep sense of obligation, a keen, sensitive conscience, and a tender heart, the great truths of religion appeared in his eye as sublime, awful, practical realities, compared with which earth was nothing. Thus he was made brave before men for the right, while he lay in the dust before God.

“Such was Haddam training one hundred years ago. Some may lift their hands in horror at this picture, but it was a process which made moral heroes. It exhibited a society in which wealth existed without idleness or profligacy; social elevation without arrogance; labor without degradation; and a piety which, by its energy and martyr endurance, could shake the world.

“We are not to suppose that boyhood passed under these influences was gloomy or joyless: far from it. Its activity was bliss; its growth was a spring of life; its achievements were victories. Each day garnered some benefit; and rising life, marked by successive accumulations, left a smile on the conscience, and bright and reasonable hopes for the future.

“We might have desired that this Puritan training had left childhood a little larger indulgence,—had looked with interest at present enjoyment as well as at future good,—had smiled a little more lovingly on the innocent gambols, the ringing laughter, the irrepressible mirth of boyhood; and had frowned less severely on imperfections clinging to human nature itself. We might think that, by insist-

ing too much on obligation and too little on privilege,—too much on the law and too little on the gospel,—too much on the severity and too little on the goodness of the Deity,—the conscience may have been stimulated at the expense of the affections, and men fitted for another world at an unnecessary sacrifice of their amiability and happiness in the present life.

“But in leaving this Puritan training, the world had ‘gone farther and fared worse.’ To repress the iniquity of the age and land,—to save the young men for themselves, their country, and their God,—I believe we shall gain most, not by humoring childhood’s caprices and sneering at strict households, strict governments, and strict Sabbaths; but by going back to many of the modes which gave to the world such men as John Hampden, William Bradford, Jonathan Edwards, Timothy Dwight, and David and John Brainerd:”—may we not now add, and *Thomas Brainerd*?

At intervals, during his whole life, Mr. Brainerd would get up great zeal for “keeping a journal,” but he never persevered long in it. Fragments of “journals” are found among his papers, sometimes recording events of some interest, but from their disconnected character of little avail for a biography. The recollections of his early life constitute the most interesting of these items.

[EXTRACT FROM JOURNAL.]

“I was born in Leyden, Lewis County, New York, June 17th, 1804. My father emigrated from Haddam, Connecticut, to the above-mentioned town, one year before my birth. His family consisted of a wife and ten children. He had buried one little girl, named Mary, who died young, in Haddam. He journeyed up the country (as it was then called) with an ox team, and commenced



clearing the land on which he at present resides. He had many difficulties to encounter; but being well instructed in the art of subduing a new country, he comfortably maintained his family, and added to the amount of his possessions. He purchased a farm of about one hundred acres, and for eleven years was as prosperous in pecuniary concerns as any of his neighbors. I was the twelfth child; and, though I was soon deprived of an excellent mother,"

\* \* \* \* \*

[Here several leaves are torn out.]

"When I first commenced going to school I was three years old. I was a little, plump, cherry-checked urchin, very vain of my juvenile attainments. The first day I attended school the boys put me into a spring of cold water; and as I then wore a frock, in emerging from the pool I must have made a grotesque appearance. I do not affirm positively that I remember this transaction; it may have been told me so often by others, in my infantile years, that I may be mistaken, but I seem to recollect it.

"Being the youngest of the family—the favorite of my mother—my time passed in an uninterrupted series of childish enjoyments during several of my earliest years. I was much interested in the pursuit of knowledge; and in the schools which I attended saw none of my age before me. My advancement elicited praise from my friends, and I usually gained the approbation and affection of my teachers. Penalties were not necessary to urge me on or restrain my faults. I had a pride of character which kept me aloof from boyish pranks. I could not bear the thought that my parents should suppose me capable of being a bad boy in school.

"Unhappily for me, about this time a teacher was employed of no great abilities or acquirements; indiscreet and superficial, but vain in the highest degree of his sta-

tion. A *ferule* was placed in the hands of a lad, who was directed to give it to the first he saw whisper; and in default of finding such, he was to be punished himself. This, of course, was offering him a reward for tattling; and like most other informants, whether pedagogic or governmental, when he could not find crimes he could cause them. By a system of chicanery which would hardly find a parallel, even among the unprincipled informants for the Inquisition, he made a friend of another lad,—suffered him to whisper and whispered with him with impunity. They conspired against me, and determined, as I had never been publicly flogged, that I should escape no longer. They therefore commenced a conversation about their lesson in my hearing, making false statements, apparently in ignorance as to the amount necessary to be studied. The plot succeeded. I kindly attempted to set them right, and for a reward of my benevolence was tendered the obnoxious ruler. I protested, wept, promised, screamed, but it was unavailing. I stated the circumstances—showed that I had no evil intention in the premises—but my master was inflexible. I tried to establish the fact, that although I had, perhaps, violated the letter, I had not the spirit of the law. The cruel man was deaf to the voice of reason. In short, I was punished for no crime.

“This was the first time I had been chastised in school; and oh! that some kind influence had prevented it! That punishment has been a curse to me. It laid the foundation of nearly all my folly and sin. Before, I was jealous of my reputation, was desirous to be thought the best boy in the school; but now I was disgraced, shamed, mortified; and I recklessly plunged into all the wild, rude excesses of childhood. I no longer sought the studious and sober for playmates, but delighted to mingle with the most rude and noisy spirits in the neighborhood; and

cares little what I did, provided I could have sport and fun.\*

"At the age of six, a little boy near my father's, named Lorenzo Wolcott, to whom I was much attached, was taken sick and died. I was unable, at that time, fully to understand the meaning of death. I was told that Lorenzo was to be buried in the ground, and that I should see him no more. I wept bitterly the morning he died; thought much on what this thing, death, could mean; attended his funeral, and was a real mourner.

"So much was I affected by what I had seen that my tears flowed long after my return from the grave. The thought that I should see him no more was indescribably painful. My dear mother sympathized with me; kindly told me that only his body was buried; that what constituted the thinking part of little Lorenzo was in heaven, to which place I should go if I was a good boy till death.

"This made a deep impression on my mind; I can never forget it. From six to fourteen years of age I was subject to almost continued convictions of sin. Under almost every sermon which I heard I resolved to lead a new life."

This fragment was written in 1828. His later records, "few and far between," refer more especially to his religious emotions and purposes. They resemble, in character, portions of David Brainerd's Diary. Inheriting the family constitution, with a tendency to the same nervous depression, they are imbued with the somber rather than the bright shades of Christian experience. It has been said by those who knew Mr. Brainerd, that he was *too conscientious*; and marked as great sins the natural infirmities of his disposition. Dr. Beecher has protested against

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\* This "*recklessness*" extended from the age of six to twelve.

giving to the world the effects of dyspepsia in good men, with its hypochondriac family of evils.

Rev. William A. Stearns, President of Amherst College, a classmate of Mr. Brainerd's, says, in reply to a letter from him containing some lament over his physical and mental trials: "Of your two great burdens, the first you have in common with us all; and in the endurance of the second, you are not alone. But it is a comfort that neither 'a bad stomach,' nor anything else bad, can enter heaven with us. Such a state of freedom, as Dr. Beecher says, 'it will take a good while to get used to it' "

As the youngest and cherished child of a large household, Thomas was allowed many indulgences to which the older children had been strangers,—such as going with his father and elder brothers to the neighboring towns of Lowville, Boonville, and Utica, when business called them there.

When he was about two years old his mother found him in a tub of water, nearly drowned. While playing in the water, he had lost his balance and fallen in. As he was "born out of due time," so he claimed the privileges of babyhood beyond the ordinary season. He distinctly remembered being "*weaned*," at nearly three years of age; and of being taken by a sister twenty-two years older than himself, to sleep in her room for this object. Of his rebellion in the night, and his indignation when offered a biscuit in lieu of his customary indulgence, he retained a lively impression. He threw the biscuit across the room, with all his small strength, and saw it roll into the fireplace, among the asparagus boughs, which in summer occupied the place of the winter fire; upon which his sister thought proper to admonish him of the sinfulness of the act, both in view of the temper exhibited on the occasion, as well as the waste of throwing away "a nice biscuit for which some hungry child would be so thankful."

At the age of three and a half years he commenced attending school,—trudging cheerfully through miles of snow with his brothers and sisters. The district school was a long distance from his father's house, and was only kept during the winter. In a new farming country, all the boys were needed to work on the farm in summer. His school days were seasons of great enjoyment, and he never regarded his lessons as a burden or a drudgery.

Most of the events of his early life here recorded were gained from his own lips. He was accustomed to amuse his own children with the rehearsal of stories concerning his childhood, to which they were never weary of listening; while the excitements of sheep-shearing and of making maple-sugar in the early spring, almost rivaled in interest the adventures of Robinson Crusoe, with his young auditors.

Clearing away the snow for the sugar works,—building the great fires to boil the sap,—and especially “camping out” over night, to watch both the sap and the fire,—furnished abundant occasion for pleasant excitement to these New England boys.

Thomas was once sent by his father to find and bring back a ram that was addicted to running away. After bringing the animal home, he tied him by the neck in the back part of the barn, which was built on a side-hill, so that while the entrance was on a level with the ground the back windows overlooked a height of ten or twelve feet. No sooner was the ram left to himself than he leaped from the window, and hung suspended by the neck. One of the elder boys coming in to dinner told his father that the ram was hanging from the barn window. Thomas, comprehending at once the situation, said, “He knew the ram could not be dead, for he had not hung there more than an hour!” The shout of laughter from the circle of older boys with which this declaration was greeted, greatly disconcerted

the young hangman; but he escaped all rebuke from his father; while from his brothers he met the frequent inquiry concerning the time necessary to kill a man or beast by hanging.

While Thomas was still a small boy, he became the proprietor of a nice leather-covered trunk, in which he was so much interested that he went over to the village several times to watch the progress of its manufacture. A good trunk, in which to keep his clothes and juvenile treasures, was, at that time to a boy in the country, a great possession; and he prepared to bring it home, when finished, with magnified views of its value.

One of his father's near neighbors, a Baptist preacher and farmer known as "Elder Clark," had a fine new wheelbarrow, and Thomas concluded that nothing but this wheelbarrow would serve his purpose. He went over to see Mr. Clark, whom he found working in the field. Going up to him with great confidence, he said: "Elder Clark, will you please lend me your wheelbarrow to bring home my new trunk?"

Mr. Clark leaned on his hoe a minute in silence, and then replied: "Why, no, Thomas; I think I can't lend you the wheelbarrow."

The refusal was so unexpected, and such a disappointment to him, that for a moment little Tom neither spoke nor moved. But, boy or man, he was never the one to give up an object upon which he had set his heart.

"Elder Clark," said he, "doesn't the Bible say, 'from him that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away?'"

Mr. Brainerd said he remembered throughout his life the twinkle of the eye and the twitching about the mouth with which Mr. Clark received this quotation from the small boy before him. It produced, however, the desired effect; for, after another short pause, with an effort at gravity, Mr. Clark replied: "Yes, Thomas, the Bible does

say that; and I think I must let you have the wheelbarrow this time if you will be careful of it." He went on his way rejoicing, as well in the success of his appeal as in the means of procuring his new treasure.

A brother nine years older than Thomas, who took a deep interest in his progress and improvement, says of him: "He was a very active boy and always in a pleasant humor. I never knew him quarrel with his playmates and young friends. He was early very fond of reading, and seldom sat down without a book or a slate. When he was twelve years old he had read through Rollin's Ancient History, Robertson's America, Goldsmith's Greece and Rome, with many other volumes of travels and voyages as well as stories. He seemed never to forget anything he read. He inherited from his father one trait,—to do with his might whatever he undertook to do."

A great love for declamation was one of his earliest developments. While yet a small boy he was so enraptured by the recital of Mark Antony's Speech over the body of Cæsar, by a graduate of the Lowville Academy, that he offered to give the young orator "*all of his pennies*" if he would repeat it again for him. He was associated early with the debating clubs of that region, and his enthusiasm contributed much to their success and permanence.

While Thomas was quite a lad he was summoned to court as a witness in some case of neighborhood litigation. He gave his testimony with such directness, comprehensiveness, and evident truthfulness that the judge, turning to a lawyer by his side, said: "*That boy will make a man.*"

In the year 1813 that new section of country was visited by typhoid fever. The population was scattered, physicians were few and distant, and the epidemic became very fatal. The people were overworked, especially the women; it was impossible to procure hired assistance, and



labor-saving appliances were as yet unknown. Being largely a grass-growing region, every farmer went into stock-raising and dairy produce, which laid heavy burdens upon the women of the household.

Seven members of Mr. Brainerd's family were sick with typhoid fever at the same time. Thomas, at nine years of age, with the sister next above him, then thirteen, the two youngest of the family, were for a season the only persons able to leave the house. All the errands devolved upon these two children,—of going long distances for physicians and medicines, and to procure neighbors to nurse the sick and the dying. Thomas was sent alone on horseback to the town of Boonville, several miles distant, for sugar, tea, lemons, and medicines. Such were the responsibilities forced upon children at that period. How many parents now would consent to send a child nine years old through a lone, dreary wood's road with a horse to guide and manage, and, in case of accident, no one near to render assistance?

Thomas executed his errands successfully, and remembered the merchant with lasting gratitude who, after placing his purchases in the saddle-bags, gave him "*a lump of sugar as large as a teacup*," to eat on the way home.

Four members of his father's family fell victims to this fever—a brother, two sisters, and his excellent mother. The eldest son and daughter and a younger daughter, sixteen years of age, died within a few weeks of their mother's death, in August, 1813. Another son died two years later, in 1815, at the age of twenty-nine; and one little girl of ten was buried in Haddam, before the father's removal to Western New York. Two others were married and settled in homes of their own, and the large family was now reduced to five children, with the widowed father. Of these five, two were over twenty years of age and drilled to self-reliance. The youngest of the twelve chil-

dren seemed peculiarly to demand maternal care. The dying mother summoned to her bedside the few who were able to come, to give them her final farewell. The little boy of nine was the last to receive a mother's blessing. She laid her hand upon his head, and, with great tenderness, said: "It is hard for me to give you up, my boy. You need my care more than the others. I have wished to live on your account, but it seems to be the will of God that I must die and leave you. When I am gone, remember how I have taught you to pray and read your Bible. Don't forget God and He will take care of you."

The little boy could not then understand the extent of the loss implied in the death of a mother. He looked on, partly in wonder and partly in grief, as they laid her in a coffin and bore her away to her burial; but he learned ever after to estimate fully the value of a mother's undying love.

After this season of unparalleled trial the oldest remaining daughter, at the age of twenty-two, took charge of her father's household, and bestowed a mother's love and care upon her little brother until her own marriage and removal to Ohio. And her brother recognized his obligations of duty and gratitude by visiting her as often as his professional claims permitted, at intervals of a few years during his life. She survived him seven months; and, in March, 1867, the companionship of their youth was renewed in the upper city.

## CHAPTER II.

### SCHOOL LIFE—LEAVING HOME.

THE school life of Thomas Brainerd, from the age of four until he was seventeen, was full of interest. He was social, ambitious, quick to learn, and no study commended to him was ever difficult or burdensome. In a newly settled country educational advantages were, of course, limited and unequal. At some seasons it was difficult to procure suitable teachers, and incompetent men were occasionally employed.

The New England principle, however, which planted the church and school-house beside the dwelling, and watched over their interest with a jealous eye, characterized the community of New England settlers in Lewis County. A vigorous school was kept up; a circulating library established, containing all the popular histories, ancient and modern, of that period, with the old school family of poets and novelists. Debating societies were formed and sustained by the young men, furnishing the means of pleasant excitement and safe recreation. The few and slow additions of new books to their village library led Thomas Brainerd, who was always a great reader, to read again and again such as it contained; and he attributed his familiarity with historical facts throughout life to his early devotion to Hume, Smollett, Rollin, Robertson, and Herodotus.

This grave reading was relieved and enlivened by all the poems and novels he could get hold of. To the latest

hour allowable in a strict New England household, the boy would read by the bright wood fire, affording better light than a dozen of the home-made tallow candles,—so absorbed in his book as to be utterly unconscious of what was passing around him.

The school was located about two miles from his father's house, and the long walk over the crisp snow, with the companionship of the neighboring boys and girls, all carrying their little dinner baskets, containing the "turnover pie," the doughnuts and cheese (excelled in no part of the country), created abundant material for boyish enjoyment. The early breakfast at six o'clock, with the brisk walk of two or three miles, often so stimulated their young appetites that they would agree, if they had time before the ringing of the school-bell, to eat their dinner before they went into the school-room; preferring the present indulgence of a double breakfast to the prospective fast of a missing dinner. They could, besides, often calculate upon an apple or a ginger-cake from some one more fully supplied than his wants demanded. And when the season admitted, they would get up short nutting or fishing excursions in the interval of the school recess.

Scarcely any boy's school life passes without some notable occasions of triumph or mortification. The general studiousness and conscientiousness of Thomas Brainerd protected him from many of these school-boy reverses, while yet his activity and love of fun or mischief procured him a fair proportion of their risks and penalties.

During one winter the district school was kept by a young man from Connecticut, whose name has since become somewhat notorious,—*Levi Silliman Ives*,—in after years Episcopal Bishop of South Carolina, and more recently marked for his renunciation of Protestantism and connection with the Roman Catholic Church.

Mr. Ives, as he was then called, introduced some new

modes in the order and exercises of the school, among which was a system of writing with parallel lines by which to graduate the height of the letters. Under his administration, Thomas perpetrated the most flagrant piece of mischief of his juvenile life. A boy of notoriously careless habits attended the school, whose torn clothes and hat subjected him to the frequent banter of his schoolmates. Toward the close of the afternoon session, Thomas observed this boy's hat under the desk; and being sheltered by some higher desks in front, he commenced trimming the said hat with a sharp penknife, to give it a more uniform appearance, half the rim being already torn off. This was at first his whole design, to cut off the rest of the rim and thereby decidedly improve its appearance. It was a gray felt hat, and the knife sung through the texture with such musical ease that he lost sight of its execution, and kept turning the hat and cutting on until the knife reached the top of the crown, leaving only a small round piece the size of a half dollar. He then awoke to a consciousness of his work, and carefully replaced the hat on the floor, which settled down with spiral regularity to its accustomed form.

To avoid confusion in dismissing school, Mr. Ives required of the older boys, by turns, to "carry around the hats" to their respective owners, when each boy, with a bow, deliberately left the room. When this unfortunate hat was lifted it fell into a string a yard long. "*Whose hat is this?*" inquired the boy who held it up by the small center top-piece, with such unrestrained merriment in his face as encouraged the whole school to an outburst of laughter.

Mr. Ives ordered the boys again to their seats. He then inquired who had cut this hat. A fearful silence was the only answer. Recognizing the privilege of the culprit not to condemn himself, the teacher ordered all the boys

who owned penknives to hold up their hands, while he examined their faces with inquisitorial scrutiny. He then required all who had borrowed knives to go through the same ordeal; no light shone on the cut hat. The school was then dismissed with the intimation that other means of investigation would be adopted.

Mr. Brainerd's father engaged Mr. Ives to devote one hour in the evening to giving his daughters lessons in writing at their own house. On this memorable afternoon Thomas went home alone, musing on the consequences of his thoughtlessness. When he entered the house he found Mr. Ives there before him, relating to his sisters the story of the hat, and telling them how he would punish that boy when he discovered him. This threat made such an impression upon Thomas that he never to a living soul confessed himself the author of the mischief until after he was eighteen years of age. The successful concealment of the act magnified its criminality, and led Tom to frequent confessions of his "secret sin" in his nightly prayers. He was about ten years old at this time, and not until long after was he able to view the affair in its true light as an act of mere boyish mischief.

His "confessions" did not end in his own closet. When he had reached the age of forty-five, "*Bishop*" Ives visited some friends in Philadelphia with whom Mr. Brainerd was acquainted. He related this story to them, requesting them to tell the bishop that "*he was the boy who cut the hat!*" The bishop was now "endowed with power" to give him "absolution."

The town of Leyden was favored with the ministry of the Rev. Reuel Kimball, a New England man, with the comprehensive views and large heart of those earnest pioneer Christian teachers who have baptized the land with the spirit of true gospel light and liberty.

Mr. Kimball had a large family, with whom Mr. Brai-

nerd's family were intimate. One of the sons, Cotton Mather Kimball, was born on the same day with Thomas Brainerd, attended the same school, and they were of course associated in the interests of their boyhood.

Intercourse with these neighbors constituted the great charm of social enjoyment during the youth of Thomas Brainerd, and the youngest daughter of the clergyman soon became the cynosure of all his hopes and fancies. Regarded as an unattainable blessing for many years, the attachment acted as an incentive to all his efforts, and became the motive of his highest ambition. A school-boy love, hidden in his heart until developed to a growth beyond his power of concealment, was influencing every faculty of his being.

His final success, where for years he dared not hope for success, with the blighting of those hopes by the early death of their object, belong to a later period than the present, and will be referred to again.

When about the age of fourteen, Thomas was walking with young Reuel Kimball, two years his senior, when their conversation turned upon preaching. In the bragging style natural to boys of that age, Thomas said to his friend: "I can preach nearly as well as your father, now!" Young Kimball questioned his ability, and challenged him to the proof.

Springing upon a stump, in which that newly cleared land abounded, Thomas rehearsed Mr. Kimball's sermon of the previous Sabbath, giving the introduction, the title, the divisions, the arguments, the illustrations, the application, and conclusion, in what seemed to his astonished auditor the *very words*, without variation, in which he heard it preached the day before. Although greatly surprised by this exhibition, young Kimball would not yield the victory. He added: "Well, you can't *pray* as well anyhow!" Thomas replied, in a lower voice, "*I haven't tried that!*"



This incident was related to the writer by Mr. Reuel Kimball himself, about twelve years ago, when he was a gray-haired man of fifty. The occasional visits to his native town were cheered by such reminiscences of their youth, between Reuel Kimball and Thomas Brainerd, during their lifetime; and both were called to heaven within a few months of the same period.

The following sketch is furnished by E. P. Brainerd, Esq., of Ravenna, Ohio, for twelve years Treasurer of the Atlantic and Great Western Railroad Company.

"Jesse Brainerd, father of the late Rev. Thomas Brainerd, and my father, owned and occupied adjoining farms, in Leyden, Lewis County, New York. They were near neighbors, so that from infancy till about twelve years of age we were accustomed to seeing Thomas almost daily. He was some ten years my senior, and a frequent visitor at my father's house. My mother was a zealous Baptist, and the repeated discussions between her and young Thomas, on religious subjects, are remembered with more than ordinary vividness. Although too young to fully understand them, their earnestness on these occasions I shall never forget. His dignified bearing repelled rather than attracted me. Our childish fear of him was equaled only by that for the ministers who were accustomed to visit our house. Early impressions, however, like those of later years, are frequently found to be erroneous. When quite a lad, I accompanied my parents, on a summer's evening, to one of the neighbors, where a large party were assembled. Shortly after our arrival, Thomas Brainerd happened in, direct from the field. The lady of the house said to him (aside): 'We are to have a wedding here to-night and wish you to remain.' 'Impossible,' said he, 'I am right from the plow.' After a moment's reflection, he added: 'There is not time for me to go home and

change my dress. If you think the company will excuse my appearance I will stay, as *I never saw a couple married.*\* He remained, a close observer of all the ceremonies; at the conclusion of which, he entered into the plays and amusements peculiar to such occasions in those days, with a relish which made him the '*star*' of the evening. As he left we heard him remark, 'If this is the usual way of conducting weddings I shall make an effort to attend them all hereafter, for I have enjoyed this hugely.' It was then we first learned he had a relish for harmless amusement, as well as a strong love for social enjoyment. Subsequently, we became much attached to him, on account of his genial nature and readiness always to assist and encourage his associates, of whatever age or condition, in their laudable undertakings. He seemed to lead rather than follow the opinions of his fellows. His advice was sought, and he was often umpire and adjudicator of their differences. He was frank, apparently knowing no necessity for concealment, as he could accomplish by directness and force what many by tact and artifice aim to do and fail. He was cautious in spirit, but not artful or cunning. He seems to have been an early student of natural theology. Fond of discussion, advocating spiritual rather than sectarian religion, he contended that true religion consisted in *right life*, rather than in ordinances; at least such was his position with my mother. Physically, he was compact and strong, though not large; he possessed a kind of toughness capable of great endurance. He was passing an unfinished well on one occasion, with several of his associates, and remarked that he could descend and come out on the chain suspended from the windlass. This being questioned by the party, he immediately accomplished the feat. Another of the party, not

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\* This confession, from a man who in later life married over eight hundred couples, is noteworthy.

wishing to be outdone, went down on the chain, and, when near the top in ascending, lost his hold, fell, caught on the hook, which entered his body in a shocking manner. To the presence of mind and good judgment of Thomas Brainerd, he was indebted for his life. With recollections replete with incidents illustrating the prominent traits of his character, I have only alluded in this brief sketch to the youthful working of an intellect destined to become pre-eminent for good in subsequent life. The same generosity of soul, earnest love of justice and right, which were so prominent in after-years, characterized the youth of Thomas Brainerd.

“RAVENNA, Ohio, Aug. 18th, 1868.”

At fourteen years of age, Thomas Brainerd became a member of the Lowville Academy, then considered one of the best educational institutions in Northern New York. Here he devoted himself to the study of the languages, which he pursued for a number of years, continuing his classical studies with Oliver C. Grosvenor, at Rome, while prosecuting the study of law.

Declining his father's proposition to take charge of the farm, he deliberately resolved upon supporting himself and carrying out his schemes of professional life.

The first step in this course was to take charge of the school in a neighboring town. This would give him time to mature his plans, and furnish him with a little money for his immediate necessities. He left his home at the age of seventeen, with a firm purpose to cut his way to competence, respectability, and usefulness. On the evening before his departure, he went alone to a favorite part of his father's farm, where the extended landscape overlooked the Black River, and the unbroken, mysterious, silent gloom of the Adirondack forest beyond, as yet unexplored by tourist or visitor, and, placing his back against a tree, he

indulged in one of those farewell reveries which might be permitted to a young man in these circumstances. Boy and child enough still to cling to the shelter and provisions of home with yearning tenderness, realizing that he was going out to the untried world with only

“ Providence his guide,”

he might well look up to the old trees and ask if the new world before him would, amid its storms, furnish him friends like these. After watching the sun sink below the horizon, he turned and cut the initials of his name, his age, the day of the month and year in the bark of the tree against which he had been leaning; then said to himself, “ Where and what shall I be seventeen years hence ?”

It so happened that in the summer of 1838, when Mr. Brainerd was thirty-four, he visited his home again. Two brothers alone remained in that section of the country. His father was dead; the farm sold, and the old homestead left desolate. But he sought the tree again—now doubled in size—and readily deciphered the letters and date engraved there seventeen years before. Again he placed his back against the tree, and said, “ Here I am again at twice seventeen, ‘ a sadder and a wiser man ;’ a life experience between these dates ; the weight of a large metropolitan church upon my shoulders, and the responsibility upon my soul of guiding my fellow-men to a higher and purer life.”

Mr. Brainerd was not much given to sentimentalism, especially of the sort which unnerved him. Such indulgences, if taken at all, were taken in homœopathic doses, on the wing, as he rode and worked. He had no patience with young men who neutralized their energies and smothered their manhood in a sickly sentimentalism. His charge to them was to be up and doing—

“ With a heart for any fate,”

and in this course he was ever ready to lead the way.

Seventeen years later, in 1855, he had another opportunity of making a pilgrimage to his *tree*. It was probably of set purpose this time, for he continued through life to visit the home and friends of his childhood every few years. One brother had died and the other removed to Ohio since his last visit. His father's house had fallen to decay; while the excavation of the cellar and the well alone marked the spot of his birth. And of the old mansion—

“All its joys and pains,  
That gloomy cellar now alone remains.”

## CHAPTER III.

### TEACHING—READING LAW.

THE first school of which Thomas Brainerd took charge was in the town of Boonville. Here, as elsewhere, boys of his own age, seventeen and upwards, attended his school. He had no difficulty in maintaining order and discipline, nor in stimulating his pupils to a healthful emulation.

It was the custom of that period for the teacher to "*board round*," in the respective families of his pupils ; each family thus contributing to his board, secured thereby the tuition of one or more children. This experience developed the grace of patience, and afforded many humorous exhibitions of character. But no one ever heard a complaint from Thomas Brainerd, however rough his fare or uncomfortable his accommodations. Straitened quarters and "short commons" were soon exchanged in the rotation of service, for the most ample supplies and congenial associates. Four years of district school teaching was a grand school of progress in the study of human nature, yielded great variety of incident, and laid the foundation of many permanent and valuable friendships.

His second station of school operations was in the town of Lee. Here Thomas Brainerd had the honor of being the successor to Albert Barnes, who, as he preceded him in the ministry by a few years, also preceded him in some of the diversified experiences of the *initiatory course*.

By the kindness of the Hon. Anson S. Miller, of Illinois,

we have been furnished with the following letter referring to this period :

“ ROCKFORD, ILL., March 26th, 1868.

\* \* \* “ The late Rev. Dr. Thomas Brainerd kept school in my native town, Lee, New York, more than forty years ago. My first recollection of Dr. Brainerd, when a youthful teacher in Lee, reaches back to the winter of 1823-4, when he taught the school in the Dutton District, in Lee, where Albert Barnes had previously taught. My father resided in an adjoining district. In this school Mr. Brainerd, though a mere youth, achieved a perfect success. He kept a *model* school, and his pupils both feared and loved him. Though familiar with his pupils in their plays out of doors, he preserved his dignity as *master* in the school-house. So good was his reputation as a teacher that the Trustees of an adjoining district, Lee Centre, with a larger school, secured his services at an early day for the next winter, 1824-5. In this district he made his home with my uncle, the late James Young, Esq., a prominent citizen and public man of Lee. My Uncle Young and his brother Alvan were great readers. The town library was kept at their house ; and Mr. Brainerd, when at uncle's, enjoyed himself with congenial spirits. They all wondered how he could read so rapidly and remember so well. Occasionally, when visiting my cousins, the sons of Uncle Young, I attended Mr. Brainerd's school with them. It was a large school and not the easiest to govern ; but he gave it the regularity of a clock. He kept a *live* school because he was a *live* teacher. He had a wonderful gift for animating his pupils, and inspiring them to emulate excellence ; and of their social circle out of school, he was the center and the soul.

“ Subsequently, Mr. Brainerd taught school near Mr. Talcott's, in Rome ; and was there, as in the schools in Lee, exceedingly popular.



"I knew Mr. Brainerd at a later period, when he had commenced studying a profession. Previous to entering upon theology, he gave some attention to the law. He was regarded as a young man of distinguished promise. His intellectual powers were at once brilliant and solid, and he united great logical acumen with rare aptness and beauty of expression. For happy and graceful conversational gifts and fluency of language, and ready wit and sharpness of reply when speaking in debate, he could scarcely have a superior. Add to this his purity of heart and manly frankness and integrity, and you can have some idea of what Thomas Brainerd was before he achieved a national fame.

"ANSON S. MILLER."

I inclose a letter from David S. Young, Esq., who was a pupil of Mr. Brainerd :

"LEE CENTRE, March 4th, 1868.

\* \* \* \* "Mr. Brainerd taught school in the Dutton District, during the winter of 1823-4, when he was between eighteen and twenty years old. Having a lively, social turn of mind, he readily introduced himself into the society of the young. \* \* \* \*

"On one or two occasions, at noon-time, he *preached*, i.e. he mounted the table for a pulpit, and would speak to the scholars, calling it preaching. He said his father told him he must be a minister; but he feared he should be like a fifth calf, having no certainty that he would get much support or milk from the old cow. He taught *our* school the next winter, in 1824-5. I remember him very well as a teacher. He made my father's house his home a considerable portion of the time, especially over Sundays. It gave me a favorable opportunity to observe his habits. He was social and cheerful, full of anecdotes, and loved to talk. He was a great reader. Whatever book he selected from the library he devoured its contents amid



the din and the 'confusion of tongues' of the different members of the family that might be talking at the time. No noise or conversation seemed to disturb him in reading, so intent was he on the subject-matter of the author. But still he seemed to peruse a book very carelessly; turning over its leaves leisurely; glancing carelessly at its pages; occasionally pausing to join in a laugh, or the conversation or talk, or to suggest an argument on one or the other side of the question under discussion; and then turning again to his book. Uncle Alvan was living at father's at this time, and Mr. Brainerd and uncle were great friends. Mr. Brainerd seemed to relish novel-reading,—such works as 'The Children of the Abbey,' 'Scottish Chiefs,' 'The Three Spaniards,' 'Peep at the Pilgrims,' 'Thinks-I-to-Myself,' etc., etc. Uncle had read all these; and to test Mr. Brainerd, after he had closed some book, reading in the indifferent manner I have stated, would question him on the general plan or plot of the author; but very soon it would be apparent that Mr Brainerd was far more correct in his statement of facts, anecdotes, or history, than uncle was; who perhaps had occupied six times the length of time in perusing the book which Mr. Brainerd had occupied.

"After he settled in Philadelphia, for many years he made frequent visits to see his brother and other relatives, in Lewis County, and at such times he usually visited his nephew, who resided in Lee.

"We not unfrequently got one or two sermons from him; but most generally he excused himself from preaching, on the ground that his labors at Philadelphia were arduous, and coming to the country he had relaxed his bow and had paused to rest; and for one or two discourses he could not 'gird himself' to the work.

"About the last time Dr. Brainerd visited his brother I happened to be at Delta, to hear Mr. Parmilee, of Western-

ville. Dr. Brainerd had come to hear Mr. Parmilee, and at the close of his discourse Mr. Parmilee introduced Dr. Brainerd to his audience.

"The doctor commenced by saying that all present were strangers to him; that he recognized but one or two faces that he had ever seen before; but, on all occasions, he never stopped to inquire if there were any sinners present that wanted or needed salvation. He always assumed the fact that all present were sinners, and that every soul needed salvation; and in the spirit of the Master, I go forth, said he, like Paul, to proclaim it 'a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners.' He seemed always ready for the occasion; and his discourse had a telling effect on his hearers."

Extract of a letter from Mr. Cotton Mather Kimball\* to his sister-in-law, Mrs. Reuel Kimball, dated

"KALAMAZOO, Mich., Feb. 20th, 1868.

"Thomas Brainerd was a great reader and a good scholar. I attended a debating school one or two winters on the East Road, where he attended. As a debater he had no equal. When he was sixteen or seventeen years old he was a match for any of the young men, and some thought themselves quite smart.

"The day that we were *twenty-one* years old we spent together. We went down to Brother Reuel's, to Amanda's, and then up to father's. We had a good time. I think I did not see him again until four years ago, when I called on him in Philadelphia.      \*      \*      \*      \*      \*

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\* Mr. C. M. Kimball and Thomas Brainerd were born on the same day, June 17th, 1804; hence the reason of spending their twenty-first birthday together.

“Sister Huldah’s death was no doubt the cause of a great change in his future life.”

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From Lee Mr. Brainerd went to Rome, and commenced reading law; first with Alanson Burnet, Esq., and afterwards with Hon. Henry A. Foster and Hon. Chester Hayden. At the same time he continued his classical studies with Mr. Oliver C. Grosvenor, of Rome, aiding him in his school, meanwhile, as an assistant teacher. Heretofore he had been located at convenient visiting distances from his early home; and he returned at frequent intervals, to spend the Sabbath, or to join the remaining family group at “Thanksgiving.” A strong attraction drew him to Leyden as often as circumstances permitted. He kept watch over his heart’s treasure there; and his accumulated offerings of mind and soul laid on this altar, were appreciated and finally accepted. He became engaged to Huldah Kimball at twenty-two years of age, and returned to Rome in the prospective possession of all that he held most dear in life.

Little of note marked the two years in which Mr. Brainerd studied law at Rome. Of his social life a few incidents have been preserved, partly by his own narrations, and partly by those of his friends.

On public occasions, such as the “Fourth of July,” “Training Days,” and “Election,” the popular demand for amusement was supplied by out-of-door sports and entertainments. At one of these seasons a party of strangers furnished a gambling-table, with cards, lights, and brandy, in a grove within the limits of the quiet village of Rome. While this open defiance of public sentiment was abundantly censured, no effort was made to suppress the evil. Thomas Brainerd and three associates resolved to “abate the nuisance,” in their own time and mode. Under

pretence of looking for something he had purposely dropped, one of their number contrived to fasten the end of a long rope around one leg of the table, while the others, concealed among the trees in the dusk of the evening, held the other end. At a given signal, the four young men started off at full speed; the table jumped two yards at a bound; lights, bottles, cards, dice, and money flew in every direction, together with the men who surrounded the table. The sudden darkness, the surprise and bewilderment which followed, gave the advantage of time to the actors in this little drama; and, seeing the discomfiture complete, they dropped the rope among the trees and came round from an opposite quarter to mingle with the crowd and inquire with innocent wonderment into the occasion of the excitement.

When listening to reports of "table-turning" and "spiritual manifestations," in after-years, concerning which Mr. Brainerd was entirely skeptical, he would say that he had witnessed *one* "table-turning" that was genuine; and then relate this adventure of upsetting the gambling-table, although forced to acknowledge that his first practice of law was by a very summary and extra-judicial process.

For a short time Mr. Brainerd boarded at the public hotel, and his social tendencies drew him into a circle of young men whose prolonged influence would have been most perilous to his moral principles. Invited to their rooms two or three evenings, he found they not only drank hard but gambled deeply; while mirth and good-fellowship made their society attractive.

On one of these evenings, the door of the room was opened by a young man with whom Mr. Brainerd was but slightly acquainted, who said, "Brainerd, I want to speak with you a minute." He stepped into the hall, when the young man said to him, "Those fellows are going to ruin as fast as possible; they will drink themselves

dead in a few years, but *you were born for a better destiny*. The sooner you get to your bed the better for you."

Mr. Brainerd felt the full force of this timely warning. His conscience had already been telling him the same truths. He went directly to his room, without returning to bid his dangerous companions "good-night;" and he always regarded this young man as a true friend and benefactor.

In 1825, the Rev. Charles G. Finney preached in Rome, and a religious interest of marked character attended his labors.

Rev. Albert Barnes says of him: "Mr. Finney had himself been a lawyer, and would have been distinguished as a lawyer if he had continued to pursue that profession. Few men in our country have been as well fitted to act on the higher order of minds, or to bring men, proud in their philosophy or their own righteousness, to the foot of the cross. As the result of this great revival of religion, more than one hundred and eighty persons were added to the church on one occasion. Among these were nearly all the merchants of the place, and *all the lawyers*. Since the fall of man was such a thing ever known before, that all the lawyers in any place were converted to the faith of the Saviour?"

As in the days of Job, when "the sons of God came together, Satan came also among them;" so it has ever been to the present time. When the pulse of religious feeling rose highest, under the preaching of Mr. Finney, a Universalist preacher came to Rome and commenced a series of opposition meetings. He was a popular speaker and attracted many hearers. After repeated solicitation from an acquaintance, Mr. Brainerd went one evening to hear him. During the service he occupied himself in scanning the audience. It seemed to him that every

drunkard, gambler, and profligate in the place was there. After the service, Mr. Brainerd's companion eagerly inquired how he liked the preacher. "If that crowd is going to heaven," replied Mr. Brainerd, "I don't want to go; I have been used to better society here!"

Mr. Brainerd soon after became an interested listener to Mr. Finney's appeals himself; and was one among that "great cloud of witnesses" who consecrated themselves to the service of God at that time. He united with the church in Rome, of which the Rev. Moses Gillett was pastor, in 1825.\*

Mr. Brainerd's mind was naturally skeptical; and not without a severe mental conflict did he yield his life to the principles of Christianity. But a cloud was gathering in his horizon, charged with influences to affect the whole atmosphere of his future life, and turn his pursuits into new channels. In little more than a year from this time, Mr. Brainerd was hastily summoned to Leyden to attend the burial of his heart's idol. A severe attack of illness from a sudden cold resulted fatally, before the friends of Miss Kimball apprehended any danger. No telegraph carried lightning messages in that day; and the first intimation of danger was the arrival of a friend with the appalling intelligence that the cherished object of his early hopes was *dead*.

This event occurred in September, 1827. When Thomas Brainerd returned to Rome life seemed bereft of all its beauty and value. He was now readily disposed to listen to the persuasions of his friends in their endeavors to turn his attention to the ministry.

Among Mr. Brainerd's intimate friends in Rome was

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\* A fitting tribute to the fidelity of Mr. Gillett was inscribed on his monument, in these words: "He was a good man and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith; and much people was added unto the Lord." He died in 1837, after a pastorate of thirty years.

Mr. Talcott's family, with whom he continued to hold pleasant intercourse through life. One of the sons united with the church at the same time with Mr. Brainerd, and a close correspondence for many years cemented their friendship. While on a business visit to Leyden, a short time before Miss Kimball's death, Mr. Wait Talcott wrote to Mr. Brainerd, July 16th, 1827 :

"I called on Miss Kimball, as you requested, and delivered your package. If Miss K.'s mental qualifications correspond with her personal attractions, of which I have not a doubt, she is every way worthy to be the object of your warmest earthly affections. I congratulate you on your success in finding one who is all that your heart could wish."

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The charm which invested this sweet northern flower was never dispelled by all that he saw of elegant and cultivated women in forty years' subsequent intercourse with the world.

We subjoin a few extracts from letters referring to this period :

From Rev. Reuel Kimball to Thomas Brainerd.

"LEYDEN, Sept. 11th, 1827.

"MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND :

"I this day received and read your letter with a mournful pleasure. The thought that my dear daughter is gone beyond the reach of my prayers, admonitions, and parental faithfulness, fills my heart at times with acute anguish.

"The closing scene with her is past, and she sleeps in death. 'It is the Lord,—let Him do what seemeth Him good.'

\* \* \* \* \*

"The disappointment to you is doubtless great. You are taught by this dispensation that it is vain to look for



happiness in man. I hope, Thomas, that you will so improve the voice of God as to receive ‘beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.’ May God direct you in the path of duty, and may you be willing to submit to his will.

“Your friend,

“REUEL KIMBALL.”

From T. Brainerd to Reuel Kimball, Jr.

“ROME, Sept. 19th, 1827.

“DEAR REUEL :

\* \* \* \* \*

“My mind constantly and irresistibly dwells on our recent bereavement. Affection for Huldah has so long possessed my mind, has so interwoven itself with every emotion of my heart, that her death has produced an overwhelming effect on every feeling of my soul. This village seems a ‘valley and shadow of death.’

“On Huldah’s account as well as my own, I have heretofore sought friends,—I had succeeded; and looked forward with pleasure to the time when I should be permitted to transplant so lovely a flower into scenes of friendship and happiness worthy of her merit. My friends manifest the most tender concern for my welfare, and admit the magnitude of my loss; but they cannot heal the wound.

“My friends in Leyden cannot realize my sufferings. They do not know how I have loved Huldah through long years. \* \* \* \* \*

“She was so beautiful and intelligent; modest without prudery, and elegant without ostentation. In her were associated every quality and accomplishment which can attract admiration and enchain the heart.” \* \*



T. Brainerd to Wait Talcott, Esq.

"ROME, Oct. 4th, 1827.

\* \* \* \* \* "Two short months since I was as happy as the happiest; now a cold and death-like despair oppresses my soul. My heart is broken. 'Oh, that my eyes were waters and my head a fountain of tears!' The sun of my hopes has set forever. What I write, compared with what I feel, is apathy itself. You have acted the part of a true friend to me, both in prosperity and adversity, and may Heaven reward you. You know on what subject to write to interest me, and you sympathize with me enough to choose that subject.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I sometimes see that this affliction was intended in love to my soul. I had become worldly, ambitious, and proud. H. K. was my idol. She occupied the place that God demands in every human heart. God saw the rock on which I was about to shipwreck, and in kindness took her away; disappointed my ambitious schemes, and in some measure humbled my proud heart." \* \* \*

By the kindness of Rev. Albert Barnes we are allowed to publish the following letter in reference to this period. Under date of August 2d, 1867, Mr. Barnes writes :

"I received some time ago the inclosed letter from Dr. Brainerd's friend and my friend, the Rev. Horace Bushnell, a townsman of mine. He is a most remarkable man; and, of all living men that I am acquainted with, I know of no one that I think will occupy a place nearer the throne in heaven. It has some notices of the early life of Dr. Brainerd which I thought might be interesting to you, and I therefore inclose it. The world will be the better the more that is known of Dr. Brainerd.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Sincerely and truly yours,

"ALBERT BARNES."

"CINCINNATI, May 31st, 1867.

"REV. A. BARNES.

"DEAR BROTHER :

"Since the death of Brother Brainerd, I have often thought of you, and the loss you must have sustained by his departure. You knew his worth far better than myself, though he was very dear to me. We both professed our faith in the Lord Jesus at the same altar and on the same day. I became acquainted with him in Mr. Oliver Grosvenor's school, at Rome, in the autumn of 1826; and during the winter vacations, studied with him. I had then little hope of entering the ministry, being then twenty-four years old. When I urged Brother Brainerd to enter the ministry at that time he always evinced deep emotion, but replied, 'I haven't grace enough to be a beggar; though I would love to preach the gospel. I cannot bring myself to be a pensioner on others.'

"But our Master knows how to humble his erring children and make them willing in the day of his power. The idol of his heart was suddenly removed by death, and our dear brother then sat down at the feet of Jesus, teachable as a little child; and the Blessed One led him till he had finished his course. I was intimately acquainted with him in Cincinnati, when pastor of one of the feeblest churches; and at our last interview he said, 'Those days spent with the poor widows, in the Fourth Church, were the happiest in my life.' He could condescend to the feeblest of Christ's flock.

"I have no good reason for troubling you with this communication, only to express my obligation for your instructions. Your Notes have been almost my only commentary during my ministry; and you have accomplished a glorious work, in furnishing tens of thousands of Sabbath-school teachers with the means of instructing those under their care.

“I feel under obligations for your kind attentions when in Philadelphia, and also when sick at Rome.

\* \* \* \* \*

“My active life is probably about closed. I was licensed to preach October 14th, 1831,—and till January 26th, 1867, had been detained from the pulpit by sickness only three Sabbaths, and during those years have preached as often as once a day. In my missionary labors for thirty-five years I have found the work most pleasant, and followed it till it seemed a part of my being. I had almost forgotten my blindness; and, blessed with a retentive memory, felt but little the privation of being unable to read. Thus cheerfully I passed by my sixty-fourth birthday, thinking probably, like my ancestors, I should hold out at least ten years longer; not even sighing for the rest of heaven; for I loved my labor, and the candle of the Lord shined in my darkness. But on the 26th of January I received a slight injury in my limb; inflammation ensued, and for eighteen weeks I have been confined to the house, and till within the last week to my bed; and I have learned by experience the extreme of physical suffering. I am now convalescent; my pain less severe; but my limb is useless, and will doubtless remain so. This is my first severe illness. I have not been left to murmur, but rather to admire the goodness of God. Friends have appeared on every side, and the unknown future I commit to Him who doeth all things well,—who has loved us and redeemed us to God by his own blood. He is my light, my strength, and my salvation.

“And have I not been highly favored of the Master? Is it a small thing that the blessed Jesus has permitted me, for the last thirty-five years, to tell the story of a Saviour’s love to so many thousands perishing in the hospitals and prisons, and that so many of them have accepted His salvation?

"Accept my thanks for the aid you have given me in this blessed work, and pray that I may finish my course with joy.

"Your brother,

"H. BUSHNELL."\*

This era was marked by a change in all the purposes and views which had heretofore controlled the life of Thomas Brainerd. With abated worldly ambition, with a humbled spirit, and under earnest convictions of duty, at the age of twenty-three he gave up the law for the gospel.

His first local change in pursuing his new plans, was to avail himself of an opportunity to teach a year in Philadelphia, to obtain the pecuniary means of entering Andover Theological Seminary. He was located in the northern part of the city, and connected himself with the Rev. Mr. Patterson's church. Extracts from his letters to his friend, Wait Talcott, furnish the best account of his life at this time.

"PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 22d, 1828.

"TO WAIT TALCOTT, ESQ.

"I am located in a central and pleasant part of this beautiful city, and already have a circle of warm-hearted friends around me. By a chain of incidental circumstances I was brought here, and took charge of Trenton Academy three weeks, the preceptor being absent on a visit. Friends seem to have been provided by God to receive me in all my wanderings.

"Mr. Patterson, a devoted minister of the gospel of this city, received me to his house and procured pupils for me. Life is a rugged road; the scenes of August have left a kind of melancholy tenderness on my mind which will accompany me to the grave. In this land of strangers I remember you, my dear Wait, with peculiar affection.

---

\* Mr. Bushnell has for many years been totally blind. We offer no apology for giving this interesting letter entire.

Many hundred miles now separate us, but I trust we are both journeying to that bright world where we shall join hands to part no more.

"Our beloved Mr. Finney is here preaching with his accustomed energy. Five or six of the Philadelphia clergy-men are much attached to him, while some others oppose him. But prejudice is fast vanishing away, and hundreds who came to find fault, go away ashamed of their jealousy.

\* \* \* \* \* "Pray that God would give me opportunities to do good. I am willing to try the burning plains of Africa, or the cold regions of North America among the Indians, if I think it my duty."

To the same.

"PHILADELPHIA, April 3d, 1828.

\* \* \* "The revival still continues under the preaching of Mr. Finney. About one hundred and fifty indulge hopes, and three times that number are anxious. Mr. Finney is as much engaged as at Rome, and nothing is able to stand before him. He pursues the even tenor of his way; but little is said by the doctors against him, and though they stand aloof from the revival, they no longer oppose openly.

"I attend meetings every evening, and have for months. This, with my school and other duties, keeps me constantly engaged. I am superintendent of a Sabbath-school, and one of the Managers of the Sabbath-school Union. \* \*

"I expect to leave this place for Andover in July, and you will not disappoint me in the expectation of receiving a letter from you before I go."

## CHAPTER IV.

ANDOVER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY—CORRESPONDENCE—  
1828-1832.

WE gain almost our only knowledge of Mr. Brainerd's student life at Andover from his letters during these four years. We shall make such extracts from his correspondence with friends as will illustrate his character and pursuits during this period.

“ANDOVER THEO. SEM., Aug. 9th, 1828.

“TO WAIT TALCOTT, ESQ.

“I left Philadelphia July 15th, and stopping at Trenton, New York, Lebanon Springs, and Boston, did not reach this place till August 2d. I am much pleased with the location of the Seminary, and the kind, brotherly feelings of the students.

“The faculty are plain, fraternal, and affectionate in their intercourse with the students.”

From Rev. Charles G. Finney.

“PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 21st, 1828.

“MY DEAR BRAINERD:

“Your letter came duly to hand, and afforded me much pleasure. I seize a moment in which to mention a thing or two.

“First, be careful, amid the various specimens of public speaking which are constantly before you, not to become a *copyist*. Be *Brainerd*, or you will be *nobody*. I have

seen many young men spoiled by setting up a model and attempting to fashion themselves after it. In this they fail. In the attempt, however, they *spoil themselves* by losing themselves under their borrowed manner, and often, to observing eyes, render themselves very ridiculous and disgusting.

“Be careful, my dear Brainerd, not to suffer yourself to be criticised out of a *natural* and *colloquial* style of communication. I cannot speak of Andover particularly as to style and manner, but I am certain that much that is called *pulpit eloquence*, at the present day, is mere bosh, and noise, and foppery. I have the greatest confidence in the piety and theology of Andover, but there are three principal defects in the specimens which I have seen from there, which I shall mention to you with perfect freedom. Their young men are not half enough in earnest. A hearer would be very apt often to catch the impression that they were performing *professional duty*. This makes infidels, however logically they may reason. Unless they appear to believe their own message, it would be a miracle if others believed it. They are too stiff, there is not enough of *nature* in their manner. They are not colloquial enough. Their style is too elevated, their periods too round, too much dress and drapery and millinery and verbiage about their preaching. They are, or seem to be, afraid of being called *vulgar*. They are not, by the multitude, understood. I do not mean that these things are *peculiar* to Andover; they are the common defects of most theological students. The more I preach, and the more I hear others preach, the more I am impressed with the ripe conviction that a prominent reason why preaching produces so little effect is, because it is not understood. Young men are often afraid and ashamed of using common words. From this error stand off wide. Keep clear, or you make shipwreck of your usefulness. I am called *vulgar*, and



yet I find that I often use language that a great part of my hearers don't understand.

"The remark is *often made* to me, 'I never understood preaching until I heard you.' Don't think by this that I mean to make myself a standard. By no means. I only mean to advert to the fact, that if a man will be understood, he must dare to be called *vulgar*. There is another thing, however, of infinite importance to a student of divinity, and that in which it is not slander to say almost all ministers greatly fail. I mean a *spirit of prayer*.

"I am convinced that nothing in the whole Christian religion is so difficult, and so rarely attained, as a *praying heart*. Without this you are as weak as weakness itself. With it you are *irresistible*. This would be thought a strange remark by some, and to savor strongly of fanaticism. But I tell you, my dear B., before the millennium comes the church will have to *turn over a new leaf, and take a new lesson on the subject of prayer*. You remember this! When I think how almost certain you are to lose what of the praying spirit you ever had, and come out of the Seminary very *wise*, but very *dry*, and go about '*sowing seed*,' without unction and life and spirituality, I am distressed, and could I raise my voice with sufficient strength, you would hear my cry, 'Brainerd, beware! Lay down your books and pray!' *Frequent seasons of secret fasting and prayer are, in my own mind, wholly indispensable to the keeping up an intercourse with God.*

"My dear brother, let me say again and again, if you lose your *spirit of prayer* you will do nothing, or next to nothing, though you had the intellectual endowments of an angel. My beloved Brainerd, *will you remember this?* If you lose your spirituality, you had better stop and break off in the midst of your preparations, and repent and return to God, or go about some other employment; for I cannot contemplate a more loathsome and abominable object than



an earthly-minded minister. The blessed Lord deliver and preserve his dear church from the guidance and influence of men who know not what it is to pray.

“Yours in the best of bonds,\*

“C. G. FINNEY.”

“P. S.—On running over this letter, it occurred to me that the impression *might* be made upon your mind by it that I suppose the faults in the manner of preaching, which I have mentioned, are more prominent in Andover students than in others. This is not my meaning. Upon the whole, I give, in my own mind, the decided preference to Andover above all the seminaries, and think the faults *less* conspicuous in their students than in others. But yet *they* are faulty in these things generally. They are too measured and dryly systematic to be what they ought to be.

“C. G. F.”

We have given Mr. Finney's letter entire on account of the judicious and practical nature of his instructions to young men who are looking to the ministry.

To Wait Talcott, Esq.

“ANDOVER, Oct. 29th, 1828.

“I have just returned from New Hampshire,—labored in a Unitarian town, with a little orthodox church, who have no pastor. I preached twenty times in four weeks, and hope did some good. Crowds came to hear. I dealt pointedly and faithfully with saints and sinners,—encouraging the former to pray and the latter to repent. I left the church with a regret which I believe was fully reciprocated, if tears mean anything.

“To-morrow the term commences. I am much pleased

\* On this letter was indorsed, in the handwriting of Thomas Brainerd: “O Lord, assist me to remember and practice the precepts contained in this letter, for Christ's sake. Amen.

“T. BRAINERD.”

with this seminary, and think I shall spend my time very happily here."

To the same.

"ANDOVER, Jany. 11th, 1829.

"About six weeks since, I received a statement of the proceedings of your Temperance Society. I became a member of such a society in Philadelphia, and have since religiously regarded my promise to 'taste not, touch not' the liquid fire. I think the time has come for putting down a vice which has tainted the life-blood of society and thrown myriads of immortal beings into perdition."

To the same.

"ANDOVER, March 4th, 1829.

\* \* \* \* \* "Residing in this peaceful, consecrated seminary, associating almost exclusively with those who have drank at the fountains of ancient and modern science, who have also sanctified their literary acquisitions at the altar of heaven; enjoying good health, every want supplied and almost every wish gratified, I would most gratefully recognize the kind hand of a beneficent God, and devoutly bless Him who hath given me a pleasant heritage. Mercy, undeserved and abundant, has been my portion. Light has risen in darkness, joy in the midst of grief, hope out of despair, and rich consolations and support in the hour of trial. Did my conscience tell me that omniscience approves the sensations of my heart and the actions of my hands; could I believe that daily I was laying up a treasure for eternity, I should be happy.

"But no place is too holy for the intrusion of vain thoughts, ambitious purposes, unsanctified affections. They entered heaven and poisoned the love of angels;

they entered Paradise and taught man to rebel against his God; they entered amid the little band that Jesus chose, and caused one to sink to perdition. Such feelings sometimes find a place in the schools of the prophets; they are sometimes felt by him who ministers at the altar.

"Wherever felt or found, they carry in their train spiritual sickness and death. How natural it is to wish to be called a great man; to have popularity; to be admired, flattered; and yet how sinful are such wishes! Gratified, they do not procure happiness; and ungratified, they certainly produce misery. Have men of genius accomplished most for the cause of God and amelioration of the condition of man? Look at Byron—a meteor which shed a lurid glare on the earth, quenched in the ocean of eternity,—its course can only be known by the arid, scorched, blackened track which it leaves behind. Such has been the influence not of Byron and Voltaire only, but of nine-tenths of all men of genius, who have lived and demoralized society and died. This is being 'damned to everlasting fame.' May you and I, dear Wait, keep at the foot of the cross; and if there we do our duty, Jesus will say to us in another world, 'Come up higher!'

"The boys in the academy have the cannon out to-day, to celebrate the inauguration of Jackson.

"Your sincere friend and Christian brother,

"T. BRAINERD."

"ANDOVER, April 9th, 1829.

"MY DEAR WAIT:

"Andover has become to me a home. It is truly a consecrated, lovely place. Gratitude and devotion to God ought to burn in our hearts and melt on our lips, that in this place where the wicked (ourselves excepted) trouble not, where the cares of the world oppress not, we may prepare

ourselves with the armor of truth that we may fight the battles of the Lord.

"A thousand interesting recollections are associated with this place. Parsons, Fisk, Mills, Judson, Newell, once trod the ground which we tread; offered up their morning and evening devotions at the same social altar. They had our trials and more than our devotion. They sleep silently on the burning plains of Asia—their warfare over. Could I feel as they felt, and was I qualified as they were, I would cheerfully abandon all that is near and dear in my native country to follow their footsteps; but, alas! how often does sin and unbelief and selfishness cloud my own hopes and render me indifferent to the sighing of a lost world! The sinner stretches out his imploring hands for that gospel to which he has never listened, and I feel little and do little for the blessed cause of that Saviour who abjured heaven for me.

"The cause of temperance prospers here. That period, thank God, has arrived when it is disgraceful for a Christian even to taste the slow poison.

"Mr. Finney is still at Reading, in the midst of a powerful revival, as usual. *Pray for him!* New York, Boston, and Philadelphia have in each a revival. If these moral *hearts* could be purified they would send a healthful current through all the veins of our republic.

"Christians do not seem to be discouraged about the Sabbath mails, the sophistry of Colonel Johnson to the contrary notwithstanding.

"I shall leave this place for Philadelphia a week from Monday,—vacation five weeks. I intend to be in Rome about the tenth of May.

"Your attached friend,

"T. BRAINERD."

To W. T.

“ANDOVER, July 9th, 1829.

“I arrived at this place in health on the 13th ult., and am again permitted to enjoy the society of my Christian brethren in this school of the prophets. My health is good, my studies pleasant, and I am happy if the world can confer happiness. I am so crowded with study just now that I am obliged to almost insult you with this paltry scrawl. Accept it as an assurance of my affectionate remembrance for the present, and a pledge of something more interesting in the future.

“‘Absent or dead, a friend should still be dear;  
A sigh the absent claims, the *dead* a *tear*.’

“Your true friend,

“T. BRAINERD.”

To the same.

“WILTON, N. H., Sept. 1st, 1829.

“You may be surprised to see my letter dated at Wilton, N. H. It is a pleasant little town, amid the mountains, the same in which I spent my vacation last fall. They have no pastor, and so I came up to supply their pulpit over Sabbath.

“I see by the *Rome Republican* that Mr. Finney is in Rome. He will have a high place among that shining number who have turned many to righteousness. He is wise to win souls, and that certainly is the most desirable wisdom. They say he is eccentric, enthusiastic, etc. And what are his wise censors doing that they take the liberty to condemn him? The only way to avoid censure is to be tame, silent, still, careful, prudent; and some men are able to avoid all censure by pursuing this course, and they

deserve about as much praise for their negative goodness as an oyster. Mr. Finney has outlived the opposition of his brethren; but he cannot expect to live till he can preach the whole counsel of God without opposition. I pray God that the church in Rome, where blessings have fallen not in detail but in gross, may be preserved from spiritual death."

To Wait Talcott, Esq.

"ANDOVER, Nov. 25th, 1829.

\* \* \* \* "You knew that one year ago I spent a vacation in Wilton, N. H., striving to build up the little orthodox church in that town. This church separated from the Unitarians (who still hold their meeting-house) six years ago. They numbered at first but five men and twelve women. They had no meeting-house and no pastor. The wealth and influence of the town being in the hands of Unitarians, was arrayed against them. They hired an 'upper chamber,' for worship, and being favored occasionally with preaching from the ministers in the vicinity, they have continued to increase to the present time. Last August one of the members came to Andover, forty miles, and informed me that the hall in which they had been accustomed to assemble had become absolutely too small for them; that they had undertaken to build a small church; that, after taxing themselves to the extent of their ability, there was still a deficiency of five hundred and thirty dollars, which must be procured before the house could be finished. They requested me to act as their agent. I agreed to devote to the object one vacation of five weeks. The business was full of trials. I sometimes laid it before congregations on the Sabbath, but more frequently applied in person to the benevolent in each town. During the five weeks I traveled almost incessantly, but

before the end of my allotted time I had collected five hundred and thirty-four dollars. The people of Wilton rejoiced in my success, and their gratitude more than compensates for all my toil and labor."

The permanence of the interest which Mr. Brainerd excited was a marked feature of his whole career. In the spring of 1866 he received a letter from Wilton, written in the tremulous hand of age, recounting the youthful memories of thirty-five years past.

"WILTON, April 29th, 1866.

TO REV. T. BRAINERD.

\* \* \* \* "Some event often brings to mind the few weeks you spent with us in your early labors in the Christian ministry. I have been recalling some of those interesting scenes through which we passed when you were in Wilton.

"We are more indebted to you in obtaining the means for the building of our church than to any other man.

"I should be very happy to meet you, and talk of the past, the present, and the future.

"God bless you, brother! If, in the kind providence of God, your footsteps should lead you again to this cherished spot (for it must be so to you), we should be happy to greet you, and come face to face with our cherished friend, Thomas Brainerd.

"Yours in Christian love,

"Z. ABBOTT."

"ANDOVER, Jan'y. 17th, 1830.

MY DEAR FRIEND, W. T.:

\* \* \* \* "As our acquaintance has been long and the chain of friendship (to use an Indian phrase),



which at an early period connected our hearts, has never been broken or even cracked; though my negligence has sometimes given it quite a *stretch*, I deemed it duty to answer your letter first.

\* \* \* \* "You speak of the decision of — on the Sabbath question: 'That the moral law was abrogated by the advent of Christ.' I had supposed the moral law to be the great chain which binds the universe to God. The Sabbath was established at the Creation, long, long before the Jewish dispensation. The Decalogue confirmed it; the Apostles, though they changed the day to honor the Son of God, observed it as a Sabbath; their example is, or ought to be, a law to all who believe in their divine commission; and so long as God requires worship, so long will the obligation to devote the Sabbath to this purpose bind individuals and nations. That decision of — ought to be appended to Colonel Johnson's famous report, and both published together.

"Revivals are becoming more frequent in New England. The dark night seems to be passing away—the light of heaven already seems to streak the East.

"I pray that above all else we may seek to promote the interests of Christ's kingdom,—and feel deeply for perishing sinners,—

"Who, much diseased, yet nothing feel;  
 Much menaced, nothing dread;  
 Have wounds which God alone can heal,  
 Yet never ask his aid."

"Your friend,

"THOS. BRAINERD."

In the spring of 1830 Mr. Brainerd undertook an agency in behalf of Sabbath-schools in the eastern part of Massachusetts. Strange as it now appears, they were almost a



new institution in the most enlightened section of the country.

To Miss S. J. L.

“SALEM, May 13th, 1830.

\* \* \* \* \* “You ask how I succeed in my agency. Very well indeed. I have visited five towns, most of which are large sea-port towns, and in each have succeeded, by personal interviews and public addresses, in exciting the friends of Sabbath-schools to more vigorous exertions. Within two weeks I have delivered nineteen public addresses, many of which were more than an hour in length. On the Sabbath I deliver an address in the pulpit of one church in the morning, and then go four or five miles to another church in the afternoon. These, with two addresses to Sabbath-schools, and one to young men on Bible classes, in the evening, make out five speeches on the Sabbath, three of which are an hour in length. Then I have four or five addresses to make during the week. There is perhaps not one student in twenty who is able to speak as many hours in a day as myself without injury to his health. I generally speak with great earnestness and much physical effort, but still with great ease to myself.

“God has blessed my labors. In one week fifteen new scholars were added to one Sabbath-school. In every other place God, I trust, made me the instrument of good.

“I left Andover April 30th, came to Salem, stayed two days,—left two weeks ago to-day,—went through the towns of Beverly, Wenham, Hamilton, Essex, and Gloucester, and returned yesterday to this place. To-morrow morning I leave to visit Lynn, Marblehead, Lynnfield, and Danvers; and after spending about two weeks in these places, I shall return to this city, Salem, and labor one week, including the Sabbath, in which I deliver an address

to three churches, and then our term commences, and I shall go to Andover.

"Yesterday I came from Sandy Bay, a parish on Cape Ann, where the people obtain a living by the cod-fishery. On the point of Cape Ann is one of the most flourishing churches in Massachusetts, made up of these fishermen,—many of whom are intelligent and wealthy,—with their wives and children. Mr. Jewett, the pastor, a very good man, went to that village twenty-four years ago, and found it a moral desolation. He commenced under every discouragement, and labored ten years with doubtful success. The Lord has blessed him, and Mr. Jewett has now a church of more than two hundred members, a Sabbath-school of nearly three hundred members, a moral, attentive congregation of nearly two thousand. The tear glistened in his eyes while Mr. Jewett recounted to me the wonders God had showed among his people. I did not, in Sandy Bay, see one man intoxicated, nor hear one profane word. The fishermen, while they pursue their hazardous and laborious employment on the ocean, are accustomed to have prayers morning and evening on board their ships." \* \* \* \* \*

The following letter, to a young friend who had written to Mr. Brainerd for some directions to guide him in a course of private study, contains suggestions so judicious and comprehensive that it may be useful to others. The early studies of his young friend had been repeatedly interrupted by inflammation of the eyes, to which fact allusion is made in the letter.

"ANDOVER, May, 1830.

"You ask my advice about study. I highly approve of your purpose of mental improvement. The finest and most finished education will grow rusty by neglect of

study. Mental cultivation is everything to those who wish to exert an influence over mind.

“In the first place, let me advise you not to injure your eyes. Secondly, carefully revise all the common, everyday branches of education. These are more necessary than any other, inasmuch as they are to be brought into use in the daily concerns of life. Begin, and neglect nothing until you understand it perfectly, with Grammar, Geography, Arithmetic, Easy Geometry, Civil and Ecclesiastical History, as it is found in compends for the schools, Natural and Moral Philosophy, on a small but well-adjusted plan. Then Botany, Chemistry, Blair’s Rhetoric, Astronomy. When you have refreshed your mind on these studies, proceed to Paley’s Natural Theology,—a little but extremely valuable book,—Paley’s Evidences of Christianity, Alexander’s Evidences, Watson’s Apology for the Bible, Dick’s Christian Philosophy. And if your time is not all occupied by these, try to write out your thoughts on some subjects of moral interest.

“And how will you get time to do so much as I have laid out for you? 1st. By rising early, and never looking into a book after sundown. If you study evenings, your eyes are gone forever. 2d. By improving all the shreds and patches of time. ‘Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost.’ 3d. By disciplining your mind to *think steadily* and *straightforward* on a subject, till you understand it in all its relations; excluding from the mind every thought not connected with the subject before you. 4th. By taking care of your health; spending a part of every day, two hours at least, in vigorous exercise, and remaining in the house evenings. Are you unwilling to practice the self-denial attendant on this course? I know nothing better to advise. I practice these things myself, so far as circumstances will admit. 5th. Do one thing at a time, and do that one thing *well*. Persevere in this course

steadily for a year at least, and then write me an account of your progress, and if you find difficulties, tell me what they are, and I will try to extricate you."

To Wait Talcott, Esq.

"ANDOVER, Sept. 9th, 1830.

"MY DEAR FRIEND :

"Soon after I received your letter, came our vacation. I spent it in the south part of this county on an agency for Sabbath-schools. I visited Marblehead, Salem, Lynn, etc. These towns are pleasantly situated on the sea-shore east of Boston. I spoke on the subject of Sabbath-schools in as many as fifteen towns; in almost every place to large and attentive audiences. My business led me to the extreme point of Cape Ann.

"At Newburyport I went down into a vault and laid my hand on the bones of the great Whitfield, which repose in that town. I felt a solemn awe in contemplating the mortal remains of that eminent servant of God. I felt the vanity of earth while the unsightly skeleton of the great Whitfield lay before me. He has passed away, and the millions who listened to his warnings and entreaties have gone with him to the judgment of the great day. He does not regret his zeal and self-denial. The toil was brief, but the rest is eternal; the self-denial was severe, but the reward is rich as heaven and enduring as the everlasting ages. I cannot be a Whitfield, but God grant that I may resemble him in devotion to the cause of my Master.

"You have heard of the great Salem trials for the murder of Mr. White? I was there six days listening to the eloquence of Daniel Webster. There is something very majestic in his appearance. He is a large, black-eyed man, with large whiskers. There is a fascination in his smile, but terror in his frown. As a public speaker, I have never

listened to his equal. He unites good taste, strength, and vivacity. Had he not been engaged in the case, the murderer, whom every one knew to be guilty, would probably have escaped through a loophole of the law. As it is, to the great satisfaction of all who love justice, he will be hung.

“ I superintend the Sabbath-school in this town. It is a pleasant, but arduous and responsible office. Our school consists of five hundred and seventy, of all ages and conditions. We have one class over eighty years of age; and fifty little ones under five. The extremes of life meet here. The Lord has blessed us with a revival, which commenced in May, and is still progressing with undiminished power. About thirty-five scholars are indulging hopes, and seventy attend the inquiry meeting. They come to me sometimes and say, in a tone of deep feeling and affection, ‘ Mr. Brainerd, will you pray for me ? ’ Mr. J., a plain man in a remote part of the town, went out about four o’clock one morning, and saw down by the wall, not far from his house, a something, he could not tell what. He cautiously drew near, and heard a low, faint voice; he discovered it was his little daughter, ten years old, out at four o’clock in the morning, upon her knees on the damp ground, praying. I could fill a sheet with such cases. The revival is not confined to children, but extends to all ages and conditions. Engaged in such scenes, and having beside my studies the care of such a school, I have written but few letters. Our vacation is at hand. I leave Andover Sept. 23d, and return Nov. 1st.

“ Yours affectionately,

“ T. BRAINERD.”

To Wait Talcott.

“ANDOVER, Feb. 17th, 1831.

“MY DEAR FRIEND:

“Your letter brought substantial evidence of the constancy and sincerity of your friendship. Accept my hearty thanks. \* \* \* \* \*

“I have had pecuniary trials many times since I commenced my studies. The benevolence of my friends in ——— and ——— have relieved my pressing necessities, so that I advance comfortably in my course.

“I was licensed to preach, the last of December, and preached my first sermon before the congregation the second Sabbath in January.

“As I draw near the time of my departure from this delightful seminary, to enter upon the wide world as an ambassador of Christ, a sense of the overwhelming responsibilities of the sacred office press me to the dust. How can I sustain an office which made even an apostle cry out, ‘Who is sufficient for these things?’ I am weak, but God is omnipotent; ‘I can do all things through Christ strengthening me.’ God made a pebble in the hand of a stripling the instrument of death to the pride of Philistia’s host. He can sanctify my feeble talents and acquisitions, so that I shall be mighty in the armies of Zion.

“My Sabbath-school still flourishes. Four hundred and fifty attend this winter, though the weather has been peculiarly cold and tempestuous. Within the last year sixty from our Sabbath-school have united with the church.

“The popular feeling in this section of country toward Mr. Finney has undergone a great change. I should think one-half at least of the ministers are entirely favorable to him.

“I graduate at this seminary the 23d of next September. It is my purpose to go soon after to the Valley of

the Mississippi, to labor, wear out, and die there. But before I go to my final destination, I shall visit Leyden and Rome.

"I must confess that I was sorry to hear that a new church was organized in Rome. When there are such desolations in our country, I regret that large societies do not remain united, if possible, that many may be fed at the same time by the same hand.

"Yours truly,

"T. BRAINERD."

To Wait Talcott, Esq.

"ANDOVER, July 14th, 1831.

"Since I first saw you, my long cherished friend, I have traveled not a little and seen much. From a hundred different individuals I have received professions of affection. I have had the fortune, or, as it may prove, the misfortune, to be in every place where I have labored, a popular man; but I have not found, nor do I ever expect to find, a friend dearer to me than yourself. Your friendship has been so disinterested, active, tender, constant and cheering, that I feel fully prepared to solve the problem, Does real friendship exist?

"I have now been for three years surrounded by pious, intelligent, worthy young men, whom I love and respect; and by whom I have reason to believe that I am esteemed. Yet I have never formed a friendship with any of these of the same familiar character with that which prevails between you and me. Thinking of you, I roll back the wheel of time; emotions, too thrilling for utterance, are called up by the remembrance of the scenes in which we have mingled. \* \* \* \* \*

"I finish my studies in two months; and then, after



making my friends in Utica, Rome, and Leyden a short visit, shall probably go to the West and there spend my life. I know not precisely the place where I shall be located. If it is a place where I can be useful, no matter about the rest.

“Nearly or quite six hundred attend our Sabbath-school. The state of things in the church is rather interesting. Revivals are all around us. Our class consists of forty-two. Eight are going on foreign missions; thirteen as domestic missionaries to the West and South, and the remainder will stay in New England. We shall soon be scattered over the wide world.

“It is said that Mr. Finney is coming to Boston. I should be glad to see him, although I am fearful his reception in Boston would be rather cold. I hope he will do good.

“Your sincere friend,

“T. BRAINERD.”

Mr. Finney's preaching, like that of Dr. Beecher's, formed a new era in the history of the church. It was *live* preaching; and “life from the dead” everywhere followed it. Yet, like all new movements, it was viewed with jealousy and distrust in many quarters, and especially in New England.

In July, 1827, a convention met at New Lebanon, composed of leading clergymen, when Dr. Beecher strongly expressed his unwillingness to have Mr. Finney preach in Boston. But while attending the General Assembly, in Philadelphia, in 1828, Dr. Beecher writes as follows: “There is such an amount of truth and power in the preaching of Mr. Finney, and so great an amount of good hopefully done, that it would be dangerous to oppose him, lest at length we might be found to fight against God.”

In August, 1831, Mr. Finney commenced preaching in

Park Street Church and other churches in Boston, with success, by direct invitation from the pastors.\*

During Mr. Brainerd's residence in Philadelphia, more particularly while supplying the Trenton Academy, in the absence of the principal, he was introduced to the family of Mr. Thomas Langstroth, of Trenton, New Jersey. Subsequent acquaintance and correspondence while at Andover resulted in his engagement to one of his daughters, Miss Sarah J. Langstroth, to whom he was married October 20th, 1831.

