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ALFRED SMITH BARNES

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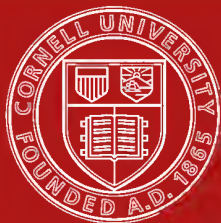
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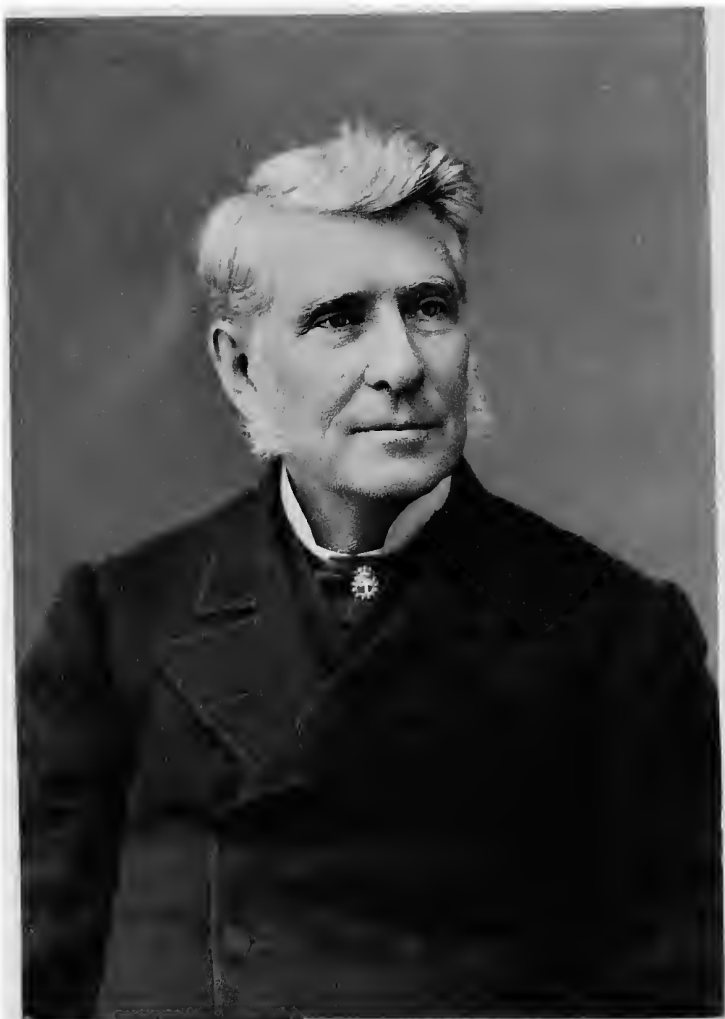
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*A. Barnes*

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IN MEMORY  
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—OF—

ALFRED SMITH BARNES.

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BORN, JANUARY 28TH, 1817.  
DIED, FEBRUARY 17TH, 1888.

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*"His delight is in the law of the Lord; and in His law doth he meditate day and night. \* \* \* His leaf also shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper."*

*"Truly the memory of the just is blessed."*



FOR PRIVATE DISTRIBUTION.

1889.

E.V.

CB

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TO THE  
BELOVED DAUGHTER,

WHO GLADDENED HIM ALL HER LIFE, WHO, WITH HEROIC FORTITUDE  
AND UNDYING LOVE, MINISTERED TO HIM IN HIS LAST ILLNESS,

AND,

TWO MONTHS LATER, FOLLOWED HIM INTO

*The Beyond,*

THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED IN

LOVING MEMORY.



# BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

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## I.

THERE have been lives, which from the date of birth to the full round of "three score years and ten," have gathered little of true value to themselves, and imparted little to others, whose biography is but a barren record. Their existence was apparently grounded on the assumption of a right to live, and for what they could personally gain for themselves. On the other hand, there have been lives, some longer and some shorter, that have been crowded with good deeds and the development of great character, and what is more fitting than to preserve some of the incidents of such for those who follow? It is with this thought that the life of Alfred Smith Barnes is here presented, although in brief and imperfect form.

The subject of our sketch was born in New Haven, Conn., January 28th, 1817. His parents

were not affluent people, but were of that good old New England stock which has become respected in all climes for its sturdy and progressive characteristics. His father, Eli Barnes, of Southington, Conn., was a farmer and latterly proprietor of an inn, (to which he gave the name of the Lafayette Hotel, and had a swinging portrait of that distinguished Frenchman on its front), and founded the village known as Barnesville, now a part of New Haven, and called Fair Haven. His mother was a Morris, of Morris Cove, near New Haven, and was a descendant of Thomas Morris, an Englishman who came to this country in 1638. She was a woman of rare qualities of mind and heart, and her life and teachings were the controlling influence in the formation of her son's character. She had taught him by example and precept the only *truly* successful life to lead was that laid out by his Master, and to the day of his death, he tried to conform to that ideal. He obtained guidance and inspiration from the Word of God always—not in any sentimental, spasmodic way, but practically, as he would read the daily papers, and with the same uniform regularity. Indeed, his



faith in, and allegiance to a higher power, became the energy of his life.

The following tribute Mr. Barnes paid to his mother's memory a few years before his death, in some recollections he had prepared :

“She was self-denying for the good of others. Her consecration to God was thorough and complete, and she desired only to live for His glory and the good of her fellow creatures. Her children were the apple of her eye—there was no sacrifice, even to the giving of her life, she was not ready to bestow for their best good. Her happiness was living near to Christ so that earthly trials were nothing to her, except to sanctify her and fit her for the atmosphere of Heaven, where her spirit is now bathing in the effulgence of her Saviour's countenance, and in the company of her sainted companions with whom she walked while in this veil of tears. Oh, that I might live and die like her. Blessed be her memory !”

The incidents of his boyhood were not unlike those of most boys, somewhat inclined to misfortune and venturesome acts. On one occasion, at the age of seven, he desired to join his father who had started off on a fishing trip, and an attempt was made by a man passing, to drop him into the boat from a bridge fifteen feet above the water, but at the moment of dropping him, the boat was whirled about

by the current, and he was received into deep water, where he struggled for some time in great peril, before he was rescued. At another time, soon after the aquatic experience, he and his younger sister locked themselves in a second-story room, and he attempted the feat of hanging himself out of the window and drawing himself in, but in which he was unsuccessful and hung there, screaming at the top of his voice. His sister was too young to render any assistance, and could not unlock the door to give the alarm; but after a while a colored servant heard the cry and came under the window, holding out her apron to break his fall in case he fell. By this time the household became aroused, and one of the boarders in his father's inn, burst open the door and came to the rescue, just as he was ready to drop, and brought him in a terribly frightened boy. At still another time, during his school days at Wethersfield, he, with another boy, went off to gather birch. While engaged in cutting the birch from a log, the axe held by his companion, in coming down, struck his finger, cutting it nearly off; it seemed as though he

must lose the member, but fortunately it was promptly splintered and thereby saved.

At the age of nine, he attended a Lancastrian school at Wethersfield, Conn., boarding in the home of a maiden lady, where he first became infected with home sickness, and upon the death of his father, in 1827, he went home and did not return. His later reflections on his experience while under this lady's care, were to the effect, that on the whole it was profitable to him, as he learned to work quite early in life, which, perhaps, he might not have done had he lived at home, as he regarded his parents quite inclined to be indulgent to him.

At twelve years of age, the lad was placed under the care of his uncle, Deacon Norman Smith, living near Hartford. Here he worked upon the farm during the summer, and during the winter, attended school under the instruction of Prof. Jesse Olney. His own account of this early experience will be interesting :

“ In the summer, it was driving cows to pasture, watering and feeding the horses and pigs, churning butter and running errands. Notwithstanding these menial duties, I was recognized as one of the family, and my pride kept me up by the assurance that ‘ I was as good as any one else if I behaved as

well.' I always had one good suit of clothes, although sometimes second-hand, yet I made every effort to look respectable, and succeeded pretty well ; notwithstanding my pants were a little short, and the sleeves of my coat a little long, and a pretty loose fit all round—the community seemed to smile rather than frown upon me. At school if I had improved my opportunities better, I might have been more of a scholar than I am. My life's motto, however, was 'Excelsior.'"

Other incidents in his own words at this time should be preserved :

"A black man, whose name was Prince, did the heavy work on the farm. He was a great singer and often would I, on a summer evening, go into the woodshed and sit down on the bench with him and sing out of one of the oblong music books by the hour. It was from this comical old Prince that I got my first rudiments in sacred music. At a later period I became a member of a music class under the leadership of Eli Ives and soon joined the choir of the North Church in Hartford. One of my companions in the choir was Lucius Chapin, now Rev. A. L. Chapin, President of Beloit College. His cousin, Harriet E. Burr, was a member of the choir at the same time, although I did not then know her."\*

"In 1830, my uncle opened a shoe store and installed me as his clerk. My duties were to sweep out the store, make the fires and do errands. In the cold winter mornings, I would rise before six o'clock, make up the fire in the house and then take a pail of live coals and carry them a quarter of a mile to the shoe store and kindle the fire there. This was before lucifer and friction matches were known, and the 'flint, steel and tinder-box,' was the usual method of lighting. I

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\* He always found the liveliest enjoyment in singing church hymns, and whenever any portion of his family, in later years, were gathered about him in his home, he was very likely to suggest "Come now, let us have a song," and one of the number would preside at the organ, and a delightful season of singing followed.

confess my pride would hardly allow me to become fond of the shoe business, which disappointed my uncle, who evidently wanted me to learn the business and perhaps become his successor. After being clerk for my uncle for about a year, I became restless and made known to Henry Z. Pratt my state of mind and that I would like to get into a bookstore. Although my uncle succeeded in keeping me with him for a time longer, in which I lost an opportunity of entering D. F. Robinson's bookstore through the kindness of Mr. Pratt, I finally convinced my uncle of my dissatisfaction, and while on the lookout for another place, word came to me from Mr. Pratt that a second opportunity was open to me in Mr. Robinson's store. My heart leaped with joy, and I resolved to cast my lot in a business that was my beau ideal. I was so happy I could not sleep, and when my uncle's consent was obtained, and my dear mother interposed no objections, I called upon Mr. Pratt, who introduced me to Mr. D. F. Robinson, a tall, fine-looking gentleman who had a kind talk with me, and proposed a few questions, and gave me his general views in regard to the business and the importance of serving my employer's interests in every respect, giving careful attention to minute details, and applying myself faithfully to every duty."

