

Reminiscences and Records  
of  
Rev. Leonard Woods, D. D.

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Reminiscences and records of  
my father, Rev. Leonard

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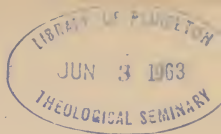
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Rev. Mr. Baker.

Brooklyn N.Y.



*Leonard Woods*



# REMINISCENCES AND RECORDS

Of my Father,

✓✓  
REV. LEONARD WOODS, D. D.,

OF ANDOVER.

BY HIS DAUGHTER,

✓  
HARRIETTE NEWELL WOODS BAKER.

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"The memory of the just is blessed." — *Solomon.*

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By EDGAR A. GUEST

THOUGHTS OF A FATHER.

We've never seen the Father here, but we  
have known the Son,  
The finest type of manhood since the  
world was first begun;  
And, summing up the works of God, I  
write with reverent pen,  
The greatest is the boy he sent to cheer  
the lives of men.

Through him we learned the ways of God  
and found the Father's love,  
The Son it was who won us back to him  
who reigns above.  
The Lord did not come down himself to  
prove to men his worth,  
He sought our worship through the child  
he placed upon the earth.

How can I best express my life? Where-  
in does greatness lie?  
How can I long remembrance win, since  
I am born to die?  
Both fame and gold are selfish things,  
their charms may quickly flee;  
But I'm the father of a boy who long  
may speak for me.

In him lies all I hope to be; his splendo  
shall be mine.  
I shall have done man's greatest work i  
only he is fine.  
If some day he shall help the world lon  
after I am dead,  
In all that men shall say of him m  
praises shall be said.

It matters not what I may win of fleetin  
gold or fame,  
My hope of joy depends alone on wha  
my boy shall claim;  
My story must be told through him, fo  
him I work and plan.  
Man's greatest duty is to be the fathe  
of a man.

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## PREFACE.

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Now that I have finished these Reminiscences and Records of my father, and closed my portfolio containing letters from him, memoranda, and documents, which I have been collecting for twenty years, I feel a pang as though the parting from him was new and fresh. While writing, I have, with the eye of my mind, seen his tall form before me, and his mild blue eyes gazing into mine. I have felt the influence of his kind, loving, forgiving heart, guiding my pen. Many and many a sentence have I erased, because, on reading it over, I have felt, "this he would not approve."

No reader can be more sensible of the imperfections of this sketch than the writer herself has been. I am well aware that there are others upon whom the pleasant task would have more appropriately fallen, though I have been cheered and sustained in my work, by words and letters of encouragement from kindred and friends. I have been drawn to the loving employment by a power I could not resist; by a feeling that though my father exercised love, patience, forgiveness towards all his children, toward none was there such need of these virtues as toward me.

In describing the characteristics of my father, especially in his social relations, I have chosen to illustrate his love, his patience, his tenderness, his forgiveness, by incidents in his life, rather than to express them in the usual didactic form, even at the risk of putting myself in too prominent a position.

Of my readers, I ask that, overlooking all shortcomings in the preparation of my work, they will read candidly these Reminiscences and Records of a good man, now in a world where neither praise nor blame can injure him. If any one, after reading it, finds his own heart more full of love to his fellow-men, more tender towards their failings, more careful of their reputation, more like their divine Master in the exercise of every Christian virtue, then shall I be happy indeed.

H. N. W. B.



## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

---

	PAGE
CHAPTER I.	
WACHUSETT . . . . .	9
CHAPTER II.	
BIRTH AND BOYHOOD . . . . .	14
CHAPTER III.	
COLLEGE LIFE . . . . .	23
CHAPTER IV.	
SETTLEMENT IN WEST NEWBURY . . . . .	33
CHAPTER V.	
DIVINITY SCHOOL . . . . .	38
CHAPTER VI.	
CONNECTION WITH BENEVOLENT SOCIETIES . . . . .	49

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CHAPTER VII.	
A MAN OF PRAYER . . . . .	52
CHAPTER VIII.	
HUMILITY AND CHARITY . . . . .	54
CHAPTER IX.	
BENEVOLENCE . . . . .	57
CHAPTER X.	
A PREACHER . . . . .	59
CHAPTER XI.	
REVERENCE FOR THE SABBATH . . . . .	62
CHAPTER XII.	
A DAY OF SORROW . . . . .	67
CHAPTER XIII.	
PUNCTUALITY . . . . .	69
CHAPTER XIV.	
AS A HUSBAND . . . . .	73

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

7

	PAGE
CHAPTER XV.	
AS A FATHER . . . . .	80
CHAPTER XVI.	
ATTACHMENT TO HIS FRIENDS . . . . .	89
CHAPTER XVII.	
HIS BIRTHDAY . . . . .	98
CHAPTER XVIII.	
AS A COUNSELLOR . . . . .	103
CHAPTER XIX.	
HIS QUICK SYMPATHY . . . . .	107
CHAPTER XX.	
HIS FRANKNESS AND FAITHFULNESS . . . . .	111
CHAPTER XXI.	
HIS TEMPERANCE . . . . .	119
CHAPTER XXII.	
MISCELLANEOUS INCIDENTS . . . . .	125

*TABLE OF CONTENTS.*

	PAGE
CHAPTER XXIII.	
SICKNESS AND DEATH . . . . .	132
CHAPTER XXIV.	
FUNERAL AND NOTICES . . . . .	140
-	
CHAPTER XXV.	
LIST OF PUBLICATIONS . . . . .	145

# REMINISCENCES AND RECORDS.

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## CHAPTER I.

### WACHUSETT.

“AWAY back almost to the days of good Queen Bess, eleven years after the landing at Plymouth, as early as 1631, Governor Winthrop and company with him ascended Charles River eight miles beyond Watertown, and there, standing on a very high rock, they saw a “very high hill due west, about forty miles off.”\*

This was our grand old Wachusett, or the “Great Watchusett” of the Indians, two hundred and fifty-six years ago.

In 1643, Governor Winthrop again says: “At this Court, Nashacowan and Wassamagoin, two sachems near the great hill to the west, called Wauhasset [Wachusett], came into the Court and desired to be received under our protection and government; so we, causing them to understand the Articles and all the Ten Commandments of God, and they freely assenting to all, they were

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\* Hon. Charles T. Russell's oration, at the Centennial celebration of Princeton.

solemnly received, and then presented the Court with twenty-six fathom more of wampum ; and then the Court gave each of them a coat of two yards of cloth and their dinner ; and to them and their men, every one of them, a cup of sack at their departure ; so they took leave and went away very joyful."

In 1686, five Indians, who claimed to be the owners, sold to five white men a tract of land twelve miles square, the northern part of which run up to "Great Watchusett." This deed was not registered till April, 1714. In 1759, on petition of the owners, fifteen thousand acres lying at the base of the great mountain were "erected into a district under the name of Princetown" by an Act of the General Court. This name was given in honor of Rev. Thomas Prince, then colleague pastor of the Old South Church in Boston. He was by far the largest proprietor, owning then or subsequently about three thousand acres, which descended to his daughter, Mrs. Moses Gill.

In 1765, the district voted to send a petition to the Great and General Court, asking that some thousands of acres of Province land be added to their town. Samuel Woods and two other men were sent to the Court on this business.

This is the first time the name of Samuel Woods appears in the early records ; but afterwards it occurs frequently in connection with town and church affairs.

Some time before the first school-house was built, a room was

hired, and Mr. Woods engaged for the sum of six pounds (about twenty-seven dollars) a year to teach the children and youth. Thomas Wilder, Esq., in his address at the Centennial, says of him : —

“*Master Woods* was greeted by his appropriate appellation by old and young wherever he was known. Being self-taught, he understood how to teach others. Being a man of profound thought, he strove to promote it in his pupils by questions suited to elicit reflection, and propounding problems to be solved by induction, thus giving to the mind a stimulus to develop itself without artificial help. Consequently, a goodly number of intellectual inhabitants came forward, honorable to the town and country. We need look no farther than his own family for illustrations ; I might speak of numbers, but will particularize but one, his oldest son, by his last wife, Leonard, whose germ, under paternal culture, gave hopeful promise, and who, encouraged by the means of education which at that time the public schools afforded, graduated at Harvard with the highest honors of the college ; and whose writings are said to be the most lucid in the English language, and are read in all the enlightened parts of the world.” \*

“*Master Woods* did a great deal of public business. He was

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\* Address of Mr. Wilder at the celebration.

an excellent teacher, and trained up a number of excellent men. He had two sons who were Doctors of Divinity. Abel Woods, who began his ministry in 1790, and ended it in 1850, making a term of sixty years that he was in active service. His son Alvah was also a Doctor of Divinity, and president of a college in Alabama, and he had a daughter who married Rev. Dr. Patterson, president of Newton Theological Seminary.

“Another son of Samuel Woods, Leonard, was for a long period a Professor of Divinity at Andover. His son, of the same name, is a Doctor of Divinity, and president of a college. He had also four sons-in-law who were Doctors of Divinity, two of them professors in theological seminaries. This is honor enough for one schoolmaster.”\*

The first settlers of Princeton were religious men, and long before the building of the meeting-house, maintained religious worship in private houses, finding their way through the forest by marked trees.

The first church edifice was reared in 1762, as the record has it, “fifty foots long and forty foots wide.” It will not be difficult to judge of the principles of these settlers from the account given of their early history by the orator before referred to: “First freedom, then an axe, then a clearing, then a house, then a wife to

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\* Address of Professor Everett at the Centennial.



make it a home, a Bible to make it Christian, honest, loving labor to give it comfort, and thenceforth everything went as regular as clock-work, from the care of the dairy to the christening of the children."

## CHAPTER II.

## BIRTH AND BOYHOOD.

ON the 19th of June, 1774, soon after the rising of the sun over the top of the great Wachusett, a new life commenced. This event, which proved in after years such a rich blessing to many, occurred in a humble cottage in the picturesque town of Princeton, Mass., to which reference was made in our opening chapter.

It was the Sabbath, and, in accordance with the desires of his godly parents, who considered it both a privilege and a duty to present their babe at the altar, and supplicate for it the blessing of a covenant-keeping God, the little one was carried the same day a distance of one mile to church, and there received the seal of baptism under the name of LEONARD WOODS.

Of his infancy and early boyhood it is difficult, after the lapse of a hundred years, to recover any trace; but we may infer that, as the very day of his birth was distinguished by his dedication to God, his parents did not relax their efforts and prayers in his behalf.

His father, Samuel Woods, mentioned in the first chapter as one of the earliest settlers of the town, and his mother, Abigail

Whitney Underwood, had each been married, and had a family of children previous to their union. I can well remember that when I was a child, my father smilingly gave me this puzzle: "My father had fifteen children and my mother had ten, but both together they had only twenty."

Of the last five, Leonard was the eldest son, and in very early childhood distinguished himself not only by his sweet disposition and dutiful obedience to the wishes of his parents, but also by the brightness and activity of his mind.

His father, in consequence of being the schoolmaster of the town, early acquired the name of Master Woods, — a title which he bore till his death. Though without a collegiate education, he was a deep student and a close thinker. He was familiar with the standard English authors in literature, philosophy, and theology. From the frequent reference made to him in the town records, it is plain that he was esteemed a man of sound judgment.

At the age of seven Leonard had learned to read, and soon after commenced adding and subtracting numbers, as he heard his father give out examples in arithmetic to the older scholars.

As those were war times, and there was a heavy duty on slate, the boys provided themselves with smooth strips of birch bark from the neighboring woods. The young scholar having secured a supply of this article, begged one of his sisters to help him make a plummet by running a piece of lead in a mould. This was to

serve for a pencil; and so well did these rough materials answer the purpose, that Leonard soon became an adept in arithmetic. As he advanced in skill, his father gave him more difficult problems, which he was required to work out without assistance.

At this period, the young student made a warm friend in one of his neighbors, Lieutenant-Governor Gill, who watched the progress of the bright boy with intense interest.

On one occasion, having a more than usually difficult example to work out, Leonard's plummet and bark were in use every leisure moment for several days. There was no key by which he might at once catch the right principle. It was solid brain work that was required. During this time, his mother sent him on an errand to the house of Governor Gill, who inquired what he was doing in his studies.

"I have a hard sum that I can't work out yet; but I *will* do it," exclaimed Leonard, frankly.

"That's a brave lad," said the Governor, patting his head. "Can you tell what it is?"

Quick as thought, the boy pulled the roll of birch bark from his pocket, and, with plummet in hand, commenced explaining his example, and wherein lay his difficulty in solving it.

"It's a tough one, to be sure," remarked the gentleman, laughing, "but you'll master it."

"Yes, sir, I *will*," was the emphatic reply.

At an early hour he sought his humble couch in the attic, and there, with the moon shining full in his face, he went over and over, in his mind, the process of reckoning, but all in vain. With his thoughts full of the subject, he fell asleep; when, in his dreams, he appeared still at work. Suddenly the right method flashed across his mind. One step in the process he had omitted, which had been the cause of his repeated failures. Relieved of his burden, he slept the sound sleep of childhood till the dawn began to streak the east. Then rising from his couch, and not waiting to perform his simple toilet, he rubbed the figures from a piece of bark he found near, and went through the whole example with triumphant success. When his father made his appearance in the barn-yard, with a huge milk-pail on either arm, our young hero emerged from the house, book in hand, and, with a triumphant shout, exclaimed, —

“I’ve done it, father! I’ve done it! I found out the right way when I was asleep.”

This simple incident, which I have often heard him relate, illustrated the method by which his father sought to teach him patience and perseverance, — traits for which he was distinguished in after life. Perhaps it was to this early discipline he was indebted for the power of concentration and perseverance in investigating subjects of great moment. Indeed, I have often heard him allude, with gratitude, to his father’s rule of requiring his scholars to do

their work unassisted. If our young pupils of the present day had less help from parents, teachers, and explanatory books, ponies in classics, and keys in mathematics, we might see a generation of more independent thinkers.

Lieutenant-Governor Gill owned a magnificent farm. Immense lawns, from which it was averred not a single stone could be picked up; splendid walls, extending for miles; sleek cattle, grazing in the greenest of pastures; noble trees, spreading their arms lovingly over the velvety greensward,—called forth the admiration of every beholder. In his large barns forty pleasure horses were kept, and a herd of one hundred and eighty cattle.

The historian of Worcester County, in 1793, closes a glowing description of the seat of Hon. Moses Gill, thus: “Upon the whole, this seat of Judge Gill is not paralleled by any in the New England States, perhaps not by any on this side of the Delaware.”

Dr. Dwight, then president of Yale College, in 1797, speaks of Governor Gill’s establishment as “more splendid than any other in the interior of the State,” though the country surrounding his farm was so desolate, that in attempting to make his way to Rutland, “he came very near being lost for the night.”

Within the house every apartment exhibited all the accessories of wealth, culture, refinement, and taste; but the large hall, devoted to the library, was far the most attractive to the young student.

Mrs. Gill was the only surviving daughter of Rev. Thomas

Prince, of Boston, and inherited with this immense farm a large part of her father's extensive and valuable library. To this, in all its departments, Master Woods had always enjoyed free access; and to Leonard was promised the same privilege when he was old enough to appreciate it.

After Leonard's success in solving a difficult problem, he became the leader of his class, all of them his seniors by some years. Master Woods used often to give out examples in mental arithmetic, and allow his pupils to try who would answer *first*. On these occasions Leonard's blue eyes often sparkled with animation, as he eagerly exclaimed, "I have it; I can answer, father." It was seldom he answered incorrectly.

When the boy was eight years old, his father was ill during a great part of the winter. Leonard, with a dutiful desire to relieve him from all anxiety, took care of the horses, cows, and oxen attached to their farm. In the spring, Master Woods one day called the lad to him, and presented him with a "Barlow knife," telling him that his good conduct had been the means of procuring him the not inexpensive gift. This present may be thought by some a trifle, compared to the labor the boy had performed; but it must be remembered that in the last century a knife with four blades, for which these "Barlow knives" were distinguished, was not to be found in every lad's pocket. Indeed, the possessor of one was an object of attention and envy.

For a year or two, Leonard worked diligently on his father's farm, filling up his leisure hours with study. One of his older sisters, who had inherited much of her father's strength of character, was his loving confidante and adviser at this period. His mother, who was of a sweet, trusting spirit, watched her boy closely, and in her heart began to form plans for his future. She saw him run to his books as though he hungered for knowledge, as indeed he did, so that when the providence of God opened the way, she was prepared to encourage him to strive for a liberal education, trusting in his Heavenly Father for the means.

When Leonard was about thirteen years old, he accompanied his father and brother to a swamp, where he remained at work nearly all day. A severe sickness followed, from which he recovered very slowly. As soon as he was able to sit up, he called for his books, and from this time studied without intermission. Governor Gill saw the boy frequently, and found that his great desire was to go to college. The gentleman went home from one of these interviews saying to himself, "It must be done. Yes, I shall send for my philosopher at once."

The Governor was in the habit of entertaining distinguished men at his house, and giving dinner parties, during which grave subjects of church and State were discussed. When these discussions became too deep or too warm, Governor Gill used to say, "I must send for my philosopher, to give us his opinion."



It was seldom, indeed, that the strong common-sense and quiet humor of Master Woods did not settle the questions to the satisfaction of all parties.

Being requested to call upon his neighbor, Leonard's father obeyed the summons, and found the Governor in his library alone. When the boy's desire was repeated to his father, he said with great emotion, —

“Such a course is impossible. I have not the means to carry him through college. You are aware that my son Abel is a student, and I know the expense.”

“Come, come!” exclaimed the Governor. “‘Impossible’ is a hard word. I have watched the lad. He is different from other boys. Let him try to master Latin. He can recite to Parson Craft. I'll promise to help him.”