T. B. to Wait Talcott, Esq.

"CINCINNATI, Jany. 8th, 1832.

"MY DEAR FRIEND:

"I conclude that you have lately been entirely at a loss when you attempted to imagine where I could be located. You now see by my date that I have reached the great valley, and sit down to write you from its largest city, New Orleans excepted.

"Do you wish to know a little of my history for the last few months? I must be brief, for I have many things to say in a few words.

"I finished my studies at Andover, September 30th. It was trying to part with my dear classmates. For three years we had studied, walked, worked, recited, and prayed together. With some I had shared the same room and bed. With many I had formed most intimate and endearing friendships; friendships which I trust will travel over the grave far down to eternity. It was hard to part from these friends. Some were to remain in New England. Some, with me, were to climb the Alleghanies, and labor and die in the great valley. Some, a few, but six or seven,

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\* Life of Rev. Lyman Beecher, vol. ii. pp. 101, 106, 249.

were to go far hence to the Gentiles, and to plant the standard of Jesus in the isles of the sea or on the plains of Asia. From many I was to part for life, to see them no more until life should be past, and they and I should be summoned, with the souls to whom we had ministered, to the bar of God. The scene is over. Our class is scattered to the four winds. The day of our parting is one that will stand out in bold relief in the history of our life. We shall look back upon it with tender sadness, until the hand of death shall unbar the gates of eternity, and reassemble us, as we hope, in the upper sanctuary.

“From Andover, in company with ten others, I proceeded to New York, and was there ordained as an Evangelist. From thence I proceeded to Trenton, New Jersey, and was *married* to Miss Sarah J. Langstroth, of that city. So far, I had never relinquished my purpose of visiting Rome and Leyden. But, after consulting with my friends, I found at this season, the last of October, that it would be very unsafe for us to cross the Lakes, and concluded to come over the mountains to Pittsburg, and so down the Ohio. We started from Philadelphia, in the stage, October 25th, and began to ascend the mountains the 27th. The third day of our journey we had climbed the highest peak between Philadelphia and Pittsburg. We then began to breathe the atmosphere of the great valley. As I looked far west on this valley and reflected that in some part of it my ashes would probably rest, as I thought of the friends I had left behind and of the uncertainty before me, I could not refrain from tears. October 29th, we reached Pittsburg. It is a stirring place, of twenty-two thousand inhabitants. We were three days descending the Ohio to this place, five hundred and fifty miles. When I reached Cincinnati, the Fourth Presbyterian Church was vacant. I was invited to preach. The people were pleased, and have given me an invitation to

stay with them. I shall probably remain. I board with a brother clergyman, pastor of the Sixth Church, and am pleasantly situated.

"Cincinnati has a population of thirty thousand. My congregation is small, but increasing.

"May the blessing of God make you perfect in all things.

"Your friend,

"T. BRAINERD."

We make the following extracts from the journal of Mr. Brainerd's sister, who was in New York at this time.

"Oct. 7th, 1831. This has been a solemn evening to me. I have attended my brother's ordination. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Cox, from Jer. xxiii. 28: 'The prophet that hath a dream, let him tell a dream; and he that hath my word, let him speak my word faithfully.'

"Six others were ordained with him, mostly young men destined for the Valley of the Mississippi. The whole service was peculiarly interesting, and closed with the missionary hymn,—

"'From Greenland's icy mountains,' etc."

"Oct. 20th. This evening my brother is to be married. Circumstances prevent my attending his wedding."

"Oct. 22d. To-day I have parted with my dear brother Thomas, and heaven only knows whether I am to see him again in this world. He, with his wife, sailed for Philadelphia, and from thence they will proceed to Kentucky. He could not visit Oneida and Lewis Counties, which he regretted very much. He spoke of father and his brothers in Leyden with much tenderness, and said, 'I shall in all probability never see father again.'

"From an upper window I saw the steamboat leave the wharf, and gazed upon it until it was hid from view, and

neither smoke nor flag was seen. I then returned to my own room and relieved my heart with a flood of tears."

It must be remembered that "going to the West" thirty-eight years ago, when the toilsome journey was made by slow stages, through many weeks, was a very different thing from being whirled over an iron track by the "Lightning Express Train" in thirty hours, at the present day. Our home missionaries went with the same renunciation of home and family ties as the foreign missionaries to Ceylon and Burmah.

In a letter to her brother, some weeks later, this sister writes: "I have been earnestly solicited to attend the theater while I have been in New York, but, thanks to the early instructions of my dear parents, who taught me to despise theatrical performances, I have had no inclination to go. A gentleman said, 'If you would be persuaded to go this evening I think your prejudices would all vanish.' To which I replied, 'I hope never to be less prejudiced than I now am. If I have never attended theaters, I know their bad effects and their natural tendency to dissipation on those who have.'

"And shall I tell you what the wonderful play is that has drawn thousands together this season, and is to-night repeated for the *fourteenth* time?

#### CINDERELLA; OR, THE LITTLE GLASS SLIPPER!!

"We should think this ought to be the last story got up to entertain rational beings."

On the blank leaf of Mr. Brainerd's Andover Bible was recorded the following "resolutions:"

"At a meeting of the Senior class in Theological Seminary at Andover, Sabbath evening, Sept. 25th, 1831,—unanimously

"*Resolved*, 1. That we consider ourselves pledged to

assist each other in the great work in which we are engaged; and that we will strive to promote each other's reputation, influence, and happiness at all times and in all places.

"2. That we will always remember each other in prayer on the evening of the monthly concert."

On another leaf of the same Bible was written by Mr. Brainerd, many years afterward, "This Bible has gone with me as a home missionary in the West; was once lost and carried sixty miles from me, but finally got back; went with me to Ireland, Scotland, England, France, Belgium, and Switzerland; and was in my berth when I was wrecked in the Great Britain, in Dundrum Bay, Sept. 22d, 1846."

The same Bible, his constant traveling companion, was taken from his valise on Thursday, the 23d of August, 1866,—the day after his sudden death at Scranton, Pa.

**From Rev. Reuel Kimball.**

"LEYDEN, April 30th, 1833.

\* \* \* \* "I did expect we should see you again in Leyden when you left Andover, but we have little prospect now of meeting till we stand before the judgment-seat of Christ. If we are faithful in the labors to which we are called, our meeting then will be a happy one. \* \* \* \* \*

"You are young, and have just entered the war. You are placed in a highly responsible station; may God give you grace to be humble, faithful, and successful. I feel interested in your welfare as well as your future usefulness. I want you should do much good.

"It gives me no satisfaction to hear that you are highly esteemed among men, or that you are rich, any further

than you improve these advantages to do good. But the thought that you are truly consecrated to the service of the Saviour, if I know my own heart, this rejoices me. Be careful to keep at the feet of Christ. The valley of humiliation is a safe place for the Christian. Never think you have done your duty till you have done all you can. 'Where much is given much will be required.'

"May Heaven's blessing rest upon you.

"With much affection,

"Your friend and brother in the gospel,

"REUEL KIMBALL."

Mr. Brainerd's brother, Hezekiah, in closing a letter to him, about this time, says: "You are remembered with much affection by all your friends here, and by none more than Mrs. Reuel Kimball. She cannot speak of you without tears. She says she loves you as much as any of her children."



## CHAPTER V.

### FIRST PASTORATE AT CINCINNATI—EDITORSHIP— CORRESPONDENCE—1831-5.

Letter to Rev. C. E. Babb.—Published in the “Christian Herald.”

“PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 24th, 1860.

“IN the fall of 1831, with a Home Missionary’s commission in my pocket, I started for what we then called the ‘Valley of the Mississippi.’ I had not the least idea of the place where I should find a resting-spot. This was to be determined by the six gentlemen who constituted the Executive Committee of the Home Missionary Agency at Cincinnati. With my young wife I reached your city about the 25th of November, and was hospitably received and entertained for two weeks in the family of my venerated friend, Judge Burnet. As it was settled by the Committee, I was located in the Fourth Church, in the eastern part of the city. Front Street, above Deer Creek, was unpaved, and I had to make my way to the church in the deep mud, in which my poor wife often lost her overshoes. There were about sixty grog-shops in my parish, and you may readily imagine that my ministry was no sinecure. With the enthusiasm of youth I entered on my labors, and, by the blessing of God, soon gathered a pleasant little congregation, and a Sabbath-school of three hundred children. Thirty were added to the church the first year. I visited over and over every family from Deer Creek to Columbia; and by sympathy with the sick, and kindness to the poor, gained an influence in the entire community. In

the cholera of 1832, six heads of families died within eight doors of my dwelling. I sometimes followed to the grave three persons in an afternoon, as their bodies were borne to their last resting-place on *drays*. In short, I identified my affections and sympathies with my little church and its peculiar surroundings. I have never been happier since, and have no doubt, had I been let alone, I could have labored there pleasantly to this day. The affections and prayers of my little flock at Fulton have followed me, I believe, through years of absence and change, and I still regard individuals among them with most affectionate interest. My salary was six hundred dollars for pastoral labor, with one hundred dollars added for my services as Clerk of the Executive Committee of the Home Missionary Agency. I not only lived comfortably on this sum, but paid out of it, in two years, three hundred and fifty dollars, which I owed at Andover for my education, library, etc. If any of your people think this could be done in 1860, bid them remember that in 1832 I paid one dollar and fifty cents a cord for wood, eighty dollars for house rent, twenty-five cents for turkeys, six cents for chickens, four cents a dozen for eggs, and other things in proportion. I may here say, as a pleasant incident of my introduction to Cincinnati, that the second week after my arrival I was waited upon by Elnathan Kemper, the founder of Lane Seminary, and invited to preach on a Wednesday evening, in his log-house, on Walnut Hills. Starting about half-past six with a lantern, I waded the stream again and again, through Deer Creek Valley, and struggled through the deep mud beyond, so as to reach the place at eight o'clock. It cost me a fever of six weeks, but gained for me the friendship of Mr. Kemper, which terminated only with his life. As he had no pew-rent to pay at the seminary, where he worshiped, he sent me fifteen dollars a year toward my salary in Fulton.

“While I was engaged in my pastoral work I occasionally wrote an article for the *Cincinnati Journal*, and this induced the Pastoral Association, in the winter of 1832, to ask me to take charge of the paper as editor. As I had no desire for the work, no experience as editor, and no wish to leave my field, I promptly declined. But as the paper had no responsible editor, and was floundering on in constant difficulties, the Pastoral Association, in March, 1833, made another deliberate onset on me, to persuade me to take the paper; and this time, very reluctantly, I yielded to their urgency. It may interest the present generation of Cincinnati to know who composed, at that time, the Pastoral Association. Of those who met once a week for counsel, and who managed church affairs in the New School branch of our denomination, few now remain in your city. They were Lyman Beecher, James and William Gallagher, Asa Mahan, Professors Biggs, Baxter, and Stowe, N. S. Folsom, Dr. Slack, Lewis D. Howell, Thomas Cole, Daniel C. Blood, Benjamin Graves, A. F. Morrison, A. Bullard, J. Spaulding, and though last, not least as a manager, F. Y. Vail. Some of these seldom attended, but their places were occasionally filled up by the presence of Father John Thompson, Gideon Blackburne, and David Nelson, men of blessed memory. Such were those that ‘put me into’ the editorship of the *Cincinnati Journal*, and sustained me in it by their influence and their pens.

“On a Thursday morning, in the spring of 1833, I left my house in Fulton, and, with a troubled spirit, went to the Journal office, southeast corner of Main and Fifth Streets, when Corey and Fairbanks, the proprietors, furnished me with a batch of exchange papers, and installed me in my high office. I was twenty-eight years of age only. I had never seen a newspaper made up, and of the details of editing was profoundly ignorant. I was stunned

by the cry of 'copy!' 'copy!' and thought I should utterly fail to find material in one day for twelve mortal columns, to fill the outside pages. When I came to the inside it was worse still, and I was heartily sick of myself and the whole concern for the first three or four weeks. But I was on a tread-mill, and must keep stepping, until practice gave me some skill, and habit made my work tolerable.

"The *Cincinnati Journal* was established, I think, about 1827 or 1828, under the influence of Presbyterians of the Old and New School combined, and was among the first religious papers published in the great valley. Before I assumed the editorial charge, it had been subjected to various changes under the pressure of poverty, and the rising spirit of controversy had separated it from the confidence of the Old School bodies. Its subscription list amounted to eleven hundred, scattered over the wide West. But we had some great advantages. The publishers, Corey and Fairbanks, were intelligent, enterprising, generous men. Save the *Catholic Telegraph*, there was no other religious paper published in Cincinnati. Episcopalians, Methodists, and many persons of no religious denomination, took the paper freely, so that in a year and a half after I became editor the subscription list had risen to over two thousand, and by the purchase of the *Luminary*, at Lexington, we at one time circulated four thousand copies. Mr. Eli Taylor, who purchased the establishment from Corey and Fairbanks, was more than their equal in energy, and under his auspices the paper had a wide sweep through the West. Our publishers, at an early day, got up also a juvenile publication (*the first, I believe, started in the great valley*), called the *Child's Newspaper*, of which we circulated three thousand copies semi-monthly. Of the twelve columns of the first number of this paper, I wrote nine. My only reward for this extra labor was the gratitude of the little children of the West, and the hope that I

was doing some good. This little paper afterward became the *Youth's Magazine*, and under some name or form may be still alive.

"I look back now on my editorial life in the West with mingled emotions. As a general thing, my labors were cheered by the approbation of good men, and my office opened the way to friendships which can only end with life. No man ever had more enthusiasm for the West, and few have ever met in the West sweeter tokens of love and confidence. I failed often in duty, doubtless; but, under all the opposition I received from sectarian prejudice and excited philanthropy run wild, I was sustained by the consciousness of good intentions, and the sympathy of the best of friends.

"In June, 1835, my wife died of cholera one day, and her cherished domestic, almost an adopted daughter, the next. My house was literally left desolate. I continued my labors until May, 1836, when, being elected to the General Assembly, I hired Henry Ward Beecher, at the rate of five hundred dollars a year, to conduct the paper till my return. It was his first *début* in public life, and he sustained his responsibilities well. The world has heard of him since.

"In May, 1836, the *Cincinnati Journal*, with all the conflicts of opinion around and all the new papers started, still had about three thousand six hundred subscribers. One thousand two hundred of these were in Kentucky, Western Virginia, Tennessee, and Northern Alabama. The paper has always been antislavery in principle, but always fraternal in its spirit toward the South, and the conscience of the South sustained it. Twenty-five years of reflection have only confirmed me in the conviction that the position of the paper was Christian and wise.

"When I left your city I expected to return to my post. My name was kept on the paper until December; but,





sibilities in another field of labor. But four months' reflection, and more especially the advice of friends, to whose counsel he gives weight, have induced him to review and finally reverse his first decision. The adoption of the sentiment, that every man is bound to expend his influence where it will promote the greatest good, has compelled him, much against his personal predilections, to take the editorship of this paper.

"Of his ability to make it a first-rate family paper, it would ill become him to speak. On this point the suffrages of the religious public will finally give a righteous decision.

"But he may be allowed to speak frankly of the principles on which it will be conducted, and the purposes at which it will aim. Its pacific character will not be changed. While its influence will be mainly devoted to the advancement of morality and pure religion, through the agency of the Presbyterian Church, it will breathe a kind spirit toward other evangelical denominations. Inasmuch as the true church of Christ, though apparently divided, is essentially *one*, it will constantly encourage those voluntary associations of good men, who without sacrifice of truth or conscience, can meet on common ground for the promotion of benevolent objects, and thus give unity and strength to the armies of Zion.

\* \* \* \* \*

"In conclusion, the undersigned would most cordially invite ministers of the gospel, and others who feel an interest in the objects designed to be promoted by the *Cincinnati Journal*, to make it a medium of transmitting their best thoughts to the religious public. He need not remind them that so long as Christian philanthropy brands with the odious name of *miser*, the being who hoards up gold to charm his *private* eye, she will not exonerate from blame those reflecting, talented men who bury in their own



bosoms, or limit to their own neighborhood, *thoughts* which, properly arranged and placed on the wings of the press, would enlighten and bless half a world.

“THOMAS BRAINERD.”

Although written at a later period, this narrative is Mr. Brainerd's own account of his first experience as a pastor and editor. The kind, maternal interest shown to him by Mrs. Judge Burnet, was never withdrawn during his life. She took him and his wife to her house until they could procure suitable accommodations elsewhere, and when they commenced housekeeping, she contributed many luxuries to their living which would have been entirely beyond the reach of their limited means. They were supplied five years with an abundance of excellent milk and cream, by her considerate kindness; and Judge Burnet persuaded Mr. Brainerd to sell his horse, assuring him that one of his own fine horses should always be at his service. The religious interests of the newly settled Western States demanded frequent meetings of Presbytery, and appointments for preaching were widely separated, so that a horse was a necessary accompaniment to the action of every public man.

Exposures, by day and night travel, to the influences of a new climate brought on a serious attack of typhoid fever during the first winter of Mr. Brainerd's residence in Ohio. After several weeks' illness, when he seemed to be sinking, Mrs. Judge Burnet took charge of him, and by the aid of good nursing, and some of Judge Burnet's good old wine, he finally rallied. His wife was sick with fever at the same time, but less seriously, and recovered more rapidly.

Mr. Brainerd threw his whole heart into whatever engaged his attention. He identified his interests with his little church at Fulton, and gave all his energies to its en-

largement. His labors were attended with a good degree of success, and many pleasant friendships originating in his first church, were perpetuated through life.

Inquiring after some of his Sabbath-school boys, in his later visits to Cincinnati, he found one attorney-general in a neighboring county of Kentucky, while others had become wealthy and prosperous merchants and mechanics. The ingenious inventors and manufacturers of the steam fire-engine, now so universally relied upon, were two orphan boys of his first Sabbath-school,—the Latta brothers.

Six years after his settlement in Philadelphia, Mr. Brainerd received a letter from one of his old members in the Fourth Church, asking aid for an improvement in their church building. He says:

“No matter how small the donation, it could come from no source where it would be received with such grateful emotions as through the agency of our beloved pastor, whose memory still lives in our prayer-meetings as vividly as though he were among us as in days gone by, and it will always be written upon our hearts in connection with our highest hopes and interests.

“A few evenings since a man arose in our pulpit, and, after taking his text, stated that he owed his conversion to a sermon preached from the same text by the Rev. Mr. Brainerd. Then, as we lifted our hearts to God in thanksgiving, we felt under renewed obligations to continue our prayers, that the blessing of God might still attend the labors of one so dear to our hearts, and whose labors have been to us as ‘seed sown in good ground.’

“Your brother in Christ (the tie rendered doubly dear by our long acquaintance),

“A. A. VANCE.”

Another note, dated March 21st, 1861, was received from Laurel, Indiana :

“DEAR SIR :

“Do you remember the little orphan girl you took in your study, a small room in the brick house in Fulton, the night before you removed to Cincinnati, there to pray for and with her? And while praying, you laid your hand on her head, asking God to bless and watch over her lonely state and make her a useful woman. The scene in your study has been treasured in my heart as one of the dearest and almost the *only* bright one of my lonely childhood. \* \* \* \* \*

“I am now married, and surrounded by all the comforts of life. I should like very much to see you, and hear again your kind voice. I think you would enjoy a visit among us, and should you come, remember my house must be your home.”

“E. J. J.”

Many such tokens of affectionate remembrance came to Mr. Brainerd in after-years; the best earthly reward a faithful minister can receive.

The following sketch was furnished by Dr. J. W. Dunham, a member of the Fourth Church, and I think an elder, during Mr. Brainerd's short ministry there :

“Mr. Brainerd came West with a number of classmates, young ministers from Andover Theological Seminary, not knowing where the Lord would give him a field to cultivate. The Fourth Church was without a pastor at that time, and he was prevailed upon to labor with them. It was a small and feeble church, located in the eastern part of the city, and composed mainly of laboring men with their families. His salary was small, and yet I apprehend at no period of his laborious life did he put forth more

physical and mental labor than while here. His zeal gave evidence that he entered the ministry, not for the 'loaves and fishes,' but for the honor of his Master, and the good of souls.

"Seldom has a young minister become more popular as a preacher, or more dearly beloved by his people. His constant aim was to interest and instruct them.

"At one time he gave notice that on the following Sabbath he would preach a sermon to young men, from the words, 'Run, speak to this young man.' When the hour for service arrived the house was filled with attentive hearers, and many remembered that occasion to the end of life.

"At this time the Mormons commenced their work of proselyting, and for some weeks labored with a zeal worthy a better cause. They succeeded in making a number of converts within the bounds of Mr. Brainerd's parish, but without unsettling the faith of any of his people.

"Mr. Brainerd procured a copy of the Mormon Bible, and, after making himself familiar with its inconsistencies, gave notice that he would deliver a course of lectures on Mormonism. By the time he concluded his lectures but little was heard in that region of Mormonism."

One of the anecdotes connected with these lectures, which Mr. Brainerd was fond of telling, was this: In the Mormon book allusion is made to the mariner's compass long before the power of the magnet was discovered. Mr. Brainerd pointed out this anachronism. A few days after, a man brought the Bible to him, and read with an air of great triumph the verse in the twenty-eighth chapter of Acts, where, after Paul's shipwreck, it is written: "We fetched a *compass* and came to Rhgium." To his mind this was conclusive evidence that Paul had the benefit of the mariner's compass in his nautical experience.

A distiller in Cincinnati, named Absalom Death, placed over the door of his manufactory the words: "ABSALOM DEATH—RECTIFIED WHISKY." A lady read the sign carelessly, "*Absolute Death—Rectified Whisky*;" and after reaching her home commented upon this singular advertisement. In his paper of that week Mr. Brainerd said, "Mrs. ———, passing down Main Street, noticed the sign, '*Absolute Death—Rectified Whisky*,' and was a good deal surprised that a man should put the *effects* of his traffic so prominently before the eyes of his customers." As the item created some talk and merriment, Mr. Brainerd soon learned that Mr. Death was very indignant, and threatened to whip the editor. One morning, while engaged at his desk in the office, one of the clerks told him a man wished to see him in the front room. Mr. Brainerd came forward, and met there a man of great size, six feet four inches high and of two hundred and fifty pounds weight. He bowed to the stranger, who opened the campaign by saying in a gruff voice, "*My name is Death!*" The solemnity of the announcement, the name, and the story connected with it, struck Mr. Brainerd as irresistibly ludicrous. With an effort to preserve his gravity, he replied, "You have got a very queer name, Mr. Death;" and was then unable longer to repress his laughter, in which the by-standers, and finally his really good natured visitor, heartily joined. This ended the whole thing. Mr. Death recognized the affair as a joke, and remained very friendly toward Mr. Brainerd ever after. And he soon gave up his traffic in alcohol. Whether the "*absolute death*" was the agent in this result or not, he never confessed.

Professor O. M. Mitchell, the astronomer, settled in Cincinnati about the same time that Mr. Brainerd did. They were very nearly the same age, similar in many points of character, and naturally sympathized in each other's circumstances. When Mr. Brainerd preached in a

log school-house, holding a tallow candle in one hand, by which to read the hymns and the text (he was unincumbered with manuscript in those days), O. M. Mitchell was his frequent auditor. On other evenings Mr. Brainerd would rally half a dozen young friends to "go and hear Mitchell lecture on astronomy;" and find him in some obscure building, with just light enough to render "darkness visible;" but from out of that darkness flashed the glorious lights of the firmament all the more brilliantly, as the gifted young astronomer handled them with the familiarity of playthings.

Going to hear him again twenty-five years after, in one of the largest and best lighted rooms in Philadelphia, Jayne's Hall, Professor Mitchell, at the close of his lecture, threw his arms around his old friend, giving him a fraternal hug in memory of their early experience together. The next Sabbath found Professor Mitchell an interested listener in Old Pine Street Church; and after service he accompanied Dr. Brainerd home, when the two friends "compared notes," from the early dawn of their small beginnings to the high noon which both had reached in their respective professions.

The following interesting narrative from the Rev. William M. Cheever, of Terre Haute, Indiana, will be read with interest, especially by those whose memory recalls similar scenes. Mr. Brainerd's own recollection of these events was most vivid and enthusiastic.

**Dr. Brainerd at a Presbyterian Camp-meeting in Indiana, Aug. 1832.**

"My first acquaintance with Dr. Brainerd was at a Presbyterian camp-meeting, near Paris, Jennings County, Indiana, some time during the latter part of August, 1832. It was a mere sight-acquaintance, for I never spoke to him until many years after I met him in the General Assembly;

yet, connected as it was with *the* great event of my life, this first meeting with him was stereotyped upon my soul.

“The decade from 1830 to 1840 is memorable in the history of the Presbyterian Church of the West—of Indiana specially—as the era of camp-meetings. How fragrant to all of us, who were then boys, are the memories that cluster about Pisgah, Mount Tabor, Salem, Logansport, and Paris! Those who are not familiar with them can have but little conception of the wonderful interest which gathered about these annual feasts more than thirty years ago, and the moral power which they exerted. No old Hebrew ever went up with his household to the feast of Tabernacles with more joy than did our good Presbyterian families annually rally in August or September, to Pisgah and Mount Tabor, and enter upon these great feasts of in-gathering. Conceding that something must be set down to the score of educational prepossession and a youthful imagination, I am still, after thirty years have rolled by, convinced that those meetings were as orderly, as solemn and effective for good, as any revival meetings of later date it has been my privilege to attend. Scattered and feeble as were the Presbyterian congregations of the State at that time, there seemed to be a necessity for such convocations. Brethren in the ministry too far apart to exchange, and churches isolated by distance—as to personal Christian fellowship—hailed with joy the time for the fall camp-meetings. What greetings of old friends, formerly members of the same church, but who had not met since taking up the emigrant’s line of march from the older States, many years ago! What forming of new friendships,—what consecration of households,—what return of prodigals to their Father’s house! In the breasts of the old fathers and mothers of our Presbyterian Israel what pleasant thoughts arise at the mere mention of the



names of such camp-meeting veterans as Dickey, Sneed, Cressy, Martin, Kittridge, McFerson, Crowe, Lowry, Johnston, Brainerd, Clelland, and a host of others!

“It was at one of these great meetings, held near Paris, Indiana, in August, 1832, as I remarked before, that I first saw Dr. Brainerd. My father, who was a great admirer of the heroic David Brainerd, hearing that a young minister from Cincinnati, of the same name, was to be present, went with all the household from South Hanover, some fifteen miles, to attend the meeting. A site for the camp-meeting is usually selected for its slope, its shade, and especially its springs or wells. Like Enon, near to Salem, it should have much water—many springs—for both man and beast. A shady place is chosen, comprising an area of an acre or two, gently declining toward the ‘minister’s stand,’ and surrounded by capacious canvas tents, or, if it be intended for a permanent camp-meeting ground, by rough log-cabins capable of containing the family and an unlimited number of guests. I have known from forty to seventy-five persons comfortably lodged at night on the straw within one of these wooden booths. On the outer side of these tents are all the arrangements for cooking and eating. An abundance of provisions, already prepared for the table, is brought with each tent-holder, so that the labor of supplying the ordinary temporal wants of the crowd of guests is made as light as possible,—all the family thus having opportunity to give undivided attention to the religious services which they have come so far to enjoy. The area within the inclosure is furnished with seats, usually rough boards laid across logs, capable of holding from one to two thousand people. At night, when the grounds are lit up with torches, on firmly erected posts at convenient distances through the camp, or, as upon the occasion to which special allusion is now made, by innumerable candles fastened to the trees, or hung from the

branches, the whole scene is wildly picturesque. At break of day, a rousing blast from the trumpet wakes up the encampment. In a few minutes a second signal announces that the sunrise prayer-meeting is about to begin. Some manly voice at the 'preacher's stand' strikes up 'Come, thou fount of every blessing,' to the tune of Nettleton, the only tune to which those words should ever be sung. Out from the numerous tents the people, young and old, come thronging, and gather close about the stand, and in song, prayer and exhortation thus forty minutes are spent in fitting preparation for the services of the day. Seldom since have I so thoroughly enjoyed an early morning prayer-meeting. Then comes breakfast. After that a second prayer-meeting. Then, at nine o'clock, preaching, and again at eleven. Dinner is now served. At three P.M., preaching; then inquiry meetings; social conference, or tent prayer-meetings, fill up the time until the evening repast, and the hour for the night service arrives. It was about the beginning of this evening service that we came within hearing and sight of the camp. The rising and swelling on the air of that distant harmony, from a great multitude devoutly praising God, impressed me strangely. I now recall that peculiar thrill which always pervaded me whenever I listened to the old hearty, devout, Presbyterian camp-meeting singing. I have never since been so carried away and absorbed by any 'service of song in the house of the Lord.' Away out, for nearly a mile, on that quiet night, came the grand hymn of praise to meet us as we ascended the little hill and silently took a panoramic view of the imposing scene.

"The day after our arrival was one memorable in my life. The scenes of the previous evening had made me unusually thoughtful. The ordinary morning services were concluded, and a short discourse had been preached at nine o'clock, to which I do not remember that I gave any

special attention. After a few moments' recess, the signal for resuming public worship was again given by the spirited singing of old Lennox, 'Blow ye the trumpet, blow!' The people began to crowd forward, until the great area was quite packed. Before the hymn was ended I had leisurely strolled down the middle aisle, looking in vain for a seat, until arrested, within twenty feet of the 'stand,' by a sweet but to me strange voice leading the congregation in prayer. 'Who was that?' was the whispered inquiry about me. 'A Mr. Brainerd, of Cincinnati,' was the reply. Then I understood he was the young man whom my father wished to hear. At once I became interested in him. My recollection of his personal appearance, at that time, is not specially vivid, yet I can even now recall his kind, bright, and enthusiastic look, and his very pleasant and persuasive voice. He had a directness and earnestness of manner that, from the announcement of his text to the close of the sermon, held me, standing by a tree during its entire delivery, with unflagging attention. It was, I think, his appearance and voice that first arrested me, but when he announced his text, '*And they made light of it,*' I was completely absorbed. As to his method of treating the subject, my memory is entirely at fault. I cannot enumerate the points specially made. All that I remember is the beaming countenance, the loving eye fixed upon me, as I stood directly before him, and the tremendous conviction all the time surging through my soul that *I* was the one who had deliberately made light of the great salvation! So deeply was I moved with a sense of my own personal guilt that I cannot state what may have been the general effect of the discourse, only I had the impression that there was much weeping, and even audible sobbing, around me. The services closed, and, in accordance with an invitation given to all who were awakened to seek some secret place of prayer without delay, I went into the spa-

cious grove, in the rear of the encampment, that I might find some spot where I could be alone and pour out my troubled soul to God. But here I came upon one, and there upon another, kneeling in prayer, and from every direction there came to my ear the low voices of supplication. The whole grove was a Bethel. I see now, in my mind, the place, the very log by the side of which I cast myself, and with the last lines of the hymn sung at the close of Mr. Brainerd's sermon ringing in my ear,—

“‘Venture on Him, venture wholly,  
Let no other trust intrude, etc.,’

I endeavored to take hold of my Saviour's hand. I *ventured*.

“ Though it was many years after before I again saw dear Brother Brainerd, that one scene was so distinctly photographed on my heart that I never could forget him.

“ Well, my brother! thou hast already taken possession of thy crown and kingdom. May it be my privilege and joy to join with you in heavenly ascriptions of praise to Him who sits upon the throne and to the Lamb forever!

“ WM. M. CHEEVER.”

Rev. Wm. M. Cheever has been an earnest and successful preacher in the West for more than a quarter of a century, and is another whom Mr. Brainerd can welcome as a son in the gospel.

The rescue of these stirring incidents from oblivion is of essential service to the history of the Presbyterian Church, and is due to those pioneer men who subdued the moral “wilderness” in those early days, and “stopped the mouths of lions.”

We are also permitted to publish part of a letter from Rev. J. H. Johnson, of Crawfordsville, Indiana, who was pastor of the Presbyterian church at Madison, Indiana,

near the camp-meeting ground, at the time mentioned in the foregoing narrative,—1832.

Speaking of that event, Mr. Johnson says :

“ Brother Brainerd preached several times during the meeting. Of one sermon I have a very distinct recollection, and of the text from which it was preached. It was the passage in Rom. viii. 7, ‘The carnal mind is enmity against God.’ He dwelt particularly on the force of the words rendered ‘carnal mind;’ ‘*the minding of the flesh.*’ It was a sermon of much interest and power. Great interest was manifested during the meeting, and much good resulted from it; but I cannot call to mind the number of hopeful conversions that occurred.

“ He was once with us at Madison, three years later, in 1835, in the month of June. The anniversary meetings of a number of benevolent societies were appointed to be held there at that time, and many brethren from abroad had assembled to attend upon them. A short time, however, before the time appointed for these, the cholera commenced its ravages in Madison, and was still prevailing when the brethren arrived. It was judged inexpedient, of course, to attempt to hold the meetings, and those from abroad at once dispersed. While Brother Brainerd was still in town, waiting for a boat, the people were called together, and he preached a very appropriate and impressive discourse.”

The following reminiscence of the Rev. William W. Hall, M.D., Editor of the *Journal of Health*, was first published in the *Presbytery Reporter*, and afterward in the *New York Evangelist*, of December, 1858.

Dr. Hall was born in Kentucky, studied for the ministry, and was licensed to preach in 1832. He was then engaged one year in St. Charles, Missouri.

Returning to Kentucky in 1833, he says: “I came to a

place where the road forked: one toward home, the other toward Lexington. Not having any choice, I laid the reins on the horse's neck, and he turned toward Lexington, where I found the people were deeply interested in religious things, for Brainerd and Bullard and Spaulding and Little were there preaching, as none could preach but they—good and true men all. I was called on suddenly and most unexpectedly to preach. I had no notes, and could think of only one text which seemed appropriate, and, for the life of me, I could not find it,—‘For the night cometh in which no man can work.’ My failure to give the place of the text, and my youthful appearance, made an impression; and I labored and spoke two or three times a day, with those glorious men, for weeks; and remained laboring in Lexington some four years.

“During this time, thinking I might be a missionary abroad, and having in view Dr. Nelson's great idea of sustaining myself, I entered the Transylvania Medical School, and graduated. Thinking it better to clinch my medical knowledge and practice, I went directly to the sickliest regions of the Union, the bayous of Louisiana, where I practiced and preached day and night, all the summer, winter, and fall.

“Having, since 1837, preached without pay, it occurred to me to brush up my medical knowledge and secure it in that way. I at once set about it, and went to Europe to advance myself in medical knowledge. \* \* \*

“I should feel more at home in the pulpit, if I could be there independently of support out of myself.

“Many clergymen who had given up preaching are now in full discharge of ministerial duty, as pastors, professors, etc., through my medical instrumentality. Through my books and *Journal* I have an influence throughout the country. A single profession requires the most entire devotion to accomplish much.”

## CHAPTER VI.

### ECCLESIASTICAL CONTROVERSIES.

IN giving extracts from letters and anecdotes of the stormy period when the elements of disunion rent the Presbyterian Church, culminating in its division in 1838, we shall occupy only the position of a narrator.

Mr. Brainerd was a young man of twenty-eight when Dr. Beecher came to Cincinnati. He had received a New England education; had been accustomed to regard Dr. Beecher with deep reverence and affection, which naturally grew into warm attachment when brought into association with "his great heart and giant intellect."

No one ever ventured to doubt Mr. Brainerd's orthodoxy, or soundness in Calvinistic doctrine and Presbyterian order. On these points he was invulnerable,—a "Hebrew of the Hebrews." He was assailed solely on the ground of his social affinities. The charges against him were the same as those made to one of the apostles: "Surely thou art one of them, and thy speech agreeth thereto."

His love for Dr. Beecher led him to earnest sympathy in his trials and conflicts; and he rejoiced in the privilege of standing by him through the warfare of partisan jealousy and the fires of persecution which surrounded him.

Soon after Dr. Beecher's arrival in Cincinnati, Mr. Brainerd received a letter from the Rev. Samuel H. Archer, dated Salem, Mass., December 5th, 1832, in which he says:



"You have our good Dr. Beecher among you. We gave the West a strong testimony of our love to them when we yielded up this good man. *Let them use him well.*"

\*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*

The report of appreciation, of kindness, and liberality toward Dr. Beecher would be a grateful record to the church for all future time. But, as Paul said that "the Holy Ghost witnesseth in every city, saying that bonds and afflictions abide me," so this apostle of New England met everywhere strife and opposition arrayed against him in his old age.

Dr. Beecher could say, too, with Paul, "But none of these things move me; neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to *testify the gospel of the grace of God.*"

It has been said that man is "*a fighting animal.*" It will be some satisfaction to place many of the controversies of good men to this inherent propensity of their natures,—to fight. As professed religionists cannot enter other fields of combat without scandal, they exercise their intense vitality here, in "*earnestly contending for the faith delivered unto the saints.*" Oftentimes, too, without knowing "what manner of spirit they are of." Good old Dr. Bishop, President of Miami University—the peacemaker—used to say, with his broad Scottish accent, if he should try to characterize the age in which he lived, he should call it "*an age of original investigation*" [pronouncing the words *adge* and *investig-a-t-i-o-n*].

The shaking and sifting process has always resulted in final good to the church. The chaff is blown off, the sediment left behind, and the pure grain secured. "What is the chaff to the wheat, saith the Lord." In this light the

church may rejoice in the tempestuous quarter century just closed, as well as in the brightening dawn of peace and confidence which now gladdens the churches of our land.

The *history* of this period will be preserved, though it should bring a blush of shame to the brows of many who persecuted their braver brethren for climbing higher than themselves the "mount of vision," gaining thereby a clearer observation and a broader range.

A friend writing to Mr. Brainerd from Albany, under date of Sept. 29th, 1832, says, "I suppose you have to fight some battles with the D.D.'s of the Old School and with the devil in Cincinnati, but you are more able to endure than we. \* \* \* \* \*

"Sinners expect to see developed in Christians the excellency of their religion; but what a miserable epitome of the gospel do we make!"

These years of distrust and alienation are fully recorded in the annals of the church, and there they will stand as the monuments of human weakness for all future ages.

During Dr. Beecher's trial before Synod, Mr. Brainerd read such portions of his sermons and theological writings as were called for by the exigencies of the trial. He threw so much heart and sympathy into the office of *reader* that a clergyman said to him, as he was passing out of the house, "Brainerd, if I am ever tried for heresy I hope you will be there to *read my sermons!*"

Some years after these events, while on a visit to Mr. Brainerd, in Philadelphia, Dr. Beecher was talking over, in his good-humored style, the incidents of his trial, and then subsided into a fit of musing. Suddenly, raising his head, he said, "Brainerd, it *was* hard for Wilson and his party to have us come there and *take away their name and nation.*"

In this playful implication he put his finger upon the

secret springs of action more directly than any one had done who sought, by human sagacity, to discover a reasonable occasion for those trials.

In July, 1834, Mr. Brainerd received a call to the Presbyterian church in Jacksonville, Ill.

The following letter and "Resolutions" were addressed to him by the Committee, dated

"JACKSONVILLE, July 1st, 1834.

"REV. THOS. BRAINERD.

"DEAR SIR,—The Presbyterian church and congregation of this place have invited you to become their pastor, and it is with sincere pleasure that the Committee inform you that in this call there was entire unanimity, and that there is an earnest desire that our application may receive from you a favorable consideration. And it is our hope and prayer, with submission to the will of God, that you may find the leadings of Providence to correspond with our earnest wishes, and that you may find it compatible with your views of duty and plans of usefulness, to accept our invitation.

"The Committee feel that this is a field of no small interest, presenting a prospect for usefulness, to the minister of Christ, more extensive and full of promise than is often to be found in a country so recently settled.

"Your reply will be waited for with no small degree of anxiety.

"At a meeting of the Presbyterian church and congregation of Jacksonville, convened this 30th day of June, 1834, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted, viz.:

"*Resolved*, That the Rev. Thos. Brainerd, of Cincinnati, be invited to take the pastoral charge of this church.

"*Resolved*, That Messrs. Catlin, Ayres, and Jones, be a Committee to communicate to Rev. Mr. Brainerd the

proceedings of this meeting, and that said Committee be authorized to offer for his support a salary of six hundred dollars per annum.

[Signed]

“JOEL CATLIN,

“DAVID B. AYRES,

“HENRY JONES,

“*Committee.*”

At the same time a letter from Rev. Edward Beecher, then President of Illinois College, was addressed to Mr. Brainerd on this subject, urging various reasons for his acceptance of the call.

A short time after, a second letter, from one of the Committee, was received, containing the following statement :

“The great need of a proper pastor to this church has been a subject of much prayer and solicitude for a long time past, and when you were fixed upon, it was with confidence that God had directed us in that choice, and so we are willing to leave it with God and your own conscience. We feel this post to be a very important one,—none certainly of the same importance in Illinois, and probably few of the same importance in this western valley.

“Rev. W. G. Gallaher will visit Cincinnati in a few days, and use his influence in our behalf. And as far as I have been able to learn the feelings of the ministers in this region, they are all extremely anxious that you should come. Our disappointment will be great if you cannot accede to our wishes.

“In behalf of, and at the request of, the Committee,

“DAVID B. AYRES.”

Notwithstanding these earnest appeals, the claims of Cincinnati, and the interests of the paper of which Mr. Brainerd had only the year before taken charge as editor, decided him to remain at his post. The wishes of Dr.

Beecher to have him continue with him were more prevailing than those of his son at Jacksonville to call him away.

The most fearful visitation of cholera in this country swept over Cincinnati in the summers of 1832-33. The panic-stricken people fled before it, and but two clergymen had the courage to remain in the city. From that time, although scattered cases occurred each summer, it did not become epidemic.

In June, 1835, while Mr. Brainerd was absent in Kentucky to fulfill a preaching engagement, his wife was taken ill; but no anxiety was felt by any one on the first day of her attack. Her symptoms becoming more alarming at night, Mr. Brainerd was sent for. There was no telegraph to speed such messages, and the mail stage was the swiftest conveyance. In a few hours more Mrs. Brainerd was dying. The best medical skill was employed, and the kindest friends ministered to her; while her husband, who left her a few days before in perfect health, returned to find her shrouded for the grave.

Mrs. Brainerd died on Saturday, June 20th, 1835; and a young girl of eighteen, who had lived with the family three years, and to whom they were greatly attached, died on the Monday following, June 22d.

In the *Cincinnati Journal* of that week the publisher says, "We will not offer any apology for the absence of the usual editorial care and labor from our paper of this week. A bare statement of the cause is sufficient,—the sudden illness and death of the wife of the Rev. Thomas Brainerd, our highly esteemed friend and editor. This event occurred on Saturday last. Symptoms of cholera manifested themselves during the night, but a favorable change in the morning encouraged hope; but soon the destroyer again commenced his work, and with frightful rapidity hurried his victim to the tomb.

“The death of Mrs. Brainerd has been widely and deeply felt in this community. Youth, kindness of manners, and lovely piety, as well as the unexpectedness of the blow, called forth the sympathies of a large circle of friends and acquaintances.”

In a subsequent notice it was said, “For three successive summers the profession of her husband, as well as her own benevolence, had rendered her familiar with the ravages of the pestilence. While many were dying around her, an expression of fear never escaped her lips. Through these scenes she passed safely. In a time of general health the messenger approached in his most appalling form. She had fortitude to give a dying message to her absent husband and her distant relatives.”

The young orphan girl who lived with Mrs. Brainerd was born in Cincinnati, and before the death of her parents was in comfortable circumstances. She was converted under Mr. Brainerd's preaching, and joined his church at the age of fifteen. She was an intelligent, conscientious girl, a teacher in the Sabbath-school, for which responsibility she made careful preparation during the week. She nursed Mrs. Brainerd with anxious care during her short sickness, and appeared inconsolable after her death; she said she had been a mother to her and that she was losing her best friend; but they were separated only thirty-six hours.

The only remaining member of Mr. Brainerd's family was a nephew, nineteen years of age, a member of Lane Seminary, who was preparing for the ministry. The tokens of affectionate sympathy extended to him by his friends were most touching and grateful to his stricken heart. Immediately after the burial of his wife, on the 22d of June, the following note was handed to him from Major Clarkson:

"REV. T. BRAINERD.

"DEAR SIR:

"I presume under your present deep affliction, in which I most earnestly sympathize with you, it will not be by any means desirable for you to continue to keep house. Will you do Mrs. Clarkson and myself the favor to accept of a comfortable and retired room in our house, for some weeks or months, as you please? We think it would perhaps be more agreeable to you than to remain in the city. I have several idle horses, and one shall at all times be at your service, to ride to and from the city. I find it perfectly convenient to attend to my business in the city and reside at this short distance out, and I think you would find it equally so. We sincerely hope this proposition may meet your approbation, and, at as early a day as will suit your convenience, we may have the pleasure of seeing you an inmate of our family.

"Your sincere friend,

"CHARLES S. CLARKSON.

"June 22d, 1835."

But his ever-watchful and maternal friend, Mrs. Judge Burnet, claimed and took charge of him and his nephew by what she called a prior right. His house was locked up, with everything standing in its accustomed place, and Mr. Brainerd was established in her luxurious home, where he received the most tender and assiduous kindness from every member of the family.

The tread-mill duties in the editor's office now became a blessing; and the excitement of Dr. Beecher's trial,—in the midst of which the doctor's own lovely wife, Mrs. Harriet Beecher, was consigned to the grave, two weeks after Mrs. Brainerd,—occupied his whole time and demanded his undivided energies.

Mr. Brainerd invited a sister of his wife to take charge



of his house, who arrived in Cincinnati in two or three weeks, when he and his nephew returned to their desolated home.

About two months after the death of his wife, Mr. Brainerd received a letter from his friend, Reuel Kimball, Jr., announcing a similar bereavement in his own family.

Mr. Brainerd writes in reply :

“ You can well imagine that I know the extent of your loss, and rest assured that you have my warmest sympathy.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ We have a tendency to make our home on the earth. God is too good to allow us to sleep on this enemy’s ground. We stand at the beginning of existence. The value of happiness in the present life we magnify beyond its proper proportion. God looks down through eternal ages, and so arranges his providence as to secure the greatest happiness of our whole being. You do the same thing with your children. They look only at the present moment; you look at their whole life, and consequently are often compelled to inflict present pain to save them from future evils.

“ My life has been checkered and singular. God has blessed me abundantly in some respects. He has gone before me all my life and given me favor with the people. He has invested me with peculiar responsibilities and given me opportunity to exert a wide-spread influence. He has gathered around me all the enjoyments that the world could give. Now, could I have borne this without affliction? I have been tempted to congratulate myself on my advantages. God saw this. Twice he dashed the cup of worldly enjoyment from my lips. Twice he has clothed the earth with sackcloth around me, and compelled me to

feel that I was a poor, weak, sinful man, dependent entirely on his providence.

"No common discipline would suffice for me. Pressed on by labors and cares, and constantly excited by the changing scenes around me, I should not have felt a slight blow. God knew this; and he has twice sundered, as it were in a moment, the strong cords which bound me to the world. Thus he has compelled me to give up the world as a pillar to be leaned upon. He is now dealing in the same manner with you. I pray that you may have grace not only to bear but to improve your deep affliction, and get your medicine in 'the balm of Gilead.'

"Give my love to all your family. I cherish for them a peculiar affection, which neither time nor distance has weakened.

"Your brother and sincere friend,

"THOMAS BRAINERD.

"CINCINNATI, Sept. 20th, 1835."

From Rev. John Spaulding.

"The first generation that peopled Ohio and the West generally, was less intelligent, less stable, less qualified to lay the foundations of future generations than the second. It had not the means, if it had possessed the will, for converting broad forests into fruitful fields; unlimited water-power into giant arms to turn the wheels of all the varieties of manufactures; open roads, build bridges, erect dwellings, churches, school-houses, villages, and cities; found schools, colleges, and literary periodicals; establish lines of stages and steamers for intercommunication, and furnish the adequate number of competent men to keep all these industries,—all these literary and religious interests alive, and in healthy action.

"A large portion of the population was uneducated; its enterprise extending no further nor higher than a log-

cabin, a limited corn-field, and the pursuits of the chase. These constituted the borderers between civilized and savage life, to blaze the trees from settlement to settlement, keep the Indians at bay, kill the wild beasts, and float off when a better tide of immigration came in. In 1827, Ohio was the greatest emigrating State in the Union: while a ratio of population was pouring over the Alleghanies, into the Valley of the Mississippi, at the rate of one thousand a day.

“At the end of the first generation the work of large and liberal improvements had fairly commenced. Intelligence had come to the aid of will, capital to the aid of industry; and, by the middle of the second generation, all hands were hot at work, all hearts beating hopefully, and all minds wondering at present and prospective results.

“It was stimulated and largely directed by leading minds from the Eastern States. ‘There were giants in the earth in those days;’ and if few of them found their way to the West, their sons went and worked there.

“Among them was the brother beloved whose recent monument bears the inscription,—

‘An earnest Preacher, a true Philanthropist, and a Christian Patriot:’

REV. THOMAS BRAINERD, D.D.

“Soon after finishing his course at the Andover Theological Seminary, he was earnestly at work in the Queen City of the West; first as a preacher, and then as the editor of the *Cincinnati Journal*. Here the writer of this sketch first made his acquaintance: laboring with him in the protracted meetings of that day; consulting together on matters of personal duty and usefulness; sitting at the same table, and bowing together at the same family altar for several consecutive months; enjoying together, in the hours of relaxation from toil, some of the richest clusters of social life; and, after the cholera had suddenly bereaved

him of his excellent wife, going with him to the grave to weep there.

“Under all these circumstances he was uniformly courteous, kind, faithful, and true. As a counselor, his brethren ever found him *judicious*; as an advocate of human rights, *firm*; as a friend of every good work, *prompt*; and as an opponent of ultraism and error, *fearless*. For example, when the students of Lane Seminary became suddenly wiser than their teachers, and, scouting their advice to desist, continued the discussion of slavery far beyond the possibilities of a discreet usefulness; and when, to break down what they called a wicked caste in society, they brought a colored woman into church, and seated her beside one of the most prominent white ladies in the city; when also they denounced severely those who ‘lagged in duty,’ and ran not with them to the same excess of riot; how faithfully he rebuked their intolerance and indiscretion; and how earnestly did he labor to stop their headlong course, and save them from the results of their folly, viz., expulsion from the seminary, and a great abridgment of their future usefulness.

“So when Dr. Joshua L. Wilson arraigned Dr. Lyman Beecher before the Presbytery of Cincinnati, charging him with heresy, slander, and hypocrisy, no member of that body was more able and impartial in procuring a righteous acquittal than Mr. Brainerd; and when the question arose whether the prosecutor, having utterly failed to prove the charges, should be himself censured as a slanderer of the gospel ministry, Mr. Brainerd was among the first to palliate his rashness and excuse him, on the ground of his being more honest than wise, and more pugnacious than prudent.

“The courtesy and kindness of his private life he also expressed on the pages of his public *Journal*. If the times were exciting, and tongues and pens were bent on mischief in the

household of faith, his tongue and pen seldom let fall a bitter word in reply. While he contended earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints, he was scrupulously careful not to inflict a needless wound, not to sadden an honest heart. In the light of the present better days and brotherly feelings, some of those editorial columns may be read as models of a magnanimous spirit earnestly seeking and teaching the truth as it is in Jesus.

“On the subject of slavery his position was never equivocal: always speaking, when in his judgment he could benefit either master or slave; always judicious, whether discussing with the Hon. Henry Clay, of Ashland, Kentucky, the best means for putting an end to the dark system, or disputing with Rev. John Rankin, of Ripley, Ohio, the measures of the abolitionists. It was a marvel often to those who knew the nervousness of his temperament that he could keep so cool on the hottest battlefield, and lighten so vividly in the storm of debate without scathing too severely some of his gnarled opponents.

“Whenever he officiated as a minister, whether in the city or country, on communion and other occasions of religious interest, it was manifest that he deeply felt himself the messages he delivered. Hence the depth and permanence of the good impressions left. Many, besides his ministerial brethren who survive him, bless God for the labors of Thomas Brainerd as a co-worker in the second generation, in laying the foundations of good for all the future generations of the West.”

**From Rev. Horace Bushnell, of Cincinnati.**

“I first met Dr. Brainerd in March, 1826, the day we both united with the church. In the autumn of the same year, we both attended Mr. Grosvenor’s Classical School, in Rome. Mr. Brainerd then opened a school himself and I became his pupil. He was then universally esteemed

for his piety and respected for his talents. In Rome he was a universal favorite, and his memory is warmly cherished there.

"At Cincinnati he was popular with all classes, and at once secured the confidence and love of the Fourth Church, and the whole community learned to respect him. His Christian kindness and condescension won all hearts.

"In our ecclesiastical trials of that day, he was always present, active, and earnest; but never suffered himself to be thrown off his guard. In no exigency would he violate an ecclesiastical rule, or infringe upon the constitution of the church. In the midst of party strife he was at times violently assailed; but always remained calm, dignified, and, however great the provocation, treated his opponents with respect.

"My last interview with Mr. Brainerd was near the grave of President Harrison. We talked of our childhood; the trials of our youth, and the labors of our manhood; of the grace that redeemed us, and of our hopes for the better land. He has finished his work, and entered into rest. I linger for a little season, cheered by the same promises that sustained him."

**Reminiscences of Dr. T. Brainerd. By Rev. D. C. Blood.**

"I first knew Dr. Brainerd in the autumn of 1828; was a member of the same class three years, in Andover Theological Seminary, where we graduated September, 1831; and came thence to Cincinnati, Ohio, as missionaries to the great West. I saw him nearly every week, until he was recalled to Philadelphia.

"Brother Brainerd was diligent as a student, active as a Christian; ready, instructive, and spiritual in devotional meetings; a faithful Sabbath-school laborer; and, in all respects, a zealous missionary. He was able in studied

discourses, but especially happy in his off-hand speeches; and the more embarrassing the occasion, the more composed and gifted were his efforts.

“While at Andover, he was often called out for temperance and Sabbath-school speeches; and he was one of the few men whose name would fill a country meeting-house, and whose speech would hold an audience in breathless attention by the hour, amid the noise of fife and drum, and all the jargon of an old-fashioned Fourth-of-July.

“Mr. Brainerd’s coolness and practical good sense were striking features of his character. In the autumn of 1832, while the Synod of Cincinnati was in session in Chillicothe, the cholera made its first appearance in Cincinnati. Synod immediately adjourned and started for home. As Mr. Brainerd and others came near a village where they were to pass the night, a man in a cabin by the way was heard crying, ‘Cholera! cholera! I’m dying!’ Mr. Brainerd returned to the scene of alarm; and, regardless of the protestations of fear-stricken neighbors, who were ‘standing afar off,’ went directly to the bedside of the alarmed man; assured him that he had not one of the symptoms of Asiatic cholera, but was suffering from pleurisy; ordered warm applications to be made, and, in the course of an hour, had the man free from pain and in a fair way for recovery.

“The same features of character showed themselves in all the scenes of ecclesiastical warfare which distinguished the early years of his ministry. In all these scenes of perplexity, I never knew Brother Brainerd to be disconcerted or ever worsted in debate.

“Mr. Brainerd was peculiarly happy in his personal intercourse, especially with plain people. He was pressing the claims of religion on the attention of a day-laborer, who, not knowing what else to say, brought up the common excuse, that there were ‘so many different denomina-



tions.' 'My friend,' said Mr. Brainerd, 'you live by your labor; now suppose you find a man of your sort loitering at street corners, and exhort him to go to work and earn bread for his family. But the loiterer replies, Do you suppose I will work while there are so many sorts of work to be done? One man wants me to dig, another to drive team, another to unload his boat, and thus not less than a dozen offer me wages; but so many kinds of work are enough to craze one! And so with you, my friend. The Baptists call you, then the Methodists, then the Episcopalians, and then the Presbyterians,—and all proffer you eternal life; and you refuse because so many join to invite you.'

"In an intimate acquaintance with ministers, extending through almost forty years, I have known but few who were the equals of Dr. Thomas Brainerd."

## CHAPTER VII.

### CALL TO UTICA—GENERAL ASSEMBLY AT PITTSBURG.

IN October, 1835, the year following the call to Jacksonville, Illinois, Mr. Brainerd received a call to the First Presbyterian Church of Utica, New York. This call, coming from those who had known him in youth, and urged upon him by friends whom he regarded with great love and reverence, gave him unmingled satisfaction. The honor a prophet receives in his own country is doubly grateful.

But the motives which constrained him to decline the call to Jacksonville were still in full force, and influenced him to continue in Cincinnati.

The official call to Utica, bearing date October 6th, 1835, was received without any previous intimation, as unexpected as it was gratifying.

The Committee who signed the call were Oliver Wetmore, Spencer Kellogg, J. A. Spencer, T. Walker, and John Bradish; while the friends by whom it was urged, and the motives assigned for his acceptance of it, made the refusal one of the most painful duties of his public life.

Hon. Chester Hayden, with whom he had studied law, writes as follows:

“I was greatly delighted to learn, by a letter from the Rev. William Patton, of New York, who has taken a deep interest in the claims of this church, that with his extensive acquaintance in the American church, he recom-

mended you, as the best adapted to our wants and the wants of this region, of any clergyman of his acquaintance. Ever since the vacancy occurred I have felt a wish that we might have you for our pastor. We last evening had a regular meeting of the society, and such was the confidence with which Dr. Patton had inspired the congregation by his frank and honest representations, that, after a short discussion of the subject, a *unanimous* vote was passed calling Mr. Brainerd to the pastoral care of this people.

"I assure you, my dear sir, that on this occasion recollections of the past were to me intensely interesting; and several adverted with lively interest to a sermon with which you once favored us. And now, my dear sir, allow me to hope that a favorable response may be returned to this call.

"You know something of the importance of this station, and that it should be properly occupied; we are all satisfied that if our call meets a favorable reception, it *will be so occupied*.

"The salary proposed is the same that Mr. Aikin received; but is only twelve hundred and fifty dollars, which, though I do not imagine that a salary would be with you a primary object, is, I fear, less than you will think this society ought to pay. There are means enough to raise the sum to two thousand; and I am confident that no difficulty would be experienced on account of compensation. I cannot but wait with anxiety for your decision, as I know many others will,—but I more.

"The affliction with which you were visited the last summer, as sudden almost to yourself as to your friends here, brought again vividly to my recollection the latter part of your residence at Rome. Be assured you did and do partake largely of the sympathy of Mrs. H. and myself. It seems that the Lord designed to make you perfect,

in a degree, through suffering. I doubt not that such has been and will be its salutary influence.

“Very truly yours,

“CHESTER HAYDEN.

“UTICA, Oct. 7th, 1835.”

A joint letter from the committee followed immediately upon the call.

“REV. AND DEAR SIR:

“In consequence of the interest taken by the Rev. William Patton, of New York, in the welfare of this church, and his recommendation of yourself as a minister every way qualified for this location, we addressed the call through him, requesting him to forward the same to you, accompanied with such remarks as he might deem proper.

\* \* \* \* \*

“The unanimity with which the call was made, when we consider the numbers connected with this congregation, seems clearly to evince an overruling Providence, which should always be recognized.

“The location, in itself considered, offers claims which cannot easily be resisted. It is the geographical center of this great State, and a position that must and will give an influence to a large extent of territory. Ecclesiastical bodies will receive a greater or less influence from this individual church. \* \* \* \* \*

“We are aware that your feelings must necessarily have become interwoven with the important interests of the West; and you may have become so identified with that portion of the country, as to lead you to the conclusion that it would not be your duty to leave. Your knowledge of the wants of the great Western Valley would enable you to present them to this community in a light never before presented. And blessed as we are with one of the

richest portions of the earth, it might only be necessary to excite an interest on this subject, to secure much good to the church.

"We now leave this subject in the hands of God, believing that He will bring you to such conclusions as shall best promote His own glory and the good of His church.

"SPENCER KELLOGG,     T. WALKER,  
"J. A. SPENCER,     JOHN BRADISH."

From Rev. William Patton, D.D.

"NEW YORK, October 10th, 1835.

"REV. THOMAS BRAINERD.

"MY DEAR BROTHER :

"I learn with great pleasure that the First Presbyterian Church in Utica have given you a unanimous call to become their pastor. I am made glad by this intelligence, because of the personal friendship I bear you, the interest which I feel in that church, and the general good of our Saviour's Kingdom. As I was instrumental in bringing your name before that people, it is proper I should give you some of the reasons which influenced me in so doing.

"The conviction has been deepening upon my mind that your forte is *preaching*; acting upon the minds of men by the *living voice*. God has given to you more preaching talents and pulpit powers, than to most of your brethren in the ministry. In this view I find many others, who know and love you, cordially concurring. They feel, with me, that your present employment is by no means so important, and that you are not so well adapted for it as for preaching.

"The paper you are editing has now made its character, and has, perhaps, so far done its great work, that it can be safely transferred to other hands.

"Your knowledge of the West would be of immense service in counsel and action at the East, and by your removal

East, the bonds of union would be more intimate. From Oneida and adjoining counties there is a very strong emigration West, which you could materially influence and shape, from your knowledge of the whole country. You could thus send more ministers and active Christians than you could in any other way secure for the valley.

"If ever you are again to settle as a pastor, it is well-nigh time for you to do it, before your mind and heart become secularized and alienated from the peculiar feelings which are connected with love for the pulpit and the pastoral work.

"*The unanimity of the call* is an important item, when you consider the size of the congregation and the amount of intelligence and wealth which it contains. I know of few congregations in the land where there is so much talent and educated mind, and so much wealth connected with the church.

"Utica exerts a metropolitan influence over some twenty counties and gives tone and action to the churches there. The First Church in Utica is, beyond all comparison, the largest and strongest in all that region, and has always been an empire church.

"The law-school, now established at Utica, will have several hundred students, whose minds are to be religiously moulded. Multitudes of young men, who are now floating from church to church, would be fixed in the First Church if you accept.

Yours affectionately,

"WILLIAM PATTON."

"BROTHER BRAINERD:

"In all that Brother Patton has said concerning Utica, and the importance of the place and its influence on the surrounding region, there can be but one opinion. He has given an outline that might be filled up with facts of very decided character. But concerning a previous question,

the duty of leaving the West and coming to the East, I am not so clear. If you settle that question in favor of the East, then come to Utica.                    Yours,

“CHARLES HALL.”

From Rev. Albert Barnes.

“MY DEAR BROTHER :

“Brother Patton has read me his letter; and I would join my testimony to his on the subject. You know Utica; and you know that it is *immensely* important to have a man of large views, and firm, independent principles and right feelings there. There are very few points in the land of so much importance as that; and I regard this call to you as signally providential. For one, I am becoming more and more impressed with the truth that all who *can* preach *should* preach, as the main business of life, and I have not a doubt that *you* have a *call* to preach; and that the pulpit is more important than a paper can be. But you can judge on this subject. You have our feelings and views.

Truly yours,

“A. BARNES.”

Notwithstanding these earnest persuasions, Mr. Brainerd still considered it his duty to remain at his post in Cincinnati. But the arguments of his friends were not lost upon him; and as he had never wholly relinquished preaching during his editorial career, he proposed to resume it, as the great work of his life, as soon as the exigencies of the times pointed out his duty clearly in that direction.

In May, 1836, Mr. Brainerd came East as Commissioner to the General Assembly. Dr. Beecher accompanied him, with several other clergymen, among whom was President Labaree, a classmate of Mr. Brainerd's at Andover. In an editorial of May 5th, Mr. Brainerd announces his



temporary absence, and his purpose to visit his aged and sick father in Northern New York before his return. He says: "Eighty-two years press heavily upon his frosted head and threaten soon to sink him to the grave. His best affections are in heaven, but his heart is still warm toward the son of his old age. He has expressed a wish to see him once more.

"Will any father or mother among our readers say that we ought not to go? Will any complain if, after two years of crushing labor and responsibility, we again leave our post for a few weeks, to gladden the heart which loved us before we could appreciate the obligation, and to grasp once more the trembling hand which sustained and guided our infancy and childhood?

"During the editor's absence, our paper will be conducted by one every way competent to assume such responsibilities. He is a gentleman of piety, talents, and scholarship; and a thorough Presbyterian by birth, education, and choice. We think he will give general satisfaction."\*

Dr. Beecher and Mr. Brainerd remained a short time in Philadelphia after the Assembly adjourned, and then came on to New Haven together.

While in Philadelphia, Mr. Brainerd was invited to supply the pulpit of the Third Presbyterian Church on the Sabbath, and to officiate at the June communion. One of the elders of the Third Church, who was a delegate to the General Assembly, said he was first impressed in Mr. Brainerd's favor, by the ability and fearlessness with which so young a man (then not quite thirty-two) defended Dr. Beecher from the attacks of his opponents.

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\* The substitute thus spoken of was Rev. Henry Ward Beecher; or, as he was then called, "Mr. Henry Beecher." We are glad to see that he does not ignore his "Presbyterianism" since the Reunion.

It will be remembered, these were the days of stormy gathering before the tempest which broke upon the churches in the divisions of the next year. We are not to forget these chapters of wonderful history. In reviewing them, we more gratefully recognize the peace which has dawned upon the Christian horizon. "The spirit of God has moved upon the face of the waters,"—"stilling the noise of the waves and the tumult of the people."

Mr. Brainerd's visit to New Haven led to the acquaintance which resulted in his second marriage. Dr. Beecher went on to Boston, where he was himself married before his return. The events of the next three months so controlled Mr. Brainerd's movements, that the season was spent between Philadelphia and New Haven. His letters at this time will give the best report of his plans and pursuits.

**To Mrs. W.**

"NEW YORK, Sept. 9th, 1836.

"I had thought to have left this morning for Philadelphia, but Mr. Patton insists upon my giving a few weeks to his favorite cause [American Education Soc.]. He says that his treasury is exhausted, and that I shall be untrue to the great interests of religion if I refuse to lend a helping hand in this emergency. The intrinsic importance of the work itself has made so much impression on my mind, that I am not sure but I shall devote my leisure time to making speeches and collecting money. The first duty I have some experience in; but collecting money is a harder business.

"When a man looks me in the face, and says he is poor; that matters have gone hard with him in pecuniary concerns; that he is a 'mighty' generous man, but thinks he cannot give anything *this* time; I may know that it is the groaning of avarice,—but how can I urge the business

further? Poor agents! In the prospect of becoming one of their fraternity for a few weeks, I begin to exercise toward them an unwonted compassion." \* \*

To the same.

"PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 11th, 1836.

"Mr. Patton's offered agency would so embarrass my plans for the coming weeks, that I finally concluded to decline it, and therefore came to this city yesterday. From the fact that I have changed my mind as to proceeding West directly, my friends here more than suspect that I have peculiar reasons for it. \* \* \*

"The great valley of the West is now in its infancy. It is destined to become a giant, omnipotent in its energies for the weal or woe of this country and the world.

"It has been said that Paris has twice revolutionized France. What Paris is to France, Cincinnati is to the great valley. It is the commercial, literary, and religious emporium of a territory, more expansive, more fertile, more adapted to sustain uncounted myriads of immortal souls, than any ever before embraced under one system of laws and moral influences. Cincinnati is the point of the greatest influence, present and prospective, which can be selected in the length and breadth of the valley. It is central for the whole West. It has gained the vantage-ground of all rivals in intellect and wealth. It is conscious of its power and disposed to exercise it.

"Where would one wish to spend life, if not at such a position, where rivulets of influence may be sent forth to grow broader and deeper, until their pure waters shall lave every hamlet of the West? Daniel Webster once thanked God that he was born *when* and *where* he was born; in a glorious era—in a happy country! I can thank God that he has so guided me in his providence that my moral influence has for five years been expended upon the

germ of a great nation ; upon elements of being destined, in their increase and combination, to control the welfare of a world.     \*     \*     \*     \*     \*     \*     \*

“I do claim to have an intense desire for the diffusion of a proper influence over the West. This, for five years, has been my ruling passion. I have labored for it with almost a martyr spirit.”     \*     \*     \*     \*     \*

To the same.

“PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 14th, 1836.

\*     \*     \*     \*     “I preached twice in one of the churches of this city yesterday, and have agreed to supply the Third Church next Sabbath. I have been spoken to ten times to settle in this city ; but my voice is still ‘for the expansive West.’ So long as nothing interferes to impair my usefulness at Cincinnati, I must regard it as my home. There I commenced my ministry ; there I have gained whatever of influence and character God has given me in my profession ; there I have enjoyed a large measure of happiness, as well as endured severe suffering—there is my home.     \*     \*     \*     \*     \*     \*

“Have you ever been in this city ? To me, this place is far more attractive than New York. True, there is no one view here so imposing as that which meets your eye in advancing up Broadway from the Battery toward the Park. Philadelphia is more modest. She has little to dazzle and fascinate at first sight ; but here you can take your stand at fifty different points, and have the same great city still before you. In wandering from street to street, you insensibly gain the impression that you are in the midst of a people more anxious to enjoy life than to hold out signals of such enjoyment ; more solicitous to possess wealth, for the comforts it will purchase, than to astonish the multitude by the *appearance* of affluence.”

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Dr. Beecher to Rev. T. Brainerd.

"Boston, Sept. 24th, 1836.

"BELOVED SON AND BROTHER:

"Yours of the 15th reached me only yesterday. \* \*

"I have fully expected, and have understood it to be the desire and expectation of my people, that you should be *settled* as a colleague with me, as soon as your place at the *Journal* could be supplied; the definite arrangements, of course, can be made only by our presence and agency with the people. But that you ought to go on, and must go on, cannot be doubted for a moment. No man can be withdrawn from our ranks at the West now with so much evil, as yourself. Your extensive knowledge and influence and tact cannot be found in another, and cannot be dispensed with in you. I wonder that anybody should think of detaining you from us. Nor does the safety or expediency of your going turn at all on the success of our plans in respect to the Second Church. If that were out of the question, we must have you with us and will; for we must now organize East and West thoroughly, to meet coming events. God and our country call us to stand—'and *having done all to stand.*'

"The destiny of the church, East and West, is deeply involved in the manner in which we hold together or separate. You can settle, if need be, in twenty places, and you may safely go, and must go, and not listen for a moment to overtures this side. I shall break down and die if you break away. I could say much more, but intend to see you in New York and have a full talk. I hope you will be able to make your arrangements to go on with me about two weeks hence. I request you by all means to meet me in New York, and to make no engagements contrary to my hopes.

Affectionately yours,

"LYMAN BEECHER."

Dr. Lyman Beecher to T. Brainerd.

"BOSTON, Sept. 29th, 1836.

"MY DEAR SON AND BROTHER :

"I wrote immediately to New Haven, in reply to your former letter. If there is any change in the plans of my church and people, I am not so apprised of it as would make it judicious to act upon it. But, as I shall return two weeks before you, I think it best to go home and ascertain the condition of things. It will be a grievous disappointment to me to part with you, after having so long and with so much comfort and affection leaned upon you, where few, like-minded and capable, would have been found to aid me through the fiery trial; and I shall do whatever may be done to consummate our anticipations of a permanent union. If this should fail, for you know the inconstancy of human affairs, I can even then by no means relinquish, and hope you will not relinquish, the idea of consecrating your remaining days at the West. I doubt not arrangements can be and will be made to retain you.

\* \* \* \* \*

"The pending crisis ought not to come on with all possible preparation on one side and none on the other. Your presence will be imperiously needed. We cannot spare you from our circles. \* \* \* \* \*

"I shall be in New York on Saturday next, and on Monday and Tuesday following. We must have a general consultation of ministers and laymen, and organize thoroughly in New York; and the same should be done in Philadelphia.

"In the mean time, should all our hopes be blasted and God should station you in Philadelphia, then I shall believe that you are after all more needed there, and will do even more good than at the West. Rely on my gratitude and affection forever. \* \* \* It is the way of

Heaven to do for us better than our fears and exceeding abundantly beyond all we ask or think.

“ Affectionately yours,

“ LYMAN BEECHER.”

To Mrs. W.

“ PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 4th, 1836.

“ The people of the Third Church have taken into their heads an idea that I must become their pastor, and have sent an Elder to confer with me this morning on the subject. I preached twice yesterday, and attended a prayer-meeting last night. The congregation was the largest which has assembled there for three months. I get up in the pulpit, and preach away as hard as I can, without the least regard to tones or gestures; without the least effort to be graceful; and it seems to me not a little strange that I should so repeatedly be selected for refined city churches. For some reason or other, while hundreds of better men are overlooked, it has been my destiny to pass for more than I am worth. I feel deeply humbled when I see good men soliciting my services as a privilege.

“ I do not know yet as I could possibly make up my mind to stay at the East. I most intensely love the West. There, with the self-sacrifice and perseverance, if not with the godliness of a martyr, I have labored five years; there I have formed a thousand acquaintances, almost all of whom have met me with the demeanor of kindness; there I have acquired whatever of professional reputation I now enjoy; there I have formed great plans, as I surveyed an empire of mind waiting the impress of truth and the message of salvation. Can I leave such ties? Now the pressure is laid upon my conscience and I know not how to decide.

“ If I remain in Cincinnati, I shall be in the city and Dr. Beecher will reside out of the city. I shall be obliged



to perform all the pastoral labor, and bear all the burdens of hospitality. I shall be compelled to meet all the responsibilities of a city minister.

"In refusing to go to Utica I made a pecuniary sacrifice in salary of several hundred dollars a year. I did it cheerfully for my love to the West.

"I feel the force of Dr. Beecher's appeals. To separate myself from communion with his giant intellect and noble heart will be a sore trial. I love him as a father. I could cheerfully spend my life in alleviating his labors and cheering his work; but I cannot consent, not only to occupy the place of colleague, but to do it under the embarrassment caused by getting a part of my support by editorial labor. To Cincinnati I have been a true son,—but I have trundled two loaded wheelbarrows long enough, and must now content myself with moving one.

"I wish you would hold a steady purpose to go West, and then wait the developments of divine Providence."

When Mr. Brainerd came East, his nephew, Carlos Brainerd, then a member of Lane Theological Seminary, remained at Cincinnati. In a letter to him, dated September 16th, 1836, he writes :

"My life, I think, will not be a long one. I want you to be an able preacher when I am dead. Be *wide awake* to improve opportunities to gain information, and to secure a happy mode of imparting it. The difference among men of common sense is about this: one man keeps his eyes and ears open to receive impressions, and then employs his reflective powers in arranging and preserving these impressions for use. Another man is always asleep; or if half awake, he is putting forth no energy of mind to any purpose. Waste no time; read, write a letter, make poetry; anything, better than dozing. Cultivate a manly

and graceful mode of address; and in order to this, constantly observe the habits of well-bred men for imitation.”\*

In a letter dated Philadelphia, October 7th, 1836, Mr. Brainerd says: “Dr. Beecher is married to-day. He started last and has come out first.”

The three clergymen who left Cincinnati together, each having lost his wife the year before, returned in the fall, married. Several of the Western papers published the fact, heading the notice, “Celibacy of the Clergy.” Then followed, in a group, the record of these three marriages: Dr. Beecher’s, Mr. Labaree’s, and Mr. Brainerd’s.

Mr. Brainerd was married at New Haven, by Rev. Leonard Bacon, D.D., to Mary Whiting, on the 29th of October, 1836. They left for New York the same day, and after a visit of nearly three weeks, to their friends in the northern part of the State, returned to Philadelphia on the 18th of November.

Mr. Brainerd preached in Pine Street Church the next Sabbath, with renewed and urgent solicitations to become their pastor. He left the question open, promising to give them a definite answer soon after his return to Cincinnati. When he left in May, he expected to be absent about six weeks, and the events which no man foreseeth led him through a period of six months.