"The peculiar circumstances of my situation, without father and no means, early brought me to feel that success depended upon my own exertions, and that I must carve my own way by faithful industry and firm integrity, as my character was my only capital and stock in trade. This principle was instilled in me by my parents, and as I grew older I adopted it as my polar star, under the guidance of Him who directs our steps and controls our destiny. The way seemed open for me, and a voice said 'Walk ye in it.'"

On entering the book store of D. F. Robinson, his duties were those of the youngest clerk; he

was to receive wages of \$30 a year, and his board. He made his home with Mrs. Robinson, who soon showed him almost the love and solicitude of a mother, and the affectionate acquaintance then formed, he retained and valued throughout his life. Mr. Barnes' own narrative of his business beginning will here be interesting :

“I would open and sweep out the store before breakfast and remain until the next older came to relieve me. My next duty would be to go to the Post Office and get the mail, and then get my breakfast—sometimes cold and sometimes hot—and after family prayers, back again to the store, lay out orders, pack books, mark the packages and send them to the stage offices ; generally I carried the packages, either on my back or in a wheelbarrow. We had no porters ; the boys did that kind of work. There were no railroads in those days, but steamboats to New York and Springfield were the water travel from Hartford, and stage coaches by land. I remember the first thing I did in this bookstore was to unravel twine which came in packages, and wind it into balls for future use. The rule was *to be busy*. In writing, I copied letters and invoices into a copy or letter book, (the copying press was not then known.) Steel pens had not been introduced, and an immense amount of time was daily devoted to making and mending quill pens.”

In 1835, the firm of D. F. Robinson & Co. moved to New York, where he completed his clerkship. In the year 1838, Prof. Charles Davies, the mathematician, called upon him with letter from

Hiram F. Sumner, of Hartford, and this introduction led to an arrangement for the publication of his mathematical books. Mr. Barnes was to be the nominal publisher at \$600 per year and to attend to the introduction of the books among the schools, and Prof. Davies was to be the literary and office partner. They located in the city of Hartford, in a store 12 x 20 ft., and then and there was founded the house of A. S. Barnes & Co. Soon thereafter they agreed on equal terms as partners, Prof. Davies reserving a copyright. Mr. Barnes at once started out to canvass the country for Professor Davies' books, travelling by boat or stage, as railroads had not then been much developed, and, for a time, driving an humble establishment of his own, which he had taken in settlement of a note for \$250, but which soon gave out, however, and he disposed of the outfit for \$100. He visited the scattered schools, and the small stores of his own and adjacent States, and became quite versatile in advocating the Davies' Arithmetics, which were then in their infancy, but since have been studied by millions of school children.

His efforts from the start were successful, always making a favorable impression by his frank and winning manner, and unmistakable sense of honor; and the custom then derived, continued with him for many years thereafter. In 1840, the little concern moved to Philadelphia and took quarters in a modest store in Minor street, but remained there only four years, when it was finally removed to New York, occupying the building on the corner of John and Dutch Streets. The business steadily increased, and with an enlarged list of publications, soon required the two adjacent buildings on John Street, in addition. In 1867, Mr. Barnes purchased the large and commodious building on the corner of William and John Streets, to which the business was again transferred, and where it has since been carried on, using the former buildings in part, for the printing office and bindery. These latter soon became inadequate, however, and necessitated the building of the factory, now occupied by the firm in Brooklyn, erected by Mr. Barnes, in the year 1880, on the site of the old First Baptist Church, and now adjoins the extension of the East River Bridge.



In 1848, Prof. Davies retired from business connection with Mr. Barnes, and Mr. Edmund Dwight became partner the same year. In 1849, Mr. Dwight retired, and Mr. Barnes took into partnership his brother-in-law, Henry L. Burr, who continued with him until his death in 1865. Mr. Burr was a man of signal business ability and of most genial temperament, and his loss seemed almost irreparable. Mr. S. A. Rollo, a clerk, was admitted in 1850, and some data in connection with that person and time will not be uninteresting.

“From 1850 to 1860, the business in school books was conducted on the even exchange plan to a large extent, and the idea of making money seemed a second consideration. It was virtually war to the knife, the rage being to take out one another's books, the question of merit entirely set aside. Of course this was demoralizing, and brought little money to the publishers and disaster to many, but the panic of '57 brought about sober second thought, and tended to the adoption of more conservative methods for the future. In 1860, the partnership with Mr. Rollo was dissolved, and he started a new house, somewhat in competition with our own, on Park Row. He manifested the hallucination that when he left the concern the business would languish and he would build up on its ruins. He formed an intimacy with Mr. S—the publisher of Worcester's 'Dictionary, and became the agent for that work, and when he got into his new store, he fired off a hundred guns in the City Hall Park. His store was fitted up after the manner of a ship with bow projecting

almost to the side walk. His clerks wore tarpaulins and he was addressed as Captain Rollo. His theory was that a demonstration of this sort would bring his house into favorable notice. But how mistaken he was! His business declined and failure followed, and he died in 1863."

Following Mr. Burr's decease in 1865, Mr. Barnes' eldest son Alfred became associated with him, and also his brother, Mr. John C. Barnes. In 1867, Mr. Barnes admitted his cousin, Mr. Henry W. Curtiss. Mr. J. C. Barnes retired in 1873, and Mr. Curtiss in 1881. Following soon after Mr. Curtiss' admission, Mr. Barnes took into the firm his son Henry, and later on, his nephew Charles J. Barnes, who now represents the house in the West, having offices in Chicago, where an important and growing part of the business is carried on. His son Edwin, who conducts the manufacturing department, was admitted in 1879; and in 1883 and 1884 respectively, his two youngest sons, Richard and William, the former superintending the jobbing and stationery department, and the latter the general correspondence, were admitted. By his death, his five sons and nephew are left to carry on the business, but in point of fact his

retirement took place several years prior thereto, he having latterly taken no active part in the business management, but retaining a large monied interest and giving his wise counsel when occasion required.

Mr. Barnes had seldom experienced serious embarrassment in his business, although in the financial crises of 1857 and 1861, he found it necessary to take precautions, and avail himself of the proffers of kindly-disposed friends, and thereby managed to weather the gales and come into smooth seas again. In recalling this period, the following narrative from his pen will be worthy of record. It is but paying "honor to whom honor is due:"

"In these trying times ('61) an interesting circumstance I must relate, which revealed the noble-heartedness of a man on whom I had not the least shadow of a claim, and one whom I knew but slightly. The horizon was dark, and the prospect of getting through, very slim. Everybody was hard pressed and had no money to lend. It seemed as if I had exhausted all my resources. I owed borrowed money which I must return or be dishonored. We had \$200,000 due us in the South, but this we could not collect. In this dilemma, on a certain Monday morning, I called upon Mr. C. P. Dixon with considerable trepidation, doubt and fear; he met me cordially. I told him my errand, and laid before him frankly my condition—how much we owed, and how much was due us. He listened kindly and when I got through he inquired how

much I wanted. I did not dare to tell him, but said that I thought \$2,500 would help me out of present trouble. 'I will send you my check before 12 o'clock.' How my heart leaped with joy! He then remarked 'I saw you in church yesterday and I thought you looked troubled, and I had it in my mind to ask if I could help you in any way, but then I concluded I should be meddling with what was none of my business.' This instance of help seemed to me to be from the divine hand, and I felt that we had 'passed the rubicon' and were safe. I asked Mr. Dixon when I should return the money. 'Oh,' he said, 'any time; I will send for it when I want it.' A few days after I met him and said, 'You don't know how much you did for me the other day.' 'Well,' said he 'if you have been so much benefited, perhaps you would like the dose repeated.' This suggestion from the noble man almost stunned me, but I was quite ready to take another dose so generously offered. He asked 'How much will you take?' 'Well,' I said 'if you can give another check for the same amount, it will be swallowed immediately.' He replied 'I will send it to you.' Before 1 o'clock it came and the skies began to brighten. Money was easier, collections a little better, our credit greatly improved. Not more than a week after this I met Mr. Dixon again and said to him: 'You have helped me over troubled waters, and I hope you are not wanting the money you so kindly lent me?' 'Oh, no,' he said, 'do you want any more?' I replied 'I have not the heart to ask for more from such a generous soul, but I can use \$2,000 more to great advantage, but you should not let me have it, I have borrowed all I ought from you.' 'Oh well,' he said, 'I will let you have \$2,000 more with pleasure;' and before three o'clock the check came, and for more than a year he left that money with me, and would not take any more than legal interest. Such kindness and magnanimity I can never forget to the latest day of my life. This \$7,000 brought us into smooth waters, as it came when

we most needed it, and preserved our credit and standing. Mr. Dixon might have loaned his money at  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. per month, on undoubted collaterals, but in his dealing with me he asked no security, and was content with legal interest. Such men are rare in these days of avarice and money-making; and the name of C. P. Dixon will be honored with grateful recollections, long after he has passed beyond this world of toil and trouble."