Master Woods went home and repeated this conversation to his wife, who went hurriedly into her bedroom to give thanks to God. For some time the father held back from giving positive consent; but the mother had a firm, though secret conviction that the Lord intended her son for a clergyman. This was the highest object of her ambition. Could a throne have been offered the youth, it would have been nothing in comparison. Leonard knew instinctively that he had his mother's full approbation, and that when he left home she would do the utmost in her power to assist him. He acted upon the suggestion of Governor Gill, and when about four-

teen recited two or three times a week to Rev. Thomas Craft, his pastor, walking several miles for the purpose. The necessary books were supplied by his kind friend. At the age of sixteen, he went to Leicester Academy for one quarter. Here he was so fortunate as to be under the instruction of Mr. Adams, afterwards Professor of Mathematics in Dartmouth College. These months were all the academical instruction he ever enjoyed; and he improved the privileges so well that he obtained the next year a school in Leominster, where he gave universal satisfaction.

The money being thus obtained, he begged his father to allow him at once to apply for admission to Harvard College. His mother added her earnest plea, and consent was obtained, though his father reminded him that he could give him but little pecuniary assistance.

## CHAPTER III.

## COLLEGE LIFE.

My father was entered at Harvard in 1792, just after he had passed his eighteenth birthday, and at once made himself known as a diligent student. He drank deep at the fountain of human wisdom, and maintained a high rank through his entire course. His friend and classmate, the Rev. Samuel Dana, of Marblehead, said of him: "He was decidedly the first member of the class for intellectual attainment, among such competitors as John Pickering and James Jackson."

At the time of his leaving home, Leonard, though well taught in the doctrines of the Bible, had never laid hold of Christ, and, by personal faith in his atoning sacrifice, made Jesus his Saviour. The salutary influence which, under his father's roof, had drawn him toward the good, and caused him to repel the bad, was now withdrawn. He found in college life, trials and temptations of which he had never dreamed.

At that time, the low state of morals throughout the country had greatly affected the principles of the Harvard as well as of the Yale students. The leaven of infidelity, brought to our shores by

the French troops, who performed such valuable service under Lafayette and other distinguished generals in the Revolution, had worked out its legitimate results, infesting the sentiments of some high in official position, and infusing its poison into the fountains of learning. In Harvard, scepticism was then the fashion, and experimental piety at a great discount. During a part of my father's course, there was only one professor of religion in the four classes. This was John H. Church, afterwards Rev. Dr. Church, of Pelham, N. H.

Leonard's early training prevented him from imbibing such fatal errors. When he heard scoffs at religion in general or sneers at individual piety, the thought of his father's godly teachings, the fervor of his prayers, the recollection of his mother's kindling eye and animated features when the holy doctrines of salvation by grace were discussed, the calmness with which she endured trials, sustained by divine power, made him shrink with horror from these bolder attacks upon the truth. But, alas, for the iniquity of the unregenerate heart! The subtle reasonings of Priestly, which exalt man in the same ratio that they depress God, gradually gained a power over his mind. But though among his classmates he was known to be an admirer of Priestly and his school of free-thinkers, yet he never could rid himself of the feeling that the doctrines of grace, though humbling to human pride, might, after all, be the true revealings of the Word of God. He knew how

precious these doctrines were to his parents and to other godly friends. He saw the fruit of humble reliance on God in the daily walk and conversation of young Church, and confessed to himself a desire to enjoy the same serenity and peace conspicuous in his friend. A few weeks before his graduation, an event occurred which gave intensity to this desire. He one day accompanied some classmates to Charles River, where, in a retired spot, they were in the habit of bathing. After a vigorous plunge into the water, he waded out some distance from his companions, when they were suddenly startled by a loud shriek of distress, and perceived with horror that he had sunk out of sight. They hastened to his assistance, but he had gone down for the third time before he was rescued, and then, at the risk of life to the rescuers. He had fallen into a sand pit, which at high tide was completely hidden from view.

Never shall I forget the emotion with which he described this scene. It is as vivid as though I had been present. "I suppose," said my father, "that from the time I left my companions to the time I was laid senseless on the bank, it could not have been over five minutes; but oh! the thoughts of my past life which flashed through my mind with the rapidity of lightning, — memories of my childhood, youth, and riper years, long since forgotten, disobedience to my parents, unkindness to my brothers and sisters, sins against my Heavenly Father, ingratitude to my Saviour, my

low and sordid aims, my pride in my moral character, my ambition for the future, all ended now! I even thought of my graduation, of the fond hopes of my mother that I should acquit myself in an honorable manner. I thought of her disappointment as she heard the heavy tidings of my untimely death, and knew that the nice suit of clothes prepared for that occasion by her own hands, with so many tender memories of her boy, would be returned to her unused. I thought of life, which was over for me; of death, judgment, and eternity, to which I was hastening. I tried to lay hold of Christ as an all-sufficient Saviour. Then consciousness left me."

Vigorous measures and long-continued efforts were necessary in order to restore life in the drowning man. He always adverted to the circumstance with the deepest gratitude that he was not then taken from the world while yet unreconciled to God.

During most of his college course he alternately believed and doubted the doctrines of grace. To quote his own words: "My heart often rose in rebellion against the divine requirements, especially those which commanded me to renounce every method of salvation except through a crucified Saviour. My mind," he says, "is like the troubled sea, tossed about on the waves of speculation and doubt." "Through all this dark period," he says, "the Lord Jesus Christ was my ideal of virtue. Whether he be man, angel, or God, there is something in the character of

Jesus Christ which attracts and warms the soul. I had rather follow him, or be like him, than to excel the most illustrious name in the history of the world."

In regard to his conversion :—

"No experimental means were tried upon him; no excited assembly operated upon his mind and heart, but in the anguish of his spirit he knelt down, and clasping his Bible, he raised it over him, as did John Huss, and cried, 'O God, my Lord, and master of my life.' Henceforth Christ was to him all in all; the beginning, the middle, and the end of his theology and his life."\*

He was graduated in 1796, bearing with him the first awards of scholarship. At Commencement he had the highest appointment, and delivered an oration on the subject, "Envy wishes, then believes," which was received with great applause.

Three years later he took his second degree, when, as before, the first oration was assigned him. Both these productions were published, and are still preserved in the archives of the library in Cambridge. A popular newspaper of the time, called the *Columbia Centinel*, thus speaks of the latter oration :—

"The best performance of the day was the oration on Atheism

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\* History of the Essex North Association.

by Rev. Mr. Woods. In this half-hour sketch, the existence and attributes of a Supreme Intelligence were demonstrated by invincible argument, and displayed with dignified eloquence. His remarks were pointed, but they were not severe; his precepts pious, but liberal, and his eloquence dignified and energetic, but not boisterous. In short, he was a champion in the cause of his Redeemer and country. He received the liberal plaudits of a grateful auditory."

At this period, writes one who knew him well: "Mr. Woods was six feet two inches in height, perfectly erect and well proportioned, and possessed a dignity and grace of manner which impressed every one in his favor. His black hair, which curled slightly, was worn long, according to the fashion of the times. His pleasant, earnest, blue eyes, his animated countenance, and his exquisite teeth, which to his dying day never made acquaintance with a dentist, were a letter of recommendation to him wherever he went. In disposition, he united the strength of his father's character with the sweet, loving, trusting nature of his mother."

Through the kindness of some of his classmates, I have been able to add to the reports I have received of the college records, in regard to my father's course in Harvard. From Dr. James Kendall, of Plymouth, Mass., I copy the following letter, which will explain itself:—



PLYMOUTH, Sept. 9, 1854.

MRS. LEONARD WOODS :

*Dear Madam,* — Please excuse the liberty I have taken, with only a transient acquaintance, to intrude upon the sacredness of domestic bereavement, with a view to express my sympathy and condolence with you in the recent departure of your revered and beloved husband. My apology, if an apology be necessary, is my long and intimate acquaintance with Dr. Woods, commencing more than *sixty years ago*; an acquaintance of uninterrupted satisfaction and pleasure, and an intercourse, so far as I know, of unbroken harmony.

Although our theological inquiries and associations may have led to something of different results, yet as respects the spirit and character necessary to fit us for acceptance with the Father, and an intercourse with the spirits of the just, I am confident there was no difference.

It is among my most pleasant memories to look back upon an acquaintance which commenced when we were candidates for admission to Harvard University in 1792, without recollecting a single instance of unkind feeling, or an unfriendly utterance between us. No two scholars in the class were more intimate than we were, and, if we take the opinion of the College Government at the time for a standard, no two ranked higher; that

is to say, the *two English orations*, the highest parts given out at our Commencement, were assigned to Dr. Woods and myself.

I well remember the gratification I felt in being thought worthy, as a scholar, of holding rank as *second to him*. I mention this incident merely to show that our relative position as scholars awakened no unpleasant rivalry, nor interrupted for a moment the harmony and mutual kindness between us; and I will add in this connection that I have no recollection, during our collegiate course, of a single act of his life, or a single utterance of his lips, that he or his friends would have wished to have been otherwise. This, I am aware, is saying a good deal, but if there had been anything very noticeable I should have remembered and regretted it. Our security under Providence might have been owing in part to our being a little in advance, as respects age, of most of the undergraduates; Dr. Woods having entered college in his nineteenth year, and I in my twenty-third. We both went to college for the purpose of an education, and at no time, I believe, were in much doubt as to the choice of a profession. At our age, there was less temptation to join in the follies and improprieties which sometimes mark the course of an under-graduate in college. Of one thing I am quite sure, for I have a distinct recollection of the fact, that neither of us was subjected to *fine*, to *admonition*, or the *slightest reproof*, even, for delinquency in our college studies, or disregard

of the rules and requirements during our connection with the university.

It may be some satisfaction and comfort, in this hour of your trial, to have this testimony of an intimate friend and classmate to the purity and correctness of your beloved husband's character during this interesting period of his early life. Of his character, fidelity, and labors as a Christian minister and theological professor during the last half-century, you need not the testimony of a personal friend. You are compassed about *by a cloud of witnesses*, who are ready to testify to his fidelity and successful labors in the service of the Master.

Soon after his graduation, he went to Medford, Mass., where he had accepted an invitation to teach, hoping in this manner to earn funds sufficient to carry him through his professional studies. He remained in Medford till August, 1797, when he went to Princeton.

At his mother's knee he had learned the answer to this question, "What is the chief end of man?" "To glorify God, and to enjoy him forever." How shall I best glorify God? was the question which now was ever present to his ardent mind. His Heavenly Father did not long leave him in doubt concerning his will. In an affecting interview with his parents, he announced to them the new hopes which animated his breast, and the earnest desires he experienced to devote himself to the work of preaching the gospel of

salvation to his fellow-men, receiving their cordial approbation and their prayers for his success.

He repaired to Somers, Conn., and placed himself under the care of Dr. Charles Backus. This gentleman was an eminent divine, whose reputation as a teacher drew about him some of the most prominent students in New England.

The three months passed in Somers were most happy ones, always referred to with a kindling eye, as among the most profitable of his life.

## CHAPTER IV.

## SETTLEMENT IN WEST NEWBURY.

IN the spring of 1798, he was licensed to preach by the Cambridge Association, and a few months later was called to settle over the Third Parish in West Newbury, Mass., from which Dr. Tappan had recently been removed, to become Hollis Professor in Harvard College. It was not, however, without much hesitation that he accepted the call, arising from conscientious scruples in regard to their creed. His frankness led him to make a full statement of his reasons of delay in accepting their call. The personal attachment of many members of the parish to Mr. Woods, and the influence of some prominent neighboring clergymen, led to a modification of their views, and they renewed the call, which he accepted.

The ordination took place Dec. 5, 1798, Dr. Osgood, of Medford, Mass., preaching the sermon. I quote one paragraph, which has particular reference to the young clergyman:—\*

“Your present choice, in the esteem of all who are acquainted with the man, does honor to your discernment. I am persuaded that one so amiable will not disappoint your just expectations.”

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\* Copied from letters in History of the Andover Seminary.

A friend residing in New Hampshire assures me that her mother rode on horseback a distance of sixteen miles to the ordination, and on her arrival found, to her great disappointment, the house so crowded that she could not obtain admittance. The terms of settlement, as copied from the church record, sound singularly to us in these days. They were as follows : —

“The parish voted to give Mr. Woods four hundred dollars annually ; also five hundred dollars by way of settlement, with the use of the parsonage land by the meeting-house, and eight cords of wood annually, with the liberty of going to see his parents for two Sabbaths every year.”

At the present day this sum appears to us ridiculously small ; but his devoted people took care that he should never want. A box of new butter, fresh eggs, or a heave shoulder, often carried to the pastor, testified to the affection of the parishioners.

In October, 1799, my father was married to Abby Wheeler, daughter of Rev. Joseph Wheeler, a graduate of Harvard College in 1757. He was ordained in the town of Harvard in 1759, but his settlement and usefulness there were suddenly cut short by the loss of his voice. Soon after the commencement of the Revolutionary War, Mr. Wheeler zealously engaged in the cause of his country, and was chosen a member of the Provincial Congress, representative to the General Court, and a member of the Committee of Correspondence. The night before Bunker Hill battle

he volunteered, with five others, to go to the hill, and they staked out the ground for the intrenchment which was thrown up during the night. After the arrival of General Washington at Cambridge, Mr. Wheeler was chaplain of his staff. After the war he was appointed Justice of the Quorum for Worcester County, and Register of Probate, which offices he held till his death.

“Mr. Woods’s marriage and settlement in his own home were made the occasion of a great festival in Newbury. Forty couples in forty ‘*shays*,’ the fashionable vehicle of the period, set out to meet their pastor, and escort him with his bride to their new home. The lady, dressed in corsage and trailing skirts of blue lutestring silk, white satin cloak trimmed with ermine, with jockey hat, blue tipped feathers, high-heeled shoes of blue kid, and brightly blooming cheeks, with sweet gentleness and warmth of manner, took all hearts by storm.

“On reaching the new home, where nearly all the parish had assembled, the guests alighted and welcomed the bride, after which all partook of a lavish feast provided by loving hearts for the occasion.”

At this distance of time it is difficult to gather much in relation to Mr. Woods’s settlement in West Newbury. A letter kindly sent me, found in the possession of Mrs. Lydia Poore, grandmother of Benjamin Perley Poore, assures me of his faithfulness as a pastor, who watched for the souls of his people as one who must give an

account. One aged gentleman now living, in relating what he remembered of his earliest religious teacher, says: "I went to school with his two oldest boys, and to his catechising on Saturday afternoons. When we pulled ears or quarrelled during the week, we had to be hauled up for it at the catechising."

An incident which occurred during his residence in West Newbury has been vouched for by a distinguished New England clergyman: —

"In the early part of Dr. Woods's ministry, he was one of an association of clergymen convoked to examine a young candidate for the sacred office. When the young theologian had been questioned, and had satisfied the examiners in regard to his literary qualifications, they proceeded to inquire relative to his personal experience, and his motives for desiring to enter the ministry. He went on for some time until the moderator asked what the High Hopkinsians called 'the test question': 'I should like you to state definitely, sir, whether you are willing to be damned, should such be foreordained to be your doom.'

"The candidate hesitated; his face blanched. He could not answer in the affirmative. What should he say?

"Mr. Woods, perceiving the embarrassment of the young student, said in his usually calm manner: 'Perhaps I can put the question in a little different form, and in a way that will relieve the candidate. Will you state, sir, whether you would be willing, under



the circumstances mentioned, that the moderator should be damned?’

“ ‘ Perfectly, sir, perfectly, if such is God’s will.’

“ Such a declaration must have been considered sufficiently orthodox, for, after a hearty laugh, the association proceeded to vote that the candidate be licensed.”

During the ten years of his residence in West Newbury, Mr. Woods’s pen was not idle. Among his letters I find the following from Dr. Spring, of Newburyport: “ I take this opportunity to express my deepest gratitude for the wise and masterly manner in which your question was considered yesterday before the *Sanhedrim*.”

In 1803, the Massachusetts *Missionary Magazine* was commenced, when Dr. Spring solicited and obtained aid from the pen of the young pastor.

In 1805, Dr. Morse, of Charlestown, projected a monthly magazine, to be called the *Panoplist*, and of this journal the pastor at West Newbury was appointed joint editor. The spirit with which he entered on this latter task can best be described by a note he addressed to Dr. Morse on the issue of the first number:—

“ To-day *Panoplist* is born, and I hope it will live to grow up and be a good man. I hope and pray that there may not be a spice of ill-nature in it. This does not *belong* to the Christian armor.”

## CHAPTER V.

## DIVINITY SCHOOL.

BUT his Heavenly Father had still more important work for his young servant. In brief, it may be said that both Dr. Spring and Dr. Morse were projecting plans for a school, where young men could be trained for the ministry; and each of these gentlemen, unknown to the other, fixed on the Newbury pastor as suitable for the chair of Theology. It is impossible, in a brief sketch like this, to give any account of the long and tedious delays before the final result of the two schools, with their two sets of founders, was reached. It is sufficient here to say, that at length every question was happily settled, and the new seminary, surmounting all obstacles, went into operation Sept. 28, 1808. To quote from the *Columbia Centinel*: "Professor Woods delivered his inaugural oration on the *Glory and Excellence of the Gospel*. The assembly, convened from various parts of the country on this most interesting occasion, was numerous and highly respectable. The day was delightful, and the satisfaction generally expressed gave great pleasure to the friends of the institution."

In 1810 the young Professor received the degree of Doctor of

Divinity from Dartmouth College; also, the same year, from the College of New Jersey.