He left Philadelphia on the 23d of November, in an old-fashioned stage-coach, and reached Cincinnati on the 5th of December, after twelve days’ journey.

The complication of affairs during his absence, the necessity of uniting abundant pastoral labor with the vexations of editorship, by remaining as colleague with Dr.

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\* This nephew, to whom Mr. Brainerd was much attached, died in the fall of 1837, of typhoid fever,—the last member of his Cincinnati family.

Beecher in the Second Church, induced Mr. Brainerd to lay down the double burden, each demanding his whole time and strength, for one which could do no more.

Mr. Brainerd received one thousand dollars a year for editing the *Cincinnati Journal*, and about two hundred additional was all that he realized for his assistance in the Second Church.

The vastly cheaper rates of living of that day over the present, as will be seen by recalling the items enumerated by Mr. Brainerd in his sketch of his first pastorate, made twelve hundred dollars then equivalent to four times that sum now. He often noted the fact, that in Cincinnati he used money more freely, and had it more freely to use, than at any later period of his life. But then, as now, the churches never incurred the censure of spoiling their pastors by luxurious indulgence. Rev. Mr. Patterson's judgment bears the indorsement of the universal brotherhood. He used to say, "he thought clergymen ought to be humble, and ought to be poor; he had often prayed to be kept humble, but he never prayed to be poor; he *could trust the churches for that!*" How often "the bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself on it, and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it."

Almost immediately after his arrival in Cincinnati, the official "call" from the Third Church, dated Oct. 31st, 1836, was forwarded to him, backed by cordial and hearty letters from several persons, and was accepted. The trial of breaking loose from his cherished associations, of meeting the sorrowful acquiescence of Dr. Beecher, of superintending the auction sale of his household furniture, of making farewell visits to the places and friends of his early life; all combined, were more than he was prepared for, and occasioned several days' illness. But it was the rule of his life to do resolutely what he had to do, and in five weeks he was ready to return to Philadelphia.

"PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 1st, 1836.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR:

"The congregation of the Third Presbyterian Church in this city met last evening, agreeable to public notice, for the purpose of choosing a pastor.

"The undersigned, members of the session, a committee appointed for the purpose, take great pleasure in communicating to you the information of your election to that office. They would also acquaint you that two thousand dollars per annum was voted for your support.

"In the selection of yourself as their pastor, we doubt not but they have been directed by the great Head of the Church, in answer to their frequent and fervent prayers; and we humbly trust you will feel it your duty, under Divine guidance, to accede to the wishes of the congregation, and come and labor among us in building up this portion of Zion.

"Yours in Christian affection,

"R. W. DAVENPORT,

"JOHN R. McMUTTEN,

"Committee.'

The following letter was addressed to Mr. Brainerd by members of the Third Presbytery:

"PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 16th, 1836.

"REV. THOS. BRAINERD.

"DEAR BROTHER:

"It may be of some importance that you know the opinion of your brethren as to the course best for you to pursue. In a word, we would recommend that you come on forthwith. It is high time that church should be regularly supplied;\* and every day's delay is a serious injury to the

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\* The pulpit had then been vacant for more than two years.

general interests of religion. The sooner, therefore, Brother Brainerd is on the ground, the better.

"Thus advises, your brother in the gospel,

"JOHN L. GRANT,

"And thus says, with all his heart,

"A. BARNES,

"JOHN W. SCOTT,

"E. PHELPS,

"G. N. JUDD.

"Mr. Duffield and others would have signed this, but were not present."

Two members of the Old School party in Cincinnati were moved to write to individuals in Philadelphia, both in the Third Presbytery as well as in the Third Church, to endeavor to stir up prejudice against Mr. Brainerd, on the ground of his New-Schoolism.

We give a letter from the Rev. J. W. Scott.

"PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 14th, 1836.

"It was hoped that you would commence your ministerial work in this church with the commencement of the new year, but I suppose this will be impracticable. I spent a short time with Dr. Ely on Monday; he expressed his approbation of the choice of the congregation, and the pleasure he felt in the prospect that they will soon have a pastor, who, under the divine auspices, will be instrumental in promoting their spiritual prosperity.

\* \* \* \* \*

"The letters received from Dr. W—— and Rev. Mr. B—— were what might have been expected from such men; but I did suppose that a man of Dr. W——'s reputation had more magnanimity in his moral constitution,

and more dignity of character, than to indulge in *sneering* at the good opinion which others express of those who do not entirely agree with him in his measures. But for such men we have, I trust, both pity and prayers. May God give them a better spirit, and a more practical regard for the law of Christ, by the observance of which his disciples may 'be known of all men.'"

Mr. Brainerd had not yet officially resigned his editorship of the *Cincinnati Journal*. In his temporary absence he continued to furnish articles for its columns. In the paper of December 15th, 1836, he publishes his farewell. Speaking of the period when he commenced his labors, he says :

"At that time the waves of ecclesiastical controversy rolled high and threatening. Shoals and quicksands lay all around us. False lights were gleaming on every side. The vessel itself, by the misfortunes of other commanders, and stress of weather, was in a leaky condition, and, by many, condemned as unseaworthy; and not a few stood on the shore, hat in hand, ready to shout if she went down. The cargo was valuable. She was freighted with the 'bread of life' for thousands and tens of thousands. To take the helm at such a period required more skill than we possessed. Days of anxiety and almost sleepless nights followed each other for weeks and months, until experience had inspired courage to face the angry elements without apprehension. Sometimes the clouds seemed to divide and promise a great calm. We looked for the rainbow of peace, but looked in vain.

"No sooner had one exciting subject relinquished its grasp upon the public mind but another succeeded. The last four years, above their predecessors, have been distinguished for a succession of moral earthquakes which have convulsed society. While our readers have been divided

into parties, mutually distrusting each other, it has often been our lot to occupy a middle position, where no party could fully approve our course, where our want of partisanship has been a crime inviting reprehension from those who could never agree except in their mutual dislike of prudence and moderation.

"In retiring from our post, we are cheered with the belief that we have poisoned no weapons to rankle in the hearts of our readers. We have carried on no envenomed personal controversies with good men. Our friends have been many and constant, our enemies few. Those who have injured us we forgive. If an unadvised word from us has inflicted pain upon others, we crave forgiveness. We part in peace with all.

"Wherever our lot may be cast in life, or whatever may be our earthly destiny, it will be pleasant to reflect, that we have mingled, to some extent, a good influence with the elements which are to give character to the hundred millions who will yet have their habitations on the long rivers and broad plains of the great valley,—we have had a humble share in the attempt to diffuse the lights of literature and religion over the fairest domain on the face of the earth.

"Long before the West shall have reached that elevation of wealth, intelligence, and moral excellence for which she is destined, this hand will be cold and this heart will be still. But there is another and a better world, where our friendship shall be renewed and perpetuated, and where the results of Christian efforts will be garnered up. In that home of the righteous may all our kind readers find a habitation."

Most grateful to his heart were the assurances of confidence and affection from those beloved brethren with whom he had labored in these past years, conveyed in the accompanying letter :



“DEAR BROTHER BRAINERD:

“The subscribers, members of the pastoral meeting in which we have for so long a time borne one another’s burdens, and mingled our counsels and joys and sorrows, cannot, without regret, give you the parting hand, or permit you to depart without the assurance of our affection and confidence in you as a faithful brother—commending you, also, to the grace of God in your new sphere of labor, where, if you must leave us, we rejoice that you are to be stationed; and where, we doubt not, God will crown with success your labor, in the feeding of the lambs of the flock, in the edification of the saints, and in winning souls to Christ.

“LYMAN BEECHER,	BENJAMIN GRAVES,
“B. DICKINSON,	HERMAN NORTON,
“THOMAS J. BIGGS,	THORNTON A. MILLS,
“JOHN SPAULDING.	

“CINCINNATI, Jan. 10th, 1837.”

**Mr. Brainerd’s Reply.**

“DEAR BRETHREN:

“Please accept my grateful acknowledgments for your kind note. Next to the pleasure arising from a consciousness of having aimed to do well, is the satisfaction of finding our efforts approved by those who are capable of judging impartially. The pain of parting with brethren whom I have so much reason to respect and love, is only alleviated by the consideration that, in following the paths of duty to a distant field, I shall still be engaged in that glorious cause, which we mutually love, and to which our mutual labors and prayers have been hitherto devoted. I know the singleness of heart with which you have desired to diffuse an evangelical influence throughout the great

valley, and shall never cease to pray that you may see the great work consummated.

Yours truly,

"T. BRAINERD."

On the 11th of January Mr. Brainerd left Cincinnati to return to Philadelphia. Dr. Beecher, in parting with him, threw both arms around him, kissed him twice, and with eyes full of tears, said: "Brainerd, I feel as if I were losing my right hand!"

Again the lumbering stage made its slow winter journey across the mountains. It carried nine passengers, and, stopping over two Sabbaths on the way, reached Philadelphia on the 25th, after two weeks' weary travel.

But one incident occurred to vary the monotony of the journey. In crossing the Alleghanies, the stage-horses, from some cause, took fright. The first intimation to the passengers was a bound of the vehicle, which threw the driver from his seat to the ground, and then the four young horses dashed down one hill and up another, whirling on the very edge of the icy precipice which bordered the way. The gentlemen looked out in dismay. There was no driver on the box, and the reins were tangling under the horses' feet. One man got out of the door, clambered over the top of the stage and reached the driver's seat, but was powerless to guide or check the horses without reins. Mr. Brainerd stood on the step, between the wheels; the horses ran up a long hill, called the Laurel Ridge, slackening their speed a little toward the top, for a heavy stage with nine passengers and their baggage was no trifling weight for their six miles run. At this point he sprang off and ran ahead until he caught and held the leaders. The whole party now got out of the stage to assure themselves of safety, and, after a careful examination of the horses and harness, two of the passengers volunteered to drive on to the next stopping-place and there get

a light wagon to go back for the driver. This was done. The driver was not much hurt. He was overtaken on foot, in great anxiety respecting the fate of his team and passengers. There were six men and three women in the stage.

On reaching Philadelphia, Mr. and Mrs. Brainerd were invited to the house of Mr. John C. Farr, one of the elders of Pine Street Church, until they could make arrangements for a more permanent location. Dr. Ely was in the city on a visit, and on the first Sabbath of Mr. Brainerd's services as pastor of the church he cordially welcomed his successor to the sympathies, affections, and prayers of the church in the presence of an unusually large congregation.

The installation services were appointed for the first Sabbath in March, 1837. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Albert Barnes, from II. Cor. v. 20: "Now, then, we are ambassadors for Christ."

The Rev. John L. Grant proposed the constitutional questions; the Rev. Dr. Ely delivered the charges to the pastor and people, and the Rev. George Duffield offered the prayer and benediction.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### LIFE IN PHILADELPHIA.

THE year 1837, so full of excitement and solicitude to those who regarded the welfare of the church at large, rolled on with its burden of hopes and fears.

In April the congregation of the Third Church commenced a very thorough renovation of the house, remodeling it at an expense of \$19,000. This work was completed late in the fall. For two months the congregation held an afternoon service in the Baptist Church in Spruce Street. The new lecture-room, in the basement of the church, was opened for service on the 16th of June; after which time the people again worshiped in their home sanctuary. Mr. Brainerd's sermon on this occasion was from the text, "What mean ye by these stones?"—Joshua, iv. 6.

But his Western friends were unwilling to leave him in quiet possession of his new field of labor. The following letter was received from a gentleman in St. Louis, Mo.:

"Aug. 29th, 1837.

"REV. THOS BRAINERD.

"DEAR SIR:

"We have been without a pastor since last May, when the Rev. Mr. Wisner left us, on account of the decline of his health. We have looked around upon the ministry of the church to find a person suited to this station, and we have been encouraged to hope that you might be induced to come to our help. We have an active church, all of whom are living in perfect freedom from the distractions which

are found in other parts of the church. We have here no Old School, and no New School, as parties; and we all deplore without participating in the strifes that are rending the church in other places.

"We are persuaded there is not in the United States a place, with the exception of New Orleans, in which a church can exercise an influence so extended as the one to which we belong. Here is to be found a continual concourse of strangers from all parts of the Union, and this city is the commercial center of a very great extent of territory.

"The congregation is one of a very high degree of intelligence, requiring to be constantly fed with strong food. We must, if possible, have a pastor not only of eminent personal piety, but one of high talent, and one who is an agreeable speaker.

"After due consideration, we have determined to ask whether you can accept a call to become our pastor. We propose it in this form, because, with the uncertainty that rests upon our minds whether you would accept our call, we think it not advisable to incur the delay of a regular meeting of the church to make out the call. At the same time, we assure you that, if you can come, we will have the call regularly made as soon as we receive your assent to our proposition.

"We have been influenced in this application by the consideration that you are a *Western man*, acquainted with the feelings and manners of the West. The salary will be such as will render you altogether comfortable.

"We ask your kind and immediate consideration of the subject proposed, and remain

"Yours very respectfully,

"(For the Session),

"H. R. GAMBLE."

This letter was accompanied by another, from a personal friend.

“ST. LOUIS, Aug. 31st, 1837.

“DEAR BROTHER BRAINERD:

“Learning from the Elders of the Presbyterian Church here, of their intention to correspond with you on the subject of your becoming their pastor, I take the liberty of addressing a line to you in relation to this matter.

“I have become acquainted with the Elders and many of the church members, and have had the opportunity of knowing the standing of the church with the respectable part of the community, and of the influence it exerts upon them. I know of no church in the West that embraces so much wealth, so much respectability, and so many active male members. At a prayer-meeting, on Saturday evening, I saw some of the richest lawyers and merchants in the city. At the Sabbath-schools, which are large and interesting, I saw the same class of persons engaged as teachers. The Session and church are very much united, and liberal in their views and feelings. You would be astonished at the growth of this city. Its wharf is always lined with steamboats, seldom less than thirty.

“In my opinion, this church is a more important one than any in Cincinnati, and the prospect for usefulness very great indeed. If it is at all consistent for you to come, they would be unanimous in a call, and you may confidently expect much warm-hearted co-operation from the Session and church.

“You know the kind of man they want; a man of talents, a good speaker, and one whose own feelings are enlisted in his sermons.

“May the Lord direct you. Two things have urged me to write this letter, a sense of duty and my love to you.

“Your friend,

“ROBERT BOAL.”

Mr. Brainerd at once discouraged all hope of his acceptance of this field, and suggested to the Session the names

of two or three clergymen whom he thought available, and adapted to their wants.

On the 27th of September, 1837, Mr. Brainerd's first child was born, which he named Thomas Chalmers. He said life seemed duplicated in value and interest from that hour.

The church was finished and re-dedicated for service in November of this year. On the 29th of the same month Mr. Brainerd's father died, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. He had been up to visit him, for the last time, a few weeks previous to his death. His father was a man of the strictest integrity, and bore such a reputation for honesty, that a rough, scoffing blacksmith said of him, "There never was but *one* Christian in Lewis County, and that was Mr. Jesse Brainerd, for he had seen him sell wheat, during the war of 1812, half a dollar per bushel below the market price, because he said 'wheat was not worth more than two dollars a bushel.'" At another time he purchased a cow of a neighbor, about to emigrate to Ohio, at the owner's valuation; but finding the animal an uncommonly good one, he sent ten dollars more to the man by letter, stating that the cow was worth that sum, and he feared that his neighbor's necessities had led him to undervalue her. This would be considered a rare kind of honesty at the present day.

In March, 1838, sixty-four members were received to the communion of the church, and during the year ending March, 1839, one hundred and three were added. The church services were attended for a number of years by the fullest congregations, occupying the aisles and pulpit stairs on all occasions of fair weather.



Dr. Beecher to T. Brainerd.

"LANE SEMINARY, May 12th, 1837.

"DEARLY BELOVED AND LONGED FOR :

\*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*

"The reply to the *Princeton Review* is well under way, and will probably be with you in the next *Journal*. I had intended to maintain silence, but when that *Review* came out I determined that longer silence would be a sin, and that the answer to the *Review* should have the light of the antecedent facts shining upon it for public edification. I have made up my mind to endure aggression and slander no longer unanswered.

"Write soon and let me know what are the prospects of the Assembly, so far as you can judge, in the metropolitan city—for a long time the center of mischief—now destined I hope soon to be the radiating center of light and peace and love. Though we feel sadly the want of you here, we hope our loss will in the end be gain to the cause.

"I rejoice to hear of your prosperity and happiness. Love to all the brethren.

"Yours affectionately,

"LYMAN BEECHER."

The summer of 1837 was marked by scenes of outrage and violence in the Southern and Western States. In July, the Rev. Elijah P. Lovejoy, Editor of the *Alton Observer*, was murdered by a mob, for maintaining anti-slavery principles, and his press and office destroyed. His press had been destroyed once before, in St. Louis, on account of his rebukes for the burning to death by the mob of a colored man named McIntosh.

Mr. Lovejoy was personally known to Mr. Brainerd ; and the circumstances of his death excited such indignation and horror that he could not rest without relieving his heart and conscience, by the following communication to the *Cincinnati Journal* :

“Rev. E. P. Lovejoy.

“MR. CHESTER :

“Will you allow me a column of your paper for a few remarks upon the late ‘Alton Massacre?’ The deep interest which I feel in the West, as well as the public relation which I held while conducting your paper for four years, may give me a claim upon the attention of your readers.

“The first emotion felt by the public on this side of the mountains, on hearing of the murder of Lovejoy, was one of deep and universal abhorrence. That a minister of the gospel, in the discharge of what he believed a solemn duty, should be deliberately shot down like a beast, because

‘He knew his rights,  
And knowing dared maintain them,’

was a crime so horrid—so appalling—so extraordinary, in a land of laws and professed liberty, that scarce an editor could be found corrupt and impudent enough to justify or palliate the outrage. I am in the daily habit of glancing over about sixty newspapers in the reading-rooms of this city. Among all these periodicals, I could find but four or five which did not speak out in terms of manly indignation. Among the four or five was the *American Manufacturer*, Pittsburg, the *Paul Pry* (Mrs. Royal’s), Washington, and one in Cincinnati. The indignation seemed to be deep, generous, and universal. No event of the last ten years has excited more attention or called forth more deep execration.

“It cannot be disguised, however, that *now* an effort is making to lessen the sympathy for Brother Lovejoy. It is perceived that his death has gone down to the bottom of society,—that the mass of the community are beginning to inquire whether it is longer expedient to outlaw the

abolitionists, and thus expose *her citizens* to murder, in order to please the holders of slaves.

“To stop this reaction, some editors now affect a holy horror that a minister of the gospel should be found with arms in his hands defending his rights at the peril of his life. They ask if that was consistent with the sacredness of his profession. .

“To them it was no great matter that Brother Lovejoy’s office was invaded—that his press was three times destroyed—that on the Sabbath he should be dragged by ruffians from the arms of his screaming wife—that he should be week after week threatened with death by assassins—that at last, deprived of the protection of law, he should be left at the mercy of a mob, whose approach had been invited by the denunciations of men in high stations—all this is of little consequence. But that Mr. Lovejoy, left in peril of life, property, freedom, and all that is dear to any man, should prepare to defend himself,—is a very bad thing. They say that Jesus Christ did not defend himself—nor did the Christian martyrs.

“Has it come to this, that, in a land professedly free, an apology is to be sought for a mob in taking life, because the victim was unwilling to die unresistingly? Because, in pagan Rome, Christians were covered with the skins of wild beasts, to be devoured by dogs, when resistance would have been unavailing, that therefore every minister of the gospel must bare his throat to every ruffian that thirsts for blood! If public sentiment will not protect ministers in a few expressions of conscientious opinions—and if the guardianship of law is withdrawn from them—does their sacred office forbid them to defend themselves and their families from the assaults of assassins? When the Rev. Dr. Witherspoon signed the Declaration of Independence, and lent to it the persuasion of his eloquence and the power of his great reputation,—when the

pastors of New England, in desperate cases, led their people to the 'tented field,' and to defend all that was dear from a ruthless foe,—they did not imagine that they were building up a government which should remove the *ægis* of its protection from the ministers of Jesus, and then rebuke them for using the poor privilege of lifting their own feeble arms in defense of life.

"It is asked why did not Lovejoy flee from the storm. To what place could he have fled? Had he gone to Cincinnati, would he (with the mob at his heels, and the press encouraging them on) have been safe there? In what place in our land is a good man, who has opposed intemperance, licentiousness, and slavery, safe, if the mob is given to understand that he is left unprotected at their mercy?

"But it is said that Lovejoy had written severe articles. What if he had? Did not the popish press at St. Louis heap upon him every vile epithet adapted to stir up a mob? Did not that press first begin to stir up the multitude by calling him an incendiary? Has not the press, in every part of the Union, loaded the abolitionists with most opprobrious epithets,—accused them, without a shadow of truth, with desiring to excite insurrection, with being traitors to the country? May the mobites and their apologists do all this, and, if the reply is severe, may they, without crime, consummate their injustice, by killing their victims?

"You know I did not approve of the course of Mr. Lovejoy—that I have always stood aloof from the abolition societies—but I never had a doubt of the perfect integrity of Mr. Lovejoy's purposes. I read his paper up to the time, and long after the time, when he took his stand against slavery. His articles were spirited, and sometimes caustic, but not more severe than I always employed in Cincinnati against grog-sellers—and intemper-

ance. They had as good an apology for murdering me as the slaveites had for murdering Lovejoy.

"It is said that Mr. Lovejoy braved public opinion—that he knew a majority disapproved his sentiments, but still persevered. Does not the editor of the *Cincinnati Republican* know, by the result of elections, that a majority of the Cincinnatians are Whigs, and yet no one thinks of murdering him for persevering with his very respectable paper? He writes able and severe articles against the sentiments of the majority—what do they do? attack his press—drag him from his house? No! they rely on Hammond and Conover to answer him.

"Was the grave article in the Constitution of the United States, were the articles in the Constitutions of most of the States, guaranteeing freedom of the press, inserted to tell persons they might echo the opinions of the majority? Were not these designed to guard the rights of a minority? If the people of Illinois have not given their Legislature the right to decide when and where and what a man shall *print*, has the little town of Alton, with its mob, any such authority, that they may justly murder a minister of the gospel to prevent his publishing a *newspaper*?

"These remarks are hastily written, but I could not rest without lending my influence to reprobate the vile act which has stabbed the freedom of the press, and consigned to the grave a minister whose talents, piety, zeal, moral courage, and philanthropy posterity will appreciate.

"Your friend,

"THOMAS BRAINERD.

"PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 12th, 1837."

The General Assembly met in the Seventh Presbyterian Church, Ranstead Court, Philadelphia, on the 17th of May, 1838.

Dr. Beecher, Rev. Edward Beecher, and Rev. Baxter Dickinson came on to the Assembly, and made their home with Mr. Brainerd.

The history of that revolution and of the division of the Presbyterian Church need not be recounted here. Their acts of violence, of wrong, and injustice, "Are they not written in the Book of the Chronicles" of the dismembered church? No one who witnessed them will ever forget the exciting scenes of that period. No one who enjoyed the privilege of hearing the earnest discussions *out of* Assembly, at the dinner and supper table,—with the "speeches continued until midnight,"—will ever willingly obliterate from the memory those eloquent thoughts and words for the right.

All the odium of the antislavery excitement at that time, with exaggerated and unfounded reports of the imprudences of antislavery men, were artfully drawn in and made subservient to the prejudices industriously cultivated toward the New School party. It seemed at one time as though the "powers of darkness" were let loose; for the stormy debates of the Old School Assembly, in doors, were alternated by the incendiary fires and shouts of the mob without, who selected this very time to burn "Liberty Hall," in Sixth Street, where the Antislavery Society were holding a convention, and the "African Hall," in Thirteenth Street—a modest building in which the colored people were allowed to hold meetings for promoting their religious and social interests. The tolling of the State House bell, as an alarm signal, vied with the ringing church bells in calling out their respective forces.

On the night in which the hall in Sixth Street was burned Mr. Brainerd and his guests went out as spectators. Many of the fire companies wholly refused to work, and the hose of such as attempted to save the burning buildings were cut by the mob.



Suddenly a rush was made by the mob, now swelled by thousands of spectators, and everybody was irresistibly borne on with the moving mass. Our four clergymen, who had kept together until now, were separated, and each thrown upon his own skill and forecast for safety. Mr. Brainerd kept sight of Dr. Beecher, and by skillful crowding through two or three squares, they gained the edge of the living mass, and soon extricated themselves and returned home. Mr. Brainerd then became alarmed for the safety of Prof. Dickinson and Edward Beecher, going frequently to the street door to look out for them. When more than an hour had elapsed without their arrival, he said to the Doctor, "Where can Dickinson and Edward be?"

"*Runnin' yet, I guess!*" coolly replied Dr. Beecher, with his ready humor and fearlessness. He made larger allowance for their excitement and curiosity than Mr. Brainerd did. They only remained to see the end, and came in all right about an hour later.

This incendiary spirit continued until one or two churches belonging to the colored people were burned, and various other outrages committed on their property.

The laws of Pennsylvania make the State liable for all damages from mobs. The congregations of these churches commenced an action against the State, and recovered damages to nearly the full amount of their losses.

Mr. Barnes, Mr. Brainerd, and some others sat out the whole trial, in token of their sympathy with the colored people, and to give the weight of their influence to their cause.

After the successful issue of the suit, one of the colored clergymen said to Mr. Brainerd: "Our white brethren were for us what the cotton-bags of New Orleans were for General Jackson,—they gained the day for us."

It is interesting and suggestive to learn the sentiments of clergymen and leading men in regard to the proceedings of the Assemblies of 1837-38:



To Rev. T. Brainerd.

“NEW HAVEN, June 19th, 1837.

“Perhaps you may wish to know what is the opinion here in respect to the proceedings of the late General Assembly of your church. There is but one sentiment in respect to the measures of the Old School; it is that of the deepest surprise. If they wanted ‘division,’ why did they not effect an honorable division, and not attempt to crush their opponents by an illegal assumption of power?

“Dr. Beman has done himself much credit by the very able advocacy which the interests of his party and the cause of truth found in him. Every one here is looking with intense interest at the movements of the New School party.

“As your neck has been under the guillotine, I should like to know how you felt in that predicament.

“D. S. B.”

To T. Brainerd.

“ROME, June 24th, 1837.

\* \* \* \* “I have just returned from our Presbytery, where my heart was made to bleed anew at hearing the report of our delegates from the General Assembly. \* \* \* \* \*

“Our religious papers are now sought with as much avidity, by the enemies of religion, as a political paper is during the heat of a Presidential campaign. We had a very full meeting of Presbytery, all taking a deep interest in the present condition of the church. Our Presbytery are entirely unanimous in their feeling of indignation at the conduct of the majority of the General Assembly, and we are entirely united as to the proper course to be taken at this time. We recommended a convention for the four Synods, to meet at Rochester on the 17th of August next, and we hope there will be a very full and general attendance; and

we trust the Lord will be with us, and give us wisdom in this hour of deep trial, to prepare a way that will make for peace and advance the glory of Christ's kingdom.

"Let me know what has been the influence of the General Assembly in your city, and what abroad.

"B. P. J."

"LANE SEMINARY, May 29th, 1837.

"DEAR BRAINERD:

"I thank you for your short letter, and your filial defense of me against M——.

"In respect to the doings of the Assembly, and the course to be pursued by us, you will see my views in a former letter to Dickinson, which, if needed, I hope he will make known to the brethren.

"You know all about us here, and how things affect us, and I know something about you and the East. I calculate to spend the year to come in writing an exposition and defense of the West, and of myself; for I will not any longer stand still and be misrepresented by those who have given me the right hand of fellowship: and since they refuse to redeem the pledge, God and my own right hand shall be my dependence.

"The Lord preserve you,—and the church and nation and world,—and soon permit us to see better days, is the prayer of your old friend—who is neither scared, nor dead, nor asleep.

"LYMAN BEECHER."

Another Presbyterian clergyman writes, June 16th, 1837: "It would be a sad spectacle to see the Old School party constitute *the Presbyterian Church*; a church so venerable, and covered with so many graces and honors, should not be deserted by its friends in such a time as this."

Mr. Brainerd was not a delegate to the Assembly of 1837—only a "lobby member." He found this responsibility

much harder to bear than though he had been "permitted to *speak for himself*." It was amazing to those acquainted with his nervous temperament, to witness his *external* coolness and restraint. His excitability found a safety-valve, and worked off the extra steam, by giving expression to his feelings—sometimes in "parables," and sometimes in verse. Mr. Brainerd said of himself: "He was a poet made, not born" (and not much of one at that); but he would write in rhyme, on any subject and for any length of time, as readily as in prose.

It was reported that a member of the Old School Assembly, standing in the lobby, swung his hat and gave *three cheers* when the Moderator of the General Assembly announced that three Synods were cut off from the church by a drilled party majority. This incident was signalized by the following paraphrase:

#### THE THREE CHEERS.

What tidings borne upon the breeze  
Excite this boisterous joy;  
What visions bright with power to please  
This Pastor's thoughts employ?

Is't told to him that yet one more  
Of Adam's ruined race  
Hath heard the word, "Go, sin no more;  
You are pardoned by rich grace?"

Or does he hear that far away,  
In distant pagan lands,  
Full beaming in the light of day  
The Cross, just lifted, stands?

Or has he heard that weary Saints  
Have reached the happy shore  
Where Jesus soothes their hearts' complaints  
And bids them "weep no more?"

'Tis naught like these; to his charmed ear  
The word has now been given,  
That, answering to his earnest prayer,  
*The Church of Christ is riven.*

Let *him* rejoice! a thousand tongues  
 Will rend the air with cries;  
 Their father's church, oppressed with wrongs,  
*In broken fragments lies.*

At another time, one of the Southern members, while retailing "*common fame*" against the New York Synods, was asked by a clergyman from that section, if it was possible that he believed such charges, and questioned for his authority. The reply was: "*It is none of your business!*" Such "*Chivalry*" could not remain unsung.

#### CHIVALRY.

With warrior heart, with zeal and flame,  
 I blow the trump of "*Common fame*;"  
 'Tis mine to heed her words, and hurl  
 Her gossip round the Christian world.

Delay me not; I'm charged this day  
 To tattle what this dame may say;  
 The "CONCLAVE" speaks; I see their nod;  
 "Drive out those ministers of God!"

What do I hear? Does some one dare  
 My stories with the *truth* compare?  
 Down, heretic! thy hated form  
 Will stay the progress of *reform*.

You have "*no business*" here to doubt  
 The stories which my dame brings out;  
 Should *truth* appear, 'tis clear as glass  
 The "RESOLUTIONS" would not pass.

On, comrades, on! this is the hour  
 To gain for us the future power.  
 This moment lose; where are ye then?  
*Ye'll never hold this power again!*

We give but one more.

Before the adjournment of the Old School Assembly it was moved to return thanks to God for the "purification of the church."

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

The Popish priests, with thankful tongue,  
Sent up to God their joyful song,  
That Louis' zeal, so stern and true,  
Had sent them "St. Bartholomew."

To these good men 'twas blithesome sport,  
With license just received from court,  
To scour the land, arrest and vex,  
Then murder all the heretics.

To share their fame we stand a chance;  
Our Leader,\* late returned from France;—  
In battles old, in years a youth,  
Shows equal zeal for gospel truth.

To rend the church we hither came;  
To prove our facts, stood "common fame;"  
We've purged the church from its foul blots,  
As Louis did from Huguenots.

Full fifty men, from off this floor,  
We've banished to return no more;  
FIVE HUNDRED brethren with them fall;  
We now shall stand here—*all in all!*

We tried them not; the Yankee elves  
Too well could answer for themselves;  
We sealed their lips, ere they could show  
'Twas outrage base, to treat them so.

Away, away! none dare again  
To say that we have lived in vain;  
When autumn comes PRINCETON will see  
That some of us shall have D.D.!!!

For all the tricks to swell our power,  
For all the triumphs of this hour;  
Before we leave this blessed sod,  
*Our thanks we offer up to God.*

During the spring of 1837, Mr. Brainerd wrote two *Parables*, which were published in the *Philadelphia Ob-*

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\* R. J. B.

server,—the first entitled “*UNCLE PETER’S FARM*,” and the second, “*GENERAL PETER’S WAR*.” As many inquiries were made concerning their authorship, it is not improper, as a record of the times and the man, to notice them here, though somewhat obsolete, as parables themselves are in these latter days.

On publishing the first piece, the Editor says :

“Farmer Jotham has employed the interval between plowing his ground and sowing his oats in writing a parable. He is a shrewd old man, and manifests that he has not been living without taking notice of things as they have occurred. Our young people would be highly amused if they could see the manuscript as sent to us. It looks as if one of the turkeys on his farm had dipped its feet in ink and then walked backward and forward on the paper.\* But this is of no importance. While we perceive that so many ministers and lawyers are miserable scribes, we do not wonder that a plain farmer should be unable to write with the dashing beauty of young men in the counting-house.

“Some affirm positively that the honest farmer has allusion to church affairs ; is exhibiting a picture of the causes of the dissensions prevailing in the Presbyterian Church ; and treads on the toes of some who have exercised a prominence in producing the present unhappy state of things.

“As corn planting is yet a month ahead, we hope Farmer Jotham will not allow his pen to be idle.”

As the “Parables” contained many allusions to persons and incidents unfamiliar to the present generation, which the older class of clergymen only would recognize, we make a few extracts of the most obvious and general features. The first Parable, “Uncle Peter’s Farm,” illus-

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\* Those who have seen Mr. Brainerd’s manuscript, when writing under nervous excitement, will appreciate this description.

trated more especially the case of Rev. Albert Barnes; and the second, "Gen. Peter's War," that of Dr. Lyman Beecher:

"In the year 1792, a healthful old farmer, named Peter, finding that he had 'squatted' on more land than he could cultivate, entered into a negotiation with another farmer who lived east, named Jonathan. Peter proposed that Jonathan, who had more sons than were required at home, should send his younger boys over to aid Uncle Peter in subduing the wilderness. He was the rather inclined to this negotiation, from the fact that Jonathan's sons had a roving tendency, and, as their Uncle Peter had no fee-simple, nor life lease, nor any other legal title to the tract on which he had 'squatted,' they would certainly come and settle whether invited or not.

"Peter knew that the mode in which Jonathan had trained up his sons had been somewhat different from his own plan; but, as they were good farmers, as their fathers before them had been for a century and a half, he thought their little peculiarities were no obstacles to the agreement. At that time the old gentleman's hobby was to subdue the wilderness; and whether Jonathan's sons cut down timber with four-cornered axes or three, he did not care a straw, provided they did good execution.

"The bargain being completed, on the very terms proposed by Peter, Jonathan's sons flocked over in considerable numbers. Peter's sons received them joyfully in the main, though a few were a little sour when they saw that the tools employed by the new-comers were not all in a triangular form.

"Under the labors of the two families united, the 'wilderness' began to 'blossom like the rose.' Each year they held a great meeting, and Peter's heart was made glad by the reports of successful industry, which came in from every quarter.



"A few of Uncle Peter's sons were great friends to 'triangular' implements of husbandry. They wrote much and often upon the superior excellences of this form of axes, spades, and hoes. They persuaded Peter to set up a school for young farmers, and took especial care that all the teachers should have views like their own. They were also accustomed to harp a great deal upon the excellence of Uncle Peter's *fences*; and some thought, if they had the sole management of affairs, they would give up cultivation of the soil, and turn all hands out to make fences, whether any crops were secured thereby or not.

"But for forty years all things went on pretty harmoniously. Uncle Peter grew exceeding wealthy in flocks and herds; and, as he had all the benefits of the labors of Jonathan's sons, he treated them just like his own children. Being a liberal old man, he consented to an arrangement by which another set of nephews should be adopted as his sons. These nephews had quarreled with their father, John Knox, on the other side of the great lake, and '*seceded*' from him, and set up for themselves in Uncle Peter's neighborhood. They had a great many good qualities, for farmers, but had a relish for building strong fences more than for clearing the land. They were also quite irritable, and accustomed to break up into clans, of which their father's family had furnished about half a dozen. They were never in their element so much as when engaged in 'plucking up tares.' Over a single thistle they would hold a solemn council, and spend a whole summer in watching to get at the root, and sometimes trample down a whole field of wheat and corn in the process. They even seemed to rejoice in a *drought*, as it kept down the weeds.

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"One of the best farms in the country wanting an overseer, application was made to a young man named Albert,

to come and cultivate it. Albert was not a son of Jonathan, but he was no friend to triangular lots, with huge fences and no fertility. The sons of John Knox represented the impropriety of allowing Albert to occupy such a central farm. He would lay it out in square lots and set a bad example. A council was held in the family, and it was agreed that unless Albert would consent to have triangular lots, he should not be allowed to come into the neighborhood. A son of John Knox found a four-cornered spade used by Albert in preparing a ‘highway,’ and he determined to make use of it to keep him out of the neighborhood. So he brought it before a stated meeting of the farmers.

“These farmers did not all like the shape of the spade, but they knew that Albert’s venerable predecessor had used such a spade with great effect. Indeed, the old man himself, now past working, came forward and testified, that the spade was, in all respects, adapted ‘for breaking up the fallow ground’ and preparing a ‘highway.’

“Albert was allowed to come; but it grieved these men much, and they determined to bring the matter before a larger meeting of the farmers. It was then decided that Albert should be questioned about the ‘spade.’ Great pains were taken to show that it was the worst spade that was ever constructed.

“Albert, finding that he could not have justice done, determined to appeal to Uncle Peter. When Uncle Peter took his seat in council, how great was the grief and astonishment of the sons of John Knox, generally, to find that the good old gentleman was not at all disposed to molest Albert.

“His opponents professed submission to Uncle Peter, but one of their friends, who was a great WARRIOR, having spent more time in the camp than on the farm, denounced Uncle Peter’s decision to his face.

"Uncle Peter was firm and decided, and there the matter ought to have rested. But though these men had always professed a great respect for Uncle Peter, they now began to ery out that he was crazy; that everything was going to rack and ruin. But they 'scorned to lay hands on Albert alone.' They said they would never rest until Uncle Peter should drive not only Albert, but all his friends, and especially all the sons of Jonathan, out of the territory.

"For four years, successively, they came before Uncle Peter with their complaints, and each time the old gentleman shook his head at them, and more than intimated that, as long as nobody interfered with their mode of farming, they should attend more to their own farms and less to their neighbors.

"But the fifth year they determined to frighten Uncle Peter. So they called a great meeting of their friends, to meet in advance of the regular council, and here they concerted their schemes and entered into Uncle Peter's presence with all their force, threatening to rebel if he did not grant their request.

"Uncle Peter listened to these men with attention, and finally decided that no man could honestly labor on Uncle Peter's farm without using 'triangular' tools. A decision was obtained that Albert should be made an outlaw and be driven from his farm.

"Great was the grief of Uncle Peter at this intelligence. He knew that Albert was a first-rate farmer; that he was industrious in seed-time and harvest—rising early and sitting up late—and as a result of his labors, his farm was as fruitful as any in the neighborhood.

"When Uncle Peter took his seat in council, to hear Albert's appeal, he acquitted him of all blame, and restored him to his farm.

\* \* \* \* \*

"JOTHAM."

A few weeks later the second Parable was published, called "GENERAL PETER'S WAR." After a short introduction, representing the great army moving in battalions, under different leaders, the writer said: "No officer had done more to excite the hopes of his sovereign than General Peter.\* He was ardent in patriotism, unflinching in courage, wise in council, and untiring in perseverance. To him, in connection with four or five other officers, was committed the subjugation of a large western province, of immense territory.

"General Peter laid down the plan of his campaign with great skill. He was careful that his officers should be well instructed in the laws of the kingdom, the terms on which pardon would be granted, and the best mode of bringing rebels to submission.

"He established garrisons in all parts of the country, to keep the rebels in check, and to afford sympathy and protection to all who would return to their allegiance.

"He had enlisted a standing army of more than 200,000 men, organized in 2500 stations, and commanded by more than 2000 skillful officers † He saw, under his influence, many academies for training cadets. In conjunction with General Jonathan, he established a great many military stations in far distant provinces. His officers were so true, and conducted the war with such skill and bravery, that they were more feared by the rebels than the officers of any other division.

"It was just at this period, when the fortifications of General Peter had become invulnerable to every foreign foe, when he was prepared to send out large reinforcements, and make a glorious onset upon his enemies: it was just at this period that *dissension* broke out in the camp.

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\* The Presbyterian Church.

† These are the statistics of 1837.

"General Peter's officers had been so engaged in contending with the common enemy that they had no leisure for personal jealousies. While they were few in number they stood shoulder to shoulder, and acquitted themselves like men.

"When a considerable portion of the country had been subdued, the officers of a certain city began to manifest distrust of their brother officers, and to circulate by mysterious whispers, that there was treason plotting against General Peter.

"They did not pretend that the offending officers were disloyal to their sovereign; they were compelled to admit that the objects of their suspicion were warmly engaged against the enemy; at every point of hardship and of danger the 'suspected' officers had been tried and found faithful, and the sovereign had accepted their services, and granted them many tokens of his favor.

"Perhaps this very success, the number and splendor of their conquests, excited the envy of the more indolent and timid. However this may be, the officers of a certain city sounded the alarm and filled the country with the cry of 'Treason! treason!' They ceased to fight the common enemy, and leveled their muskets at the true friends of their king. \* \* \* \* After shooting at him for a long time from behind the trees, they finally seized an old veteran officer, named Lyman, and brought him before a court-martial. His locks were whitened with age; he had swung the battle-axe upon the walls with giant power for seven-and-thirty years. In the East he had made those quail who undertook to rob Prince Immanuel of his crown and his throne.

"At threescore years of age, hearing that help was needed on the frontier, he struck his tent, shouldered his knapsack, marched a thousand miles to the West, and took his position where he could counsel and cheer the young

officers as they went forth to the battle-field. As he had never used his sword but against the common foe; as he never had 'even fought a duel' with a friend of his king; as he was old and covered with hard-earned laurels, it was hoped he might be unmolested.

"But no; an effort was made to prove him a traitor. The court-martial cleared him. His enemies appealed to General Peter; but the general showed such evident tokens of friendship for the old veteran that his adversaries were afraid and ashamed to confront him in the general's presence. They thought it better to open upon him a fire from behind the breastwork of one of the military academies. This, with the aid of some sharp-shooters in ambuscade, they thought would maim the old soldier, and render him less formidable as a leader.

"The catalogue of crimes of which Major Lyman and his friends are accused is a curiosity:

"1. He has been heard to say that when General Peter's orders differ from the orders of the sovereign, the *latter* must be obeyed.

"2. That while no one could force allies upon General Peter without his consent, yet anybody had a right to send in supplies for his officers, if they saw fit to receive them.

"3. That the strength of the army would be augmented by concert among all the officers, and that the generals would do well to *unite* in the prosecution of the war.

"4. That the standard borne by the army should bear on its folds the name of Prince Immanuel, and not that of General Peter.

"5. As General Peter could not be present in all parts of the country, to direct the mode of attack and defense, he had given discretionary power to his officers to unite in 'voluntary associations' to make inroads upon the enemy.

"6. Major Lyman and his friends had been heard to say that the sovereign *could* save all to whom he *offered* pardon, if they would submit; that when he said he was 'not willing any should perish,' he meant just what he said.

"7. That if a soldier *involuntarily* discharged his gun, he would not be executed for it, unless willful carelessness could be proved.

"8. That though a child might often suffer necessarily the consequences of his father's rebellion, yet no child was to have its brains dashed out deliberately and specifically as a punishment for having had a rebellious father.

"9. That the king never chopped off the legs of a child as a penalty for his father's sins, and then caused him to be whipped because he could not march with the army.

"10. That no rebel would be subjected to *extraordinary* punishment for not accepting a pardon when no provision had been made for his forgiveness by the king.

"11. That Lyman and his associates had been known to hold a conflict with the enemy in the open field on the frontiers, instead of bringing them into the forts to be subdued.

"12. That Lyman and his friends had the folly to challenge the enemy to *immediate* submission, instead of asking him to 'delay and use the means' to lay down the weapons of his rebellion.

"13. That Lyman and his friends sometimes held a 'protracted' battle with the rebels, and vanquished them outright, instead of giving them a breathing time of six days out of seven.

"14. That Lyman and his friends sometimes brought a *hundred* rebels to submission in a week, instead of subduing them *singly*, at periods 'few and far between.'

"15. But the greatest crime of Lyman and his friends was this: when General Peter came to them for counsel



they gave it according to their ability. It was said that General Peter had no right to take counsel of any of his officers except the professors in the military academy.

"For this, and like offenses, Lyman and his friends are declared 'outlaws' and 'rebels.'

"His opponents will have no 'compromise.' They have called a mutinous council to devise the best mode to maim and cripple a large number of the sovereign's subjects,—a council to divide and weaken the power of the army."

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In an article written fifteen years later [1852], Mr. Brainerd says: "Having revolutionized a church under the forms of ecclesiastical law, then seized its charter and its funds by the force of a mere majority, they cannot satisfy their own consciences, or the sense of justice in the world at large, but by striving to believe, and constantly repeating the charges in which their acts of violence first found apology. \* \* \* \* \*

"Like our brethren in the Free Church of Scotland, we have met and safely passed a most fearful and trying crisis in our church. Like that noble body of men, we were forced by principle to give up rights in the church which we loved. Like them, we relinquished to other hands the seminaries we had aided to endow. Not alone our Presbyterian fidelity, but our honesty as men, our soundness as theologians was denounced by church authority, echoed by the approbation of church institutions fed by our charity, and periodicals conducted by professors elevated by our votes. \* \* \* \* \*

"But it is with us a proud consideration that almost a moiety of the Presbyterian ministry—some thirteen or fourteen hundred—in that storm of obloquy and wholesale excisions, stood firm by their principles. Among these men we delight to record such names as those of Richards, Hillyer, Fisher, Duffield, Beecher, Mason, Cle-

land, Blackburn, Cathcart, Nelson, Hill, and Anderson. Some of these are historic names, and they are all worthy to be placed by the side of the Chalmerses, the Cunninghams, the Welshes, and the Candlishes of the exiled Church of Scotland.

"It was predicted that without the cohesive attraction of their more orthodox brethren their union would be a rope of sand. Each successive General Assembly was pronounced the last that could be held. But these modern prophets consulted their hopes rather than the signs of the times. It was not likely that men who had suffered so much for principle would hold lightly by either truth or the order of the church; and hence, after a quarter century, in the body with which we are connected, no man has moved to alter a tittle of the Confession of Faith or an essential principle of Presbyterian Church government.

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"There is not a minister of our body who does not love and cherish the Westminster Confession of Faith as the best human delineation of Biblical theology; while all are prepared to bow, implicitly and finally and fearlessly, before the only infallible standard—the WORD OF GOD. '*Our church standards as symbols for union, but the Bible for authority,*' is the motto of our denomination.

"As we love the Westminster Confession of Faith and the Catechisms, we stand ready to vindicate them from Arminian, Socinian, and infidel assaults, on the one side, as well as Antinomian glosses on the other."

While sympathy and fellowship with the orthodox churches of New England were represented as among the heinous offenses of the New School, several cases occurred during Mr. Brainerd's ministry in Philadelphia, of Congregational clergymen being settled over *Old School* Presbyterian Churches,—all unshriven of their "Congregational" sins.

It was observable, too, that the "separated brethren" eagerly availed themselves of every opportunity to secure the charge of prosperous churches in the other division, without any conscientious scruples about joining a New School Presbytery, or misgivings in regard to the theological soundness of the body whose alliance they sought.

It seems incredible even now, after only thirty years, that good men in the nineteenth century could be excited to such opposition and arrayed against each other with such bitterness on such untenable grounds: not on points concerning the great vital doctrines of Christianity, in which they were fully agreed, but abstruse speculations on the extent of man's natural ability to obey the commands of God; the imputation of Adam's sin; how far the atonement is available for those who will not accept of it—subjects on which no two men, probably, ever thought alike, nor any one man ever held the same views for two years in succession. Yet some men expended all their strength in endeavors to crowd the best workmen from the field, and silence the lips of the most persuasive Christian teachers; holding back the Whitfields and the Beechers, because in every variety of thought, or minutia of plan, they "followed not us."

That "the angels desire to look into these things," and have been occupied for more than six thousand years in the investigation without fathoming their exhaustless mysteries, implies something a little too deep for any self-constituted pope or autocrat to define with bars and limits. Milton's fallen spirits

"Reasoned high  
Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate;  
*Fixed fate, f, ee will,*\* foreknowledge absolute;  
And found no end, in wandering mazes lost."

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\* "*Decrees*" and "*ability*."

And one hundred years hence the division of the Presbyterian Church will be classed with the intolerance which imprisoned Galileo for daring to imagine that the world was round and moved, and by rewarding Columbus with irons for opening the unlimited wealth of the New World to Catholic Europe.

The two parties are like the banks which line and hold in the same river; running parallel all the way; sustaining the same relation to the life-giving waters which flow pure and healthful between them, and yet remaining on *opposite* sides.

Mr. Brainerd believed that Calvinism was logical, expansive, progressive; and not the illiberal, narrow, bigoted system represented by its enemies. He held that Calvin emancipated the Christian world from the popish despotism which forbids a man to use his own reason and common sense—encouraging the very spirit of liberty to discuss all points of doubtful theology; confirming to every one the privilege of *digging deep* for the “wells” of truth, from which “to draw the waters of salvation.”

With these views he always insisted that we were truer Presbyterians—better Calvinists—than the Old School, according to “THE BOOK.” His early residence and acquaintance with the clergymen of Western and Northern New York; his subsequent life in Cincinnati, during the fiercest period of the conflict; his large acquaintance with the churches throughout Kentucky and the Western States, together with the local information gained through the press, by newspaper exchanges, as editor, furnished Mr. Brainerd with a more accurate statistical knowledge of the condition of the church at large than was possessed, probably, by any other man of the same age. With a comprehensive observation, quickened, perhaps, by a sense of injustice, he kept a close watch of the churches, East and West, North and South, in both divisions. He had a large

number of personal friends in the Old School branch, many of whom continued to be life-friends—such as President John C. Young, of Kentucky. President Young visited him in Philadelphia, when a delegate to the Old School Assembly there; and together they discussed the wrongs and mistakes of the past in a fraternal spirit.

Every instance of irregularity or disorder which came to his knowledge (and they were not a few) was found in Old School churches; while the New School pastors, made more circumspect by the unfounded charges brought against them, were careful to “avoid even the appearance of evil”

The defects in the Old School division consisted mainly in negligences and imprudences—such as admitting members to the communion of the church in a hasty and un-presbyterial manner; examining them for admission on the day of communion, or on their first expression of religious interest—this mode becoming habitual, where no emergency of sickness or necessary absence furnished an apology for it; neglect and carelessness in teaching the catechism to the children of the church; with other defects of like nature. In a communication on this point, Mr. Brainerd says: “After having often witnessed the high-pressure excitements of our separated brethren in some parts of the country,—with their anxious-seats, their conversions overnight and admissions to the church in the morning, their lax discipline and low moral standard,—we *are amazed* to hear *them* echo the cry of ‘*new measures and disorder.*’

“In Western New York, which has been so often represented as desolated by fanaticism, there will be found a higher standard of ministerial qualification, a more thorough pulpit instruction in Calvinistic theology, a larger attendance upon the means of grace, a more thorough examination for admission to church privileges, a more effective

discipline, as well as more regard to Sabbath-keeping and temperance, than in the best districts cultivated by our separated brethren."

In his own church, in Philadelphia, Mr. Brainerd encouraged rewards in the Sabbath-school to such children as committed perfectly to memory the Assembly's catechism ; and in one of the mission-schools, established by the young men of his church, those who best understood the catechism were promoted to the "Banner class," which bore for its motto, "HOLD FAST THE FORM OF SOUND WORDS."

This is *history* ; and the recital of it no more opposes a perfect "*reunion*" than the facts of our late appalling civil conflict nullify

"The awful victory we have won,"

and the lasting peace it will purchase.

The ecclesiastical, like the civil conflict, was a warfare with brethren ; and the reunion of both will be more firmly cemented than ever when "Righteousness and Peace have kissed each other."

The lives of these men cannot be written without "calling to remembrance the former days," and the "great fight of afflictions" through which they passed, any more than the history of our country can be written without recording the terrible strife from which it has just emerged. Both have come out purer and brighter, and stand on a higher platform to-day for their fiery trials.

It is cause of profound gratitude, that a younger class of clergymen can see above the clouds of battle, as the smoke clears away, and shake hands for the coming centuries.

No man would have rejoiced more intensely over the consummation of Reunion ; no man would have labored harder for it than Dr. Brainerd. Appointed Chairman of the first Committee to open "fraternal correspondence" with the other branch in 1849 ; and again in 1866, of the

first committee on Reunion; it would seem as though he had participated in forming the "BASIS OF UNION" when he wrote, seventeen years before, as defining the position of the New School division: "OUR CHURCH STANDARDS AS SYMBOLS FOR UNION, BUT THE BIBLE FOR AUTHORITY, is the motto of our denomination."

Nor does it appear unwarrantable to believe that the brethren who have been "elected" to "The General Assembly and Church of the First Born" have shared with those on earth in the joy and glory of the reunited church—Dr. Duffield and Dr. Junkin, John M. Krebs and Thomas Brainerd.

Dr. Beecher to T. Brainerd.\*

"LANE SEMINARY. Nov. 19th, 1838.

"DEAR BROTHER:

\* \* \* \* \*

"The trial by jury may be for the best, as it will give us the benefit of public sentiment, sympathy, persecution, abhorrence of despotic ecclesiastical power, and a jealous vigilance against the beginning of ecclesiastical monopolies of legislative, judicial, and executive power, with the power of the purse and secular patronage;—the true origin of the papal power. It will also approximate in feeling more to a court of equity, and give our evidence and argument a larger sweep.

"It must not be forgotten neither, that in high church Episcopacy and high church Methodism there is a lust of power and dominion not unlike to that claimed by our high church; and if there be any danger from the jury, it lies here, and should be guarded against by our counsel, if it can be. The opposing counsel, certainly, will neglect no

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\* This letter refers to the lawsuit in the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, in regard to the constitutionality of the New School division, involving questions of church property.



such advantage in forming the jury if it lies within the reach of their dexterity, and our counsel must not sleep over the subject.

“The claims of parliamentary and judicial power, and their carrying out in their ‘Acts,’ is blown to atoms by ‘Historicus,’ and needs no funeral oration, there being nothing left to bury. It is a claim of perfect, despotic, irresponsible power, sustained by no vestige of evidence, and contradicted by omnipotent documentary evidence. It destroys Presbyterianism in the fundamental right of appeal. The Poles might as well appeal to Nicholas, as New School minorities to the Old School Assembly. The greatest danger I apprehend, lies in the reiterated claim of genuine Presbyterianism by the Old School, connected with the greatness of the loss to them if that law should take its course. To obliterate this :

“1. The evidence of early and constant plans of union.

“2. That Congregational and Presbyterian ministers were the primary elements of American Presbyterian churches ; and as much genuine sons of the church as those born in Scotland or the metropolitan city. A second obliterator is, that their peril is of their own creation, in attempting to subvert our rights,—the pit their own hands have digged,—and, therefore, if one or the other must fall into it, it should be those who dug it.

“3. The whole of this impression is removed by the consideration that our claims, sustained, do not exclude them if they choose to adhere to the constitutional church. We have not accused them of heresy, or instituted vexatious trials, or declared them out of the church, avowedly to give us the power to control and despoil them. We shut not the door of the church against them. We only claim a constitutional organization to protect our rights, and theirs too, if they choose to avail themselves of it.

The confirmation of our constitutional organization will not disfranchise them, if they choose to 'abide in the ship;' and only on their voluntary abandonment of the church.

"There is another reason for an unflinching, straight course, if it fall on our side, which is, that it is the direct road to peace; to prevent the disastrous division and rending of families, churches, and Presbyteries even now begun; and to unite more than three-fourths of the entire church in firmer, sweeter bonds of love and concord than before. The ultras, if they go off, will be few, and leave the church at rest. If they come in, they return defeated and shorn of power and influence to kindle up the fires of contention again; and we may calculate on 'peace as a river,' till the millennial day.

\* \* \* \* \*

"The plea of numbers will be relied on some; but theirs is a majority created by their own unconstitutional action; by their monopoly of the discipline and patronage of the church, and by that reckless, daring violence and courtly management which make the ambitious and the timid, who in fact are with us, halt between two. For five years out of seven we had majorities. In thirty-seven we were a majority of the whole church, had we been represented; and if all who disapprove of the whole persecuting course, and would willingly walk with us in love and fellowship, are included, we should constitute three-fourths of the entire church, especially if those who have gone against us on account of slavery are struck off. But after all, majorities do not make right or determine law; and will not, I am persuaded, be allowed in our case to do so.

"All quibbling about our heresy and reference to doctrine is shut out by the repeated acquittals by large major-

ities of the greatest alleged heretics, including the votes of Old School men, and by our repeated public adhesion to the Confession.

"This is all, doubtless, familiar to our counsel, and yet, if you think it proper, I shall be glad to have these suggestions submitted to their consideration, praying most devoutly that the Head of the church may guide and sustain them in their effort to secure the right, and restore the peace and prosperity of the Presbyterian Church. It is in the hands of God and able counsel, and I leave it. But however it goes, our counsel have no fears for Lane in a trial in Ohio

"Yours,

"L. BEECHER."

## CHAPTER IX.

### PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS—EVENTS OF PASTORAL LIFE— ANECDOTES.

THOSE best acquainted with Mr. Brainerd were the most impressed with the frankness and transparency of his character. There was a child-like simplicity about him which revealed his thoughts almost unconsciously to himself. He was utterly unable to conceal his feelings, even where a wise policy might justify such concealment. Approbation or displeasure, respect or contempt, joy or grief, flashed out in his face before his voice could give its corroborative testimony to his feelings.

Naturally very impulsive and quick-tempered, he often said no one but himself knew the efforts he made for self-control, nor the pain he endured over his ill success. His language was always the exponent of his heart and his conscience.

Possessed of a highly nervous temperament, with great conscientiousness, he easily fell into morbid views of religious experience, such as characterized David and John Brainerd. His standard was so far above human attainment that, like Paul, he "counted not himself to have apprehended" the measure of his duty or the proofs of his acceptance. When his health faltered, or his plans for usefulness were obstructed, if he could not overcome the obstacles, he became mentally depressed. Always working under high-pressure, he suffered the natural reaction in nervous prostration. It was very common for him to

feel and say, after a most successful enterprise or a long-continued revival, "that this was his *last* work—that he felt his time was short—that he must set his house in order,"—with like expressions. His friends sometimes endeavored to banter him out of these moods; but soon found the surest course was to get him off on a journey, and with a few days or weeks of recreation, under the influence of new scenes and climate, he would return as fresh and vigorous as ever, and work on for another year without once recalling his apprehensions.

The development of fraud, treachery, or injustice, roused Mr. Brainerd to great indignation; and for offenders in these respects his eyes and words meted out no gentle measure of retribution. He frequently regretted his impulsive severity afterward, feeling that the rebuke exceeded the magnitude of the offense.

He never fostered ill feelings or retained a grudge against an opponent; but when the occasion of dissent was passed, would renew the former kindness of intercourse; often with surprise to find it coldly received.

After he had been settled about three years in Philadelphia, a contributor to the newspaper press amused himself and the community by writing spirited sketches of public men in the city, both of the bar and the pulpit, which were published in the secular papers. As wise people know what degree of allowance to make for these pen pictures, we prefer to give the testimony of outside witnesses, as free from the imputation of that partiality which insensibly clings to the record of interested friends.

**"Pencilings of the Pulpit."—No. 5.**

REV. MR. BRAINERD.

"The celebrity which Mr. Brainerd enjoyed as a preacher preceded him from Cincinnati to this city, and raised high expectations here of his talents and his manly eloquence.

Few who have listened to him have been disappointed in their anticipations; and his congregation only grow more attached to him as they know him better.

“The personal appearance of Mr. Brainerd is, in the pulpit, remarkably fine. His face is frank and intellectual, with an eye of much power, and a commanding brow. He does not, however, avail himself of his appearance to become a master in action, but rather affects the calm, impassioned gestures of a lecturer in a synagogue. On rising, he adjusts his manuscript carefully before him, places his hands at convenient distances on each side of the pulpit cushion, and thus resting upon them, scans the audience with a searching glance, and plunges at once into the middle of his subject, never relieving himself from his easy, though awkward posture, except to enforce some striking truth by a sudden, impassioned motion of the hand. It is only some startling thought, some lofty idea, or some resistless argument, which breaks in upon ‘the even tenor of his way.’

“Far different is the style of Mr Brainerd’s oratory. If his gestures are uncouth, his rhetoric is by no means like them. In fact, the whole of his power, as a speaker, consists in the *matter* rather than the *manner* of his sermons. His efforts, judged as compositions, would rank high in the scale of mind, and call down praises from the keenest critic or the most unflinching enemy of written sermons. It is a style peculiar to himself, distinguished by mingled logic and declamation; full, flowing, and rich, with little rant and no tinsel; slightly antithetical, but never artificial; condensed at times, but diffuse when necessary; full of sound logic, and kindling with feeling; strong, impassioned, argumentative, unanswerable;—it sweeps down upon the reason and the heart together, rolls resistlessly across the mind, and whirls away with it the thousand excuses of the hearer. Few men weld argument and ap-

peal so powerfully together ; and few men enforce their argument with such labor and research. All that ancient history affords, all that Biblical criticism has discovered, is brought in to uphold his positions, until the mind staggers under the accumulated testimony ; our convictions yield, our opinions take color from his own, and we wonder that we never before saw the subject in so strong a light. Nor does he pause in this compact and glowing strain of argumentation. Each link is welded into the other, and the whole is riveted together with consummate strength. From the first sentence to the last, one universal truth pervades the whole ; and, though a score of lesser ones arise and are illustrated in the course of his remarks, they all tend to establish the one great idea, and lend their influence to impress it at last upon the mind. As the lens concentrates the scattered rays upon a focus, so each separate idea is brought forcibly to bear upon one point. This is the great secret of powerful oratory ; by it not a thought is lost, but even the idlest illustration is made to tell. It is gathering the electric fluid into one burning chain ; it is pouring a hundred rills into one mighty river.

“The voice of Mr. Brainerd is strong, sweet, almost musical. Some of its intonations are peculiarly fine, and remind us of the deep breathings of an organ. Few but admire the elocution, though scarcely any praise the action of the speaker. We trust, by improving one without lessening the other, he will win for himself his proper station as a pulpit orator. Most men may acquire gesture, but Heaven only endows the mind.”

This sketch was published in the fall of 1839 ; and its truthfulness can be attested or disproved by his numerous hearers through his long ministry. Mr. Brainerd was perfectly conscious of his defects of manner. He was naturally diffident, and could never feel perfectly at ease



before an audience. He had a great contempt for coxcombry in the pulpit; and it was easy for him to forget himself when absorbed in his great subjects. Yet he was not insensible to the advantages of a thorough physical and elocutionary training for a public speaker. Rev. Thornton A. Mills, who succeeded him in the Fourth Church of Cincinnati, visited Philadelphia in the spring of 1839, and occupied the pulpit in the morning, while Mr. Brainerd preached in the afternoon. When they reached home, Mr. Mills said, playfully :

“ Brainerd, you haven't improved a bit since you left Cincinnati. Why don't you throw away that paper and *reel it off to them*, as you did at the West ? ”

Mr. Brainerd preached extemporaneously half of the time, but he found the habit of writing one sermon a week of great service to him, notwithstanding Brother Mills' opinion.

City congregations scatter during the summer, especially Philadelphia congregations. Being too far inland for the benefit of sea-breezes, with the surrounding country very level, it is an exceedingly hot city from the middle of June to the middle of September. Every one who can, endeavors to get away for a season ; returning leisurely through September and October. This makes the winter the working season for city ministers, and the spring communion the period of their gathered harvest. Every year of Mr. Brainerd's ministry was more or less marked by special religious interest during the winter ; and as he never spared himself, but worked to the utmost limit of his strength, he almost invariably suffered, from the reaction of this protracted mental excitement, by nervous prostration. A season of rest and relaxation was needful to restore the tone of his nerves and spirits.

Shortly after the March communion of 1839, Dr. Thomas H. Skinner, of New York, came to Philadelphia, in very

much the same physical condition as Mr. Brainerd, and from the same cause.

He persuaded Mr. Brainerd to go with him to his native place, Edenton, N. C., for their mutual benefit; and they left Philadelphia on the 8th of April, reaching Edenton, by steamboat and railway, on the 10th. The region was new, and Mr. Brainerd enjoyed the visit greatly. His letters home will give the best report of his impressions.

“EDENTON, N. C., April 11th, 1839.

“Here I am four hundred miles south from Philadelphia. We reached this place last evening, and I found the journey here very pleasant. Dr. Skinner is excellent company. The family consists of his brother, J. B. Skinner, Esq., and his only daughter. They live in princely style, and are fine specimens of Southern hospitality. To-day we rode five miles on horseback to a fishing-place, where I saw five thousand herrings caught at one haul.” \* \*

“EDENTON, April 16th, 1839.

“Up to last Sabbath I felt no improvement in my health, but I am now radically better. I have been constantly riding out with Dr. Skinner to see his friends. They give him everywhere a most hearty welcome. Life here is different from anything which I have seen before.

“Last Sabbath I heard Dr. Skinner in the morning, and heard the Methodist minister preach to slaves in the afternoon. The church was given up to them. About fifty received the communion of the Lord’s Supper. They seemed happy, and were orderly.

“There are large fishing-places five miles from us, on Albemarle Sound. I have seen three draughts of from four to ten thousand each,—shad, herring, catfish, rockfish, sturgeon. We have had every variety of fish, dressed in fine style.” \* \* \* \* \*

In the evening Dr. Skinner and Mr. Brainerd attended a prayer-meeting with the slaves. One old colored man thanked the Lord that they had been spared "to see *young Massa Tom* come home once more!" Dr. Skinner carried out this impression, by running over the place with a boy's enthusiasm, to show Mr. Brainerd where he "snared rabbits," and carried on various achievements of juvenile adventure.

When they returned to the North, two pretty little *white* slave girls, with blue eyes and brown hair, were placed under their charge to be sent to school in New England; this being the only mode by which, thirty years ago, their emancipation and education could be secured. So far as good looks, becoming dress and deportment were concerned, these children might have passed for their own through the whole homeward route.

At the March communion of 1840, Mr. Brainerd received eighty-four new members to the church—seventy-eight of them on profession. During the three years and one month of his ministry here, three hundred and nineteen persons were added to the church. One hundred and three were received in the year 1838. The church-meetings were uniformly crowded, so that the aisles and pulpit steps were occupied in all seasons of fair weather.

Clinton Street Church about this time was advertised for sale at public auction, and was in danger of passing from the denomination. Rev. Anson Rood and Mr. Brainerd bid it in for thirty thousand dollars, without having a single dollar wherewith to meet the purchase. They made great efforts to collect this large sum of money in the ten days of grace allowed them, and succeeded. It might almost be said that Mr. Brainerd worked day and night for this object; for he spoke out in his sleep very distinctly one night, saying, "*Thy money perish with thee!*" After being roused to a consciousness of this apos-

tolie abjuration, and enjoying a laugh over it, he said he was dreaming that a rich man refused to give him a donation for Clinton Street Church, after he had exhausted every argument in his appeal for it.

From Dr. Lyman Beecher.

"LANE SEMINARY, May 23d, 1840.

"MY DEAR BROTHER:

"I expect to be with you about the 28th of June, to attend to matters far and wide, at the East, essential to the prosperity of Lane Seminary and the constitutional church.

"Our cause, I see, is rising in Pennsylvania, and everywhere at the East. It would rise still faster and more powerfully here if we had (as we once had) a supply of ministers, and if we could have a fair portion of Eastern patronage in students. But what Breckenridge said he wished to do, he seems to have done, by the quarrel in our church, viz., to tie up the jugular vein between New England and the West. The benevolent, brotherly, paternal, and missionary feeling of ministers and churches has almost expired, and the work of charity and prayer of fifty years is left to take care of itself. \* \* \* \*

"Now, if in the Presbyterian Church and in New England the ministers and churches help us, our cause will go beyond measure; but if the missionary feeling for the West cool down, other denominations—Campbellites, and all sorts of '*ites*,' will occupy the ground. You know that the New School have been God's pioneers in laying foundations and building up the permanent Christian institutions of the West. And you know how immeasurably important it is that we hold our own, and move on in this work to its consummation. If Lane Seminary receives, the coming year and hereafter, a cordial patronage in students, the great course of events will soon roll on rapidly and with irresistible power; but if a temporary derelict-

tion betide us, a reverse such as you dream not of—and for which no place for repentance will be found—is at the door. I am coming on to tell you more than I can write, and more than my heart can hold. We have gained the battle completely at the West, prospectively, if we are sustained; and have lost it, too, if we are not. And all now needed to secure the labors of half a century, is but the dust of the balance to what has been done. Shall it be lost,—the building,—for want of its finishing? the ship,—in sight of harbor,—for a momentary effort of great ease and certain success?

“Lane Seminary is the Gibraltar of the West. It can, with Eastern and Western patronage united, pour out a powerful supply, augmenting every year, till other institutions are needed and arise; and a small general effort will give us free course forever.

“The additional subject I alluded to is my own support. By economy, and the liberality of my own people, I have got along to this time. Now, if I can secure six hundred dollars for one or two years, if needful, I can get along, and if I cannot gather some such temporary aid, I see not how I can stagger under double labor and poverty beside; and if I should stop, as there is now no income to my professorship, I know not who could go through the course of labor through which God has been pleased to sustain me, or how my place could be supplied.

“God has been favorable to us in the Second Church the past winter; and the last two months has brought in almost the whole circle of my most important young families. This makes three revivals which I have superintended the three last successive years,—during which years I have lectured six times a week, and preached five times, and often six, besides parochial visits.\* If my mind

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\* Dr. Beecher was at this time sixty-five years of age.

is free from secular embarrassment, I may last some years longer; but I know how much I can bear, and when, if the cord be pressed farther, it will break.

"So you see I am coming to you, my son and friend, who have so often and nobly stood by me and the cause, to appeal once more to your heart and head, and probably for the last time it will ever be needful.

"Please reply to this, and by all means let me know that you will be glad to see me; and that you think you can gather up crumbs enough from all your tables to feed me for a season while I work for the Lord and his church.

"Affectionately yours,

"LYMAN BEECHER."

Dr. Beecher's visits to Philadelphia, when he always made his home with Mr. Brainerd, were seasons of great social enjoyment and intellectual *holidays*. The love and reverence with which he was regarded made labor and sacrifices in his behalf not only light, but a positive pleasure. In reply to one of Dr. Beecher's letters, about this time, Mr. Brainerd says: "In all my acquaintance with men, I have known but one to whom I could be subordinate with pride, and with and for whom I could cheerfully suffer persecution. Doctor, you have had many bitter assailants; it will do you no harm to receive these assurances of love and veneration from one who knows your private character as well as your public services."

From Rev. Lyman Beecher.

"CINCINNATI, Feb. 1841.

"DEAR BRAINERD:

"My return by Philadelphia was prevented by paternal obligation to visit my children on the Northern route; and this long silence has been caused, you know how, by six lectures a week and four sermons, care of the seminary and

of the church, weddings, funerals, Presbyteries, Synods, which have left me scarcely time to eat, and none at all in the daytime to sleep.

"Our concerns at the West are, I think, convalescent; 'bone is coming to its bone,' and the constitutional body is approximating to compactness, animation, and vigor. The incubus is off at length from Kentucky; and as soon as she can command a supply of efficient ministers, she will make a noble development of vigor and zeal, and become one of the best of the Western States, especially when the incubus of slavery is thrown off, which is an event rapidly approaching.

"The seminary is more and more appreciated as a heart of power to our church, and securing the confidence and patronage of ministers and churches, and of the young men, whether Old School or New, and without respect to antislavery affinities or repellencies. \* \* \*

"Nothing possible to be done by me to keep the channel open and the flood rolling in and the stream rolling out to make glad the West shall be omitted. Having first given my own self and all my Eastern associations, money is nothing. But the diversion of my funds has brought me to the place where, without some help from my friends, I shall be sorely pressed, for my necessities just now are no fiction.

"We have now twenty students for whom we have not been able to make out half the annual appropriation. The young men stand poverty and short living and short clothing nobly, rather than to break away from their studies; and the estimation of a thorough course, and a determination if possible to secure it, we rejoice to see increasing.

"And now, dear brother, you have all my heart in your hands, with such a fullness of affection and confidence and comfort as is afforded by few, since so many much-loved ones have gone to heaven, and some that remain have dis-



appointed and abused my confidence. But I am neither misanthropic, nor melancholy, nor weary in the work of the Lord, but thankful that He continues as yet my powers of mind and body, and am determined to consecrate to his service the whole of what remains of heart and soul and time and strength. One thing I do feel most deeply—the absence of counsels and co-operation of personal friends. But we cannot all be together in this world, and it is better to serve Christ than to enjoy one another. I keep watch of your movements, and rejoice in your prosperity.

“LYMAN BEECHER.”

From the same.

“WALNUT HILLS, May 9th, 1841.

“I sympathize with you in anxiety about the coming Assembly. Though I am opposed to ultra measures, I fear the course some propose, to ‘leave slavery to politics and God’s providence, without marring every meeting of Assembly,’ would lead to the most ultra measures possible; I mean the disruption of a large portion of our Western Church, with a sad rending of many churches in both divisions. If the memorials and petitions that will come before you are met with coldness or evasion,—if the leading brethren in New York and Philadelphia, instead of conservative, mediatorial influence between the two extremes, rather amalgamate with the Southern policy of ‘letting alone,’ there is, in my belief, an avalanche tottering on the brink, such as you are not aware of, which will thunder down. There are multitudes of our best ministers and churches that will abide as long as there is any hope that the Assembly will do something, and who, if nothing is done, will, I believe, abandon our church. I think they will err in judgment, but that they will do so I cannot doubt, if they are met by an augmented *do nothing* party in alliance with the South.

"I think it were better if they would allow 'the Earth to help the woman,' by allowing the wrath of men in politics to work out the righteousness of God, and much more, to await the antislavery movement at the South, which with great power is moving and cannot be stopped.

"I do think that discussion enough on the moral and religious merit of slavery has been had, and resolutions enough repeated; but I do think that in the form of a pastoral letter an argument for temporary forbearance on both sides might be written, which would have a soothing, Christian influence, much better than any possible resolutions or action. In fact, there is now no difficulty, if the parties will only stand still and see the salvation of God, which is coming to our aid rapidly and powerfully. It will be suicidal to throw ourselves into confusion and destruction just when God is rushing to our aid.

"I have written merely to satisfy my own conscience and be able to say I have done what I could.

"Yours affectionately,

"LYMAN BEECHER."

These letters contain so much history of the struggles of those years of travail that they ought not to be suppressed.

In the spring of 1842 Mr. Brainerd visited Cincinnati. In writing home, under date of April 13th, 1842, he says:

"I reached this place yesterday. I met a warm reception at Judge Burnet's, and, as yet, have been nowhere else, except to visit my old house. This morning I shall go up to see Dr. Beecher." \* \* \* \* \*

"April 16th. Wednesday, I spent the morning in calling upon some old friends, who all seemed glad to see me. In the afternoon I rode out to Fulton, where I was first settled. Here I raised a great excitement. The old ladies all cried over me, and my friends seemed to be as warm in

their love as ever. Indeed, I think the old church of Fulton embraces the most attached friends I ever yet made. More than a dozen inquired if I was not ready to come back. They told me of old times and other days, until years seemed to be almost annihilated.