During the war, Mr. Barnes was greatly interested in the issues involved, and closely followed the events as they came to him by the papers from day to day. In writing the reminiscences of the past, as long after as 1882, among all the pages there were none more characteristic of his clearness and conciseness at composition, and which displayed more retentive memory, than those recalling that exciting period:

"It was a time (1857-62) of general distress in all branches of trade. The question of the abolition of slavery was becoming very serious; many houses at the North were ostracized on account of their known abolition views. One house put over its doors 'Goods, not principles,' were for sale. Southern merchants would not buy goods of abolitionists, and very strong bitterness was engendered by the South towards those who were unfriendly to Southern institutions. School books which contained any matter that was hostile to slavery were thrown out, and any man that would go South and offer any sentiment adverse to slavery would be in danger of losing his life. We had a large class of Northern merchants and mechanics who depended upon the South for their business,

hence they would imbibe Southern principles and would join the South in their tirade against the abolitionists. These men were called 'dough faces' or 'copperheads,' and were generally among the Democrats. The Republican party was becoming stronger in the abolition doctrine. While the ministers at the South were upholding slavery as a divine institution, the good people at the North, headed by such men as Horace Greeley, Charles Sumner and Henry Wilson, began to feel that the time had come when we should put forth every effort to elect a president who had decided views in favor of abolition, and in 1860, Abraham Lincoln was elected by a large majority over Stephen Douglas, the Democratic candidate. This was the signal for the South to declare war and claim a division of territory. President Buchanan's cabinet had so thrown itself into the hands of the South, that its power from a military point of view was greatly superior to the North. Our naval ships had been ordered into distant waters. The United States forts were in danger of being captured. Fort Sumter, under Anderson, was besieged, as also the other forts along the Atlantic Coast, Gulf of Mexico and Mississippi River, and the first gun fired was the signal for the North to prepare for battle. The seat of government was in danger. General Scott took command and placed the City of Washington under martial law. One State after another declared their allegiance to the Southern confederacy, and recognized Jefferson Davis as their President. Lincoln called for 300,000 men to come to the front. General McClellan was placed at the head of the Army of the Potomac. General McDowell, at the head of a large body of raw troops, commanded a march on Richmond, and was met by the rebels at Manassas and repulsed. This defeat stirred the heart of the North, and men and money were not wanting to carry on the conflict. The South was forcing every man into the army. All communication was cut off with the North and they depended upon foreign nations to keep them supplied and

break the blockade. England was in sympathy with the South and would rejoice in seeing our beautiful country broken up with factions. The whole North became aroused. Government demand for supplies for the army gave business a start; prices went up, with the suspension of specie money became cheap and plenty. Government borrowed largely on her bonds. While the North was active and prosperous, the South became demoralized; their credit abroad was impaired, their currency was valueless, tea or coffee was at a dollar a pound, a pair of boots would cost twenty dollars their money, and everything else in like proportion. Poverty and distress were staring them in the face. While in this condition at the South, the people of the North were thrifty, and were heavily taxed to meet the demands of the Government, which was cheerfully paid. The daily papers and telegraphic news were read with great interest. Victories and defeats were the headings of every column, heroes were multiplying, men who never before had been heard of were distinguishing themselves. Those educated at West Point were called out and did credit to their Alma Mater. General Sherman, General Thomas, General Rosecrans, General Mitchell, General Fremont, General Hooker, Admiral Farragut and Admiral Foote were prominent actors in the early part of the war and did most valiant service. But the hero of the war, who brought it to a successful termination, and proclaimed peace, was General Ulysses S. Grant, who commenced a drill officer and reached the highest rank of Major General of the Army, and for two successive terms was President of the United States. No American citizen ever received more honor, and when he went abroad, after his administration, no man received greater ovations throughout the nations of the world."

Those of us who remember Mr. Barnes' somewhat more active part during these war times, when, dressed in military garb, he drilled with a company

over a livery stable near his home, will be interested and perchance amused in having the incident recalled, bearing in mind that he had never had any similar experience before, and to "turn out toes" and "carry arms", seemed in no way natural to him.

"The notes of war and dangers which threatened our firesides, brought out older men to drill and prepare themselves for defense, and while young men were enlisting, old men were forming themselves into companies and met every night for drilling. We furnished ourselves with uniforms, and the State furnished us with fire-arms, and we formed under the name of 'Home Guards,' appointed our captains, corporals and other officers, and were regularly organized, ready to obey any summons for the protection of our homes. This organization was kept alive until victory began to perch upon the banners of the Northern army; then we disbanded and breathed more freely, and sang our national songs with an enthusiasm never before experienced."

The exhibition of perfect *generosity*, to which we have previously alluded, may properly suggest another incident in the life of Mr. Barnes, which is equally remarkable as an exhibition of *conscience*. About the year 1870, he received from an unknown friend, in disguised handwriting, an acknowledgment of having dishonestly taken from him the amount of \$2,000, but which he, with true repentance, proposed to repay at the rate of \$10



weekly. Both the confession and the fact of the robbery were a surprise to him, as he could not trace the loss of the money. For two hundred weeks, or about four years, he regularly received, enclosed in an envelope addressed in plain roman capitals, a ten dollar bill with a half sheet of paper naming the amount and number of payment. For all this time, he neither knew nor suspected who the individual was, and when the last payment was made, the friend made the request, that if all the money had been received, to indicate it in the "Personals" of the "New York Herald." Accordingly Mr. Barnes inserted the following lines: "200th payment received all right. Come and see me and all will be sacredly confidential." A few days later a gentleman called, and with the paper in his hand, and pointing to the insertion, said: "I am the man." Mr. Barnes was completely astounded and could say little at first, but no doubt soon found words to forgive the act and to commend him for his honorable course of restitution. Never did Mr. Barnes breathe to a soul who the individual was, although it was always a matter of great curiosity

to his family. The amount returned, Mr. Barnes generously deposited in the savings bank, in five equal parts, for his five younger children.

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## II.

**M**R. BARNES was in a remarkable degree a man of affairs, active, interested and devoted to all his duties—duties imposed and duties assumed. In secular matters, aside from his regular business, he was, at the time of his death, director of the Hanover National Bank, the Home Fire Insurance Company, the Fidelity and Casualty Company, Provident Life Insurance Company, Rochester Gas Company, trustee in the Brooklyn Dime Savings Bank, Cornell University, Ithaca, the Polytechnic Institute and Packer Institute, both of Brooklyn, a trustee in the Long Island Historical Society, President of the Automatic Fire Alarm Company, New York, and associated with railroads and other institutions.

In benevolent work, he was President of the Brooklyn City Mission and Tract Society, connected

with the American Board of Foreign Missions, with the American Missionary Society (one of its executive committee,) with the Home Missionary Society, trustee of the American Tract Society, Vice-President of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, and also of the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor of Brooklyn, trustee of the Faith Home for Incurables, and also of the Aged Men's Home, both of Brooklyn.

In church matters, he was always prominent. In Philadelphia, he was identified with Dr. Albert Barnes' Church; in New York, with Dr. Spring's Church; on coming to Brooklyn was made one of the Deacons of the Church of the Pilgrims, to which he brought letter, just prior to the call of Dr. Storrs. Later, in view of changing his residence, he became a member of the Clinton Avenue Church, and was one of the callers of Dr. William I. Budington; and still later, of Rev. Thomas B. McLeod to the same church upon the decease of Dr. Budington. He served at different times as Superintendent of the Sunday School, as Deacon, as Trustee in the latter church, and in all capacities

exhibited an active interest in the work, and his retirement from office was always regretted by his associates. Aside from his official positions he was most liberal in advancing the Church's material needs and its various charities, and his purse strings responded to every call ungrudgingly. With Mr. Albert Woodruff, of Brooklyn, he inaugurated the Mission Sunday School, as the off-shoot of an established church, and his connection with the Warren Street Mission in Brooklyn, as the pioneer of the undertaking, was always a matter of pleasure to him. He was its first Superintendent, and did much for its growth and prosperity thereafter.

Mr. Barnes always had the courage of his convictions, and if he believed he was in the right he was most valiant in achieving his ends, daunted only by insurmountable obstacles. His efforts to have steam cars removed a second time from Atlantic Avenue, which he regarded very detrimental to his property adjacent, and to the city at large, after having worked successfully to have it done some years previously, clearly demonstrated this characteristic. He expended several thousands

of dollars and took it to the courts, but owing to the lack of sufficient support from his neighbors he deemed it useless to fight, single-handed, an unscrupulous corporation which had nine points of law in its favor, namely, possession, and abandoned it. Oct. 2d, 1882, he addressed the following letter to the Brooklyn Eagle, when he thought he saw the press inclined to take a true view of the situation, and it practically sums up his sentiments on the subject.