Of the sentiments of affection and respect entertained for the memory of Dr. Woods by his former pupils, I have such abundant proof that I can only make a selection here and there. In a letter I have received from an able clergyman in Maine, he says: "Dr. Woods was one of the most evenly balanced men I ever knew. . . . His mind was equally massive and powerful. Trained to theological thought, he had traversed the whole ground of biblical teaching, and had well-considered opinions on all subjects pertaining to the lecture-room and the pulpit. He did as much, and perhaps more, to shape the course of theological thought during the days of his prime and vigor, than any other man then living in New England. . . . So well had he considered all the points of the subject of which he was treating, that he had a reply to every objection, an answer to every question, a solution for every doubt, and light, if there was any, for every dark spot. Whenever, as was sometimes the case, a student with the skill of a gladiator attempted to annihilate him, or push him into a narrow place, he was always sure to floor his antagonist, and leave no opponent before him. Then the class would laughingly say afterward, 'The doctor can't be cornered.'"

"I am not given," wrote Dr. William Goodell, missionary to Constantinople, "to strong professions in the line of paying hom-

age to fellow-mortals, but I can honestly say, that I think I was never so much in danger of something approaching idolatry, in regard to the character and teachings of any man, as in regard to Dr. Woods. To call him a *model* and a *master* as a theological teacher, is but a very moderate compliment to one who, in my estimation, had no compeers, and will not soon be likely to have them."

It is with difficulty I turn from letter after letter, from among the most eminent divines of that time, expressing and re-enforcing the above sentiments.

"His written works are in five octavo volumes. His unwritten works are woven into the character and wisdom and labors and success of his many pupils, scattered all over the world. The portrait in the first volume gives you a true but faint idea of that calm, gentle, patient, and thoughtful face, into which we so often gazed. He was tall in stature, finely proportioned, with a mild, pure, blue eye. When I first knew him I was a boy, and was always delighted with the privilege of hearing his genial, enlightening, and often mirthful conversation. He seldom told a story; but when he did, it had point and power.

"When we were 'Juniors,' we dreaded to leave the enthusiasm of Professor Stuart for the cool lecture-room of Dr. Woods. We thought his presence would make the atmosphere uncomfortable. But when we came near him and to know him, we loved him as a

teacher, and revered him almost as a father. We found him not surprising us by startling originality, or new theories, or giving new names to old things. He never cultivated prongs, but we found his thoughts clear as distilled water. There was no color in his light, but he had the power of throwing off all that was extraneous to the subject in hand, then of holding it up patiently and carefully in the light of the Bible, and, unemotionally, urging his views with logic unsurpassed. This power of discarding all that was not relevant would have given him a high position as a lawyer had he chosen that profession. Most patiently would he wait for the slowest battalion of the army; and for patience in listening to every possible objection, and then candidly meeting and answering them, I have never met his equal.

“He read human nature admirably. I recollect that when my class came to the subject of baptism, there not happening to be any Baptist brother in the class, we appointed one to present the Baptist side of the question. This he did, and so strongly that the Professor requested the class to appoint a man to reply. The class concurred, but referred the appointment back to him. *He immediately appointed the same man to meet his own arguments!* The recitations of the class were suspended a week to give the man time to prepare himself. The answer was deemed satisfactory to the class, and this wisdom of Dr. Woods not unlikely saved the young man from taking sides, and becoming a Baptist!

The key to the power of Dr. Woods (and his was a mighty power) was :—

“ That he patiently and prayerfully adopted his belief.

“ That he plainly and fully taught that belief.

“ That he gave, clearly, his reasons for it; and then showed how he met, obviated, and removed objections and difficulties.

“ It will readily be inferred that when every pupil had the liberty to state any objection or doubt or difficulty he felt, there could be but a few theological corners that were not explored or but a few phases which were not presented. We often wrestled with him, and knew that we were wrestling against odds, but the giant would lay us on the ground so gently that there was no mortification in the fall.

“ He was the professor of theology in Andover *thirty-eight years*. His works show what theology was taught there during these years; and his pupils who have honored him and the seminary, as pastors, missionaries, presidents of colleges, professors in seminaries and colleges, and the like, have all, consciously or unconsciously, felt his power through all their lives. Few men ever handled so much error, and had so little of its dust cleave to them.

“ The reverence that Dr. Woods paid to the Bible was deep and earnest. He ever taught that what the sun is to the earth, — light and heat, — that the Bible is to the church. I cannot too earnestly

recommend the works of Dr. Woods to all my young brethren in the ministry as a wonderful model of pure English, as a specimen of fair, manly argument, an example of logic not 'set on fire,' but pure as quicksilver, and a mine of the old Bible theology of New England. To be sure, there is no Jehu-driving; there is no effort at originality; but there is the power of conviction, of clear statement, and of Bible truth.

"Did he, in his good old age, have any forebodings of evils coming upon the church? Old men usually have such. I think he betrays a little of it in the admirable dedication of his 'Works' to his former pupils; but such clouds did not hang over him long, and he felt like Joseph: 'I die; but God will surely visit you.'

"As a controversialist, for candor, gentleness, and patience, I know not how he could be excelled. If the reader can find anything in this line superior to his 'Letters to Dr. Ware,' I know not where. They completely meet every objection and difficulty; so completely that Dr. Ware plainly told his readers that if Dr. Woods seemed to be master of the field, they must attribute it to his skill, and not to the views he advocated! He never transfixed his opponent by hurling the spear of Ulysses through him, but bore down with logic, till his opponent was ready to cry out with the honest Quaker, 'O, argument, argument! The Lord rebuke thee!'

“These mature life-thoughts may not be in fashion to-day. We want phosphorus and the sparkling shadows of thought; but the time will come when the prophet’s bones will again impart life, and the influence of such men shall have a resurrection, — perhaps many, — and their influence come out a living power from their tombs, again and again.”

One illustration of his method of dealing with men who insisted on getting from him such answers as he did not think it best to give, I have received from his successor in the chair of theology.

LECTURE-ROOM. STUDENT. “Do not your arguments for the immortality of the human soul prove the immortality of brutes?”

DR. WOODS. “The argument would still be a good one, if it did prove the immortality of brutes.”

STUDENT. “But do you believe that brutes are immortal?”

DR. WOODS. “I do not say that they are immortal. I only say that my argument would be a sound one, if it proved their immortality.”

STUDENT. “But is it not absurd to suppose that brutes are immortal?”

DR. WOODS. “No; it is not absurd.”

STUDENT. “But do you not treat them as if you disbelieved their immortality?”

DR. WOODS. “No; I always mean to treat them in such a way



that if they should meet me in the other world, they would have no cause to reproach me."

Another time a pupil, equally persistent, asked, —

"Do you say that a free agent never does choose a smaller rather than a larger good?"

Dr. Woods. "Yes; he never does."

STUDENT. "But, suppose that he should choose a good represented by one, rather than a good represented by four?"

Dr. Woods. "He would not choose it."

STUDENT. "But have I not a right to suppose that he would?"

Dr. Woods. "Oh, yes! But if he should choose as you suppose he would, then he would choose as I suppose he never would."

STUDENT. "But what would you think of a man who should choose the least of two goods?"

Dr. Woods. "Well, I should think that as far as the will was concerned, the man was decidedly *spavined*."

It was especially during the earlier years of his professorship in Andover that Dr. Woods was pressed into the work of publicly refuting some errors in doctrine, particularly the German theory of inspiration as unsettling to the faith of Protestant Christians. His letters, in answer to these urgent pleas that he would enter on the work of controversy, prove that he shrank from the task. It

was uncongenial. He begged to be excused, — urged that others undertake it; but the spirit manifested in his replies proved to them that he was the one. He would speak the truth fearlessly, and he would speak it in love.

His own theory was, that the Bible, and the Bible alone, was the standard of faith and practice. He believed in plenary inspiration, which was, that the Holy Spirit's superintendence of the divine record was such as to preserve the writers from all error of statement, while at the same time, not overriding their liberty of thought and expression.

The German theory, which he was combating, was the opposite extreme from verbal inspiration, and was essentially rationalistic, in that it made the individual reason the supreme judge of the contents of the Holy Scriptures.

When his conscience told him that duty demanded his voice or his pen, he stepped at once into the ranks, nor did he flinch until he had done all he could to vanquish those he considered enemies to truth. But though he used every fair argument to enforce the views he believed taught in the Word of God, toward the opponent himself he cherished none but the kindest feelings. This could scarcely be otherwise, since he never sent out a controversial letter until he had committed it to God in devout and earnest prayer.

His discussion with Dr. Ware was with regard to the true and proper deity of our Lord Jesus Christ. This doctrine he defended

strongly in New England. He held the Catholic faith on this subject of the Church of the Nicean age. His work as a pacificator of various schools of Calvinists was mainly in connection with these latter controversies. In regard to the spirit manifested in one of these controversies, Dr. Elias Cornelius wrote: "Dr. Woods's letters to Dr. Ware rank among the best specimens of controversial writings, because baptized with the Spirit sent down in answer to the prayers of the writer."

During the height of the controversy just alluded to, Dr. Woods attended the Commencement at Cambridge, and was shown to a seat on the stage next his opponent. A literary gentleman in the audience, greatly interested in the letters passing between these two divines, but not personally acquainted with either of them, inquired of a friend, "Who are those two sitting side by side who are so intimate?" When told that they were the public exponents of the two most prominent religious parties of the day, his surprise at their cordiality and friendliness was great.

John Pye Smith, in the London *Eclectic Review*, says of another controversy, at the close of a long article on the subject: "The soundness of Dr. Woods's argument is not the only merit which these letters possess. They afford an excellent example of the close and pressing pursuit of an antagonist, without, as we can perceive, the slightest improper feeling. There is no vaunting, no contempt; there are no anathemas and no imputations, but many

serious and seasonably cautious words, — the fruit of experience and sound piety.”

To quote from his own words in regard to the spirit of controversies : “I have seen,” he said, “ that it has so often injured the beauty of men’s characters and cooled the ardor of their piety, that I have earnestly endeavored to avoid the danger.”

## CHAPTER VI.

## CONNECTION WITH BENEVOLENT SOCIETIES.

To quote from Rev. John Todd, D. D., in the *Recorder*: “Dr. Woods belonged to a generation who had to think calmly, deeply, carefully, as they laid those plans which embraced theological seminaries, foreign missions, home missions, the education of the young for the ministry, the Bible, the tract, the colonization and the temperance societies, and all those grand schemes which encircle the globe in their results.” Dr. Woods was the confidant and adviser of the first four young men whose hearts turned toward a ministry to the heathen. In the spring of 1810, they made a formal statement of their wishes and the motives which prompted them, which statement they presented to my father, and which, he says, “inexpressibly touched my heart.” The June following, the General Association of Massachusetts was to meet in Bradford, and my father suggested that a written application be made to them for advice and direction. This resulted in the institution of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. When, on the 6th of February, 1812, these young men took leave of kindred and country to carry tidings of a Saviour to the farthest

ends of the earth, he preached the sermon, giving them their parting instructions.

He wrote the memoirs of Harriet Newell, of blessed memory, and gave the avails of the publication to the society. He made sacrifices of time and money to help forward the glorious cause. He followed the "dear missionaries" to their separate fields or labor with letters of affectionate counsel and advice. He was an influential member of the Prudential Committee till 1834, when the pressure of other duties caused him to resign, though never till the end of his life did he lose his interest in its objects.

In regard to the memoir of Harriet Newell, one of the earlier missionaries to India writes: "The 'Life of Mrs. Newell,' by a widely extended influence, has done more good than she would probably have effected in a long life of usefulness."

In 1814, the American Tract Society was formed. Dr. Woods was immediately elected a member of the Executive Committee, upon which he served for four years, when he resigned, but afterwards consented to serve one year. When, at a later date, the Doctrinal Tract Society was formed, he was elected its president, and continued in that office till his death.

In 1846, Dr. Woods retired from his professorship, having labored arduously in connection with its duties for thirty-eight years, and from this time was engaged in preparing for the press his theological lectures and a portion of his miscellaneous writings.

They were published in 1849-50. It would fill many pages of a sketch like this to quote from the letters of regret caused by his resignation, and by the warm, enthusiastic welcome given to his published volumes.

In an account of him, published soon after his decease, one of his former pupils says: "Dr. Woods has been called to preach more sermons on public occasions and has had more sermons printed than any other man in his day."

## CHAPTER VII.

## A MAN OF PRAYER.

Dr. Woods was eminently a man of prayer. It is safe to say that no duty was undertaken without the blessing of God being invoked. In joy or in sorrow, in prosperity or in adversity, the Father's hand was recognized, and his guidance sought. "Many a time," says one of his daughters, "I have listened, while waiting at his study door, and heard a low voice in earnest supplication, his tone rising with the intensity of his emotions. When admitted, I have been struck with awe at the calm serenity, the holy elevation of his features. This was a lesson not soon forgotten." His trust in the efficacy of prayer is well illustrated by an incident which occurred in connection with the ordination of Dr. Hawes, in Hartford, 1818. Dr. Woods was invited to preach the sermon. It was in the spring of the year, and he was delayed by the bad travelling. When, at length, he reached the Connecticut River, the bridge had been carried away by the freshet, and the floating ice made crossing extremely dangerous. At the edge of the river he found a boatman, who reluctantly consented, in such an emergency, to attempt to get him across. Then he went to an old house, which stood near, and asked the privilege of a retired room



for a short time. There he knelt and sought direction from God concerning his duty. Then committing himself to the Divine care, he returned to the river, crossed in safety, and reached the church just in season for the service he had engaged to perform.

From one of my father's pupils, a clergyman, occupying a high position in the church and in a theological seminary, I have received the following incident, which illustrates the statement that Dr. Woods was eminently a man of prayer. He says:—

“The little incident, known only to myself, I hesitate to divulge to any one, but it will not be without interest to you, as showing your father's devotional habits.

“At one of the anniversary gatherings, the professors' houses were unusually crowded. At that time, I occupied an upper room in your father's house, but vacated my chamber on the arrival of additional and unexpected guests. As night approached, I found my way to the barn, sleeping quite comfortably on the hay. Very early the next morning, — before daylight, I think, — some one came quietly through a side door, and, after a short pause, the voice of prayer was heard. It seemed that a very busy day could not be begun without a season of communion with God, though at an unusual time and place. To me it explained the secret of my revered teacher's sanctified self-control.”

## CHAPTER VIII.

## HUMILITY AND CHARITY.

IN looking over files of letters, one cannot help being impressed with the deep humility of the subject of our sketch. Indeed, there is no trait more conspicuous than his sense of his own unworthiness in the sight of God. "I feel myself," he writes, "a poor, perishing sinner. If I am ever received into heaven, I shall be astonished at the grace which can save such an one as I am. When I compare my low aims, my sordid ambitions, with the character of an infinitely holy God, I am bowed to the dust."

This sense of his own imperfections led to great charity toward the failings of others. As a public man, and living in the times of controversy, he certainly was not included in the curse, "Woe unto you, when all men shall speak well of you." He was often attacked in the public journals, his motives maligned, his smallest acts misrepresented. When these abusive remarks were brought to his notice, he only smiled, or brought forward some excuse for the accused. I have before me several letters from students, who in real penitence have acknowledged their fault. From one I quote: "I do not know whether you ever heard of my

unkind or unjust remarks. If you have, your kindness to me has been exactly what I ought to expect from one of your well-known character for forgiveness. It is a saying among us, 'If you want Dr. Woods to be your best friend, give him something to forgive.'" Like Sigismund, an illustrious monarch, Dr. Woods's sentiment was, "Do I not effectually destroy my enemies when I make them my friends?" Had I space, I could, from papers before me, give many instances where he, in this Christian manner, won many warm friends.

Dr. Woods was methodical in his habits, especially in his studies. It was his custom to retire to his study directly after breakfast, and after a short season of devotion, he took his seat in his arm-chair, his goose-quill making rapid progress on the sheets before him. Occasionally, in winter, when the wind whirled too boisterously around his corner, he would bring his arm-chair to the sitting-room. Here sat his wife and five daughters; the mother busily at work, while at the same time she tried to keep within bounds the buoyant spirits of her young girls. "On a similar occasion," says his daughter, "father sat with his back partly turned to us, seeming so engrossed in his writing that he did not notice our presence, when, from the mere sight of each others' faces, there was a slight explosion of laughter. He turned around, met ten eyes dancing with merriment, and, laying down his pen, said, in a good-humored

tone, 'Well, girls, have a good hearty laugh and let off the steam. Come, now!' He waited a moment, but we only looked foolish, when, with a very funny expression on his face, he resumed his writing."

## CHAPTER IX.

## BENEVOLENCE.

FOR a man of his means, Dr. Woods gave largely to benevolent objects. It was a part of his religion, like that of the Jewish tithes. The secret of his ability to do this was in the economical habits in which he was trained, and which, from principle, he carried through life. Our diet was simple but abundant, and though seldom without guests, we welcomed them to such as we had. We dressed plainly; our house was furnished with comfort, but without luxury. Yet when there were real advantages in question, there was no stint. A letter before me recalls one method he used to encourage his children to make sacrifices for benevolent objects. "It was during a year of great financial pressure," says his daughter, "and the American Board were suffering from a lack of funds, that father presented the case to us. It was directly after family prayers, when we younger ones were present, he explained this to us, adding that it was his earnest desire to give a thousand dollars toward making up the deficiency, — a large sum for a man with a salary of fifteen hundred dollars, and ten children to educate. Father added, that he could not do this without the co-operation of his wife and children. Mother quickly

responded, and pledged her aid. Father then explained to us little ones that it would teach us self-denial and sacrifice, and he wanted us to take time to consider the subject. We were all eager to promise, but not for a day or two would he allow us to give him a final pledge."