"Last evening they all collected in the old church, when I talked to them for an hour. I have a good horse at my disposal, and I ride about to all my old haunts. My mind, hitherto, has been kept cheerful, though some sadness is mingled with the thoughts of other days. I see great changes, physical and moral; and I find that I myself am greatly changed. \* \* \* \* \*

"Mrs. Burnet is still to me all that she was in days gone by."

After his return home, Mr. Brainerd received another invitation to take charge of a new church enterprise in St. Louis, backed by an urgent letter from Dr. Artemus Bullard, from which the following extract is made:

"St. Louis, May 12th, 1842.

"DEAR BROTHER BRAINERD:

"The Third Church, recently formed in this city, is composed of a large share of my best and most active members. They wish to obtain one of the best ministers in the land for their pastor. They should have such a pastor. In no place in the land could such a man do more good. They will proceed at once to build a large house, and will be one of the largest churches in this city.

"Our city has more than doubled its inhabitants during the four years I have been here. I would rejoice to have you a co-laborer in this city.

"Will you write me immediately, letting me know whether you *could* be induced, on any conditions, to come and be the pastor of this church?

"They are in great haste; and if you cannot, under any

circumstances, come yourself, can you name a good man who would probably come? I cannot tell you how important it is that they should have a first-rate pastor soon.

“Your affectionate brother,

“A. BULLARD.”

Mr. Brainerd had been settled only five years in Philadelphia, and he was not a man to make easy changes. He said he could not keep his heart on a *swivel*, to be turned by every influence. So this proposition was again declined.

The next June Mr. Brainerd went as a delegate to the General Conference of Maine, which met at Portland. He attended the General Association of Massachusetts at Westboro', near Boston, the week following, stopping two days at Wilton, N. H., where he assisted to build up a little church in his student days, and then made a short visit to Andover, and addressed the Sabbath-school of which he was formerly the superintendent.

In connection with the business of the General Conference of Maine the usual spring anniversaries of the religious societies were held. At one of these, the Maine Missionary Society, Mr. Brainerd made a speech. He always had a horror of *high* pulpits. Suffering as he did from vertigo while speaking, a high pulpit invariably aggravated this uncomfortable symptom. Observing that the pulpit in the church where the anniversaries were held was an old-fashioned one of more than ordinary elevation, Mr. Brainerd declined going into the pulpit, and made his address on the platform in front of it. In the newspaper report of the anniversaries, it was said, “The Rev. Mr. Brainerd of Philadelphia, with a *modesty truly prepossessing*, declined to enter the pulpit, making his speech on the platform below it”

This report, copied into the New York *Evangelist* and

the *Observer*, reached Philadelphia before he did. On re-joining his brethren of the Pastoral Association, he was obliged to run the gauntlet of raillery for many weeks, on the newly-discovered ground of his "*modesty*," with proposed thanks to the citizens of Maine for revealing virtues undeveloped hitherto in Philadelphia.

The whole of this year was marked by increased nervous debility and consequent depression of spirits, which his spring and summer journeys failed to remove. The next winter he made an arrangement with the Rev. G. S. Boardman, of Northern New York, who wished to secure a milder climate for his wife, to assist him in the church services. By thus lightening his labors, he was enabled to carry on the great responsibilities connected with his charge. He was now thirty-eight years old, and for eleven years had worked under high-pressure, without intermission. Many young preachers break down at this stage of labor, and are tempted to seek new fields of occupation, where the studies of the past may be made available for the future. Men of the world, who regard the work of the ministry as a life of ease and indulgence, should know that the average professional life of a clergyman, at the present time, is but fifteen years. The unceasing taxation of the brain and nerves wears out life faster than any physical labor.

After much anxious deliberation, Mr. Brainerd decided upon trying the experiment of work in the open air to restore the vigor of his system. He rented a place on Green Hill, near Girard College, for two hundred dollars a year, to which he removed in May, 1843. It was a beautiful place, containing a fine house built by a wealthy merchant for his own residence, a few years before, with half an acre of ground laid out in garden and lawn, and thirteen large elm-trees running diagonally through the lot. It seemed a paradise to Mr. Brainerd's three little children,

emancipated from the strip of brick pavement which constituted their play-ground in Pine Street. For a house of far less size and convenience, in the south part of the city, he had paid a rent of five hundred dollars, and the financial gain was a positive one.

The new residence was about two miles from the church. There were neither lights nor pavement beyond Ninth and Vine Streets; but the long rides home in dark nights, through mud and storm, were compensated by improved health. Mr. Brainerd found horseback riding the best remedy for his dyspeptic and nervous complaints; and both in Cincinnati and Philadelphia, a horse was regarded as a necessary member of his family. Accustomed to horses from his youth, and delighting in his boyhood to catch colts and subdue them to his horsemanship, he could hardly believe that life was possible without the aid of this faithful assistant.

Mr. Brainerd attended all the Sabbath services of his church at this time as well as the Wednesday and Friday evening meetings; and the greater part of each day was devoted to pastoral calls, visiting the sick, and attending funerals. An average of six persons were on the sick list in his large congregation at all times, demanding more or less attention. The very sick, appointed to death, he visited daily; others, two and three times a week.

He would work in his garden in the early morning, both before and after breakfast, and about ten o'clock A.M. go down to the city. He had a study in the basement of the church, where messages were brought to him with the same convenience as though he lived in the vicinity. He usually returned home between five and six o'clock P.M., often taking his dinner with some family of his congregation. His health improved under this process of working and riding, and the tranquilizing influences of fresh air, good society, and pleasant scenery made this temporary residence a source of great satisfaction.

Improvements were fast progressing in this section of the city. Street lamps and pavements were soon supplied, and the population extended up Broad Street beyond Girard Avenue. Mr. Brainerd felt the importance of the church keeping pace with the growth of the city, west and north; and as there was no Presbyterian church within a mile, he resolved to establish one in this neighborhood.

By communicating his purpose to several of the property-holders near him, he obtained the donation of a fine lot on Girard Avenue, for the church, from Charles Macalester, Esq., valued then at \$3300 (now worth \$15,000), and contributions from other gentlemen in the neighborhood, amounting to \$5000 more, before he made any application to his friends, or the churches in the city. With so favorable a beginning the young church was soon placed beyond the chance of failure, and in two months he had secured the means of building the tasteful Gothic stone edifice on Girard Avenue, known as the "Green Hill Church."

The following items are copied from the Records of the Green Hill Church :

"In the spring of 1843 Rev. Dr. Brainerd, Pastor of Pine Street Church, was induced, for the sake of his health, to move into a house on the northwest corner of Poplar and Sixteenth Streets. Dr. Brainerd saw the necessity of forming a Presbyterian church in that part of the city; and the Sabbath-school established in the 'Old Frame' serving as the basis of operation, he applied himself to the work of organizing and building up such a church. A meeting was held December 27th, 1846, to constitute a new church, under the title of the Green Hill Presbyterian Church, Dr. Brainerd presiding. Dr. Brainerd saw the probability of the neighborhood soon becoming a populous part of the city, and, though the task was



by no means an easy one, applied all his energies to the work of building a church edifice. Through his representations, Charles Macalester, Esq., offered to donate to the church a valuable lot of ground, on what is now Girard Avenue, for this purpose, provided a building worth at least \$6000 should be erected upon it. Upon Dr. Brainerd chiefly rested the labor of raising this money. The society, though now organized into a church, was feeble and without means, so that he was obliged to depend almost entirely upon friends in other parts of the city. After braving repeated discouragements, when the enterprise seemed almost hopeless, the energies of Dr. Brainerd increased. He invited a number of the city pastors to his house to tea; gathering them together under the old elms that grew by his dwelling, he pointed out the advantages of such an edifice, and urged their instant and active co-operation. Catching his spirit, they there agreed to appeal to their people in behalf of the church and endeavor to raise the \$6000 necessary to secure the ground. The enterprise was successful, and a beautiful and commodious building, costing over \$10,000, was commenced Nov. 15th, 1847, and completed the following year: \$1500 were contributed by Dr. Brainerd's own congregation, in Pine Street Church.

“After the walls were raised, and while the lumber was all prepared upon the ground for the interior work, Dr. Brainerd, who lived one square from the place, was awakened at midnight by a glare of light. Springing to his feet, he saw that it came from the church lot. In an instant he thought all was over. The church which had been the object of his desire, hope, and prayer for years, he thought was about to be destroyed. Raising his window, he gave the alarm. In a few moments the entire neighborhood was on the spot, and the flames, which had not extended beyond some loose lumber, were soon extin-

guished. Had there been a little delay, the whole would have been destroyed.”\*

The foundations of Girard College were laid in 1836, and seven years of labor had been expended upon the noble structure, which was now about two thirds completed. The daily walk to the building, talking to the architect and the workmen, observing “what manner of stones” were wrought into this Temple without a Shekinah, made the college a source of perpetual interest to Mr. Brainerd. He mused over its origin, its history, its progress, and its destiny. Familiar with the clause in Girard’s will which excluded forever from the college walls clergymen of every denomination, he was led to bestow some thought upon the principles on which the will was founded. During the period of its erection, when he *could* gain admittance, his visitors were taken there, as to one of the great exhibitions of the neighborhood. He visited the college one afternoon with a young clergyman about to leave his country as a foreign missionary, and while they stood together on the marble-slabbed roof of the noble building, the young man, turning to Mr. Brainerd, said: “Stephen Girard put *his* life into marble; I will put mine into the hearts and lives of my fellow-men ”

Mr. Brainerd had gained the confidence of the hundred mechanics employed on the college; and just before its completion arrangements were made to invite him to make an address to them on temperance, or any other subject he might choose, at the noon hour of recess. They said they could eat their dinner in fifteen minutes, and leave forty-five minutes for his address.

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\* “When Dr. Brainerd saw the light, he threw up his window and cried fire so lustily that he awakened the people all the way down to Broad Street. Mr. Arrison, who lived opposite the doctor’s house, facetiously remarked that if ever *his* property took fire he hoped to have Dr. Brainerd near to sound the alarm.”

Mr. Brainerd felt that it would be a great triumph for an accredited clergyman to deliver the first moral lecture within the walls of Girard College; while a hundred intelligent mechanics constituted an audience before which he was proud to speak. But the favorite scheme was not carried out; being deferred to the closing week of their labor, when the building would be in the highest state of completion, a meeting of Presbytery or Synod called Mr. Brainerd from home; and when he returned, the college was delivered over to its appointed controllers, the City Councils, who were bound to carry out, to the letter, the terms of Girard's will.

Mr. Brainerd was never disposed to enter the building again, after being formally excluded; but as he considered the claims of the will to the support of a Christian community, he was not satisfied with the disfranchisement of a class of citizens entitled to, and receiving, the most undoubted public confidence. He published a short article in the *North American and U. S. Gazette*, giving his views on this subject; and afterward learned that both Rufus Choate and Daniel Webster had said, on a careful examination of the case, that the question could be fairly contested on this ground. The Christian laymen who compose the Faculty of Girard College have done everything possible to secure to the institution the influence of Christian principles, by teaching their pupils to honor religion, so far as this can be done, while the appointed teachers of Christianity are thus publicly *dishonored*.

#### Exclusion of Clergymen from Girard College.

"A doubt has arisen in many minds as to the propriety of discriminating among citizens in carrying out the will of Girard. While all have the highest esteem for the intelligent, gentlemanly, and benevolent directors, and an entire approbation of the manner in which they are administering

the concerns of the institution, many still doubt their right to catechise visitors as to their occupation, and bar out men of a lawful profession. No doubt Stephen Girard had a right to do what he would with his own, but it is questioned whether the *City Council* have a right to administer a trust in a mode which places a bar on a certain legal occupation. In any instrument a condition against morality or against the public weal is void or voidable. It is against the public weal, according to many decisions, to render odious a lawful business—to make men suffer penalty for following a profession protected by laws. Lord Byron gave a legacy to his daughter on condition that she should not marry an Englishman. It was void. Suppose the condition had been that she should not marry a lawyer or physician, the same effect would follow.

“The City Council represent the entire body of their constituents. If they so mismanage the Girard Estate as to throw the support of the college on taxation, the property of clergymen is made liable to aid in footing the bill.

“Has the Council a right, while representing the votes and the property of all classes, to exclude shoemakers and blacksmiths from Fairmount and Independence Square? Because no one has a legal right to go up the steeple of the State House without a ticket from the authorities, have the fathers of the city a right capriciously to admit lawyers and exclude merchants?—to say that any man worth ten thousand dollars may ascend, but the poor must remain below?

“If visiting as spectators is a privilege—a courtesy—still are not the city fathers bound to regulate this courtesy by some general principles which shall not disfranchise men for following a legal employment, or because they happen to be poor?

“If the city fathers have not this right in respect to Fairmount or Independence Square, how do they acquire it in respect to the grounds of Girard College? From the

will of Girard? But no *will* of any man can give a right to do wrong—can authorize the rulers of a city, in a land of liberty, to discriminate between common citizens—and to bar from common privileges men by whose suffrages they hold their authority! The sum of the argument is this: the condition of the will of Girard which excludes a lawful profession from privileges common to all others, is opposed to the national equality recognized by law in this land, and therefore cannot be carried legally into effect by a City Council forbidden to degrade or disfranchise any class of their constituents. I know the city fathers well enough to be assured that they would rejoice to be released from the petty office of asking every man with a black coat and white cravat if he is not a preacher.

“BURNET.”

Those who remember Mr. Brainerd can recall some “story” concerning him, characteristic either of his principles or his modes. His great fondness for talking with plain, laboring men, and drawing out their unsophisticated views of life, from their personal experience, furnished a perpetual source of amusement and interest to him. He never cherished a particle of that weak and offensive self-love which tempts a man to value himself above his fellows. Hence plain and poor men came to him with freedom and trusted him with confidence. They were never made to feel uncomfortable in his presence. He belonged to the “Abou-Ben-Adhem” tribe; and had he dictated his own eulogy, I think it would have been,—

“Write me as one who loves his fellow-men.”

When Mr. Brainerd was called to attend the funerals of obscure people, living in some court or alley, he was accustomed to call on some of his wealthy members in the neighborhood, and request them to attend this funeral. He would tell them it was doing a benevolent work at a

very small sacrifice, to stop in for a half hour and cheer these humble dwellings with their sympathy. These wealthy neighbors often thanked him for the suggestion; as they were ignorant of the sorrow so near their door until informed of it by their pastor. And in many cases the occasion which appealed to their tenderest emotions resulted in material "aid and comfort" on one side, and lasting gratitude and friendship on the other.

When one of the new streets on Green Hill was graded to the city level, an excavation of ten or twelve feet was made back of Mr. Brainerd's residence. He often looked out from his back gate a few minutes after breakfast or dinner to mark the progress of the work. After undermining the bank, the men inserted crowbars at regular intervals above, and by working the lever simultaneously, huge masses of many tons were thrown off at once. One time, when the men had tugged longer than usual at the great tenacious mass of earth, they halted awhile to breathe and wipe the sweat from their faces. As Mr. Brainerd stood in the range of the file of crowbars he fancied the earth was about yielding to the force applied above. In the momentary suspension of work he took hold of one of the center crowbars and gave it a strong thrust into the earth, when, as much to his own surprise as that of the workmen, the whole mass tumbled off with a mighty crash into the area below. "There," exclaimed one of the Irishmen, "*see what holy hands will do!*"

At another time, stopping at a blacksmith's to have a shoe of his horse fastened, he found the owner of the shop gone to his dinner, and another man in his place, idly blowing the bellows. "What!" said Mr. Brainerd to him, "blowing and not striking!" Just then the blacksmith came in. "Mr. K., I found a man here blowing and not striking," continued Mr. Brainerd. "What does that mean?" A twinkle of fun shone in the eyes of the witty

blacksmith as he replied, "Don't your reverence do a little of that yourself sometimes?"

Mr. Brainerd relished a joke none the less for being himself the subject of it. He seemed often to enjoy it the more for this very reason. He liked the manliness and independence which could express an honest judgment in any presence on proper occasions.

A fine little boy, about five years old, who lived opposite the church, frequently came over and looked timidly in at the study door. Mr. Brainerd often invited him in, and gave him leave to stay and look at his books, if he would not make much noise. In those days Mr. Brainerd used a large, old-fashioned sand-box—writing very rapidly and sanding the page before turning it over. The little boy quietly watched this operation for some time, and during a short suspension of the writing inquired earnestly, "When will you put on the pepper again?" The question suggested an "*improvement*" to Mr. Brainerd; for he said he thought a great many sermons needed more "*pepper*"—that they lacked both pungency and flavor.

One cold winter day Mr. Brainerd was riding on horseback, wearing a seal-skin cap, neck-muffler, and gloves—the two latter the gift of a friend. Passing a group of boys thus muffled, one of them said to another, "That is Dr. Brainerd!" "He looks like a *managerie*," replied his companion; apparently supposing that so much fur entitled the wearer to the reputation of a whole caravan of wild beasts.

A profligate man in the neighborhood was in the habit of visiting daily a handsome woman, whose husband had gone to California, and her friends requested Mr. Brainerd to caution her against his visits. As she occasionally called at his house, Mr. Brainerd spoke to her on the subject with great kindness, but advised her to decline this man's visits in future. A few days after, while sitting at



the tea-table the door-bell was rung, and the girl who answered it was requested to ask Mr. Brainerd to step to the door. He obeyed the summons, and was met by this neighbor with a volley of abuse. Every epithet was heaped upon him that an enraged, intoxicated man could call up. Mr. Brainerd listened with perfect quietness until his visitor concluded by saying, "*That's what I have to say to you!*" "Is that *all* you have to say to me, Mr. H.?" replied Mr. Brainerd. This set him off again, and he edged up toward Mr. Brainerd as though he would strike him. "You don't suppose I am afraid of you?" Mr. Brainerd added. "You think God will protect you," replied the other, with a sneer. "Yes," said Mr. Brainerd, "*but I shall be the instrument, in this case!*"

Mr. H. turned immediately and went down the steps, still muttering imprecations to himself. Every word of this interview was heard by the family at the tea-table, and they were greatly relieved when Mr. Brainerd returned, laughing, to finish his supper. As he related the story to several friends afterward, it found its way into *Harper's Magazine*, with some trifling embellishments. The narrator added, "The visitor left hastily, not liking the looks of the Lord's instrument."

## CHAPTER X.

### FAMILY CHANGES—VISIT TO EUROPE—SHIPWRECK.

IN the winter of 1844, Mr. Brainerd's fourth and last child was born, making a family of two sons and two daughters. His duties called him from home the greater part of the day, but he treasured up for his children many little occurrences of interest, to relate on his return at evening. If he did not invite them to the recital, he was sure to hear the request, "Papa, tell us your '*life and history*' to-day!" This had become a standing title for these rehearsals.

He was a great governor in his own family, but with very little severity. His children never entertained the thought of disobedience as possible. Accustomed from their earliest childhood to implicit, prompt obedience, he found no difficulty in keeping them to the track of wholesome restraint. He believed this to be the way to save children from severity and suffering, as well as from the paths of error. He was averse to crowding young children, early, with study; but labored earnestly to give them a *taste* for study, and a desire for knowledge. When this was gained, he considered the end accomplished.

He took his oldest son with him, whenever it was practicable, on excursions of business, and carried him to exhibitions of art and of natural science, and through all the great mechanical institutions in which Philadelphia abounds. A familiarity with the productive, industrial operations of the country he considered a branch of educa-

tion inferior in no respect, to any other; tending directly to enlarge the mind and elevate the character, by cultivating a sympathy with the multiplied agencies employed in this wonderful department. He bought carpenter's tools for his son, and let him have a room for his workshop, in which his juvenile efforts were perfected and commended.

A plot of ground was marked off for his boy's vegetable garden; and the radishes, lettuce, and peas raised on it were bought by his parents, at the highest market price.

A State Convention to promote the better observance of the Sabbath was held at Harrisburg, Pa., in May, 1844; and Mr. Brainerd was chairman of the committee to prepare an address on the subject. The address, which he read to the Convention at the morning session of May 31st, filled nine pages of the printed report, and occupied three-quarters of an hour in reading. He received a note of thanks from John A. Brown, Esq., for his timely and telling appeal in behalf of the imperiled Sabbath. Mr. Brown says:

"I take this opportunity of expressing the gratification your able and eloquent address afforded those who heard it, and the general satisfaction and pleasure with which it has been perused since its publication, by many who love the Sabbath. It is eminently calculated to do good and to excite an interest in this important subject.

"I remain with much esteem,

"Yours truly,

"JOHN A. BROWN."

The church at Utica, in 1845, was again vacant. The following letter was received from one of his old friends:

"UTICA, February 24th, 1845.

"MY DEAR FRIEND BRAINERD:

"You will no doubt be somewhat surprised by the mission of Rev. Mr. Spencer to you, with a call from the First

Church in this city. Mr. Spencer will make you acquainted with all the proceedings in the matter, so I will only say they were characterized by great harmony and good feeling, and an earnest, strong desire that you might accept.

"As I am connected with this church, I need not say my own wishes are very strong that you may find it consistent to do so. The field for usefulness here is very large. A leading man is wanted in this Presbytery, and the First Church of Utica should have such a man.

"I am fully aware of your pleasant location in Philadelphia, but there are other considerations. Your labors would be much lightened here, and this in the end might add much to the aggregate of your usefulness.

"The people here feel disposed to give a pastor a liberal support, and I know you well enough to be satisfied that this question will not present any obstacle to your coming.

"Your sincere friend,

"C. P. WETMORE."

Rev. T. Spencer visited Mr. Brainerd in March, and after urging the claims of the church by varied arguments, left the call with him for consideration, refusing to accept an immediate decision. The state of his health led his friends to indulge strong hopes of success, from the motives presented of the physical benefit to be derived from a local change at this time. Meanwhile a second letter from his friend, Mr. Wetmore, was received, as follows:

"UTICA, March 17th, 1845.

"DEAR BROTHER BRAINERD:

"I lose not a moment in replying to your letter, if perchance I may say a word that may influence your decision in favor of coming here. It is not mere personal motive that governs me in earnestly wishing you might accept the call to this city. I feel that this church does need, in their present state, such a pastor as I believe you would make

them. I believe you could fill this place better than any other man. The union of members, the prominent position of the pastor of this church in Presbytery and Synod, the influence to flow from it, makes it necessary to have a man of the right stamp.

"I have no doubt Mr. Spencer made all this more plain to you than I can; but still, could it be impressed upon your mind fully the true state of things here, I feel it would influence your decision. Would not the prospect of permanent restoration of health and firmness of nerve, which I have no doubt you would obtain in this region, increase your future usefulness and perhaps prolong your life?

"This is an intellectual church; they expect able preaching, and they intend to have it. You could fulfill all these expectations and yet avail yourself to a great extent of past labor, which would greatly relieve you.

"There is a general disappointment at the discouraging prospect of your coming, and I fully believe so unanimous a call could be had for but few men in the Union.

"At a meeting of our society last night your letter was read, and, in allusion to your statement that you were sometimes obliged to *sit* and preach, it was said: 'We are willing to stand with him, sit with him, fall with him.'

"Hoping for the best, your sincere friend,

"C. P. WETMORE."

From Rev. T. Spencer.

"UTICA, April 21st, 1845.

"DEAR BROTHER BRAINERD:

"We have just received your letter declining the call from the church in this city. It has been communicated to a few of the brethren, who have learned your final determination with deep regret. They had hoped, from your protracted silence, that your mind was verging toward a

contrary conclusion. While they still think they were right in urging your acceptance, and feel grieved at your conclusion, they are convinced that you have honestly, and in the fear of God, examined the subject and reached that conclusion.

“You expressed your readiness to render the society what aid you could toward securing a proper pastor. The particular object of my letter is, at the request of the brethren, to inquire whether you or Brother Barnes know of any one whom you would be willing to recommend, and who might be induced to accept an invitation. If a good name could be presented, it might save the congregation from many difficulties. This is an important church, and nothing must be left undone to sustain it.

“Your sincere friend,

“T. SPENCER.”

Except to communicate this call to the members of his session, and give it, as it deserved, a thoughtful consideration, Mr. Brainerd never alluded to it; nor to the other calls which he received; and probably not six people of his church ever knew of the repeated efforts that were made to draw him away from his charge in Philadelphia.

In later years, he has said he would “never leave Pine Street Church until he was carried out feet first, unless they quarreled with him.” A resolution most literally fulfilled.

In December of this year the following official notice was received from Andover:

“December 2d, 1845.

“REV. THOMAS BRAINERD.

“DEAR SIR:

“As secretary *pro tem.* in the place of Prof. B. B. Edwards, who has left for Florida, I would inform you of your appointment as *first* preacher to the Association of

the Alumni of the Theological Seminary at its next anniversary ; and William Adams, D. D., of New York, second preacher. If anything should arise to prevent you from fulfilling this appointment, you will please to give seasonable notice to Dr. Adams, as your second, and to myself as Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements.

“ Your brother in the gospel,

“ SAML. C. JACKSON.”

Mr. Brainerd's habitual aversion to meet the excitements of these anniversary occasions, led him in this case, as in many others, to decline fulfilling the appointment ; and he gladly transferred the responsibility to Dr. Adams.

Nearly three years had passed since Mr. Brainerd's removal to Green Hill. His health improved, his church prospered and was in peace, each spring was marked by large accessions, and, so far as temporal and external prosperity was concerned, he had nothing to ask.

One of his Andover classmates visited him at this time, whose history had been a series of changes and trials. They were enjoying the summer evening, sitting on a garden-lounge under the large elms, recounting the vicissitudes of the past fourteen years since they parted at Andover, when his friend said, abruptly, “ What have you ever done that you should be settled in such a luxurious city as this, and live in such a place ?”

“ This is not a state of rewards and punishments,” replied Mr. Brainerd ; “ but if you will take my dyspepsia and poor nerves, I will gladly give up the house to you.”

But “ *In the garden there was a sepulcher,*” as there is in most gardens. In a time of great prosperity a bolt fell from a clear sky, and almost without warning the oldest daughter, a sweet little girl of seven years, was taken away by scarlet fever. It was the first invasion of the little group by death, though not the last. The season of



scarlet fever had apparently passed by, and Mr. Brainerd's little daughter was the only victim on Green Hill. The other three children escaped at this time. She died on the 17th of January, 1846, and was buried at the church in Pine Street.

Mr. Brainerd loved his children intensely, and this little girl was a great comfort and treasure to him.

As the spring advanced he began to listen favorably to the proposition of attending the Evangelical Alliance, which was to meet in London on the 17th of August, 1846. He was appointed by the Fourth Presbytery a commissioner to the "Christian Alliance," in connection with Rev. Albert Barnes, Rev. Joel Parker, D.D., and Rev. Anson Rood. As none of these gentlemen would attend the Convention, more solicitation was employed to induce Mr. Brainerd to accept the appointment.

The Pennsylvania State Temperance Society elected him at the same time a delegate to "The World's Temperance Convention," to meet in London on the 4th of August.

The motives presented by his brethren in the ministry, the hope of more positive benefit to his health, and the depression occasioned by the death of his child, which coveted change for relief, induced him to accept these appointments, and make the necessary preparations for going to Europe.

A paid passage-ticket out for eighty dollars was presented to him; but excepting this he went wholly at his own charges. The custom had not then become as general as now, of presenting a clergyman with two thousand dollars to defray the expense of a trip to Europe. As Mr. Brainerd's salary of two thousand dollars demanded close economy to meet his wants at home, the exercise of this virtue was not suspended by a half-year's travel in Europe. The church agreed to supply the pulpit during his absence,

and he sailed on the 25th of May, in the packet-ship Wyoming, accompanied by one of his Elders, John C. Farr, Esq.

He encountered the usual variety of weather, of incident, and of interest, which always marks a first voyage to a landsman. He found his chief amusement here, as elsewhere, in talking with the sailors and the steerage passengers. In a letter home, he says: "In the steerage are about sixty adults and twenty children. Here is the successful emigrant going back for aged parents,—the happy young mother going over to exhibit her little ones to their grandparents in her native land,—the heart-broken, homesick, disappointed emigrant going back from America to endure the yoke of his task-master in 'Ould Ireland,' because it is his native land. We have the dying consumptives here, being borne back to lay their bones with their kindred. What joys and sorrows are hidden under these plain garments. I have conversed with not a few, and find that all can understand and appreciate the language of kindness.

"Our sailors, thirty-five in number, are stout, active young men, proud of their noble ship, and regular at their appointed task. Separated from their shore temptations, and compelled as they are on the Wyoming to be temperate, they are a well-informed and rational class of men. They have traveled over the world, seen much and suffered much and thought much. Many of their observations are marked not alone by good sense, but by great shrewdness.

"I have conversed with nearly all personally. They all treat me with great kindness, and give their assent to good counsel. One said, 'It is hard to teach an old dog like me new tricks.' Another said 'He often made good resolutions, but as often broke them.'

"Death has found its way to our little company. A

child, fourteen years old, died when we were in mid-ocean.

"I have conducted religious services each Sabbath. The attendance was good, and all were sober and reflective. Our prayers, counsels, and songs on the broad sea, mingled with the voice of many waters, have, we hope, been accepted by God. Our music-leader was a deck passenger returning to Europe. 'Where,' said I, 'have you attended church?' 'Mostly in yours,' he replied, 'in Pine Street.' Five from Pine Street congregation have thus met on this vessel."

After several days of calm, the wind rose, and one night Mr. Brainerd thought it blew very hard. In the morning he said to an old sailor, "When did the blow commence?" "There hain't been no blow," replied he, "only a smart breeze!"

They reached Liverpool on Monday, June 22d, just four weeks from the day they left Philadelphia. Mr. Brainerd wrote a long letter on shipboard to his own children and his Sabbath-school children; telling them all the events that were likely to interest them. In Liverpool, he saw a Sunday-school procession, which he tells them looked very well, adding, "But Mr. Farr and I agreed that we knew some children, three thousand miles off, who looked brighter and better than these."

The Evangelical Alliance would not meet until the 17th of August. The Temperance Convention was to meet on the 4th. This allowed Mr. Brainerd but six weeks to make his rapid survey of all that he could see in Europe. He designed to return home early in the fall as soon as these Conventions adjourned. He made the most of his time and means. In three weeks he had made a flying visit to Dublin, Belfast, Glasgow, Ayr, Stirling, Falkirk and Edinburgh, remaining from two to three days in each place. He was never so tired at night, after a day's travel,

but he would walk out, to gain the first impressions of the place ; and in the smaller towns, make a superficial survey of the city or village.

Like all enterprising Americans, Mr. Brainerd preferred riding in the second class cars for two reasons : the economy of so doing, and the advantages of information gained from intelligent passengers, who all patronize this class of cars. He rode often on the top of the stages, where his opportunities for seeing the country were better, and where he found fellow-passengers able and willing to point out the places of interest on the route.

He indulged his Yankee habits of talking with everybody, the same as at home, and gained much information as well as amusement thereby. On one occasion, when in the neighborhood of a church built by Oliver Cromwell, he asked a fellow-traveler, an Englishman, if he could tell where "Cromwell's Church" was. "*Cromwell's Church?*" repeated the man to himself, in an inquiring tone, then raising his voice he called to a passer-by, "Here, boy, can you tell us where Mr. Cromwell preaches about here?"

Mr. Brainerd said of Scotland, "I like the Scotch a great deal better than ever before, and you know how enthusiastic I am concerning Sir Walter Scott. I have gone this whole round in the greatest excitement and pleasure. In Glasgow, Stirling, and Edinburgh I have met the most abundant hospitality. I could not accept half the invitations I received to dinner and tea.

"I saw Dr. Chalmers twice, and took breakfast with him. He is some like Dr. Beecher. I showed him David Brainerd's manuscript journal, with which he was greatly delighted. He seemed much pleased when I told him that I had named my eldest son after him. 'Have ye?' said he. 'I will write him a letter !' He went immediately to his desk, wrote, and carefully sealed it for our '*Tom*;' directing it in full to 'Master Thomas Chalmers Brainerd.'

After he had written the letter, he said, 'How old is your boy?' 'Nine,' I replied. 'Can he read?' said the doctor. 'Oh, yes,' said I, 'he is quite a good scholar.' 'Then he will be offended at one sentence in my letter,' said he; 'I supposed he was younger.' The letter contained a eulogy of the Bible, which Dr. Chalmers said he 'hoped he would learn to read and to love.'

"It was a beautiful thought in the old doctor to give Tom this document."

Dr. Chalmers died the following winter, and it was a great satisfaction to Mr. Brainerd that he was allowed to see so much of him.

Mr. Brainerd had reserved several days for Teviotdale, the classic ground made so memorable by Sir Walter Scott. We give his own narrative.

"Having finished my explorations in Edinburgh, I took the coach for Kelso. As usual I paid sixpence extra for a seat on the coachman's box. Promise the driver a sixpence and he will tell all and singular of her Majesty's subjects that a '*gemman*' has engaged the box, and deems it an honor to tell a '*gemman*' all that ever occurred on the route, and some more.

"After the inside of the coach was well filled, a gentleman and his family came to find accommodations. His family consisted of his wife, four children, and three servants. They were returning to their home from their accustomed summer trip to the sea-shore.

"Fortunately for me the gentleman and lady occupied the seat on the top of the coach just back of my own. The gentleman at once entered into conversation. My deep interest in the places and scenery around marked me as a stranger, and my inquiries or intonations revealed my Americanism. My Scotch friend was as intelligent as courteous, and while he answered all my questions, sought compensation in various and minute inquiries concerning

America. I could not understand his interest in me as an American until he told me that his beloved brother had traveled in America; had experienced great hospitality in *Philadelphia*, where he had died among strangers; but strangers who had sympathized in his sufferings, obeyed his dying requests, and given him an honored grave. After a ride of thirty miles, I saw with regret that my companions were making preparations to leave. Mr. R., turning to me, said suddenly, 'Where is your destination to-night?' 'Kelso.' 'Are you acquainted there?' 'No; but I have letters of introduction.' 'Do you expect to stay any time in the neighborhood?' 'A few days, to see Melrose, Abbotsford, etc.' 'You must go home with me, sir,' said Mr. R. 'I reside about a mile distant. You may like to look over a Scotch farm, and I will go with you to visit the scenery of the Tweed and Abbotsford.'

"Your kindness surprises me, exercised toward a stranger, and I fear you would wonder if I should accept it.'

"No,' said Mr. R.; 'my brother was everywhere in America greeted with kindness,—especially in Philadelphia, where you reside; and I shall be most happy to reciprocate to any American the same.' His wife joined in urging my acceptance of the invitation; and I was overcome by this courtesy and the advantages which it promised. The carriages and servants made their appearance, Mr. R. saw my baggage safely bestowed with their own, and then a drive of a mile through his grounds brought us to the family mansion. I told Mr. R. my name and profession as a clergyman, and found he was an officer in the same church. This established terms of confidence between us.

"His plantation consisted of more than two thousand acres, on which were some twenty tenants' cottages.

"After a family supper, worship was held in good old Scotch fashion, and we retired for the night. I have sel-

dom laid my head on my pillow under a higher sense of gratitude, than I then felt for such sympathy and kindness from strangers in a strange land.

"During breakfast the next morning, Mr. R. said, 'I have ordered the carriage and must take you myself to see the scenery of the Tweed and Abbotsford.' I can truly say this drive furnished the most picturesque, various, and charming views I met in Europe. Nine miles of this river scenery brought us to Dryburgh Abbey, where I gazed at the sod which covers the ashes of Walter Scott. Our next visit was to Melrose Abbey; and from Melrose we followed the Tweed about three miles, mostly through the estate of Sir Walter Scott, to Abbotsford.

"The house is a Romance in stone and lime. It is picturesque and beautiful, but too diminutive for a Gothic castle, which it was designed to imitate. It is a vast storehouse of curiosities, so that it resembles a museum more than a dwelling. The library is as the great poet left it, and so is his study,—even the garments which he last wore, which are here shown in a glass case.

"We reached home about sunset. Resting on the Sabbath, according to the commandment, in the hospitable mansion of Mr. R.; on Monday, in a carriage furnished by my host, I reached Kelso, at the junction of the Tweed and Teviot. Such hospitality, such scenery, such historic associations, have left impressions never to be forgotten."

On separating from these pleasant friends, Mr. R. presented Mr. Brainerd with a set of views of the places of interest in Teviotdale, which they had visited.

Mr. Brainerd left Kelso on the 15th of July, via Jedburgh, Newcastle, and York, for London. He remained but ten days in London, as he expected to return soon; and would be located there for several weeks during the sessions of the Convention.

He then embarked for France with Mr. Farr.



At the hotel in Paris he met Drs. Skinner, Patton, and Mason, of New York; a dozen Philadelphians; Gov. Armstrong, of Mass., and several other acquaintances. His visit to the Continent was little else than an aggravation; as he had but ten days to appropriate before he must return to attend the Temperance Convention.

Quoting again from his letter, Mr. Brainerd says: "I went from Paris to Brussels; from thence to Cologne, and up the Rhine two hundred miles to Strasburg. I then took the railroad to Basle, in Switzerland. After just glancing at the Alps, I turned back, and returned to London by way of Ghent, Ostend, and Ramsgate. I traveled in all about sixteen hundred miles on the Continent, and with the greatest satisfaction." The want of time and money prevented any farther progress. The self-denial was considerable to a man who so heartily enjoyed traveling and sight-seeing.

The Convention met on the 17th of August, and continued in session and earnest deliberation fourteen days. It enrolled over two thousand names. Sixty-three American delegates were present, representing every Christian denomination. The meetings were held in Exeter Hall, where four thousand people assembled to hear addresses from speakers of different nations and creeds, but of one heart.

After eight days' deliberation, when every other doubtful point had been settled, and a common platform constructed, on which Protestants of all parties could hold fellowship, the question of union with slaveholders was introduced.

For a time, this discussion seemed likely to undo all that had been done. It was regarded as very discourteous to the Americans present,—nearly all of whom were from the North and strongly antislavery. Mr. Brainerd writes: "The subject of slavery was settled by a resolution, which I aided in preparing, as one of a great committee, who

labored twenty-four hours over it. It does not please me, but we must adopt it or blow our Alliance to fragments."

Dr. Beecher was a member both of the "Evangelical Alliance" and the "Temperance Convention." He reached England during Mr. Brainerd's short absence on the Continent.

Mr. Brainerd was much gratified by receiving, soon after his return to London, the following note:

"STOKE NEWINGTON, 6th day.

"ESTEEMED FRIEND :

"I have the pleasure of entertaining as guests Dr. Beecher and his wife. Dr. Beecher has mentioned thy name to me, as a friend of his, and I write to solicit that thou wilt make my house thy home while in the neighborhood. And that thou wilt accompany Dr. Beecher to Stoke Newington this evening and during the sittings of the Convention. I must join with this another request—that thou wilt take regularly in the evening what we call a 'box-cab,' to convey thyself and Dr. Beecher to my house, and I will repay this expense. This I must ask thee not to decline. It is due to Dr. Beecher's age and services in the cause of Christ and of man that we should do all we can to promote his comfort.

"I am, although personally unknown,

"Thy sincere friend,

"G. W. ALEXANDER."

Accepting this cordial invitation, Mr. Brainerd found himself established in most luxurious quarters, with his dear old friend, Dr. Beecher, in the family of G. W. Alexander, President of the British Antislavery Society, and one of the leading members of the Society of Friends. In addition to the indulgence of the "box cab," Mr. Alexander, the next morning after breakfast, presented both Dr. Beecher and Mr. Brainerd with a guinea to meet the daily omnibus fare from his house to Exeter Hall. Mr. Brai-

nerd declined this bounty, when Mr. Alexander insisted upon its reception, saying: "*Thee must take it; this is my mode; I cannot think of taxing thee to meet the distance from my house to the Hall.*"

After breakfast they were invited to join the family circle in their devotions, which consisted in listening for twenty minutes to a portion of the life of one of the preachers of their Society, commended to them as an example. Mr. Alexander courteously added, "Thomas, thee or Lyman is at liberty to pray, if the Spirit moves thee."

The "Spirit" did, once, move both Dr. Beecher and Mr. Brainerd to offer a petition for the blessing of God upon the action of the Conventions, the country, the world, and the family of their philanthropic host.

On leaving this pleasant family, Mr. Alexander presented Mr. Brainerd with one of the most beautiful Greek Testaments, in clearness of type and execution, that he had ever seen. On the fly-leaf was written, "Remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them." Heb. xiii. 3.

The same adhesiveness seemed to attend the friendships cultivated during Mr. Brainerd's short sojourn in England and Scotland as had always marked them at home. From several sources he received letters bearing grateful evidence of kindly remembrance for many years after this visit.

During his short stay with Mr. R., of Nenthorn, Teviotdale, Scotland, Mr. Brainerd learned that his brother had died in Philadelphia, and was buried in the grounds of St. Peter's Church, occupying the square next to his own church. After his return home he examined the monument, which was one of the most tasteful in the ground,—a broken column on a handsome pedestal,—in the south-east part of the ground, inclosed by an iron railing. He employed a good painter to make a copy of the monument, with the beautiful surrounding drapery of willows and ivy,

and sent the picture to Mr. R. by a friend going to Scotland. He received the following hearty acknowledgment from his Scotch friend, which amply repaid this small service :

\* \* \* \* "We feel much gratified by this proof of your friendship ; it is, besides, a pleasant reflection that my brother's remains rest so near your place of worship.

"Return my warm thanks to Mr. Catlin for his very beautiful painting. If he ever visits this country, which would be interesting to a painter, it would give us much pleasure to have him visit us.

"Mrs. R. and myself look back with great pleasure to our meeting with you. She unites in very kind regards.

"And I remain, very sincerely, yours,

"F. L. R."

After returning to London, Mr. Brainerd writes, under date of Aug. 30th, "I was greatly interested in all I have seen ; but the most happy moment was the one when I said in Switzerland, 'My journey is ended—now I turn toward *home*.' I have seen the best things in the Old World, but nowhere have I seen a place so sweet to me as Green Hill. Thank God, the time has nearly elapsed when I can go home."

"London, Aug. 30th, 1846.

"The WORLD'S TEMPERANCE CONVENTION met on the 4th of August. It was attended by a crowd, but they were mainly of the common and lower class. With many honorable exceptions, the nobility, gentry, and clergy of Great Britain are all in the daily habit of using intoxicating drinks. Had the delegates from the United States consulted their own popularity they would not have ventured upon the advocacy of a cause so unpopular with the

upper classes here. But they threw themselves into the Convention with a hearty desire to arouse the British nation to a conviction of the dignity and value of the temperance cause. I trust they were able to get some American principles into the popular mind.

"Dr. and Mrs. Beecher and myself are at a 'Friend's' house, in one of the most beautiful environs of London. It is a perfect little Paradise of about three acres, and we 'fare sumptuously.' He made us both take *ten dollars* to pay our omnibus expenses to and from the city.

"I have been so interested in the Convention that I have clung to it day and night for two weeks. My head has ached, but I could not stay away. It is the first time so many British and American clergy have met since the Pilgrims left for Plymouth. I think we have honored America; and we have personally been treated with great kindness. \* \* \* \* \*

"I was on the most important committee of the session, and was invited to address a congregation of four thousand, in one of the four great public meetings; and I was appointed one of a permanent committee to get up a Branch Alliance in the United States.

"The Protestant world never before had such a meeting. There has been good speaking, and high professions of love, and great enthusiasm,—and sound debate and some fanaticism,—but what will be gained I am unable to say.

"I have also addressed two of the largest temperance meetings ever held in London. I send you some papers in which are meager reports of our speeches."

Mr. Brainerd delivered the address on temperance in Exeter Hall, Monday evening, August 24th. This occasion procured him the misfortune, or the good fortune, to be caricatured by "PUNCH." Mr. Brainerd closed his remarks by an appeal to the women present, and said, "That as one woman ruined the world by persuading man unlaw-

fully to *eat*, he was glad to believe that the sex, with undiminished power, would rally to save the world by persuading men not unlawfully to *drink*."

After ridiculing the object and spirit of the Temperance Convention, as might be expected, and bestowing a large share of obloquy upon the "*American Apostles of Temperance*," "Punch" goes on to say: "The REV. THOMAS BRAINERD, of Philadelphia, however, has settled the question by shifting it upon the shoulders of weak woman, whom he twitted with an indiscretion (now of a few thousand years' standing) in a very shabby spirit. Eve having plucked the apple, he thought it was the duty of her daughters to set their faces against cider."

To Mrs. B.

"HUDDERSFIELD, Sept. 9th, 1846.

"After leaving London, on Tuesday morning, I reached the old city of Coventry about 12 M. From Coventry I went to Kenilworth Castle, the finest ruin I have seen anywhere. There is just enough of it, not too much. I came near catching a fall of some fifty feet, as I was clambering along an ivy-covered wall. Tuesday night I returned to Birmingham. Wednesday I went to Sheffield, and examined the grand cutlery establishment of Rodgers. I came to this place (Huddersfield, Yorkshire) last evening, and addressed a great temperance meeting. Rev. John Marsh, Dr. Muzzy, and myself are here to officiate at a great temperance festival which is to come off to-night, in a supper and speech-making, where some twelve hundred will be assembled. I shall stay a day or two longer, and then make some excursions in the neighborhood. I have engaged my passage home in the Great Britain, for the 22d September. I tried to get a passage in the Great Western, of the 12th, but failed, as it was full. The Cunard steamers charge two hundred dollars,

and I save by the Great Britain seventy dollars of this amount.

“My health is better than when I last wrote, and when I get back to my old diet and quiet habits, I hope I shall find great improvement.”

\* \* \* \* \*

To Mrs. B.

“LEAMINGTON, Sept. 17th, 1846.

\* \* \* “I wrote one week ago from Huddersfield, one hundred and thirty miles from this place. I lectured at Leeds, a city of one hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants, on Friday evening. Then Mr. Castles,\* of London, insisted I should come back to Leamington, as he said he had announced me there for Monday evening. Leamington is a watering-place of great beauty, six miles from Kenilworth and ten from Stratford-on-Avon. It is the geographical center of England, and the center of its best scenery. Mr. Castles paid my passage, gave me a hospitable place to board, and has taken me to Kenilworth again, Warwick Castle, Guy’s Cliff, and Stratford-on-Avon. We have ridden every day to the most charming scenes of Old England. Mrs. Castles has given me for you two fine colored engravings of Warwick and Kenilworth Castles. You see I am a lucky fellow in making friends and saving money.

“I preached on Sunday evening; had a good deal of my old vertigo; but on Monday evening I lectured an hour on temperance with great comfort.

“The Great Britain, in which I am to embark, sails on Tuesday, the 22d. So you see, if I am favored, I shall be in Philadelphia soon after this letter. I shall leave this place for Liverpool Saturday or Monday. I am impatient to get home.”

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\* The publisher of “cheap literature for the million.”



“LIVERPOOL, Sept. 29th, 1846.

“I am by the kind providence of God alive and well. I know, as day after day has passed by and no tidings from the *Great Britain*, you must have been anxious and alarmed. According to my plan, which I sent to you from Leamington, I made a little visit to Manchester, and came on to Liverpool on the 21st, and on the 22d embarked in the *Great Britain*. She is twice as large as any other vessel that ever floated,—three thousand five hundred tons burden and three hundred and twenty feet long. I felt a little fear before I saw her, as several had said she would break in two in a storm. But after I saw her motions I had great confidence that she would run across in twelve days.

“All our passengers were in fine spirits. The ship was so large that she had almost no motion, and we made one hundred miles to the Isle of Man by dark. I had not been very well for a day or two, and went to bed at nine o'clock. I had fallen asleep about half an hour, when our great leviathan ship struck a rock. This tore off her rudder and stopped the propeller. In five minutes more we came with a tremendous crash on the ground. We had stranded—but on what or where neither the captain nor any one else knew. The night was pitchy dark; the storm rose higher and higher; it thundered, lightened, and rained in torrents. The sea broke over us, and our ship thumped up and down as if every timber would break asunder. There were three hundred souls on board; men were pale and women agitated. I rose from my berth on the first striking and tried to find my clothes. This was hard in the dark; but I succeeded in dressing partially; then went and got a candle and adjusted my clothes. I thought my last hour had come. ‘Here on this shore,’ I said, ‘I am to die.’ I knelt in my little room and commended myself to the mercy of God; I prayed for my absent family

individually; I remembered my beloved congregation in Pine Street Church, and prayed for them. While thus occupied I felt a courage which I had never anticipated.

"I then went into the large cabin and said a few words of religious direction and encouragement to my fellow-passengers. Dr. Cox followed with an address and prayer; the Rev. Dr. Tucker read the 46th Psalm; and the Rev. Mr. Gilvery, of Glasgow, made a short address and prayer. While engaged in these services, the wind had risen to a tempest, and the ship was rising and falling on the beach with a most appalling crash; but not a word was spoken nor a cry uttered during our religious service. There was a deep impression that our help was alone in God.

"I had eaten no supper, and, as I thought I might be called to struggle for life, and should need all the strength I could make, I went to the steward for something to eat. All he could furnish me in the confusion was a piece of bread and cheese, which I ate with a high relish. Dr. Cox said he wondered I could eat; but my eating in the middle of the cabin seemed to quiet the fears of many, who supposed I felt confident of safety. On that stormy and dark shore I gave you what I supposed were the last prayers I could offer for you. In this way I wore away several hours of the night. Once I determined to go on deck, but a huge wave drove me back again. I emptied my small valise, strapped it tight, so that it would exclude water for some time, and determined, if the ship broke up, to use this in my left hand and swim with my right, with the full purpose to struggle for life; and I had much hope that I would succeed in getting ashore.

"Capt. Hosken came down and assured the passengers that he thought the ship would stand till morning, when we would take the boats. But as he confessed he did not know where we were, and the equinoctial storm was on us, and no boat could live in such waves, we all thought

the possibility of escape was slight. The captain burned blue lights at the fore-castle and fired signal guns. We could see lights along the shore, indicating that our fellow-men knew our danger while they could not help us. About three o'clock the wind fell; and at daylight a boat came alongside and told the captain that we had run ashore in Dundrum Bay, thirty miles from Belfast. As the light increased, we saw that we had escaped two rocks which gird the mouth of this bay, about two hundred feet apart, called the 'Cow and Calf.' Had we struck on either, death would have been inevitable. We had struck on the only sand-beach in twenty miles, on a coast where sixty-eight vessels have been wrecked in a few years past, and scores of lives lost.

"We all in succession got 'safe to land.' We were charged most exorbitant prices for the transportation of ourselves and our baggage six miles to Downpatrick, which I reached at seven o'clock P.M. The clergyman here invited me to his house, where I remained two days, and then took the coach for Belfast. I found a most hospitable home with Mr. Isaac Arrott, to whom Mr. James Arrott, of Philadelphia, had given me a letter, and who treated me very kindly last June. On reaching Liverpool the owners of the *Great Britain* paid back our passage-money. We found every berth in the steamers of the 4th and 9th of October had been taken, so that Dr. Cox and daughter and myself, with many others, have taken passage in the packet-ship *New York*, which sails on the 2d of October. I can hardly expect to reach home before the 10th of November. But for this casualty I should have been at home by the 6th of October. Tell the Pine Street people I am more impatient than they can be. Still, I think the long voyage is just what I need after all my excitements.

"The cause of our accident is yet a profound mystery.

The captain has not given a word of explanation. I fear the world will say that the lives of three hundred and twenty human beings have been put in jeopardy, and a vast amount of property sacrificed to the ambition of Captain Hosken to make a quick passage, and his want of care as a navigator."

After a rough passage of five weeks, Mr. Brainerd arrived at New York on the 6th of November, and reached home on the evening of the same day. With the ordinary visitations of sickness and death in his congregation, he found everything in a prosperous condition, and resumed his labors with expanded views and quickened purposes from the experience of the last six months.

While Mr. Brainerd was detained in Belfast and Liverpool, before again embarking for America, he received several letters from the friends with whom he had been recently staying, expressing their sympathy for the occasion of his detention, and many of them proffering pecuniary assistance if he should require it. Soon after his return home he received a kind letter from his liberal host, Mr. G. W. Alexander, who said:

"I hope that thou wast not inconvenienced from want of funds, in consequence of delay. I would cheerfully have supplied such a want hadst thou applied to me, and I had certainly known where to address thee. Be assured that, although we did not wholly agree on the duty devolving upon Christians in America, in reference to the existence of slavery upon a gigantic scale in that country, my wife and self entertain a feeling of friendship toward thee which I believe will only cease with life."

## CHAPTER XI.

### CHURCH BUILDING—LITERARY PUBLICATIONS.

THE Green Hill Church, which was commenced before Mr. Brainerd went to Europe, was now nearly completed. To obtain a good pastor for it, Mr. Brainerd gave much time and influence, in counsel and correspondence. Among the clergymen who occupied the new pulpit was a young man recently licensed, from New England. He had considerable popular talent, and the people were much pleased with him, and invited him to settle among them. He was satisfied with the attendance and intelligence of the congregation; and, as he was unmarried, he regarded the salary as adequate to his wants. He came to consult Mr. Brainerd on the subject, who urged him to give an affirmative answer. With some hesitation, he said, "*I am afraid it is not the place for me to develop myself.*" Mr. Brainerd replied, "It is an excellent place to develop the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ; but I do not know whether it is exactly the place for you to develop *yourself.*" In relating this circumstance afterward, Mr. Brainerd said, "He left the field, and has since 'developed himself' by giving up the ministry. The little congregation, under the patient labors of better men, has also 'developed itself' into one of the most intelligent and affluent churches in the city."

This church always retained a large share of Mr. Brainerd's affections. Growing out of his temporary residence in the neighborhood, watching over its infancy, and mark-

ing its steady progress, he felt it to be a most successful enterprise, while it was but one of many in which he took an active part, and for which he cherished an abiding interest. A pastor was settled over it in the summer of 1847, and it has gone from "strength to strength" for twenty-two years.

On the 7th of June, 1848, the National Whig Convention, to nominate candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency, was held in the Chinese Museum, at Philadelphia. Mr Brainerd was invited to open the Convention with prayer.

After the inauguration of General Zachary Taylor as President of the United States, in the following spring, Mr. Brainerd saw him in Washington, and said to him: "As I had the honor of praying for the convention which nominated you, I shall now claim the privilege of praying that you may administer the government so as to secure the best interests of the nation which you represent."

President Taylor took his hand in both of his own, and in the heartiest manner thanked him for this grateful assurance.

While getting his horse shod one day, Mr Brainerd told the blacksmith that after his shipwreck in Dundrum Bay he visited the grave of St. Patrick, and was compelled to receive a handful of earth from the grave, which he brought home. "Did ye?" replied the blacksmith. "Now if your reverence has ever a snake or a toad on ye're place, just put some of that *yearth* on his head, and he'll give up the ghost."

"I haven't faith enough for that," said Mr. Brainerd; "I will give the earth to you and let you try it!"

A few days after he carried round the small package of Irish soil to this son of Erin, and as often as he passed the shop he stopped to ask how many snakes and toads he had killed. The man always protested that want of time had

prevented him from using it, but he was just about to try the experiment. "And when I do," said he, "they'll die; if not," raising his heavy hammer, "*this will finish them!*"

Standing in one of the locomotive factories, watching the heavy machinery roll off iron shavings as if they were feathers, Mr. Brainerd said, "I have to work on a great deal harder material than this."

"What is it?" replied the mechanic, glancing up at him with an inquiring look,—"*converting sinners?*" "Yes," returned Mr. Brainerd, "I am glad you so well comprehend the nature of the material."

During the summer of 1848 some repairs were made to the church, at which time an organ was introduced; the interior of the building was painted, and the recess for the pulpit very handsomely frescoed. This was done during the summer vacation, and Mr. Brainerd was absent several weeks. He took his oldest son, then nearly eleven years of age, with him, and made a journey by way of Pittsburg, to Cleveland, Niagara Falls and Buffalo, and returning through New York, stopped for a week at his native town, Leyden. At Niagara Falls, where he passed the Sabbath, he preached to the fashionable crowd assembled in one of the large hotels; a wonderful contrast to the audience of the Sabbath following.

In the visits to his early home, which were made every few years, Mr. Brainerd never failed to open the old church on the hill for religious services, where, in his boyhood and youth, he attended with his parents. No place, he said, was so dear and sacred to him. A more modern church had been built at Port Leyden, about four miles distant, where the people now assembled, and the old church had for years been abandoned, literally, to "the owls and the bats." The panes of glass were broken in



the windows, and the building was otherwise dilapidated, but was still sound enough for these occasional services in the summer season.

A few of his old friends always entered with enthusiasm into his proposition to preach in the church on the hill. On one occasion, when the Sabbath was unusually cool, a temporary curtain was tacked up to the pulpit window at his back, to secure him from the danger of taking cold. Here he peopled again the old square pews with the occupants of the olden time, the great majority of whom were in heaven, while their children, now filling the same seats, looked just enough like their fathers to help out the illusion. His friend, Mr. Reuel Kimball, Jr., led the singing on these occasions, and the halo of his early love lighted up the building. A member of Mr. Kimball's family, in speaking of these occasions, says: "No clergyman ever commanded the congregation in his native town that Mr. Brainerd did; and his religious influence has lived on there since the period of his early conversion."

One morning in September, 1848, a number of letters were brought in while Mr. Brainerd was at breakfast. After glancing rapidly over one or two, he held a third in his hand some minutes, while a peculiar expression of interest and humor told his family it contained something unusual. In reply to the inquiry concerning it, he passed over this letter to his wife:

"AMHERST, MASS., Sept. 5th, 1848.

"DEAR SIR:

"Absence from home has prevented me from stating to you at an earlier date, what you may perhaps have seen in the newspapers, that the Trustees of Amherst College, at the late commencement, conferred upon you the title of Doctor of Divinity.

"It was due to you to have received this testimony from

some older college; but as it was not done, we took the liberty to offer it to your acceptance.

"We know not whether you esteem such notices of any value, but we hope you will at least believe that it was intended, in the present case, not only to bestow a well-merited honor, but to increase your means of influence as a minister of the gospel.

"Respectfully and sincerely yours,

"EDWARD HITCHCOCK."

Mr. Brainerd had *not* received any previous notice of this action; and it took him some little time to dispose of it satisfactorily. When he left the house to go down to the city, he said, playfully, "I am not quite certain that I shall know how to behave to-day, as I never was a D.D. before!"

In the General Assembly of 1849, of which Mr. Brainerd was again a member, he was appointed chairman of the committee to open, for the first time, a fraternal correspondence with the Old School Assembly. He reported to the next Assembly as follows:

"PHILADELPHIA, May 15th, 1850.

"TO THE MODERATOR OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF  
THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN THE U. S. A.

"DEAR SIR:

"As Chairman of the Committee on 'Fraternal Correspondence,' appointed in May, 1849, with directions to report to the present Assembly of 1850, I would simply say,—that as no corresponding committee was appointed by our brethren of the Assembly which met in Pittsburg last year, no opportunity has been had to carry out the fraternal and Christian spirit of our Assembly. That two denominations having the same creed, government, and forms of worship, the same historic associations, and the same sub-

stantial enemies and friends, should have some obvious fellowship with each other, is plain; and it is hoped that God will inspire all concerned to reach a consummation so much to be desired. But as to the mode, I will venture no suggestions.

“With great respect and earnest prayer for God’s blessing on your deliberations,

“I remain your brother,

“THOMAS BRAINERD.”

During the sessions of this Assembly, death again entered the family of Mr. Brainerd and took away his youngest child,—a lovely little boy of five years, who died on the 20th of May, 1849.

His father was illy able to bear trials of this nature, from his peculiar nervous constitution; and to see his little boy suffering under brain fever, as the result of his precocious intellect, completely unmanned him. For three years from this time, he was affected with a nervous debility which compelled him to sit while preaching.

The funeral of his little son was largely attended by the members of the General Assembly, from many of whom he received the warmest expressions of fraternal sympathy.

While Mr. Brainerd had realized his general expectations of benefit by his residence at Green Hill, yet the death of his two children here, had cast a shade over his enjoyment of it which decided him in the purpose of returning to the city. There were disadvantages in living at such a distance from his church which even his daily visits to the study could not wholly remedy. He made an effort to secure the purchase of a house, about two squares from the church, which was the only one in the vicinity within his pecuniary means. He purchased this on mortgage, by the payment of one thousand dollars. He had paid less than half the sum for rent at Green Hill, with his half-acre gar-

den and fine shade-trees, than was charged him for a moderate city house, with its few feet of brick pavement.

His object in buying a house, instead of renting one, was to reduce his rent to the interest of the mortgage, and stimulate the effort to save something in this way for his family. The event finally proved it to be the only mode by which anything was to be secured for them from his small salary of two thousand dollars. On leaving the beautiful home they had enjoyed for seven summers, a member of the family said it was "giving up houses and lands for the gospel."

Toward the close of September, 1849, Mr. Brainerd went on to Pittsfield, Mass., to fulfill an engagement to deliver an address at the Anniversary of the Young Ladies' Institute, under the charge of Prof. Tyler. In a letter to his family he says :

"I went on board the Isaac Newton at six o'clock P.M., and was sauntering around, when whom should I see in a corner but our dear, good Dr. Beecher and his wife. Wasn't I glad to see him and hold a chat! We got breakfast together in Albany, and he took the West train and I the East.

"I reached Pittsfield at ten A.M. The chapel was filled and the exercises going on. At one they adjourned to a public dinner, and at two o'clock we assembled again, when *my speech came off!* I was followed by ex-President Tyler, of Virginia, who made a short address, and then by a poem from Oliver Wendell Holmes, of Boston.

\* \* \* \* "I have had many thanks and compliments, and have got through the occasion with a comfort which is miraculous!"

Mr. Brainerd's address was published at Pittsfield, and soon afterward by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale in "The Ladies' Book." Extracts were frequently published in magazines and papers in various parts of the country.

In the summer of 1850, Mr. Brainerd was surprised and gratified by a call from Mr. G. W. Alexander, of London, accompanied by Mr. Josiah White, of Philadelphia.

Mr. Alexander had just completed an official inspection of the British West India Islands, to ascertain the results of emancipation in those islands, for the British Antislavery Society, of which he was president.

He addressed a large audience in Mr. Brainerd's church on the evening of July 15th, making a very interesting statement of the successful working of the emancipation policy, and urging upon his hearers the duty of exerting every influence to promote the just rights, the happiness, and the intellectual, moral, and religious improvement of the colored people. Mr. Brainerd was invited to meet a large circle of the most influential Friends of Philadelphia at Mr. Josiah White's, the same week, to discuss measures for promoting the interests of the colored population of the United States. He greatly relished the hearty cheerfulness, geniality, and good-will exhibited on this occasion, as well as the magnificent hospitality which graced this antislavery council.

Mr. Alexander's report was published by the British Antislavery Society, and a copy forwarded to Mr. Brainerd.

Mr. Barnes and Mr. Brainerd were led to frequent discussion on the importance of meeting the religious wants of the western part of the city, where families from their churches were continually removing, and the younger members being drawn into other denominations, from the absence of Presbyterian churches in that part of the city.

In the fall, Mr. Barnes called on Mr. M. W. Baldwin and other members of his church, and they concluded to call a meeting to consider the claims of this growing neighborhood.\*

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\* We make the following extract, by permission, from the Memoir of M. W. Baldwin, by Rev. Wolcott Colkins, pp. 115, 116.

“ The meetings continued to adjourn from week to week, until more than a dozen of the most substantial and earnest Christian men from the congregations of the First, Pine Street, and Clinton Street Churches, were interested in the deliberations. Forty successive meetings in all were held. They were of one mind, but, unfortunately, the subscriptions could not be brought up to anything like the required sum. At last Dr. Brainerd made one of his characteristic speeches. Only a month or two before his death he happened to relate the circumstance to a friend, so that this little model of persuasive eloquence can be preserved almost in his exact words: ‘ I made up my mind,’ said he, ‘ that Brother Barnes and I were dealing a little too tenderly with our rich friends. I was not afraid of them, and thinking the time had now come for pretty plain talk, I said to them :

“ ‘ Brethren, the Lord has denied to you the privilege of exercising many of the most precious graces of the Christian character, which in his infinite mercy he has vouchsafed to the rest of us. You never knew what it is to repose absolute, unassisted faith in God for the things of this world. You never had to go to sleep at night without knowing where your breakfast was to come from. You never had a sick child wasting away for the want of costly luxuries. You never had to deny yourselves the gratification of the impulses of pity when a sufferer came to your door. You never had to endure the humiliation of being dunned for an honest debt without knowing whether you could ever pay it. All these unspeakable advantages in developing Christian character an inscrutable Providence has taken from you and bestowed upon us poor men. The one solitary grace of the Christian life which has been denied to us and given to you, is the grace of liberality, *and if you don't exercise that, the Lord have mercy on your souls !*’

"Every one who ever heard Dr. Brainerd talk when he meant it, can see the upturned face, sparkling eye, and compressed lip with which these pungent words came out. As he reached this part of the narrative to his friend on that memorable ride in the summer of 1866, he reined in his horse and broke out in the heartiest tone: 'My confidence in human nature was not misplaced. At first I was almost frightened at my boldness; but soon I saw one of those amused and genial smiles begin to creep over Baldwin's face. Somebody caught the twinkle of his eye, and in half a minute the whole company broke into inextinguishable laughter. In two or three weeks we had some \$75,000 on the paper.'"

Matthew Baldwin was the first man to draw the paper toward him that evening, and put down \$10,000. Others followed this noble example, and subscribed *thousands*, where they were before giving only hundreds of dollars. The great enterprise was secured in one of the most tasteful and costly church edifices ever erected in Philadelphia. The corner-stone was laid on the Fourth of July, 1851, and November 6th, 1853, CALVARY PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH was dedicated to the service of Almighty God.

Accompanied by Rev. Albert Barnes, Matthew Baldwin, and John A. Brown, Esqs., Mr. Brainerd went to Boston, with a view to secure the services of Rev. Edward Kirk, as pastor of the new church. Failing in this application, and one or two other negotiations, which were carried on by letter, Mr. Barnes and Mr. Brainerd went to Montreal together to confer with the Rev. Mr. Jenkins of that city. Mr. Jenkins accepted the invitation, and soon after was installed pastor of the new church, which office he held for eight years.

Mr. Brainerd was engaged during the same year, 1853, in promoting the erection of a church at Lyon's Falls, Lewis Co., N. Y., within a few miles of his early home.



The township of Greg, containing 1500 inhabitants, was destitute of a church of any kind; the church-going part of the community attending at Port Leyden, the nearest adjacent town. In the summer Mr. Brainerd preached in a hotel to about 300 attentive hearers, and was excited by the scene to try to do them a permanent service. The town is located on the western border of the great Adirondack forest. Mr. Brainerd selected the site for the building on a picturesque promontory at the junction of the Moose and Black rivers, and one of his personal friends, Miss Henrietta Lyon, donated an acre of ground for the erection of the church.

A few families in the neighborhood pledged themselves to raise \$1000 toward the building, and Mr. Brainerd promised to procure for them one thousand more, and go up and dedicate the church when completed. On his return to Philadelphia, he sent them the plan of a tasteful church, and collected the amount which he had promised in the course of a few months. The work was pushed rapidly forward, and finished within a year. It was called "THE FOREST CHURCH," and the name was beautifully executed in a stained-glass window, at the entrance of the church. It stands with a fine grove in its inclosure, shading its walls, and the dark, tangled, unbroken forest behind it. The chancel is furnished with windows of stained glass, and the church fitted up with furnace, marble table, oak chairs, belfry, bell, etc. Its cost, all told, was \$2500.

In accordance with his promise, Mr. Brainerd preached at its dedication, Aug. 6th, 1854. An immense crowd was present. Before the hour, the house was filled in every part. Six hundred and fifty people were in the house, and twice as many around it. It was said by those who attempted to "number the people," that over eighteen hundred were present. At least three hundred vehicles

brought this multitude from Greg, and the neighboring towns of Leyden, Lowville, Martinsburg, and Constableville. Having conducted the dedication services within the house, Mr. Brainerd went out of doors and addressed the mass outside. The occasion was one of great enthusiasm both to speaker and hearers. The communion was administered in the afternoon. The Rev. Mr. Yale and Rev. Mr. Morris were present and took part in the services.

Occasions of open air preaching were of frequent occurrence during Dr. Brainerd's ministry in Philadelphia. The southeastern part of the city contained a large population that seldom saw the inside of a church. Many of these were mechanics, engaged in the extensive manufactories located in that section, who regarded the Sabbath as chiefly ordained for physical rest and recreation. They were idlers and Sabbath-strollers on this day. In the summer months, when the city congregations were thinned by absence and the afternoon services were suspended, Dr. Brainerd employed the usual hour in preaching in one of the southern market-houses, or in the Carpenter Street burying-ground, which belonged to Pine Street Church. The shade-trees of this inclosure afforded protection from the sun, and seats were readily provided from the neighboring lumber-yard. A sufficient number of his own church members attended these services to give dignity and order to the exercises, while an audience of outsiders was collected in whom the novelty of the service developed earnest emotion, which reacted strongly upon both preacher and hearers.

After one of these services, a member of his church said to him: "Dr. Brainerd, why can't you preach as well in Pine Street Church as you do here?" "I can," he replied, "if you will cry as much as they do here!"

A correspondent of the *Christian Observer* says: "Un-

derstanding that the Rev. Dr. Brainerd designed again to mount the 'block' in the market-house, I determined to go to 'the regions below' and hear him.

"I have often heard Dr. Brainerd preach in his own church, and much admired his bold, vigorous, energetic style; yet I am half inclined to believe, with some of the doctor's own congregation, that *'he preaches better in the market than in his own pulpit at home.'*

"But I apprehend the cause of any apparent change in the preaching lies less in the pastor than in the people. Need it create surprise that a mortal man should grow a little tired of constantly preaching eloquent sermons to a listless congregation? In the market-house the congregation is entirely new. It is a mixed multitude drawn together from their various pastimes and recreations and Sabbath desecrations. The preacher knows he may never see his hearers again, and he must address them on the most vital points. The emergency calls out his energies, and imparts to him the inspiration demanded by the occasion.

"At the close of the services a young man distributed *Penny Gazettes* among the junior portion of the audience, while an elder of the church dealt out, 'without money and without price,' to those further advanced in life, a variety of religious newspapers."

Mr. Brainerd's brother-in-law settled on Martha's Vineyard in 1851, and from this time the island became one of his frequent and favorite resorts in his summer vacations. The pure air, the sea-breeze, the primitive simplicity of the place and the people, united to their New England shrewdness, gave the place a peculiar charm for him. He never failed to find materials for interest and improvement in these visits.

His first observation of the remarkable honesty and morality of this place was on board the little steamer

which made regular trips from New Bedford to the island every other day, returning on alternate days. On a table, in the cabin, was a basket of fruit, and another of confectionery, with the price labeled on each article, and beside them a small box of change, containing five, ten, and twenty-five cent pieces, where every passenger was at liberty to go down and help himself, making the change from this small, independent, unofficered, and unwatched bank, and selecting such fruit and candies as he pleased, for himself and family. The captain told Mr. Brainerd he found the traffic profitable, and had no reason to suspect a single case of fraud or dishonesty.

There is not a drop of intoxicating liquor of any kind sold on the island in any of its four towns, and the "*jail*" is a decayed, empty, fabulous relic of other days, unoccupied in the memory of the "oldest inhabitant."

It is well known that a mammoth Methodist camp-meeting is held here annually, in the summer, gathered from the States of Rhode Island and Massachusetts. We will not venture to say that when the people from the "*main*," as the islanders term the main land, come over to attend this meeting, no rogues are ever found among them. But the whole population of the island organize themselves into a police force, and keep their eye upon every suspicious-looking fellow who lands on their shores, and this vigilance committee never lose sight of him until they see him safely off again.

The attempt has been repeatedly made to smuggle in some varieties of alcoholic poison, for the use of the visitors to the camp-meeting; but a mysterious knowledge of the fact seems to be communicated to the islanders, and the fishing smack containing the precious contraband cargo is quietly boarded by a few resolute men, and the costly beverage poured out as a libation to the fishes, it being wisely judged that when well mixed with the waters of

Buzzard's Bay it will not be fatally injurious even to the finny occupants of that fine harbor.

On one of these visits to the Vineyard, Mr. Brainerd found his brother waiting with his carriage at "the Landing," to carry him and his family to his residence, at West Tisbury, seven miles distant. There was not room in the vehicle for the baggage, and Mr. Brainerd inquired, with some concern, what should be done with it. "Leave it here," replied Mr. W., "until I can send down for it." "But it may be stolen," said Mr. Brainerd; upon which his brother indulged in an uncontrollable burst of laughter at the idea of anything being stolen from Martha's Vineyard. As the carriage drove off, Mr. Brainerd cast an unbelieving, rueful look at the two trunks left alone on the wharf, and was only reassured when three hours later they were safely delivered to their owner.

While driving to West Tisbury, Mr. W. stated that a peddler from New Bedford, with a valuable load of fancy wares, broke his wagon on the road some miles from any dwelling. He led his horse to the nearest town, put up for the night, as it was toward evening, and in the morning took over the materials for mending his wagon, and went on his mission as safely as if no accident had occurred.

We give another incident of this visit, which Mr. Brainerd published after his return to Philadelphia, as a further illustration of the place and the people.

#### "A Sword in Good Hands."

"In the month of August last, I spent two weeks on the pleasant Island of *Martha's Vineyard*, Mass. It is the custom of the Methodists to hold a 'camp-meeting' annually, in a grove, in the northeastern part of the island, where from six to twelve thousand usually attend, from Boston, Providence, New Bedford, etc. It so happened

that this camp-meeting was in progress while I was in the neighborhood, and I spent part of two days very pleasantly in listening to my Methodist brethren, to whom I lent, as I was able, a helping hand.

“To reach the meeting I was obliged to travel from my temporary residence eleven miles over a plain, mostly covered with scrub oaks, and where the road was barely the width of the carriage. For perhaps one mile and a half of the distance, oaks of a larger size had so extended their branches as constantly to thrash the sides of the carriage and put the eyes of passengers in peril. As the road was little traveled, except in camp-meeting times, no one had taken pains to lop off the troublesome branches.

“On my second visit to the meeting, I had entered with a single carriage upon this oak plain accompanied by a lady friend and her young daughter, when I saw, about twenty rods before me, a gleaming sword flashing over the track, as if it was in the hands of a strong man, laying about him in deadly strife. I was startled. The vision was right in the track, and there was no turn-out possible. It was in the forest, miles from any human habitation. I had no means of defense, and my companions needed protection. As I drew near I could see the form of a stalwart man, striking at some object as if in desperation. Nothing could be done but to go on. I first said, ‘It is a drunken man!’ But then I remembered that, by the grace of God and the temperance reform, there was not a *grog-shop* nor a *drunkard* in Duke’s County, Massachusetts. The man could not be drunk. I said, ‘Is it a highwayman?’ There never was such a man on the island. I said, ‘Can it be possible that some maniac has escaped his keepers, and gone out with a reckless thirst for blood?’ Where everybody knows everybody, as is the case on the island, this, if possible, was not probable. These thoughts flashed

through my mind on the moment, but left no absolute fear to lead me to check my horse. I soon came up to the startling apparition ; and behold, I recognized the colored servant of the worthy Captain Cleaveland, a retired whaling-master, who, having in Valparaiso found the man in poverty and distress, had brought him home and made him the faithful hired servant of a just and considerate master. The man, having obtained leave to go to camp-meeting, was dressed in his best suit, and, though he had eleven miles to walk himself, had procured the captain's old cutlass, and giving it a keen edge, was engaged in lopping off the oak branches that troubled persons in carriages. Do you wonder that my heart warmed toward a philanthropist employed in a voluntary work, so humble indeed, but so *disinterestedly benevolent*? I cried out to him as I approached, '*Has the MILLENNIUM come? I see you are using a spear for a pruning-hook. I wish no sword was ever worse employed.*' He gave me a smile and a bow, and went on with his work with the cheerfulness of one conscious that he was doing good, but not ambitious of praise. I doubt not he received a blessing at the camp-meeting, as a '*doer*' as well as '*hearer of the word.*' I gave him a mite as a token of my gratitude ; and, that so good a deed shall not fail to be set forth as an example, I have sketched the whole scene, that this *hero of the oak plain* may have the wreath to which he is entitled."