“The article in a late number of your paper took a very intelligent view of the evils growing out of steam on the surface of Atlantic avenue, and reveals the fact that others besides owners of property begin to realize the serious injury to the City of Brooklyn by the continuance of this great nuisance. It is very surprising that the community has not long before this demanded a relief from this oppression ; but their long suffering patience has been mingled with a hope that something would be done. What that something should be the people are at variance, but they are generally indignant almost to desperation on one point, and that is that the authorities of the city are so supine and apathetic in a matter which so much concerns the best interests of their constituents. There seems to be a difference of opinion among our citizens as to the measures for abating this great evil. \* \* \* But one sentiment prevails—that steam on the surface should be abolished. \* \* \* The Common Council can insist upon reduction of speed, and attach a penalty for violation. The enforcement of this ordinance might lead the Railroad Company to either sink the track, or elevate it, or build an underground road—the

latter will not probably be done on account of extra expense and undesirableness and discomfiture of traveling underground. \* \* \* We are left to a sunken track or an elevated railroad. The track below the surface, with no covering except at the cross streets, involves a fence which blocks the avenue, and continues the noise and smoke, as now. The great advantage would be the saving of human life, and the value of property might be somewhat increased along the avenue, but not much, as it would not be any more attractive for business, or for residences than now. If the Mayor and Common Council would spend an hour or two in any part of Atlantic avenue, east of Flatbush on a summer Sunday, they would form some idea of the abandonment of the finest avenue in the city to the noise and tumult of the Long Island and Brighton Beach Railroad, and would better know how to bring relief to our citizens who have suffered great injustice at the hands of the Long Island Railroad Company.

\* \* \* What, then, can be done for this unfortunate avenue which has so long been the football of this railroad? It is acknowledged by all those who are not prejudiced, that it is eminently adapted to an elevated road, from East New York to South Ferry; its unusual width and easy grade would make it the backbone of the city for such a road, and become one of the finest thoroughfares. Improvements have recently been made so that this elevated road can be, as in Chatham street, New York, almost noiseless. It would immediately become a grand triumph to rapid transit and give a great impetus to property in the outskirts of Eastern Brooklyn, like the upper sections of Manhattan Island. Business would suddenly take a start along the line of the avenue, handsome buildings would take the place of numerous dilapidated houses and wooden shanties which now line the streets, the vacant lots now almost worthless between Atlantic avenue and the Park would be covered by long rows of stone houses and stores; five-eighths of the population north

of Atlantic avenue would then have an unobstructed passage to Prospect Park, without fear of the destructive locomotive. Property holders who have been groaning under heavy taxation for the last fifteen years, on their unimproved lots, would rejoice in a brighter day, and the city treasury be largely augmented by increased values. Such an improvement as this would be a blessing to the whole community and wipe out the stain which now rests upon the action of a Common Council, which a few years ago ordered steam to be used on the surface after compelling property owners to pay \$130,000 for its removal.

“\* \* \* This unjust procedure has brought mourning to our inhabitants, and the question, “How long must we suffer?” is before the present mayor and his council. It is in their power to right this wrong, and they should take earnest steps in this direction until we are rid of this terrible nuisance.”

In the anti-Beecher movement that prevailed in the church with which he was connected, he almost stood alone in maintaining, that as the accused declared himself innocent of the charges preferred, he thought him entitled to the benefit of the doubt and strongly opposed the severe steps to be taken. He thought it his Christian duty to maintain a neutral ground in the heated controversy, and so did, and thereby continued the friendship, which he highly valued, of the clergymen most prominently identified in it. The developments in the case saddened him greatly, but his trust was not to be shattered unless a confession should cause it.

He was a strong believer in the possibilities of a railroad in the State of Kansas before that State figured as prominently as it does to-day, and in spite of urgent persuasion to desist from repeated subscriptions, continued to feed the enterprise with his money and influence, and the result justified his hopes, as the road, after many set-backs and hindrances, finally became one of the most successful in the State.

So with the New York Elevated Road. He was one of the original subscribers to the Harvey plan of an endless chain road, and when he put his money in it, he also put his faith in a better mode of transit than horse-cars, and claimed it would be on an elevated structure. The scheme faltered and looked dubious; many of the projectors dropped out and pronounced it futile, but he believed it would not perish and, biding his time a little, and after a comparatively successful turn in affairs by substituting steam cars, determined that what was most needed was a man of marked executive ability to force the thing to success, and with two or three gentlemen he waited upon Mr.



Cyrus Field and solicited his assistance, as the one for whom they were looking. On Mr. Field's taking the reins, he redoubled his investment and the success of the enterprise became a fact. The original line was followed by others and New York is now indebted to a convenience which it fought bitterly at first, but now wonders how it was able to do without.

A very noteworthy incident in connection with his Christian work was the acquirement of the church building on Classon Avenue, near Butler Street. A mortgage was about to be foreclosed on the property and there were several persons interested in buying it in. It became a question of sectarianism, the parties to the purchase representing distinct creeds, and Mr. Barnes believing the section where it stood was in need of the church of his own denomination, and not finding any other to co-operate with him, bought it in himself, and for years kept it in his possession, although giving its use to a company of worshipers and helping to support the minister in charge.

No specific dates accompany the foregoing incidents, which bespeak that faith and determination

so characteristic of Mr. Barnes, but they were all included in the decade between 1870 and 1880.

The uppermost desire of his heart was unquestionably to do as well as to be good "that the world might be better for his having lived in it," and that he carried this principle out conscientiously, none can deny. His benefactions will never be fully known—he gave liberally and often. The \$25,000.00 to the Faith Home in Brooklyn which enjoys its present quarters mainly through his gift and efforts; and the \$45,000.00 to the Y. M. C. A. of Cornell University, clearly show his purpose in life of promoting good works. The Y. M. C. A. of Brooklyn, the Long Island Historical Society, and many of the benevolent objects of the city and elsewhere, also enjoyed his munificence through his life time and were as well the recipients of considerable sums at his death.

It will be proper at this point in referring to the "Faith Home," to which he devoted so much time and thought, to include his address at the time of laying the corner stone.

(Address delivered Sept. 27th, 1880.)

“ We are here to participate in the exercises appropriate to the laying the corner stone of an institution organized a short time since, for the purpose of providing a home for invalids who have no prospect for recovery, no kind friends to nurse them, no means for support, and no place where their suffering and pain may be diminished—a home where their remaining days may be made comfortable, and where they may receive such spiritual aid as will fit them for a home in the skies, where sickness and pain are forever unknown. The two sisters, Miss Emily F. and Miss Abby H. Campbell, who, long associated with Dr. Cullis in his noble work in Boston, were led by the hand of Providence to Brooklyn, are the presiding heads of this institution, and I might say angels of mercy to twenty-seven or twenty-eight victims of disease in their now contracted quarters in Lexington avenue. They need no formal introduction. Their annual reports show earnest devotion and consecration to the cause of humanity and religion. It has been the burden of their prayer that some one would be inclined to furnish a lot suitable for a building of proper dimensions to meet their increasing necessities, and which would have all the appointments and conveniences for a larger number of inmates, who claim their sympathy. The attention of these good women has been called to this location, and four lots of ground are offered to them for their perpetual use. This offer they have accepted. A plan for a building is adopted, and the work of construction is commenced. The name of this institution is ‘Faith Home for Incurables,’ designed for women who are without means or friends able to support them, and who on account of some incurable disease cannot be received into hospitals or homes for the aged. What greater philanthropy than this, started and sustained by simple faith in the Almighty arm? These ladies say in their annual report ‘our dependence is upon God.’ ‘We never solicit contributions, but are supported entirely by free-

will offerings.'” The cost of the building, when completed, will be from \$30,000 to \$35,000. It will accommodate from seventy to ninety persons. The building is to be completed by the 1st of May, at which time it will be dedicated for the purposes for which the charter of the institution provides. I am glad that this 27th day of September is selected for these services, it being the sixtieth anniversary of the birth of one who for thirty-nine summers and winters has shared with me many joys and few sorrows, who has nourished with tender affection and great fidelity five sons and five daughters, whom God has spared beyond the bounds of childhood, and who are now assuming the responsibilities and sober realities of an active life. May the Lord follow them with his blessings. In memory of this day, fraught as it is with the recollections of a peaceful home and the sterling virtues of a noble woman and beloved wife, I take unspeakable pleasure in handing over to the custodians of Faith Home a warrantee deed of the land on which this building is to rest, measuring 90 by 90 feet, free of incumbrance.

“Is it too much to believe that the City of Brooklyn will adopt this charity as its own—and her people see that before the last brick is laid, the last nail driven, and the grounds enclosed and beautified—that the edifice with all its appointments becomes a free will offering to that class of our fellow beings who are brought here to receive the last token of Christian sympathy, whose hearts will ever swell with gratitude for the establishment of the Faith Home for Incurables?”

Just one year later, on the same anniversary, the completed building was dedicated, and it proved to be the last significant act he was able to perform in honor of the beloved wife, who died one month later. In graceful speech Mr. Barnes recognized

the generous co-operation of others, and transferred the building with the land to the trustees of the institution, fully paid for, he having made up himself any deficiency in the subscriptions.