## CHAPTER X.

## AS A PREACHER.

THE author of my father's funeral sermon has so aptly described him in the pulpit, that I shall quote his words :—

“Dr. Woods did not, as some still do, divorce religion from reason, faith from philosophy ; but he made theology the queen of the sciences, and employed philosophy and all other sciences to give point and force to the purely Gospel message. If his preaching, in the early part of his ministry, was not so rich and compact in thought as later, it was yet peculiarly fresh, suggestive, and sometimes startling. It did not let the hearers sleep in their pews, and often not on their pillows, till compunction had been followed by confession and amendment.

“His themes awakened new trains of thought, and his manner of treating them, logical, lucid, and illustrative, impressed them strongly upon his auditors. They reflected on his sermons ; they talked about them ; they debated among themselves the ‘hard sayings’ which they contained ; they searched the Scriptures to see whether these things were so ; and after this, the people and the preacher generally came into pretty close agreement.

“In his earnest pressing of man's great sin and God's greater

salvation, on the dead ear of the world and the dull life of the church, youthful fire often kindled his mild blue eye into a magnetic eloquence, and wrought his whole manly figure into a glow of simple but graceful action. This gave to his sermons, at times, the might of a living Gospel." \*

The style and scope of my father's sermons varied at different periods of his life. While a pastor, he was eminently practical. After his connection with the theological seminary, he was called to preach at ordinations, installations, and at the funerals of distinguished men. On such occasions he was wont to take high themes, and thus, in later years, he became more known as a doctrinal preacher. His sermon on "The Province of Reason in Matters of Religion," delivered in the course of the Murray Street lectures, New York, won for him great fame.

I had once the pleasure of an interview with a distinguished jurist, who gave me an account of an ordination sermon preached by my father, in 1811:—

"Mr. Richard Hall, one of the first graduates from the new seminary, had accepted a call from the church and society in New Ipswich, and had requested his theological professor to preach the ordination sermon. I was invited to be present, and went to the place in due season. There was great excitement at the thought

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\* Rev. E. A. Laurence, D. D.



of hearing the new professor, whose fame had reached that quiet spot. Expectation was on tiptoe; little else was talked of. When he entered the meeting-house and walked up to the pulpit, every eye was upon him. I remember how he looked as well as though it were yesterday, — how stately; tall and erect as a pine in its native forest; dignified, but unassuming. He stood a moment, looking around on the audience as they came crowding in, his handsome face beaming with animation. His dress, too, was remarked upon, so neat, so suitable, so exactly in harmony with the man. I can see him as though he now stood before me.”

“Do you recollect the subject of his sermon?” I inquired.

“No, I’ve been trying to think; it’s a good many years ago. But I do remember what attention he received. He made a great impression; every eye was filled. The raised expectations were fully realized.”

During the latter part of my father’s life he was in the habit of dividing his sermons into two parts, preaching one in the morning and the other in the afternoon. His delivery in his later years was more moderate than when he was a pastor. This arose partly from the fact of his lecturing for so many years to those who were taking notes, and from an amiable desire to aid them in every way in his power.

## CHAPTER XI.

## REVERENCE FOR THE SABBATH.

To my father the Sabbath was truly a holy day, — a day of rest from worldly cares, studies, and toil. The first thought that impresses my mind, when I look back upon my childhood, is the Sabbath *stillness*. I remember that we walked softly about the house ; that, with the exception of the morning hymn, —

“Welcome, sweet day of rest,”

we did not sing even sacred songs until after sundown. How often on this day did my father read the precious psalm of David, commencing, —

“How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts ! My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord.”

And truly he did love the courts of the Lord. Never, in my entire recollection of him, did he absent himself, unless by some providential detention ; and by his whole manner he proved to those about him that attending public worship was not a mere form. By his countenance, his voice, he showed that, with David, the language of his heart was, —

“Blessed are they that dwell in thy house ; they will be still praising thee.”

While in the house of God, my father's appearance was devout. There were times when the heat of the chapel, the length of the services, exhaustion, and fatigue might have made him drowsy ; it is true that many of the sermons by the young students had been revised and re-revised by his pen, and could not, therefore, have had to him the freshness of new discourses. but he resisted the inclination to sleep with all his might. He used to keep a pin stuck on the sleeve of his coat, and when Nature asserted herself too strongly, I have many a time seen him stick the pin into his finger till he drew blood.

In the singing he always joined with his heart and voice. We used to have rare music in those early days, when Schaufler made his flute yield such heavenly sounds ; or when Dana and Gregg and Webster and Cushman were members of the Lockhart Society ; but I recollect listening, above them all, for the sweet voice of my father, and the almost rhapsodous, if I may use such a word, chanting of Professor Stuart in the slip next to ours.

In our family devotions on Sunday afternoon, we usually read around in turn, each two verses, sometimes a whole book, like Ruth, or a connected history, like that of Joseph or of Daniel. On these occasions, father's prayers were unusually fervent and tender. It used to seem to me that because it was God's own day, my

father drew nearer to the throne, — that he enjoyed more intimate communion with God than on other days. Never were his confessions of sin more humble and abundant than now, when he seemed to feel their effects on his own heart, and on the human race; and when the plan of redemption by Christ appeared so infinitely precious and wonderful. I do not remember ever hearing him pray at the family altar without asking the blessing of God on his children; but on the Sabbath evening, his petitions for the forgiveness of our sins, his pleas that the Holy Spirit might lead us to accept the offers of mercy made us by Christ, were so earnest, so deep and tender, that they often made me quake with fear. “If I do not repent and begin to love Christ,” I used to say to myself, when, in an agony of remorse, I had retired to weep alone, “if I do not become a Christian, these prayers, instead of proving life unto life, will be death unto death to my immortal soul.”

Soon after breakfast (we first had family prayers) my father’s habit was to go into his study and remain there until the ringing of the second bell for service in the chapel. When he joined us, I have often noticed and wondered at a peculiar elevation of countenance which caused a feeling of awe to steal over me. I know now that he had been enjoying close communion with his Father in heaven; that he had been behind the veil and, with the eye of faith, had caught a glimpse of his sacrificed Saviour, now risen, glorious, sitting upon his throne on high.

When I was about six years old, I recollect that father and I were both too sick to go to church. We stayed alone, and father, calling me to him, said, —

“Bring your high chair close to me, and we will have a little meeting at home.” He read a chapter in the Bible, and then we sang a hymn to the tune of “Mear.” When we had finished it, I, after the first line, having carried the treble alone, he turned to me with a smile, saying, “You sing almost as well as your mother, my dear.” This was the highest praise he could have given me, and I have never forgotten it. After a prayer, he kissed me and told me I might go back to my book.

I have mentioned the grove of walnut-trees in the rear of our orchard. Here, in pleasant weather, my father used often on the Sabbath afternoon to pace back and forth, his hands clasped behind his back, while he meditated on high and holy themes. Occasionally, he used to invite one of us little ones to accompany him. When I was to go, I know not whether there was more of pleasure or pain in the interview. It was indeed delightful to follow him in the narrow path trodden down in the clover field, and see the grasshoppers jumping and skipping from leaf to leaf, and hear the robins warbling their evening song of praise to God. It was sweet, when we reached the wider path in the shelter of the grove, to take his hand and see his face lighted up with smiles, and hear his voice so loving and tender; but ah! there were emo-

tions also far from joyful. When he told me of the love of my Saviour, who had taken the form of man on purpose to sympathize with *my* griefs, who had suffered cold and hunger and every privation out of his tender love and pity for *me*, how he had hung on the cross, pierced with cruel nails, with the weight of *my* sins upon him, I was seized with such an agony of grief at my hard and impenitent heart that would not let me love him as I ought, that I could not be comforted. When he, with a father's love, urged me, like Bunyan, to throw my burden at the foot of the Cross, when he repeated the gracious words, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," I could only sob until my head and heart were alike ready to burst with grief. Still, I humbly hope that in the last great day, when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed, it will be seen that, in my case, my father's prayers and his faithful Sabbath admonitions were not wholly in vain.

## CHAPTER XII.

## A DAY OF SORROW.

FAR, far back in the past comes the memory of a day when the joy of our sweet home seemed suddenly extinguished, when a deep gloom shrouded the house and all its inmates. My father, whose vigorous frame had always seemed to defy the encroachments of disease, was seized with a dangerous, a mysterious malady. The doctors came, and went quietly up into the chamber. Not a sound could be heard outside the closed doors. We longed, yet feared, to know what dreadful events were occurring there. We yearned for one word of comfort from mother, but a glimpse into her blanched face made our hearts beat with increased alarm. In terror, in sorrow, in joy, we had always rushed to our father's arms. Our hearts almost stopped beating at the thought: our father may leave us; what can we do then?

The few hours that passed, seemed an age of sorrow. At length mother came softly into the room, where we had all assembled to weep together, and motioning to my brother, said with a smile, yet with quivering lip, "Your father is somewhat relieved of his terrible suffering. He wants you all to kneel, and

thank God for his goodness." She was gone before we had time to ask more.

From that day for several years, my father suffered from similar attacks, though I do not remember any that were as severe as this.

The doctor informed us that it was heart disease, and directed that his patient should abandon the use of coffee, which he did for many years; also, that he should avoid excitement of every kind, such as running or even walking fast.



## CHAPTER XIII.

## PUNCTUALITY.

ONE lesson which my father taught his children was to be punctual in the performance of every duty. This he enforced by his own example. In these days of making and breaking appointments, I am frequently reminded of my father's promptness in meeting his engagements. Whether it was the summons to dinner, or the chapel bell calling him to his lecture-room, or to service on the Sabbath, he was invariably in his seat *on time*

It was the custom in our house to have family prayers before breakfast. There was a first bell designed to awaken us, and we knew our father wished us all promptly to answer the second bell, and be in our seats when he commenced reading. He always on these occasions sat in a particular chair in one part of the room, and from this seat his eye could note the tardiness of any of us.

Occasionally, slumber rested too heavily on my eyelids, and the first bell was disregarded. When this was the case, oh how I dreaded to meet my father's sorrowful eye, fixed upon me as he paused for one moment in his reading! It always seemed to me to say, "Harriette, don't you love me? Don't you know I wish you to be punctual?"

I used to step very softly on such occasions, and after opening the door with the utmost care, slip into the first seat I could find.

During the thirty-eight years of my father's connection with the seminary, I have often been told that in two or three instances *only* he was behind time in meeting his class, and then it was in consequence of a providential detention. When the bell had stopped tolling, the students were sure to see him sitting in his arm-chair, ready to commence the duties of the hour. He was equally prompt in fulfilling all his appointments. If he had a meeting of the Prudential Committee of the American Board, or an engagement with any of the various benevolent societies with which he was connected, nothing short of a providential detention prevented his being on hand, and at exactly the right moment.

A clergyman, who is a member of the American Doctrinal Tract and Book Society, has given me the following incident: —

“It was during the early history of this society that an annual meeting was called at No. 9 Cornhill, up-stairs. Dr. Ide, of Medway, the vice-president, Sewell Harding, secretary, Dr. McClure, and other members had assembled. At this time a sharp controversy was going on in New England in regard to the origin of moral evil, and the Doctrinal Tract Society, and, of course, their president, were involved in the discussion.

“After some conversation among those present on the subject in question, a gentleman remarked, —

“ ‘It may be that on account of the excitement having reached its height, Dr. Woods will absent himself.’

“ ‘On that very account he will not fail us,’ eagerly remarked Dr. McClure.

“ Dr. Ide took out his watch, saying, ‘It wants two minutes to the hour. We may depend that Dr. Woods will be here.’ While he was speaking, the tall form of the president was seen advancing to his chair. His entrance, much to his surprise, was greeted with a shout of laughter.”

I have already said that it was my father’s habit, during the spring and fall vacations, to accompany his family on a journey. As long as his aged mother lived, he went at least once a year to Princeton, at the foot of the Wachusett Mountains, to visit her, taking with him my mother and some of the children. On such occasions he made definite plans weeks beforehand, and wrote his mother, his sisters, and other relatives at exactly what hour he should expect to be at their houses. They well knew that the weather had nothing to do with his plans. The only alternatives were the words in his letter, “God willing” If he had written, “At one o’clock I shall be with you to take dinner,” they were sure that, rain or sunshine, cold or heat, would not prevent him.

“I used to reach Princeton,” he said, “generally about four o’clock in the afternoon, and at that hour, on winding my way

slowly up the long hill, I have seen my aged mother standing at the door, her eyes shaded from the sun by her hand, waiting to welcome me. If the weather was unfavorable, and any member of the family ventured to hint that I might be delayed, her answer was always the same, spoken in her calm, decided tone, ‘ Leonard wrote me that he should be here.’ ”

## CHAPTER XIV.

## AS A HUSBAND.

No reminiscences of Dr. Woods, however brief, would be complete without touching on his character in his home relations ; but here my pen falters as I recall his love, his patience, his tenderness, his forgiveness. From files of letters lying before me I read words so full of tender sympathy, so sweet and loving, so discreet in counsel, so wise in administering reproof, that my eyes overflow. One thing was particularly noticeable in my father and mother : this was their perfect unanimity. I do not recollect a single instance in which their views did not coincide in respect to the welfare and comfort of their family. As children, we well knew that if one of them approved or disapproved of any particular course, the other was sure to do so.

While attending the anniversaries in New York in 1836, my beloved mother was seized with paralysis ; my father, whom pressing engagements had prevented, for the first time in many years, from being present, was instantly summoned. She was in great danger when he reached New York. Her state and his feelings he describes in a letter to my sister Sophia, kindly forwarded me for

insertion : " I hope you have received the two notes which I have sent you. Your mother is sensibly better than she was when I wrote last. She is truly happy, cheerful, and contented. She has rest of soul." Oh, the beauty and blessedness of the Christian spirit! I find that wherever I go, and whatever I behold, the thought of your dear mother is connected with it. When I walk in the steamboat, I think of times past when I have walked with her; whether in the house of God or in a private dwelling, I think continually of my dear wife, now so feeble and afflicted."

My father's affection for my dear mother was beautifully exemplified during the long sickness which followed this attack. For the period of ten years, during which she suffered from repeated shocks of paralysis, his attention to her never tired. By the most unwearied tenderness, by the most affectionate sympathy, and by the most devoted love, did he strive to soothe her pain and alleviate the restlessness which always accompanies a complaint like hers.

Often have I been excited almost to tears at the sight of her brightening face, as she listened for his well-known footsteps, or welcomed his approach. His first visit on entering the house was always to her, while his cheering smiles and words of affection beguiled many an hour of suffering.

On his return from his daily walk he frequently brought her a bunch of bright leaves, or a fragrant flower, which he presented her

with the grace and tenderness of a young and ardent lover, and which she could not be induced to part with until it had withered and decayed.

For several years during her sickness my mother was able to attend church, and as it was difficult for her to get into a carriage, she preferred walking. My father generally started with her fifteen or twenty minutes before service, and with the utmost care guided her steps to the very door of the pew, where he had prepared a comfortable seat for her by his side.

Afterwards, when needing the exercise, but unable to walk, my father made use of the low carriage he had once contrived for me. To this he had an arm-chair attached, and himself drew her about the home grounds, sometimes with help, to the grove of walnut and oak trees, beyond our fruit orchard.

In reference to my father's unwearied care at this time, Hon. B. W. Harris, one of the Massachusetts representatives to Congress, says :—

“It was certainly among the holiest lessons of my youth to see your father's tender solicitude of his sick wife. It was when I was a member of Phillips Academy, that I used to stand and look over the fence to see that venerable man, occupying such a prominent position at the head of the theological seminary, dragging with his own hands, about his grounds, the carriage in which he had seated his wife.”

In a letter from my father to me, dated Jan. 25, 1844, he refers to these rides : —

. . . “ Your mother is quite comfortable, and, cold as it is, I have just been taking her down to the grove, and given her what we call a sleigh-ride. I have made a good seat at the back part of my large sled, and put up a side ; then I put down a cushion, and spread, over all, my old thick wrapper ; and she sits, happy as a queen, and happier, too, and away she goes, honored, as you know the great ones of the earth sometimes are, who are drawn by human beings instead of beasts. She has had several rides since the snow was hard enough to bear up ; but I get somewhat out of breath, and should be glad of a stronger team to go up hill.”

My mother was born on the 29th of February, and, therefore, her real birthday only came once in four years ; on other occasions, we celebrated it on the 28th of the month. I find a letter from my father, dated Feb. 28, 1845 : —

MY DEAR WIFE,—I would render thanks to God that you are brought in so much comfort to another of your birthdays. Many have been your trials during the past year ; but your mercies are far more numerous, and far greater than your sufferings. This you delight to remember.

And now, dear wife, we have lived together forty-six years, and those have been happy years. I began to love you when you were



in the bloom of youth, and I love you none the less now that you are in feeble health and advanced in life. Nay, my love is deeper, and I believe purer, than it was in former years. And I doubt not it is so with your love to me. My heart is with you, and ever will be. Your joys are my joys, and your sorrows are my sorrows. Let our affections be on heavenly things; and let us labor and pray that we and all our children and all our grandchildren may be numbered with the followers of Jesus, and have a place in the paradise of God!

Your ever affectionate husband,

LEONARD WOODS.

In regard to my dear father's tenderness and care of my sick mother, I well remember a remark of our deceased friend, Mrs. Samuel Farrar, of Andover.

"I have often wondered," she said, "why God allowed so good a man as Dr. Woods to be so much afflicted in his family; but now I see that our Heavenly Father has a gracious design in it toward the young men connected with the institution. He thus gives them an example of the most unwearied conjugal love."

I must close this chapter, upon which I could write a volume, by a quotation from Dr. George W. Blagden's address at the fiftieth anniversary of the seminary. He says:—

"During all my acquaintance with Dr. Woods, as one who en-

joyed the privilege of occupying a room in his own dwelling-house, for the three years of my course in the seminary, the loveliness and faithfulness of his domestic character were continually developed, and excited my admiration and esteem. He was a most affectionate and faithful husband and father. I have seen him in times of domestic affliction and trial, and when I think of him as he appeared then, I am reminded of what my imagination pictures to me of Abraham himself, walking forth with Isaac, or buying of the sons of Heth a burial-place for his beloved Sarah. He had much of the dignity and the tenderness of the ancient patriarch."