The Island of Martha's Vineyard, in the east, and the beautiful valley of the Housatonic, in the western part of Massachusetts, became rivals in Mr. Brainerd's regard as places of summer resort, and he gratified his partialities by visiting them in alternate seasons. The hills of Columbia and Berkshire Counties, on either side of the river, where, for more than a century, had been located the



homestead of family relatives, afforded the most abundant materials of interest, in their varied scenery; while the cultivated society of its clustered towns supplied equal social attractions.

In the summer of 1862, Mr. Brainerd happened to be on a visit to Canaan, Columbia County, New York, at the time the draft was levied for recruits to the army. He addressed a "mass meeting" there, making earnest appeals to the patriotism of his hearers, with encouraging success.

Early in May, 1855, Mr. Brainerd received a letter from the Secretary of the American Bible Society, with an urgent request for a speech at their anniversary in New York, on the 10th instant. The apology given for the shortness of the notice, three days, was, "It will not take you as long to *load* as it does some others."

His old friend, Mrs. Judge Burnet, of Cincinnati, visited him this spring, and insisted upon Mr. Brainerd returning home with her. Writing from Cincinnati, he says:

"We arrived here this morning (June 23d), in thirty-two hours from Philadelphia. Mrs. Burnet bore the journey as well as she could at thirty years of age.

"Among the pleasant acquaintances on the way was Governor Wright, of Indiana. He was twelve years in Congress. He is an out-and-out old-fashioned Western man; he said he had no hopes from any party politics, but he believed that individual industry, temperance, religion, and intelligence were the only hope of the country. He is to deliver the address before the New York Agricultural Society next fall, and says he will call upon me in Philadelphia, and make a speech to my Sabbath-school."

Governor Wright redeemed this promise, and made an interesting address to the children when he came East.

“ June 28th, 1855.

\* \* \* \* \* “ On Tuesday I went down to North Bend, and spent half a day with my old friend, Mrs. General Harrison. She was very glad to see me, and thanked me many times for calling. She is still in the ‘log-cabin,’ which is furnished as plainly as the house of any farmer in Ohio.”

In September, 1855, Mr. Brainerd accompanied his son to New Haven, who joined the Freshman Class of Yale College at this time. He said that he could give him no fortune except a thorough education, which no reverses could depreciate or take from him. The sacrifices to accomplish this were only such as thousands of clergymen have cheerfully endured for their children, and became, if not a pleasure, at least a source of satisfaction.

He sold his horse and buggy, and rented his stable for a year, which added about four hundred dollars to the year's income. At the expiration of the year, feeling the need of his accustomed exercise, which he regarded as essential to his life, he purchased another horse. But he never again had the money to appropriate for a carriage of any kind, and never after this possessed one. His horses, though famous and historic, were not of the most expensive kind, while his ownership and attachment invested them with many perfections. One of them, a blooded English horse, had been a noble animal, but was injured by overtrotting. With the considerate care he received, he served Mr. Brainerd faithfully for fifteen years, and was then given to a Quaker farmer, on condition of gentle usage, and a burial in his skin and shoes when his useful life should terminate.

The following February, the Trustees of Pine Street Church voted an addition of five hundred dollars to Mr. Brainerd's salary. This was not realized until the next

quarter, the payment dating from May, 1856. This much-needed relief was duly appreciated. It was the twentieth year of his pastoral labor in Pine Street Church, and his salary, which had been heretofore two thousand dollars, was from this period two thousand five hundred.

Mr. Brainerd was again a delegate to the General Assembly, which met in the City of New York in 1856.

By way of apology for the brevity of a letter home, dated May 18th, 1856, he says: "I have used what strength I had in the Assembly, and could not endure the sight of a pen. I *lean against a post* and make some speeches."

It became such a habit with him to select a seat near a post for its support, under the vertigo which he often experienced when speaking, that one of his ministerial brethren said to him, playfully, as they entered the house together, "*Every man to his post!*"

The nervous aversion to writing, which resulted from his physical peculiarities, prevented him from pursuing literary labors beyond the actual necessities which his profession forced upon him.

When the *Presbyterian Quarterly Review* was established in Philadelphia, in the year 1852, he felt his obligations, as one of the associate editors, to contribute occasionally, as he was able, to its pages, during the ten years in which Dr. Wallace conducted the work. It so happened that the opening and closing articles of this period were from his pen. The first, defining the position of the New School branch of the Presbyterian Church, and the demands for the *Review*, was entitled "OUR CHURCH AND OUR REVIEW." The closing article of the tenth volume was the memorial tribute to Rev. Benj. J. Wallace, in October, 1862. He wrote several other articles, among which was a Sketch of the Character and Public Life of Daniel Webster, written in December, 1852; and in the

spring of 1860, amid the fearful apprehensions which shook the nation, he wrote an article entitled "WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE PRESENT SLAVERY AGITATION?"

At the earnest solicitation of Dr. Wm. B. Sprague, of Albany, Mr. Brainerd wrote a memorial sketch of Rev. James Patterson in 1857, and one of Dr. Artemus Bulard the same year, for the "ANNALS OF THE AMERICAN PULPIT."

He published twenty sermons in pamphlet during his ministry in Philadelphia, and a still larger number in the newspaper press—all of them by solicitation, or through the agency of "Reporters," on occasions of public interest.

His contributions to the daily and weekly press on miscellaneous topics of moral or political bearing were too many to be specified or collected. These were what he called "*hoeing short rows*," which he found time to do in the intervals of his more laborious duties.

His early habits as an editor, his interest in the current topics of the day, and his convictions of the superior advantages of the newspaper press for reaching the public mind, led him to prefer this mode of publication to every other. His love for newspapers was one of his ruling passions. Not satisfied with ten or twelve daily in his own house, he was a regular reader at the Athenæum, where he could glance over thirty and forty a day from every part of the country.

This was accomplished so rapidly that it was difficult to note the time appropriated to it; yet every fact worth remembering, thus hastily gathered, was as securely preserved in his memory as in the newspaper files themselves.

The only work which claimed the dignity of a *book* was "The Life of Rev. John Brainerd," published in 1865, to which reference will be made hereafter.

The summer of 1857 was marked by a number of pleasant events. The friend of his early youth, Mr. Wait Tal-

cott, residing in Rockford, Illinois, made him a visit with his wife and little son, six years of age. While in Philadelphia, the little boy was greatly distressed by seeing the dogs in the street muzzled. It was explained to him that this law was one of kindness to the dogs, for without this precaution they would all be killed. The little fellow mused over this statement for some minutes, and then said, "In Illinois, where I live, the people are mostly good—they don't kill dogs!"

When Mr. Talcott left Philadelphia to visit his brother in Jersey City, he agreed to join Mr. Brainerd again in August, at the Catskill Mountain House. Several members of Pine Street Church were there, who persuaded Mr. Brainerd to make a week's sojourn with them, while his church was undergoing repairs.

The entire release from professional labor during these two months, together with the social interest of the circle of friends gathered at the "Mountain House," the wonderful romance and beauty of the place, the decided physical improvement gained during the summer, all contributed to make it a season of unusual enjoyment.

On Sunday morning Mr. Brainerd preached in the large parlor of the "Mountain House." The room was well filled. Among the guests was Mrs. James Parton ("Fanny Fern"), with her husband and two daughters.

She thus *heralds* this occasion in the *New York Ledger*:

"Sunday at the Catskills! 'There is no church here,' said one. 'No church?' What human hand could span an arch like yonder blue vault? What pillars could it frame beautiful as those shapely trees? What carpet weave equal to that dew-bespangled moss? What choir more perfect than those untutored birds, singing for very joy that God is so good and his earth so fair?"

“ ‘Service in the public parlor at eleven ;’ so the landlord informed us. ‘Heaven grant,’ said I, ‘that the preacher may utter no discord amid all this harmony of nature.’ So I took my seat among the worshipers—young and old, sick and well, grave and gay—with creeds as various as their places of birth, or the lineaments of their faces, and some with no creeds at all. How shall the preacher say a fitting word to all these ?

“I am happy to say that, in my opinion, he did it ; that not one word would I have had erased or changed ; that I could conceive of no one present who could object to the sincere, fair, and loving exposition of gospel truth, which, like another ‘Sermon on the Mount,’ will, I trust, long be remembered.

“I have now an added reason for liking Philadelphia and its people since having listened, on that lovely Sabbath morning, to Rev. Dr. Brainerd ; since having made, also, at the Catskills, the acquaintance of other agreeable Philadelphians.” \* \* \* \* \*

Pine Street Church is the oldest Presbyterian church building in Philadelphia. The lot on which it stands, with the surrounding grave-yard, was granted to the congregation by the Penn proprietors, in 1764. Built before the Revolution, it is of course located in the old section of the city. Its architecture was of the plain, simple style belonging to that period. As the city extended its limits north and west, the more prosperous young families of the church were continually removing to the newer and more fashionable portion of the town. Knowing how readily the young are attracted by external beauty and style, Mr. Brainerd realized the importance of keeping his church up with the progress of the times. He urged upon the congregation the duty of so remodeling the church as to meet the tasteful demands of the age. For two or three

years this subject burdened his mind, before he could bring his people up to his views. The older class were attached to the antiquity of the building, and insisted that it was "good enough for them," as it had been for their fathers. After three years of persistent labor, Mr. Brainerd finally induced the congregation to engage in quite extensive alterations. These were commenced in August, 1857; and when Mr. Brainerd returned home early in September, the basement rooms of the church were finished, and the services were resumed and held in the lecture-room.

The upper part of the church was opened for service on the 25th of October, 1857.

The improvement in the church edifice cost \$11,500, all of which was promptly paid by voluntary subscriptions within a single year; fifteen hundred and fourteen dollars of this amount was collected by Mr. Brainerd from friends outside of the congregation. The alteration was chiefly confined to the exterior of the church, modernizing and changing its whole appearance. The congregation designed to make an equally thorough renovation the following year of the interior, but the financial embarrassments which begun in 1857, and accumulated through successive years, hindered the fulfillment of this purpose. The civil war which broke out in 1861, delayed the work to a still later date; and not until the necessity was forced upon them by the settlement of a new pastor, in 1867, was it finally accomplished. For the last ten years of his ministry Mr. Brainerd was impressed with the idea that his work was nearly finished, and said it was his dearest wish to leave Pine Street Church in the highest condition of prosperity. He represented to his people the difficulties they would meet in securing such a pastor as they needed, without first making the church as attractive as possible, and the embarrassments under which a stranger would labor in securing the pecuniary means for these improvements. Cir-



circumstances proved more absolute than these arguments, and the evil he foresaw came upon them. It was, however, bravely met and overcome, although at double the pecuniary cost which would have belonged to the earlier season. The congregation expended over \$15,000 in 1867, in carrying out the improvements projected ten years before at an estimate of \$7000.

Mr. Brainerd believed that every church needed rejuvenating once in twenty years at least, to keep the young in complacent sympathy with their home sanctuary, and to give the rising generation the opportunity to identify themselves with their church by actual labor and sacrifice.

About this time, 1857, Mr. Brainerd published a short historical sketch of Pine Street Church, in the course of which he spoke of his predecessor, Dr. Archibald Alexander, with the affectionate reverence he had always cherished for his character. Soon after he received a letter from Rev. James W. Alexander, in which he says: "I am certainly your debtor for the manner in which you have written concerning my dear and honored father. I shall treasure up the important fragments which you have rescued, as additions to my memoir. Such things cause me to feel more deeply how great are our common interests and experience, and how trifling the points about which we differ."

The semi-centennial anniversary of Andover Theological Seminary was celebrated in August, 1858, at Andover, Mass. The authorities of the institution issued a general invitation to all the Alumni, and about two hundred and fifty clergymen responded to the call. Mr. Brainerd was one of a committee of four, including Dr. John G. Owen, Edwards A. Park, and J. Q. A. Edgell, to call together his own class, which graduated in 1831. The class numbered fifty on leaving the seminary, and twenty-two returned, after an interval of twenty-seven years, to greet each

other once more at this shrine of early affections and religious consecration. After engaging in prayer, each was invited to recount the history of the twenty-seven years gone by. Such a review was full of interest to those who had parted in the freshness of early manhood, and now met again, worn and gray-haired men, with their varied experience of joy and sorrow.

The political horizon this year began to be overclouded with unmistakable tokens of the coming storm. Not fully credited as yet at the North, not, perhaps, sufficiently heeded; but the defiant, reckless spirit of the South was met by a firmer and more resolute expression of public sentiment at the North on the "irrepressible" question of slavery.

The public journals took a higher ground of principle in their discussions than before. Mr. Brainerd's sympathies were especially drawn toward the articles of Dr. Courtland Van Renssalaer, on slavery, in the *Presbyterian Magazine*, insomuch that he was led to assure him by letter of his earnest approval of his views. He received the following reply from Dr. Van Renssalaer, a few days after :

"Dec. 11th, 1858.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR:

"I received, with a great deal of satisfaction, your fraternal letter, expressing your approbation of my articles on slavery in reply to Dr. Armstrong. It is not often that I care for man's judgment, one way or the other, provided I think that I am clearly right; but, on this great and intricate question of slavery, I confess that many anxieties have come across my mind, and that I have been even solicitous to know what opinion good and wise men entertain of my views. Your letter has cheered me. It is strong testimony from one who has examined the subject, felt its perplexities, and is able to form an opinion

worth having to the writer. Please to accept my thanks for communicating with me on the subject, and for encouraging me in the hard work I have had to encounter.

“As regards the South, there have been fearful signs of ultraism in the political world, even to the revival of the slave-trade, and to the *persecution of individuals for their private opinions in opposition to extremes*. This ultraism has threatened an invasion into the church. Thank God! our testimony of 1818 remains unimpaired, and can *never be altered*. Our own church in the South (O. S.) has been slightly affected, I fear, by the prevailing change in public sentiment, but I do not think that many have left the old ground occupied by the fathers, and that, after a little reflection, even these will return to the old belief.

“Again thanking you for your sympathy and the kind expression of your approbation,

“I am yours fraternally,

“C. VAN RENSSELAER.

“REV. T. BRAINERD, D.D.”

## CHAPTER XII.

### JOHN BROWN—THE WAR.

**D**URING the intense excitement which attended the trial and execution of "JOHN BROWN," of Ossawatimie, the writer sent to the *American Presbyterian* the narrative of the Scottish martyr, "*John Brown*," whom Claverhouse shot with his own hand because he refused to betray the place of concealment of one of the persecuted ministers of the gospel, among the Covenanters, for whom Claverhouse was searching. The piece concluded with the quaint epitaph :

"Clavers might murder godly Brown,  
But could not rob him of his crown."

To this thrilling story of Professor Wilson's was simply added the following paragraph :

"The courts of Virginia and Gov. Wise may execute John Brown; but there will be another monument erected, and another century couplet thereon inscribed :

'Although you murder godly Brown,  
You cannot rob him of his crown !'

And his death may '*light such a fire*' in our land as will never be extinguished until the principles of true liberty enlighten the nation. As truly as 'the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church,' so surely will the blood of free-men be the well-spring of liberty ! 'He that is higher than the highest regardeth it;' and we deal with One *who does not settle accounts in December.*"\*

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\* John Brown was executed December 2d, 1859.

Mr. Brainerd was reading the article soon after the paper came in, when I entered the room and said, "What do you think of my contribution?"

"Did *you* send this to the paper?" he replied. "It will never do to indorse John Brown's raid in this way."

"I have not indorsed it," I answered; "I have only implied that God will indorse it."

The next morning Dr. Houghton (then editor of the *American Presbyterian*) called at Dr. Brainerd's house, as pale as the paper on which his journal was printed, and said that one, and another, and another, including one of the city clergymen, had called at his office, and, in "fear and great wrath," peremptorily ordered their paper stopped.

Mr. Brainerd leaned back in his chair and laughed immoderately, for him. But he told Dr. Houghton that he would do the best he could to get his wife and the paper out of this scrape. He wrote hastily the following explanatory note, on his own responsibility, which was published in the next week's issue:

"The article on our first page last week, entitled 'John Brown,' was written by a lady whose sympathies have been excited by the prospective execution of a man whom the Governor of Virginia has publicly pronounced 'brave, honest, and sincere.' It was far from her intention to justify, directly or indirectly, the sanguinary enterprise of Harper's Ferry. She still believes that true public policy, as well as a considerate charity, claims executive clemency for the few surviving offenders. The promotion of this end was the object of her article."

The pro-slavery *Christian Observer* opened fire on the unfortunate paragraph with its heaviest batteries; rung all manner of sarcastic and sneering changes on the phrase "*godly* John Brown," which were echoed in some of the

secular papers as well as in the religious exchanges from other cities.

The *Washington Star* and the *Charleston (S. C.) News* quoted the paragraph, with comments of *Southern liberality*.

The *Frankfort (Ky.) Yeoman* had an article, understood to be from the pen of Vice-President Breckinridge, containing the following sentence :

“ If old John Brown is executed, there will be thousands to dip their handkerchiefs in his blood ; pilgrimages will be made to his grave, and the blood of this martyr will be as seed to this fanatical church ; and Governor Wise will be compared to Julian the Apostate, or *Grahame of Claverhouse*.”

A few days after, Dr. Houghton called again, with a terrible denunciatory letter in his hand from a Presbyterian clergyman in Mobile, dated December 14th, 1859, and filling three pages of large quarto-sized writing paper. Among other things, the writer says :

“ Tirades of abuse, misrepresentation, and falsehood appear daily in every abolition paper ; the most offensive of which that I have yet seen has appeared in your columns as a leader, on the canonization of ‘ Godly John Brown.’ I will not be one of the number to sustain a paper in such a work. I will excuse you from sending me your paper any longer. If your *enmity* does not extend so far as to refuse the balance due you, and you will send me your account, the money shall be forthcoming.

“ Yours, etc.”

Dr. Houghton was, at this time, ready to join in the laugh himself ; he told Dr. Brainerd that he had gained more subscribers than he had lost by the article in question. The people were in advance of the timid journals of the day, and hailed joyfully every omen of courage.

The writer has long since been abundantly compensated

for the annoyance of this occasion. The "MONUMENT" has been builded these seven years—

*"Of the great deeds of the brave ;"*

and while

"John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave,  
His soul is marching on !"

The brave old man was executed at ten o'clock A.M., on the 2d of December, 1859. The colored people of Philadelphia observed the day with fasting and prayer—called to this service by the ministers of their churches, who invited them all to meet at ten o'clock A.M. "Presenting themselves with fasting and prayer before a God of truth and justice, whom we acknowledge as the common Father of mankind. That to this ever-living God and Father we may make a united appeal that He remove from us the miseries of oppression, and from our common country its infatuated blindness, its skeptical spirit, and practical atheism ; that repentance and pardon may be given to the black man and white man of this country ;—to the black man, because he has said in the bitterness of the anguish of his heart, ' God has forgotten us !' and to the white man, because he has said in the pride and insolence of his heart, ' There is no God !'

"It is the opinion of intelligent colored men in Philadelphia, that any public demonstrations of feeling in regard to this matter are unwise and injudicious, and had better be omitted."

The mode in which God "*settled this account*" is fresh in the memory of every American. For this oppressed, down-trodden, despised race, he demanded of the flower of all our sons nearly *life for life !*

"Four hundred thousand men,  
The good, the brave, the true,  
Lie dead—for me and you, good friend ;  
LIE DEAD—FOR ME AND YOU !"



Early in May of the following spring, 1860, Dr. Lyman Beecher and Mrs. Beecher made a visit of some weeks to Dr. Brainerd, the last he was ever to make on earth. The cloud had begun to settle upon the overtaxed brain of the noble old man; but when roused and interested, flashes of the old fire broke out, with its old-time sparkle and humor.

The General Assembly met at Pittsburg this spring, and as Dr. Brainerd was a delegate, he was obliged to leave home during Dr. Beecher's visit. He told Dr. Beecher that the whole house was at his service, and to make himself perfectly at home in his absence. Dr. Beecher looked up with his benignant smile and replied, "I should have done that if you hadn't told me!" On the morning of his departure, he said, "I wish, doctor, you were going with me, as in time past. What shall I tell the brethren for you?" "Tell them," said Dr. Beecher, his eyes filling with tears as he spoke, "that *I remember them all and love them all!*"

At the June communion, this summer, Dr. Brainerd's only daughter joined the church. His son had made a profession of religion three years before, while a member of Yale College, at the commencement of his Junior year.

#### THE WAR.

No man ever cherished a keener interest in the political questions which affected the liberties of his country than Dr. Brainerd. He kept an anxious eye for years upon the increasing aggressions and unreasonable demands of the South, and felt every outrage upon the rights of free speech and free citizenship throughout the Union, as really as though it concerned himself personally. Still, he was regarded as a "conservative" man, in church and state, and he so realized the horrors of civil war, that whenever it could be done without compromising principle, he recom-

mended prudential measures to avert the threatened evils which overhung the country.

But when the war was forced upon us by the half mad and entirely bad leaders of the rebellion, he accepted the issue as he would have done a decree from Heaven, and bent his whole soul to meet it. He *enlisted for the war* as truly as any man who shouldered his musket, and never intermitted his services until Lee surrendered at Appomattox Court House.

Those acquainted with Mr. Brainerd's nervous excitability, will remember the flushed cheek and brow, the flashing, restless eye, which marked his appearance during these four years of fearful anxiety and conflict. From the hour when the first gun was fired at Fort Sumter, he exerted an almost ubiquitous influence in keeping up the community to the highest point of sacrifice and endurance.

The young men of his congregation caught his enthusiasm, and on the first call of the President for volunteers, thirty enlisted at once. As the exigency and the demand increased, the supply increased, until *one hundred and thirty* young men connected with his church and congregation were serving their country in the army and navy.

While these young men were girding themselves for the war,—

“And heavy to the ground the first dark drops of battle fell,”—

Dr. Brainerd was called to stand by the coffin of Lieutenant John T. Greble, who was killed at Great Bethel on the 10th of June, 1861,—one of his most beloved young friends, brought up in his church and Sabbath-school, and now brought home for burial, wrapped in the flag of his country. Dr. Brainerd said of him then :

“This young man has fallen in the beginning of the conflict to preserve this country—our Constitution, our prosperity—the liberty of men everywhere, from treason,

anarchy, aristocratic oppression and final ruin. *He died, that his country might not die.* He died, that the great experiment of self-government in this land, which has made man everywhere feel that he was truly man, might not fail, to the despair of humanity itself in all time to come."

Two or three weeks later, in July, Dr. Brainerd's only son entered the army as assistant surgeon, and was stationed in the first United States Army Hospital opened at Washington, before the battle of Bull Run.

Amid these scenes of absorbing interest, Dr. Brainerd was obliged to leave home to fulfill an engagement to make an address at the Quarter Century Celebration of Knox College, at Galesburg, Illinois. He was urged to this service by the Rev. George W. Gale, the founder of the college, who was the friend of his early years, and with whom he always preserved a fraternal intercourse. A year later, Dr. Brainerd was called to write a memorial sketch of Dr. Gale, who died at Galesburg, September 13th, 1862, which was published in the *Presbyterian Almanac* for that year.

He reached Galesburg on the day of the anniversary. At the close of the commencement exercises, on Thursday, the President introduced Dr. Brainerd to the audience.

The Chicago *Presbyterian Recorder* thus speaks of his address on this occasion: "It was a perilous undertaking to stand up before a tired assembly, who had been sitting already three hours, and to attempt to hold them willing listeners still. Most men in such circumstances would have failed; but the doctor by a few well-told anecdotes (and he seems to have one all fitted to the place, and adapted to every emergency, and no one can tell a story better than he) soon put his hearers in good humor, pleased with him, with themselves, and with the world generally.

"Dr. Brainerd speaks like no other man; and this address was a good example of his many excellences. It was full of important thought, arranged in compact argument, with apt and forcible illustrations, and then delivered in his easy and yet impressive manner. One of his hearers, as we passed out of the house, said, 'I wish he had kept on another half hour.'"

After leaving Galesburg, Dr. Brainerd went to Rock Island City, Illinois, *to see the Mississippi*; from thence to Toledo, Iowa, to visit his brother. He writes from Toledo, July 4th, 1861:

\*   \*   \*   \*

"I have attended a great 'Fourth-of-July' county gathering in this place to-day. About two thousand people were present, all bringing their dinners and eating in the grove. My speech gained three cheers and a *tiger*; so that I am quite elated. It was the most curious Fourth-of-July celebration I have ever attended, and I enjoyed it very much. Next Sabbath I am to preach here, and on Monday I mean to leave for home.

"I am starving for war news, which at home I get three times a day. May God save the country!

\*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*

"Love to all Pine Street Church from the Western pilgrim and their friend,

"THOMAS BRAINERD."

On the 26th of December of this year, Dr. Brainerd's only daughter was married to Henry M. Boies, of Saugerties, N. Y. The excitements of the war at this time enabled him to bear the absence of his children better than he could otherwise have done.

When the regiments, which were constantly passing through Philadelphia to the seat of war, landed at our steamboat wharves or railroad stations, Dr. Brainerd was there to cheer and encourage them, and share, so far as he

was able, in the responsibilities of our patriot citizens. At the very commencement of the conflict, when the soldiers, as yet unused to long marches and longer fasting, bore the evidence of overtaxed energies, the citizens residing in the neighborhood of their arrival and departure contributed every possible assistance and refreshment to them. All the day long women baked bread and biscuit by the bushel; made coffee by the gallon, which they carried out to the troops, as they formed in line on the sidewalk. These spontaneous offerings suggested to a few enthusiastic men the plan of renting a boat-house at the foot of Washington Avenue, where the soldiers could be fed with more convenience and comfort than in the public street. The suggestion was acted upon at once; with rough boards laid on supporters for their tables at first, but rapidly accumulating new accommodations, under the almost superhuman exertions of those engaged in the work, until the "UNION VOLUNTEER REFRESHMENT SALOON" furnished to *seven hundred thousand men*, going and returning through Philadelphia, as good a meal as they could have procured at any well-appointed hotel. Comforts, and even luxuries, were daily added. The building was enlarged, with the addition of hospital, bathing-room, office for writing, furnished with stationery and postage-stamps free, where, during ten minutes' delay or leisure, the soldiers could mail a letter to the families they had just left, and cheer them with the report of their present comfort. The pecuniary supplies for this gigantic provision rolled in with an unebbing tide, under the energetic and unwearied efforts of the committee in charge. Furniture for the house and table were donated by merchants and mechanics until nothing was lacking to complete the establishment. Floored, whitewashed, adorned with pictures and flags, brilliantly lighted with gas, the place glowed with the patriotism, the hope, and the love which originated and sustained it.

This description is necessary because this place became to Dr. Brainerd the palladium of his hopes, the theater of his labors, and the scene, to him, of many of the most thrilling incidents of the war. If ever discouragement, or doubt or fear, was gaining the ascendancy, in the darkest days of the rebellion, a visit to this place dispelled it. The fresh troops coming in, with their fresh zeal and unfaltering resolution—the determined purpose of every one connected with this institution to persevere to “the last drop of blood in every heart and the last dollar in every purse,” nerved the hopes of the most desponding. Above all, he here found the full measure of his own enthusiasm met and carried out in a living stream of patriotic beneficence.

Dr. Brainerd's admiration was unbounded for these disinterested workers, who, without an emotion of selfishness, or a thought of remuneration, “enlisted for the war.” They stood at their post, sleeping and waking at the “tap of the drum,” often not seeing their own homes for three nights in succession. While one or two failed under this protracted labor and excitement, the enthusiasm which nerved this noble little band endowed them with “strength equal to their day,” and they lived to “welcome back” the worn veterans of the war with the same hopeful energy which cheered them on in the beginning. The exhaustless supplies, from the warm hearts of the citizens of Philadelphia, at the rate of *one hundred and fifty dollars a day*, lasted while the rebellion lasted, and the need of the army lasted, and would have been doubled had the need demanded.

Dr. Brainerd was not an idle spectator, contented with the selfish enjoyment of this grand work. From its earliest organization he endeavored to promote both its popular reputation and its pecuniary resources. He was connected with many agencies for promoting these ends; at one time speaking at festivals and gatherings, where the collections

were designed for this "Saloon," and at others, lecturing directly for the same object. He was very successful in his appeals for money to the wealthy, patriotic citizens of Philadelphia; and while on a visit to Washington he obtained leave from the Secretary of the Navy to exhibit the rebel ram "ATLANTA," lying at the Philadelphia dock, for the benefit of this Refreshment Saloon. Quite a handsome sum was realized from this source. No wonder this place was a wholesale store-house of joy and hope for those who loved their country as Dr. Brainerd did.

From memoranda furnished by Saml B. Fales, Esq., Corresponding Secretary of the "Committee" of the "Union Volunteer Refreshment Saloon," we gather the following items:

"Dr. Brainerd was always called upon by our Committee to speak for us, and in all our appeals for aid the Committee always referred to him as an indorser. He was present, took an active part, and made an address on the occasion of laying the corner-stone of our little hospital, in September, 1863. He also made addresses in the Saloon at the opening of two different 'fairs' (1862 and 1863) held at the Saloon.

"January 11th and April 24th, 1863, Dr. Brainerd preached in the Saloon. In the early part of the year 1863 religious service was held in our building every Sunday night. In May he accompanied the members of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church to the Saloon, and made an address. He said, 'That if every beam, post, and lintel could speak, they would be eloquent in praise of what had been done there in the cause of Christian philanthropy and patriotism.'

"He has often been called upon to pray by the bedside of sick and dying soldiers in our hospital, and frequently attended their remains to the grave.

"When the Ladies' Committee was getting up the



second floral fair, Dr. Brainerd gave them a letter of introduction to Mrs. Thomas Latimer, of Wilmington, Del., from whom a liberal donation was received, both for the fair and the hospital.

"Dr. Brainerd was present and made an address at the raising of the large gilt eagle over the Union V. R. Saloon, January 2d, 1863.

"But it is impossible to state what he has done for the soldiers, our Saloon, and the country. *He was always doing something for the cause*; from the first he identified himself with our Committee, and felt a deep interest in our institution, and was always our warm and steadfast friend. He fully sympathized with us in our efforts for the comfort and refreshment of our brave soldiers, and cheered us on in our pathway of duty.

"January 12th, 1863, after a heavy snow-storm, Dr. Brainerd called at the Saloon, and handed in the sum of forty dollars. This amount was received by the doctor through the Rev. Dr. Eva, and was a contribution from the Young Ladies' Bible Class of the First Presbyterian Church, Kensington. The doctor being pressed for time, would not dismount, and I was obliged to write the receipt resting on the shoulder of his horse. Dr. Brainerd was, from the first, a constant visitor, even to the close of our institution. Having commissioned Mr. Edward Moran to paint for me a series of views of the Saloon, I called upon the doctor and stated that as he was identified with our Saloon, and beloved by our Committee, I was exceedingly anxious to introduce him *and his old horse* in one of the pictures, and wished him to select some pleasant incident connecting him with our operations. A few days afterward he informed me that he had chosen the above-mentioned occurrence, which the artist has most truthfully depicted.

"SAML. B. FALES.

"PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 5th, 1866."

"In the four and a half years of their labors the 'Saloon' fed between eight and nine hundred thousand soldiers, and expended about 100,000 dollars in money, aside from supplies. The Saloon hospital had during the war nearly fifteen thousand patients.

"The women connected with these Saloons, with a patience and fidelity which has never been surpassed, winter and summer, in cold and heat, at all hours of night as well as day, at the boom of the signal-gun hastened to the Saloons, and prepared those ample repasts which made Philadelphia the Mecca to which the soldier turned longingly during his years of army life. These women were accustomed to care for their own households, and do their own work, and it required no small degree of self-denial and patriotic zeal on their part, after a day of the housekeeper's never-ending toil, to rise from their beds at midnight (for the trains bringing soldiers came oftener at night than in the daytime) and go through the darkness or storm a considerable distance, and toil until after sunrise at the work of cooking and dish-washing.

"Mrs. Mary B. Wade, a widow, nearly eighty years of age, a woman of remarkable energy and perseverance, was as constantly at her post, as faithful, and as efficient as any of the Executive Committee of the Saloon. Suffering from slight lameness, she literally hobbled down to the Saloon with a cane, by night or day, but she was never absent. She is a native of Philadelphia, and the widow of a sea-captain."

Dr. Brainerd learned that a regiment from Lewis County was organized, under the command of Col. Wheelock, one of his old pupils, and addressed to him the following letter :

"COL. WHEELOCK.

"PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 16th, 1862.

"DEAR SIR :

"A *Boonville Herald*, sent me by a friend, furnishes delightful evidence of the patriotism of my native region.

Forty years ago, you were my pupil in the old school-house. I claim some right, therefore, to congratulate you on the confidence which has placed you at the head of the brave men of the Black River country for a conflict the most important ever waged by man for liberty and order. *May God bless you and your regiment!*

“If the North fails in this contest—if traitors are allowed to kill our country and break down our Constitution, men hereafter will be afraid to attempt self-government; and tyrants will reign by the grace of God, pointing to our anarchy as their apology for putting chains on the necks of their subjects. No matter what it costs, we must rescue our country from peril.

“My only son, carefully educated and highly promising, is in the field. He may fall; if so, I will say,—I had rather have my dead son, fallen for his country’s salvation, than see him an ingrate to the land that gave him birth. But I took up my pen to say that Philadelphia has given a good meal to every soldier passing through the city. We have fed one hundred and ninety thousand already. When your regiment comes I want to be on the spot to give them a word of cheer, as well as a cup of coffee.

“May I ask you to telegraph me from New York, or if that is not convenient, when you reach the Saloon in this city, tell the managers to let me know you are here?

“With great respect, yours truly,

“THOMAS BRAINERD.”

The evening this regiment was expected, Dr. Brainerd waited at the Saloon until after ten o’clock, when a telegram was received, stating that it would be near morning before the regiment could reach the city. By invitation of Mr. Arad Barrows, President of the “Committee,” Dr. Brainerd went to his house and obtained a refreshing sleep of some hours before the signal-gun was fired announcing

the arrival of the regiment. He then repaired to the Saloon to welcome his northern townsmen. He recognized among the men a number of acquaintances, and a still larger number of them were the sons of his early friends. After talking with them individually, he made an address to the regiment, to which Col. Wheelock responded. This regiment did good service for their country, but the brave Col. Wheelock early fell among the slain.

Some months later, Dr. Brainerd was present at a town meeting in Boonville, Oneida County, New York, held for the purpose of enrolling volunteers. A sufficient sum was subscribed to pay every volunteer from the town fifty dollars, in addition to all other bounties. Says the *Boonville Herald* :

“The business of the meeting being thus disposed of, the Rev. Dr. Brainerd, of Philadelphia, who is spending a few days in this vicinity,—*the* Dr. Brainerd who has so endeared himself to the heart of every patriot in the land, by his activity and zeal in connection with that blessed association which was formed in his city soon after the rebellion broke out, whose mission is to furnish refreshments to all the loyal soldiers passing through that city to the seat of war,—then gave the meeting one of the most patriotic and soul-stirring addresses to which it has ever been our good fortune to listen. When he was about to stop speaking, the cry, ‘Go on ! go on !’ came from every part of the hall. He replied, ‘He could talk indefinitely on the subject;’ and we believe the audience would have sat and listened an indefinite length of time also.”

## CHAPTER XIII.

### QUARTER CENTURY SERMON AND FESTIVAL.

THE first of February, 1862, was the Quarter Century Anniversary of Dr. Brainerd's settlement in Pine Street Church. We make free extracts from his sermon on this occasion, where it is a review of his work, or a recital of the events of this period. The publication of the sermon was requested by members of the congregation, on the ground that it was a valuable document as a part of the history of Pine Street Church. In complying with their request, Dr. Brainerd said: "Under the touching reminiscences of a quarter of a century, it seemed to be a time when a pastor was allowed to speak more of himself than good taste would ordinarily justify."

He preached from the text, "Ye know from the first day that I came into Asia, after what manner I have been with you in all seasons." Acts, xx. 17.\*

"That minister of the gospel must be a pure and happy man, who can review years of past labor without self-reproach, and who can boldly appeal to his hearers to attest his fidelity. Paul enjoyed this eminent satisfaction. He calls the elders of Ephesus to bear witness to the holiness of his life, the soundness of his doctrines, the fearlessness

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\* This sermon was dedicated to John C. Farr, Esq., the *sole survivor of the Board of Elders* who sanctioned Mr. Brainerd's call to Old Pine Street Church in 1836.

of his reproofs, the tenderness of his sympathy, the energy of his labors, and the fullness of his charity.

“Your pastor shrinks from applying such a test to his Quarter of a Century of service in this sanctuary. He feels more like hiding his face in the dust, and saying: ‘I have done the things I ought not to have done, and have left undone the things I ought to have done.’

\* \* \* \* \*

“But though it is less safe for themselves, it is equally proper for modern ministers to appeal to the judgment their hearers may pronounce. If able to bear the scrutiny, they may use it for their comfort. If rightly censured for their unfaithfulness, they need it for their humiliation, penitence, and reform.

“Standing before you to-day, at the end of a Quarter of a Century, I say: ‘Ye know after what manner I have been with you in all seasons.’ You have known me from youth to gray hairs; you have known my manner of life at home and abroad, in sickness and health, in joy and sorrow. Ye have known me as a neighbor, citizen, pastor, and preacher of the gospel. I have been with you in all seasons; in your prosperity and adversity, your sighs and your songs. I have been with some of you from infancy to manhood; and with some of you from manhood to old age. At your fasts and feasts; at your weddings and your funerals; I have been with you. You have the materials for judging, and you have the right to judge me; and I submit to your verdict. In saying this, I apprehend that I have less to fear from your severity than your partiality. I shrink not so much from the scrutiny of my congregation, as from my own self-inspection and from the searching eye of God.

“And on this Quarter Century Anniversary, it is proper to remind you, that our relations are reciprocal. I have owed duties to you and you have owed duties to me;

and you may transpose the text and say: 'Our pastor knows after what manner we have been with him in all seasons.' We have had his services; we have had his sustenance, his reputation, his comfort, his usefulness very much in our hands; and he knows after what manner we have been with him, in all seasons. This mutual review of twenty-five years' relation of pastor and people, has in it great solemnity; a solemnity only surpassed by our final meeting at the judgment-seat of Christ.

"In reviewing these many years passed together, I think we shall be able to make common record.

"I. *On the pillar which, in the pilgrimage of life, we set up to-day, we are prepared to inscribe a record of gratitude.* — 'Goodness and mercy have followed us' through these twenty-five years. 'The lines have fallen to us in pleasant places, and we have had a goodly heritage.' We have had twenty-five years together, in the best age of the world; in a land the most abundant, most intelligent, and most free; in a city beautiful, healthful, and prosperous; concentrating almost every intellectual, artistic, and social appliance for our instruction, our recreation, and our enjoyment. With an open Bible, and full liberty to worship God according to our consciences; our thousand Sabbaths and praying circles; our blessed revivals of religion; our mingled prayers and songs; our sweet sacred festivals; our Christian friendships; our days of pleasant activities; our home evenings, and our nights of safe and refreshing repose—all continued through a quarter of a century! 'What shall we render to the Lord for all his benefits?'

\* \* \* \* \*

"For myself, my heart is overborne with a sense of obligation to-day. Twenty-five years ago I began my labors here, literally 'in fear and much trembling.' I had a magnified



apprehension of the dignity and critical severity of a congregation in this great Eastern metropolis. I had a distrust of my own talents, my acquirements, my health, and my piety. I have always had a beau ideal of excellence in sermonizing which has mocked my attainments. I have constitutionally an awful reverence for God, and a shrinking humiliation, under the apprehension of the sublimity of the Infinite. The thought of the immortal soul; of the deep, vast, eternal realities of a hidden existence, overpower me. When I came to this city I could not enter a pulpit without trembling. I cannot do it yet. This peculiar awe of the solemnity of standing up in the name of God, has had much to do with the physical causes which compelled me, at one period, for three years, to *sit* while I preached to you. By the counsel of friends, and what seemed to be duty, by a strong will, and trusting in God, I pressed over my fears to accept the charge of this church. You know the result. My brethren around me have died, and I am still in vigorous health. Other and perhaps better pastors have found difficulties, and have been dismissed.\* We are as firmly united as ever. Other churches

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\* "I seem to belong almost to a past generation, though I lack some years yet of 'threescore.' Time has brought great changes to the churches and ministers of the Presbyterian denomination, during my residence in Philadelphia. *Arch Street Church* has had three pastors; Waterman, Thompson, and Wadsworth. *Second Church*, two; Cuyler and Shields. *Eleventh Church*, two; Grant and Edwards. *Sixth Church*, three; Winchester, Jones, and Harbaugh. *Central Church*, two; McDowell and Clark. *Seventh Church*, six; McCalla, Blythe, Lord, Ruffner, Rogers, and Crowell. *Scots' Church*, three; McCalla, Macklin, and Conklin. *Mariners' Church*, two; Douglas and Ripley. *Fourth Church*, four; McCalla, Loughridge, Cheeseman, and Mowry. *Ninth Church*, three; Gibson, Tudehope, and Blackwood. *Church in Sixth Street above Green*, three, at least; Dinwiddie, Janeway, and Christian. *Southwark Church*, three; Judson, Adair, and Bruen. *Cedar Street Church*, three; Eustace, Ramsey, and Smith. *First Church, N. L.*, four; Patterson, Carroll, Ely, and Shepherd. *Central Church, N. L.*, four; Mines, Rood, Wilson, and Duffield. *First*

of our denomination in the vicinity have faded, and some sold out and removed; while old Pine Street Church has still *six hundred and fifty members*.

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“II. *In reviewing twenty-five years past to-day, we have to make a record of responsibility.*—A single interview with an immortal soul, on which we can impress an influence for good or evil that must last forever, is a serious matter. But to stand for twenty-five years before one thousand souls, all entitled to look up to me for the teaching, the sympathy, the example, and the prayers best adapted to renew, sanctify, and save; to have had twelve hundred Sabbath opportunities to preach to such the glorious gospel; to have had the affection and confidence that adapted them to receive truth from my lips; to have been sustained by their earnings that I might be wise to win their souls to Christ; to have had a place in their prayers, private and public, that I might be fitted to do them good; to have had a thousand gratuitous tokens of their love, binding them to my heart; all this presses on my thoughts to-day.

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*Church, Kensington*, two; Chandler and Eva. *Western Church*, four; Patton, Richards, Gilbert, and Smith. *Logan Square*, four; Davis, Moore, Brown, and Patton. *Mantua Church*, three; Drysdale, Renshaw, and Johnson. *Walnut Street, W. P.*, two; McKnight and Butler. *Clinton Street*, four; Todd, Parker, Darling, and March.

“The Rev. John Chambers, Rev. Albert Barnes, and Rev. Henry A. Boardman, D.D., were in their respective churches when I came to the city. May they long continue to edify and strengthen the churches.

“In other denominations, ministerial changes have been as frequent as in our own; so that old pastors have seen several generations of their clerical brethren.

“It is pleasant to remember that I have lived in peace with all; and with many of my brethren in the ministry, of all denominations, have had delightful social intercourse. As I have given these statistics from memory, there may be some omissions or misapprehensions.

"In your relation as hearers of the gospel through twenty-five years, you know that a fearful responsibility has also rested upon you. You will ask yourselves, have I fully availed myself of every opportunity to hear the gospel from my pastor's lips? When I have asked him to stand in the pulpit Sabbath morning, afternoon, and lecture evening, have I filled my place in the pew? Have I estimated the gospel, embraced it, lived it, spread it? Have I loved my pastor as much as I asked him to love me? Have I sympathized as deeply in his trials as I expected him to sympathize in mine? Have I bound myself to hear while I bound him to speak; and lived truth as earnestly as I required him to preach it? Has there been deep feeling in the pews, while I demanded feeling in the pulpit? These are solemn questions to carry over our twenty-five years' relation of pastor and people.

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"III. *And the quarter century has its record of sorrow.*—I speak not now of our sins but of our afflictions. I have often wept with you, and you have wept with me, as we laid our loved ones down in that sleep, which on earth has no waking. In the last twenty-five years nearly all our dwellings have at some time been 'houses of mourning.' As I look over this house after twenty-five years, I see the ravages which death has wrought. In the middle aisle, I believe but three are left alive, who were its pew-holders when I came. In other portions of the house, death has been equally busy. I may well ask: 'The fathers, where are they?'

"Of the elders of this church, William Nassau, W. B. Duffield, Robert W. Davenport, James H. Eaton, Thomas McLeod, Dr. Samuel McClellan, Levi Eldridge, F. A. Raybold, and John R. McMullin, men that bore to you the sacramental emblems, have all gone to join the '*four-and-*

*twenty elders* who stand before the 'Throne' of God in heaven. Though I was their pastor, I felt, in regard to some of them, willing to sit at their feet. In life and death they were ensamples alike to the pastor and the flock.

"The beloved physicians have died, as others. We have together stood at their open graves and wept that we were to see them on earth no more.

"The mothers in Israel, 'noble women not a few,' true-hearted wives, lovely maidens, and cherished little ones, as well as young men in the pride of their manhood, we have followed to their narrow house.

"I have stood at many a death-bed and many a grave here, and spoken words of consolation, which my own heart craved as deeply as yours. How could it be otherwise when death was robbing me of my dearest, most trusted earthly friends?

"My most impressive recollections to-day are connected with these scenes of bereavement and burial. By cholera, by yellow fever, by water, and by fire; by sudden violence, ordinary disease, and expiring age; by every form in which death comes, I have met it among you. I have attended more than eight hundred funerals of every age, color, character, and condition. I have gone to the grave-yard with the poor and obscure; a hearse and a few followers on foot; and I have gone with the affluent and a numerous train, and insisted on the vanity of earth by the coffins of such men as John Price Wetherill, James Fassitt, Joel B. Sutherland, A. H. Simmons, and F. A. Raybold.

"I have sat a hundred times in the dim light and close atmosphere of the dying chamber, and with aching head and heart have we watched and prayed while humanity was struggling with life's last agonies. Little do those know the heart of a pastor who regard him as a 'hireling;' giving so much service for so much money. His office, as it widens his friendship, deepens his affections; and sends

him as a constant mourner to the grave of some friend ; or veils him in the drapery of the house of mourning, and almost fixes his mansion in the valley of death.

"I have not spoken of my personal and family afflictions, of sickness or of death. These I have only shared with you.

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"While we wept they have rejoiced. Our tears have begun, where theirs were forever wiped away. *'Blessed are the dead'* of Old Pine Street Church, *'who have died in the Lord ; for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.'*

"Remembered are the dead ! They have lain down,  
Believing that when all our work is done  
We would lie down beside them,—and be near  
When the last trump shall summon, to fold up  
The trusting flock, and with the promises,  
Whose words could sweeten death,  
Take up once more the interrupted strain,  
And wait Christ's coming, saying: *'Here am I,  
And those whom thou hast given me !'*

"IV. *We are allowed to-day to make a record of progress.*—But for the dark shade now over our Southern horizon, I should like to allude to our national growth in twenty-five years ; our augmented territory, our doubled population, our increased commerce and wealth, our iron roads and invented telegraphs and power-presses. Twenty-five years have wrought great national changes. In the winter of 1836 I came from Cincinnati to settle in this church, by stage—a ten days' journey. It can now be traveled in thirty hours. Our city then had not half of its present population. It then numbered 237,000 ; now we have 600,000.\* The foundation of Girard College had just

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\* 800,000.

been laid. The walls of the Old Walnut Street Prison were standing at Sixth and Walnut. Two railroads, one to Trenton and one to Columbia (on the first, horse-power was used), were finished. Scarcely a public school-house had been erected in the city. We have made great progress physically, in twenty-five years.

"In religious affairs we have made also some advance. Twenty-five years ago Philadelphia had about one hundred churches of all denominations. Now it has near four hundred. Our N. S. Presbyterian denomination then had in the city eleven churches; now we have twenty, though we have failed to keep up with the population.

"When I came to this church-edifice it was barn-like in its aspects. We had no vestibule; no lecture, Sunday-school, nor business rooms. Our weekly lectures were held in the great, dimly-lighted church; our Sunday-school in the high galleries and high-backed pews. We have not dwelt 'in ceiled houses,' and allowed the house of our God 'to lie desolate.' By the appropriation of thirty thousand dollars, all paid, you have made this edifice worthy of the age and the cause to which it is devoted.

"And while we have cared for ourselves, we have not been unmindful of others. You have given eighteen hundred dollars to German Street Church; five hundred dollars to Camden Church; fifteen hundred dollars to Green Hill Church; eight hundred dollars to Cedar Street Church; seven hundred dollars to the Western Church. With some three or four exceptions, every church of our denomination in this city has received your contribution in the last twenty-five years.

"We have not been unmindful of our great national charities. In 'all seasons,' some twelve times in each year, you have contributed to these causes; and your charities have generally averaged three and four thousand dollars a year; and all told, would probably reach

one hundred thousand dollars in the quarter of a century. Every month we have had also a collection for the poor of the church. Besides this, our 'Ladies' Doreas Society' has given each winter, to the indigent around us, at least twelve hundred garments, making thirty thousand garments in twenty-five years.

"I have felt my responsibility to widen out the influence of the gospel, under Presbyterian forms, as I was able, in this city. I counseled the purchase of Clinton Street Church, and walked the streets for ten days soliciting means to pay the first indebtedness. Nine hundred dollars were advanced by you. My ill health, which drove me to Green Hill to reside, was the occasion of my interest in building a church there; and I gave two months of successful labor toward erecting the Gothic edifice on Girard Avenue, which I trust may echo the gospel for a thousand years.

"I was one of four persons, including the Rev. Albert Barnes, Dr. J. M. Paul, and the late Charles S. Wurts, who met to devise the erection of Calvary Church. I gave to that church the Thursday evenings of thirty-six weeks; begged for it among the wealthy; subscribed five hundred dollars, of which you returned me three hundred; and traveled first and last near three thousand miles, to find them an able pastor. It pays well; for it is a fountain of truth, at which generations shall quench their thirst.

"By procuring your contributions to the amount of nearly one thousand dollars, I was enabled to aid in building a beautiful little church, in a destitute town, on the borders of the great Adirondack Forest of New York. I went upwards of four hundred miles to preach at its dedication. I have engaged in these enterprises with an earnestness, anxiety, and self-denial such as I never bore to any matter of personal gain, reputation, or enjoyment;



and the thought that the gospel will be preached in these temples long after I am dead, is one of my sweetest reflections to-day.

"During my ministry here I have been called to deliver an address at the laying of the corner-stone of Calvary Church, Olivet Church, Walnut Street Church, W. P., German Street Church, - Rising Sun Church, Norriton Church, Reeseville Church, Camden Church, O. S. Church at Bridesburg, Third Church, Elizabethtown, N. J., Central Church, Wilmington, Del., Rev. Mr. Dunning's Church, Baltimore, and others.

"By order of Presbytery, I organized Calvary Church, Green Hill Church, Rising Sun Church, Camden Church, Beverly Church, and some others. I was also present in the little circle which planned the establishment of the Presbyterian House, now a treasure to our denomination. The *Presbyterian Quarterly Review* originated in a council of the late Dr. Gilbert, Dr. Parker, Rev. Mr. Barnes, and myself. It has realized, under its able editor, all our expectations.

"I have preached at the installation of the Rev. Dr. Jenkins, Calvary Church; Rev. Dr. Darling, Clinton Street; Rev. Dr. Patton, Western Church; Rev. Mr. Gould, Norristown; Rev. Mr. Mears, Camden; Rev. Mr. Bliss, Beverly; Rev. Mr. Eva, Kensington; and of some others which I do not now recall, as I keep no journal. I have never coveted these services, but have always shrunk from them when duty would permit.

"In respect to all these enterprises outside of my church, I have been only a co-laborer with my ministerial brethren, especially with my friend, the Rev. Albert Barnes, who, if he brought to the work less enthusiasm and impulse, sustained it most effectually by the steadiness of his purposes and the great weight of his character.

I may say of him, after an acquaintance of twenty-five years, as my nearest clerical neighbor, that I have never known a man whom I would prefer to labor by my side ; to offer a last prayer by my dying-bed, or greet me first at the open gate of heaven. His counsel, sympathy, companionship, and friendly indorsement have been to me a source of comfort and strength in all my ministry here. Neither he nor I have studied our own comfort and prosperity only. We have aided to build for our brethren better church edifices than our own, with the certainty of dismissing to them some of our best members and our warmest friends.

“ In these outside labors, I hope I have not robbed you. I should condemn myself, if I could remember that any interest or enjoyment elsewhere had ever bribed me to neglect my duties here. As God has given me health and grace, I have earnestly sought your welfare. I have sought your profit more than your praise ; and been more anxious to bless, than to please you. Three times on the Sabbath and twice in the week I have aimed to be with you. I never allowed the love of ease, nor money, nor pleasure to detain me from church services, when I supposed I could do you good. To a call from any sick-bed or any house of sorrow among you, I have never been insensible. I have never here courted the rich and slighted the poor ; I have not ambitiously made sermons to gain a reputation for genius, learning, and taste, rather than to benefit my people. I have not shrunk from the avowal of any sentiment, however distasteful, if I thought truth demanded such avowal.

“ Had I been a better man in heart, in prayer, in meditation, in life, I should have done you more good ; but God to-day gives me the consciousness that I have earnestly, continuously, and often with great self-denial of my own comfort, labored for your welfare. And here I cheerfully

bear my testimony, at the end of twenty-five years, that you have been most kind, considerate, indulgent, and often generous to your pastor. To me and my family, with few exceptions, you have all been faithful ; and, my dear people, in the name of God *I bless you to-day.*

“Our union and peace have lasted twenty-five years, and hence our prosperity. As a church we have had some evils to struggle with. The occupation of the east part of this city with business, has turned the tide of population north and west ; to higher ground, larger space, and more modern dwellings. This emigration, while it has entirely broken up some churches, has had its effect on us. It has taken away many of our best families. It tends to draw away from Old Pine Street our children, when they marry and settle in life. It gives a general feeling of insecurity to all, as it makes our abidance in this vicinity doubtful.

“But in spite of all these causes, our church roll has not been diminished. Hitherto our accessions have surpassed our dismissals ; so that we have six hundred and fifty members. And those who have left us are not lost to us. They are our *missionaries* to plant and sustain churches elsewhere ; and they are now fulfilling their work. We claim that they are our men still. And so we claim all our old members in Green Hill, Calvary, Clinton Street, and elsewhere. We believe their hearts cling to us, as our love follows them. We ask them to cherish their own pastors, and build up their own churches ; but though organizations externally divide us, and distance separates, in heart we are still one. Their old pastor claims the right still to love and pray for them ; and if they are in trouble and sorrow, he hopes to be with them in sympathy and consolation.

“When I came to this church it enrolled four hundred and fifty members ; now we have six hundred and fifty. The Sabbath-school had about twenty teachers and two

hundred scholars. Now our Pine Street School has twenty-eight teachers and four hundred enrolled scholars; our infant school, seventy; in the Robert Raikes School we have twenty-three teachers and two hundred and thirty scholars,—making a total of sixty-three teachers, and seven hundred and ten enrolled scholars.

“In respect to the youth, I may say, since the foundation of this church, one hundred years ago, there has never been a period when so many of the young were connected with it as at the present time. This is hopeful and blessed. For five years you know our Sunday evening prayer-meeting has been under the special control of our young men. It is a beautiful spectacle. The large room accommodating some five hundred, thronged with youth of both sexes; the middle aisle set out with camp-stools and filled with young men; the faces of all radiant with youth, health, and happiness; the sacred songs and exhortations, all tinged with youthful earnestness and enthusiasm; it is good to be there! Most tenderly has my heart yearned over the young people of my charge, and I have had delightful evidence that they give me their confidence in return. May I be allowed to lead them all to Him who, looking upon a young man, ‘loved him.’

“In twenty-five years I have baptized here over eight hundred; married over seven hundred couple; and admitted more than one thousand to the communion of the church. One generation has gone; but another has risen under my labors to praise the Lord.”

“Time will not allow me to speak as I would like of our spiritual conflicts and triumphs; of *our hundred communions*; of our half a score of precious revivals. These we shall remember in heaven.

“V. *The years past give us a record of solemn admonition.*—We shall never meet on another such anniversary.

Twenty-five years are gone since I first preached within these walls. What a startling portion of human life!

"The old persons I met here—they are all dead; the middle-aged, they are bent with years, and are blossoming for the grave. The little children are men and women, waiting for the same change. 'We all do fade as a leaf.' 'Work while the day lasts, for the night cometh.'

"My gifted predecessors, Rev. Drs. Milledoller, Alexander, and Ely, have all died since I came here. I am the sole survivor of the pastors of this old church. Patterson, Carroll, Chandler, Rood, J. W. Scott, Gilbert, McKnight, Judson, Ramsey, Eustace, Judd, Harris, Gloucester, and Templeton; many of them my cherished friends; they are all in the grave. Rev. Drs. Ashbel Green, William Neill, C. C. Cuyler, and Rev. Messrs. McCalla, Douglas, Macklin, Cheeseman, Loughridge, Winchester, Tudehope, and Ripley—my Old School brethren; they have all fallen by my side. I now live in Philadelphia among new men. My old associates are in heaven. May God give me grace to be ready to follow them!

"While I ask a place still in your hearts and your prayers, I would urge upon you, as a matter of infinitely greater moment, that you make here a solemn covenant to consecrate your hearts' affections, and your whole being to that Saviour who says, '*Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.*'"

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#### COMMEMORATION FESTIVAL.

It was thought proper by the congregation of Old Pine Street Church to mark the Quarter Century Anniversary of their pastor's settlement, by a public manifestation of their confidence and affection. The mode adopted and the

proceedings are narrated in the following report, which we copy substantially from the *American Presbyterian*, whose editor, Rev. J. W. Mears, was present at the Festival :

“Monday evening, February 17th, through one of the worst storms which have been so numerous during this winter, six hundred persons, members and ex-members of the Third Church, with a few invited guests, assembled in Sansom Street Hall, to celebrate the Quarter Century of the existing pastoral relation. It was a goodly, a cheerful, a happy company. The middle-aged and the old were there. One venerable lady, in her nineties, moved, with slight assistance, among the throng, receiving many attentions and entering with zest into the enjoyments of the occasion. But youth, too, was well and abundantly represented there, proving that the old stock has plenty of vitality and promise for the future yet. The character of the Festival has been well hit by one of our contemporaries, the *Evening Bulletin*, who styles it ‘such a family gathering as is but seldom seen in this cold and selfish world.’ There was order without restraint or formality ; there was true Christian cheerfulness and hilarity. From the pastor and the presiding officer, Mr. John C. Farr, down through the whole company, ease and cordiality marked the manners of all ; while mutual congratulations were frequently exchanged between the honored pastor and an appreciative people. There were not wanting representatives of our noble army mingling with the throng. *Thirty-four* young men of the congregation are in the field ; and one of these, an officer of the church, Mr. William Ivins, appeared in regimentals as lieutenant in the Curtin Life Guards. And the exciting and glorious news of the fall of Fort Donelson, just received, threw a peculiar and elastic element into the grateful joy of the occasion itself.

“At a quarter past eight o'clock, Mr. Robert J. Mercer, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangement, called those who had assembled in the reception-room to order; when the Secretary, Mr. George Young, read the general order to be preserved at the table, and announced the names of the officers appointed for the evening.

“The summons to supper came at half-past eight o'clock, on which important occasion John C. Farr, Esq., presided, the Stars and Stripes being gracefully festooned behind his seat. He was assisted by Messrs. Alexander Whilldin, Captain W. Whilldin, D. C. McCammon, R. J. Mercer, Samuel Work, A. Getty, John Wallace, W. Taylor, and B. Webb. Among the invited guests were Rev. A. Barnes, Rev. Dr. Jenkins, Rev. John McLeod, Rev. Dr. Wallace, Rev. John W. Mears, Rev. A. Culver, and others. After the officers had been announced, grace was said by Dr. Jenkins, and the company proceeded to discuss the good things set before them. When sufficient time had elapsed to do justice to this important part of the celebration, the Star-spangled Banner was sung, Lieutenant Ivins leading, and the whole company joining most heartily in the chorus.

#### REMARKS OF DR. BRAINERD.

“Dr. Brainerd was first called for, and on rising was received with a perfect ovation of applause, which the people scarcely seemed to know how to bring to an end. When order was restored, Dr. Brainerd commenced by saying that he was sure he had none too much modesty, but that after such a welcome he felt doubtful how to proceed. The chairman, he said, was very kind in giving me an introduction to this audience. I have had a slight acquaintance with them. And I can say of my people that while I commenced my ministry with a proper estimate of them, an acquaintance of twenty-five years has only in-



creased my esteem and regard. Every sentiment of affection on your part is fully reciprocated. The present is not the time for pathos, nor for recalling those chapters of our history that so touch the heart. This is the time to take the mercies of God, and felicitate ourselves. For myself, I never supped with so many *friends* before, and I never expect to again. I have dined with crowds often, but never before was able to recognize in every face a friend.

"A ministry of twenty-five years is likely to develop character. When I came among you I was relatively a young man. By your kindness and indulgence you have made a Quarter of a Century of my life pleasant to me. There has been almost no shade on my mind in regard to my congregation. I have never had a difficulty with them. I have never distrusted you, nor you me. In a connection which has lasted so long, such a fact marks a great deal of kindness, of conscientiousness, and of self-restraint. I have had an eldership which has enjoyed my perfect confidence. Except on some rare occasions, we have never had a negative vote. When we have had differences of opinion, we have differed as gentlemen. I have uniformly been sustained by them in my labors. A great part of the peace, prosperity, and unity of the church I attribute to the eldership, some of whom are in heaven. And the Trustees of Pine Street Church have been conscientious, reliable, and true-hearted men. Though we have expended thirty thousand dollars in repairs, Pine Street Church owes no man a dollar. I have been met in the congregation with a spirit of Christian activity. There was no worthy object for which I could not summon the energy of my people. And I have been able to move to outside enterprises, because they have carried the people with them.

"We have felt the pressure of the migration to the

westward and northward of our city. We have parted with many of our best members, who have gone to engage in new enterprises in that direction. But those who have gone out from us are still with us. By the blessing of our heavenly Father, our church still has numbers, unity, and strength. If you will look around upon these happy groups—upon these noble young men and these blooming maidens—you will see that Old Pine Street Church has hope of prosperity in years yet to come.

“I have known some pastors who sympathized with humanity, ‘not as God made it, but as the tailor made it.’ I have not been of that class. The people of Pine Street Church have not been what is called ‘fashionable.’ They generally slept in the night and kept awake in the daytime. They have lived in houses that they owned, or the rent of which has been paid. If they walked in Chestnut Street, they owned the garments and bonnets in which they were arrayed. In the year 1857, not a single individual in the congregation failed. We are a *very* unfashionable people, very! Another unfashionable feature is that we believe religion to be eminently social. Hence there is great shaking of hands at our gatherings; a great deal of tarrying to inquire after one another’s welfare; much kindly greeting and friendly feeling that has grown up in thirty years. If respectability depends on substantial qualities, on general culture, or on a disposition to do right to all men, I claim that Pine Street Church falls below no other in this particular.

“I sustain peculiar relations to many of this assemblage. One of the pleasant things in my Quarter Century is the fact that I have been able to organize so many happy families among you. How many couple have stood up to receive my blessing! Let all here present, whom I have thus united, lift up their hands and lift them high, so that they can be seen. (A forest of hands, male and female, twinkled in the

air.) Now let all who *expect* me to perform the same office for them, raise their hands ! (Not a few hands raised again.)”

[After the merriment occasioned by this characteristic sally had subsided the doctor resumed :]

“I can only say, in conclusion, that I have a feeling of profound gratitude to my congregation who have been so kind as to meet with me on this occasion. I am grateful to them for regarding the termination of my twenty-five years as worthy of such a demonstration. Why, as to the news we have heard to-day, I don’t know but the capture of Fort Donelson will be remembered by the coincidence ! (Prolonged cheering and merriment.) But I cannot sit down without acknowledging my obligations to other congregations. Especially have I been sustained always by the weight of character, excellent influence, and kind heart of my good Brother Barnes. I owe much, also, to other ministers of our church. And with the ministry of other denominations in this city, I have had no dissension. The only exception to this was when my brethren of the ‘Old School’ turned me out of the church ; an act which I certainly felt deeply. Otherwise, I have lived in peace with all during my entire ministry among you. For some reason—no merit of mine—the newspaper press has always been my ally ; and I take this opportunity to acknowledge my obligations to the *Press*, which has treated my name and character with so much kindness.

“In conclusion, I desire to renew the covenant entered into with you a Quarter of a Century ago ; and I promise with the help of my Master to be more faithful in the performance of my duties among you.

#### REMARKS OF MR. BARNES.

“A loud call having been made for Mr. Barnes, he rose, and, referring to Mark Antony’s speech over Julius Cæsar,

said that while he did not come to bury Dr. Brainerd—it would be more in the order of nature for Dr. Brainerd to perform that office for him—neither had he come to praise him. Yet, he said, it is not improper in the position we occupy, to refer to the manner of our intercourse. We were brought up in the same part of the country. It so happened that Dr. Brainerd came to the same town—Rome—and that we joined the church under the same pastor. There we both gave ourselves to the Saviour; there we both consecrated ourselves to the work of the ministry. Contrary to my early ambition and to the brightest dream of my life, I was brought to this city; and here Dr. Brainerd has been on my right hand at all times. I confess he has always been ahead of me. If there was ever a smart thing to be said, he said it before I could; or if there was a good thing to be done, he was sure to do it before I did. Yet he has been one with whom I have taken sweet counsel. He has been a faithful and true man as a personal friend.

“You see I am not a young man now. I was young when I came here. It is a marvel, a wonder to me that I ever did come; that I dared to come to this great city, and allow myself to be put in the situation I occupy; that I dared to become the successor of that truly great man, Dr. Wilson. I have remained here till I have seen changes in every Presbyterian church, Old and New School (unless Mr. Chambers be excepted), in every Scotch, German Reformed, Episcopal, Baptist, Moravian, and of course, Methodist church.

“I have lived while the ministers of all have passed away except Messrs. Chambers and Furness. I look back with interest over the names of those who have passed away from this and other congregations in that period. There are Sanford and Eustace and Scott, and Judson, and Patterson, and Gloucester, and Templeton, and Gilbert, and Ramsay, and Ely, and others, whom I cannot at this

moment recall,—they have gone. I remember that I owe not a little to Pine Street Church and its pastors. The fact that I am now a minister in the Presbyterian Church is due to the predecessor of Dr. Brainerd. At a moment when I sat in deep distress of mind on the point of declaring myself no longer a member of the body, he laid his hand kindly upon my shoulder, and held me down. Very much do I owe to Dr. Ely; I cannot repay him in this world, or in the next either. Soon after I came to this city, I was thrown into a fiery furnace of trial; I should have sunk again and again, but for Dr. Ely, then editor of the *Philadelphian*,\* who became my warm friend, and admitted freely to his paper articles in my defense. He was, indeed, a strong, warm, personal friend. He made sacrifices for me—not, indeed, exclusively for me, but for the cause in which we were both engaged. He was a true friend—a life-long friend. I shall remember his kindness till I lay my head in the grave.

“It is affecting to think that we are so far along in life. It is much, very much to have passed through such an extent of life, and to have maintained a position like this of Dr. Brainerd’s under such circumstances. One occasion of gratitude lies in the fact that changes in the pastoral relation are so common. That a pastor, after a connection of twenty-five years, can come before an assembly like this, exhibiting so many evidences of youth and vigor, and be received with such expressions of cordiality and enthusiasm as you have manifested to-night, is truly a matter of profound congratulation. Mr. Barnes was heard with deep and respectful attention, and sat down amid the applause of the people.

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\* A religious paper, printed and published by William F. Geddes, from 1825 to 1835.

REMARKS OF DR. JENKINS.

"The Rev. Dr. Jenkins, having been called upon to address the meeting, said :

"MR. CHAIRMAN AND CHRISTIAN FRIENDS:—I was brought up in my own country under the régime of 'Breakfast Meetings' and 'Tea Meetings,' and am glad that I am this evening permitted to behold a scene such as that which now presents itself before me, and to be in this way reminded of 'days of old' and of 'ancient times.' All the arrangements of the evening—the order and decorum of this large assemblage—are gratifying to me, as they must be to those who have had the labor of providing for us this Christian entertainment. Truly, I have never witnessed a more orderly—shall I add?—happy company, in any country.

"I congratulate Dr. Brainerd on being privileged to enjoy this '*silver* wedding' with the people of his love. I am tempted to wish that he may live long enough to enjoy a '*golden* wedding' with Old Pine Street congregation; such an event does not lie beyond the range of probability, for if my reverend and *venerable* brother's life be prolonged twenty-five years more, he will not then have reached the age of some who are now present, though I cannot deny that he will be older than he is to-day.

"Some eight years ago, your pastor, in company with Mr. Barnes, visited Montreal, for the purpose of inducing me to transfer my presence and labors to this city. I am glad to meet them both here this evening; and to have the opportunity of testifying to the faithfulness with which they have redeemed the pledges which they then volunteered, namely, to stand by me in the prosecution of the arduous duties upon which they were inviting me to enter. The fact to which I refer has, in my own esteem, created

a sort of relationship between us which neither time nor distance can ever extinguish.

“It is a great thing for the Pine Street Church and congregation that they have enjoyed the services of *one* pastor for a Quarter of a Century. It is an honor to pastor and to people equally, that the relations between them have been so long and so harmoniously maintained. In the progress of his address this evening, my reverend friend solemnly renewed his pastoral covenant with you. May I not charge his people to follow his example, and to renew their covenant with him; that they will succor and uphold him; that they will care for him and sympathize with him; that they will pray for him?

“Other brief addresses were delivered; one in particular by Rev. Theron Baldwin, Secretary of the Collegiate Education Society, who shrewdly traced a connection between this occasion and the fall of Fort Donelson. The influence which Dr. Brainerd exerted, when in the Great West himself, and which he has always exerted as the active friend of education in the West, has aided to train the brave soldiers of that region, and prepare them for the great work they are accomplishing for the Republic. The intense feelings of the people found vent at this mention of our glorious victory in a great and prolonged outburst of applause.

“William Talcott, Esq., an Elder in the First Presbyterian Church, Jersey City, said he had been invited as an early friend of the pastor of Pine Street Church. He had been a school-mate of Dr. Brainerd; he had known him when he was a student of law, and when, in the great religious revival at Rome, New York, he gave his heart to the Saviour. He united with the church with Dr. Brainerd; sat down with him at the first communion. He loved him then, and was glad to be present to congratulate him at his Quarter Century Festival.



“Mr. P. B. Simons, being called up, said :—Dr. Brainerd, in his remarks, gave many proofs that his congregation are not fashionable,—a truth which is now being demonstrated. The fashionable world is just about setting out to pass the evening, while we are all anxious at this point to get back to our homes.

“Mr. President, I too, with others who have spoken, have sacred memories crowding upon me of by-gone days, passing before my mind like some great panorama, but, like all other pictures, with its light and shade. Yes, sir, it is not all bright. There are forms and features that we do not see to-night that were wont to meet with us upon such joyous occasions. Well do I remember the old church with its square pews, and the old grave-yard which contains the sacred dust of those we loved, and the old Green’s Court Session Room with its little Sabbath-school; and how fresh in my mind is the voice of the ‘old man eloquent,’ who broke to us the bread of life from the old-fashioned pulpit. \* \* \* \* \*

“And I remember, too, when the *new* pastor came how anxious we were to see his face and hear his voice; how we listened as our curiosity was being gratified; how an interest was awakened as we listened that we had never felt before; and then how soon after we were found twice a week in the study to talk upon a subject we had so often promised to attend to, and to this time had always neglected.

“Mr. President, of all other emotions that fill my heart to-night, the greatest is that of gratitude; that I, with many here around me, in the providence of God was permitted to receive my early religious training in the Old Pine Street Church. I stand before you to-night as the first fruits of Dr. Brainerd’s ministry in this city; and I will close my remarks by offering a sentiment—yes, something more *sacred* than a sentiment—a prayer, in which

you will all join, that the beloved pastor may live to celebrate the Fiftieth Anniversary of his ministry; and that 'Old Pine Street Church' may stand for ages untold as a beacon light upon the shores of time to point way-worn mariners to the haven of eternal rest.

"The speaking and social congratulations were continued until half-past ten o'clock, when the meeting was dismissed with the Apostolic Benediction by the pastor."

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**Fraternal Response from Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.**

**A CHURCH SILVER WEDDING.**

From "*The Independent*," February 27th, 1862.

"The twenty-fifth anniversary of his pastorate over the Pine Street Church was recently celebrated by Dr. Brainerd and his parishioners, in Philadelphia. The occasion seems to have been deeply interesting. There are few such scenes on earth as such a Christian meeting. A quarter of a century in a pastor's life! How many children have grown up into manhood about him; how many that were young have become old; how many of the aged are not, because God hath taken them! What hours of trouble has his presence cheered! how many have been consoled in sickness, counseled in difficulties, succored in temptation, rebuked and entreated! How many have been aroused and led through the dark way, and to the rising light of the Sun of righteousness! No other profession lies so close upon the border of disinterested benevolence, or deals so nearly with absolute truth as the gospel ministry. Its whole aim is to make men good and noble. It has its cares and burdens. But they are fewer than in any other calling, and its joys and p'asures are a hundredfold greater.

Even in the rudest settlements, amid the discomforts of pioneer life, with weariness, sickness, and poverty, such is the incomparable joy of a true minister of Christ, that he would not relinquish his privilege of suffering with Christ for any earthly boon.

“Although somewhat late, Dr. Brainerd will allow us to add our congratulations to those of his immediate parishioners, and our good wishes for his future prosperity. He will not forget the days when Cincinnati had scant thirty thousand inhabitants; when its manufactories were just struggling into existence; when *he* labored in true missionary spirit along the river, among the straggling population that was then fringing the city!

“He will not forget, either, the *Cincinnati Journal*, published by Corey and Fairbanks, and edited by one Thomas Brainerd, whose pen filled it with pointed sentences and brilliant paragraphs. He will not forget the great controversy between the Old and New School Presbyterians; the divided Presbyteries, the vigilant watch which each side kept upon the other; the tactics that prevailed to prevent a sudden vote being sprung upon a thin house. He will not be likely to forget the renowned conflict in Presbytery and Synod between Drs. Wilson and Beecher. The Presbyterian church on Fourth Street, in Cincinnati, will always be memorable for the grand debate between these two champions of the Old and the New.

“Dr. Brainerd will perhaps remember venerable Dr. Bishop, too, President of Miami University, learned in Scotch learning—whose tongue could never forget the Scotch accent and twist—who was a sound theologian, but a yet sounder man. Over six feet high, if he would only stand up, which he seldom did, with light hair, and very little of it, of a blue eye, under a high and broad forehead, with a face reverend and full of benignity.