In politics he took an active interest, though he never filled office, or desired to do so—he was satisfied to advocate good and able men, and cast his vote for them, and was assiduous in getting others to perform their duty, as he disliked indifference in the matter of voting. He was a Republican as to party, but saw fit at times to support one of the opposite faction, though it is believed never in national politics. He was a temperance advocate, but thought it not essential to encourage a temperance party. He argued “raise the standard of one of the dominant parties and temperance and all good results will surely follow.”

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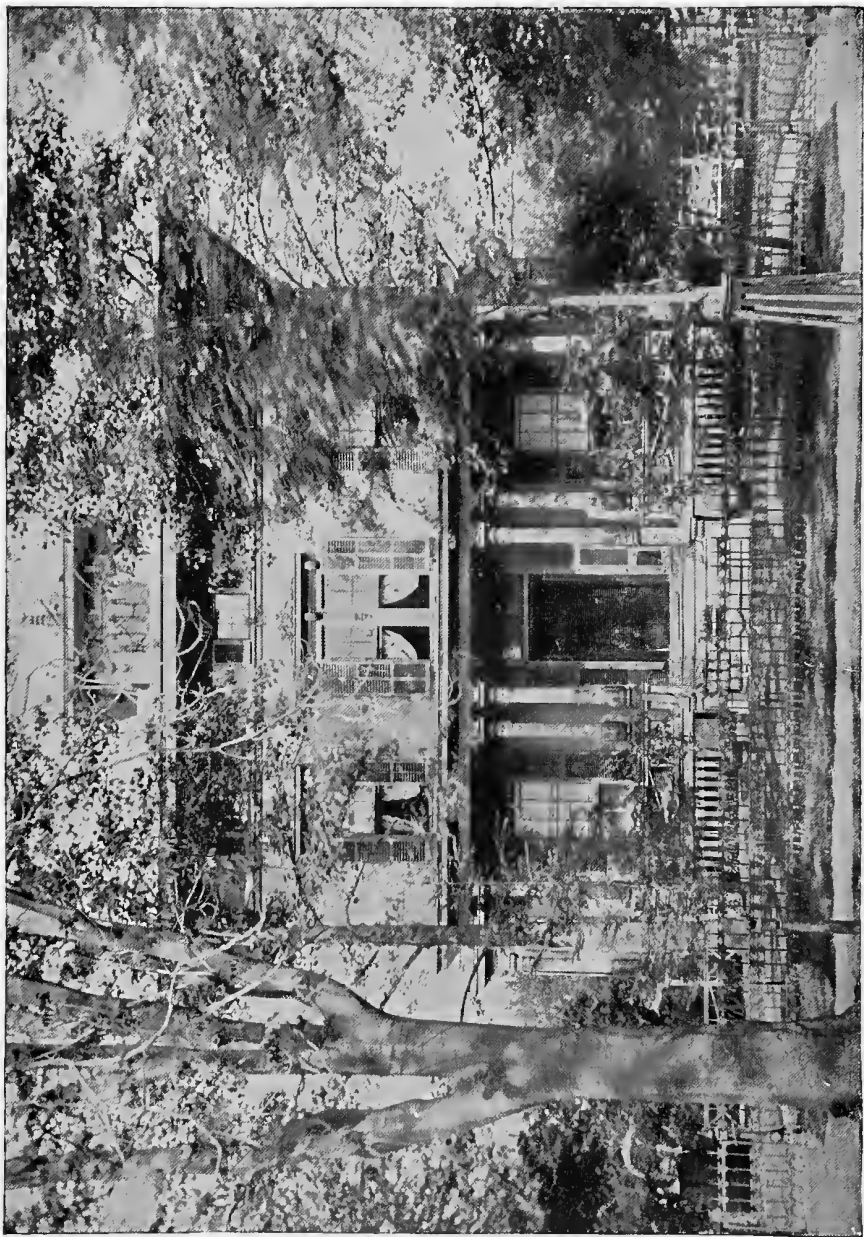
## III.

WE have followed Mr. Barnes in his connection with the business of which he was the founder and the head for just fifty years, and also in other outside relations; let us now return and trace his domestic life from early manhood.

On November 10th, 1841, Mr. Barnes was united in marriage with Miss Harriet E. Burr, daughter of General Timothy Burr, of Rochester, whose acquaintance he had made in Hartford. The ceremony took place in the home of her father, and on the same occasion, her sister Julia was married to Mr. Thomas Hastings.

Those who have read the memorial volume of his wife, will recall the romantic incident in connection with their engagement and this union. She was one worthy of his love, and no nobler or better suited couple ever entered upon the matrimonial estate. He had not much of this world's goods, nor had she, but both possessed those rare





CLINTON AVENUE HOME.



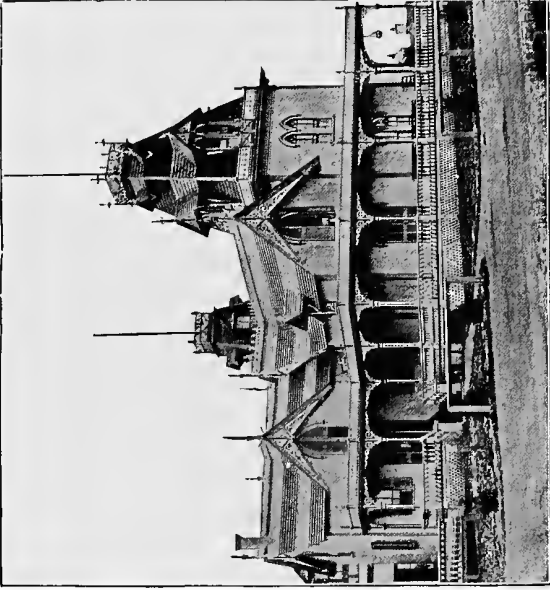
traits of character which made them well equipped notwithstanding, to go on and contend together in the battles of life.

His business at this time being located in Philadelphia, he thither took his wife, and boarded in a private family for a time, but afterwards rented a small house, where they lived till the removal of his business to New York, and there took a house in MacDougal Street. But the noise and bustle of the neighborhood, soon seemed unfavorable for his wife and the bringing up of his young children, and he made up his mind that it would be much better to locate in Brooklyn, and accordingly he rented a small house on Garden Street in that city, where he and his family moved, in 1846. This house soon seemed contracted for the growing family and he bought quite a tract of land on Clinton Avenue, which was then considered in the suburbs of the city and erected thereon a commodious house, and was able to occupy it in the spring of 1853. Two children were born to them in Philadelphia, one in New York, three in Garden Street,

and in this new home the last four were added, making in all a family of ten children, five sons and five daughters. The Clinton Avenue house was the scene of the most eventful part of his and his family's life, and to review it in detail, year by year, would be interesting to many no doubt, but space forbids. Suffice it to say all his children shared in the privileges of a home there, reached their maturity, and were married during the time. It became almost a hallowed place to them, for its varied associations, and it was with much heart-ache, that the house was finally given up and opened to other tenants; but this ordeal was made somewhat easier in view of the decease of the dear mother whose presence had been its cheering and blessed light, and without her it seemed as though partial darkness had settled within its walls.

Mr. Barnes' family life was characterized by all the devotion and lofty purposes which would be natural to one of his superior qualities. To each of his children he gave all the parental care and opportunities necessary for their proper growth and usefulness in the world. He administered





COTTAGE AT MARTHA'S VINEYARD.

discipline often, but only as a loving father should for his children's good ; the kind, forbearing heart was always behind his duty. The cardinal principle in the training of his children he regarded to be *implicit obedience*, and he, no doubt, felt that this quality thoroughly inculcated in the child's character, all other good qualities "would follow, as surely as night the day."

From 1875 to 1881, the summer home was in his attractive cottage at Martha's Vineyard, and the time he was able to be there gave him perfect relaxation and contentment. His enjoyment was not in ease, however, as the growth and improvement of Cottage City were not a little attributable to his energy and public spirit.

Dating back to the occasion of the silver wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Barnes in 1866, an event which seemed to emphasize their value to their children, and crown their home virtues, the hope was fondly cherished that the kind Providence which had spared them so far would spare their lives to celebrate their golden wedding ; but it was not to be, for only a few weeks prior

to the fortieth anniversary, October 27th, 1881, the wife who had been his support and comfort so long, was taken from her husband's side. This event greatly affected Mr. Barnes, as it was the first severe blow he had ever had, and from the shock it is believed he never fully recovered. The following reminiscence clearly gives his estimate of that beloved companion :

“In the early years of our married life, with all my wife's cares, she never considered her lot hard—no complaint was ever made. Her courage was superior to her strength; she never faltered, but pressed on from day to day, always cheerful in the administration of her duties, and performed them all with consummate skill and wisdom. No man had a better wife; too much cannot be said in her praise. That God should have bestowed such a boon upon me is a mystery which cannot be revealed in this world. The greatest regret of my life has been that I have not been worthy of such a companion. I owe much to her for my success; when I followed her advice, I was safe; her judgment of men and things always proved correct \* \* \* She always studied the interests of her husband and children, not her own. She was entirely unselfish, God's noblest gift in woman. That trait in her character made every other lovely and beautiful. None of us appreciated her as we do now. May we all in the future realize the pleasant places in which God has cast our lot, and the responsibility which rests upon us in view of our high privileges. May her daughters be as polished stones after the similitude of their precious mother.”