During the latter part of the year 1845, the health of my beloved mother sensibly failed. She lost her appetite, and, indeed, could not swallow without great difficulty. We were informed, early in February, 1846, of her feeble condition and paid her a visit on the 14th, when she was cheerful as usual, but felt that her life was drawing to a close. She sent love to each of our children by name, with a message that grandmother loved them, and hoped they would be good boys.

On the morning of the 21st, we received a few hastily written lines from our afflicted father.

"Your mother has fallen sweetly asleep in Jesus."

In reference to this severe affliction, his own words best express his grief: —

“Oh, my poor stricken heart! I cannot bear up under my thoughts. Away I must go to the blessed world where the object of my love shines in perfect beauty, and glorifies God with a heavenly activity and fulness of joy.”

## CHAPTER XV.

## AS A FATHER.

THOUGH to every one of his children my father was gentle, forgiving, and full of love, yet toward no one of them did he have occasion for such patience, such tenderness, such unwearied devotion, as to myself.

Unlike many professional men, Dr. Woods never refused his children admittance to his study, even during his busiest hours. Seated in his large arm-chair, with the leaf attached, bordered by a compartment for the inkstand, sand-box, and wafers, his long goose-quill in his hand, he would turn a cheerful face to the slowly opening door, generally with the question, "What does my little girl want?"

How well I remember an occasion on which my father met my rash zeal with the tenderest forbearance! It was connected with his study-table. This was, from the beginning to the end of the year, covered with books and papers; to an unsophisticated child, as I was, presenting an appearance of the greatest disorder; to him, who could, almost in the dark, put his finger on any paper or book of reference, the very height of order.

One morning, when he was in Boston, I was seized with a strong

desire to *fix up* the study, and thus give my father a pleasant surprise. Without waiting to consult my mother, I at once proceeded to sweep and dust, without recollecting that I ought to cover the table with a large cloth kept for the purpose. At the end of an hour and a half, I had finished, and stood gazing about me, a glow of self-complacency flushing my cheek. The table, which usually stood in the centre of the apartment, I had with some difficulty pushed back against the wall. Every book on it had been returned to the shelves; but where were the papers? At first, I had thrown them on the floor, but suddenly recollecting that they might be of importance, I had gathered them up into a drawer in the closet, usually containing waste paper. For the first time in my life, I saw the table cleared from what I called "that old rubbish."

I cast one glance back, as I was going out, to announce my triumph to my mother. I confess I was startled. It looked so bare, so desolate,—as if somebody was dead. For the first time, doubts as to the propriety of my conduct obtruded themselves.

"Will father like it?" I asked myself, with a beating heart. I went up to mother's room, and said,—

"Will you please come down to the study, a moment?" I can tell by her actions, I thought, what he is likely to think of my morning's work.

"Why, Hatty! what *have* you done, child?" cried mother, lift-

ing up her hands. "Did n't you know that your father wishes his books and papers to be undisturbed?"

I began to cry, sobbing out the words, "I thought he'd like to see it look nice."

Mother soothed me, by saying she was sure I meant to do right; but I could see she was greatly troubled, and anxious about the result.

When father came home, instead of running to meet him, I locked myself into my chamber, crying as though my heart was broken; for my sisters and brother had spared no pains to set before me the enormity of my crime, each of them repeating over and over the exclamation, —

"Oh, what *will* father say!"

At length some one called me.

"Harriette, father wants you to come to the study, right away!"

A more abject, hopeless child than I was, I trust, never existed. Such a summons foreboded dreadful evil. I turned the handle to the study-door, quaking in every limb. What did I expect to see?

My dear, forgiving, patient father sat in his usual place, having pulled his chair out from the wall. I cast one glance into his grave but loving face, and, seeing no anger there, I ran and threw myself into his outstretched arms. For a minute or two he let me cry, and then I sobbed out. —

“I did n't mean to be naughty, father, I thought you'd like it. I thought you'd smile and say, 'Good girl'; I'm so sorry, father.”

“What do you think I sent for you to come to me for?” he asked, putting his hand under my chin and lifting my tear-stained face. “I want to thank you, dear, for doing what you thought would please me. Your mother says you worked very hard; she says you did n't understand why I keep my table covered with books and papers. Now, let me tell you, my dear, where you did wrong. You should have consulted your mother; she would have told you that it would not be a kindness to me, as you intended; that it would give me great and lasting trouble. I am afraid to think how many weeks, perhaps months, I shall have to labor to get my notes and references in order again. If you have destroyed the papers, which, I suppose, seemed useless to you, it will be a more serious loss than you can conceive of.”

“I have n't destroyed them, father, I saved every little mite of a scrap. I know where a good many of them were stuck in between the leaves of the books. May I help you put them back?”

He sighed, and I now saw he looked very anxious. “I'm afraid that will be impossible, my dear; I want you to learn a lesson from this.”

I pulled out the drawer and brought it to him. While he picked out his important references, which had, perhaps, taken him weeks

to prepare, I ran to the book-shelves and began hurriedly to take down one volume after another.

“ There, father, a blue paper, all written over, was stuck in here, just so.”

My voice was so eager, father could n't help smiling, though he said, seriously, —

“ When your mother first told me, I was afraid I should n't make up the loss of labor for months.”

Many and many a time, even since I commenced writing these reminiscences, with my table covered with memoranda and dates, with old letters filed and placed in piles according to the subjects, with old sermons and books of reference, have I thought of my father's study-table and wondered at, while I admired, his forbearance and ready forgiveness of my involuntary error. I am sure any theologian will sympathize with him.

One of the early recollections of my childhood, in connection with my father, is his taking my hand and introducing me to General Lafayette, then, in 1824, on a visit to this country. My father, as acting president of the theological seminary, had made arrangements at the Mansion House (a building erected on the hill, by Governor Phillips) for the reception of the di-tinguished guests. Theological students, members of Phillips Academy, and others were there to receive and welcome one who had been so true a friend in the time of our national struggle. I recollect that my



sisters and myself, with the children of the other professors, were arranged on one side of the room ; my youngest sister, Sophia, being placed in a prominent position, where she stood on a chair. I well remember how proud I was of my father, of his commanding height and graceful ease of manner, as he escorted General Lafayette into the room, and introduced him to the ladies and gentlemen inside the parlor. Among those on the general's staff was Major Josiah Quincy, of Boston, conspicuous by being in full military costume, with gold epaulettes and bright buttons. Lafayette, on the contrary, was arrayed in a plain blue coat and nankeen pantaloons.

When my father, in passing around the room, came to us, an incident occurred which made quite a laugh. My little sister, scarcely five years old, was much attracted by the magnificence of Major Quincy's appearance, and when Lafayette kindly took her hand, she snatched it away and put it behind her, exclaiming, "I don't want to shake hands with you, I want to shake hands with that man, there," pointing to Major Quincy. This frankness so much pleased Lafayette, that he bent down and kissed her.

In the winter following my fifteenth birthday, in consequence of a fall upon the ice, on my way to school, my health was seriously affected. After a few weeks, I was placed under the care of a most skilful physician in Boston, who ordered that I should be kept in bed until the inflammation of the spine was removed.

For more than a year I lay exhausted by suffering, and by the loss of blood from cupping and leeching. During all this time the devotion of my dear parents never flagged. My father's first visit on entering the house was to my bedside, his cheerful countenance lighting up my room. When able to hold a pen or pencil, I used to amuse myself by writing little notes to him, which no press of business prevented him from answering.

He went far and near to obtain little delicacies to tempt my appetite. He sang to me; he prayed with me. In his notes now before me, he repeatedly says, "You are seldom long absent from my mind." "I have thought of you almost all day." I insert here a letter, which he sent up to me from his study one day, when I had been suffering intensely: —

MY DEAR HARRIETTE, — But little time passes without turning my thoughts to you. God is showing you great kindness in giving you loving parents to watch over you, and especially such precious consolations of his Spirit. While under this visitation from the hand of God, I hope you will be striving after higher attainments in submission and meekness, and trust in God. Oh! you have reason forever to love your Heavenly Father with all your heart. And now you may honor him more, perhaps, than you ever have before. His design in this affliction is merciful and gracious, and the fruit of it will be precious indeed, if your heart looks to God

and seeks spiritual blessings. How happy, if our bodily disorders may promote our spiritual health! Labor, my dear child, after a constant sense of the presence of your blessed Saviour, and make known to him all your desires, and thank him for all your favors.

I trust you will have no feelings of impatience because you do not get well at once. Remember that word, "It is good for us not only to hope, but quietly to wait for the salvation of the Lord."

As ever, your affectionate father,

L. Woods.

At the end of a year, contrary to the expectations of my physicians, I became convalescent. My father's joy was expressed in his countenance, his step, his whole manner. "I find myself making plans," he said, "for your benefit. Do not be discouraged about your studies; you are young yet. When you are better, you shall have every advantage that I can give you."

At length my physician allowed me to begin to take exercise. My father contrived a low wagon (which I have kept to this day), upon which a narrow mattress could be placed, so that I could be drawn through the rooms in the second story, the arrangement of our large house being such that I could be taken from my own chamber round through the four square rooms to my apartment again. My father invariably assisted in removing me from my

bed to the carriage, and he himself drew me round and round as long as I could endure it. Before this he had purchased a piano for my use. I had been taking lessons in music previous to my illness, but he would not allow the instrument to be unlocked until I was able to be carried down stairs. In every possible way he endeavored to cheer and comfort me during my severe affliction, while in his letters he urged me to improve the time by a more entire consecration to God.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## ATTACHMENT TO HIS FRIENDS.

My father's attachment to his friends was ardent and unchangeable. His affection for John H. Church commenced in 1792 at Leicester Academy, and in after years grew stronger and stronger. Never shall I forget the delight of my father, manifested in every feature, when the old-fashioned "shay," containing the good man, drove up to the south door. Father and mother hastened to receive and welcome him, and show him to the seat of honor at our table.

Often as a child have I sat and gazed in that face, whose chief beauty was the expression of goodness stamped indelibly on the homely features, the forehead entirely concealed by the gray hair combed over it, and cut straight above the eyebrows. I have gazed, and wondered why my father loved this man so dearly, and,—shall I confess it?—while I gazed, I have become thankful that my father was a handsome man with beautiful white teeth, looking so attractive when he smiled, as he was smiling now.

"Brother Church" was my father's loving name for this dear Christian friend. When the holy man had folded his hands for the last time, and his bereaved brother had said words of respect

and affection over his inanimate body, he felt that one strong tie to earth had been sundered, — there was one more silver cord drawing him to the mansions above.

For his colleagues in the seminary my father always cherished an ardent attachment.\* Brother Stuart, Brother Porter, and Brother Emerson were household names more familiar to his daughters than those of earlier and later date : Professor Porter, whom my father often compared to the beloved disciple ; Stuart, who, in his zeal and impetuosity, resembled Peter ; and Emerson, who, like Nathaniel, was an Israelite without guile.

Of these three, I knew and loved Professor Stuart the best. I loved to listen to my father when he talked of him, and to notice how proud he was of his colleague's acquisitions and success ; how he delighted in his usefulness ; how pleased to quote from his published works, even though there were shades of difference in their opinions.

The eccentricities of Brother Stuart were a source of great amusement to my father. I recollect one day, when he returned from his usual walk to the village, that he came in with a broad smile on his face. It was a raw, chilly day, and his long surtout was buttoned up to the chin.

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\* Many letters, proving my father's devoted love to his friends, which I had copied into my book, have since been omitted, they having been introduced into his *History of the Theological Seminary*, lately issued.

“ I met Brother Stuart in the village,” he said, “ he looked pinched and blue with the east wind.

“ ‘ It’s too raw for you to be out without a thicker coat,’ I said to him.

“ Facing suddenly about he inquired sharply, ‘ Who made you Governor?’ and not waiting for any further conversation, he walked off at a rapid pace.”

There was a close friendship between them which lasted till death. On one occasion, when Professor Stuart thought my father submitted too meekly to a suggestion of a younger member of the faculty, long since deceased, he burst out, —

“ Brother Woods, why don’t you rebuke him?” Then, turning to the offender with ineffable scorn, he exclaimed, “ Who are you that dare to talk so to your betters? You are n’t fit to unloose the latchet of his shoes.”

There were others too, eminent Christian men, with whom my father delighted to take sweet counsel, — Spring, Morse, Worcester, Evarts, Wisner, Hewett, the two Danas, Nettleton, whose visits always gladdened my father’s heart, Cornelius, Tyler, and many others, — between whom and my father were ties of Christian confidence and affection, — ties, blessed be God, which even the King of Terrors has no power to break.

Then across the water there were hearts closely bound to his, Chalmers, John Pye Smith, Wardlaw, Burder, and many more, —

men of God with whom my father had frequent correspondence, whom having not seen he loved. With all this company and the great cloud of witnesses before the throne, how delightful will it be to recount the wonderful plan by which they, and others of the human race, were saved from the consequences of their own sins! Will not the name of the crucified, glorious Saviour sound sweet in the ears of these believers?

When Drs. Reed and Matheson came from England as a deputation to the churches in the United States, we were so privileged as to entertain them for some time at our house. For these gentlemen, particularly the first, my father formed a tender attachment. As one day after another passed, this love became so closely cemented that they began to realize how painful it would be to separate.

On the morning of the day when our visitors must leave, father invited Professor Stuart, and I think also Professor Emerson, to his study for a short season of communion in prayer before they parted, probably never more to meet until they met in the presence of their Saviour.

An hour later I was in the upper hall, just going to descend, when with the word, "Hush!" a hand was laid on my shoulder to detain me.

Never shall I forget the scene I then witnessed. The stage-coach was at the door, and the parting hour had come. My father



and Dr. Reed, of whom I have previously spoken, had just entered the lower hall from the study, when, with a sudden burst of emotion, they fell on each other's neck, kissed each other, and wept aloud. Professor Stuart and Dr. Matheson then followed, and a similar scene took place. Besides myself there were many other spectators, but I suspect not a dry eye among them.

The painfulness of the scene was a little relieved when Dr. Reed, on his way down the walk to the coach, said hurriedly, "I shall wish to visit Niagara, can't I take New Orleans on my way?"

"My dear friend," said my father, a smile breaking through his tears, "you have little idea of the size of our country. You had better get Dr. — to mark out your course for you. Farewell!"

From the published account of the tour of Drs. Reed and Matheson through the country, I extract the following paragraph:—

"Happily, I was near Andover when the storm came on, and on reaching the dwelling of Dr. Woods I at once found the kindest reception, and the opportunity of relieving myself of wet garments. My arrival was the more pleasant as I met with so many of my former friends, and among them the Lieutenant-Governor Armstrong and his wife, Dr. Codman, and others. . . . At the commencement exercises, Dr. Woods, who presided, looked to me to offer the concluding prayer and benediction. The people showed

that they could unite the spirit of true devotion with the avocations of the day. . . . The silence was affecting. It gave to our last acts great solemnity.

“ On returning to Dr. Woods’s we found ourselves in the bosom of a large and affectionate family circle. We closed our intercourse with an act of domestic worship, which was delightfully solemn, and then sought repose from the fatigues of the day. Though thus hasty, I know of no visit that has been more delightful. The Woods family is full of sweet, natural affection. Dr. Woods is greatly blessed in his children, and they in their father. On every side, indeed, there was an overflow of kindness, and the remembrance of Andover will be sweet and sunny to me ! ”

One incident connected with my father’s friendship and correspondence with Dr. Wardlaw, of Edinburgh, I must relate : —

When my father’s published works were ready for distribution, he sent one of the first sets to this valued friend. In due time he received an answer which gave him great pleasure. Dr. Wardlaw wrote that upon receiving the packet, he gazed upon the engraved likeness of my father, in the first volume, with considerable surprise. Suddenly, he started off with it to his wife and family. Covering the name, “ LEONARD WOODS,” at the bottom, he held the picture before them. “ Why, how good ! ” “ It is perfect ! ” “ When did you have it taken ? ” were questions eagerly and smilingly asked by one and another. It was afterwards frequently

remarked by mutual friends, that the likeness between Dr. Wardlaw and my father was very remarkable.

The ardor of my father's affections gave a coloring to his whole character. No one could witness his warmth of greeting, his kindling eye, and animated features on meeting a friend, without feeling convinced that his heart was in the right place.

In his letters to us I find continual reference to loved and esteemed friends : —

“ I have just had the gladness of heart to meet Dr. John Rice, from Virginia. He and his wife received me with open arms. I hope they will return with me and make us a visit.”

“ Saw and conversed with Brother Nettleton, truly a man of God. Had precious communion with him. He will spend some days with us next week.”

“ Had to-day the pleasure of dining with my esteemed friends, Drs. Miller and Alexander, from Princeton. I have invited them to go up to Andover, which they will probably do on Saturday. Their engagements forbid a long stay. The meetings of the Board are very interesting. Pray for us and for the missionaries.”

“ We have just had a precious privilege in the visit of Joseph John Gurney, an English Quaker, who has published an excellent treatise on the Sabbath. He came to our house accompanied by Mr. Boyce, a gentleman of his own denomination, from Lynn. It is delightful to think that we shall have the friendship and society

of many such men in heaven. It warmed and animated my heart to talk with this holy man."

My father's attachment to his friends is also exemplified in his intercourse with Samuel Abbott, Esq, one of the founders of the seminary, who endowed the professorship of Christian theology, and nominated my father to fill it. At the funeral of this worthy man, he said, —

"I owe it to the memory of my *patron* and *friend* to declare that I have considered it one of the most precious privileges of my life to enjoy his paternal affection, and to be near him in his feeble and languishing state."