“We see the noble old doctor, in the lecture-room of the

Second Presbyterian Church in Cincinnati, walking up and down in the back of the room, calm and sweet-faced, while the battle of disputation was raging in the front part. As the heat became dangerous, the discussion was suddenly arrested by a voice. All looked at the old doctor, now turned full upon them, and straightened up to his full height; and with a voice clear, firm, commanding, but not loud,—‘Moderator, sing Salva-a-tion.’ Then one might have seen a sight worthy of Rembrandt’s pencil. Some ready singer instantly raised the tune, ‘Salvation, oh the joyful sound.’ Very joyful, to men hot with argument; to good men red in the face; to men pushing an adversary with fierce logical fidelity! But, the hymn over, the old man walked slowly and solemnly up and down as before, while the members recommenced the business, quite soothed and softened. But, in an hour, the flame was again shooting forth to every part of the room, when suddenly the strong Scotch accent sounded out peace again,—‘Moderator, let us pra-ay!’ Some resented such interruption. One man overhastily blurted out, ‘Mr. Moderator, this is too bad; it’s no time for prayer now.’ But the absurdity of the protest by a minister among ministers, set every one to laughter, which always humanizes—and to prayer they had to come.

“Dr. Brainerd was sent to the General Assembly meeting at Philadelphia. Having a taste of his preaching, the Pine Street Church had the good sense to want more. Accepting a settlement, the *Cincinnati Journal* needed an editor. There was at that time in the middle class of Lane Seminary a green young man of some facility of pen. He had written a series of anonymous articles on the Catholic question in the evening paper edited by Mr. Thomas. He was considered rather ‘tonguey,’ and not likely to back down from anything for want of hopefulness and self-confidence. Him Dr. Brainerd called to the chair;

and, on relinquishing the editorship, recommended this beardless youth to the proprietors of the journal as his successor. One fine morning this young man found himself an editor upon a salary ! An editor must have a coat ; and Platt Evans made a lion-skin overcoat that has never had a successor or equal. He must have a watch ! A plain white-faced gold watch soon ticked in his pocket. Alas ! evil days befell the publishers. Even Gallaher's Watts Entire could not save them. The paper had a new owner. He did not want the young editor. The young editor *did* want the watch, but could not pay for it ; the seller took it back, to the great grief of the young theologian, who went back disconsolate to his classes at Lane Seminary, and was broken-hearted for a whole day. The young man recovered, and has been in mischief ever since, some folks think.

“ But our dear Dr. Brainerd has been steadily working, in season and out, with fervent spirit and fertile brain and sympathetic heart. Hundreds have gone home to glory from his spiritual family. Hundreds are on the way. Long may it be before he shall meet his heavenly church ! But when that day shall come, may he find Him whom he has served so long nearest to his emerging spirit ; and then, in radiant crowds, and with overflowing joy, those who shall bring him into that sacred city to which he had first directed them.”

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In the short history of Pine Street Church, before alluded to, published in 1857, Dr. Brainerd says of the church :

“ The people among themselves and toward their pastor have ‘ studied the things that make for peace.’ The pastor has loved the people of his charge, identified himself with

their interests, confided in them, and never been dissatisfied with his lot, nor disappointed in their affection.

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“For almost a century the church has, at no time, been left desolate. *It has never quarreled with one of its six pastors.* No pastor ever left ‘Old Pine Street Church’ but of his own choice, and for what he regarded as a better field for health or usefulness. God’s ministers have ever been treated with kindness, forbearance, and respect. The church has enjoyed nearly one hundred years of uniform peace, competence, and prosperity, and was never more influential, hopeful, and happy than at the present time. It has been always characterized by great good fellowship among the members, rich and poor; by an earnest love to prayer-meetings and revivals of religion; by a desire to hear plain truths in plain language, and by a willingness to labor and sacrifice, for the general interests of the church of God. As the fathers have passed away, God has so replenished the church by revivals of religion, and so ‘turned the hearts of the children’ to the good ways of their fathers, that the congregation has, in its age, all the enthusiasm and energy of a fresh manhood.

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“The following hymn, composed by the pastor for the children of the Sabbath-school, has been often sung in the old church. We insert it here, in the hope that it will be sung there, by hearts as warm, for *one hundred years to come* :

“‘OLD PINE STREET CHURCH.’”

“TUNE—‘*There is a happy land.*’

“Old Pine Street Church I love!

Full ninety years—

Leading the heart above,

And hushing fears—

Its ancient walls have stood,  
Reared by the wise and good,  
To yield a balm, that could  
Dry human tears.

“Old Pine Street Church I prize;  
And well I may;  
My mother in yon skies  
Here learned the way:  
My father too here trod  
The way that leads to God;  
He sleeps beneath yon sod;  
Here let me pray!

“And shorter graves are near  
Thy sacred fane;  
My gentle sister dear  
They here have lain;  
My brother too here sleeps,  
Where rose or wild-flower creeps,  
And love in sadness weeps  
The early slain.

“Old Pine Street Church, my heart  
Still clings to thee;  
I well may claim a part  
In each old tree;  
For in their summer shade  
My early footsteps strayed,  
And my first vows were made,  
Oh, God, to Thee!

“Old Pine Street Church, thy gates  
Yet open stand;  
And there in mercy waits  
The Teacher band—  
Who by the truth would guide  
All to the Saviour's side,  
And through Him open wide  
A better land.

“Old Pine Street Church!—that hour  
When life is o'er,  
And sin with tempting power  
Can vex no more;



Oh, let my grave be found  
 In thy long cherished ground,  
 Where saints may me surround  
 Till time is o'er."

During Dr. Brainerd's ministry of thirty years, he received to the communion of the church over twelve hundred members; baptized more than eight hundred persons; attended one thousand and eighty funerals; and solemnized over eight hundred marriages.

The Synod of Pennsylvania met at Wilmington, Delaware, October, 1862. The preamble and resolutions on "The State of the Country," were drawn up and offered by Dr. Brainerd. In the following year the Synod met at Washington, D. C., and the action of the last General Assembly was adopted as the expression of its views on this subject.

Rev. John C. Smith, D.D., Moderator, Rev. Thomas Brainerd, and Rev. E. E. Adams were appointed a committee to wait upon the President and inquire when it would be convenient for him to receive the Synod.

"Thursday, Oct. 22d, 1863.

"The Synod proceeded in a body to the Presidential Mansion, and were introduced in the East Room to President Lincoln, by Rev. J. C. Smith, D.D., Chairman of the Committee. Brief addresses were made by the Moderator, Rev. W. Aikman, and by Rev. T. Brainerd, D.D., and Rev. E. E. Adams, members of the Committee. The President briefly responded, recognizing the hand of Providence in his elevation to his present position at this crisis, and his dependence upon God and upon the sympathies and prayers of 'the noble churches of which the Synod were the noble representatives.' After which the members of the Synod took the President by the hand and passed out, most favorably and deeply impressed with the

unaffected manners and devout expressions of our Chief Magistrate.

Although expecting the Synod by appointment, President Lincoln was unavoidably detained for some minutes. He sent a characteristic message to the Synod, telling the clergymen that "They must fall back on the Old Testament, and exercise the patience of Job."

## CHAPTER XIV.

### CURRENT EVENTS—ANECDOTES.

THERE always seemed to be a general impression among the intimate friends of Dr. Brainerd that his mental structure peculiarly fitted him for the legal profession. When an abstruse or knotty question came up for discussion in the "Pastoral Association," it was quite common for some one to say, "Let us hear what the lawyer says about it," referring to Dr. Brainerd.

Speaking of the pecuniary sacrifices of the ministerial calling, Rev. Albert Barnes once said in the "Association," that "Dr. Brainerd could have made twelve thousand dollars a year by the law as easily as he could make one thousand; therefore, he has given *ten thousand dollars a year for the privilege of preaching the gospel.*"

In a pleasant interchange of compliments, published in the *American Presbyterian*, in 1861, Mr. Barnes said of his fellow-laborer :

"He was entering on his career with every prospect of the most brilliant success, and with a moral certainty of reaching the highest eminence in his profession. Had he continued to devote himself to the law, long ere this time he would have been in the first rank in that profession. But the heart of the young lawyer was changed by the grace of God, and he resolved at once to abandon his chosen profession. \* \* \* \* \*

"For twenty-five years he has been the pastor of the

Old Pine Street Church, in this city. During all that time, though often struggling with feeble health, by his unequalled mastery of language, by his strength of logic, by his striking and commanding power of thought, by his comprehensive views, by his tact and talent in grasping his subject, and in infusing the warmth of his own soul and his own enthusiasm into the hearts of his hearers, by his unflinching fidelity to truth and to his own denomination, and his rebukes of bigotry, injustice, and wrong; by his influence over men of thought and wealth; by his firm opposition to all that was intended to alienate or divide the churches; by his warm advocacy of the great causes of truth and charity, and by his faithfulness as a preacher and a pastor, he has, by the grace of God, made himself in the ministry what he would have been at the bar—a man felt to be needful in our city, a man that ‘Old Pine Street’ could not spare, a man that his brethren could not spare from the ministry here.”

In Dr. Brainerd’s daily horseback rides, he often encountered friends whose society gave a social zest to the exercise. Among these, the Rev. Dr. Newton, of the Episcopal Church, whom he had known and loved for many years, was always a welcome companion on the road. Riding home together one evening, they agreed to go out in company the next morning before breakfast. Each was to ride toward the house of the other, by a given route, until they should meet. Mr. Brainerd was a little behind time in the morning, and met Dr. Newton within a square of his house. Forestalling the merited rebuke for his tardiness, Mr. Brainerd exclaimed, “This is just what I expected of you, Dr. Newton; I knew you would meet the Presbyterians more than half way!”

In May, 1862, the body of Major-General Charles F. Smith, who died of wounds received in the capture of

Fort Donelson, was brought home to his native city for interment. He was the grandson of Rev. John Blair Smith, D.D., the second pastor of Pine Street Church, and was baptized in this church in his infancy. As both his paternal and maternal grandparents were buried here, a lot was tendered to the family of General Charles F. Smith, by the Trustees of Pine Street Church, but arrangements had previously been made for his interment at Laurel Hill Cemetery. Mr. Brainerd attended his funeral, in connection with other clergymen of the city.

At short intervals, a number of the young men from his church were borne from the battle-field to their last resting-place, until Dr. Brainerd had spoken words of love and honor over the lifeless remains of *twenty* whom he saw go forth in the strength of early manhood to the fearful conflict. These occasions took hold of the very fibers of his soul, and shook his nerves, as if he were laying his own children in the grave. Besides these, he attended the funerals of a number of young soldiers from the Union Refreshment Saloon Hospital, and other places in the city.

During the first years of the war, Dr. Brainerd was favored with a great many anonymous letters, circulars, and printed extracts from disloyal journals. One of these letters, dated from the "Continental Hotel," warned him to "*leave the city in three days*, as he was known and marked for a Black Republican." He tossed the note into the fire, with a quiet smile, and went out to see how he could best counteract and arrest the treason at the North, more difficult to meet than the Southern bayonets.

No one ever uttered a disloyal sentiment or treasonable expression in his presence without meeting a stern rebuke. A citizen of some standing in the community from his age, connections, and wealth, entered a store where Dr. Brainerd was conversing with a number of friends, and com-

menced a general abuse of the government, with all the measures adopted by its executive officers.

As soon as a pause permitted, Dr. Brainerd said, "Any man who expresses such sentiments at a time like this, is *a traitor to his country!*"

The person thus addressed inquired, angrily, if that was intended for *him*. Dr. Brainerd repeated, with greater emphasis, "*Any man who ridicules and abuses the government of his country in its struggles to suppress treason and rebellion, is a TRAITOR, and should be dealt with as a traitor.*"

The Copperhead vented his anger in a few threatening epithets, but finding no sympathy in the by-standers, left the store.

Another time, in conversation with one of the *neutral* clergymen of Philadelphia, of whom it was said in regard to a recent speech,—that it was impossible to tell on which side of the conflict his sympathies were enlisted, Dr. Brainerd said: "I thank God, it will never be *doubtful*, when this war is ended, whether I sympathized with my country or her enemies!"

Dr. Brainerd deliberately withdrew from all further intercourse with two clergymen who were open secessionists, on account of their hostile and dangerous attitude in regard to the liberties of the country.

The interest which Dr. Brainerd had always manifested in the colored people residing in the south part of the city, led them to appeal to him for advice and direction in whatever concerned their well-being. At the very commencement of the civil war they evinced a strong desire to give some substantial proof of their sympathy with the government. Many of the most intelligent among them came to Dr. Brainerd to inquire what they could do. "Can't we drill—so as to be prepared to enlist for the defense of the country?" they asked. "Not yet," he replied—"at least

not openly ; the time may soon come when your services will be required and appreciated."

They did drill, in secret places, without arms, and went with the army in every capacity in which they were allowed to engage, as waiters, nurses, and messengers. From the beginning they saw in this conflict the distant prospect of their own emancipation.

In a statement of Mr. Brainerd's, published in the *Bulletin* in the summer of 1861, he says :

"We perceive that Southern papers chronicle with great satisfaction the fact that slaves are employed on the fortifications at Pensacola, Charleston, and Norfolk—that the free colored men of New Orleans are armed, and invited to take stock in the loan of the Confederate government.

"Our colored men North are not indifferent. One of them yesterday presented a horse, worth five hundred dollars, to the State. Others, in a quiet way, are drilling without arms, but in preparation to defend their homes, if a Southern army reaches the city. We cannot muster them into the ranks, but we approve their patriotism."

Dr. Brainerd's son owned a bright little terrier that ventured out one evening without his muzzle, during the "reign of terror" under the "dog-law." He wore a collar with his owner's name engraved on it. The front door-bell was rung at a late hour in the evening by a colored man, who led the dog home by tying his silk pocket-handkerchief to the collar. When the door was opened, he said, "I found by the name that this was your dog, and I feared he would be taken in the morning by the dog-catchers." The young man turned hastily and went down the steps before the person addressed could thank him or inquire his name.

Many such instances of consideration and kindness Dr. Brainerd received from his colored neighbors during his residence in Pine Street.



A colored Methodist congregation, of the most demonstrative type, occupied a small church in the rear of Dr. Brainerd's house. After a very noisy meeting one evening, Dr. Brainerd said to one of the members, as he left the house, "You have made a great deal of noise here to-night!"

"Better make it here than in hell," was the prompt reply.

Dr. Brainerd was so much amused with this retort that a few weeks after he again said, as one of their meetings broke up, "You have had a very noisy meeting."

"Well, now," said the person addressed, "if a man has the '*spirit*' in him he *can't keep still*; a live child cries—a dead one is still."

Dr. Brainerd thought they rather had the advantage of him in both cases.

While a colored barber was wrapping up a pair of razors he had been setting, Dr. Brainerd was talking with him about the social condition of the race. He told him that the colored people must get rich—and when any of them should be worth a million of dollars that people would take off their hats to him half a square distant. When called to pay for the razors, he was charged just double the ordinary amount. On expressing some surprise at this charge, the barber replied, "I thought I would begin to put your advice into practice; it will be long before we get rich on our present prices, or in our present circumstances."

In 1863, Dr. Brainerd was appointed one of the Board of Visitors to attend the examination of cadets at the Military Academy at West Point, commencing the first of June. The thorough investigations of the Board impressed him more than ever with the beauty, the order, and the efficiency of the institution; while the exigencies of the country suggested the importance of increasing its

capacity for usefulness, as well as employing fully those already possessed, which had never been the case heretofore.

The fortnight occupied in this examination was full of interest; while some objects, appealing to his professional sympathies, excited his deepest emotions.

One of these was the weekly prayer-meeting of the cadets. It was a touching sight to see a handful of these young men meet resolutely every week for prayer, taking their seats in a stone-paved basement room with military precision and *uprightness*. The meeting was continued through the whole year, without a fire in the severe months of winter. Dr. Brainerd met with them during his visit, encouraging the young men by his hearty approbation. He urged upon the officers and the chaplain of the post the claims of this little band to their sympathy and co-operation, and received the assurance that they should have enlarged privileges and the comfort of a warm room in the winter.

While solving a mathematical problem at the black-board, one of the cadets retained his perfect military attitude and bearing under a fainting fit, until he fell like a statue to the floor. Dr. Brainerd said he was impressed with the value of the physical training which could enable a man to stand with such self-possession in circumstances so trying.\*

The intervals of relief from the sessions of the Board were delightfully occupied in exploring the places of historic interest in this fascinating region; visiting Washington's head-quarters at Newburg, and "Warner's Island," on which are the remains of fortifications constructed in the revolutionary war. The island is now the property and the residence of the popular authors of "Wide, Wide World," "Queechy," etc.

But he could not stop here long. This season was the

very crisis of the country's peril. The long heart-sickness over the siege of Richmond was broken by the invasion of Pennsylvania by Lee's army. This event roused the whole North to that concentrated vigorous effort which virtually struck the death-blow to the rebellion. Dr. Brainerd reached home on the 16th of June, to find Philadelphia in a state of intense excitement from the vicinity of the rebel army. For months previous to this time every available military force had been sent forward to support the Army of the Potomac, leaving not the shadow of defense for Philadelphia, which as little apprehended an attack as did the City of Boston.

It is difficult to convey a correct idea of the state of affairs to any one who was not present. All business was suspended; the telegraph wires cut, and all communication interrupted; the out-going railway trains toward Harrisburg were stationary—the cars abandoned and the engines collected in a long procession for greater security and protection; the State House bell tolling through the whole day, with the solemnity of a funeral dirge as well as with the authoritative notes of demand and warning; colored refugees from Chambersburg, Carlisle, and Gettysburg coming in on foot, with their small effects in every variety of package and bundle that could be carried by hand; gathering in crowds in the south part of the city, rehearsing to excited listeners their fears and their danger; the hurried movements of responsible men, meeting in council for the adoption of such measures as were practicable; the groups of irresponsible loungers, gaping with wonder or fearful with apprehension, answering appeals to their patriotism with the assurance of their willingness to do anything if they only knew what to do;—all these things constituted a chapter of experience which will never be forgotten.

Professor Bache arrived from Washington, and with

his corps of assistant engineers was endeavoring to plan defenses for a city, approachable by a dozen avenues, all equally indefensible.

Thirty more young men from Dr. Brainerd's church went out for the "Emergency." One of them closed his manufactory and took fourteen of the men in his employ with him to Harrisburg, having first secured thirty dollars bounty to every man for his family during the month of his absence.

The great difficulty seemed to be the want of officers to organize and direct the willing but unskilled populace. Dr. Brainerd urged every unoccupied man he met to enlist for the defense of his home and country. Most of them said they would go if they had any one to lead them. "I will lead you," he replied; and they at once fell into line and followed him. He walked the streets throughout one of the hottest days of the summer, until he recruited a whole company. Meeting Colonel Childs,—an ex-militia officer before the war,—he said, "You are just the man we want, Colonel Childs; these men are ready to go if they can have a leader." Colonel Childs immediately took charge of the company, saying, "Fall in, Dr. Brainerd!"—and through the whole day he continued to persuade and encourage men to meet this emergency with the promptness it demanded. He sent to his house for a large flag that had been presented to him, which was raised at the basement entrance to his church, converting the place for a few days into a recruiting depot, where volunteers rallied for this urgent service.

Thus closed the month of June. On the first day of July, three Maine regiments—nine months' men, whose term of enlistment had expired—arrived at the "Union Refreshment Saloon" on their way home. Strong hopes were cherished that these troops could be retained for the defense of the city until the impending danger should be past.

The late Benjamin Gerhard, Esq., called for Dr. Brainerd in the middle of the night, between one and two o'clock, to come down to the saloon and exert his influence in persuading these regiments to remain. The scene was a very memorable one. It was a bright, still, moonlight night; many prominent citizens were present with members of the City Council; the troops were drawn up in line, while Dr. Brainerd urged them by every motive growing out of the imminent peril of the city in its defenseless condition; appealing to their humanity, their patriotism, their military reputation, to remain for ten days only;—but all in vain. He was authorized by the City Council to offer to every man fifty dollars bounty for his ten days' service. All of the officers and three hundred of the men consented to remain; but the rest cried, "*Home! home!*" at the close of each appeal, and the officers were obliged to go with their regiments until they were regularly disbanded.

#### The Clergy and the Crisis.

"The clergy of this city, of all denominations, to the number of over one hundred, held two meetings in the Church of the Epiphany, as heretofore briefly noticed. Rev. Dr. Nevin was called to the chair, and addresses breathing the warmest patriotism and courage were made by a number of divines. The feeling as gathered from the speeches was, that in view of the present crisis the clergy of the city desired, not officially but as *citizens and men*, to tender their services to the Mayor of the city, to work in the trenches, shoulder the musket, or in any way which his judgment should dictate, render the most efficient aid in defending the city from a cruel and malignant foe, and preventing the longer desecration of the soil of the State by the tread of the invaders. They feel that they could not ask members of their congregations and other citizens to rally to the defense of their

homes unless they should first lead the way. They declared that they were not moved primarily to this demonstration by the moral influence it might exert in arousing others to patriotic and manly exertion, but from the deep conviction that it was their duty, as it was their desire, not only to preach and pray, but to pledge their muscle to the service of their country.

"Among the speakers were Rev. Dr. Brainerd, Rev. Dr. Newton, Rev. A. Barnes, Rev. Dr. Goddard, and others. During the afternoon the ministers marched in a body to the Mayor's office, where they met many other clergymen, the entire number representing nearly all the churches in the city, and the scene being one of deep interest. Dr. Nevins stated the object which they had in view in thus tendering their services in the cause of their city and State. The Mayor was deeply affected. He remarked that no demonstration during the crisis had so deeply affected him, and been so grateful to his feelings. There was, in his opinion, more moral power in this movement of the united clergy of Philadelphia than was possessed by the civil and military authorities combined. He expected this demonstration would have an influence in arousing the community to a sense of their duty in this hour of peril. With the profoundest feelings of gratitude on his own part, and in the name of our common country, so sacredly loved by us all, he thanked them. On so short a notice he could not determine in what way their services could be most efficiently employed, but that he would reply after a consultation with General Dana."

Major-General Dana to the Clergy.

"HEAD-QUARTERS, PHILADELPHIA, PA.,

"July 2d, 1863.

"REV. DR. NEVIN, SECRETARY OF COMMITTEE OF  
CLERGYMEN.

"DEAR SIR:

"I beg you will remind the Committee that the offer of three hundred of the clergy of Philadelphia and vicinity to work on the fortifications of the city has not been lost sight of.

"I am frequently called on by some of them to inquire when their services will be needed, and to reannounce that they are waiting for employment.

"The chief engineer, Professor Bache, is unable as yet to assign them a place. The city authorities have put at his disposal as many men as he has hitherto been able to use. As the work progresses your services will be required.

"If inappropriate for me to express my *gratification* at so touching an example of a conscientious performance of patriotic duty on the part of men who could not be expected to neglect a call of that nature, I may at least be allowed to express admiration of the real pleasure they appear to take in anticipation of fulfilling so laborious a task.

"I trust the example may have a favorable effect on all of us, and may influence us to do with our might whatever our hands may find to do, and in such an exhibition of lofty devotion, we will recognize an illustration of the proverb, 'Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people.'

"With great respect, your servant,

"N. J. T. DANA, *Major-General.*"



July 2d, Dr. Brainerd, with others, took part in the services of laying the corner-stone of TABOR PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, at Eighteenth and Christian Streets—built entirely, from foundation to turret, by the liberality of Matthew Baldwin, Esq.\*

The battle of Gettysburg, commencing on the first of July and continuing for three days, held the hearts of men in fearful suspense. On Saturday and Sunday, car-loads of wounded men were brought to Philadelphia directly from the field, in their bloody garments, and distributed to the different hospitals throughout the city.

A note was sent to Dr. Brainerd toward the close of the Sabbath morning service, from the Union Refreshment Saloon, requesting linen, bandages, and changes of under-clothing for the wounded men in their hospital, seven hundred and fifty in number. This note was read to the congregation, the afternoon service omitted, and the rest of the day devoted to receiving and delivering the garments sent in by the congregation. Dr. Brainerd carried down twice, in a wagon, as many garments as could be packed in it, accompanied by a member of his church, who held on his lap a clothes-basket of the largest size, filled with delicacies for these sufferers. The remaining time was occupied in affording such aid at the hospital as circumstances permitted. Dr. Brainerd was at all times ready to pray with the dying and bury the dead.

The tide of battle was turning; the oppression lightening from the heart by the victory of GENERAL MEADE at Gettysburg, and the retreat of Lee's army, when the

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\* "It was during the battle of Gettysburg, when rumors of disaster filled the air and made the heart sick; when hasting fugitives were coming to tell exaggerated and alarming tales of the near approach of the country's enemies. It was difficult to speak with hopefulness of the work undertaken; yet this beautiful church was finished and dedicated Dec. 15th, 1864."—*Memoir of M. W. Baldwin*, page 131.

country was electrified by the telegraphic news of the SURRENDER OF VICKSBURG to GENERAL GRANT, on the *national birthday*, the Fourth of July. The reaction was as great as the previous fear, suspense, and anguish had been.

By an instinctive impulse, patriotic men congregated at the LEAGUE HOUSE, as the place where the truest sympathy and heartiest congratulations would naturally be met. Dr. Brainerd hurried to this spot, while at the same time a messenger was dispatched to his house with the following note, missing him, of course,—but he was there to answer the summons in person :

“DEAR SIR:

“We propose to give thanks to God at five o’clock this afternoon, at Independence Square, for the successes of our arms. You are requested to officiate. Please be at the League House at five o’clock precisely.

“Very truly,

“CHARLES GIBBONS.

“REV. DR. BRAINERD.”

We cannot give a narration of this event to compare in interest with the report published at the time in the *North American*. However well remembered, it will bear repeating.

#### A Solemnly-impressive Scene.

“We have read of the first prayer offered in the Continental Congress, and of the sublimity and impressiveness of the scene, as the assembled body knelt while Jehovah was praised for the workings of his providence in ordaining freedom to America.

“Independence Square yesterday saw a sight emulating it in solemn grandeur, and presenting a spectacle Phila-

delphia never before witnessed—never may again. The tidings of the progress of the Union arms brought it about. When first promulgated, a large number of the members of the Union League met coincidently at the League rooms. The throng increased until the place was nearly filled. Everybody had left their places of business, and the members instinctively sought the League House for mutual congratulation.

“It was proposed that something more than an informal recognition of so bountiful a blessing of victory should be made, and the gentlemen present took steps to make it. Birgfeld’s band of forty-six instruments was secured, and with this at its lead the Union League, headed by the Rev. Kingston Goddard and Rev. Dr. Brainerd, moved down Chestnut Street to Independence Square.

“As the end of the line reached the Square, all uncovered. The line filed to right and left, when Hon. Charles Gibbons ascended the steps of Independence Hall. The concourse of people that now poured into the Square were thousands in number. They spread over a surface beyond earshot of the loudest enunciation.

“Mr. Gibbons made a brief address. He said that this day the beginning of the end is in view. The rebels are losing their strongholds, the cause of the Union is approaching its final triumph. He drew a picture of what we were as a nation, what we are, and what, in God’s providence, we shall be. He spoke briefly and to the point, but was so overwhelmed with cheers that we failed to catch his speech as he uttered it.

“Rev. Dr. Brainerd now bared his head, and instinctively—we believe reverently, as by an intuitive impulse—every man present was uncovered. A hush fell upon the densely-crowded assemblage as the hand of the reverend doctor was raised, and an invitation given to the multitude to follow him in rendering thanks to Heaven for its many

mercies, and for crowning the arms of the country with victory.

“Amid more profound silence, we verily believe, than an equal number of people ever kept before, Dr. Brainerd gave praise. He thanked the Almighty for the victories that were now crowning our arms. He had chastened us in his displeasure, and alike in that chastening as now in the blessing upon our work he recognized the hand of the Omnipotent. He implored the divine blessing upon the country and its people—that religion, and truth, and justice might take the place of pride and arrogance and vainglory, and that this people might recognize in every event of life the ruling of divine power. He prayed for the President and Cabinet; for the continued success of our arms, and for the restoration of our national unity; for liberty to the oppressed; for freedom to worship God everywhere, and for the coming of that day when his kingdom shall extend over the whole earth.

“When at the close of his prayer the Christian minister pronounced the word ‘Amen!’ the whole multitude took up the Greek dissyllable, and as with one mighty voice, re-echoed it, reverently and solemnly, ‘Amen!’

“While this prayer was being offered, the band silently disappeared. As the final word of the supplication was pronounced, a strain of sacred music burst from overhead. The band had ascended to the State House steeple, and there played with effect that no tongue can adequately describe the air of Old Hundred, written by Martin Luther two centuries ago.

“Spontaneously a gentleman mounted a post, and started the melody to the words,

‘Praise God from whom all blessings flow.’

“The whole multitude caught it up, and a doxology was sung with a majesty that Philadelphia never before heard.

Every voice united. The monster oratorios that we have heard, with a vocal chorus of three hundred singers, dwindled into insignificance in comparison to it. Rev. Dr. Goddard then pronounced the benediction, and the vast audience again covered themselves and slowly dispersed. The whole scene was remarkable. It was a touching illustration of the fact that down deep in every man's heart, no matter what may be the utterances of his lip, or his daily walk and conversation, there is a recognition of the fact that the Lord reigneth."

In this acme of the nation's agony it will be remembered that the City of New York was under mob rule and mob law. As if treason and civil war on a gigantic scale were not enough to combat, the "foes of our own household" proved themselves the most bitter and malignant. The spirit of outlawry and misrule in the city extended to adjacent towns; and wherever large masses of foreigners were employed, the influence of Democratic politicians arrayed them against the government of the country.

Acts of violence were perpetrated in the towns on the Hudson River for a hundred miles in extent.

Dr. Brainerd received a letter from his daughter, residing at Saugerties, Ulster County, New York, giving him an account of the alarm of their quiet little town from a threatened attack of the mob. His son-in-law had been active in promoting voluntary enlistments, and was known as an earnest friend of the government.

During the absence of his father, a friendly message was brought to the family, stating that their house was marked for attack that night, advising them to dispense with lights and retire to the security of a neighbor's dwelling, while some active friends would endeavor to divert the purpose of the mob.

The family were greatly alarmed, and passed several

hours of the night in a grove of trees near the house, where they could distinctly hear the murmur and rush of the excited mass, about two squares distant.

Instead of replying to his daughter's letter, Dr. Brainerd addressed Governor Seymour.

“PHILADELPHIA, July 21st, 1863.

“HON. HORATIO SEYMOUR,

“GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

MY DEAR SIR:

“You will pardon the liberty I take in addressing you. Though I once had the honor of an introduction to you by my friend, Mr. Thomas H. Wood, of Utica, yet I can hardly expect you to remember me. As a native of Lewis County, a student of law in Rome, in the days of Storrs, Maynard, Beardsley, Bronson, etc ; as a frequent visitor of the great Adirondack Forest, where I have often heard of your sojournings, and as one familiar with your public history, I seem to have a right to approach you. I have a motive in doing it at the present time.

“My only son, a graduate of Yale College, is battling for his country's integrity and honor, on Morris Island, South Carolina, under the guns of Fort Sumter. He may fall there. My only daughter is the wife of Henry M. Boies, of Saugerties, New York, a classmate of my son's and a noble young man, whose only fault seems to be that he enthusiastically stands by the flag and the laws of the government of these United States.

“I received to-day a letter from my daughter, in which she says that on Tuesday evening last, in the absence of Mr. Boies, Senior, an alarm was given that two hundred and fifty excited Irishmen, fresh from a drinking-house, were approaching, to burn down the mansion of the family.

“My daughter, twenty-two years of age, with her in-

fant of six months old, accompanied by the other female members of the family, went bareheaded into the open air, and there waited until assured that a relative, who was a Democrat, had dissuaded them from burning the beautiful mansion of Mr. Boies, by assuring them there was none *but women in the building*.

"I read this communication with humiliation and horror. My own and only daughter, with her little infant, in the dead hour of night, put in peril of her life because her husband zealously sustained the laws of his country! This is a case which comes home to me; but it is only one of many, I am informed, occurring in various parts of the State. And worse than this, the impression is forced upon me that these Irish mobs are a part of the political machinery which unscrupulous and heartless politicians are using to force the government of the United States into submission to rebel terms, and to overcome and silence such as patriotically stand by their flag and their principles. Can anything be conceived more base and dastardly than first to inflame the prejudices and passions of an ignorant and excited class, by stirring up their jealousy and hate of the poor blacks, and then turn them loose as a political police, to dragoon, by incendiarism and murder, intelligent, peaceful, and patriotic citizens into an abandonment of their principles and the cause of their country? A more diabolical scheme could not be conceived; a more certain method to reduce the country to anarchy and barbarism could not be adopted.

"From your ancestral origin, your fine talents and high cultivation, from your instincts as a man of honor and a gentleman, from your regard to the welfare of your State and country, from your felt obligations as a Christian and a citizen, I know you must abhor this plot and this mode of political action as really as I do,—as really as posterity will execrate it and its abettors.



"If I understand your messages, you indorse the necessity of prosecuting the war for the restoration of the Union. To do this we must have men; and, as the nobly patriotic have gone out and fallen, voluntary enlistments droop, and the government is under the necessity of summoning the more selfish and indifferent to protect the institutions which shelter and protect them. There may be infelicities in the mode adopted; but, as those who had a right have prescribed the mode, is a man to be mobbed out of his house by an ignorant rabble because he stands by the laws of the land? Does not the matter demand a clear, unequivocal expression on the part of the governors of the States, that they will favor and encourage such as in a day of peril are true to their country?

"The Irish character I have admired; and I have always refused to sympathize with all those 'Know-Nothing' operations which would rob them of their equal rights. On this account I regret that they should be made tools by demagogues, and pushed out into excesses which will stir up a deadly hate to their nation and their religion. The worst that the most excited fanatic of Protestantism ever uttered of danger from foreign immigration will be more than realized, if traitorous demagogues succeed in using the Irish Catholics to palsy the arm of the government in its struggle with a wide-spread rebellion.

"But I trust the crisis is past. You have succeeded in quieting the city, and may God enable you to be the 'terror of evil-doers' throughout my glorious native State. I send you a pamphlet, from which you will see I care nothing for party, but much for principles and for my country.

"With my best wishes for your health and happiness,  
I remain

Yours,

"THOMAS BRAINERD."

In a few days the following laconic reply was received

“EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,  
“Albany, July 29th, 1863.

“REV. THOS BRAINERD.

“DEAR SIR:

“Your letter of the 21st inst. is received. Please accept my thanks for your good wishes, and also for the pamphlet, which I will examine when I have leisure.

“Truly yours, etc.,

“HORATIO SEYMOUR.”

Quiet and comparative security being restored, Dr. Brainerd went North for a short rest, after these two months of intense excitement. He visited his daughter at Sauger-ties; and while in this region, was invited to join an excursion with some friends into Green County. He thought he had seen enough of treason nearer home, but here he found a more open, bold, and defiant spirit of opposition to the government than had yet come under his observation. At the hotel where the party stopped, every newspaper was of the most unequivocal Copperhead character. Dr. Brainerd examined a number of *The New York Day Book*, a journal he had never before seen. He said he could not have believed, without the testimony of his own eyes, that a newspaper so steeped in treason and falsehood could be published in this country. He threw the paper down with an expression of contempt and indignation, and gave the by-standers one of his scorching speeches on the criminality of falsifying and obstructing the measures of the government in its efforts to restore liberty and union to the country. A bar-room politician present took up the gauntlet, and a debate of the closest and most exciting nature ensued between them, holding all present amazed and interested auditors for two hours. Finding Dr. Brainerd fully prepared for defense at every point of attack, the

politician finally gave up the battle, saying, "*You are an emissary sent up here by the government to carry out some scheme of your party!*" The friends who accompanied Dr. Brainerd were much amused by this charge.

In the evening, the clergyman of the neighborhood called upon him and thanked him for this timely service. Not a single loyal man, he said, had ventured to open his mouth in this place before.

James W. Massie, D.D., LL.D., of London, visited the United States in the summer of 1863. He was one of a deputation to convey the sympathies of the Protestant clergy of Great Britain and France to their brethren in the United States, in their great national struggle for liberty and human rights.

The "Letter" and "Address" of which Dr. Massie was the bearer bore the attested signatures of seven hundred and fifty-eight French pastors and four thousand British clergymen. Dr. Massie made the tour of the United States, from Maine to the Mississippi, addressing large assemblages of clergymen of all denominations in the principal Northern cities. During his stay in Philadelphia he was the guest of Dr. Brainerd, and addressed a large meeting in his church at evening, which was attended by the city clergymen generally, and many of the members of the Union League. The following notice of his mission was published by Dr. Brainerd:

"The Rev. Dr. Massie is a Scotch clergyman, brought up at the feet of Dr. Chalmers, whom in person and manner he somewhat resembles. He was pastor for a time of one of the London churches, and identified with all the great reform movements of the liberal and progressive party in England for the last thirty years. A minister of peace and of universal freedom, he came by declarations, to soften American prejudices against England, and to cheer the efforts of all who were praying for the emancipa-

tion of the slave. With a high admiration of our free institutions, and an abiding faith in the ability of our government to protect its integrity and vindicate its authority, he was prepared to look on the sunny side of our character and prospects, and in our darkest hours to give us words of confidence and cheer. He has put on record his high estimate of the material advantages of Philadelphia, of its abounding comfort and taste, and of the sincere cordiality with which he was here welcomed."

In October of this year, Dr. Brainerd's son brought up from Morris Island a ship-load of sick and wounded men. He was retained in Philadelphia, and appointed Executive Officer of the "Mower U. S. A. General Hospital," at Chestnut Hill. This was the largest hospital in the country, containing three thousand five hundred patients.

In January, 1864, he was put in charge of the hospital at Broad and Cherry Streets; and afterward had charge of "McClellan" and "Mower" Hospitals. After the termination of the war, in 1865, Dr. T. C. Brainerd was ordered to close successively five of these large government hospitals; superintending the sales of the property, and turning it over to the United States government.

In May, 1864, Dr. Brainerd was appointed Commissioner to the General Assembly, which met at Dayton, Ohio, and was elected Moderator. He was now serving the Presbyterian Church for the *sixth* time as a delegate to the General Assembly. First, in 1836, when the Assembly met in Pittsburg; in 1849, at Philadelphia; 1854, Philadelphia; 1856, New York; 1860, Pittsburg; 1864, Dayton.

Always averse to letter writing, his communications to his family were short and hurried.

"DAYTON, Ohio, May 22d, 1864,

\* \* \* \* \*

"You have learned by the papers, I suppose, that I am in the Moderator's chair. May God enable me to do my duty in it. George Duffield is Clerk. JOHN BRAINERD and GEORGE DUFFIELD, D.D., were Moderator and Clerk in 1764! Is it not a strange coincidence?

"I rode out yesterday with Major-General McCook and Rev. Dr. Thomas, of this city. We went up on a hill to see Indian fortifications, inclosing a hundred acres."

\* \* \* \* \*

"May 26th.

\* \* \* \*

"We are getting on well in the Assembly, and I think will close next week or the last of this. I find it easy to manage the work, but hard to sit out the sessions. I hope to be home the first week in June."

\* \* \* \* \*

It is unnecessary to dwell upon the particulars of this session. It was marked by hopefulness in the brightening aspects of the war, as well as in the growing strength and influence of the churches.

A little incident related by Dr. Spees, soon after the death of Dr. Brainerd, will interest those who were familiar with the habits and physical infirmities of the latter. He told Dr. Spees, confidentially, that on account of his *nervousness* he *must have* a high-backed chair, to give support and rest to his head, or he could never sit out the sessions of the Assembly. Together they examined chairs of various qualifications until they found one which Dr. Brainerd pronounced precisely the right thing. It chanced, too, to be one of the most beautiful and costly of its kind in the City of Dayton. The manufacturer, however, generously consented to loan it to the church for the present object. When the General Assem-

bly adjourned and the chair was about to be restored to the warerooms of the owner, the congregation refused to part with it; purchased it at once for the pulpit, and named it "THE BRAINERD CHAIR." The great interest felt in the deliberations of the Assembly was the reason given for retaining this "chair" as a memorial of that occasion.

Letter from Rev. John C. Smith, D.D.

"WASHINGTON CITY, June 29th, 1864.

"REV. THOMAS BRAINERD, D.D.,

"MODERATOR OF GENERAL ASSEMBLY:

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*

"With your official letter, we presented the resolutions of the Assembly beautifully transcribed on parchment, signed by Thomas Brainerd, Moderator, and Edwin F. Hatfield, Stated Clerk.

"The President gave respectful and earnest attention to the reading, and said that he would *write* his reply if he could find as much time. He was evidently much gratified with 'the document;' and, though oppressed with special calls at the close of the session of Congress, he was cheerful and said kind things, especially to my young relative, who was charged with 'the resolutions,' while I read (with difficulty) the letter in the handwriting of my noble friend and honored brother of 'Old Pine Street.' May God bless him and his loyal church a thousand fold more and more, with all in our consecrated brotherhood.

"Always,

"JOHN C. SMITH."

On the 1st of July, 1864, at the close of the Friday evening prayer-meeting, Dr. Brainerd was both surprised and gratified by a donation of *fourteen hundred dollars*, as a "supplement" to his moderate salary. This sum was contributed by the congregation and presented by

Robert J. Mercer, Esq. At the same time a very handsome plated tea-service, from the ladies of the church, was presented to Mrs. Brainerd, by George Young, Esq.

While no man ever talked less about money for himself, or appeared to think less of it, Dr. Brainerd gratefully appreciated every token of thoughtful consideration in his people. Seasons of pecuniary embarrassment, requiring self-denial, patience, and skill to overcome, were of frequent occurrence. Fifteen hundred dollars were still due on the house which he had been sixteen years in purchasing. One year he had managed to pay from his salary five hundred dollars on the mortgage; at others, one, two, or three hundred only. He now added another hundred to this donation, and, with a light heart, paid off the mortgage. The appropriation of this money to his house left the burden of living on "*war prices*" about the same as before.

Dr. Brainerd was not insensible to the value of money; he was always collecting great sums for great objects; and knew well both the difficulty of obtaining it and the worth of the benefits it could secure.

Blessings, like trials, often come in clusters. Soon after Dr. Brainerd's return home in the fall, he learned that one of his young men had originated a project for securing a paid-up "**LIFE INSURANCE**" for three thousand dollars, for his pastor's family. This was a private enterprise, carried out by the affectionate liberality of a few young men of the church.

In the fall of 1863, Dr. Brainerd went down to Fort Delaware and preached to the rebel prisoners there, eight thousand in number. The men came around him like bees; many of them eager to tell him how much they disapproved of this war, or describe the mode by which they were forced into it. One man said he was on his way to a mill, when he was compelled to leave his bag of corn and march with the company, without being allowed to return home



to take leave of his family. Among the prisoners he recognized a Presbyterian clergyman of Maryland, whom he had known before, and who had preached for him in former years. With an air of assumed confidence, he said, "You find me here, Brother Brainerd, like John Bunyan, a sufferer for my principles." "I think you are a great deal more like *Benedict Arnold*," replied Mr. Brainerd.

A great proportion of the men could not read, and a school was established for them by the Union officers in charge. Mr. Brainerd offered to aid these educational efforts, and soon after his return he received a letter from the chaplain, Rev. Wm. H. Paddock, requesting him to send them one hundred spelling-books, one hundred Bible-readers, and fifty simple arithmetics. He adds, "When may we see your face here again, and hear your voice among the 'sick and in prison'?"

One of the prisoners from Texas told Mr. Brainerd that he preferred prison-life to fighting against the flag that he was taught to love in his youth.

After returning home, the fall and winter were occupied with abundant labors in the churches, the city, and the hospitals. There were now in Philadelphia and the suburbs some twenty government hospitals, accommodating over thirty thousand sick and wounded soldiers.

In the latter part of July Dr. Brainerd left the city for his customary summer vacation, a portion of which was spent at Saugerties, and the remainder in a visit to his native place in Northern New York. In October he attended the annual meeting of the American Board, at Worcester, Mass., of which he was a corporate member.

After his return and before commencing in earnest his fall and winter work, Dr. Brainerd called a meeting of the session of his church, and stated to them his increasing inability to sustain all the responsibilities which had accumulated through twenty-eight years. He told them they

might do one of three things,—omit for a year the Sunday afternoon preaching service, or engage an assistant, or let him resign the charge of the church altogether. It is almost needless to add that they accepted the first proposition, with the assurance that he should have an assistant besides, if he really required one.

For ten years the young men of the congregation had sustained a very vigorous and profitable prayer-meeting on Sabbath evenings. The large lecture-room was uniformly crowded in good weather, and Dr. Brainerd was unwilling to disturb this fine school for religious improvement. He was always present at this meeting and made an address, as well as at the Wednesday and Friday evening meetings. He was now sixty years of age, and worn by the excitements of the war. He seemed to have a presentiment that his work was drawing to its close. He frequently said, as President Lincoln did, "*This war will kill me!*" It was amazing that he endured the continuous strain of nervous excitement through this period of four years. In what were termed "the dark days of the rebellion," including the seven days before Richmond, Dr. Brainerd frequently rose at the dawn of day from a sleepless pillow, and went out to get a newspaper, unable to wait the call of the early newsboys. Supporting his head with one hand while reading the paper, the other hand frequently shook to such a degree that observers marveled that he could keep his eye on the printed line.

A New Year's gift was presented to Dr. Brainerd in January, 1865, which afforded him more unalloyed pleasure than any token of affectionate remembrance he ever received. It was a copy of his "QUARTER CENTURY SERMON," most beautifully illustrated by his friend and parishioner, Frederick J. Dreer, Esq. Mr. Dreer had been three years collecting photographs and engravings of persons, places, and churches alluded to in the sermon,—over

one hundred in number. These were arranged and inserted in the book with exquisite taste and skill, making a large octavo volume, two inches in thickness.

Besides containing eighty-five portraits of clergymen and friends, living and dead, with a large number of the Philadelphia churches, and other places of interest, it constituted a pictorial history of the quarter century gone by, full of the most touching personal recollections. It was an album of his pastorate, and a most grateful token of the affection which originated such a tribute of friendship to his former pastor.

Amid the accumulated labors of the next spring, 1865, Dr. Brainerd prepared for the press "*THE LIFE OF JOHN BRAINERD*,—the brother of David Brainerd, and his successor as missionary to the Indians of New Jersey." As he himself states in the preface, this was "his first attempt in making a *book*." "Possessing the diary of his namesake and remote kinsman, and impressed by the holiness and consecration of his life, the author first projected this publication from family as well as public motives, with no expectation of gain or reputation."

Dr. Brainerd had this publication in view for a year or two preceding the war; and as he had opportunity, was reading the history of the early missions to the Indians, and collecting such facts as the literature of that day supplied. He had written about two hundred pages, when the absorbing claims of the country in 1861 so occupied his mind that the work was wholly laid aside until the spring of 1865. He was induced to resume it at the solicitation of a New England clergyman, whose advice had weight with him, and by the consideration of his precarious health, which might prevent its completion in the future. When recommenced, it was carried on with his usual energy, and finished in three months, making a volume of 500 pages octavo.

Dr. Brainerd was much cheered by the success of his book; and the favorable notices of it in the religious and secular papers, as well as in the various quarterly reviews, afforded him substantial satisfaction. Extended notices were published in several English papers, the *London Record*, the *Wesleyan Times*, the *Christian Witness*, and others.

By the kindness of Dr. Mackenzie, we are enabled to give the accompanying characteristic letter, and his statement of the occasion which called it forth :

“PHILADELPHIA, March 1st, 1870.

“Near the close of 1865, I received Dr. Brainerd’s ‘Life of John Brainerd,’ which had been sent some weeks earlier, but was mislaid *en route*. I had met Dr. B. once, if not twice, at the St. Andrew’s Society, and was struck with the thorough simplicity of his manners, with an under-current of quiet humor. In the street we always paused to exchange words *en passant*. I heard him preach, and was charmed with his earnestness and unaffected piety.

“When the book reached me, the *Press*, of which I have been literary editor since its establishment, in August, 1857, was contending, single-handed (for all the other daily papers kept aloof from the contest), for the privilege or right of having the city passenger cars running on Sunday. It finally carried the day, and could say, ‘Alone I did it.’ Many of the city clergy took part against the *Press* on this question, Dr. Brainerd among them. The strife was raging when I got Dr. B.’s book.

“Having a high opinion of John and David Brainerd, I read the book with interest, and was so much pleased with it that, in consideration of the subject, the execution, and the author (so long minister of Old Pine Street Church, in Philadelphia), I gave it an extended review.

Had Dr. Brainerd been twenty times as vehement against the *Press* on the car question as he was, that could have made no difference in my opinion of his book. I thought it entitled to a critical examination and a very favorable verdict, and it got both. Mr. Forney, proprietor of the *Press*, was in Washington when the article appeared, and did not read it or hear of it until the *Press* of February 1st, 1866, reached him there. There was no necessity for consulting him on such a matter. When he returned to Philadelphia he expressed his satisfaction at the course I had taken. It was this review which caused Dr. Brainerd to write to me on February 9th. It gave me great pleasure to find that my *critique* had gratified such a gifted, good, and religious man. I met him once after the receipt of his letter, and he said, very frankly, with the genial smile which often lighted up his face, 'When I read the kind criticism of yours on my book, at a time when I had felt it my duty to oppose the *Press*, I felt as if you had put coals of fire on my head.' All I could say was the plain truth, that both of us had done what we conceived to be our duty. He pressed my hand warmly, and evidently was much affected. I never again saw him.

"R. SHELTON MACKENZIE."

"PHILADELPHIA, February 9th, 1866.

"DEAR DR. MACKENZIE :

"I ought before this to have expressed my gratitude for the extended, discriminating, and kind 'notice' of my 'John Brainerd,' in the *Press* of last week. Your criticisms, so far as you have uttered them, are natural and just, and I am specially grateful (with what I know of your ability and taste, and of the crudeness of my 'book') that you treated its faults so indulgently. "

"As David Brainerd was entirely supported by the

'Scotch Society,' John was in reality the first missionary of the Presbyterian Church in this country.

"Perhaps you may have seen that the *Wesleyan Times*, of London, has given five columns, and the *Record* a column and a half to my book. All that comes from the prestige of David's great name, of which John gains the benefit. I would like to send a copy to the editor of the principal religious paper of Edinburgh. Is the *Weekly Review* the leading journal of Presbyterians of all classes?

"I am sorry Mr. Forney and the clergy have got into a *muss*. I said nothing until he struck at the clergy as a body, and at our American views of the fourth commandment.

"The pulpit and the press, as educators of the world, ought to be on one side, and that the *right side*, which it is not always *easy to find*. By admitting your very kind article into the *Press*, Mr. Forney has rather 'got me on the hip.' He seems to be coming up on the weak side of the 'proscriptives.'

"Perhaps he has been imitating the generous chivalries of knights of yore, who interspersed war with personal courtesies, as when Bruce said to D'Argentine,—

"Thus, then, my noble foe, I greet;  
Health and high fortune till we meet,  
And then—what pleases Heaven."

"I hope it will 'please Heaven,' when 'we meet,' that it may be at my table for a social cup of tea, etc., so far as you are concerned.

"With great respect, I remain,

"Most truly yours,

"THOMAS BRAINERD."

It will be remembered that the war closed in the same month in which it opened by the bombardment of Fort

Sumter. The nation was again electrified by the report of the fall of Richmond on the 3d of April. Again the people crowded the Union League rooms; again the great procession hurried to Independence Square and the old State House, where thrilling speeches, prayers, and sacred music could alone express their grateful joy. After an enthusiastic speech from Charles Gibbons, Esq., Dr. Brainerd addressed the assembled multitude as follows:

“Men of Philadelphia and fellow-citizens:—In the long past there have been many stirring events in our country’s history, but perhaps none rising in importance to that which brings us here to-day. The great events of our Revolution directly impressed but three millions. The victory which we celebrate has thrilled thirty millions, and promises to affect the destiny of this entire continent, with the hundred millions which shall people it in a thousand years to come. We have come to this sacred edifice often before. A little more than one year ago, when a ruthless army of traitors was treading down the harvests of Pennsylvania, and threatening its metropolis, we came here, and not in vain, to invoke the protection of Almighty God. In the hour of our country’s agony, when there trembled in the scales all that had been gained by the labors, prayers, and blood of our fathers; when there vibrated in the balance the freedom and elevation of an humble race; when the interests of mankind in all time and all lands, and the very existence of civilization itself, were in peril, we besought God in his mercy to protect us. We believed that we had a right to expect, on our cause and our petitions, the sanction of God. I call on you, my fellow-citizens, from your own consciousness, to bear testimony that in our hearts we have cherished no malice toward our brethren in the South. We regarded with surprise, with sorrow, with shame, the causes which



pressed us reluctantly into the present conflict. We did believe that by how much a feeble race was degraded and oppressed, by so much was Christianity bound to plead for their welfare. We accepted the bitter cup of war, forced upon us, not because we loved our Southern brethren less, but because we loved our country and humanity more.

"The clergy are here in large numbers. They have a right to be here. For myself, I can lift my hand to heaven, and, in the name of Christ, with a clear conscience, ask God for success in our conflict. It is alike the cause of government, of order, and of human happiness. No clergyman has a right to hold an equivocal position in the hour of his country's agony. If the cause be worth the martyrdom of our noble young men, it is a clergyman's duty to sanction the right and give consolation under the necessary sufferings of the contest. As God heard our prayers offered in our defeats and perils, it is most fit and proper that when by his favor our noble army has triumphed over the chief seat of treason—over the very nest of rebellion—we come here to relieve our swelling hearts by devout thanksgiving to the Author of all good. Prince Eugene, in heralding a victory, said, 'It is easy to be devout when we are happy!' I trust, then, you will all bare your heads and incline your hearts while we are led by the Rev. Mr. Brooks, of this city, in expressing our gratitude for the great victory which has crowned our national arms."

Rev. Phillips Brooks then offered a most impressive prayer, and, with a closing benediction, the vast assemblage dispersed.

A week later came the message of Lee's surrender and the *death of the rebellion*.

This information, it will be remembered, was received

by telegram on Sunday evening, April 9th. From nine o'clock until twelve the door-bell of Dr. Brainerd's house was rung at frequent intervals by enthusiastic friends, to communicate this intelligence—almost too great for belief. The pealing bells of the city soon confirmed these "*glad tidings of great joy.*"

Dr. Brainerd hurried from the house; stopped for a friend whom he found in his slippers, and said, "Put on your boots and come with me!"

Alluding to this occasion some time afterward, this gentleman said: "We went into Chestnut Street together on Sabbath-night, as the news of Lee's surrender threw our quiet city into delirium. Parting with Dr. Brainerd at a late hour in front of his own door, his whole being seemed to glow with gratitude. 'Good-night,' said he, 'you will not forget this walk; we have never seen the like of this before, and will never see such a night again.'"

"The transition from national joy to national grief came quickly. On the night of Good Friday, April 14th, 1865, ABRAHAM LINCOLN was slain. A night of darkness, of longer duration than that which fell on Egypt in the days of Moses, shrouded the land, and there was no '*light in our dwellings.*' Without manuscript, and almost without a selected text, Dr. Brainerd on the Sabbath morning following the sad event, entered Old Pine Street Church, crowded, unexpectedly to him, to its full capacity, and for an hour and a half preached with an unction and power such as are never wielded except by the great in intellect and eloquent in speech. Indeed, he spoke as though some miraculous agent had sustained him. We never knew a man more bountifully endowed to equal every emergency which, in the course of Providence, he was called to fill."

On that fearful night of the fourteenth of April, at the very hour when the *real* tragedy was enacting in Ford's Theater, the quiet circle for prayer in Pine Street Church

were considering the costly sacrifice for the redemption of the race. The evening of "Good Friday" had given this turn to the current of remarks. Dr. Brainerd closed the meeting with an address suggestive of the gratitude that would be the due of any victim (if such an one could be found) who had averted the wholesale bloodshed of the late war by the voluntary sacrifice of himself; applying this illustration to the sacrifice of the Son of God for a lost world; and closed with the quotation, "It is expedient for us that one man should die for the people, and that the whole nation perish not."

These remarks were recalled by those who listened to them, as almost prophetic, when the knell was sounded throughout the country the next morning over its murdered President. The hush that fell upon the nation after its pæans of victory; the sorrow that so soon

"Trod on the heels of joy,"

when strong men grasped each other's hands in silent anguish, while tears like rain fell from their eyes, will never be forgotten.

Before it was fully light the next morning Dr. Brainerd heard anxious voices in the street, and caught the words—" *The President killed!*" He sprang from his bed, opened the window, and asked what had happened. A group of colored men near told him the terrible fact, and no class of men felt it more deeply than they.

Amid the vast demonstrations of woe which clothed the country in sackcloth, Dr. Brainerd said none were to him so touching as when the poor colored people fastened up their small strips of black crape or muslin on their dwellings in the courts and alleys, as a sorrowful tribute to the worth of their *best friend*.

Occasionally a pleasant occurrence connected with the past or present glimmered out to relieve the lowering sky of these dark days.

Such were letters, like the following from Hon. Nathaniel Wright, of Cincinnati, proving the adherence of Dr. Brainerd's early friends:

"CINCINNATI, Feb. 8th, 1865.

"MY DEAR OLD FRIEND:

"You must allow me to be thus familiar with you, to tell you how much I was gratified with your letter of January 7th. It must be that I am getting old, for I find myself almost alone, so far as intimates out of my own family are concerned; and I see that you are getting old enough to realize how much this endears to you the few that remain."

Speaking of the death of Mr. John Groesbeck, Judge Wright says: "Our views were very much alike in religious and church matters; and, among other things, we agreed in our estimation of yourself, regarding you as the most discreet and reliable man for counsel among our acquaintances of the clergy. You may recollect that one or the other, perhaps both of us, have often applied to you for advice—and, by-the-way, your advice has always turned out right. We used often to talk of you, and always when important church movements were to be made.

\*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*

"I rejoice that your situation is so pleasant and your life so useful. You say you are not satisfied with yourself; very natural—but how should it be then with multitudes of others?   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*

"Your loving friend,

"N. WRIGHT."

While the United States School-ship "SABINE" was anchored in the Delaware, in the spring of 1865, Dr. Brainerd received a note from Commodore R. B. Lowry, commanding the ship, in which he says, "It will give me

great pleasure if, on any Sunday afternoon, it will suit your convenience to visit this vessel and address the boys under my charge." Dr. Brainerd was able to make but one visit and address in response to this invitation; but at the June communion he had the satisfaction of receiving to the membership of his church the first lieutenant of the ship, a fine young man with an "*empty sleeve*"—having lost his arm at the taking of New Orleans.

In May, Dr. Brainerd went to Brooklyn, to attend the General Assembly, which convened on the 18th. His opening sermon was preached from the text, "*He that winneth souls is wise*," Prov. xi. 30. And the subject—"Wisdom in winning souls"—implied not only that it was wise to win souls, but that *great wisdom*, in its common acceptation, was requisite for the successful prosecution of this work.

The sermon was thus noticed in the *New York Evangelist*:

"BROOKLYN, May 19th, 1865.

"The opening of the General Assembly in Lafayette Avenue Church, yesterday, was participated in by a very large number of Commissioners, but by a very slim audience from the people. The people had no idea of what they missed in failing to hear the sermon of Dr. Brainerd. Although physically weak, so that he feared he should not be able to endure the fatigue of delivery, the doctor held his audience for over an hour in delighted, aroused attention, stirring the highest moods of feeling, and not unfrequently causing a buzz of assent and satisfaction as he pronounced his strong, terse conclusions, or provoking their smiles by his shrewd and telling illustrations and thrusts at error in church and state. We shall not attempt to analyze the sermon, as we give it in full in another place; but we must say its tone and temper were

most wholesome, and the younger ministry in the Assembly could not but carry from it germs of thought, rules of action, and principles of judgment of the highest importance to them in their future career. It was more relished, and diffused more real pleasure among the audience, than any Moderator's sermon we have been privileged to hear."

At the conclusion of his sermon, Dr. Brainerd said that as the state of his health did not permit him to perform the duties of a Commissioner, he had given way to his alternate, Rev. John B. Reeve, one of the first two colored men ever elected to the General Assembly.

The following letter to the editor of the *American Presbyterian*, shows the estimate in which Mr. Reeve was held by the Fourth Presbytery, of which he was a member:

"DEAR BROTHER MEARS:

"As my health and inclination will not allow me to take my place as a delegate to the General Assembly, I may be allowed to say a word for my alternate, the Rev. John B. Reeve.

"He is, I believe, the first colored man ever elected to any General Assembly. As our grand national conflict has settled the question that color is no longer to be an apology for oppression, and as colored men have shed their blood freely for our flag and our country, there seems to be a propriety in giving some merited token of respect and regard to their representatives in the church. And it is eminently proper that our branch of the church, which first enunciated the principles of human freedom, should be the first to rise above the prejudices of *caste*.

"That my alternate will personally do no discredit to the Assembly may be inferred from the following letter,

which I received from my distinguished friend, Rev. T. H. Skinner, D.D. Among us Mr. Reeve has sustained the character which he brought.

“THOMAS BRAINERD.”

“NEW YORK, Jany. 24th, 1861.

“REV. AND DEAR BROTHER:

“John B. Reeve, of our senior class, informs me that he has a call from a church of Africans, in Philadelphia, to become their pastor. He is himself a colored man, and I presume he has no prospect of exercising his ministry, except among his fellow-Africans. But it is only his color that limits his sphere. He has not a superior in the class as to the preaching gift, and I doubt if there is one above him, in academical and theological culture. He stands among the first in all the departments in our seminary. He will, I am sure, appear at our anniversary among the five or six who will receive special distinction, as speaker, on the occasion.

“And he is, in other respects, a first-rate man. There is not one of our students of a sounder mind on the subject of slavery and its political bearings, and on all the points which are so much agitated in church and state in these times. His piety commands every one’s confidence; and his gentlemanly and dignified course in his relations with his white brethren in the seminary, is a sufficient presage of what he will be in general society. Apart from his complexion, he would be in as much demand, in churches of our best class, as the best of his classmates. I regard Mr. Reeve as entitled to no common interest from his white brethren as a candidate for the pulpit. I have never known a man of color at all comparable to him. I rejoice that he is called to Philadelphia.

“Yours in Christ,

“THOS. H. SKINNER.”



The war was over. The two "Refreshment Saloons" were publicly closed, August 28th, 1865, with appropriate ceremonies at the Academy of Music.

Fourteen hundred soldiers, however, arriving just at this time, the "*Union*" Saloon was reopened, and provided meals for 30,000 returning troops, additional. It was finally closed December 1st, 1865, and the buildings taken down on the 3d of January, 1866. It went into operation on the 27th of May, 1861;—and during this period the receipts were estimated at about \$130,000, including money, sanitary stores, and donations in provisions, etc.

"From this fund more than a million of meals were provided, not only for the soldiers, but for sailors, refugees, freedmen, and Southern prisoners or deserters; no one who claimed their hospitality ever being turned away. All this was done by the voluntary offerings of the people, day by day, week by week, month by month, and year by year, the Committee receiving no aid whatever from city, State, or general government.

"Two hospitals were erected in connection with the Saloon, where 15,000 sick and wounded have received medical treatment, and 20,000 have had their wounds dressed *in transitu*."

Hon. Edward Everett said of this enterprise, "It has given your city a new and most commanding title to her beautiful name."

"As at a well-spring struck on holy ground,  
Here Patriotism drew its life anew;  
And like the draught Samaria's daughter found,  
Its freshness lasted all the journey through."

When these buildings were closed and removed, the "Committee" sent to Dr. Brainerd, as memorials of his interest in them, and their appreciation of it, one of the dinner castors which had been used in this service, and a fine large stuffed EAGLE,—the gift to the Saloon of a soldier

from Northern New York, who early in the conflict laid down his life for his country. Never were sacred relics more highly valued or more fondly cherished.

Early on a summer morning of 1865, Mr. Brainerd heard the approaching tramp of many horses in the street, and rising hastily, reached the window just in time to see one of the young men from his church, Colonel Charles H. Hand, who went out at the first call for volunteers, returning at the head of a regiment of cavalry.

Bronzed and scarred in the service, as well as his war-worn veteran soldiers, the instant and mutual recognition, with the bow, smile, and wave of the hand, between the pastor and the young officer, conveyed the grateful assurance of the return of peace. Colonel Hand had been in numberless engagements through the war. He was swamped in the Shenandoah, taken prisoner, wounded and imperiled often on land and sea, but escaped all to return in safety.

Dr. Brainerd introduced in his church the early New-Year's morning prayer-meetings, commencing January, 1838, the year after his settlement, and continuing without interruption through every year of his ministry in Pine Street Church, the last one being held on New Year's morning, 1866. He never failed to be present at these early meetings, in all conditions of health and of weather. It was a most inspiring sight to those who had braved the winter storm, or trodden over the crisp, sparkling snow before light, to find the large lecture-room well filled with a happy, grateful company; and at the close of the hour's service, to witness the hearty congratulations and good wishes expressed on every side. Several people uniformly attended these meetings from Wharton Street, a mile south, and from Vine Street, a mile north of the church.

Other churches in the city followed this example, after a few years, making it quite a Philadelphia custom.

Dr. Brainerd usually gave out a "*maxim*" toward the close of the meeting, as a help to the members of the church in their purposes of improvement for the new year, or of resignation and trust under its trials. Quite a number have told him that they religiously adopted these "*maxims*" as monitors through the year, and found substantial aid and comfort in so doing. Some of the younger members kept a record of them, noting their success or failure in abiding by the spirit of their instructions.

We give here a few of these "*maxims*" as specimens of their character.

ObeY and trust.

Do right, because it is right.

Be, and not seem.

"Life for life"—Life here, for life Eternal.

Never be troubled about what you can't help; nor *what you can!*

In the early years of his ministry, a metrical one was given out:

I will not knowingly offend,  
Nor easily be offended;  
What is wrong I'll strive to mend,  
And endure what can't be mended.

The first public "THANKSGIVING" ever appointed by the Governor of Pennsylvania was in the fall of 1838. From this time until his death Dr. Brainerd never failed, in a single instance, to officiate in his own pulpit on these anniversaries. He regarded it as a signal mercy that he had health and ability to be present at every New Year's prayer-meeting for twenty-eight years, and to preach twenty-eight Thanksgiving Sermons.

About the year 1860, a few young men of Dr. Brainerd's church established a Sabbath-school in the vicinity of the

Navy Yard, naming it "THE BRAINERD MISSION SCHOOL." Mr. Randolph Sailer was the originator and the moving spirit of this enterprise, and carried it forward with great energy and skill. The school was held in the hall of one of the fire companies, until the room became entirely too small for its operations. Mr. Sailer then matured a project for building a fine large chapel in Greenwich Street, suitable for religious services, in a neighborhood where such an influence was greatly needed. The money was secured by his efforts; a tasteful building erected at a cost of \$12,000 dollars, and paid for, and the new chapel was dedicated on the 14th of January, 1866.

Dr. Brainerd officiated at the dedication. Preaching was held in the chapel every Sabbath evening to large and attentive congregations, from the time of its completion.

The following year, 1867, the enterprise grew into a self-sustaining church, under the title of "THE GREENWICH STREET CHURCH." The Rev. Mr. Hutton was chosen pastor, and Mr. Randolph Sailer elected an elder. Mr. Sailer was a graduate of Union Theological Seminary in 1860; but he was compelled to relinquish his cherished purpose of preaching on account of a serious affection of his eyes. Had he foreseen the shortness of his life-service, he could not better have appropriated it than in planting a Christian church, where the gospel which he was not allowed himself to preach should be faithfully proclaimed by other men. Mr. Sailer followed his beloved pastor to the upper sanctuary in just three years from the dedication of his favorite "*Mission Chapel*." He was a young man of fine talents, of uncommon executive power, and of most consistent and symmetrical piety.

Another Sabbath-school in which Dr. Brainerd was deeply interested was that of the "Robert Raikes School," in Sixth Street, below Fitzwater. Originally started on the "union" plan, it had gradually become a *foster-child* of

Pine Street Church. For seventeen years it was sustained by Dr. Brainerd's church, while the superintendent and teachers were all drawn from the same source. The building in which the school was held for many years, under the old "union" tenure, was unexpectedly sold, without the knowledge of the managers, and the school turned adrift, homeless. The house would have been purchased by Pine Street Church if this movement had been known in season for counsel and united action. Enrolling between three and four hundred scholars, the school was forced to accept such temporary accommodations as the neighborhood afforded, which were neither comfortable nor sufficient. In connection with the teachers and superintendent, Dr. Brainerd attempted to secure for the school a better building than the one from which it had been so inconsiderately ejected. He obtained permission from the Trustees of Pine Street Church to erect a suitable building for the use of the school, on the burial-lot in Carpenter Street, belonging to the church, and enlisted for the work the interest of several of his liberal men.\*

At this stage of the enterprise Dr. Brainerd was obliged to leave the city, but he assured the noble band of teachers, who were endeavoring to collect funds for the new building, that after his return he would give his first attention to this work, and see it through to its completion.

The dismay which followed the sudden death of their pastor, the complicity of claims arising from the necessity of refitting the church, in order to preserve its prosperity, created some hinderance and discouragement at first. But the friends of the Robert Raikes School wisely considered the carrying out of Dr. Brainerd's views in this matter as

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\* A copy of the Resolution of the Trustees, granting the appropriation of the lot for the school-house, was taken from Dr. Brainerd's coat pocket after his death, in August, 1866.

the best proof of their regard for him, and the result entirely justified the decision.

With great labor and self-sacrifice on the part of a few, the superintendent assuming personally the responsibility of half the pecuniary expense, a beautiful building was completed, at a cost of seven thousand dollars, and was ready for occupation on the first of January, 1867. The name was changed from "Robert Raikes" to "THE BRAINERD MEMORIAL SCHOOL," as the "Brainerd Mission School" was merged in the "Greenwich Street Church."

On the second anniversary of the school, in its new building, and the twenty-first year of its age, the superintendent, Mr. George Griffiths, reported 400 scholars, 56 experienced, earnest teachers, with a new library of 1000 volumes. A large number from this nursery have joined the communion of Pine Street Church, and the place is already becoming too strait for them.

Greenwich Street Sabbath-school gives evidence of equal prosperity on its eighth anniversary, reporting 500 scholars, and at the close of the second year, "the church owns property worth \$17,000, and owes nothing."

Including the HOME School at Pine Street Church, about twelve hundred children have received Sabbath-school instruction from the parent church,—each of the three schools averaging over 400 scholars.

One of Dr. Brainerd's prominent characteristics was his love for his young people; and almost his last act was to secure a permanent memorial to the patriotism and valor of those who had served their country, both the living and the dead. A ROLL OF HONOR, recording the names of the *one hundred and thirty* volunteers who had entered the army and navy for the war, beautifully engrossed and framed, was placed in the vestibule of the church,\* while

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\* Four families gave three sons to the service of their country, and nine families sent two members each to the field.

an exquisitely finished MURAL TABLET, designed by Edwin Greble, Esq., contained the names of the *eighteen* who had fallen in the conflict. The tablet is four feet by seven, of fine Italian marble, with a design in bass-relief carved in a panel at the top, representing the martyr's crown of thorns, with the shackles of slavery severed by the sword. Then follow, in chronological order, the names of the young men, with the date and the place of their death. Two were starved to death in Libby Prison, and two were killed at the storming of Petersburg. The tablet was placed at the right hand of the middle door of entrance, in a roomy vestibule, which is filled every Sabbath with visitors, examining with reverence and admiration this well-merited tribute to the "MARTYRS OF PINE STREET CHURCH." They bear among them the rank of Lieutenant, Captain, Adjutant, and Surgeon, and the brave young men of the rank and file are here equally honored and lamented.

When the tablet was placed in the wall on the 1st of May, 1866, an inauguration ceremony was observed, which was generally noticed and fully described in the daily and weekly papers, both religious and secular. One of them thus speaks of it:

"An occasion of solemn and unwonted interest was witnessed in Old Pine Street Church on Tuesday, May 1st. The mural tablet, inscribed with the names of the fallen heroes, whom the old church will now cherish as among her most precious ornaments, and whose record of service and martyrdom she shall twine forever as a thread of gold among her history, had been conspicuously placed in the wall of the vestibule, and now the pastor and people assembled suitably to commemorate the deed."

[The tablet is then described, and the introductory services of music and prayer suitably noticed.]

"Dr. Brainerd said that 'he hoped the duty of doing



honor to our noble dead, begun in this church to-day, would be followed by every church in the land. He knew that if those whose names are inscribed upon that tablet had been asked what tribute they would most delight in, if they were to fall in their country's cause, they would prefer to be remembered by their church, and honored just as we have honored them. Many of those whose names appear on the tablet he had baptized in their infancy, and he felt still that they were his children.'

"Dr. Brainerd said, 'Our action to-day was designed:

"1. As a perpetual rebuke to the traitors by whose hands they fell, and the disposition to conciliate the treason for which they fell.

"2. As marking the priceless cost of the unity and freedom wrought out by their sufferings.

"3. As a tribute to their own noble patriotism.

"4. As a consolation to bereaved mothers and sisters, who have in these sons no treasure but their memory and their fame."

Dr. Brainerd then introduced Charles Gibbons, Esq., who made a most telling speech. He was followed by Hon. Morton McMichael, the Mayor of Philadelphia, who in a few well chosen words stated that he was there in his *official* capacity: "He came in the name of his high position, as the chief magistrate of Philadelphia, to indorse the action of this congregation in the erection of that monument to their honored dead. He hoped to see the example emulated by every church in the land."

After the Mayor's short address, the assembly was dismissed with the benediction.

It was said by one of the city editors "that no tribute to the memory of the gallant men who perished as martyrs to a holy cause could be more appropriate. It would keep their memories green in the localities where they were best

known, and hand down to posterity an imperishable record of their patriotic deeds."

The day following this public service, as Dr. Brainerd stood in the vestibule of the church examining this beautiful monument, he said to himself, as if thinking aloud, "Now I have done everything for my dear boys that I can possibly do for them!"

At the meeting of the General Assembly in May, 1866, Dr. Brainerd was appointed Chairman of the New School Committee on "REUNION." He was appointed on the first Committee to open "Fraternal Correspondence" with the other branch of the Presbyterian Church in 1849, and submitted a paper in relation to it. He had marked the progress of confidence and fraternal bearing through these seventeen years with growing interest. In the Report of the Committee, which met in the City of New York in February and May of the following year, 1867, it was said: "The circumstances in which the Committees held their first meeting were so peculiar as to demand special mention, as they were fitted to produce an unusual sobriety.

"The chairmen of both Committees, as originally constituted, were absent. One, Rev. Dr. Brainerd, had been translated to that world where all the distinctions of Christian discipleship, which exist on the earth, are lost in the harmony of heaven. The other, Rev. Dr. Krebs, was disabled by severe illness from all participation in our conferences, waiting for that change to come which will unite him to the great company of Christian ministers in the kingdom of God."

## CHAPTER XV.

### FOURTH OF JULY, 1866—RECEPTION OF STATE FLAGS.

PREPARATIONS were being made on a great scale for the celebration of the approaching Fourth of July; which was to be signalized by the reception of the STATE FLAGS. Ten thousand dollars were appropriated by the City Councils of Philadelphia to defray the expenses of the coming ceremonies; and everything was done to make this closing scene of the great events of the last five years worthy of the history which it commemorated. An immense amphitheater of semicircular seats was erected in Independence Square, back of Independence Hall, leaving an open space in front, of one hundred feet, through to the Walnut Street gate. The seats, fifteen in number, rising one above the other, the last being sixteen feet elevation from the ground. The staging included in these arrangements accommodated over six thousand persons. The stand in the center, with an elevation of ten feet, was designed for the principal actors in the "Reception." This center platform was capable of seating over sixty persons; the whole, including the rear of the State House, the entrance gates to the Square, and the arcade of stately trees, was beautifully ornamented with national flags and mottoes.