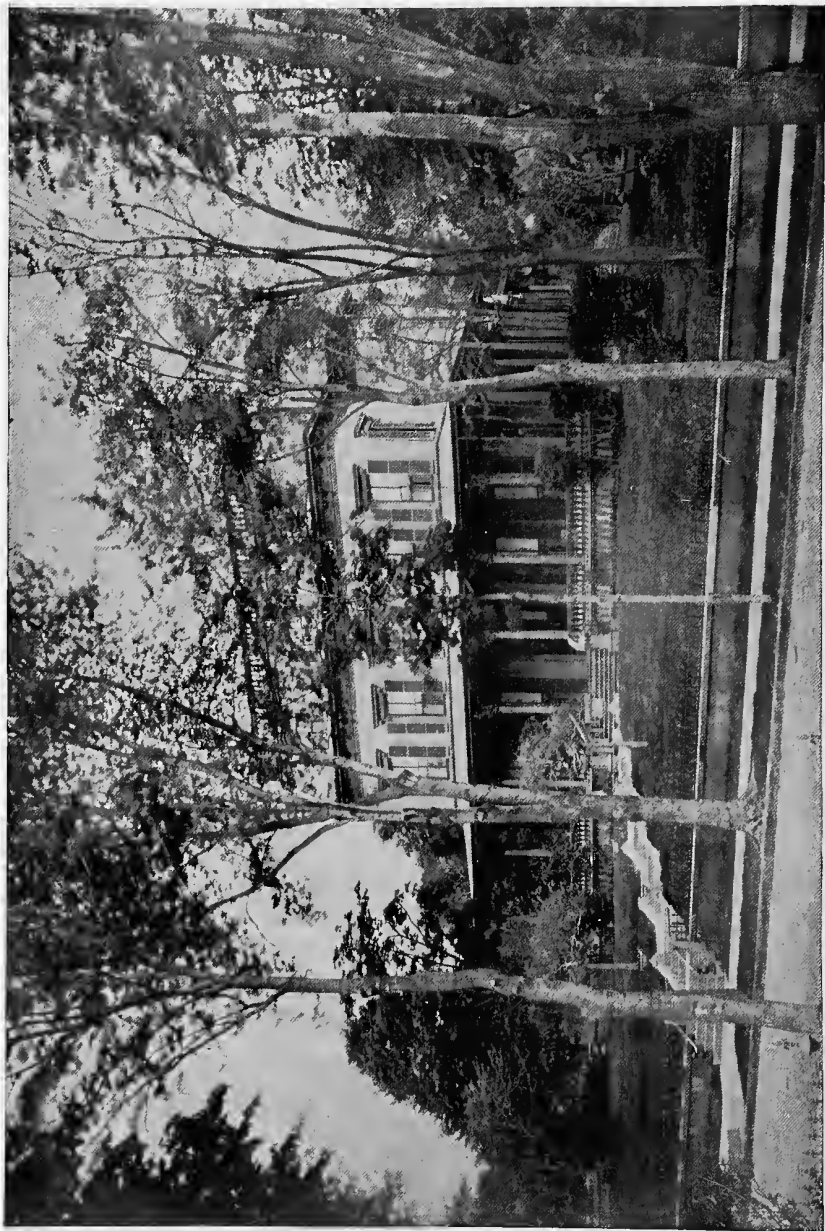
For some time after the death of his wife, he carried a heavy heart, and tried to find comfort and diversion in frequent visits with his children. His grandchildren seemed particularly dear to him, and to all, his heart seemed as tender and yielding as a child's. Though chastened, yet was his nature sweetened. On his lonely evenings at home he tried to find consolation in writing recollections of his past life, and his spare moments during the day were devoted to good works; but with all his children married, and in homes of their own, his sense of loneliness grew heavily upon him and the desolation he felt seemed almost unbearable.

On Nov. 7th, 1883, Mr. Barnes married Mrs. Mary M. Smith, and in this new alliance his sorrows were perceptibly softened, and he seemed to take more interest in matters generally. In the Spring of 1884, Mr. and Mrs. Barnes took a European trip, and were absent some thirteen months, and on returning resided awhile at the Windsor Hotel, New York, but at the end of a few months moved into their beautiful new home on St. Marks Avenue, Brooklyn.

Mrs. Barnes was active in continuing the family gatherings which it was her husband's pleasure and pride to summon around him, and his children's privilege to enjoy. On various occasions the whole family met to dine and enjoy their hospitality and congenial social intercourse. Perhaps the most noteworthy assemblies were; on the occasion of their return from Europe in 1885, in the private parlors of the Windsor Hotel; and on the Christmas Days of '85 and '86, when all his children and their children, to the number of over forty, gathered at his home in St. Mark's Avenue, and around one table, arranged in the large parlor, partook of a sumptuous dinner, and afterwards reveled in the bounties of a prolific tree. Mr. Barnes' love for his children, his interest in their welfare, were never more substantially displayed,—the generous father seemed to open his heart to the utmost limit, and the tokens received were such as few in the land had the opportunity to parallel. The celebration of his sixty-ninth birthday, was also a red-letter day to his children, who were entirely indebted for it to the timely







ST. MARK'S AVENUE HOUSE.

thought of his good wife. As an appropriate idea, at each plate as his ten children sat down at dinner, were found seventy dollars in crisp bills (*seventy* typifying the year upon which he had entered,) but the gift, though not unwelcome, was only incidental to a most happy and profitable time together. The eldest brother improved the opportunity at the close of the dinner, to address the following words to him, in whose honor his children had been invited, and justifying his remarks in the presentation of a music-box :

“Dear Father :

“As you pass by another mile-stone in your long and lovely life, your children, with hearts full of gratitude, gather to give expression to their affection and good wishes.

“Sixty-nine years of usefulness rest upon your honored head, and the silver locks that shine there are a token of wealth more enduring than shares in a silver mine. It is the wealth which character and purity of life bestow, and this is the inheritance your children will prize the most of all you may have to give them.

“There is a strange idea in some quarters that it must be natural for those who are sitting calmly under the afternoon rays, after the heat and labor of the day are passed, to wish themselves back in the morning hours, or toiling in the sultry noon, with a long future to anticipate. This, I know, is not your case. The most fortunate horoscope could not promise you more than you have already realized and hold as a sure possession. You would surely not exchange such a certainty

for the present troubles and future anxieties of younger men.

“Personally, your sons feel that they would gladly exchange places with you, for although we do not complain of our own lot, we sincerely envy yours. If fortune and the consciousness of a well-spent life could be ensured to shine upon us twenty-five years hence, as serenely as they do upon you to-night, who would not pay any premium to secure such an endowment? It ranks above all insurance of money, as honor and virtue rank above food and clothing.

“To you, as to us, Sir, comes at this time a tender thought of the sweet mother who is even now smiling upon us from whatever sphere is tenanted by the most angelic angels. At this re-union, on an anniversary which she always treasured, may we not believe that she is present and rejoicing with us, although, alas, we cannot see her? Is it probable that the family that was at once the burden and the joy of her earthly days, is less interesting to her now, since she lives in the very effulgence of ‘Love divine, all love excelling,’ and receives new inspiration to love us, there?

“In conclusion, dear Father, we congratulate you on all the delightful circumstances of your present life. Besides honor, and the blessed memory of our dear mother, you have fortune, health, a pleasant home, fairly dutiful children, a charming and devoted companion. What more can you ask? Fleet steeds transport you, art adorns your walls, skillful cooks spread your board with rare viands. Yet the solicitude of your children has discovered one slight flaw in your equipment of material things, which this seems the proper occasion to supply.

“Our thoughtful and industrious brother has, after consultation with the shades of Meyerbeer, Beethoven and Wagner, and with the concurrence of the Barnes progeny, arranged to set up the divinity of Music in its appropriate niche, among the household gods of this mansion, and now, more than ever, by its aid

“ ‘ May your nights be filled with music,  
That the cares which infest the day  
May fold up their tents, like the Arabs,  
And silently steal away.’ ”

Early in the year 1887, Mr. and Mrs Barnes determined to take a tour West, extending as far as Alaska. This they carried out, but owing to the excessive heat they encountered and the fatigue incident to so long a journey, together with some anxiety over certain matters forced upon his mind, Mr. Barnes was much prostrated, and on their return to Chicago quite succumbed, and was obliged to take to his bed at the hotel, where he remained a week and was then brought home, with barely sufficient strength to move about. Upon his return home after a little revival of health, he again found himself unable to do much, and gave up to the care of the physician and nurse, and for five months gradually lost ground. Through all these trying months no more devoted care and loving ministrations, coupled with great self-sacrifice, were possible, than those shown by his patient wife.

Mr. Barnes' condition during his illness was for the most part free from severe pain, and his mind,

though somewhat clouded, was serene and tender. He had bright and playful fancies. The approaching marriage of his eldest granddaughter was much in his thoughts. One day he called his wife to his bedside, and said, "I want you to prepare a box for H., and put in it seven hundred gold dollars, and on the cover a design—a little bird of diamonds just flying from its nest."

During the early part of his illness, it was hoped that he could be present at the ceremony of laying the corner-stone of "Barnes' Hall," the building he had pledged to give to the Christian Association of Cornell University. He was obliged to give up the thought of it, however, and after a vain, sad effort to write something appropriate, he dictated the following, to be read on the occasion:

"The foundation of the Students' Christian Association was an event of no small significance in the history of Cornell University. The beginning of such a work has significance anywhere, but nowhere should it have greater promise or truer fulfilment than in such an institution as this.