Of Dr. Morse he thus speaks in his sermon at the installation of his successor: —

"You are to take the place of one with whom I have been intimately connected in the most important transactions of my life; who has been endeared to me by a thousand acts of friendship, and whom I would never cease to love and honor."

In his address to his pupils he sums up his counsels in these two maxims: —

"First of all, both in regard to your own personal welfare and to your usefulness in the service of Christ, I urge upon each one of you the *importance of making high attainments in holiness*; also the Christian duty of *loving one another with pure hearts fervently*. Be of the same mind. Be *perfectly joined together* in the same

judgment; and whether you live in the same neighborhood or country, or in distant parts of the world, strive by mutual sympathy, by brotherly correspondence, and by intercessory prayer to alleviate each other's sorrows, to encourage each other to persevering fidelity, and in all respects to promote each other's welfare. The Lord grant that you may know the happiness of being thus united in love.

“The remembrance of you, and my intercourse with you, will always be a source of pleasure to me. It is the desire of my heart and my prayer to God, that you may grow in grace, that you may see the prosperity of the church, and that the peace which Jesus gives may be yours in life and in death. And if you and I may at last have a place among the holy and happy in the kingdom of God, how sincerely shall we ascribe our salvation to the praise of the glory of his grace!

“Finally, brethren, farewell. ‘Be steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Spirit be with you all. Amen.’

“LEONARD WOODS.”

## CHAPTER XVII.

## HIS BIRTHDAY.

As my father's sixtieth birthday approached, his children resolved to celebrate it in an unusual manner. Two older sisters were closeted with mother, and came forth from their retirement with an air of mystery, very aggravating to us younger ones. They kept their secret two days, then, needing our help, they unfolded the project to our astonished ears.

All, however, was to be kept from father, which was hard indeed, as he was the usual repository of all our joys and sorrows. When he was gone to lecture, wagons of evergreen came up to the back entrance, and disappeared in a twinkling behind the parlor doors; a large clothes-horse, which folded together in three parts, was also confiscated for the grand occasion. Sarah and I were sent to the houses of the professors with notes of invitation to tea on the nineteenth day of June, 1834, which invitations, I may say here, were accepted on the spot.

In the mean time, from the kitchen the sound of egg-beating, steps hurrying to and fro, the odor of roasted coffee, and, on opening the great Rumford oven, also, of delicious cakes, tarts, and biscuit, gave evidence that we were on the eve of some unusual

event. Father passed through the halls, trying to conceal a smile, without a word of inquiry. We thought at the time that his abstraction of mind was most providential. I think now that mother had given him a private hint as to his conduct.

Certainly, every part of our plan prospered in a most wonderful manner, and the afternoon of the expected 19th at last arrived. It was also my sister Sarah's birthday. Either then or earlier she greatly amused father by saying, "You and I, papa, are just as old as each other, 'cause our birthdays are together."

Fortunately for us, father had a lecture at four o'clock, so that we had a fine opportunity to prepare the study for the first reception of the guests. To the mysterious room on the other side of the wide hall no one, not initiated, was to be admitted until after tea.

A little past five, my father returned from his lecture, accompanied by Professor Stuart, Dr. Thomas H. Skinner, and his other colleagues. Every seat at the long table was occupied. Not a word was said of any further celebration of the birthday, to which allusion was frequently made during the repast. When thanks for social and other blessings had been returned, two of my sisters went to father and asked him to go to the parlor. Mother, then taking the arm of one of her sons, invited all the guests to follow.

When the parlor door was thrown open, a novel and interesting scene awaited us. A beautiful arbor of evergreen, trimmed with roses, was in full view, within which were two chairs, to which seats of honor our parents were immediately led. Mother had made some objection to being placed in so prominent a position, but we soon overruled it by the plea, —

“You know, mother, that father won't enjoy it at all if he has not you by his side.”

The company being dispersed about the room, the children and grandchildren present formed a group by themselves. Presently, the children commenced singing the following words, composed for the occasion by my youngest brother, Daniel, then a student in the seminary: —

CHILDREN.

Upon this happy natal day  
Of early youth and threescore years,  
Joined here in heart by those away,  
We bring our thanks to Him who hears.

And next to Him our thanks are due  
To those who loved us first and best,  
Our parents here, before them view  
Their children *rise and call them blest.*



GRANDCHILDREN.

Four childish voices then sang the words arranged for them :—

May God, whom, you have told us,  
Beholds us from above,  
In a rich, constant shower  
Shed down his peace and love.

With sadness we would mention  
Those in the cold damp ground,  
A father, brother, sister,  
Alas! are nowhere found.

Perhaps their spirits o'er us  
Hover on angel's wing;  
The loved ones stoop and listen,  
And hear us pray and sing.

CHORUS BY ALL.

May heaven its choicest treasures  
Shed ever on your way!  
And may your sunset hours  
Be like the closing day!  
Melt in sweet peace away.

Reference is made in the preceding lines to my sister Sarah's birthday occurring annually at the same time as my father's; also to the decease of my brother Joseph, who died just as he was about

to enter on the work of the ministry, and to my nephew and niece, Leonard and Julia, infant children of my sister, Mary G. W. Smith.

When the singing had ceased, little Mary, then the youngest granddaughter, carried up to father a handsomely bound Bible, on the cover of which was printed in gilt letters these words: "Presented to the Rev. Leonard Woods, D. D., on his sixtieth birthday, by his affectionate children, June 19, 1834"; on the reverse: "His children rise up and call him blessed"; on the fly-leaf: "Our dear father is requested to accept, on his sixtieth birthday, this Holy Book, which has been the guide of his youth and the comfort of his middle age, with the fervent prayer of his affectionate children that it may be the light and staff of his declining years. Andover, June 19, 1834."

My father's lip quivered with emotion when he read these words. He leaned forward, and kissed the curly-headed child who stood before him, then passed the book to mother.

Children then pressed forward to give him his birthday kiss; after this an hour or two was passed by all present in the mutual exchange of kind sentiments and feelings.

A few minutes before nine o'clock the doxology was sung to the excellent tune of "Old Hundred," and the pleasant party was closed with prayer offered by one of the professors.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## AS A COUNSELLOR.

ON one occasion my father's strong sympathy in the cause of justice led him to act as a legal counsel for a widow, and plead her cause before a court of referees. These gentlemen were Hon. Linus Child, Gov. William Washburn, and Hon. Uriel Crocker.

Unknown to my father, the opposing party had employed a lawyer to present their cause. He expressed his surprise at this circumstance, on being requested by the court to open the case.

“I came here as a friend to Mrs. ——,” he said, “to make a plain statement of facts to these gentlemen, feeling sure we all wish to do exactly what is right. I had no idea a lawyer was to appear against me. I am little used to the shrewd practice of lawyers; however, I feel sure that Mr. ——, for whom I have a great esteem, has the same end in view, — a desire for justice.”

He then proceeded to a full and clear statement of the case, a minute report of which has been kindly forwarded me by one of the referees.

It was my privilege to be present during the three days of the session of the court, and never shall I forget the expression on my

father's face when, on being called as a witness, he was requested to hold up his right hand and take the customary oath.

Addressing the referees, he said, with considerable emotion, —

“ My taking the oath will make no difference in what I say. I am perfectly willing to do so if it is necessary ; but I thought we were all Christians ; and that it was a matter of course that we should tell the truth.”

His tall, commanding figure, the expression of perfect guilelessness on his open countenance, impressed all present. The lawyer, however, repeated his request, and raising his hand, my father took the oath with a solemnity I never saw equalled.

During the progress of the trial, one of the witnesses expressed surprise at some fact which came out, at which my father's eyes opened wide with astonishment. He knew nothing and cared nothing about the quibbles of law. He had taken his oath to tell the truth, and the whole truth, and nothing should prevent him from keeping his word. He arose at once and said earnestly to the witness, —

“ Why, Mr. —, don't you remember how you and I have often talked of it . . . and lamented it ; and how you said — ”

“ Out of order,” called the lawyer, motioning father to his seat.

At this moment the faces of the referees would have been a study for an artist. There was such an effort to maintain proper dignity, while their features were convulsed with mirth. It was

certainly unusual to appeal to the opposing party for corroboration of the most important facts in the case ; but my dear, frank father, never dreaming he had done anything out of the way, quietly proposed that the next witness be called.

Toward the close of the third day the lawyer opened the defence, and, to quote from the paper of the referees, “ built up a high structure, but Dr. Woods, in a very skilful manner, while closing the defence, pulled out the underpinning, and the building fell to pieces.”

The referees then requested to be by themselves. Father and the opposing counsel went out of the room together, when the lawyer with a laugh exclaimed, —

“ Dr. Woods, I'll never be in a case with you again, unless we are on the same side.”

My father and I had scarcely reached home, in a drenching rain, when he was sent for to return. He told me that the referees warmly complimented him on his maiden plea, and informed him that he had won the case.

They afterwards said that his perfectly fair, ingenuous, unsophisticated manner of dealing with witnesses and testimony would be ruinous to any legal opponent.

On another similar occasion, when my father was called upon as a witness, he gave his testimony in what seemed to the hearers such a frank, open, and unguarded manner that the judge, before

whom the case was being tried, went to him in private, and said,—

“ You tell too much, my friend. When you are cross-examined, the lawyers may be able to trip you up.”

“ I don't understand you, sir,” exclaimed my father, fixing his mild blue eyes full upon the speaker's face. “ Of course, the more they cross-examine me, the better I shall like it. I have bound myself, by a solemn oath, to tell the whole truth as far as I know it. If my memory fails me in regard to any fact, I can refer at once to my opponent, who certainly, whatever his shortcomings, is an honest, truthful man.”

“ But,” exclaimed the judge, laughing heartily, “ your opponent is not bound to corroborate your testimony, when it implicates himself.”

“ I can see no better way to get at the exact truth,” remarked my father, decidedly.

And this course he really pursued. Entirely unconscious that he was departing from the usual method, two or three times, during the trial, he appealed to the opposite party to correct him should his statements not exactly correspond with the facts. In vain the counsel on the other side shouted, “ Not allowable ! Inadmissible ! ” The harm had been done, and could not be taken back. But they all agreed that with his views of the solemnity attached to an oath, the less they had to do with him in court, the better.

## CHAPTER XIX.

## QUICK SYMPATHY.

My father was a man of keen, quick sympathies. Suffering and sorrow, in every form, found a ready response in his breast. The little griefs of his children were never too small or too trifling to receive his notice. How quickly they often disappeared, when he had poured them into his ear, and received his pitying caresses! The trials and afflictions of his pupils weighed upon him, and brought a cloud over his usually serene face.

In some cases, his quick sympathies led him to bestow aid upon those who were unworthy; but even when he found he had been imposed upon, he could not learn a lesson from the fact. There was a freshness and simplicity in his feelings, in this respect, truly wonderful. He was a very child in some things; his filling eye and trembling lip, when listening to a tale of suffering, oh, how well I can recall them! Ever after I knew my father, until within a few years of his decease, he never read fiction. When he was preparing his theological works, my mother, for the relaxation of his mind, used occasionally to read aloud a work of this character. At one time she read "Oliver Twist." The trials and struggles of the poor child made a deep impression on his mind. Poor

Oliver needed a friend. He longed to be that friend; to encourage him to be honest, and faithful to his own convictions of right.

One evening when there seemed great danger that the friendless boy would be led into sin, my father, to whom the scenes were all as real as those passing before his eye, actually carried the little orphan to the throne of grace, and pleaded, by God's promises to the fatherless, that he would befriend the desolate child, and keep him from all evil.

At the annual exhibition of Phillips Academy it used to be customary to have two or more dialogues; the speakers acting their parts as well as they were able. I remember being present on one occasion, when the exercises were of an uncommonly thrilling nature. My father, with some of his colleagues, occupied prominent seats on the platform opposite the stage, they being quite as conspicuous as the actors. A scene commenced, in which a father, for some political offence, was banished from his home and country, separated from his wife and only son, and confined in a dungeon, in some foreign land. Years passed; the son grew up without being aware, I think, of the existence of his father, when circumstances drove him also from home to the very country where that father lay a hopeless prisoner. At last, for some fancied crime, he too was thrown into prison. Parent and child met face to face, but, alas, as strangers! Companions in misery, the sound



of the young man's voice at last recalled loved scenes. The poor prisoner started wildly to his feet, his arms thrown over his head.

I was not the only one whose attention was divided between the well-acted play and the evident restraint my father was placing on his feelings. He had entered into the sorrows of the poor father with his whole soul. His foot moved up and down in his own peculiar manner. His lip quivered. When the two rushed into each other's arms, the excitement was more than he could endure. With a sob, which he could not repress, he rose hastily and left the room, followed by the gaze of sundry among the trustees who had been watching his emotion with an amused smile.

Hon. B. W. Harris, member of Congress, informed me that he once sat in the chapel, in Andover, where he could watch my father during one of Gough's famous lectures. He said that father's interest and emotion during the relation of Gough's stories were so intense and childlike, it was worth more to watch him than to listen to the lecturer.

Shortly after the burning of the Charlestown nunnery, my father was one evening sitting in his study, when the door was suddenly thrown open, and a young girl arrayed in the garb of a nun, shrouded from head to feet, rushed to his side, and threw herself on her knees before him.

"Save me, oh, kind sir! save me!" she cried. "I have

escaped from the convent. My pursuers are close after me. Save me! Save me!"

My father, throwing down his pen, rose suddenly, every feature blanched, and only saying, "My poor child, I will befriend you. Come with me to my wife"; led her out to the sitting-room.

Crouching upon the floor, with her face hidden in her hands, the nun remained, while father hurriedly requested my mother to conceal the poor wanderer in her chamber, and attend to her personal comfort.

I shall never forget the sympathizing tenderness in my father's pale face; the anxious care that she should be in safety before the threatened pursuers came in view; nor the indignation which quickly succeeded these emotions when he found the appeal had been false, his sympathies had been imposed upon.

From the first moment of the nun's entrance into the sitting-room. I thought, notwithstanding her disguise, there was something strangely familiar in her appearance, and while she covered her face, took the liberty to draw aside the veil. As I half suspected, the *ci-devant* runaway was my most intimate companion, Elizabeth Stuart.

## CHAPTER XX.

## FRANKNESS AND FAITHFULNESS.

My father was the frankest man I ever knew. This quality he especially admired in others; and he took great pains to cultivate it in his children.

He often sat silent when some subject was discussed until his opinion was asked, when he gave it frankly, though invariably with the kindness and courtesy which were a part of himself.

Especially was this frankness evident in his method of dealing with his pupils. They were invited to the study and were called upon to take a very sweet pill; but they were not dismissed until their sins were set in such order before them that they could see them without a microscope. One student, Henry Lyman, the martyr missionary, told me that his pill was so covered with preserve that at first he could n't taste the bitter; but when the bitter came, it was *so* bitter he quite forgot the sweet. "After all," he said, "I can't help loving Dr. Woods, for it is so evident that he tells me my faults for my good; and then he puts them to you in such a way you can't help acknowledging they are faults."

When I was a child, there was seldom a week that my father did not have letters making inquiries concerning candidates for the

ministry, and requesting that he would recommend some one suitable for the parish under consideration.

The following incidents, illustrating my father's frankness and faithfulness, I quote from the *Congregationalist*: —

“ On one occasion, a church had been blessed for years with a good, faithful preacher who did not hesitate to declare all the counsel of God; but the man was unfortunately small, and had a feeble voice. His people at length resolved to get rid of him. One of the committee, therefore, wrote father, asking to have a young man sent from the senior class. ‘ We want,’ said the gentleman, ‘ a tall man with a good voice.’ The return mail carried the following answer: —

“ ‘ DEAR SIR, — I have spoken to Mr. —, who will preach for you next Sunday. He exactly answers to your list of qualifications, being six feet two inches in height, and with a powerful voice.

“ ‘ LEONARD WOODS.’

“ Mr. — suited the people to a T. He was called and ordained a few weeks after he graduated. But a short time passed, however, before the more serious part of the congregation began to feel that they were being starved. They longed for the spiritual food so abundantly dealt out by their former pastor. The dissatisfaction spread rapidly, a meeting was called, and a committee, consist-

ing of the two deacons, was sent to Andover to consult with my father.

“ ‘The man you sent us is not giving satisfaction,’ Deacon A commenced.

“ ‘Is not he tall enough?’ inquired my father.

“ ‘Yes — yes — sir, that is to say —’ hesitating.

“ ‘Perhaps his voice is not as good as you expected; or,’ he added kindly, seeing the discomfiture of his guests, ‘it may be that the Lord has dealt with you as he did with the children of Israel. He gave them their request, but sent leanness into their souls.’

“ ‘That is just our case, doctor,’ answered Deacon B, with great emotion. ‘We have sinned in this matter. We ought never to have dismissed our old pastor. We begin to hanker for strong meat.’ My father then took occasion to state frankly his views in relation to the subject, telling the deacons he had expected exactly such a result. He advised them, however, to take occasion to talk with their minister, and especially to pray for him, that he might give his heart to the work of saving souls.”

“At another time a young clergyman went from Andover to a parish where it was intimated to him that the church would like to give him a call, but that they first proposed to write to Dr. Woods for advice in the premises. Feeling very confident of the friend-

ship of his professor, Mr. X suffered no anxiety in regard to the result. But a few weeks later, he presented himself at the door of the doctor's study, in a state of great excitement.

“‘I called,’ he explained, his voice trembling with anger, ‘to ask the reason of your letter to the committee at W——.’ Then, without stopping to receive an answer, he went on with unseemly agitation:—

“‘Doctor, I thought you were my friend. If I had not read your letter, I would not have believed that you would have treated a pupil so unhandsomely. I must say, doctor, I think your— I think that letter was abusive. Of course it has had the effect that you intended, and prevented my getting a call to W——.’