About three weeks in advance of this celebration, Dr. Brainerd received the following note from Colonel Ellmaker:

“UNITED STATES MARSHAL’S OFFICE,

“Philadelphia, June 13th, 1866.

“REV. AND DEAR SIR :

“You have been selected by the committee appointed to make arrangements for the reception of the State Colors, on the Fourth of July next, by his Excellency Governor Curtin, to offer a prayer at the commencement of the ceremonies in Independence Square. Will you have the kindness to let me hear from you at an early day on the subject?

Very truly your obt. servt.,

“P. C. ELLMAKER, *Chairman of Committee.*

“REV. THOS. BRAINERD.”

No celebration of the kind was ever attended with such excitement in Philadelphia. The early part of the day was fine; and the seats appropriated to spectators were filled long before the appointed hour. The seats on the left of the amphitheater were occupied by the orphan children of the soldiers from the various “Homes” of Pennsylvania. Twelve hundred were present; and, until the arrival of the military procession, they sung a number of touching songs, prepared for the occasion.

The head of the grand procession reached the Walnut Street gate of the Square at ten minutes of eleven o’clock. The first to enter the gate was Major-General Hancock and staff, amid cheers that might have been heard at Walnut Street wharf. Soon afterward Major-General Meade and staff entered, and again shout after shout rent the air. The Square soon became filled by the numerous color-bearers, with their standards torn and discolored, which excited those who saw them to a still higher pitch of enthusiasm. “Up toward the walls of the hall the tattered banners were borne; up the avenue came the bronzed guards who had borne them through scores of battles; and up rose the multitudes of men and women who had

been awaiting the magnificent sight. No living man or woman will ever see such a sight again as that presented when those torn flags were gathered around the stand where the reception was to take place." In solid phalanx, through the whole length of the avenue, one hundred feet wide, from the hall to the Walnut Street gate, was this *forest* of battle-stained, war-worn, shattered standards, in the hands of the very veterans who had carried them through the strife and fire of battle.

The exercises were opened by the playing of a triumphal march by Birgfeld's Band, after which a short introductory speech was made by General White, who announced that prayer would be offered by Rev. Thomas Brainerd.

The presentation of the colors to Governor Curtin by General Meade then followed.

General Meade said, amid repeated cheering: "Of all the honors that have been showered upon me for the humble services which it has been in my power to render to my country, none have been so grateful to me, and of none am I so proud, as being on this occasion the representative of these hardy and noble men who stand before you. \* \* \* \* \*

"I will not attempt here to recount the deeds of the soldiers of Pennsylvania. To do so would be to repeat the history of this war; for, with few exceptions, there is not a battle-field from Gettysburg to Mobile that the ground has not been stained by the blood of the soldiers of Pennsylvania."

In his reply, Governor Curtin said: "If I consulted my own feelings, I would receive these flags in silence; for this occasion is its own most eloquent orator. Human lips cannot express such lessons of patriotism, of sacrifice and heroism as these sacred relics sublimely attest.

\* \* \* \* \*

"As the official representative of the Commonwealth, I

cannot take back the remnants of the colors she committed to your keeping without attempting to gather into my arms the full measure of her overflowing gratitude and lay it at your feet.

\*       \*       \*       \*     “In the presence of these mute symbols of living soldiers [pointing to the flags], of yonder touching memorials of our dead soldiers [pointing to the children], in fealty to the blood poured out like water, in remembrance of the sorrows yet to be assuaged and the burdens yet to borne, in loyalty to our State, to our country, to our fellow men everywhere, and to God, let us rise to the height of our great privileges and place the American government upon the enduring basis of justice and liberty.”

No feature of the celebration was more impressive than the presence of the soldiers' orphans, twelve hundred in number, who are provided for and educated by the State of Pennsylvania. The boys, in uniform, six hundred and fifty, walked in the procession with soldierly pride and manliness. After the ceremonies of the morning, a sumptuous dinner was provided for them, at the Soldiers' Home, Sixteenth and Filbert Streets, by Mrs. John Winter, at her own expense. They were visited here by many distinguished citizens, and in the afternoon were taken to the League House, where Governor Curtin made a short address to them.

The little girls, about five hundred, rode in the beautiful ambulances of the fire companies, which, during the war, had borne so many thousands of our wounded soldiers from the railroad stations to the hospitals. These were fitted up and decorated for this grateful service, and were now filled with these little girls, each carrying in her hand a small American flag, and singing as they moved along. A delegation from forty-five fire companies, in full equipments, with chief engineer and assistants, acted as “guard

of honor" to these children. Many of the brave men had themselves served in the war who were now guarding their fallen comrades' children.\* It was a beautiful spectacle.

Dr. Brainerd's friends remember the enthusiasm with which he entered into every interest relating to the country. He regarded these great public demonstrations as links uniting the past with the present—"the patriots who created the UNION with the patriots who saved it." It has been said of our national festival that "God himself long ago took this day into his own keeping and crowned it with glory and honor, which it should be *our* glory and honor to preserve."

During the performance of the "Triumphal March," at the beginning of the exercises, Dr. Brainerd observed the Rev. Dr. Hutter, a friend of twenty years, on the platform near him. He beckoned to him, and as he approached said, "I am nervous and *shaky* under this excitement, Brother Hutter. Will you give me the support of your arm through my part of the service?" Dr. Hutter replied, "There is no one I would rather have lean upon me, Brother Brainerd." "And there is no one whom I would rather lean upon," added Mr. Brainerd †

The great heat of the day at high noon; the discomfort of the packed crowd, both on the platform and throughout the square; the hum and buzz of thirty thousand people, made it impossible for the speaker to be heard except by those immediately around him. Even the reporters only caught an occasional phrase, so that the published petition was really the *reporters' prayer*, instead of Dr. Brainerd's.

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\* These items of the celebration are of course gleaned from the reports of the papers at the time.

† This little fraternal colloquy was related some weeks after by Dr. Hutter, who said to a member of his family, on his return home, "Dr. Brainerd is more feeble than his friends imagine,—a general tremor affected him through the whole of his prayer."



After the service was over, he turned to Governor Curtin and General Meade, who stood near him, and said, "*I hope the Lord heard that prayer, for I am sure no one else did!*"

This was his last public service for the City of Philadelphia and the country he loved so intensely. It was fitting that he should be there. He had served through the four years' struggle with treason as faithfully as these veteran soldiers; he had watched, and labored, and prayed with them and for them. It was fitting he should lay down *his* colors, with these toil-marked and blood-marked banners, on the birthday of the nation—"born again" to-day to a purer and higher life, and "*baptized*" with the blood of "*four hundred thousand*" of her sons. It was a most appropriate close of his patriotic life.

Dr. Brainerd preached in his own pulpit on the following Sabbath, July 8th. This was his farewell message to his own beloved Christian household, and it seemed to breathe a prophetic consciousness of his removal from them.

He preached from the text, "Abide with us, for it is towards evening and the day is far spent." *Luke*, xxiv. 29.

After the introduction, he said, "This was a proper prayer for *us*. We could have the spiritual presence of Jesus, if we could not have his visible presence. We could have him for eternity, instead of a tarrier for a night.

"We may say, 'Abide with us,' by the efficacy of his atonement;

"By the ever-present aid of his spirit:

"'Lo, I am with you always.'

"'Where two or three are gathered together in my name,' etc.

"In the light of his truth he will 'abide with us.'

"Truth heard, remembered, understood.

“ ‘Did not our heart burn within us while he opened to us the Scriptures?’

“ Truth obeyed: ‘Whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother.’

“ ‘Abide with us’ to sanctify :

“ We need penitence, humility, faith.

We need a *model*

For prayer, for forbearance, for benevolence.

‘He went about doing good.’

“ ‘Abide with us’ in thy *sympathy* :

“ We have such burdens in Providence; in our sins; in the spirit of the world; we need sympathy.

“ ‘Abide with us’ by thy *power* :

“ To protect us from evil; to aid and answer our prayers; to give effect to our labors. ‘I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.’

“ Abide with us *all* :

“ These little children; these young men and maidens; these in middle life; these aged ones, with whom ‘it is towards evening and the day is far spent.’

“ Abide with us *everywhere* :

“ In this house; in our families; our stores; our *journeys*.

“ Abide with us *ever* :

“ In prosperity; in affliction; in *death*; at the judgment-seat.

“ If Jesus abide with us we are safe.

“ Let us, in view of this subject,

“ Remove every hinderance to the abidance of Christ.

“ Let us tell the world how blessed it is to have the abidance of Christ.”

This skeleton was filled out in his own way, with full illustrations on every point. The occasion of his prospective journey led him to say many tender and touching things. He prayed that Jesus would "*abide*" with his beloved people during their separation, and amid all their wanderings.

The whole service was imbued with the spirit and the tenderness of a final leave-taking and benediction. The people wept as though he had spoken the words of Paul,—"*That they should see his face no more.*"

Dr. Brainerd left Philadelphia on the next Wednesday, July 11th, to visit his daughter, in her new residence, at Scranton, Pa. He had accepted, with considerable hesitation, an urgent invitation to preach at Easton, Pa., on the anniversary of the "Brainerd Evangelical Society," connected with Lafayette College, July 22d. He declined at first from a reluctance to burden his season of recreation with the responsibilities of an important service; but as the managers of this anniversary seemed very desirous to make the occasion this year a special "*Brainerd*" service, he finally consented. His recent publication of the life of one of these missionary brothers, including a sketch of the other, had stimulated his interest in the location of their labors, and added another motive to the claims of the College Society. He was considerably invigorated by his ten days of rest, and enjoyed very much his explorations in Luzerne County, to him a new section of country. Commencement-week at Lafayette College was the hottest of the summer, and the church where he preached was very much crowded and illy ventilated. Still, he felt no serious ill effects from the service, and spoke of his visit to Easton with unalloyed satisfaction. The occasion was thus noticed by the *Easton Daily Express*:

## THE BRAINERD SERVICES.

“Rev. Thomas Brainerd, D.D., of Philadelphia, grand-nephew of the well-known missionary, David Brainerd, preached the annual sermon before the Brainerd Missionary Society of the College in the Brainerd Church, standing on the very spot consecrated by the self-denying labors of that early and successful preacher to the Indians. The text was, ‘*Let no man despise thy youth* ;’ and the venerable divine, in language of rare polish, gave words of counsel to the young men before him that will long be remembered. He dwelt upon the noble work which David Brainerd had done, and which was finished at an early age when many ministers were just commencing theirs. The speaker was in feeble health, and sometimes his voice could scarcely be heard by all in the crowded house, yet the respectful and eager attention to catch every word, showed how much he was honored, and how much the discourse itself was valued.”

The most observable symptom of impaired strength for the past year was in his voice, which had been remarkable for its compass and volume ; but now it often seemed too great an effort for Dr. Brainerd to speak with his accustomed strength ; although when he became absorbed in his subject he frequently rose to the ordinary tone of other years. The *American Presbyterian*, in noticing this occasion, says :

“There was a singular and beautiful propriety in the event. That he should be invited to perform the duty was felt to be highly becoming. But that the descendant and the biographer of the Brainerds who preached upon that consecrated ground centuries ago should, after a life of active and honorable labor for the Master, give his last public testimony to the truth upon that spot, at the call of

the youth of our day organized as the *Brainerd Missionary Society*, in '*The Brainerd Church*;' this happy coincidence was nothing less than the seal of Providence put upon the life-work of Thomas Brainerd."

This last public service of Dr. Brainerd's life was on the twenty-second of July, 1866. On the twenty-fourth he returned to Scranton, and for two weeks occupied himself in riding and walking over the beautiful hills and valleys of this region, with great enjoyment and apparently with decided physical improvement. He relished a *new* field; and the large mining operations of this county opened fresh sources of observation and interest to him. Nearly every day he would bring home some incident of his adventures to relate, especially in connection with conversations held with the miners at their noon hour of rest.

Talking with these men one day, he inquired how many of them were in the habit of drinking whisky. He then asked what the cost was per day. Making a calculation for the year, he showed them the benefits of abstinence in a pecuniary view,—and said that one man could soon purchase a horse with his savings; and another build a snug house in a few years. One of the men replied that a friend of his had tried the experiment; he was sober, industrious, and economical; he saved his money and *bought a horse*, but the horse died in a week after, so he lost his time, his money, his whisky, and his horse! Then, as the company joined in the laugh at his adroitness, he called out, "But come and see us again, captain! We won't trifle with your advice."

Two events, of a private social character, occurred just before Dr. Brainerd left Philadelphia, which tended to increase his depression. One was the departure for Europe, for a term of eighteen months, of his friend and former elder, Alexander Whilldin, Esq. Associated in the closest

intimacy for thirty years, with never a dissenting opinion between them, Mr. Brainerd felt that in Mr. Whilldin he had a true friend and brother, as well as "elder" and counselor; a man whom he could lean upon in every time of need. Although separated from his church for the last few years, by his removal to the northern part of the city, and officially connected with North Broad Street Church, time and distance made no inroads upon their friendship. Mr. Whilldin's house was the frequent terminus of Mr. Brainerd's rides, the place of his *breakfast calls* in the summer mornings, and the refuge from professional vexations that coveted a rest for the heart. There was an ominous shadow upon his mind when Mr. Whilldin departed for his long Eastern journey, which left the impression that he had taken his final leave of him.

The other event, occurring within the same week and in the same family connection, was the sudden death of Captain Wilmon Whilldin. Captain Whilldin was just the age of Dr. Brainerd, and their mutual friendship had strengthened with every year of its progress. He was a man of ready sympathies, of most generous impulses, and prompt to aid, with heart and purse, every benevolent object which gained his approbation. He was President of the Board of Trustees of Pine Street Church; and only a day or two before his death he went with Dr. Brainerd to examine the site for the new Mission School-house, designed for the Robert Raikes Sabbath-school; and with characteristic enthusiasm assured Dr. Brainerd that he would see this enterprise through, if he had to build the house entirely himself. He was an earnest patriot, and in the very commencement of the war, when Major Anderson and his men were shut up in Fort Sumter, Captain Whilldin declared if he could gain the consent of the government he would "provision his steamboat and go directly down to their relief."

But the fate

“Of the brave ‘*seventy*’ men,  
Shut up in their narrow pen,  
Battling for life”—

was settled before any plans could be matured for their rescue.

Captain Whilldin always retained a large share of Mr. Brainerd’s respect and affection.



## CHAPTER XVI.

### DEATH AT SCRANTON, PA.—FUNERAL SERVICES.

IN just a month after Dr. Brainerd left Philadelphia his daughter's two little children were attacked with an epidemic disease, which terminated fatally in a few days. The youngest child, fifteen months old, died on the 10th of August; and the elder, three and a half years of age, on the 13th. They were very lovely, promising children; and fond as Dr. Brainerd was of all children, those of his only daughter were inexpressibly dear to him. Worn by the excitements of the war, his nervous system was unequal to the shock of this great bereavement. He bore it externally with composure, and bent his efforts to strengthen the overwhelmed young parents under the blow. But it was too heavy for *him*.

The death of the children being communicated by telegram to friends in Philadelphia, and published in the papers there, called out a number of kind, sympathetic letters from the elders of Pine Street Church as well as other friends in the city. These letters were so grateful to him that he replied to them immediately; and, in the following week, he had answered them all but one, which he designed to write the next day.

Dr. Brainerd's son had resigned his post in the army, and returned from Little Rock, Arkansas, a few weeks previous to these events. Leaving his wife and child at Saugerties, New York, he joined the circle at Scranton on the 10th of August, a few hours after the death of his sister's

youngest child. His presence at this time was a great support and comfort to the entire family. He remained to help them through all that was to follow. In the afternoon of the 21st of August, his father walked with him over to Hyde Park, a suburb of Scranton, about two miles distant, and back. He complained of being a little tired, but partook of his supper with his usual appetite and joined in the conversation of the evening. After reclining on the sofa about half an hour, he rose, saying, "I am somewhat tired and will go to bed; but don't let me disturb the rest of you;" and bidding the family a cheerful "good-night," he left the room. His wife followed him in a few minutes, and after reaching their room he commenced talking of his grandchildren. His wife said she could not yet reconcile herself to their death. He replied, "*We must be reconciled!* I trust it will do us all good; I hope that I shall be *more reconciled to the will of God and better fitted for his service by this trial.*" This was the last sentence he ever spoke. He fell asleep in a few minutes, and slept as tranquilly as a child until after eleven o'clock. But,—“At midnight there was a cry,”—his wife was awakened at one o'clock by a heavy groan; believing he was suffering from “nightmare,” she endeavored to rouse him, but in vain. Then hastily calling her son, who had been a practicing physician for six years, and who reached his father's bedside in half a minute, every effort was made to restore him to consciousness,—but, with two or three heavy breathings and then a soft gasp, he was gone. His daughter and her husband bent over his lifeless form, and the latter then ran for his family physician at the request of Dr. Brainerd's son, who still persisted in stimulating efforts, even though persuaded of their uselessness. Dr. Brainerd's countenance all this time was perfectly tranquil and natural; he lay with his eyes and mouth closed, and his left hand under his cheek,

as if in a peaceful slumber—not a shadow of fear or suffering upon his face.

With the early light of morning a telegram announcing the death of Dr. Brainerd was sent to the press, and to friends in Philadelphia, requesting them to open the house in Pine Street; and at nine o'clock A.M. the family left Scranton, with their precious and silent burden, for the desolated home, where they arrived at six P.M., August 22d, 1866.

The necessary measures for leaving Scranton in the early train allowed no opportunity for funeral services, and yet at the early hour of eight A.M., the Rev. Dr. Hickok, of Scranton, with many of the leading citizens, including the Methodist, Episcopal, and Baptist clergymen of the place, gathered spontaneously at the house of Dr. Brainerd's son-in-law, where Dr. Hickok conducted a short service; after which they all accompanied the body to the railroad station.

A large number of Pine Street congregation were assembled at Dr. Brainerd's house on the arrival of the family at Philadelphia for this sad reception. Before noon the same day the notice of Dr. Brainerd's death was posted on the bulletin boards of several leading newspapers of the city, and published in the evening papers, so that the news of the event was widely circulated before night. John C. Farr, Esq., one of the elders of his church, carried home the tidings to his family; and on reaching his summer residence, a few miles from the city, he found there Dr. Brainerd's *last letter*, written the day before, and received after his death. This letter was read by Mr. Farr at the Friday evening prayer-meeting the day before Dr. Brainerd's interment at Pine Street Church.

“SCRANTON, August 21st, 1866.

“JOHN C. FARR, ESQ.

“DEAR BROTHER

“Your kind and sympathizing letter was gratefully received. We need all the aid our friends can furnish to

help us bear our great sorrows. Our trouble came like a clap of thunder in a clear sky. For three weeks after we reached here we all had excellent health; the little children were full of life and happiness. Little Mary was my companion in my work in the garden and my walks. She was one of the sweetest solaces of my life. The little boy was sick five days, and the little girl three. Their disease (dysentery) was a painful one, carrying them down rapidly. We had with us Mr. Boies, Sr., his daughter Ella, and my son Thomas. We had all the support of each other in our trials, which was a great mercy. Our house now seems desolate. Poor Emma and her husband are quiet, self-controlled, submissive, but perfectly crushed in their affections and hopes. I am concerned for Emma's mental and physical health. She is of the still sort, and her feelings run deep. Her mother and myself must not leave her alone just yet in her empty house. We think some of taking a trip with Emma and her husband to Quebec, to try, by new scenes, to break the thoughts which overburden her. If I go, we can hardly expect to get back to Philadelphia until the middle, at least, of September. I feel that my first duty now is to protect and comfort my stricken child. Is it not so? My wife and I have hardly reached the grace to 'rejoice in affliction,' but we lay 'our finger on our lips,' and bow our heads and say, 'the will of the Lord be done.' 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be his holy name.'

"It comforts us both to know that old friends, like Mrs. Farr and yourself, appreciate our sorrows, and are bearing and praying with us. With love from Mrs. Brainerd, Emma, her husband, and myself to you all,

"I remain your friend and pastor,

"THOMAS BRAINERD.

"P.S.—If you please, show this letter to the session, if convenient."

Another letter, written a few days earlier, addressed to Samuel Work, Esq., was also received after Dr. Brainerd's death, in consequence of Mr. Work's absence from the city.

“SCRANTON, Aug 17, 1866.

“DEAR BROTHER WORK:

“I am obliged to you for your kind, sympathizing letter. We are almost heart-broken over the loss of our little ones, who made the light and joy of the house. Poor Emma is drinking a bitter cup. I hope that neither her mind nor her health will fail under the blow. Your own trials from the same cause I well remember, and hope that Emma and her mother will find support where you obtained it—at a throne of grace. It seems to be my duty now to stay by Emma until she rallies from her sorrows; and this may detain me longer from the church than I at first purposed. If so, I will let you know in time.

“I am glad to hear of your health, and that you are engaged in plans for entering on business for which you are so well qualified. May God bless you above the past!

“We are in good hands. Every event in God's holy providence will prove a blessing, if improved.

“With hearty love from us all to Mrs. W., Mary, Samuel, and yourself,

“I remain your friend, ever,

“THOS. BRAINERD.”\*

If any immediate cause other than Dr. Brainerd's impaired strength and the death of his grandchildren, hastened the final result of his own death, it was the excitement of a discussion held the day but one preceding his

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\* Dr. Brainerd's daughter died on the 1st of November, 1868, a little more than two years after these events, leaving a little boy twenty-one months old.

death, with a prominent Old School clergyman on the reunion of the Presbyterian Church.

From the time of his appointment as Chairman of the Committee on "Reunion," Dr. Brainerd inquired the opinion of all the clergymen he met, of both branches, "feeling the pulse of the churches," as he expressed it, in regard to this measure.

In reply to Dr. Brainerd's inquiry, the person addressed expressed the most decided opposition to reunion, and commenced at once to give his reasons by bringing up against the New School all the obsolete charges which had been disproved and exploded long ago, and which amazed Mr. Brainerd to find brought forward again at this late day.

While he believed, with Dean Swift, that "it is impossible to remove by reason prejudices which were never founded in reason," yet he replied to these objections point by point, going over the whole ground, and proving to any fair, unprejudiced mind the utter groundlessness of the charges preferred against the New School brethren.

Dr. Brainerd talked earnestly, under great excitement, as he always did where his heart was concerned; but perceiving, by a final remark of his opponent, that his statements had made no impression, he closed the conversation by saying, "*It requires all my charity for you as Christian men to believe that you have the slightest conviction yourselves of the unsoundness of the other branch of the church.*"

It will surprise no one to learn that this man was one of the *very few* who to the last stoutly opposed reunion, with as little sympathy from the good men of his own division as from those of the other side.

This conversation was not a private one; the parties met, accidentally, in a place of public resort. Dr. Hickok, of Scranton, accompanied his friend; and Rev. A. L. Clark, of Hyde Park, was with Dr. Brainerd. Mr. Clark

said he never heard a case so ably handled in his life, and he would not have missed hearing the discussion for any consideration.

Dr. Brainerd returned to his daughter's house, and related this occurrence with a face still flushed by the excitement of the discussion. After dinner his family noticed that he became unusually pale, so that his daughter said, anxiously, "I am afraid that discussion has hurt father; I never saw him so pale before." We always believed it had its influence in the sad termination of the following day. But he fell at his post, standing, as he had ever done, by his friends and his principles.

Among the many providences which marked this fearful interval, none was more striking than the unexpected presence of Dr. Brainerd's son. After remaining twelve days at Scranton, he was expecting to return to Saugerties on the 23d of August, the day after his father's death, when that event changed the purposes of the whole family.

A journey to Quebec had been proposed by Mr. Boies, in the hope of rousing and diverting the mind of his wife from her overwhelming sorrow, and Dr. Brainerd was urged to accompany them; but he said to his wife, "*I would rather go home!*" And he was permitted to "GO HOME."

The resignation of his position in the army left Dr. Brainerd's son free to attend to the trying duties which followed upon his father's death; to superintend the sale of the house, furniture, and library, forced immediately upon his attention by the necessities of the case, for the whole income was at once suspended with the life of the incumbent.

We prefer to give the incidents of Dr. Brainerd's funeral from the notices of the press, supplying such facts as were unknown to the public. One of these was the deep feeling manifested by the colored people in the neighborhood, who



closed their houses on the day of the funeral, many of them bowing their window-blinds with crape.

Another most grateful tribute of respect was the request from the vestry of St. Peter's Episcopal Church, in the square below Pine Street Church, to be allowed to toll the bell of their church, as a token of their interest in this sad event.

It was the season when most of the clergymen of Philadelphia were absent on their summer excursions. Many of them returned for this service, where the distance and time permitted, and about sixty were present at the obsequies of their friend and brother.

#### **The Funeral of Dr. Brainerd.**

[From the *American Presbyterian*.]

"The services of this saddest of all occasions to a vast multitude of the Christian people and ministry of the city, took place on Saturday afternoon, at four o'clock, in the Old Pine Street Church, and were managed with great propriety and solemn effect. The church had been heavily draped, the pulpit with its fixtures, Bible and hymn book being completely veiled in mourning for its now ever-to-be absent pastor. The windows were darkened, and a subdued artificial light shone upon the sad scene. The bell of St. Peter's (Protestant Episcopal) Church was tolling, and the organ was playing a low dirge, when, precisely at four o'clock, the clergy of all denominations and the elders and trustees of the church entered the building, followed by the corpse and the bereaved family. The organ played the *Dead March in Saul* while the preliminary arrangements were being made. All the invited persons having found seats, the public generally were admitted, and, in a moment almost, the building was crammed to its utmost capacity. Many had already been

waiting for hours in the gallery. The presence of policemen was necessary, not to quell disturbance, but to enforce arrangements necessary for comfort.

— “Among the ministers present, besides those of our own denomination, were Drs. Bomberger, Cooper, Dale, Church, Crawford, and many others in this city; Rev. Dr. De Witt, of the Reformed Dutch Church, New York; Dr. Backus, of Baltimore, and President Cattell, of Easton. Notwithstanding the season, one of the largest gatherings of clergymen that has been seen for some time in our city assembled to do honor to a member of their body so widely revered and esteemed.

“The choir introduced the services by singing, with very great taste, skill, and feeling, ‘Vital spark of heavenly flame.’ The concluding passages commencing, ‘Lend, lend your wings,’ were grandly done, and were full of inspiration to the sorrowing but hopeful friends of the departed. Prayers, hymns, and reading of Scripture followed, in which Messrs. Dulles, Butler, Crowell, McLeod, Adair, Mears, and Taylor took part; when Rev. Albert Barnes, upon whom a tender interest was concentrated as the most intimate friend of the deceased, and as made most lone and solitary by the bereavement, made the Funeral Address.\*

“Mr. Barnes’ deeply interesting remarks were delivered without notes, and were received with the most rapt attention by the immense congregation. All felt it a fitting tribute from the most distinguished minister of our church, himself on the borders of threescore and ten, to one so near to himself in age, in true worth, in eminence, in personal relations and official ties—one so worthy of the best

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\* This “address” was embodied in a “sermon,” and preached by appointment of Presbytery, a few weeks later, in Pine Street Church. It will be given hereafter, with the exception of such portions as relate to facts already recorded in the biography.

eulogy of Albert Barnes. And how inexpressibly lonely did this DAVID, celebrating the praises of his JONATHAN, appear! How like a sculptured monolith—tall, simple, majestic, serene, and—alone! How much more dear to his brethren, now since his and their Brainerd is gone! Many a fervent prayer was doubtless breathed as he stood there pouring out his sympathies in affluent, chaste, and discriminating language, that some at least of the years denied to Brainerd might be added to his own, and that his counsels and example might yet be long spared to his brethren prepared now, more than ever, to appreciate them.

“After prayer and singing, the vast congregation moved in slow procession before the coffin, to take a last look of the beloved clay. The body was dressed in a plain suit of black. A superb bouquet and wreath of natural flowers lay at its feet. The features were natural, and wore that placid expression which it is so pleasant to carry as a last remembrance of a beloved form. Some of the congregation touched the brow or cheek with their hands; some stooped to kiss the now sealed lips. It took three-quarters of an hour for the performance of this last act of respect, and then they closed up the face forever from mortal sight and laid the body in its earthly resting-place in the cemetery adjoining the church, by the side of the dust of his two children, Mr. Barnes performing the closing services at his grave.”

[From the *North American*.]

“There was a sad gathering on Saturday afternoon, when in the grave-yard of Old Pine Street Church, almost on a line with its pulpit, were laid the remains of its late pastor, Rev. Dr. Thomas Brainerd. A few weeks ago the good man in person was pointing out to the writer the most aged monuments in the yard, and giving him their history. In that little city of the dead lie side by side

men who had crossed swords in the war of the Revolution. British and American sleeping together ; and among them, resting from more than a quarter of a century of labor in Old Pine Street Church, was laid on Saturday, as we have already said, the remains of one of the most faithful and beloved ministers in the American pulpit.

“The concourse of people gathered to participate in the solemn ceremonies exceeded by hundreds the capacity of the church in which they were held. The Union League, of which the deceased was a member at the time of his death, attended the funeral in a body, marching from the residence in Pine Street to the church-yard at Fourth and Pine, where the dust of the departed pastor was deposited. The members of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, the Volunteer Refreshment Saloon's Committee, and a very large number of clergymen of all denominations, followed the coffin to its place of deposit. The congregation of Old Pine Street Church evinced even by tears how deeply they felt their bereavement in the loss of their pastor. Never have we seen the funeral of a clergyman at which there seemed to be present a greater number of heavy hearts.

“The church windows on the occasion were closed, and the rites were performed by gas-light. The pall-bearers were the trustees of the church, including Hugh Stevenson, J. D. Maguire, John Moore, S. T. V. R. Scott, Samuel Hilt, and Ezra Calhoun, and more than fifty clergymen were among the chief mourners.

“The church was draped in black. The coffin was placed in front of the pulpit and the remains exposed to view. The choir then sang the anthem, ‘Vital spark of heavenly flame.’ Rev. Dr. Dulles followed in thanks for the just record of the departed, and in prayer that his example and precept might not be forgotten by his brethren who survive him.

“Rev. Dr. Butler, of West Philadelphia, announced the hymn, ‘Come ye disconsolate,’ which was feelingly sung. Prayer by Rev. Robert Adair came next, and another hymn was sung.

“Rev. Albert Barnes, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, now addressed the assemblage, whose attention was alike tearful and unbroken. It was an eloquent and beautiful eulogy upon the deceased, and a touching exhortation to the assemblage to cultivate his many virtues. After another hymn, beginning

“ ‘Hear what the voice from Heaven proclaims  
For all the pious dead,’

Rev. Mr. Adair invited all present to pass in line by the coffin, to take a last look at the lips that so often had spoken to them of the way to the heaven to which he had gone before them. To do this required a long space of time. The immense throng filed slowly through the church, and many a tear fell upon the calm, cold forehead of the departed shepherd. The remains were laid, as we have said, in the Brainerd family lot adjoining the church.”

All of the city papers published notices of the funeral, with little variation, giving abstracts of Mr. Barnes’ address. The *Evening Bulletin* says:

“Rev. Thomas Brainerd, D.D., has for nearly a third of a century been pastor of the Pine Street Presbyterian Church, and long been known as one of the most eloquent, patriotic, warm-hearted, and, in his pastoral sphere, one of the most useful clergymen who has ever lived in Philadelphia. His nature was of the kindest character, and he was loved by all who came in contact with him, either in his pastoral relations or in his social movements, or in the performance of his duties as a citizen and a patriot.

“The death of Dr. Brainerd will be long felt and deeply lamented, and by none more than the residents of the southern section of the city, among whom he ‘went about doing good’ unceasingly year after year. As a loyal citizen, whose prayers and efforts were put forth on behalf of the Republic, he will also be nobly remembered; and in every way in which a man can have respect paid his memory, the Rev. Thomas Brainerd, D.D., will be so honored.”

[FROM THE PUBLIC LEDGER.]

“But few congregations in this city have been so free from changes in its pastors as old Pine Street Presbyterian Church. The ministrations of two of its pastors bridge over the whole of the last fifty years, the last thirty of which were under Dr. Brainerd. Both in and outside of his own denomination, Dr. Brainerd was a man of mark. He was almost universally known and quite as universally esteemed, as an able and faithful minister and a good man. \* \* \* \* \*

“Dr. Brainerd’s fame as a minister rests mainly on his rare gifts as a fervid and most eloquent preacher. But he was an accomplished man in other respects than as an orator. The few productions of his pen that he gave to the world show that, had he chosen general literature as his profession, he would have arrived at eminence there as readily as in the church. He was very successful as an editor, but we rest our judgment of his ability and talents as a writer upon his ‘Life of John Brainerd,’ his kinsman. Here he took up the biography of an almost unknown good man—one whose light was eclipsed by the greater brilliancy of an illustrious brother—and by the gifts and graces which he possessed in so eminent a degree, he made one of the most charming books in the range of religious biography. The clear and beautiful style of the

narrative, and the skill with which the subject is handled, show that Dr. Brainerd was a master with his pen, as he was of effective oratory in the pulpit. Dr. Brainerd was born in 1804, and died at the age of sixty-two, struck down by apoplexy—that enemy of all men who toil with their brains.”

The *Inquirer*, the *Press*, the *Evening Telegraph*, *City Item*, and other papers, contained similar notices, all marked by deep feeling and true respect. In one of them it was said, “The sudden death of Dr. Brainerd has stricken the city with gloom and grief.”

Two papers edited and sustained by the colored people added their testimony of affectionate regard on this occasion.

*Zion's Standard*, published in New York, quotes from the Philadelphia paper the following notice :

“Died, in Scranton, Pa., the Rev. Thomas Brainerd, pastor of the Old Pine Street Church, Philadelphia. His funeral created quite an excitement among us as a people. None knew him but to love him. He was a Christian and a gentleman, and in token of respect to this good man we find our people closing their places of business in the neighborhood—the *Recorder* office and others.

“Among the large concourse of ministers we find Rev. John B. Reeve, pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church, and Rev. James Adams, missionary to Africa.”

The *Christian Recorder*, published by the African Methodist Episcopal Church, Philadelphia, after noticing the death of Dr. Brainerd, adds, “We have always regarded him as a strong advocate of that pure religion that makes men better, and that untrammelled liberty which helps on their development. He lived opposite to our office, having resided on Pine Street for many years, and



many friendly calls he made us, not to gratify curiosity, but to speak a word of cheer, advice, and comfort. Every improvement that marked the career of our Book Concern, was hailed by him with expressions of delight. The Old Pine Street Church, with its large congregation, will feel the loss of one who, for thirty years, has stood as their unsullied spiritual overseer and clear-headed instructor. *He lived to make the world better, and succeeded."*

## CHAPTER XVII.

### PUBLIC AND PRIVATE TRIBUTES.

#### ACTION OF CORPORATE ASSOCIATIONS.

IN regard to the summary of public notices which follow, we would only say that the personal and family friends of Dr. Brainerd, for whom the book is chiefly designed, will gratefully approve of their preservation in this permanent connection.

“At a meeting of the SESSION of Pine Street Church, held on the 29th August, 1866, the following resolutions were adopted in relation to the death of our beloved pastor, Rev. Thomas Brainerd, D.D.:

“WHEREAS, In view of the recent afflictive dispensation of divine Providence, by which this church is bereaved of an honored, faithful, and efficient pastor, therefore

“*Resolved*, That we hereby place upon the records of this church our testimony to the fervent piety, the untiring and active zeal, the self-sacrificing spirit, the anxious and constant watchfulness, in season and out of season, in health or in sickness, for the prosperity of this church and congregation.

“*Resolved*, That whatever measure of prosperity we now enjoy, in our temporal or spiritual condition, is, under God, mainly due to his wisdom in devising, and his energy and perseverance in carrying out any work necessary to the purity and enlargement of the church.

“*Resolved*, That our thanks are pre-eminently due to

Almighty God, for the prevailing spirit of unity, brotherly kindness, and harmony of action which, for a period of thirty years, has characterized the relations existing between the pastor and the elders, in all their social and ecclesiastical intercourse.

*“Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with the family of Dr. Brainerd in their severe affliction, and our prayer is, that the rich promises of the gospel may be made manifest in their consolation; that God will be a father to the fatherless and the God of the widow; dealing gently with them in this life, and finally gathering them, an unbroken family, into that kingdom where sorrow and death shall never enter.*

“JOHN C. FARR,

“SAMUEL WORK,

“GEORGE YOUNG,

“WILLIAM IVENS,

“JAMES FRAISER,

*“Elders of Pine Street Church.”*

At the monthly concert of prayer held on the 17th of September, 1866, by the teachers of the SABBATH-SCHOOL of Old Pine Street Church, a letter was addressed to Mrs. Brainerd, as the expression of their united and hearty sympathy with the family of their deceased pastor, adding, “And we feel that in the death of Dr. Brainerd we each have lost a personal friend, and as teachers all have lost one who was always first with us in counsel and effort for the prosperity of our school.

“In behalf of the officers and teachers of Old Pine Street Church Sabbath-school.

“L. M. WHILLDIN, *Superintendent.*

“WILLIAM MCINTIRE, *Secretary.*”

Extract from the Minutes of the Board of Trustees of Pine Street Church, September 4th, 1866.

[Prepared by RANDOLPH SAILER, ESQ.]

*“Resolved*, That this Board has received the startling announcement of the death of Dr. Brainerd with a grief which is too profound for expression in mere words. Its members share with the whole of Pine Street Church and congregation in a feeling of personal bereavement; and while they join in the testimony which is borne by the community and by the church to the inestimable worth of our departed pastor, and share fully in the sense of loss which is so universally expressed by the press and the pulpit, it belongs especially to us to record the impressions which have been so deeply made in his intercourse with this Board.

“We bear heartfelt testimony to his absorbing and unflagging interest in the welfare and prosperity of Pine Street Church, and to his intelligent and untiring exertions for the accomplishment of the highest good in and through her.

“We record our thankfulness that the unequalled influence which he possessed over the people of his charge was always exerted with a lofty and conscientious regard for their highest prosperity, and that his talents and eloquence were always manfully used in the cause of humanity, of justice, and of bold and uncompromising patriotism.

“His sudden departure has left a void in the affections of his people which can never be filled; and our sad privilege now is only to bear witness to his virtues and emulate his bright example.

“S. TUSTON ELDRIDGE,

*“Secretary of the Board.”*

*Pastoral Association.*

"At the meeting of the Pastoral Association of Philadelphia, held September 3d, 1866, being the first meeting after the summer recess; Messrs. Adair and Brown were appointed to prepare a paper in relation to the death of Rev. Thomas Brainerd, D.D. At the subsequent meeting the following paper was presented and adopted unanimously:

"As an Association, we cannot satisfy the prompting of our hearts in view of our recent bereavement, without placing on record this tribute to the memory of our deceased fellow-member and beloved brother, the Rev. Thomas Brainerd, D.D. The position he held as one of the oldest and wisest members of our Association, as well as his distinguished standing as a minister of our denomination in this city and throughout our country, renders such a memento most fitting.

"In the sudden and unexpected death of our brother, endeared to us by many pleasant recollections, we reverently recognize the hand of God. Though by this dispensation our denomination and the church at large has sustained a heavy loss, we desire to acquiesce in this event, knowing that God doeth all things well, and being assured that our friend has been called from his earthly toils to his everlasting rest.

"As an Association we regarded the intellectual endowments of our departed brother of a very high order. In the discussion of subjects before our Association, he often displayed commanding powers of mind. His perceptions were quick, his powers of discrimination acute and philosophic; his diction chaste and forcible, his illustrations apt, and the wit and pleasantry with which he interspersed his remarks, made his impromptu remarks on these occasions exceedingly instructive and entertaining.

"But we not only admired his talents. We loved him

for his social and moral qualities. He had a warm heart, as well as a clear head. He was fraternal and genial in his intercourse with his brethren. He was tender and sympathizing when they were in affliction or in necessity. His attendance at our Association on Monday mornings, after the exhausting labors of the Sabbath, seemed to be to him a pleasure and a recreation; and no one's person was more welcomed than his, as he seldom failed to contribute largely to the interest of its discussions. In his removal, we sincerely and deeply deplore our loss, a loss which we cannot hope will ever be repaired.

"As an Association we very tenderly sympathize with the wife and children of our deceased brother, and we earnestly pray that the consolations administered by him, in his parochial duties, to bereaved mourners, may be richly experienced by them in this the time of their tribulation."

#### **Fourth Presbytery on the Death of Dr. Brainerd.**

[This minute, put upon the records of the Fourth Presbytery at its last stated meeting, is understood to be from the pen of Rev. Albert Barnes.]

"The Presbytery enters on its records, with profound sorrow, the death of one of its oldest and most useful members, the Rev. Thomas Brainerd, D.D. Dr. Brainerd was, except one, the oldest member of the Presbytery, having been connected with it for thirty years, and in all that long period thoroughly identified with all its interests, true to its principles, and true to the denomination with which we are connected. He has participated with us in all our struggles, and has contributed largely to our strength and growth as a Presbytery. In very many of the churches now constituting this Presbytery, he has been present and aided at the laying of the corner-stone, at the dedication, at the ordination and installation of the pastors; and very many of our feeble churches he has aided by his counsels, and

by collections in the church of which he was pastor, in times of pecuniary embarrassment. More than one church in our Presbytery and denomination owes its origin and its establishment to his sagacity and to his personal efforts. To his personal efforts, as much as to those of any other man, the Green Hill Church and the Calvary Church owe their origin ; by his efforts, more than by those of any other man, the Clinton Street Church and the German Street Church have been saved to our denomination ; and one of his last efforts was the erection of a new edifice, through his own congregation, for a Sabbath-school, with an ultimate reference to the establishment of a church.

“ The Presbytery deeply mourn his loss as a member of their body. They feel deeply the want of his presence, his counsel, and his animating voice. They feel that influence and experience have been withdrawn from them by his sudden death, of great value to them, to the churches, and to the cause of religion. But while they thus mourn, they would record with much gratitude, the goodness of God in granting to them and to the churches, for so long a time, such a man—a man endowed with such rare and excellent gifts ; a man so eloquent, so zealous, so true ; a man so kind and genial in his disposition ; a man so wise, so prudent, so faithful. That he has, for so long a time, given to one of our churches a pastor so faithful, so much beloved, and so useful ; that he has given to our city one so well qualified to defend the interests of truth, and one so devoted to the cause of temperance and philanthropy ; that he has preserved among us, through the fearful strife of a four years’ war, one who was a true patriot, who was a self-denying friend of the soldier, both in going to the field of strife and in returning from it ; sympathizing with the wounded, and comforting the sick and the dying ; that he has made him the instrument of converting so many souls, and that he has given to us, as members of the Presbytery, such an example, and such a friend.”



**Synod of Pennsylvania.**

The annual meeting of the SYNOD was held in Carlisle, Pa., on the 16th October, 1866.

In the Report it was said: "In every exercise, no one could forget that *one voice* which for thirty years had been heard in cheerful and wise counsels, was now forever silent. The manly form of Dr. Brainerd, seldom absent at our meetings, was now missed at every step. The older members felt this absence most intensely, and yet nothing about the memory of such a man could be shaded with a deep sadness. His whole personal and official life was cheery and bright. His prevailing tone of discourse was hopeful and encouraging. That *personal life* was still felt in its peculiar character upon our spirits, and forbade us to despond or falter. One there was who, though in many respects unlike him in temperament, appears to have been peculiarly intimate in friendship with him, who still remained with us, and who seemed more than others to dwell upon his memory. As Brother Barnes occupied a few moments near the close of our meeting in recounting some of his characteristic and last suggestions, and added to these his own solemn, sincere, and thoughtful admonitions to ministerial and Christian diligence, however dissatisfied we might be with our own performances, every one must have been resolved to do with his might what his hands find to do.

"C. P. WING."

**The General Assembly of 1867.**

The sermon of the retiring Moderator, REV. S. M. HOPKINS, D.D., closes with this admonition :

"Finally, my brethren, the time is short. Events which have occurred since the last meeting of this General Assembly, admonish us that if we wish to see the church

united and our land redeemed, we must be up and doing. The Lord, who spared long his sincere but misjudging servants, the responsible authors of the schism, that they might eat the fruit of their own rash sowing, has taken away—in the one case by death, and in the other by prostrating disease—the *two honored brethren* whom we put forward to guide our steps toward the goal of reunion. We mourn, at such a time as this, the loss of those bright intellects, those warm hearts, those genial and conciliating manners, that could have effected so much in smoothing for us the way of peace.”

#### The Preachers' Meeting of the Methodist Episcopal Church

in this city forwarded to the Pastoral Association, of which Dr. Brainerd was a member, the following resolutions of sympathy:

“WHEREAS, The Preachers' Meeting of Philadelphia M. E. Church has heard with profound regret of the death of Dr. Thomas Brainerd, of the Presbyterian Church, and

“WHEREAS, His spirit was so truly catholic, and his usefulness so general, not being confined to his own pastoral charge, contrary to our usual custom we deem it fitting to pay special honor to the memory of one not of our denominational ranks; therefore

“*Resolved*, That in the sudden death of Rev. Dr. Brainerd we are forcibly reminded of the uncertainty of life, and of the importance of being also ready.

“*Resolved*, That we praise the great Head of the Church for the gifts, grace, and usefulness which distinguished our departed and now sainted brother in so eminent a degree.

“*Resolved*, That we cherish the memory of his eloquence and devotion as a minister of Christ, his simplicity and sincerity as a catholic Christian, and his devoted loyalty and patriotism as a citizen.

*“Resolved,* That we most affectionately sympathize with his bereaved family, and with his church, which has lost a shepherd whose voice they have heard for thirty years past, and pray that God may be with them in this great sorrow.

“O. W. LANDRETH, *Secretary pro tem.*”

At a meeting of the TRUSTEES of the PRESBYTERIAN HOUSE, held in the House, December 5th, 1866,

“The death of the Rev. Thomas Brainerd, D.D., a TRUSTEE of the HOUSE, was announced; whereupon it was

*“Resolved,* That the Trustees record with profound sorrow their sense of the loss thus sustained to themselves, to the denomination, and to the church at large. They deplore the removal from themselves of a wise and trusted counselor; from the denomination of an eloquent preacher and efficient pastor; from the church at large of an earnest and exemplary Christian. They recognize in the death of their late associate the monitory exhortation ‘to do with their might what their hands find to do.’

“[A true extract from the minutes.]

“THOMAS J. SHEPHERD,  
*“Secretary.”*

#### Union Volunteer Refreshment Committee.

“At a meeting of the Union Volunteer Refreshment Committee, held August 23d, 1866, the following preamble and resolutions were offered by J. W. Hicks and unanimously adopted:

“WHEREAS, We have heard with sincere regret of the sudden death of our late co-laborer, Rev. THOMAS BRAINERD, D.D., who, during the late struggle that our beloved country has passed through, proved himself one of the most zealous and unfaltering patriots in the land by his

efforts to cheer and refresh our brave soldiers, and his unceasing ministrations to the sick and wounded ; in him we recognize a pure-minded Christian gentleman and patriot ; therefore

*“Resolved, That we bow in submission to the decree of our heavenly Father, whom we believe to be too wise to err and too good to be unkind.*

*“Resolved, That we tender our heartfelt sympathies to his afflicted family.*

*“Resolved, That we will attend his funeral in a body.*

*“Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, and published in the daily papers.*

“ARAD BARROWS,

“J. B. WADE,

“Chairman.

“Secretary.”

**The Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania,**

in opening its eighteenth annual session, October 16th, 1867, contains, in its introductory address, the following paragraph :

“A grateful tribute is here due to the memory of one of the corporators, Thomas Brainerd, D.D., who has been removed during the year from his connection with earthly organizations. Though he had been prevented by other duties from active co-operation in the care of the college, he had maintained a warm interest in its success, and had given it many benedictions.”

**A Discourse on the Death of Rev. Thomas Brainerd, D.D.** By Rev. Albert Barnes. Delivered in the Pine Street Church, Philadelphia, November 25th, 1866.

"And many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake—and they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever."  
—DANIEL, xii. 2, 3.

"They shine as stars here, constituting bright constellations shedding their radiance upon the earth. They are removed at death to shine in other spheres and worlds, shedding a brighter radiance there. To human view they seem to become extinct, as when a star in the sky seems to burn out, and to pass away forever. Those stars *may* pass away. The power that created them, and that made them so bright and beautiful, can as easily annihilate them; and bright, and beaming, and beautiful as they are, they may have accomplished their purpose, and may have ceased to be. They are material, and they may perish. But it is not so with mind—bright, beaming, illustrious mind. That does not die. It is not lost. It does not cease to shine. It is removed to other worlds; it does not die. It leaves the earth indeed; it is withdrawn from human view; but it is transferred to other realms, to shine with undimmed and increasing luster forever.

"There is a difference in the brightness of those minds both here and in the world above, as there is a difference in the brightness of the heavenly bodies. 'There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from another star in glory.'—I. Cor. xv. 41. Those 'stars' that God removes from earth to other spheres, shine with different brightness here, and will shine with different brightness forever. All that are 'wise' will shine indeed 'as the brightness of the firmament'—perhaps with collected radiance, like the Milky Way in the heavens—but

they that 'turn many to righteousness' will shine with particular and brighter luster, as distinguished from others, for ever and ever. All that are redeemed, all that, in their appropriate spheres on earth, live to honor God, and to do good to men, will shine forever; but the brightest of those stars will be those who 'turn many to righteousness.' He who in another sphere of life, if a good man, would have shone brightly in the world above; he who in other callings could have secured a place among those that shall shine for ever and ever, will shine more brightly if he consecrates his life to the purpose of turning men to righteousness. He can make more of his own life; he can make his influence radiate further over his own generation; he can make it strike onward with more effectiveness, into the interminable future, than he could have done if his life, however brilliant and useful, had been spent on objects soon to pass away. Paul, as a Christian man, if he had employed his eloquence in defense of liberty or violated rights, would have won and worn a bright crown among mortals, for Longinus places his name among the great orators of the world; but Paul made more of his talents, and will wear a brighter crown, and will shine as a brighter star, from having employed his talents in turning men to righteousness, than he could have done in the widest fields of secular usefulness, ambition, or glory.

"The removal of a man of eminent usefulness from our world is not such a loss to the universe as the extinction of a bright star might be, or as the extinction of the soul would be. The earth is but an atom in the immensity of the vast domain over which God presides, and the widest sphere of labor and of usefulness here is inconceivably small as compared with that vast field in which the redeemed soul is to live and act forever. True, it is a loss to earth, to friends, to the cause of truth, to the church, to a

nation it may be, as if the soul had ceased to be. The mind sagacious to plan, to counsel, to execute, is withdrawn from earth; the lips eloquent in the cause of truth, are silent; the pastor is no longer in the pulpit, in the house of mourning, or by the bedside of the sick. He who guided the young, who warned the wicked, who strengthened the feeble, who comforted the sorrowful, who animated the desponding, is seen no more; he who brought the richness of his experience, and the maturity of his judgment to the aid of the great interests of truth and humanity, has passed away. Influence is of slow growth, and is of inestimable value in our world. It is that in a man's known talents, learning, character, experience, and position, on which a presumption is based that what he holds is true; that what he proposes is wise. When a man has reached the maturity of life, this is all that, in these respects, is the fruit of his experience—the growth of many years—and constitutes, in our world, the best inheritance of virtue and of truth. It is a protracted work to form such a character. Native talent, learning, discipline, conflict, toil, experience, moral worth, all enter into its formation; and when one of such a character is removed, another such slow process—the accumulation of many years—is necessary before it can be replaced. There is nothing more valuable in society than this; there is nothing more difficult to replace. A city burned may be built again. Soon the rubbish will be cleared away; the streets be widened and straightened; long lines of dwellings and warehouses rise from the ruins, and a busy population there again drive on the affairs of commerce, of manufacture, of trade. Fields visited with drought are soon fresh and green again. The hills and valleys are clothed with verdure and flocks, the grain falls before the reaper, and the wains groan heavily laden with sheaves. From the fields where armies have encamped or fought; where the



harvest has been trodden down by passing and repassing legions, where the torch has made everything desolate, all traces of the war are soon removed ; for trees are planted, and the harvests grow, and the earth is rendered fertile by blood, and the little mounds of earth which marked the place where brave men fell and died, are leveled also, and the plow passes over Marathon, and Waterloo, and Antietam, as it did before.

“But though the useful man, the preacher, the pastor, the man of experience, the man of eloquence, is no more among the living, yet he is not lost to the universe, nor in a higher sphere, to the cause to which he devoted his life. There is an aggregate ; a collection ; a gain to the universe—which constitutes *heaven*—for heaven is made up of all that is redeemed from earth. The results of all the wisdom, experience, and moral worth of earth are there, and what is gathered there will shine as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars for ever and ever.\*

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“While a student of law in Rome, N. Y., an important event occurred, which led to an entire change of his purpose of life. It was in that vicinity that the Rev. Charles G. Finney, who had himself been a lawyer, began his labors in the ministry, and his most marked early success as a preacher occurred in that place in a revival of religion of great power. In that revival, nearly every merchant, almost every lawyer, and almost every man of influence, was converted, and among the converts was young Brainerd.

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“I am ignorant of the mental exercises through which he passed at that time. I know only that he became a member of the church in Rome, in 1825 ; that he at once

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\* Here follows a narration of facts already recorded in the biography.

abandoned his profession; that he chose the profession of the ministry without hesitation; and that his conversion changed the entire current of his life. With a view to secure the means of prosecuting his theological studies, he spent a year in teaching in Philadelphia. During that time he was connected with the church of the Rev. James Patterson, and entered heartily with him into every measure for promoting the interests of religion in the northern part of the city.

“In October, 1828, he entered the Theological Seminary in Andover, and graduated there in the class of 1831. He was ordained as an evangelist in New York, October 7th, 1831, and went immediately to the West, as a home missionary. In December of that year he was settled as pastor of the Fourth Church in Cincinnati, where he labored two years. In March, 1833, he became editor of the *Cincinnati Journal*, which he conducted, together with the *Youth's Magazine*, until the autumn of 1836, nearly four years. During that period he assisted the Rev. Dr. Beecher as a preacher in the Second Presbyterian Church of that city, an event which laid the foundation of mutual confidence and affection for life. In October, 1836, he was called to the pastoral charge of the Third Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia, where he commenced his labors February 1st, 1837. His pastoral life here embraced a period of just about thirty years—as eventful years in the history of the church and of our own country as any that have occurred since we became a nation. The history of those years is familiar to you all.

“I have referred, with a special design, to the fact that Dr. Brainerd was converted under the preaching of the Rev. Charles G. Finney; that he was early associated in labor with the Rev. James Patterson; and that he was more intimately, and for a longer time, associated with Dr. Lyman Beecher; for it was by the influence of these

men and their preaching, more than by any other cause, perhaps unconsciously to himself, that his character as a preacher was formed. Perhaps no three men could be named whose character and mode of preaching would be more likely to influence a mind like his. He himself was indeed original. He copied no one. He probably never set any man before him as a model; he transferred to himself in no perceptible manner, the language, the modes of thought, or the theological opinions of another man; but there was, if I mistake not, a silent influence of great power which went forth from his early connection with those men, which greatly affected his subsequent character as a preacher and pastor. Two of these men have passed away; hundreds, perhaps thousands, will bless the name of each one of them forever, as the instrument, under God, of their conversion.

“Charles G. Finney.—Dr. Brainerd’s earliest religious impressions were probably received from him. Mr. Finney had himself been a lawyer, and would have been distinguished as a lawyer if he had continued to pursue that profession. Not always safe in his theological opinions, and not having been trained to great thoroughness in theological learning, he was, nevertheless, a man of great power in showing to men the danger of false hopes; in setting forth the real nature of religion; in driving men from their subterfuges and refuges of lies; in proclaiming the terrors of the law and the fearfulness of the world to come; in laying open to men the delusions of their own hearts; and above all, in proclaiming the majesty of God and the greatness of eternal things, and in making all things else dwindle to nothingness before the Eternal One, and the eternal world. Few men in our country have been as well fitted to act on the higher order of minds, or to bring men, proud in their philosophy or their own righteousness, to the foot of the cross.

“James Patterson.—Not graceful in manner; not polished in sentences and periods; not aiming at beauty of style; and not courting the praises of men—with a keen eye that penetrated the soul; with a tall and impressive form; with unpolished but most forcible gestures; with an earnestness of manner that showed that his whole soul was on fire; never awed by the fear of any man; ready to do good in any way, whether in approved or unapproved modes, if the hearts of men could be reached; at home alike in the fields, in the highways, and in the sanctuary; preaching everywhere; talking everywhere; praying everywhere; most fearful in his warnings of sinners, most terrible in portraying the wrath to come, and yet most affable, genial, pleasant in his intercourse with men,—he lived and labored for the sole purpose of converting men. He had an unwavering faith in revivals of religion, and his ministry was made up of successive revivals rapidly following each other, bringing great multitudes into the kingdom of God.

“Dr. Lyman Beecher.—Than he there has been, in our country, no man more eloquent in the pulpit; no man that could make a more effective use of the Anglo-Saxon language. Clear, rapid, discriminating; placing truth in a few words in the light of a sunbeam; rising often to the highest flights of oratory; often exhibiting the most beautiful poetic conceptions in language most expressive of those conceptions; and then, as with a sledge-hammer, driving great thoughts through the soul until you were penetrated through and through with them; piling on arguments until you are crushed and weary; not always equal, and sometimes falling so low that you wondered where was the great power of the man: but even then in what seemed to be tame, and dull, and somber, like a dull day, by some new and startling thought suddenly illuminating all as by a flash from the heavens,—he labored, too,

for revivals of religion. I have sat while he was urging great thoughts through my soul till I was weary and could bear no more. His eye was then eloquent. The adjusting of his spectacles was eloquent; his whole manner was eloquent. He sought revivals as the glorious triumph of the gospel; and his great thoughts and his keen words were designed to secure this result. There has been but one man in this country that understood the Saxon part of our language as well as Dr. Beecher—Daniel Webster.

“Dr. Brainerd, whether he was conscious of any influence from these sources or not, carried much of all this into his subsequent life; and his style of public speaking was formed much on these models. He would have risen high in the profession which he had first chosen. He had been endowed with those talents which we naturally associate with the best efforts at the bar—a deep knowledge of human nature; a quick perception of the point at issue; power of disentangling that from all other points; skill in debate; abundance of illustration and of anecdote; the power of perceiving the weak points of an adversary and the strong points of his own cause; keenness of sarcasm and invective, if necessary; the power of anticipating the point of defense of an adversary; readiness in summoning to his memory all that he knew; and a power seldom equaled of showing the heinousness of guilt, and the evils of a violation of law.

“Dr. Brainerd’s power eminently was that of a public speaker—a public speaker in regular and set discourses, but perhaps more strikingly in debate. His early opportunities of scholarship had not been great, and the state of his health and his abundant public duties and his active life had prevented his greatly enlarging his scholarship. He had, indeed, by reading, by observation, by conversation, stored his mind with a great amount of information on the subjects most important for him to know; but it did

not pertain, in any remarkable degree, to either scientific or literary subjects. Of information to be derived from the daily press, perhaps no man surpassed him; of information derived from observation and a keen sagacity, there were none of his brethren who were his equals. His literary labors were mostly confined, with one exception, which I shall have occasion to notice, to a few sermons, to a few articles in our *Quarterly Review*, and to the newspaper press. To the latter, alike by his taste and by his conviction that in this way truth could be best promulgated, regulating the public mind and correcting public errors, he contributed much; and there are few men, even of those devoted to the newspaper press, that could reach the public in this way in a more timely, sagacious, and effective manner.

“As a public speaker, alike in the pulpit and in deliberative bodies, with no particular advantage of manner, but with much, arising from his nervous temperament, that would seem to promise little, he yet had a power which few men possess. In preaching, he often plunged at once into the middle of his subject, and made most direct and earnest appeals to the reason and conscience; in debate, he seized at once upon the real point in question, and pressed that with a power of argument, with a fervor of language, with an amplitude of illustration, and with a severity of invective and sarcasm, if necessary, which few men have ever exhibited in debate. His language in his public discourses, whether extemporaneous or written, was as nearly perfect as possible; and often his happiest efforts—efforts seldom surpassed—were in extemporaneous address. No man could use the English language better; from the lips of no one could fall more pertinent and fit words, more complete sentences, more beautiful figures, more striking illustrations. In description, in statement, in argument, in warning, in appeal, in invective, his language

presented the best forms of our Anglo-Saxon tongue. Often in a public assembly—in such a vast concourse as was assembled in the great hall in 1857—when the interest of the meeting languished, a few words from him roused the vast assembly; when the course of things was taking an unprofitable direction, a few remarks from him, with no reflection cast on others, changed the current of remark and feeling, and gave, in a moment, a new aspect to the course of things.

“When he fell so suddenly by death, there occurred that of which the prophet Isaiah speaks as a great public calamity—when God takes away ‘the eloquent orator,’ or, as it is expressed more appropriately in the margin, and with an eminent adaptedness to his case, ‘*the skillful of speech.*’ Isa. iii. 3. No words could better describe Dr. Brainerd’s eloquence than to say that he was ‘skillful of speech;’ none could better represent the impression which his eloquence made on his hearers. No man could hear him in his happiest moods without being impressed with the force and beauty of our own English tongue, and the greatness of the endowment of being able to speak in such words for truth and for God.

“For the endowment of being ‘skillful of speech’ is one of God’s great gifts to man; one of the noblest and the most marvelous of our talents; one which, as much as any other, alike in the original power and in the highest forms of that power, shows the Creator’s greatness and wisdom. No philosopher has been able to explain how man at first learned to speak; none could teach man to speak if God had not taught Adam; none who deny the miraculous agency of the Creator can explain how it is.

“And it is worthy of such an origin as it had. Alike in the daily intercourse of life, in our business, in our enjoyments, and in all the great purposes of divine Providence in the advancement of the interests of the world, it shows



itself worthy of such an origin. For speech has been connected with all the purposes of justice. It has been a prime agent in the defense of liberty. It has been identified with the triumphs of religion and the salvation of souls. Speech in the Senate house; speech in the hall of justice; speech before a battle; speech in the pulpit has been identified with all the triumphs of justice, liberty, and religion in the world. There is no power like the power of Demosthenes, Cicero, Burke, Chatham, Webster. It sways the passions, and the will, and the intellect, and the imaginations of men, as the trees of the forest are moved by the mighty winds; and more than to the power of arms in battle, is the progress of the world to be traced to the power of language.

“It is most noble, and reaches its highest and most distinct results when employed in proclaiming the gospel to men. The pulpit is its loftiest place, and there the purposes of God in speech are most signally accomplished. In defending the truth of God, in proclaiming his will, in publishing the great facts of redemption, in persuading men to turn from sin, in making known the realities of eternity, in inviting a lost race to the cross—that is its highest office and its sublimest employment. Paul, on Mars’ Hill, in proclaiming the gospel, was greater than Demosthenes thundering against Phillip; Whitfield at the collieries, was greater in the results of his speaking than Burke in the splendors of Westminster Hall on the trial of Warren Hastings, or than Patrick Henry when he summoned the American colonies to freedom.

“The success of Dr. Brainerd as a pastor depended not only on the character of his preaching, but, in a large degree, on his character as a man. His frank, open, genial manners; the fact that he was accessible at all times; his affability; the interest which he took in the wants of others; his sympathy with the poor, the sick, and the be-

reaved; his happy addresses on funeral occasions; and especially his appreciation of the feelings, the aspirations, and the strugglings of young men, contributed in an eminent degree to this, and, to an unusual extent, he retained these characteristics in advancing years, when he had reached a period of threescore. From anything that appears, his preaching, and his mode of intercourse with the young, was as attractive in his last years as it had been at any former period of his life. Probably at no period of his life were there more young men, in proportion to the whole number in attendance on his ministry, than in his last years; and it was one of the things that eminently gladdened his heart, in all the discouragements from the position of his church—which he felt indeed keenly—that while numbers of his best families were removing in the general tide that was, and is, setting to other parts of the city, he was still drawing around him the young, the enterprising, and the prosperous, just as they were forming their character, to sustain this ancient and venerable church.

“Dr. Brainerd, as a pastor, had one peculiarity in his labors and plans which it is not improper to advert to, as it, in his case, was attended with marked success. It was, that while he labored earnestly for revivals of religion, and relied on such works of grace in promoting the progress of religion, he looked for the most marked success at a certain season of the year. The ordinary labors of the autumn and winter were almost uniformly followed by special efforts, mostly in the form of protracted meetings, in the close of the winter and the beginning of the spring; and then he hoped to gather, as in a harvest, the result of the labors of the year. These efforts were almost uniformly successful; and a large portion of those received into the church, during his ministry here, were admitted at that season of the year. At such times his own labors and

anxieties were so exhausting as to make, in his case, the ordinary rest to which pastors, with other men, look forward in the summer months, absolutely indispensable.

“Dr. Brainerd was a man whose labors and influence could not be confined to his own particular church, or to his own denomination, or to religion alone. He was not made to be a mere ‘parish minister,’ and the churches of our own denomination here and elsewhere, and the cause of religion in general, and the interests of patriotism and the country, owe much to his zeal, his talents, his large, catholic spirit, and his patriotism.

“Philadelphia, and especially our own denomination, owes much to his counsels, and to his persevering efforts in the establishment of the churches which have been organized here since he became pastor of this church.

“The renovation of this church was owing very much to his conviction of the necessity of such renovation, that it might maintain the position which it had long held, and to his personal efforts.

“The Green Hill Church had its origin entirely in his convictions of the necessity of such a church in that part of the city. His own residence, for seven years, owing to feeble health, was in that part of what is now the city, but what was then a suburb, lying quite beyond the city, but which he saw would soon demand a church of our denomination. The lot on which the church stands was secured by him, and a considerable part of the funds for building the church was raised by his own personal efforts.

“To him, almost entirely, it is owing that the Clinton Street Church is now connected with our denomination. It was about to pass from the Congregational denomination to other hands, and that it did *not* pass to a denomination in no way connected with us, is to be ascribed to his determination of purpose. He formed the plan of secur-

ing it to our denomination, and he and the Rev. Anson Rood, by personal solicitations and efforts, secured the amount necessary to carry out the purpose.

“The Calvary Church owes its establishment much to his efforts and to his counsels, and it may be safely said that, if it had not been for his efforts, and for his remarkable influence over men of wealth, this enterprise would never have been carried through. Forty meetings were held, sometimes protracted to a late hour in the night, in consultation on the plan, and in efforts to secure its success. From those meetings he was almost never absent; and, in all that was doubtful about it, he never lost his confidence in it, or faltered in his own purpose that it should be accomplished. Often did his voice rouse and animate those assembled, when desponding or doubtful; and often did his appeals and his ready wit—even when there was some hazard of giving offense in such appeals—create new zeal in the cause. He could say things which others could not have said without giving offense. On one occasion, when the whole enterprise seemed to hang in doubt, he rose and said with deep gravity and solemnity: ‘Gentlemen, there are certain Christian graces which those in your condition have never had the privilege of exercising. The grace of submission in times of poverty; the grace of a deep sense of dependence on God for your daily bread; the grace which they exercise who, at the head of a family, see their children crying for bread; and the grace needed to sustain the heart in the night-watches, when a man does not know where provision is to come from to supply the morning meal—these and similar graces of the Christian, you have never had the opportunity of exercising, and probably never will. The grace which you are called upon to exercise is that which arises from the right use of property—from devoting it to God in promoting his cause—from doing what is necessary to be done to secure the

spread of religion around you—and if you do not do this, *the Lord have mercy on your souls.*’ Any man might well have hesitated as to what would be the effect of such an appeal. From some men it would have been received with cold silence, or would have stirred up wrath. There was, indeed, at the close of this singular speech, a momentary silence, and then all present burst out into a loud laugh—and his object was accomplished.

“To his efforts, also, associated with the members of this church and congregation, it is owing that the German Street Church has been completed, and has been retained to our denomination; and, at the time of his death, he had projected a new enterprise in the extreme southeastern part of the city, with an ultimate reference to the establishment of a church.

“Dr. Brainerd, though he was a decided Calvinist in his doctrinal views, and a thorough Presbyterian in his convictions on the proper mode of the organization and government of the church; and though in all that long conflict which has been waged with the other ‘branch’ of our denomination—alike in the trial of Dr. Beecher, for heresy, when he was associated with him as a preacher; in the debates of the General Assembly previous to the division, of which he was a member;\* in the division of the church in 1838; and in all the long period since, now nearly thirty years, he has been thoroughly identified, on the firmest conviction of truth and justice, with our branch of the church, true to its rights, to its principles, and to its interests,—yet he was not a bigoted man, or a man who regarded all

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\* He was a member of the General Assembly in May, 1836, the year before the “Excinding Acts,” leading to the division of the church were passed. His being a member of the Assembly that year was the immediate occasion of his being employed during the summer as a stated supply in the Pine Street Church, which resulted in his being called to the church as its pastor.

the interests of truth, of religion, and of humanity as confined to his own denomination. In the temperance cause; in Union Prayer-meetings; in promoting the interests of religion in general; in public matters, he did not make it a subject of inquiry whether they were controlled by Presbyterians, or whether his own denomination was to acquire strength or credit as being prominent in such public movements. As long as the great prayer-meetings in Jayne's Hall shall be remembered, Dr. Brainerd will be remembered as having, with that holy man of the Baptist denomination, Dr. Kennard, and Dudley Tyng, of the Episcopal, both now with him before the throne of the same Saviour, contributed as much as any other man to the interest and the success of the meeting.

"It occurred before his death that there was an opportunity of evincing, in a manner such as there has never before been an opportunity of evincing, the love of country; and in that fearful struggle of four years, all that was the proper fruit of his early training, and of the Puritan doctrine which he had been taught to believe, and all that was generous, large-hearted and patriotic in his nature, was fully developed. He felt, as few even then felt, that all that was dear to liberty was at stake. He felt more keenly than most men feel the evil of treason and rebellion. He appreciated in the highest degree the blessings of liberty for which our fathers fought in the war of Independence, and anticipated with more apprehension than most men did the evils which would result if the rebellion should be successful. He was not formed to be a military man, and he was too old, and his health too much impaired, even if his position had not prevented it, to join in the active defense of his country. But he could defend by his eloquent appeals the righteous cause; he could denounce in such burning words as few men could use the evils of treason and rebellion; he could stimulate and animate his own



people in sustaining the government ; he could encourage his own young men to give themselves to the service of their country ; he could counsel and animate them as they left their homes for the field of strife, perhaps not to return again ; he could meet the soldier on his way to the battlefield at the ‘ Refreshment Room,’ and encourage him in his purpose, and could greet him again on his return, weary, or sick, or wounded, and minister to his wants ; and he could visit the great hospitals of our city, as a minister of consolation to impart comfort to the wounded, the sick, and the dying. And it was done ; done as this work was done by no other pastor in this city. For four years he was under as intense excitement as his physical frame could bear :—an excitement unintermitted by day and by night, wearing on his exhausted nervous system, perhaps hastening the event which we mourn to-day. From this intense excitement he found no rest, no intermission—until that eventful night when the news ran through the city that ‘ General Lee and his army had surrendered.’ Then thousands crowded the streets. Then the sound of joy and rejoicing was heard everywhere. Then tears of joy flowed freely. Then men met men as they had not done for four years before. Then, in as sublime a scene as our country has witnessed, thousands of voices spontaneously joined in front of the building where the Declaration of Independence was made, in singing to Old Hundred,

‘ Praise God from whom all blessings flow,’

and then—who could have done it more appropriately than he ?—Dr. Brainerd led the vast multitude in expressing thanks to God.

“ Beyond his newspaper labors, a few sermons, a few tracts, and a few articles in our *Presbyterian Quarterly*—of which he was one of the founders, and of which he continued to be one of the editors to the time of his death—



Dr. Brainerd's published productions are not numerous. It is remarkable, and it was singularly appropriate, that the only literary work of considerable magnitude in which he engaged, was the *Life* of a member of the Brainerd family, who was comparatively unknown, and who died seventy years since: a modest, earnest, humble, patient, and laborious missionary. The name of *David* Brainerd was known as far as that of any man in modern times who has engaged in the work of missions. That name has been most influential in promoting the present movement in the work of converting the world. More than perhaps by any other man, the character of Henry Martyn had been formed, and his zeal awakened, by the character and life of David Brainerd. But the name of *John*, his brother and his successor, not less pious and devoted to his Master's cause, was little known. He had labored in obscurity; he had not been remarkably successful in his work among the Indians; he had become an humble pastor in an obscure church; and he had died with no one as yet to record his worth, and to perpetuate the record of his labors.

"It occurred to Dr. Brainerd to endeavor to rescue from forgetfulness what could be recovered respecting his life and labors, and to hold him up, also, as an example to the church and the world. To this work he gave the leisure of the last years of his life. On that work he bestowed a great amount of labor, in correspondence and in traveling, and gathered all that there was to be gathered, alike in this country and in Europe, in memory of a man little known, and over whose remains for nearly seventy years there was not even a stone to mark the place of his rest; for whom, as Dr. Brainerd remarked, 'no gazette heralded his departure, no orator gave him an eulogy, and no generous appreciation raised him a monument.'\*

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\* *Life of John Brainerd*, pp. 434, 435.

"This work, most happily executed, and which furnishes a ground for regret that its author gave no more to the world through the press, might be appropriately considered as the biography of three men of rare piety and usefulness. *David* Brainerd, a sketch of whose life is necessarily given to prepare the way for the notice of his brother and successor, *John*, the obscure and unknown, but faithful missionary; and the *author himself*. Some of Dr. Brainerd's best thoughts, and some of the happiest specimens of his writing, and specimens that will compare favorably with any others found in our best writers, occur in that volume. As a specimen of his style and manner, and as an illustration of the remark which I have just made, I will copy a single paragraph, alike for its own beauty, and for the justness of its reflections.

"In moving into the future, it is the destiny of man to move into relative darkness. Every individual human advance is an adventure in paths dim, difficult, and perilous, never yet trodden; an experiment of labors and perils not yet endured, of responsibilities yet to be discharged, and of aims and elevations yet to be surmounted. No wonder that in these circumstances man looks around him to inquire, "Has any one mapped out the way? Has any one successfully threaded the difficult and dreary paths? Has any one borne the labors and overcome the dangers? Has any one scaled the heights, and laid his hand on the proffered prize?"

"The martial spirit is kept alive by the great names and achievements of its heroes: its Cæsars, Wellingtons, and Napoleons. Science renews its energy in communion with the names of its Galileos, Lockes, and Newtons. Men are brave to strike for human freedom under the shelter of the great examples of Hampden, Cromwell, and Washington. The biographies of the eminent dead not

only furnish illustrations of what the living may be, and do, and dare; they not only lift men above the crowd to a higher estimate of human capacity and power; they do more through the social principles by which one is set to imitate the good works which he contemplates in others. The church of God has always availed itself of these principles of our nature; and while war has cherished its heroes, and science its devotees, Christianity has wisely embalmed the memory of her great teachers, her saints, and her martyrs. It is well it is so; for, however dwarfed may be the present age in any grace or attainment, the true and growing Christian can find solace, sympathy, and companionship with the more excellent men and things of the past.'—pp. 10, 11.\*

“It was also a remarkable—can we suppose it to have been otherwise than a providential?—arrangement that the last public service of Dr. Brainerd should have had reference to the name which he himself bore, and that it should have occurred in the very place—‘The Forks of the Delaware’—where these Brothers, David and John, whose memory he had thus contributed to perpetuate and embalm, had successively labored. A church had been founded at Easton,† called the ‘Brainerd Church,’ in honor of the labors of David Brainerd, and he was invited to address the ‘Brainerd Missionary Society,’ in that church. It was his closing work on earth. Feeble then, with a trembling frame, with a voice so weak as scarcely to be audible, under the influence of a state of body which was in a few weeks to remove him from earth, he performed his last public services there on earth, and finished

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\* For similar specimens of beautiful writing, and of valuable sentiments, I may refer to pp. 88–91, 93–95, 102, 103, 122.