"To the little company of men, professors and students, who inaugurated the work here, all honor is due. They must ever have our grateful memory, and they surely have God's blessing. From them came the inspiration for the building whose corner-stone we lay to-day.

“May we not hope, in the celebration of this day, that the corner-stone and foundation of the building about to be erected may be a symbol of the spiritual and true, of the living and precious Stone, chosen of God, upon which the whole future of the Students’ Association shall be founded—even Christ himself ?

“In the beginning God created all things for His own pleasure. He created man after His own image, but through him came disobedience, and sin entered into the world, of which the penalty was death. Then in Divine compensation came the promise of salvation through the Messiah who should come, which promise illuminates the pages of the Old Testament with hope and joy from Moses to Malachi. The prophet Isaiah said, ‘Therefore saith the Lord God : Behold I lay in Zion for a foundation a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner-stone, a sure foundation.’ When to the shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and a multitude of the heavenly host sang, praising God and saying, ‘Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men,’ the prophecies were fulfilled, the corner-stone was laid upon earth. On this foundation may the members of the Christian Association be indeed as lively stones, built up a spiritual house, a holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices acceptable to God by Jesus Christ.

“And may this corner-stone which we lay to-day, and the building erected upon it, represent to those gathered here, and to all future generations of students who may occupy its halls, the great corner-stone, elect, precious, the sure foundation.

“Then will it be indeed a beacon light upon this hill, praising God and showing forth peace on earth, good will to men.

(signed by his own hand) “A. S. BARNES.

“October 26th, 1887.”

The completed building was opened and dedicated on Monday, June 16th, 1889, with appropriate and impressive ceremonies.

On Saturday evening, the 11th of February, 1888, was about the last time any tangible sentence was uttered by Mr. Barnes. To one of his children, whom he recognized, he made a strong effort to say something and with difficulty finally said, "Yes, I want to go." Although he had previously said much not altogether rational, in view of his long, wearisome sickness, it was quite likely he then felt ready to relinquish his hold upon life, as he felt hope of recovery was rapidly growing less, and he was ready to give up the struggle which he had so strongly made. He felt sure death stared him in the face, and without a moan, and as one yields to the influence of sleep, he turned his head and gave up to the final change, which, however, did not come till late the following Friday night. Only looks of recognition were occasionally manifested during the interval, the most interesting of which occurred on Thursday evening, the day preceding his death, when his loving eyes looked up to each of his



children gathered about his bedside, expressing, as it were, a father's parting injunction and blessing. Thereafter no sign of recognition took place, and while his children sang those sweet words, "Safe in the arms of Jesus," he quietly, peacefully breathed his life away and his beautiful spirit took its flight.

Thus closed the life of Mr. Barnes and in the vision of the past we recall one that was always upright and earnest, wise in counsel, a liberal benefactor, a devoted husband and father, begetting love in his every act, gracious in manner, and almost courtly in his bearing. He seems to have been the personification of all that is good in humanity, with such habits as only a well ordered conscience approved, and left a memory to his children that is an imperishable legacy, and a bright, honorable name in the community.

## LIFE.

A shadowy path, between two shores, unknown—  
A countless throng, forever hastening on—  
Objects pursued, that phantoms prove when caught—  
All seeming good with seeming evil fraught ;  
A little hour to smile—weary hours to weep,  
A harvest dreamed of, which none ever reap ;  
All bright hope blighted when its joy seems best,  
All true love fading, even in its quest.

To gain, to lose, to mourn—the common round,  
And then—forgotten—in a grassy mound.  
This, this seemed life till, to my upward gaze,  
Its torch, extinguished here, was there ablaze ;  
This, this seemed life—until, with tearful eye,  
God gave to me to see, a Christian die.

## FUNERAL EXERCISES.

The funeral of Mr. Alfred Smith Barnes took place at the Clinton Avenue Congregational Church, Brooklyn, on the afternoon of Monday, February 20th, 1888, at 2 o'clock.

The services were opened with the hymn, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," sung by the choir.

Rev. R. R. Meredith, D.D., after reading the Ninetieth Psalm and the latter portion of the Fifteenth Chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians, beginning at the thirty-fifth verse, offered the following

### PRAYER.

Almighty and everlasting God, our Creator and Preserver, our Redeemer and Law-giver, our Judge, and yet our Father, we rejoice in that mercy that is extended toward us in the revelation of Thyself to us. We thank Thee that Thou hast been pleased to reveal Thy will, Thy disposition toward us, in Thy holy Word, and especially we give glory to Thee for the manifestation of Thyself in Thy Son, Jesus Christ. Thou hast taught us to call Thee Father. Thou hast said to us in Thy Word, "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him. For He

knoweth our frame ; He remembereth that we are dust." In the light of these precious words, we come to Thee at this time, our Father, with all simplicity, with all directness, and implicit confidence in Thee. Thou art our present help in time of trouble. We come before Thee with no disposition to complain ; though the sadness of an unspeakable sorrow is upon this family, though this church and this entire community feels itself to be bereaved to-day because this bright and beneficent life has closed on earth, yet we come to Thee with no disposition in our hearts to complain, but rather with thanksgiving to God that this life has been continued so long. We thank Thee for all that this good man has been able to be and to do in the world, for Thee and for his fellow-men.

And now, gracious God, put Thy blessing upon us as we are here ; put Thy blessing upon all the services connected with this solemn occasion. Bring the comfort of Thy grace and Spirit to the hearts of these dear ones who mourn to-day. Help, we pray Thee, help us all to learn the lessons of this life, to live to the glory of God while we live on the earth, that, as one by one we pass away, we may find a home with the redeemed in Thy presence forever ; through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

After the singing of the hymn, "O Holy Saviour ! Friend unseen," the Rev. Thos. B. McLeod, pastor of the church, made the following

### ADDRESS.

Dear friends, it is altogether needless for me to say that a great and good man has fallen this day in Israel ; and as we contemplate this sad event, we almost involuntarily exclaim, "Help, Lord ! for the godly man ceaseth, and the faithful fail from among the children of men !"

By reason of that which has happened in our midst, a family which we all esteem and love has suffered an irreparable loss. Nor is that all: for the church with which he was so intimately and prominently identified has been deprived of one whose every deed and word made him to be a shining example in our midst of all that was truest and noblest and best in Christian manhood. Nor is that all: for this community has lost one of its noblest and most useful citizens. Not only do these, his immediate relatives, around whom we are gathered to-day, and to whom, by our presence rather than by any words we might speak, we tender our sympathy, mourn, but the church mourns, Brooklyn mourns. The churches in this city have lost one whose services no words of ours can compute. Nor is the mourning confined within the limits of the city in which he lived; but abroad, far beyond us, wherever the influence of his full and rich life was felt, there is mourning to-day.

It is not possible, even if it were appropriate, at this time to enter upon anything like an extended review of the life of our beloved Christian brother, Mr. Barnes. And indeed there is no need that at any time or in any place we should tell that which you and the multitudes who are not here, but who are with us in spirit, know already. The best eulogy, the eulogy more eloquent than any human lips could utter to-day, has already been pronounced. He delivered it himself as he went along through life. And a monument more enduring than that of brass or marble has been erected, and it has been erected by himself. The history of his life, from that day when, a boy at the tender age of eleven years, he left his mother's home, with little of this world's goods, but with a mother's blessing and a mother's prayer, and possessing that rich heritage of the virtues which passed down to him from a noble Christian ancestry, until the day when he was obliged, because of failing health, to lay aside the labors and the activities of life—this is a history that ought to be written

not merely for the satisfaction of his friends and admirers, but a history that ought to be put in print for the reading of every young man who is starting out in life, for his inspiration and encouragement. It is a story of hardship bravely encountered, of difficulties heroically met and overcome, of trials bravely and patiently endured, of work faithfully and industriously accomplished, of duty humbly and lovingly performed.

I have said that we are all mourners here to-day, and I use that word in its truest and best sense. We mourn him not as one, simply, whom we respected. We did respect him. We could not but respect him, because of the calmness, dignity and grace with which he carried himself in our midst. And the respect was, in the case of the younger ones of us, that of veneration. We mourn him not only because he had our confidence. That, too, he won by his uprightness and unimpeachable integrity. We mourn him, too, not because of his sagacity, though his sagacity fitted him to be a leader whom we all most willingly followed :—but because of what he was to each one of us personally. As a merchant he was, as you business men will testify, most reliable. As a citizen, he was patriotic, faithful and true. As a member of the church, he was consistent in his life. But as a man, he was lovable ; and we loved him not because he tried in any way to win our love, not because he put forth any effort to ingratiate himself into the affections of the people : but there was that in the man, such a tenderness and sweetness and winsomeness, such a going out of himself into others, that we were drawn to him as the needle is drawn to the magnet. We simply could not help loving the man.

I would not know where to begin, dear friends, if I were to attempt to say what might be said of the character and history of our friend. He was one of the most genuine of men. We need no argument or proof to show it. He showed it in every word, in every act, in every movement : true, simple,

single-eyed, without a quirk or twist of any sort; absolutely transparent, a very child in the openness and frankness of his nature.

He was a pure man, too. No one that ever touched him, or whom he ever touched, was made the worse for it. As pure was he as the purest woman, in his words, in his conversation, in his behavior, while he lived. Whatever else this good man has left to these children and his family, he has left nothing of such inestimable worth as the pure record of a clean and noble life.