“‘What did I say?’ inquired my father, mildly.

“‘You said there were reasons why it would not be best that I should be settled there.’

“‘Nothing else?’

“‘Yes; you said that I was of a nervous, excitable temperament.’

“‘Is not that the truth? If I had doubted it before, I should not after this interview.’

“Mr. X was very angry. He caught his hat, and was about to leave, when my father's voice detained him.

“‘Sit down, my son; I have something more to say. Try to feel toward me, as I am sure you always have felt, that I am your friend, anxious for your best good.’

“ ‘These are the circumstances of the case. About a week ago the mail brought me letters from two parishes, each in regard to a candidate for settlement. One was from W——; it was Mr. A’s letter concerning you. The other was from the large and flourishing church in M——, requesting me to send a man whom I considered suitable for them. The parish in W——, though wealthy, is a difficult one. They are in the habit of having trouble with their minister. On many accounts,’ he added, with a smile, ‘I considered it a bad place for one of your excitable nerves. After serious consideration and prayer, I have this morning answered the letter from M.’

“ He took his unsealed epistle from the table as he spoke and read it aloud.

“ ‘DEAR SIR, — I know a man whose talents and acquirements, and, above all, whose ardent piety, eminently fit him for usefulness in the church of Christ. His name is —— X. I cordially recommend him to your people. May God bless you and him, is the prayer of,

“ ‘Yours truly,

“ ‘LEONARD WOODS.’

“ Mr. X sprang from his seat, caught my father’s hand, wrung it ardently, and rushed from the room without a word.

“The same evening a fellow-student came to the door with a note. It was from Mr. X, and read as follows:—

“‘BELOVED TEACHER,—I am overwhelmed with shame and confusion on account of my conduct this morning. Since I left your study, the hours have been passed in self-examination, and in a depth of humiliation such as I have never known before. Dr. Woods, I have deceived myself. I am unfit to preach Christ. My heart is too full of sin. I see now that my anger toward you arose from a consciousness that you spoke truth. I cannot sleep until I confess to the best and kindest of teachers, that I indulged toward him the most undutiful sentiments. But no doubt my conduct made you aware of that. I need not ask you not to forward the letter to M——. What you saw of me would convince you I am unfit for such a trust. But at any rate, I would not have it sent. The last hour has revealed to me so much of self, and so loathsome is the sight, that nothing but the thought of God’s abounding grace in Christ Jesus keeps me from despair.’

“Nevertheless, after another interview with Mr. X, the letter was sent, and on the strength of it, the young clergyman received a call to M——, where he labored earnestly and successfully for his Master, for more than twelve years. During all this time, he cherished towards his former professor an affection as warm and



tender as that of a child. Even during his last sickness he referred to the circumstances I have written, and said in regard to the kindness of Dr. Woods during that never-to-be-forgotten interview, and on subsequent occasions, 'He was so tender, so loving, and so faithful, that I took courage and began to preach, begging God to help me.'

"At one time, many years ago, Rev. Mr. W came to Andover to ask my father's advice concerning his parish.

"My people are dead,' he explained. 'Our social meetings are almost deserted; I am often tempted to omit them altogether.'

'As my father did not reply, Mr. W went on, —

"I received a call from a few of my parishioners last week. They complain that they find it more difficult than ever to raise my salary. It is done by subscription, and not by a tax on the pews.'

'Did they state why they found this difficulty?'

"No, sir. Indeed, I did not encourage them to free conversation. I had made up my mind to come to you, and I wished your advice first.'

"Were the persons who visited you the most devout of your people, or otherwise?'

"They were the most reliable men I have. Always on hand at all meetings appointed by the church; and though I differ from them in politics, I must do them the justice to say they are exemplary men.'

“ Ah! May I inquire what subjects you have been preaching upon of late?’

“ Well, sir, I may as well confess that I have been pretty thoroughly into what are called the reforms of the day. I have preached on temperance and abolition.’

“ How many men or women have you in your church and parish who are in the habit of drinking to intoxication?’

“ None, sir; none that I know of.’

“ How many who sustain the relation of slaveholders?’

“ With heightened color, Mr. W answered, decidedly, —

“ Not one.’

“ Then, my young friend, I advise you to go home and preach Christ and him crucified. Seek your closet and ask your Heavenly Father to give you the wisdom necessary to lead these souls to their Saviour. You are under solemn vows. Seek by a new consecration to warm your own heart. Paul indeed preached temperance, but he also preached righteousness and judgment to come.’

“ Mr. W returned home, and took counsel with his own heart. What he found there, I do not know; but he afterwards wrote his professor, thanking him most heartily for his advice, and closing with the words, —

“ I never enjoyed a Sabbath as I did the last one; and by the appearance of my people, I think they enjoyed it, too.’”

## CHAPTER XXI.

## HIS TEMPERANCE.

LONG before the birth of temperance societies, my father became convinced that the use of alcoholic liquor as a beverage, so common in the early part of this century, was injurious to health and morals. He eagerly welcomed the primary movement calling attention to this subject, and was one of the first who enrolled his name as a member of the temperance society.

I well remember, when I was quite a little child, hearing him talk with a brother clergyman, whose views were opposed to his own. This gentleman, whom I will call Mr. A, stoutly urged that it was a command of the Scriptures to "use a little wine for his stomach's sake and his often infirmities," ending with the assertion, "At any rate, doctor, I could n't write sermons nor preach them without the excitement produced by a glass of good wine or brandy."

"If that is the case, brother, I'm afraid for you, — I'm terribly afraid," returned my father, with his usual frankness. "That is a kind of slavery I would never consent to. I hope you'll make it a subject of earnest consideration, whether it would not be better for you to give up such artificial stimulants altogether."

Mr. A was angry. This was a subject on which his feelings were tender.

“Every one must judge for himself,” he replied, sharply. “No one has ever seen me the worse for liquor.”

“There you are mistaken, brother.” My father’s voice was as gentle as though dealing with a beloved son. “I am sorry to remind you, that at our last clerical association you drank so many glasses of wine and brandy at dinner, that you would have fallen from your chair had not I assisted you to bed. I felt so much for you, that I went privately to Mr. B, at whose house we met, and begged him not to set wine before you, seeing it was a temptation you could not resist. I resolved, then and there, that I would never be guilty of helping my brethren in the ministry to make drivelling fools of themselves.”

A short time after this conversation, a country clergyman, travelling from one town to another, put up with his horse at my father’s, it being at that time the custom to use a brother minister’s house as a hotel, except in one particular, — the payment of the bill.

My mother being ill in bed, my father attended to the entertainment of his guest.

“I wish to start away as soon as it is light,” said the traveller, “and shall want a hot breakfast before I go.”

This was in May; and at five o’clock a cup of steaming coffee, with bread and cold meat, was on the table for the guest, he

having been awakened by my father, as requested, half an hour earlier. The visitor came to the breakfast-room, glanced at the table, seemed very uneasy, and finally exclaimed, —

“ I must have a glass of brandy and water to give me an appetite. I should n't be worth anything without it.”

“ I cannot gratify you,” was my father's reply.

“ Cannot! Why not, I beg to know?”

“ Brother B,” said my father, putting one hand on the visitor's shoulder, “ do you know that you are in danger of becoming a drunkard? It is already a subject of remark that your frequent drams befog your intellect, that your sermons are without power. I say this to you in all kindness. You can give up intoxicating drink now; in a year or two, it may be too late.”

And it was. Mr. B died of apoplexy a few months after this frank warning.

It was the observation of facts like these which led my father to refuse wine or other liquors when attending a funeral, and on any public occasion.

When General Jackson occupied the Presidential chair, he, with his cabinet, made a tour through New England, visiting Andover Seminary, among other places of interest. I remember well that my sisters and myself, with Professor Stuart's daughters, were dressed in white with garlands of flowers over one shoulder, and that we stood in the gallery of the chapel to receive the President.

It was a great occasion ; the honor of seeing and shaking hands with a real, live President was almost beyond belief. I confess to a feeling of disappointment on finding that he was but a man, and that he seemed to me not half as handsome or dignified as my father. A great dinner was prepared at the Mansion House for the distinguished guests, on which occasion General Jackson, being an invalid, took dinner in his room, where he was waited upon in state by Mira Squawcombush, the only descendant of Ham the quiet town of Andover then afforded.

My father, therefore, took his seat at the head of the table, with Vice-President Van Buren, instead of President Jackson, at his right hand. Some of the guests called for wine, others for brandy, which was brought on in decanters and set by their plates.

At length, Van Buren, turning to my father, asked, —

“ Will you take a glass with me, Dr. Woods? ”

A smile ran around the table at this question, for the temperance society had lately been formed, and the name of Leonard Woods was one of the first on the list. But my father, in no degree disturbed, bowed, saying, with a smile, “ If you will allow me to choose my liquor. ” Then, while every one suspended his dinner to look on, he took the wineglass Van Buren pushed toward him, filled it from a pitcher of water which stood near, touched his neighbor’s glass, and with his own peculiar smile gave as a sentiment, —

“ Andover, the cradle of the temperance society ! ”

There was a perfect shout of laughter at the graceful act, and even Van Buren expressed his admiration of the consistency displayed by it.

When my father was more than seventy years old, he visited his native town of Princeton. A part of the journey was performed in an old-fashioned stage-coach, the vehicle, of all others, most favorable for conversation. Among the passengers was an old man, whose ruddy features shone with a glow that was not all health. For an hour or more there was a good-natured discussion between my father and the old man in regard to the advantages and disadvantages of alcoholic drinks. My father affirmed that, according to his long experience and observation, man (an intemperate woman being, fortunately, unheard of in those days) was far more vigorous in mind, more healthful in body, without the use of these stimulants.

His opponent maintained a contrary opinion, citing his own case to prove that the moderate use of rum, gin, and brandy was beneficial. At last the carriage approached the town, and the tired horses crept slowly up the long, steep hills, which form a part of the mountain range.

“Come,” urged my father, “I am six months older than you, let us test this question of bodily vigor. I am a cold-water man; you drink your grog daily. We are near the top of a long hill; let us get out and race.”

Rather reluctantly the old man assented, being urged to comply by the other inmates of the coach.

“Now,” said my father, laughing gayly, “let us start fair. The one who runs down this hill and up the next, wins.”

Off they started, side by side, the passengers shouting their encouragement. But, alas, for the owner of the red nose! The bottom of the hill had not been reached before he began to puff and blow; then, finding his companion was far ahead, he stopped short, succumbing to an inglorious defeat.

When, at the top of the next hill, my father paused for the stage-coach to come up, the passengers shouted, merrily,—

“Hurrah! Three cheers for the cold-water man! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!”\*

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\* Printed in the *Congregationalist*.



## CHAPTER XXII.

## MISCELLANEOUS INCIDENTS.

SOME writer has well said, "A good anecdote is the better part of a biography," elucidating and illuminating it. This is particularly true in the narrative of my father. He had a vein of mirthfulness in his character which rendered him a very genial companion. He well enjoyed a good joke. I can see him now, with his eyes shut, making no noise, but fairly shaking with merriment.

From Rev. Dr. John Todd, I received the following incident, which occurred many years ago:—

"I recall the first time, I ever saw your father. It was at Mr. Evarts's (oh, how much warmer friends were then, than it is fashionable to be now). He was telling the story of a young lady who came to him for advice. It seems that a theologian was smitten with her charms, was very attentive, and, I think, engaged to her. 'When he got away off up into Vermont,' said Mr. Woods (he was not doctor, then), 'the cold climate seemed to affect him, and *he* became cold also. He wrote her a letter *so* cold that it grieved the poor girl. So she wrote back a warm, complaining epistle, almost entreating him.

“ “Oh, child, I would not send that letter; nor would I put myself so much into his hands as that. It is not best for a lady to do so.”

“ “Yes; but oh, Mr. Woods!” and tears fell fast and hot, “what *can* I do? I don’t believe I shall ever have a husband as long as I live!”

“ ‘Well, Mr. Woods,’ I inquired, when I found that his story had suddenly ended, ‘what could you say to her?’

“ ‘Oh!’ he answered, with an arch smile, ‘I gave her great credit for her candor.’”

From Dr. Alva Woods, of Providence, R. I., I quote the following:—

“His mind was habitually cheerful and hopeful, and mirthfulness was a marked feature. I recollect one instance of this trait which I have, I think, seen in print.

“With a smiling countenance and twinkling eyes, he said to me, one day, ‘I was dining with a company of gentlemen, in Cambridge, after the Commencement exercises. A young Unitarian minister, who sat next me, alluding to our new seminary, said, ‘I understand, Dr. Woods, that you have a machine in Andover, into which they put pumpkins and grind out ministers.’”

“ “Yes, sir,” I replied. “Would you like to try it?””

From a clergyman in Washington. D. C., I have received the following incident, which bears so evidently the stamp of truth that I transcribe it:—

In the earlier years of the seminary, evening prayer in the chapel was followed directly by supper in commons. At this service the professors usually officiated in turn. On one occasion, three young students waited upon my father, and stated that they came as a committee from the whole. After a little hesitation, one of them said,—

“We have called, Dr. Woods, to ask a favor of you; but first, we wish to say that we have no fault to find with Professor Stuart or, indeed, with any of our professors. We enjoy his services at prayer exceedingly, but sometimes, of late, he has been rather long in his prayers, and we have been late to supper, and thus late in other engagements. We are aware of the close intimacy between you and Professor Stuart; and, as it would be a delicate matter for us to speak of, we have come to request you to give him a hint, in such a manner as you may think proper.”

“Professor Stuart is extremely gifted in prayer,” was the reply; “it is a privilege to hear him pray, but,” with a smile of peculiar significance, “I will accede to your request, gentlemen.”

With many thanks, the committee took their leave, and proceeded to the house of Professor Stuart, where they made the

same prefatory remark, and the same request of him in regard to my father's prayers.

"Yes, yes; I know," answered Professor Stuart, with a laugh.

"Well, I'll speak to him."

A few days later, father directed his steps toward Brother Stuart's domicile, where he found the gentleman vigorously plying his saw in his wood-house; this being his favorite exercise.

"I have had a call from some of the students," father began, "in reference to evening prayers in the chapel. They say that they enjoy your services greatly; but, sometimes, they are rather long. They felt a delicacy in making any complaint to you, and requested me to do it for them."

"Do they say that of me?" asked the professor, laughing.

"Well, the committee came to me with the same request in regard to you. They think yours too long!"

With a hearty laugh over the occurrence, the professors separated.

I am sure my father must have enjoyed the joke.

One more incident, which illustrates my father's quick discernment of character and motives has been related by his successor in office.

Miss B, a lady intimate in the family of Dr. Woods, and in the habit of going frequently to his house, made an early call

there, one morning, and found him in his study, his face covered with lather, and a razor in his hand. Her errand seemed to be urgent; for, begging that she might not interrupt him, she hurriedly took a seat, and said, with some embarrassment, —

“I have come to you for advice. I want to know what you think of Mr. C, of the senior class.”

“I think well of him.”

“But, Dr. Woods, this is a very solemn subject to me, — very solemn, indeed. Do you think Mr. C would be one — would be a suitable person for me? Would he make me a good husband?”

Suspending the operation of shaving, the professor fixed his eyes keenly on her face, as he quietly inquired, before answering her question, —

“Are you engaged to marry him?”

“Yes, sir; I am.”

With a smile, he resumed his shaving. After this avowal, there was no need for him to give any views on the subject.

During the spring and fall vacations in the seminary, my father was in the habit of going long journeys in his own carryall, taking his wife and as many children as he could pack into the carriage. At one time, he stopped for dinner at a country tavern. In the common parlor, to which the travellers were shown, a woman sat making a coat. My father addressed her kindly, and soon in-

quired concerning the different churches in the place, ending with the question, —

“ To which church do you belong ? ”

“ I joined the Orthodox Congregationalists, sir, but I left them, a year ago, for the Methodists. ”

“ Why did you make the change ? ” inquired my father, perceiving the woman had more to tell.

With a peculiar expression in her bright gray eyes, she answered, —

“ The Orthodox were not willing I should take up my cross. ”

“ What do you mean ? ”

“ I felt it to be my duty, sir, to speak in meetin', — to take up my cross, you know, sir ; and they objected. ”

“ My good friend, ” said father, in his kindest tone, “ would it not be well for you to inquire whether it would not be more of a cross for you to keep still ? That may be *your* cross. ”

It was a habit of many of the students to come to my father for advice in regard to subjects of personal interest. I perfectly well recollect, when I was a little child, sitting on a stool, behind the old-fashioned, open Franklin stove, hearing my father tell a story to his Brother Church, as he always called that eminent man of God. It was an account of a student who had paid particular attention to a lady, until he succeeded in calling forth some affec-

tion on her part. "Now," said my father, "the poor fellow is in trouble. He came to me, to-day, with a request that I would allow him to walk with me when I take my exercise. He has engaged to marry the lady, and now cannot tell whether he loves her enough. He seems conscientious, and wants me to direct him as to his duty. I inquired whether the lady was aware of the change in his feelings. She is, and is willing to leave the whole decision in her suitor's hands. He went on very volubly describing the state of his heart, when I stopped him, —

“‘My dear young friend,’ I said, ‘love is a tender plant. If you are continually pulling it up, and analyzing it to see whether it has taken deep root, don’t you see you are in danger of destroying it? If Miss — is of such a character as you describe, I think you may safely leave your happiness in her hands. Beyond this I cannot advise you, except to say that I have always considered it very mean and unchristian for a gentleman to win the affections of a lady, and then leave her.’”

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## SICKNESS AND DEATH.