† On the missionary field of David Brainerd.

the labors of a life spent in eminent usefulness in the church of God.\*

"Like David Brainerd, and like most of his family, he was a man subject to depression of spirits, and he apprehended much, as his own father had suffered much, in the closing scene of life. He apprehended paralysis, perhaps months or years of helplessness, and at the same time months or years of mental darkness and depression. From both these he was mercifully preserved. In a moment, almost in the twinkling of an eye, without anything unusual to excite apprehension or alarm, without pain, without consciousness, he was taken from earth to heaven. Could the warmest affection for him have ordered the circumstances of his death more mercifully or kindly?

"I trust that it will not be regarded as inappropriate, in conclusion, to refer, in a word, to my own personal feelings, and my own sense of loss when he was so suddenly taken away. Never before have I so felt that I stood alone on the shores of the great ocean of eternity as I felt then; and why should not the personal friendship of so many years be allowed to utter its feelings in sympathy with a mourning congregation on an occasion like this?

"Why should not the memory of other days come over my soul here? Why should I not speak of the loss which I have sustained as well as you? Why should I not be permitted, while I speak of his public life, also to bear my testimony to him as a warm-hearted, true, generous, sincere, and affectionate friend? For, for an unusual period in human life—for thirty years—we were united in such intimacy and friendship as rarely exists on earth, and is still more rarely prolonged for such a period; for we lived

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\* That sermon has been published under the title, "The Last Sermon of the Rev. Thomas Brainerd, D.D." It is on the text, "Let no man despise thy youth."

and labored side by side, we took sweet counsel together, we traveled together, we prayed together, we rejoiced together, we mourned together. We had no envies, jealousies, or heart-burnings, and there was nothing to be forgiven on either side when he died. We rejoiced each in the success of the other as if it were his own success—for it was success in the cause which we both loved, and in the advancement of that Master's kingdom which we were both endeavoring to promote. When he was buried I felt as if half of myself was in that coffin, and was committed to that grave—how could I help it? I have younger friends among my brethren, dear to my heart, and securing daily more and more my affections; but you must approach the period where the ominous number 'threescore and ten' is not remote to understand how a man feels when the friend of thirty years—and such a friend—is committed to the tomb."

At the close of the sermon, Mr. Barnes read the hymn—

"Servant of God, well done;  
Rest from thy loved employ;  
The battle fought, the victory won,  
Enter thy Master's joy.

"The voice at midnight came,  
He started up to hear;  
A mortal arrow pierced his frame,  
He fell—but felt no fear.

"Tranquil amidst alarms,  
It found him on the field,  
A veteran slumbering on his arms,  
Beneath his red-cross shield.

"The pains of death are past,  
Labor and sorrow cease;  
And life's long warfare closed at last,  
His soul is found in peace.

“Soldier of Christ, well done;  
 Praise be thy new employ;  
 And while eternal ages run,  
 Rest in thy Saviour’s joy.”

This hymn was sung by the choir with much feeling.

“No sketch can do justice to the eloquence, fervor, and truth of the memorial sermon delivered yesterday by Rev. Albert Barnes, in eulogy of the late Rev. Dr. Brainerd. ‘Old Pine Street Church’ was filled by an immense congregation, all of whom had some affectionate association connected with his memory, and the pathetic voice of his venerable co-worker fell upon ears eager to receive the warm words of sympathy, of praise, and of loving analysis of the noble character of Dr. Brainerd. It will be long ere any who heard this noble tribute to one of Philadelphia’s ablest divines will forget it.”—*Evening Bulletin*.

#### **Dr. March on the Character of Dr. Brainerd.**

“I shall always remember Dr. Brainerd as a man of genial spirit, pleasant address, and hopeful temperament. I met him in all places; quite as often in the street as anywhere else—he generally on horseback, and I as generally on foot. He never would let himself pass without riding up to the curbstone and dropping a good-humored word, which made the walk seem pleasanter to me for several squares after he was out of sight.

“I never knew him to speak in a public meeting, large or small, religious or secular, without diffusing a glow of kindly feeling through the audience, and disposing every heart to respond to the sentiments and sympathies of our common humanity. The great burdens of life were as heavy on him as on the rest of us, but he had the happy faculty of bearing them himself, and helping others to bear them, with so much geniality, buoyancy and hopefulness,

as to take away half their weight. He supported his own burden of care and responsibility with a good-humored and elastic spirit, knowing that the strain upon the carriage, and the friction on the wheels are less when the load rests upon springs.

“In our ministers’ meeting, in our consultations upon the common good of all our churches, in our efforts to raise money, or to relieve difficulties, or to start new enterprises, we always looked to him for an apt remark, or a telling illustration, or a ‘little story,’ that would make the task before us seem lighter, and bring its accomplishment within the range of our hopes. His playfulness always had a serious and practical turn. If he cast the pleasant light of humor upon our most thoughtful deliberations, it was only to scatter the shades of doubt and fear, and make the path of duty plain. And it was a very great matter for us all to have a man among us of large experience, of earnest purpose, and of practical judgment, who could help us over the hard places with a touch of humor, and scatter the clouds of despondency by a cheerful glance at better things to come.

“Dr. Brainerd excelled greatly in his ready adaptation to times and circumstances. He had the happy art of putting things in their right place, giving to every occasion its full and fit expression. Belonging to a profession which, by instinct, usage, and education, clings to stately ceremonies and established forms, he could step out of the old track with the grace of propriety and the ease of unconscious adaptation. He could preach the gospel with tenderness and solemnity, in the church, in a market-house, and in the open air. He could command the attention of citizens and soldiers, in saloons and hospitals, in public streets and crowded squares, in camp and on shipboard. He could preside with equal propriety over a General Assembly, a Presbytery, or a prayer-meeting. He could



make himself heard and respected by the rich in their parlors and counting-houses, and by the poor in their cheerless homes and lowly occupations. In times of trouble and danger, when the cloud of national calamity hung thick and dark over us all, he was a safe man to soothe the general alarm, a brave man to meet the coming peril, a tender-hearted man to utter the public sorrow. In times of joy and triumph, none rose with a more exultant and child-like joy upon the waves of public gratulation, none could speak the common gladness, better than he. He had a quick sensibility to catch the spirit of any occasion, and a ready tact to meet its demands. Men who scoffed at religion, and made light of all sacred things, were not likely to go unrebuked from his presence. The cultivated skeptic and the rude blasphemer found that in assailing him they had something more vital and human than a walking book or an official gown to contend with. He had a peculiar skill in setting the troubled and doubting in a position to see the light which their fears had hidden from their eyes. In his quick and unceremonial adaptation to all times and persons and circumstances, he was like the divine preacher, who proclaimed the word of life in the synagogue and by the sea-side; in the streets, on the mountains and in desert places; in private homes, in the marts of business, and by the way-side; and always speaking with equal earnestness and propriety, whether conversing with a single listener or addressing assembled thousands.

“Dr. Brainerd judged wisely what he could do, and he did it well. He chose the place and mode of action in which his powers could work most easily, and he did the task the better and with the less strain and friction, because he had discretion and self-command enough to give his strength to that which he could do best. Rejoicing that others possessed endowments and opportunities not given to him, he

improved his own proper gift so well as to take a front rank with all who live to instruct and improve mankind. The world loses much talent and effort for good, just because many fail to find the secret of their greatest strength, or, having found it, they are not content to do that which they can do best. And hence we have many unmanly complaints from those, who excuse themselves for failure, by saying that, in some other position or profession, they could easily have become greater and better men.

“Dr. Brainerd was himself greater than his best performance. However well he may have acquitted himself on any occasion, he left the impression that he had more forces in reserve than he had brought into the field of action. No one act or service of his seemed to have exhausted his capacity to do more and better. This impression was undoubtedly due to the force of character by which he controlled the convictions and stimulated the expectations of others, whenever they came under the influence of his clear mind and commanding will. No written composition, no reported speech of his, no partial estimates of friends even, could have told a stranger how much of a man he was in his living presence, and in his power to quicken and control other minds. He was not unmanned or paralyzed by great responsibilities, or unexpected circumstances, or by the overpowering influence of strong character and great reputation in others. He rose to the demand of the occasion, and he met it easily, by looking through the glare and parade and mystery directly to the simple and practical elements of any question or duty. He could separate the practical and sure from the mystical and uncertain, and he would never allow the dreams and subtleties of idle speculation to impair the force of settled opinions and daily duties. In climbing up the steep of the heavenly hill, he chose to keep the tried and safe path,

and he was not embarrassed or hindered in his course, because, when he looked over the precipice, he could not see the bottom of the abyss, or, when he looked up he could not measure the whole length of the path by which he was journeying. And he showed his peculiar manliness and force of character, by imparting to others the feeling of safety and self-possession which steadied his own mind.

“ Dr. Brainerd dwelt upon the plain and practical elements of truth. He believed that the gospel is its own best witness, and that the preacher should show his fitness for his work by presenting truth in such a form as to be understood and appreciated by all candid and attentive listeners. He believed that the most essential truths are most easily understood, and that the clear and distinctive doctrines of the gospel are so immeasurably important that the minister of Christ can have little time for the embellishments of fancy, or the mists of speculation. He made people understand that he had opinions and principles, and good reasons for holding them, and that when he spoke, it was not simply to supply a pleasant entertainment for the hour, but to show that all have something infinitely important both to believe and to do. He put forth his appeals and instructions in such clear, practical, every-day forms that common minds grasped the full scope of his meaning, and the careless and the caviling were made to feel that in opposing or neglecting the claims of religion, they must slight the lessons of their own experience and the deepest wants of their own nature. He clothed the great spiritual truths of divine revelation in such a human and homelike dress that they could be received and recognized in the busy street as well as in the sanctuary.

“ Dr. Brainerd had full faith in the capacity of the gospel to supply the chief elements of progress, in all states of human society, and to answer all forms of unbelief. He

was not afraid that any real discoveries in science would impair the authority of divine revelation. If the philosophers do not agree with Moses, it will be found in the end to be only the worse for the philosophers, not to the discredit of Moses. And he was not very much troubled if ingenious and skeptical men could devise objections, which, for a time, seemed hard to answer. Every new phase of unbelief will have its day, but the word of the Lord endureth forever. And Dr. Brainerd kept himself up abreast of all the progress of the age, by keeping himself in sympathy with that revealed truth, which is the chief element of progress in all ages. He fully believed in the power of Christianity to sustain itself against the most severe and subtle skepticism, and to vindicate its divine origin, both by reasoning and by experiment, before all the world.

“Dr. Brainerd could advance with the real advance of the age, and he could adapt himself easily to the changing circumstances of society and the world. He kept even pace with the time, and refused to grow old in feeling and spirit, while the years of toil and suffering were growing heavy upon his shoulders. He never fell into the habit of thinking that truth and virtue were fast leaving the earth, that all changes were for the worse, and that things were a great deal better in the world when he was young. He always liked to class himself among the young men, and he was sure to show so much buoyancy, hopefulness, and adaptation, as to make the young men feel at home in his company.

“He respected the wisdom, the virtue, and precedents of the past, and yet he felt called upon to use them all, in attaining a sounder wisdom and loftier virtue.

“When the form or issue of great questions of principle or duty changed, he was quick to meet the new demand. He was not the man to spend his strength in fighting over

an old battle, when there was no longer any demand for the conflict.

“Dr. Brainerd was truly and conscientiously denominational in his principles and preferences, and yet he was liberal and conciliatory toward all. We had no truer man to rely upon, when the order, the doctrine, the good name, and the associated interests of our own churches were to be maintained; and when the fit occasion came to forget all denominational differences, and unite in common efforts and supplications for the growth and harmony of all churches alike, none could cause all hearts to flow forth in common sympathies and efforts more happily than he. No minister in the city had a larger personal acquaintance with ministers and laymen outside of his own denomination, and none would have received a more ready welcome to other pulpits; no one would have been more sure to speak kindly and acceptable words, whatever sect or class of Christians he might address. And yet he was wise and hearty in giving the great strength of his life and labor to the upbuilding of his own denomination. It is for the interest of the one universal church that every branch shall be united and strong, and any minister's life will be worth most to the cause of Christ when he works most freely and earnestly in the way of his own choice, and with such forms and instrumentalities as he can use best. Christianity is scandalized in the eyes of the world, not by the existence of different denominations, but by the unchristian mode in which they treat each other.

“Dr. Brainerd labored cheerfully and uncomplainingly for a whole generation in his chosen profession, and found in the work of the ministry his exceeding great reward. He expressed no regret that he had abandoned other pursuits, or that he saw others making themselves rich, while he, with greater effort, ability, and sacrifice, must live and die poor. He felt rich in his own heart and life if he could

lead others to lay up for themselves imperishable treasures in heaven. In thirty years' time he passed through many vicissitudes of trial, difficulty, and discouragement, as well as of toil, hope, and success; but, in them all, he bore himself honorably and bravely, and, in the darkest days, he had grace given him for his own necessities, and a reserve of faith and cheerfulness with which to strengthen his brethren. He bore up under great bodily infirmities, and worked on hopefully and successfully, while daily expecting the end, anxious only to be found at his post when the Master came. His unsteady hand and faltering step indicated no abatement of high purpose and firm resolution to carry his burden till the Master bid him lay it down. And so he went on his way, bearing his own sorrows lightly, that he might comfort others in their affliction; living upon a bare competence, that he might enrich others with the resources of his gifted mind and chastened heart; forgetting his own discouragements, that he might cheer others in their despondency; hoping all things, believing all things, enduring all things, if by any means he might save some."

By Rev. J. W. Mears, D.D.

"With startling suddenness came the telegraphic announcement of the death of the beloved and venerated pastor of Old Pine Street Church, at Scranton, on Wednesday morning of last week. Dr. Brainerd had been so long ailing, and had for so many years contrived to get through a great amount of parochial and public duty without any alarming increase in his unfavorable symptoms, that we were in a manner used to them, and ceased to fear any speedy culmination of them in death. Only a day or two, indeed, before he died, he wrote in an animated strain, in view of the probable early resumption of his duties with increased health and prospect of usefulness. All, therefore, but per-



haps the few who had more carefully considered the state of his health, were greatly shocked by the announcement that, after passing Tuesday with no unusual symptoms, and retiring comfortably to rest at night, he gave forth his life in one single, deep sigh, at one o'clock of the following morning.

"With such a speedy, peaceful, painless exit, well closed a life full of years, of high usefulness, of ripe Christian character, of distinguished ministerial success, and crowned with well-merited honors. For us his death came all too soon. We would not have put it earlier than threescore and ten at the soonest. For him, doubtless, in the ordering of Providence, it came at precisely the most appropriate moment. 'All things shall work together for good to them that love him.' It is certain that Dr. Brainerd's career has been steadily upward, both in the measure of his usefulness and his honor. He dies with nothing to dim the luster of the name he leaves with his church and his family. His star was yet in the ascendant when its light was quenched, and it will ever shine full-orbed in our memories.

"Especially in the last five or six years of his life has the reputation of Dr. Brainerd been gaining most rapidly among his fellow-men. With the first mutterings of rebellion he took his stand for the maintenance of the laws and for the preservation of the national life and unity, and never swerved from it for a moment to the end. He preserved and cherished the patriotic associations of Old Pine Street Church, and greatly enhanced their luster. Dr. Brainerd and Old Pine Street Church became the most conspicuous among the loyal agencies in our city outside of the great public organizations. They were a rock of strength and a never-failing spring of encouragement to loyal men and enterprises. In sermons and prayers, in addresses, speeches, and appeals, the manly voice of Dr.



Brainerd has everywhere been heard cheering the despondent, stimulating to nobler exertions the patriotic, piercing to the very heart the false arguments of the disloyal, silencing cavils, and kindling fresh enthusiasm for the national cause in every breast. Few men showed a clearer judgment and a better appreciation of the high moral principles at stake in the conflict. Few rejoiced more heartily at the revival of national life in the masses of the North, and at the substitution of a martyr zeal for country and liberty in place of the low and groveling aims which seemed to have gained almost exclusive control over the American mind.

“Dr. Brainerd rejoiced greatly and devoutly in the fact of emancipation as one of the greatest boons of the war. He never for a moment lost his intense interest in the national cause, or abated a jot of his earnest efforts for its success. He ever cherished the most profound confidence in the uprightness and sagacity of Abraham Lincoln, whom, indeed, he resembled in his shrewd observation of men and his accurate estimate of public opinion.

“The honor in which Dr. Brainerd was held by his loyal fellow-citizens was shown in his election as a member of the Union League almost at its very organization, and by the prominent position usually assigned him in the religious portion of the public services held by that and other bodies of our citizens during and since the war. No hour of his life could have been more glad or more solemn than when he was thus called to lead the devotions of the people after the victory of Gettysburg. A throng of ten or twenty thousand people blocked the streets before him. The fire companies with their equipages had, by a spontaneous impulse, turned out to celebrate the occasion. Far above in the steeple, a band was wafting the strains of ‘Old Hundred’ to the skies, and there, standing on the sacred steps of Independence Hall, amid the indescribable raptures of that

hour of great deliverance, he gave suitable expression to the sentiments of a grateful people. He has also been closely identified with the Union Volunteer Refreshment Saloon, and with various movements, great and small, for the relief of our suffering soldiers in the hospitals and on the field. When the battle of Gettysburg was imminent, and when sore distress darkened many of the faces of our citizens, Dr. Brainerd, nearly sixty years old, marched beside a recruiting officer to the drum and fife, aiding to gather up recruits for the emergency. More than all, he gave his only son, Thomas, to the service of his country, and had the satisfaction to see him rise to honor in his profession, and return in entire safety with the conquering armies of the nation before he died. And perhaps no act of his life caused him greater pleasure than the erection, in the vestibule of his church, of the mural tablet to the memory of the men of his congregation who fell in the war. It seemed to complete his patriotic record and to blend it beautifully with that of his people.

“With such a bright, undimmed record as a patriot, he passed away. No rack of a cloud will ever rest upon his memory in this high regard. His example will live imperishably, and will instruct and inspire the youth and the clergy and the people of the land, for generations to come. No cold suspicion, no heartless cavil, no momentary unfaithfulness to the high interests of nationality and of liberty will weaken its power or darken its perfect beauty.

“Dr. Brainerd had never seemed to court literary distinction. His editorial career in Cincinnati, many years ago, was, indeed, a great success. But since that time he has been content with such fugitive issues as are consonant with burdensome pastoral duties, until he undertook the great work of his life, the *Life of his kinsman, JOHN BRAINERD*. That work, after years of pains taking toil, he lived

to complete, and to see welcomed with unanimous and even enthusiastic approval by the religious journals of all denominations, by our daily press, and by many critics of the old world. Its character, as a faithful record of a pure, devoted, and noble life, rescued from obscurity, and preserved among the choicest treasures of the Christian Church, suffered to speak its own story and only enlarged with skillful touches here and there to serve as the setting to the diamond—this work insured him a literary immortality as certain, at least in the esteem of the church, as that of David and John Brainerd themselves. He has bound his name up in a trio with theirs, which time will not be able to dissolve.

“Dr. Brainerd had received the highest honors the church of his choice could bestow. In the General Assembly of 1864, he was chosen Moderator, and performed his duties with urbanity, skill, and success that gave unmingled satisfaction and delight. The Assembly of 1866 bestowed upon him the honor of chairmanship of its Committee on Reunion. In that position, without any of the discomfort of failure, he died, being translated to a blessed region, where, without any preliminary measures, reunion is universal, without mistrust, without smothered jealousies, without fear of renewed contention and division.

“Thus ripe in honors from the church and his fellow-citizens, at the climax of his usefulness, he ceased to be among us. He feared much that it might be otherwise. He dreaded an old age of prolonged infirmity, incapacity, and dependence. He loved the cheerful, sunny side of life, and he made life such wherever his influence was. He delighted in the gambols and the natural gracefulness of children, and he freshened his own life by drinking at the fountain of their pure joys and sympathies. And it is touching to think that the deep tenderness of a grandfather's attachment to his children's children, rent from him one after

another by death, helped to snap the cord of his own life, and so bore him over that dreary period of infirmity which he dreaded, and landed him at once, from a life which he had ever kept fresh and youthful, into the life of eternal youth beyond ; for a marked feature of Dr. Brainerd's life was his refusal to grow mentally, morally, socially, and theologically old.

“Fixed on great principles of Scripture and Calvinistic divinity, Dr. Brainerd had no cowardly dread of anything, simply because it was new. He kept himself fully abreast of current opinion in his age. He studied men ; he identified himself heartily with the interests and feelings of the generation of youth grown up around him. They found in him one who wonderfully understood and sympathized with them, and who drew them to him by an uncommon and a noble Christian magnetism. His name was the bond of union to the widely-scattered congregation of Pine Street Church, and nothing can be so powerful as his memory to hold them together, now that he has gone. His name was a tower of strength to every enterprise to which he gave it, and he gave it with such sagacity that it was almost a sure guarantee of success. His own parochial life was one long success. A steady average of about forty additions, on profession, per annum, marked his pastorate in Pine Street Church. And no numbers can adequately portray the exuberant life and the ceaseless activity with which, under God, he has been able to inspire its members. Although it is one of the old ‘down-town’ churches of the city, remote from the new and popular districts, its meetings are crowded with promising young people, the most hopeful elements of a congregation. There is the utmost freedom, combined with decorum, in taking part in meetings for prayer and conference. The crowded Sunday-night meetings, from week to week, present all the better features of a revival prayer-

meeting; and the Brainerd Mission Chapel, a large building in Greenwich Street, put up by members of his congregation, at an expense of twelve thousand dollars, and manned by the young people of the church, proves the munificence and the zeal of 'Old Pine Street.'

"It was the money, too, of Old Pine Street which restored, when on the verge of ruin, the German Street Church, which paid its debt and completed its house of worship, at an expense of fifteen or twenty thousand dollars. These are only recent proofs of the beneficent influence exerted from this vigorous center.

"As a man of the people, Dr. Brainerd was deeply interested in all efforts to reach the masses with the gospel. He was an earnest advocate of 'open-air preaching,' and himself had practiced it on many occasions. He was associated with Rev. James Patterson in those famous out-door efforts which laid the foundation of the church in the Northern Liberties. And in later days, in spite of increasing bodily infirmities, he continued the practice. He frequently used a butcher's block in one of the market-houses for a pulpit, to which, however, a support had to be attached to steady him during the discourse. Nervous as he was, the surroundings were of no consequence to him, provided he had opportunity to proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ to his fellow-men. One of his latest declarations on the subject of open-air preaching, made in a discussion in the Pastors' Association, was to the effect that the practice would increase fivefold the pulpit efficiency of the brethren if they would engage in it.

"A notice of Dr. Brainerd would be unpardonably defective which omitted to mention his remarkable power as an extempore speaker. Educated for the law, he seemed ever to retain the readiness of speech so needful to that profession. He was greatest as a speaker when called on,

often without apparent premeditation, to meet some special occasion—to take the place, which, alas! none as he could fill, at the grave-side of departed worth and eminence; to stimulate to some new patriotic effort; to express the joy of the people at the dedication of a new house of worship; or to give direction to their thoughts in great public prayer-meetings. There was a freshness, a manliness, a strength of common sense, a singular shrewdness and penetration, which put the subject in a new and powerful light. Endowed with retentive memory and excellent powers of observation, he had a store of capital illustrations, which he had wonderful skill in bringing in precisely at the right time and place. Over his speeches there was a constant play of native wit, of good humor, and of winning geniality, that gave them a peculiar charm. He never seemed to be exhausted; he always had something new, something more appropriate to the special occasion than anything he had ever said before. He was never commonplace, yet never far-fetched. Everywhere the people welcomed him, everywhere they expected edification and stimulus from his words, and rarely were they disappointed. At the Jayne's Hall monster prayer-meeting, in 1858, where thousands met every day for weeks, he was one of the few ministers who knew how to meet and use those marvelous and somewhat trying scenes to the highest spiritual profit. A frequent, he was ever a most welcome speaker at those meetings, and was as calm, as ready, and as felicitous in his remarks as in the most familiar scenes. There the heart of the multitude was bared as, perhaps, it has never been since, and it was because Dr. Brainerd's heart was so large, and so warm, and so thoroughly the people's that he found himself so ready, so much at home, so marvelously adapted to the occasion.

“A man of somewhat similar character and adaptedness, who contributed no small share himself to the noonday



and other prayer-meetings; a man of most tender and devoted spirit, toward whom Dr. Brainerd was drawn by unusual ties of Christian affection; like himself, one of the oldest pastors of our city churches, has gone to heaven but a few weeks before him;—great, often, in anticipation of heaven, was the joy of meeting in religious services, between Dr. Brainerd and Dr. Kennard. Who shall attempt to describe the joy with which, after so short a separation, they met to renew their joint worship in heaven? Who shall draw the lines of their features—noble even on earth, but glorified above? Who, rather, shall not look forward with longing to join the blessed company and enjoy those raptures of which our happiest and most elevated scenes of devotion, under their leadership, were but faint anticipations?

“When almost every old citizen of a great city, and almost every member and minister of a large church feels stricken and bereaved by a providential event, as they do in the death of Dr. Brainerd, it seems idle for any one individual to parade his grief as special, or to demand special sympathy for the loss as his own. Yet we cannot refrain from offering a wreath of personal homage to the memory of one who has been our warm and fast friend almost since we knew him; who has encouraged us in all our undertakings by his cheering words and fraternal acts; and who has especially stood by us in the trying and responsible duties of the editorial office. With those, the earlier associations of his career prepared him to sympathize, while his native shrewdness and quickness of wit and penetration, his unflagging interest in all the great movements of the time, and especially his loyalty to the interests of Christ’s cause and of the denomination, fully qualified him as an adviser, and as such he was a frequent and the most welcome visitor in the office of this paper. Without any attitude of officiousness or solemn assump-



tion of superiority, or even any great amount of specific advice, it was rather the magnetic influence of contact with a man of such large sympathies and such ennobling views, such a warm and generous nature, that we felt and welcomed as a powerful stimulus, and that we shall most sadly miss. We differed at times—occasionally our views were wide apart; but time and a closer interchange almost invariably drew us together, and our intimacy in the editorial *sanctum* was unbroken to the last.

“We have, therefore, our own tear of regret to shed apart from the crowd; our own tribute to lay upon his tomb; our own memory of individual loss to deplore in his sudden departure.”

**Death of Rev. Dr. Brainerd. By Rev. Henry M. Field, D.D.\***

“The Presbyterian Church in the United States is called to mourn the loss of one of its very best men—a wise counselor, a faithful preacher and pastor—one who was truly a man of God. With surprise and grief we learned on Thursday last that our honored friend and brother, REV. THOMAS BRAINERD, D.D., of Philadelphia, had ceased from among men on earth. Unexpectedly, as always, and suddenly, as usual in cases of apoplexy, he ended his days at Scranton, Pa., on the night of Tuesday, the 21st inst., in the sixty-third year of his age.

“It is but the other day that we saw it announced that he was to bear a conspicuous part in a literary festival at ‘the Forks of Delaware,’ a locality made memorable in the annals of missionary enterprise by the arduous and self-denying labors of his illustrious kinsman David Brainerd. Not many months ago we congratulated the church that he had conferred a boon upon it, in gathering up the extant memorials of Rev. John Brainerd, whom David, his

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\* Editor of *The Evangelist*.

brother, loved 'the best of any creature living,' and on whom he bestowed his missionary mantle.

"And now the biographer of these sainted men is himself numbered with them. He has gone to return no more. The chair at the social board and household altar is vacant. The sacred desk where he ministered so long and so faithfully, even at times when he could not stand, is draped in sable. The voice that spoke in such tones of sweet persuasion for his Master, is now silent in death. All too soon for the favored flock over which he watched so long, and which he fed with a shepherd's care; and which in turn looked up to him with perfect confidence and trust; all too soon for the reverend members of the Pastoral Association, with which he had been identified from the first, and by which he was regarded with mingled respect and affection, as a true friend and brother; too soon, so in our blindness it seems to us, for the interests of learning, morality, philanthropy, and religion, he is taken from the labors of earth to the rest and rewards of heaven.

"The deceased was a man of rare faculties, a Christian of ripe experience, a minister of peculiar gifts and graces. He came of a noble stock. He was a Puritan of the Puritans—a son of an honored mother—a child of Connecticut, of which Bancroft has said, 'There is no State in the Union, and I know not any in the world, in whose early history, if I were a citizen, I could find more of which to be proud, and less that I should wish to blot.' Haddam, on the Connecticut River, was the home of the family. They that are curious in genealogy may learn his lineage in Farmer, Savage, and Hinman; how nearly also he was related to the poet, John G. C. Brainerd. They were of the same stock, and not unlike in temperament.

"Thomas Brainerd was born June 17th, 1804, the 29th anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill. He studied

theology at Andover. At the seminary he was recognized as a student of uncommon excellence and promise; a young man of positive opinions, carefully formed, and not backward when occasion offered to give them expression; yet, a most kind-hearted brother, of great good humor, and the life of every circle. All who knew him then were sure that he would be heard from in after-years.

“Having finished his theological course at Andover, in September, 1831, and received ordination at the hands of the Third Presbytery of New York, early in October, he proceeded to the West, prompted by an ardent zeal for the extension of Christ’s kingdom in the frontier States. Providence directed him to Cincinnati, then just emerging into greatness as the Queen City of the West. Here he found a promising sphere of missionary service, in connection with a growing settlement, called Fulton, a short distance from the city up the river, in the immediate vicinity of Walnut Hills. It was soon found that he was just the man to undertake the work of editing the *Weekly Journal*, conducted in the interests of our church in that city, of which the present *Christian Herald* is the lineal successor.

“It was a time of great agitation. The Home Missionary cause was passing through a serious conflict. The newly-founded theological seminary, under the lead of Dr. Lyman Beecher, was involved, for a time, in great trouble. Dr. Beecher, as the representative of what was called ‘the New School,’ was assailed with unrelenting opposition, and no little virulence. Throughout this season, the young editor did effective battle for the truth, and made his paper a power in the land. His name has ever since been cherished among the friends of Lane Seminary, and through all that section of the church, as one of pleasant and grateful memories. Nowhere will he be more truly mourned.

"In 1835 the Rev. Ezra Stiles Ely, D.D., occupying the pulpit formerly filled by Archibald Alexander, D.D., determined to identify himself with the Marion College enterprise in Missouri, and resigned the charge of Pine Street Church, Philadelphia, and Brainerd was called to fill the vacancy. He accepted and removed to Philadelphia. It was a period of great perplexity, calling for firmness, decision, wisdom, and strength of character in the ministry. The very air was full of discord and strife. Having had some experience of ecclesiastical warfare in his Western home, Brainerd was fully prepared to appreciate the situation, and at once identified himself with the proscribed brethren, and stood manfully by them through the whole eventful struggle that culminated in the excision and separation of the years 1837 and 1838. He proved himself a valiant defender of the Constitution of the church, and succeeded in carrying his congregation with him. It pleased God to spare him to see that portion of the church with which he had so fully identified himself consolidated and increasing in numbers, and in all other essential elements of church-life, until it commanded the respect not only of all other denominations, but even of the Old School brethren themselves. At the meeting of the General Assembly of our church, at Dayton, Ohio, in May, 1864, he was chosen Moderator, and presided with admirable tact and dignity. The Assembly that met at St. Louis, last May, appointed him with the utmost cordiality, Chairman of their Committee of Conference on the Reunion of the two branches of the church, a position that he had fairly earned by his life-long devotion to the interests of the denomination.

"The history of his ministry in Philadelphia can best be told by our brethren there, and doubtless will be. In brief, we will say, that during the thirty years of his pastorate, he not only endeared himself greatly to his people, and succeeded in holding them together, though a down-town

church, but he made himself widely felt in every part of the city, in his advocacy of measures for the general good. His influence was second to none in the ministry of Philadelphia.

“When the war of the rebellion was precipitated upon the country, his Bunker Hill spirit was kindled within him. With untiring energy, and zeal, and patriotism, he gave himself to his country’s cause, and especially to the welfare of the brave men that fought the battles of freedom.

“Excellent as our brother was in the pulpit, he was even more so on the platform. In consequence of a serious nervous affection, from which for many years he suffered greatly, it was not always easy for him to command himself sufficiently to engage in earnest debate. But when he did, it was greatly to the delight of his brethren. His ardent temperament, his genial humor, his quick perception, his keen wit, his aptness of illustration, his sharp logic, his compactness of argument, and his ready utterance, combined to secure the fixed attention of his audience, and in most cases to carry their convictions.

“But we forbear. More competent hands will do him better justice. Of the circumstances of his decease we only know, that he died at the house of his beloved daughter, Mrs. Henry M. Boies, from whom it had pleased God to take to himself, on the 10th and 13th instant, her only two children, of fifteen months and three and a half years, the latter but eight days before its grandfather. Possibly it was this that was made the immediate occasion of our brother’s death.

“God moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform.”

Reminiscences of Dr. Brainerd. By Rev. E. W. Hutter, D.D.

[From the LUTHERAN OBSERVER.]

"Among the most noted Philadelphia clergymen, the last twenty-five years, was Dr. THOMAS BRAINERD, of the Pine Street (N. S.) Presbyterian Church. There are few people in this city to whom he was not known, and by all was he admired and esteemed as a gifted and eloquent preacher, a laborious and self-denying pastor, a sincere and steadfast friend, a true and devoted patriot, a genial, kind-hearted, public-spirited Christian gentleman. Than he, the Presbyterian Church never had a warmer or more efficient friend, and yet his denominational attachment happily never dwarfed him into a bigot, nor circumscribed his sympathies within the domain of a selfish and little-minded sectarianism. Christians of all denominations loved him, for he fraternized with all, loving his own church none the less. Of the great Union Prayer-meetings, held at Jayne's Hall, and other localities, of blessed memory, his was long an accredited master-mind. Often, when addressing these popular Christian assemblies, as he alone could address them, did his face shine, like that of Moses after his descent from the Mount, with the reflected glory of God, and yet 'he himself wist not that it shone,' for he was as humble as he was great, and only great because he was humble. We have never known a wiser man—one whose speech was habitually so characterized by soundest judgment, safest counsel, and sweetest temper. Both in his method of thought and expression he was singularly original, evolving from his well-stored mind new and striking ideas, when others thought they had exhausted the subject. His originality, too, was never feigned, but always natural as the blowing of the wind or the sports of a little child. For more than twenty years was it our privilege to share the doctor's



personal intimacy, and never did we prize human friendship more, or more deeply mourn its severance by the hand of Death. We have many of the doctor's *quaintnesses* stored away in memory. From them we cull at random the following:

“**HIS VIEW OF PREACHING.**—On a Saturday afternoon there came to his residence a young Presbyterian minister, a graduate of Princeton, who had only recently been received into the sacred office. Of course, the doctor invited him to occupy his pulpit the next day, to which he readily assented. ‘And now, doctor,’ asked the young divine, ‘on what subject do you desire me to preach?’ This was the doctor’s reply: ‘It is not my habit, when another fills my pulpit, to prescribe to him how or what he shall preach. But, as you have made the request, I will tell you what I wish you to say. I wish you, to-morrow morning, to tell my people that by nature they are all sinners, alienated from the life and love of God; that they all need daily to exercise repentance toward God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; that they all need the renewing and sanctifying power of the Holy Ghost. Exhort the brethren to be steadfast in the profession they have made. Entreat the impenitent and unconverted to awake out of their sleep, and flee for safety to Christ, before it be forever too late. And if you are in need of a text, take the words of Christ to Nicodemus: Except a man be born again of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven.’ ‘But,’ replied the young minister, exhibiting signs of embarrassment, ‘I am sorry to say, doctor, I have no sermon on *that* subject.’ ‘Then,’ concluded the doctor, ‘I recommend to you, forthwith, to prepare one.’ The young minister came to the Pine Street Church next morning, discoursed ably and earnestly on that very text, and on those identical themes, producing a profound impression, and ever after thanked the doctor for



having, in his own pleasant and effective way, furnished the key-note to his entire subsequent successful ministry. How true the declaration of Solomon: 'A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver.'

"HIS PRACTICAL BENEVOLENCE.—During the war, on a Sunday morning, there came to the Pine Street Church, occupying one of the front pews, a soldier, who before Charleston had lost *both his arms*. The doctor had previously made his acquaintance at the Volunteer Refreshment Saloon, and taken a deep interest in his history. Without preconcert and quite unexpectedly to the armless soldier, at the close of his sermon, the doctor called attention to him; quoted the words of St. James, 'He that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin;' and the words of Paul, 'As we have, therefore, *opportunity*, let us do good unto all men.' He requested his friend, Major R., in whose pew the armless soldier was sitting, to conduct him through the middle aisle to the vestibule, and asked a few of the elders to occupy places at the front doors, and receive donations for him, using their hats as the places of deposit. In this impromptu way over one hundred dollars were received, sufficient to enable the brave 'Boy in Blue' to begin a newspaper-stand, hire an assistant, and maintain himself comfortably.

"HIS PATRIOTISM.—On a Thanksgiving Day, during the war, at the close of a delightful discourse, combining fervent piety with purest patriotism, the doctor remarked, 'Before I dismiss the audience, I have a request to make of the choir, which is, that they will sing the *Star-spangled Banner*, and if there be any one in the audience to whom it is an offense, he is at liberty now *to retire*.' The grand national anthem was performed by the organist and choir with thrilling effect, the entire audience remaining, and rising to their feet. Let it not be supposed that a solitary worshiper went away offended,

for the doctor had a way of saying and doing things that nobody else has, and doing them with entire impunity."

**A Tribute to Dr. Brainerd.**

[From the CINCINNATI HERALD.]

"A few weeks ago, while visiting in Cincinnati, I received a letter from a friend in Philadelphia, which inclosed a withered leaf which had been plucked from Dr. Brainerd's newly-made grave. Since then it has been my mournful privilege to visit this hallowed spot, and, as there are not a few readers of the *Herald* who will also prize a memento from this grave, I intrust to them a simple memorial.

"The brief newspaper telegrams which announced the death of Dr. Brainerd, from apoplexy, in Scranton, Pa., August 22d, could give no particulars to distant friends of the manner of his departure. It was a translation rather than a death. He retired at 9 o'clock P.M. in usual health, and shortly after slept; at one o'clock A.M., as we compute time, he awoke in heaven, having known neither struggle nor pain in the awakening. Within three minutes from the time his loud breathing aroused his wife, medical aid was at hand, but in vain; the pulse was gone, and his children, who hastened to his chamber to minister, found themselves standing beside his inanimate clay. The cheek rested upon his hand, which pressed the pillow in the easy posture of slumber; but it was the slumber of death.

"At nine o'clock the same morning his family set out for Philadelphia with the remains. They were attended from his daughter's residence to the depot by the clergymen of Scranton, of whatever denomination, and by the leading citizens of the town, who came spontaneously in a body, to proffer this final tribute to the confined dead.

“The following Saturday afternoon (August 25th) the funeral took place in ‘Old Pine Street Church,’ the scene of Dr. Brainerd’s pastorate of thirty years. It is said that, except the obsequies of Lincoln, so large a funeral was never known in Philadelphia. Between six and seven o’clock, amid the tears of the multitude, the body was committed to a grave which had been prepared for it in the church-yard, close to the eastern wall of the venerable sanctuary. It was in a small lot inclosed by an iron railing, where already slept ‘May, the pastor’s daughter,’ and a son, who also died in childhood. The white tombstones which have been accumulating in this somewhat spacious church-yard for more than a century crowd each other closely, suggesting the thought that in the ‘church triumphant’ Pine Street Church far outnumbers the throng of communicants which now people her pews. Dr. Brainerd chose well his resting-place—where his people might visit it, where the voices of children in the Sunday-school might float above it, and sounds of the sanctuary in prayer, in sermon, and in song, might hallow it until the resurrection morn.

“When I visited this grave, it had been closed six weeks. It was covered with fresh flowers then, and had been kept so, I was credibly informed, ever since the funeral. Each Sabbath morning a fresh wreath of exquisite beauty had been laid upon it, and bouquets such as only the resources of the wealthy could command. But it was tributes of another sort which kept up the freshness through the week; these were offerings from his numberless friends among the poor, who would slip quietly in as they passed about their week-day work, and lay their single flowers, bedewed with tears, upon the sod.

“His congregation constitute a great bereaved family. The church and the Sunday-school rooms are still heavily

draped, and in every service there is mention of the departed.

"They have found much consolation in the remembrance of Dr. Brainerd's last sermon in his own pulpit. This was on Sabbath, July 8th, and was preached in anticipation of his leaving, during the week, for his summer vacation. The text was Luke, xxiv. 29. 'Abide with us; for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent.' He remarked that he left them each year with increasing pensiveness; soon the last parting must come, for with him the day of life drew on toward its evening; but he said there was a Friend who could abide with them, although he might leave them; and unto the keeping of that divine Friend he committed them.

"A fortnight ago the Sunday-school of the church, together with the two mission-schools under their charge, held their anniversary. Seven hundred children excluded all spectators from the lower part of the audience room, and their demeanor as sincere mourners was marked.

"The boys from the mission-schools all knew and loved Dr. Brainerd from personal contact, and they distinguished themselves by unparalleled good behavior in this house of mourning. For a period extending over the entire life of the principal superintendent and of most of the teachers, Dr. B. had addressed them upon each anniversary occasion. For the first time he was absent, and there seemed a great void in the services, which tears alone could in any degree fill.

"The climax of these commemorative services was reached last Sabbath afternoon, when the house, with its spacious galleries, was densely crowded to hear Rev. Mr. Barnes's memorial sermon. This discourse was preached by appointment of the Presbytery of Philadelphia. The text was Daniel, xii., first and second verses.

"Words fail to adequately convey an idea of the sermon

and the scene. The old walls which for thirty years had given back the faithful pastor's well-remembered voice, now resounded with the earnest, tremulous tones of his dearest ministerial friend in sentences of discriminating eulogy, and at length, in the agonized expression of his own sense of personal bereavement. He had come to weep with those who wept, and surely sympathy with the living and affection for the dead were never more gracefully blended than in this eloquent tribute of Albert Barnes to the memory of his quarter-century co-worker, Thomas Brainerd.

"Dr. Brainerd will long be remembered as preacher, patriot, and author, but longer still as pastor. He constituted the model pastor of our day. In his genial presence there was ever light and life for the people of his flock. He baptized the children, and, as they grew up, he watched over them in the sanctuary and in the street, prayed with and for them, and in due time was permitted to receive numbers of them into the church of Christ. As soon as qualified, he appointed each to his or her place in the working corps of 'Old Pine Street Church,' and kept each in place by his untiring vigilance; thus it came to pass that, although the fathers had fallen asleep, and leading families were constantly removing up town, this old far 'down-town' church at the time of his death was one of the most efficient of our denomination in Philadelphia.

"Cincinnati's interest in this noble Christian life finds its origin in these same pastoral qualifications, which in their incipency bore fair fruits in the old Fourth Church, which still stands on the hill-side in the suburb of Fulton. This church was feeble and poor—the congregation a mere handful—and Dr. Brainerd was with them but two years. Yet there are to-day, on the banks of the Ohio and elsewhere, scores of men and women who are among the most faithful workers in the Master's vineyard, who date their

inspiration to the Fourth Church of Cincinnati and its youthful pastor. Upon some of these he only laid his hand in the rite of infant baptism, but through that sanctified 'power of the individual' which so characterized the man, his influence ever followed these baptized children, and was largely instrumental in leading them to Christ.

"He never forgot them. When he visited Cincinnati the churches of the city rarely knew of his presence, but he called upon each member of the old families within reach, and never omitted to stand upon the steps of his 'first church,' and when access was possible, entered his old pulpit for a few moments, the better to recall the past.

"This love for Cincinnati did not wane in his latest years. Over the vicissitudes of Christ's kingdom there his tears often fell, for through the *Herald* and otherwise he kept himself in close sympathy with its life. Cincinnati friends were welcomed to his fireside, and if of the Fourth Church, he would sometimes get out a little old note-book belonging to the early time, for the purpose of talking over and inquiring after the people of long ago. Many of these people upon whom he bestowed remembrance, were, when he knew them, laborers in the rolling-mills and ship-yards of Fulton, poor women who toiled by the day to support their families, or young boys who worked for their scanty bread.

"This Christ-like trait of preaching the gospel to the poor was characteristic (although above most Christian ministers, it had been his privilege to bless and to mould the rich), and was as beautifully revealed in his last work as it had been in the first. During his month in Scranton his most enjoyed recreation was to go at noon-time and sit with the miners when they came out from the pits to eat their lunch. Going among them, he would inquire in his pleasant way, whether there was not room on their plank for another man to sit. They would crowd together and



make room for him—and sitting among them he would talk, while they ate, of their homes across the ocean, of their families, their personal habits, and doubtless of the better country, they, the while, not knowing who he was. Leaving them when the signal for return to work was sounded, they would call after him familiarly, expressing in their rude speech the honest wish that he would come again.

“From this humble service among the miners Dr. Brainerd, the beloved, passed to his rest and reward.

“R. L. B.”

Dr. Brainerd. By Rev. James J. Marks, D.D.

“Earth is poorer and heaven is richer, for one of the best and noblest of men is gone from *us* and is with *God*. This morning, as my eye glanced over the dispatches in one of our morning papers, it fell on the lines, ‘Dr. Thomas Brainerd, pastor of the Pine Street Church in Philadelphia, is dead.’ The paper dropped from my hands, and the words burst from my heart, ‘Oh, what a loss! what a light has gone out!’ What a genial, broad-minded, catholic-spirited man has gone from among us. I had known Dr. Brainerd by reputation and his writings for years—indeed, since 1837; and occasionally I had met him in the General Assembly, but I had no intimate personal acquaintance until 1863, when our nation’s struggle brought me to his house. From this time our relations were of the most friendly and intimate character. My relation to the army and various charitable associations connected with the service, brought me frequently to Philadelphia, and in his family I made my home; and every hour I spent with him ended with but one regret—that I had not known him sooner. I have gone with him to the social and religious assemblies of the church, into the alleys and remote streets of Philadelphia, where we addressed on



the sidewalks, in school-houses, and in churches, small groups and large congregations of colored people, urging them to avail themselves of the hour for their race and their country. I have been with him on many visits to the hospitals, where we endeavored to pour balm into the wounds of our broken heroes. I have stood by his side in many gatherings of loyal men; and, in the darkest days of despair and gloom, he spoke such words of cheer, of faith in God and the right, of courage, as rarely fall from human lips, and sent forth thousands with brighter eyes and spirits nerved for every sacrifice. In these years of our great nation's travail and agony, the pastor of the Pine Street Church was the leader of that noble host of loyal men and women whose munificent charities and sacrifices for the army and country have won for Philadelphia the gratitude of millions. Were the soldiers from other States, hastening to the field of battle, to be met, warmed, and cheered, Dr. Brainerd was your voice and hand. The profound admiration that glowed in his words and face for those who were willing to shed their blood and lay down their lives for their country, the benedictions of his religion, the reverence felt by him for the poorest and humblest man that followed the flag of his country, gave dignity in the eyes of the soldier to his mission, and sent him forth a more cheerful and courageous man.\* Were the wounded to be received and borne to the hospitals, Dr. Brainerd was foremost among you, who, with blessings and tears, prayers and sympathies, softened the couches and relieved the anguish of the sufferers. Was there an hour when all hearts stood still in fear, when a mighty, crushing storm bewildered us all, there was one among you who knew no fear, and whose head rose far

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\* It was his custom to take off his hat to every loyal soldier he met, during the war.

above the darkness of the tempest. Was there an hour of great deliverance, when the power of the enemies of the country was broken forever, and strong men wept in each other's arms, and all rushed, as by a common impulse, before the sacred shrine of American liberty, again, by one consent, Dr. Brainerd expressed, in seer-like words, your gratitude to God. In these scenes, I would one hour most admire Dr. Brainerd's self-forgetfulness, his indifference to fatigue; at another, I would most admire his eloquence, his sympathy with man, and magnanimous generosity. Another day I was most impressed with his far-seeing wisdom and tact, his knowledge of men, and power of silencing opposition and stimulating to enthusiasm the lukewarm and the wavering.

"In those years there was a marvelous growth in the affections and spiritual being of Dr. Brainerd; his trials and sorrows, exertions and struggles, deepened his sympathies with human nature, and made him love more earnestly all true and good men. And whatever, like broken shreds, had remained of human weaknesses, such as ambition, self-seeking, the love of ease, the fear of man, repugnancy to those of different opinions and faith, were all thrown off as unworthy of the man.

"Long before his departure from us the angels were weaving above him his robes of light.

"Such a man ennobled our nature and increased our gratitude to the gospel, which gives us the assurance that we shall meet him again, and know him and love him forever.

"Probably, there is reason for gratitude to God that in the fullness of his usefulness, if not of his strength, he departed from us. It is best that such a man should not gradually retire from the thoughts and walks of those who have revered and loved him. We will pray more earnestly for his mantle, because we saw it hanging fully and grace-

fully on the shoulders of one not creeping into silence, but in the full glory of his ministry."

The *Presbyterian* of Philadelphia, says:

"Dr. Brainerd had a character of no common force. In the pulpit and lecture-room he was an earnest, instructive, and practical preacher; and as a Presbyterian counselor, he was always a ready and fluent speaker, as well as an active and influential participator in church enterprises and general works of benevolence. During the recent war he was a firm and uncompromising supporter of the government, and his voice often cheered our troops as they passed through the city to the seat of war. He was a patriot without disguise, and to no heart did the ultimate success of our cause bring a livelier thrill of pleasure. In private intercourse his manner was kind and genial, and to the Philadelphia public he was well known for his zeal in a good cause, and the ready devotion of his best influence. Now a chasm has been caused by his departure, which it will not be easy to fill. So it is, humanly speaking; but when one of God's servants has fulfilled his appointed time, served his generation, and passed away, God has inexhaustible resources from which to fill up the broken ranks."

#### **Dr. Brainerd's Death and Funeral.**

[From the *EPISCOPALIAN*.]

"In the full notice of the funeral of Dr. Brainerd, which this paper contains, it was pleasant to find a mention of the circumstance that the bell of St. Peter's Church, in the immediate neighborhood of Dr. B.'s church and home, tolled during the solemnity. It was a fitting token of respect to a highly respected and distinguished minister of the gospel, which compromised no principle of our own

church, and was calculated to win for it the esteem of those who follow not us.

“In the list of clergy present from other denominations and other cities, none of our own appears; but this is owing to the fact that many of our most prominent ministers were then absent, who would have been glad to testify their appreciation of his character and services, and thus to reciprocate the courtesies which Dr. B. and his brethren have been careful to extend to us, when the lights of our own church have been extinguished by death.

“The main feature of the funeral service, as recorded in this notice, was the address of Rev. Albert Barnes, who was, in fact, the chief mourner also, after Dr. B.’s own family and flock. This address is described as a very touching one, the lament of a David over his beloved Jonathan, and it is no small distinction that Mr. Barnes was able to say of the deceased, that he had ‘many other valuable friends, wise and greatly beloved, but none like Dr. Brainerd.’

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“Besides his pastoral labors, Dr. Brainerd deserves to be remembered with special gratitude by all who rejoice in the deliverance of our country from civil war. Valuable to others and grateful to himself were his efforts in behalf of the sick and wounded, the weary and friendless, among the soldiers in our refreshment saloons and hospitals. The writer has heard him relate affecting incidents, showing the appreciation of his kindness and activities by returned or recovered soldiers whom he afterward met in his travels in other States and cities; and heard him at the same time lament that he could not go through the trying scenes connected with such services, without a degree of fatigue and exhaustion which surprised him. Doubtless the excitement which he then passed through, helped to undermine his strength.

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"He sleeps beside the old church where he ministered so long, and in the midst of the heroic dead of his flock, whose monument he helped to rear with tearful pride a few weeks only before he was himself joined to their honored company.

"Let us rejoice to believe, that the country will not need any more such efforts of sympathy as he was obliged to put forth, and that he has gone to that better world where neither national strife nor domestic bereavement will ever again distress or injure him. "S."

**By Rev. T. K. Beecher.**

"Dr. Thomas Brainerd, for thirty years pastor of Pine Street Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia, ceased from his labor and entered into his rest on the 22d of August last.

"One of the earliest admirations of our boyhood, the very first comforter of our manhood, the hospitable host of our first Philadelphia home, our pastor in the first days of intelligent Christian hope, the promoter of our earliest Christian labor, our constant and well-beloved friend up to the day of his release, was Dr. Brainerd.

"Though sixty years old when we saw him last, he seemed to us a brother in close and sympathetic love. Trundling through the streets on the crowded city cars, we talked of slavery, of war, of Roman Catholics, of schools, of old time controversies, and so gentle was his ripe discourse that we thought of Jesus Christ, his master, and gave thanks.

"He was a Presbyterian, and pastor of a very old and influential church of that name, in Philadelphia—the home and center of that denomination. All the honors and distinctions which that church can bestow, he long since had most worthily received, honoring them by acceptance. A trusted ecclesiastical counselor, chairman of many respon-

sible church committees, and of necessity touched by all the controversies of the past thirty-five eventful years, he nevertheless so bore himself that no man felt that he was a Presbyterian, so stronger was his influence as a Christian. We loved him, and we love his church for his sake, and have new love for Jesus Christ, and his doctrine, because he has power to change a man into such a Christian.

“We were once a boy, and remember how happy we were when ‘Brainerd’ (as father fondly called him) would come in and tell stories of his mission work in Fulton, a suburb of Cincinnati. We remember him in the Sunday-school, always welcome. We remember him, when as a child we stood by an open grave to see a mother buried, and were, after a childish sort, comforted because mother was lying so near to Mrs. Brainerd. And here the curtain falls, to rise again twelve years after, and show us our pastor—who greeted us as a Christian, because we loved and trusted Jesus Christ—even though we were ignorant and unsettled as to all received orthodox doctrine.

“His boys and girls romped with us, and now they are men and women. But he did not change. Years and separation wrought no wavering in his love. The whirlwind of war did not blind his eyes, nor extirpate his charity. His great church loved him and followed him. His young men became middle aged and still revered him. His children made homes of their own, but his house was still *the* home. Infirmary came upon him and critical peril of life, yet he *sat* in his pulpit and discoursed of Jesus Christ.

“Dear friends, who read these words, you did not know Dr. Brainerd. Perhaps you wonder that I thus write of one to you a stranger. I cannot write of aught else, for my ‘exchanges’ all remind me of him, and I cannot write till I have freed my heart of the delicious pain—of Christian sorrow.



“He fought the good fight, he finished his course, he kept his faith. We will be followers of him as was he of Christ.”

The family of Rev. Dr. Kennard sent to the *American Presbyterian* for republication, the report of Dr. Brainerd's remarks at the funeral of Dr. Kennard, on the 28th of June, 1866, as “singularly applicable to himself;” making the offering with considerate kindness to Dr. Brainerd's family, as the expression of their Christian sympathy.

When the Anniversary Sermon before the “Brainerd Society” of Lafayette College was published for the next year, 1867, President Cattell himself prepared an “Appendix,” occupying eight pages, containing an epitome of Dr. Brainerd's public life, and a summary of the preceding testimonials. He said, “The admonitions given by Dr. Brainerd only one year ago from the same pulpit, now seemed invested with the solemnity of a voice from the grave. Dr. Brainerd's sermon was listened to with delight and profit by an eager and attentive audience; but none thought that the occasion would ever after be recalled by them with a yet deeper interest, from its being the *last message* this honored servant of Christ would deliver from the pulpit.”

**Letter from Rev. Septimus Tustin, D.D., of Washington.**

“During the exercises connected with the recent commencement at Lafayette College, I sat with Dr. Brainerd in the pulpit of the Brainerd Church at Easton, and after listening to an admirable discourse, probably his last, addressed to the young men of the Brainerd Society, on the appropriate text, ‘Let no man despise thy youth,’ I was requested by President Cattell to offer the concluding prayer of the service. I was thus brought into close proximity with Dr. Brainerd, and was charmed with the delightful spirit which he displayed toward me at the close of the service, in the interchange of Christian civi-



ties, though not wearing an *ecclesiastical rose* of precisely the same color, yet both aiming to bring about the blending into one of *those roses* whose united fragrance, I doubt not, will fill the Church militant and the Church triumphant with joy and gladness. May we not reasonably suppose that, as he looks down from the portals of light and love upon the discordant elements which still exist in the church bought with the Saviour's blood, he is disposed to chide our hesitancy and tardiness in bringing about this delightful consummation? I confess, my dear brother, that the nearer I approach to the termination of my earthly probation, now not far distant, the more my soul pants to witness the reunion (to change my illustration to one, perhaps, more appropriate) of these *bleeding members* of the Redeemer's mutilated body; and when that shall have been accomplished, I trust that, through abounding mercy to the chief of sinners, I may at least be *ready*, if not willing or anxious to say, with good old Simeon, with the *Hope of Salvation*, not only in his trembling *arms*, but in his joyful *heart*, 'Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.' I believe there are scores and thousands of Simeons and Annas throughout the bounds of both branches of our beloved Zion who are looking forward to such an event with emotions too deep for utterance.

"How long, dear Saviour, O, how long  
Shall that bright hour delay;  
Fly swiftly round, ye wheels of time,  
And bring the welcome day."

"SEPTEMBER 13th, 1866."

Extract of Letter from Rev. George Duffield, of Galesburg, Ill.,  
Sept. 18th, 1866.

“Dr. Brainerd is gone, a friend from whom I parted more unwillingly and with a greater sense of sacrifice than any other ministerial friend in Philadelphia. One of his peculiarities, you remember, was to cultivate the society of younger brethren in the ministry; and how much we enjoyed such intercourse in the Union Prayer-meetings, the Monday morning meeting, at Presbytery and Synod, I need not say. Never shall I forget a day that I once spent with him (after the meeting of Synod at Williamsport) in a trip along the West Branch of the Susquehanna. The mountain and river scenery seemed to make him almost wild with delight; and as from time to time he sketched so vividly the leading incidents of his life, and especially the manner in which he was weaned from the law and led into the ministry, it was rare enjoyment indeed. But the place, of all others, in which he seemed to be the most at home, was in the editor’s room, and anything of importance that escaped *his* notice in the exchanges, was a marked exception to the general rule. The last time I saw him was on his old horse in Chestnut Street; and that little curbstone conversation, short as it was, showed as much of the fire of 1776 as ever. His record, also, as one of the fathers of 1837, will prove a most instructive one, and sincerely do we hope that the falling mantle will not be lost in the wilderness. As there are engineers in the army, and statesmen in the nation, so there are engineers and statesmen in the church, and in that number Dr. Brainerd ranks *primus inter pares*.”

A correspondent of the *Boston Recorder* says:

“The writer attended service at Dr. Brainerd’s church some months ago, and while waiting in the porch for the

sexton, the doctor entered. Stepping up, he inquired if he was a stranger, his name, and what church he usually attended, and then turning to a gentleman, who with his family was entering the church, said, 'Here, Brother —, please give this stranger a seat in your pew this morning.' This rare act of courtesy from a pastor was not unusual with him. And it was his custom after service, to speak to strangers whom he had noticed in the congregation."

**Reminiscence of the late Rev. Dr. Brainerd.**

"Several years since a young man came from a distant city to Philadelphia, an entire stranger, having not one acquaintance in all the multitude of its vast population. He had only a few letters of introduction and a new-born Christian's ardent faith in God, to enable him to find the business success he came to seek. One of these letters introduced him to the pastor of Pine Street Church, the late Dr. Brainerd, and was given, as the writer told the bearer, because Dr. B. took an especial interest in young men. Soon after his arrival he called upon Dr. B., and met him at the door of his home, as he was leaving to fulfill a public engagement. He was cordially invited to call in the evening, and did so; was most kindly received, and made a frank avowal of his plans and hopes. Dr. Brainerd listened with much interest, and advised the young man to leave the Girard House, where he was stopping, for a less expensive boarding-place; and that very evening went out among his people, secured a very pleasant home, and introduced him to it. As he left him, Dr. B. invited him to take tea with him the next evening, and to attend his church prayer-meeting, both of which invitations were accepted. During the evening meeting, most unexpectedly to his young friend, Dr. B. stated that he had lately received a letter from an old acquaintance, con-

finding to his care a young man, an entire stranger, who had come to the city to enter upon a business life, and after a few kind remarks, called upon the young man to give some account of the religious interest in the place from which he had just come. At the close of the prayer-meeting Dr. B. requested the young men present to remain, and the stranger was introduced to them. This kind and eminently Christian reception seemed to open wide the doors of the City of Brotherly Love to the young man, and he felt that God had indeed heard the prayers at the altar of home, that the son might be befriended when away from its shelter; and a course of Christian activity and enjoyment was entered which proved rich with priceless blessings. In many ways these Christian courtesies were repeated, and this pastor proved a far more valuable friend than all the others to whom the young man brought letters of introduction.

“While under Dr. B.’s pastoral care, he decided to study for the ministry, and has been for some years a preacher of the gospel. No one who has not been in like circumstances can fully appreciate the worth of such a reception and introduction, and among the memories treasured by that pastor, few are more fragrant than those of this noble-hearted Christian minister; and few incidents of his life bring such tides of grateful feeling as that warm-hearted sympathy and peculiarly kind attention, when he moved a stranger amid an unknown multitude. No doubt this was but one of many such noble deeds in the life of that sainted laborer, now gone to his reward, and this sketch is brought as a single sweet flower to be laid upon his tomb, —the offering of a thankful and loving heart,—which may bring something of pleasure also to the bereaved ones who still look from the earthly shore, through tearful vision, to the heavenly city, where they shall yet see him in glory.

“GRATUS.”

The *American Guardian*, published in Boston and Philadelphia, contains the following paragraph :

DEATH'S DOINGS IN PHILADELPHIA.

“Three very prominent men of this city have closed their earthly labors and entered into their rest. The Rev. Dr. Kennard, of the Baptist denomination, Rev. Dr. Brainerd, of the New School Presbyterian Church, and Matthias W. Baldwin, also of the New School Presbyterians.

“Dr. Brainerd was called away suddenly. He had been the faithful pastor of the ‘Old Pine Street Church’ for thirty years. Few, perhaps none, of the churches in the old part of the city, so mingled with its business portion, has been as well sustained as this. Dr. Brainerd was always engaged in the Master’s service. He has gone, but his works remain.”

The Rev. HENRY H. JESSUP, missionary in Syria, writes :

“I have learned with sincere sorrow of the death of two of your noblest Christian-citizens, Dr. Brainerd and M. W. Baldwin.

“The slight acquaintance I had with Dr. Brainerd led me to respect and love him. The church of Christ has too few of such men.”

Extended notices of Dr. Brainerd’s death were republished in England, in *The Patriot*, *The Christian World*, *The Wesleyan Times*, and *The Christian Witness*. These all contained large extracts from Mr. Barnes’ memorial sermon, extending through one and two columns. They were headed by an introduction from Rev. James W. Massie, D.D., and were probably due to the friendship originating in Dr. Massie’s visit to the United States in 1863.

He says : “I have received from a minister at Philadel-

phia information of Dr. Thomas Brainerd's sudden removal from earthly scenes. All who knew Dr. Brainerd will remember his excellencies and pastoral reputation with affectionate regard, and mourn the loss his church and family have sustained.

"The Rev. Albert Barnes pronounced the eulogy at his interment, and your readers will welcome a few paragraphs of what he delivered. I venture to make the selection for your columns, believing they may prove serviceable for the living, as well as tributary to the memory of the dead.

"JAMES W. MASSIE.

"Oct. 1st, 1866."

The above papers were forwarded by Dr. Massie to the family of Dr. Brainerd.

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## PRIVATE TRIBUTES.

PUBLISHED BY CONSENT.

From Rev. John McLeod.

\* \* \* \* \* "I have seen enough in the doctor's doings, and heard enough of his words of wisdom, to fill many pages, if all could but be called up again. But while the words and deeds have, in a great measure, passed away, the general impressions of his character, which they formed, are fixed very definitely and deeply in my mind.

"Among the things that most deeply impressed me were his love of laboring among, and his deep sympathy for the poor, in contrast with those who, having abilities like his, wish to be found mostly among the rich. So,

too, I was always struck with his love for all practical workers in doing good; with his contempt, if I may use that word, for all ambitious preaching, no matter how eloquent or ingenious, that displayed the preacher rather than the Master, and lacked the aim of saving souls. So, too, his forgiving spirit; and while ready, when he thought it needful, to give a sharp rebuke, just as ready to *take* one in a truly Christian spirit. He was broad in all his views and sympathies; in judging of people, always looking beyond their words and actions to their *meaning*, and estimating them, as the Bible does, by that. So also his remarkable love for all Christians without reference to their name.

"If I cherish myself, in any measure, the sentiments above, and if my ministry has been in any way practical, it has been owing much to the example and influence of Dr. Brainerd.

"I shall never forget several very pleasant rides on horseback I had with the doctor, in one of my vacations while at Montreal. In one of our rides I happened to have a fine-looking horse, but very hard in the mouth and very difficult to hold in, and needing constant watching. The doctor was on 'Old Mike,' where all went easy and smooth. Looking over at me in my effort to keep my fiery steed in his place, he said, 'Ah, we just represent the two classes in the world; I have all the *comfort* and you have all the *show*."

From Rev. Charles Brown.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Dr. Brainerd long retained a grateful sense of favors conferred. In 1840, when his spirits were much depressed by the feeble condition of his body, I furnished him, from my diary, an account of my own sufferings when in a similar condition, and of my subsequent recovery. This



had so happy an effect upon his feelings that for ten years after we would seldom meet in our weekly associations without reference on his part to the benefit he had derived from my communication. And so late as the year 1865, in conversing with my wife, he remarked, 'I was much indebted to your husband, twenty-five years ago, for the comfort he then afforded me in the season of my despondency, occasioned by the loss of health.'

"On a certain occasion, when several gentlemen were discussing the question, how errors in doctrine and practice could best be counteracted, he gave it as his opinion that, 'when you are in the majority, *vote*; but when you are in the minority, deal in *argument*.'

"A clergyman having recently preached from Acts, xvi. 30, 'Sirs, what must I do to be saved?' mentioned to the doctor the outlines of his sermon. The doctor, by way of improvement, said, 'It would be well, in applying that subject to the case of an inquiring sinner, to ask him what he is *willing to do* in order to secure the salvation of his soul.'

"On another occasion, when somebody was presenting rather crude views on the subject of making sermons, the doctor observed, 'It does not necessarily follow that a sermon is good merely because it is divided under three or four heads, and has a few verses of poetry *hung on the end of it*.'

"Dr. Brainerd's wit was sometimes very keen, and subjects of it were made to smart. On one occasion I was made to feel it. But as the joke was so *apropos* I cannot refrain from mentioning it, though it be at my own expense. It occurred in the presence of a large number of clergymen, one of whom was a colored man, but for the moment I had forgotten that he was in the room. The subject under discussion was the duty of ministers to be diligent in the exercise of their preaching talents. When

my turn came to speak, I remarked that I ever made it a point to preach as God gave me ability and opportunity; and that rather than be silent on the Sabbath-day, I would go and preach to a *black* congregation. This sounded a little like condescension on my part, and the doctor kept his eye on the expression. After several other persons had followed me, the turn came for the colored minister to speak, and he proceeded to express his views in a modest way, saying that he felt the importance of improving the opportunities of preaching the gospel to men. The doctor's chance had now come, so he interposed by asking the speaker, 'Brother —, would you not be willing to preach to *white* people rather than not preach at all?' The merriment that followed can be imagined; yet I sincerely joined in the laugh, because it was one of the finest specimens of pure wit that I have ever witnessed.

"Many years ago, when a new Presbyterian church was projected in Philadelphia, Dr. Brainerd was spoken to on the expediency of sending some of the members of his church into the enterprise. The persons who proposed the measure ventured to name several of the more prominent families connected with the doctor's congregation as those whose presence and influence were very desirable for the new undertaking. The doctor admitted that it was reasonable to expect that he should consent to some of his members going into the enterprise, yet he did not quite like the idea of dividing his church '*horizontally* to accomplish the thing.' From this remark it would seem that, in adding to the roll of a new church, the doctor did not fancy the idea of excising from his own its *tallest* members."

From Rev. Theron Baldwin.

"NEW YORK, Dec. 10th, 1866.

\* \* \* \* \*

"In common with the very large circle of friends of Dr. Brainerd, I was greatly pained to see the notice of his death in the newspapers, and with his that of his grandchildren. Nothing could have been more unexpected. But he who 'doeth all things well' knows *when* to take his children home; and, for reasons best known to himself, the time chosen is often, not to say generally, the one which we should never have selected. \* \* \*

"You have exceeding consolation in your sore bereavement in the character and work of the departed, as these appear on the great field of benevolent and Christian effort, where he was so constant and untiring and successful, and from every part of which have been coming to you such expressions of sympathy, and such testimonials as to the estimation in which Dr. Brainerd was held, as must have been exceedingly grateful. Were I to give my individual views, they would be but a repetition of what has been said from so many sources.

"My first acquaintance with him, formed on the great Western field, soon ripened into a warm friendship that knew no subsequent interruption, and our intercourse here at the East only strengthened the bonds then formed. There was something about him so frank and genial that one could not well come into his presence without feeling at once the attracting power of his high social qualities, that made his company a pleasure. These qualities ever came into full development in our unrestrained intercourse, especially under his own roof, and when (as we generally were) we were upon that great theme which fired our hearts alike,—the educational and religious interests of the West.

"He lived in a glorious period—occupied fields West and East, wide and various, and adapted to call forth all his intellectual, moral, and social power. God owned his labors and helped him to do a blessed work, and then took him in the full maturity of his powers, in the high tide of usefulness, in the very hour of triumph.

\* \* \* \* \*

"His whole life speaks, and here is your precious consolation.

\* \* \* \* \*

"In my report to the Directors of the College Society on Lincoln University, I incorporated the larger portion of a letter written by Dr. Brainerd, in which he strongly advocated the claims of that institution, and which was strongly influential with the Board. The vote was unanimous to aid the university."

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## EXTRACTS FROM PRIVATE LETTERS.

From Mrs. Lyman Beecher.

"Sept. 7th, 1866.

\* \* \* \* \* "My past associations with Dr. Brainerd, and the strong affection cherished for him by my late husband, which was that of a father for a son beloved, had produced a very warm attachment. His death, in connection with that of his two grandchildren, was a most touching event; and my heart is deeply moved for both yourself and daughter in this sorrow. My husband used to say, in regard to the death of children, 'Jesus Christ has taken them *across lots*, that *he* may

educate them, and that they should not travel through this wilderness world!" \* \* \* \*

From John Gaul, Esq.

\* \* \* \* "It was my pleasure to form the acquaintance of Dr. Brainerd during the session of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, at Pittsburgh, in 1860. Brought into daily intercourse with him in the meetings of the body, I was charmed with the brightness of his intellect, the readiness and facility with which he entered into the dispatch of the business which claimed his attention, and with the genial, kind, and attractive deportment manifested by him upon all occasions.

"I learned not only to respect and admire him as a Christian gentleman, but to love him; and I feel that in his death I have lost a dear and valued friend.

"Hudson, Sept. 8th, 1866."

In a note from REV. GEORGE LEEDS, Rector of St. Peter's Church, he says:

"I have always entertained a sincere respect for Dr. Brainerd. His uniform courtesy and kindness drew me toward him, though I had never the pleasure of his intimate acquaintance. His interest in our venerable parish church was a bond of friendship between his and many hearts.

"I regretted much that I was not able to be present at the funeral solemnities on Saturday, the press about the doors not allowing me to enter. I was by the grave, however, to join in the last sad offices; and I felt it was fitting as well as soothing then that the familiar sounds of the neighboring bell should fall on the ear of the living,

and over his resting-place, as he was about to disappear from their sight in the shadows of death.

"It is a mysterious Providence which cuts down manhood in its usefulness and children in the hour of promise; but it is a mystery over which we hear the words, 'What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.'

"Aug 30th, 1866."

From Rev. T. S. Janeway, D.D.

[To REV. ALBERT BARNES.]

"Aug. 24th, 1866.

"I am greatly distressed to read in the papers the death of Dr. Brainerd. I greatly admired Dr. Brainerd; his whole character and great usefulness in God's church drew me toward him; and, though our intercourse was not frequent, I esteemed him as a man of God and a fellow-worker in his service. Your section of the church will feel his loss. '*Help, Lord,*' etc. I could not resist the desire to say a few words—and to you. May God raise up Elishas when Elijah is taken!

"You will be kind enough to convey to your brethren of your Presbytery my sympathies."

From Rev. T. W. J. Wylie, D.D.

[Accompanying a photograph picture of the PRESBYTERIAN UNION CONVENTION, held in his church, November 6th, 1867.]

Speaking of the "Convention," Dr. Wylie says:

"How much it is to be regretted that Dr. Brainerd was not present. His heart would have sympathized thoroughly with the proceedings of the Convention. But in his seat in glory I doubt not he is aware of what has transpired, and rejoices in it. Nor can it be wrong to suppose that

his prayers may arise with those of 'souls under the altar,' that the people of God may be united in holy fellowship, so that the world may know that JESUS has been sent by God to be the Saviour of mankind.

"Feby. 4th, 1868."

From Alexander Whilldin, Esq.

"SWITZERLAND, Sept. 16th, 1866.

"What a load of sadness filled our hearts on receipt of our last letters and papers from home, announcing the death of Dr. Brainerd! I have thought of him a thousand times since I bade him good-by. Can it be that my dearest earthly friend is gone? he 'with whom I took sweet counsel, and so often walked to the house of God in company!' No man lives whose mind was so entirely in accord with my own; and, in the conflict and troubles of life, I am confident we were often mutually consoled by imparting to each other the burdens that oppressed our spirits, whether such burdens related to the church, our country, or ourselves. It was always a great treat to me to be in his company. I valued his friendship beyond all price; and at my time of life, I feel that my loss is irreparable. He was a man after my own heart, and I can think of nothing but my loss.

\* \* \* \* \* "From our stand-point we should say he could not be spared by the church and the world; but let us rather bless God for the great work he has been enabled to do, and that the world is so much better for his having lived in it.

\* \* \* \* \*

"My old friend seems a part of my very self; our friendship never waned for an hour during the past thirty years; and his memory is woven through my life and embalmed in my heart of hearts."



By one of those pleasant accidents which frequently occur to travelers in a foreign country, Mr. Whilldin, while in Europe, met the family of Lyman R. Lyon, Esq., of Lewis County, New York—friends of Mr. Brainerd's from early youth.

Their mutual acquaintance with, and love for Mr. Brainerd, became a bond of fellowship between the two families, and they together visited Egypt and Palestine.

After returning home, Mrs. Lyman R. Lyon writes:

"It is among our most pleasant remembrances and associations that we became acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Whilldin, and were fellow-travelers through the Holy Land.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I would like to describe our last Sabbath in Palestine. Mr. Whilldin had received the memorial sermon of Mr. Barnes on the death of Dr. Brainerd. *He read it aloud to our party*, assembled in a circle around him. Mr. Whilldin's voice was often choked with emotion. Mr. Lyon listened earnestly, while the tears flowed down his cheeks.\* We had prayers and singing; it was A SABBATH NOT TO BE FORGOTTEN!" \* \* \* \*

The affection for the dead and the living, which prompted these heart-felt tributes, will forgive the liberty of recording them here.

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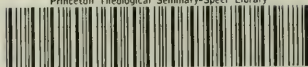
\* Mr. L. R. Lyon died April 7th, 1869.

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