DURING the last years of my dear father's life, those who saw him most, observed in him such constant growth in grace, such an earnest endeavor to obey the inspired precept, and to "add to faith, virtue; and to virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, charity," that they felt his divine Master was fast fitting him for his heavenly home.

"In the latter of these graces," says one who knew him well, "he was certainly far beyond any Christian I ever met."

Indeed, I once heard the remark made concerning him by a good minister, that he carried these traits so far as to be a weakness.

When he heard any unkind remarks which one Christian brother made of another, they gave him great pain. He often said, "It makes my heart sore. I want to live in an atmosphere of love."

Some time after my mother's decease, my father, being left entirely alone by the marriage of his daughters, married Mrs. Lucia J. Ives, widow of the late Dr. Ansel G. Ives, of New York.



At the time of her marriage to my father, she had seven sons living, two of whom accompanied her to Andover.

The relation proved in every respect happy. Toward her children he manifested the affection of a tender father, an affection they fully reciprocated, while she took to her heart all who were dear to him.

During his distressing illness, her devotion to him never wearied. Her sons left their business to minister to his comfort. It was among the expressed causes of his gratitude to God that he had, aside from his own, such sons to be with him in his hour of trial.

It was an inexpressible comfort to my dear father that, between his children and the children of his second wife, there was such a marked affection.

In these last days he talked and wrote much of his wish that his children should continue to love each other.

In a farewell address to them, left by him to be read to them after his decease, he earnestly expressed this yearning of his heart. In closing he wrote : —

“ It is also my desire and prayer that my children and the children of my dear wife may ever cultivate, as they have done, the kindest affections toward each other.

“ The Lord grant that this our family circle may all be united in love to Christ and love to one another, and through the abundant grace of God may at last be united in the everlasting employ-

ments and joys of that happy world, where there is no sin, nor sorrow, nor death.

“And it is my desire and prayer that all my grandchildren and all my future descendants may love the Holy Scriptures, and be followers of Jesus ; that they may be adorned with the beauties of divine grace, and that they may be lovely and useful in life, and happy forever.

“The Lord, in infinite mercy, grant that I and all my descendants may thus be saved from sin, and at last inherit the kingdom of heaven, and all to the glory of divine grace.”

My father's delight in the Scriptures, which had been his study for fourscore years, increased with each revolving season.

During the latter period of his life, when he and my present mother constituted all of the family at home, it was his habit at morning and evening prayers to read chapter after chapter in the Bible. Often she, fearing it would fatigue him, asked, —

“Shall we stop now?”

He replied, “One more chapter”; and then, “One more.”

The simple word of God, without comment or remark, was indeed meat and drink to him.

My lamented father spent the Fourth of July, 1854, with us at our seaside home, where we had a happy, though unexpected meeting of many dear brothers from a distance. For a long time I had not seen father so vigorous and his spirits so cheerful as

during this never-to-be-forgotten visit. He had now just passed his eightieth birthday. He could read in fine print without glasses. His hearing was as acute as ever. His teeth perfect in number and beauty. His nerves unshaken and firm. He accompanied my mother and myself down to the beach, and even waded barefoot into the surf while we plunged into old ocean's arms. On our return he sat smilingly watching me as I was arranging on paper some flowers of the sea, repeating two or three times, as he gazed on the delicately colored mosses, "Wonderful! wonderful!"

On the 5th, he returned to Andover. The heat of the day was intense, and he was greatly exhausted. After a day or two, being recruited, he went out to take his usual exercise in the garden, when, it is supposed, his fatal illness commenced. Upon returning to the house, he was so much distressed that he took medicine, from which he found temporary relief.

The result of the post-mortem examination proved that the violent exercise he then took caused the lower part of his heart to expand, and rendered the valves useless, so that the blood rushed through it in a tumult. The upper part appeared to have been diseased for years.

For several days he was comfortable, though distressed at times for breath, especially at night and upon lying down. Yet he walked out daily, accompanied by my mother, and went as usual to church on Sunday, though I think but a part of the day.

He soon, however, grew rapidly worse, and when I went to Andover on the second day of August, I found him in such agony as I can hardly endure to think of. From this time until the day of his death, with one or two exceptions of an hour, he was unable to lie down. For a few days he used ether freely, which seemed to abate his distress, but which made him "dreamy," as he expressed it. It rendered him also so drowsy, that he dropped to sleep the moment he was relieved, resting his poor, wearied head on our hands as we stood before him. But we were obliged to awaken him, having received orders to do so from his physicians.

After some days the ether ceased to soothe him, and it required no small degree of fortitude to witness his sufferings. Indeed, there were few who could be calm enough to watch over him and minister to his wants, as we were assured by his physicians that any agitation in those around him might cause his instant death.

During all these days and nights of weariness and agony, he never uttered a word of complaint. Twice I heard him pray, "Lord, give me patience and submission to the end." When partially relieved, as he sometimes was for an hour or more, he attended to letters of business connected with the different benevolent societies with which he had long been associated, dictating replies of advice or encouragement. He literally died with the harness on, being interested to the last in the great enterprises of the day, and also in the minutest events connected with the family.

He made all the arrangements for his funeral, and gave directions about his private business as if he were going on a journey. I held the paper while he wrote a few lines to his son-in-law, who was to preach his funeral sermon, expressing his wish that all extravagant eulogy should be avoided. In connection with this wish, he had prepared a simple epitaph to be inscribed on his tombstone, and which was left among the directions in his will.

On the Sunday before his death, his sufferings, for want of breath, were very acute, and he was also afflicted with a severe pain in his eyes. Sometimes he pressed his hands upon them as if he could scarcely endure the distress; yet he bore it without a murmur. I had been applying a poultice to see if that would afford him relief, when he said, softly, —

“Harriette, I don’t like to have you spend your Sabbath in the care of me; it takes too much time from your religious duties.”

Just at night, we drew him from the front room into his own chamber and toward the window, where he could see the gorgeous sunset; and there, at his request, I sang to him a few verses from his favorite hymns, —

“Jesus, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly”;

and,

“Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,  
But there’s a nobler rest above.”

With his eyes most of the time closed, he thus listened to the last song he ever heard until the sound of the anthem of the blessed broke upon his ear.

When asked, on Wednesday night, Aug. 23, what special request should be made for him in prayer, he replied, "None but the prayer of the publican expresses my wants."

The next morning he fainted and was laid upon the bed, where, for the first time during his sickness, he remained through the day. After this he was somewhat relieved in his breathing, though the water was still oozing from every pore of his poor, swollen limbs.

"You are almost home," said one of those who stood by his bed.

"Blessed home!" he softly murmured.

When asked by another, whether in view of death and eternity there was any change in his views, he responded, feebly, —

"No change." But presently, looking up with a smile, he added, "Yes, there is a change; those truths appear to me *more* truthful, *more* precious, *more* weighty than ever."

At half past seven he suddenly revived, said he felt thirsty and would like some coffee. This beverage, which he had not taken once during his illness, was speedily brought to him.

"It is good!" he said, sipping from the cup held to his lips.

This reviving was, however, only like the flash of a flickering candle before the light expires. At half past eight, when his sight had gone, he asked, feebly, —

“*Are you all here?*” and with scarcely a struggle, calmly resigned his soul to God.

It was my peculiar privilege to be with my father and to hold him by the hand in the hour of his conflict and his victory. My step-mother, my husband, and four step-sons were also kneeling around his bed when he thus fell sweetly asleep in Jesus.

In closing my imperfect account of my beloved father's life, I cannot do better than to quote the words of one of his pupils, Rev. George W. Blagden, D. D., delivered at the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the seminary:—

“I conceive that amid the many whom we have all known and loved on earth, and whom we hope to see and greet among the redeemed there, who shall meet around the throne, the glorified form of him of whom I have spoken so unworthily shall be beheld by all of us, near unto the throne; and as he bows in his humility, as all unworthy of the blessings bestowed upon him by grace, Jesus the Master shall say, graciously but emphatically, unto him, ‘Thou shalt walk with me in white, for thou art worthy.’”

## CHAPTER XXIV.

## FUNERAL AND NOTICES.

DURING my father's severe illness, bulletins were issued daily, both by the religious and secular press, as to the progress of his disease. After his decease, the afflictive event was noticed in all the principal papers of the country. I shall copy a few of these notices from the abundant material before me, to show in what estimation he was held by all denominations.

[*From the Boston Evening Transcript, Aug. 25, 1854.*]

## "DEATH OF THE VENERABLE DR. WOODS.

"The Rev. Leonard Woods, D. D., Emeritus Professor of Christian Theology in the Andover Theological Seminary, died at his residence, last evening at half past eight o'clock. From the advanced age and high official position of the deceased, he was probably more widely known throughout the Union than any other American clergyman. The students who have been prepared for the Christian ministry during the thirty-eight years that Dr. Woods has been connected with the seminary are now scattered in all quarters of the habitable globe. The young, the middle-aged, and



even the 'fathers' now in the ministry have received instruction from his lips, and will ever cherish his memory. Dr. Woods was born in Princeton, Mass., June 19, 1774. He was graduated at Harvard College in 1796, in the class with the late Hon. John Pickering and Judge Peter O. Thacher and other eminent men. After a settlement of ten years in Newbury, Mass., he was installed Professor of Theology at Andover, at which place he has since resided. In his last days, and through a painful illness, he was surrounded by troops of friends, and by his beloved children.

“A correspondent from Andover writes: ‘He has been a great sufferer during his sickness, but his pains were borne with Christian resignation. The same Gospel which he has preached and taught during a long life was his solace and support in the time of his extremity.’”

*[From the New York Journal of Commerce.]*

“We are pained to announce the decease of that venerable Christian patriot, Rev. Leonard Woods, D. D., of Andover, Mass., who for a long period filled a prominent professorship in the Theological Seminary at that place with eminent ability and usefulness. He died Aug. 24, 1854, of an affection of the heart, to which he had been more or less subject for many years, at the age of fourscore. He completed his eightieth year in the month

of June last. Few men have passed off the stage leaving a higher reputation for every virtue and every good work which adorn the Christian character and life. His cheerful benignity in old age, when most men are peevish, made him an agreeable companion even to the young and the gay.

“Dr. Woods united in his personal character great wisdom and piety with the most childlike and humble simplicity of manners. His heart overflowed with charity, and the words of encouragement and acts of love which he bestowed unsparingly upon others were ever accompanied by tears of tenderness which won the heart, and were the means of saving many souls. There were solemn themes to which he never could refer without emotion, and sacred names which would cause his countenance to brighten, his heart to swell, and streams of eloquence to pass from his lips.” . . .

*[From the Annual Report of the Massachusetts Home Missionary Society.]*

“Dr. Leonard Woods was one of the illustrious THIRTY-NINE founders of this society. He put his name to the constitution fifty-six years ago this evening, and it is not known that he was ever absent from an annual meeting till God took him from us on the 24th of last August. It is certain that he presided at every public anniversary since his appointment to that office in 1822. Long has he come to our annual gatherings as the only representa-

tive of those honored pioneers in the home-missionary work. . . . Yet in our bereavement are we solaced with the thought that the influence of such men does not cease when they 'rest from their labors.'"

*[From the Annual Report of the Massachusetts Colonization Society.]*

"Our thoughts are solemnly drawn to the loss of one of our oldest friends, the Rev. Leonard Woods, D. D. He was one of those who on their own responsibility called the meeting at which this society was formed. He was its oldest vice-president, and for ten years had also been president of the parent society. But his interest in our cause was of much older date. He deeply sympathized in those inquiries, consultations, and prayers of his pupils, which, combining with other influences, led to the formation of the parent society. He never, even for a time, deserted the cause he so early loved, and in his will classed it with the cause of missions, of ministerial education, and other favorite objects, by bequeathing to each a legacy, as a token of his continued regard. Is it certain that his active participation in our labors has ceased with his mortal life? Or may we believe that the privilege of promoting, by higher and holier methods than we can comprehend, the good works which he loved while on earth is now a part of his exceeding great reward?"

[*From the Report of the Southern Aid Society, by Rev. Dr. Stiles.*]

“ We cannot close this report without reflecting that during the year death has summoned to their reward two of the most cherished officers of this society. The first is the Rev. Leonard Woods, D. D., of Andover, a vice-president of this institution. A sounder theologian, a simpler Christian, a purer philanthropist he scarcely left behind him. The Southern Aid Society lay near the heart of this great and good man. He loved the South, her bond and her free, and he longed to persuade the North to cherish a spirit of Christian kindness toward our Southern brethren. Many, many years ago, he himself projected such a society as this. He hailed the formation of our body, therefore, with great interest and delight. The views of his judgment and the beatings of his heart concerning our enterprise, as recorded in our documents, his own considerate but prayerful donation, especially his hearty wish that he were able to add hundreds and thousands of dollars to our funds, we shall ever cherish as a precious legacy. Those holy feelings, those prayerful donations, man may soon forget, God never will !”

## CHAPTER XXV.

## LIST OF PUBLICATIONS.

“*ENVY wishes, then believes,*” oration delivered at Commencement in Harvard University, Cambridge, 1796; two sermons on “*Profane Swearing,*” delivered on the day of the annual Fast, 1799; “*A Contrast between the Effects of Religion and the Effects of Atheism,*” oration delivered at Commencement of Harvard University, 1799; A discourse on “*Sacred Music,*” delivered before the Essex Musical Association, 1804; “*A Discourse at the Funeral of Mrs. Thankful Church,*” 1806; “*Artillery Election Sermon,*” 1808; “*A Sermon at the Ordination of Messrs. Newell, Judson, Hale, and Rice,*” as missionaries to the East, 1812; “*A Sermon on the Death of Samuel Abbott, Esq.,*” 1812; “*A Sermon before the Massachusetts Missionary Society,*” 1812; “*A Sermon at the Ordination of John W. Ellingwood,*” 1812; “*A Sermon in Remembrance of Mrs. Harriet Newell,*” to which were afterwards added memoirs of her life, 1814; “*A Sermon at the Ordination of Rev. Joel Hawes,*” 1818; “*A Sermon at the Funeral of the Rev. Samuel Spring, D. D.,*” 1819; “*A Sermon at the Installation of the Rev. Warren Fay,*” 1820; “*Letters to Unitarians,*” 1820; “*A Reply*

to Dr. Ware's Letters to Trinitarians and Calvinists," 1821 ; "A Sermon at the Ordination of B. B. Wisner," 1821 ; "A Sermon occasioned by the Death of the Rev. Samuel Worcester, D. D.," 1821 ; "A Sermon at the Ordination of the Rev. Alva Woods," 1821 ; "A Sermon at the Ordination of Thomas M. Smith," 1822 ; "Remarks on Dr. Ware's Answer," 1822 ; "Course of Study in Christian Theology in the Theological Seminary," Andover, 1822 ; "A Sermon before the Convention of Congregational Ministers in Massachusetts," 1823 ; "A Lecture on Quotations," 1824 ; "A Sermon at the Ordination of Benjamin Woodbury," 1824 ; "A Sermon on the Nature and Influence of Faith," 1826 ; "A Sermon occasioned by the Death of Moses Brown, Esq.," 1827 ; "Lectures on Infant Baptism," 1828 ; "Lectures on the Inspiration of the Scriptures," 1829 ; "Fatal Hindrance to Prayer" ; "A Sermon in the National Preacher," 1830 ; "The Province of Reason in Matters of Religion," a sermon preached in Murray Street, New York, 1830 ; "Letters to the Rev. Nathaniel W. Taylor, D. D.," 1830 ; "A Sermon at the Installation of the Rev. Nathaniel Hewett, D. D.," 1830 ; "A Sermon at the Installation of the Rev. T. M. Smith," 1831 ; "A Sermon on the Death of Jeremiah Evarts, Esq.," 1831 ; "A Sermon before the American Board of Foreign Missions," 1831 ; "A Sermon at the Ordination of Leonard Woods, Jr.," 1833 ; "A Sermon at the Funeral of the Rev. Ebenezer Porter, D. D.," 1834 ; "A Sermon on the Death of Lyman Monson and

Others," 1835; "Prize Essay on Native Depravity," 1835; "A Sermon at the Ordination of Daniel Bates Woods," 1839; "A Sermon at the Funeral of Dr. John H. Church, D. D.," 1840; "An Examination of the Doctrine of Perfection, as held by the Rev. Asa Mahan and Others," 1841; "Reply to Mr. Mahan on the Doctrine of Perfection," 1841; "Lectures on Church Government, containing Objections to the Episcopal Scheme," 1843; "Lectures on Swedenborgianism," 1846; "A Sermon at the Funeral of Mrs. Phebe Farrar," 1848; "Theology of the Puritans," 1851.

Besides the above, Dr. Woods wrote several tracts for the Doctrinal Tract Society, and was a liberal contributor to some of the most prominent religious periodicals of his day. Several of these articles may be reckoned among the ablest and most elaborate of all his productions. Many of these, together with a considerable number of sermons preached in the chapel of the Theological Seminary, at Andover, and never before published, are included in his works referred to below. He wrote, also, the sketches of Dr. Backus, of Somers, Conn., and of Dr. Church, of Pelham, N. H., for Sprague's "Annals of Trinitarian Congregationalists."

In 1846 he retired from his professorship, and from that time was engaged for several years in preparing for the press his theological lectures and a portion of his miscellaneous writings. These were published in five volumes, octavo, in 1849 and 1850, and have gained a wide circulation and great popularity. During the

last four years of his life, he was occupied in writing the History of the Theological Seminary, with which he had been so long connected. It was left in an unfinished state, to be completed by his son. — *Sprague's Annals of Trinitarian Congregationalists.*





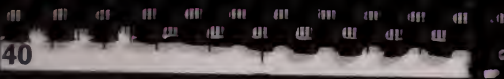




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