He was one of the humblest of men, and that was one of the things that attracted us to him. It is not so very often that you see one who by his own inherent pluck and fervent energy has lifted himself up to the place which he attained, that retains so much humility of mind and heart as did our friend, Mr. Barnes. With all that he was able to do, with all the lifting power that he commanded in the church and in the community, he yet bore himself as one of the very humblest of the children of God. There was no arrogance, no self-assertion, no pushing of himself to the front, no assumption of any position which he might have had and which we would have willingly accorded to him. He loved mercy, and he walked humbly before his God.

And he was, in the very truest sense, a large-hearted man. None but God knows, and no revelation save the revelation of the future will ever be able to tell us, how generous and magnanimous a man he was. His hand was, in some little sense, like the very hand of God, outstretched to every one that needed help. He considered himself simply as the steward of God. He realized how true it was that none of us have anything or own anything which we did not receive. He considered the wealth which he came into possession of, not as his, but as the bestowment of God, and to be used for God and for humanity. And he has taught us all, dear friends, how a Christian man measures success in life.

He did not consider himself successful simply because he was prosperous as a merchant and a business man. I really believe that he was in that condition of mind and spirit that he could have said at any time in his life, "If my wealth is swept from me, and all my earthly possessions vanish, yet I am left; my manhood is unscathed and unsullied." He never identified himself with what he owned, and he considered success—real, sublime success—to be in being and in becoming, and not in getting or in having; in development from within, and not in accumulation from without.

This man who has gone from us was all this, and more than we can say, or even think: because he was a Christian man; he was, in very deed, a child of God. We can say of him most truly, that he walked with God and feared God. His citizenship he considered to be in heaven, and not on earth. He was a Christian, not in the sense that he believed certain propositions about God; but he believed in God; not because he believed in certain statements about Christ, but he believed in Christ and rested in Him, and Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Saviour of the world, was formed in his very life the hope of glory, and all the benevolence and all the forth-putting of this man's rich and glorious powers were but the expression of the faith that was in him and the life that was enriched and ennobled and sanctified by the Spirit of his Lord and Redeemer.

What are we to think of this man, now that he is gone, dear friends? Such a man simply needs to ask leave of God to die. The death of such a man is but his ascension to glory. It cannot but be so in his case. And he has left to you, who have been associated with him in social life and in business life, as well as in church life, a noble example, that you may follow in his footsteps. Has he not taught every one of us that a man may be a man of affairs and yet a man of God? That a man may be ambitious and yet not be selfish? That a man may gather of this world's possessions about him,



and yet be a servant of the Most High ? He has left us all an example of simplicity, purity, humility, generosity and Christian fidelity, which you and I, who treasure, as I hope we shall treasure, his memory and ever keep it fresh with tears of joy and of reverence, will do well to emulate.

I need not enter at all upon his relationship as father and as husband. Let us keep that inner holy of holies inviolate, save to say that he was the best of fathers and the best of husbands. Brooklyn has lost, maybe, maybe it will lose in the future, men who have held more conspicuous position in the political affairs of society, men who have shone with a more brilliant genius in the intellectual life of the people ; but no better man than A. S. Barnes has Brooklyn ever lost ; no better man can Brooklyn ever lose. You will remember all the grace, all the tenderness and sweetness and beauty of that home life. His home was in very deed, as far as that is possible, a paradise on earth. And this service recalls to our minds another similar service which we were called upon to attend only a little while ago—the funeral service of that noble, royal Christian mother-wife who was his stay and comfort and support through all his active life in business and in church. They have clasped hands once more. The joy of that to him must be but little less than the consciousness that he is in the very presence of his Lord and Redeemer.

Just suffer this word of exhortation in this solemn hour and in this sacred place ; young and old, remember that our time is very short on earth. Let us be up and doing, and engaged in instant duty, so that, when the Master summons us, we shall be ready.

The Rev. Richard S. Storrs, D.D., then made an address and offered prayer.

(Address by Rev. Dr. Storrs.)

It is certainly not needful, my friends, that I add any words to the eloquent eulogy on our departed friend and brother, which has been spoken by his pastor. But it happens to me to be able to confirm, by personal testimony, one remark which was made in regard to the value which our friend attached to his personal manhood and to his conscious spiritual relation to divine beings and things, in comparison with the value which he attached to worldly possessions.

It happened to me to be with him for a little in the ancient city of Heidelberg, when the news of the disastrous fire at Chicago was flashed across the Atlantic, and when, in the uncertainty of the early intelligence, certain only as to the magnitude of the disaster, he was entirely unassured that his pecuniary losses had not been immense, not only in that city, but through the losses inflicted by the flames upon companies in which he was largely interested. And so, as we walked the streets and stood together under the shadow of the ancient ruined castles and along the banks of the Neckar, he spoke, again and again, of the great peace and quietness of spirit which he had, in view of all possible losses that might come to him in regard to worldly affairs, through his consciousness of the divine acceptance of him in Jesus Christ. And as the fact has been recalled to me, while sitting here, by the words of his pastor, it is right, perhaps, that I add this testimony out of my own remembered experience with him, to the truth of what has been said.

One cannot but think, standing here, of the widely diverse aspects in which life on earth presents itself to us. I look back to the time, forty years ago and more, when I used to see this beloved friend sitting before me in the church with his wife, both in their young beauty, with their older

children then grouped as little children beside them ; when he, at my urgent solicitation, consented to become an officer in the church which I served, and when he also, not by my solicitation, but by the motion of his own mind, gave himself to a difficult and patient missionary service in that vicinity, and it seems but yesterday. The shining years have so swiftly passed, that that morning of the day seems related to this time as the morning to the evening. A span covers the whole, apparently, and one cannot but say with the Apostle, 'What is thy life? It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.' And that is one aspect of life.

But I remember, also, the character which has been formed in that life, strong and beautiful. I remember the experiences which have formed it—the experiences of faith and submission and consecration. I remember the usefulness which has gone from it, through the various and multitudinous institutions of charity and beneficence which he delighted to assist, through his own continual gifts and words. I remember that that life has been to him but the portal of immortality, and then it seems vast—not a shining vapor in the sky, dissolving in the sunlight, but a diamond palace, filled with beauty and joy—the beauty and the joy of Christ ; not a fleeting vapor, but connected intimately, essentially, with eternal destinies of glory and of peace. In one sense, life is a little thing, swiftly passing, brief at the longest. If given to secular welfares only, it is a little thing, but if given to the promotion of character, the attainment of experience, and the achievement of usefulness, and lived with reference to the life hereafter, how noble and illustrious it becomes. So he is a teacher to us to-day, and from these dumb lips comes an eloquence that no living eloquence can parallel.

## PRAYER.

“Thou infinite and eternal Father, Thou King immortal, invisible, Thou only wise God, who fillest immensity with Thy presence, and inhabitest eternity, and before whom the seraphim bow and veil their faces, as they cry one unto another, ‘Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord of Hosts?’ yet who in Thine infinite sovereignty and glory dost condescend to take thought concerning the children of men, to hear their prayer and send them answers of blessing and of peace, to accept their worship, to solace them in their grief, to sustain them in their infirmity, and to give them joy and hope and courage when in themselves they are despondent and oppressed; we come to Thee with gladness and gratefulness that we are permitted to come, that our weakness may be made strong by Thine infinite might, and that the trouble of our hearts may be turned into perfect tranquillity and peace by the touch of Thy spirit. We bless and praise Thee for all that Thou givest us to make life on the earth beautiful and precious to us; for every power and every opportunity, for the delights of home, for the enjoyments of friendship, for the success of enterprise, for the gladness of hope. Most of all, we bless and praise Thee for the Gospel of Thy grace and love, given to us in Jesus Christ thy Son; for its illustrious truths, for its holy precepts, for its sublime and gracious promises, for its manifestation unto us of the way of life, for the gates of Heaven opened to every believer, which shine upon us from this sacred Word. And we bless and praise Thee that this Word has its response and reflection in the hearts of Thy disciples on the earth; that they, with faith receiving its truth; they, with joyful feelings accepting its promises, and consecrating themselves unto Him who is the Lord and Saviour of the world, become themselves living epistles, known and read of men, testifying unto all of the grace and power, the glory and love, of Him who is on high.

We praise and bless Thee for the life, so beautiful in its progress and continuance, which has now been closed. We rejoice before Thee in all our recollection of him who has gone to be present with the Lord. With some of us, these memories extend over many years, and they are full of beauty and of harmony. We bless Thee for that constitution and power which Thou didst give unto him, and that tendency of spirit which Thou didst quicken by Thy grace and nurture by Thy word, out of which came the beauty and strength of his later years. We bless Thee for all that he has been in the home so beautiful to him, so beautiful to all ; for all that he has been to those who bear his name. We bless and praise Thee for what he was to children and to grand-children, and to all associated with him in the intimate relationships and kinships of life. We bless Thee for what he has been to this Church of Christ and to the other churches of our Lord, and to the city of his chosen and joyful residence, and for all the usefulness that shall go from his work and word and life into the future years to bless and make glad the City of God. We render Thee thanks and praise, O most merciful Father, for all that Thou didst grant him of power and of grace, and for the way in which Thou didst lead him ; that in the time of grief his spirit was not overwhelmed, because sustained of Thee ; that it was permitted him, in his closing weeks and months of life, still to be ministered to by the tender love and the watchful care of those who loved him ; and that from the room of sickness, made sweet and sacred by his submission and faith, he hath only passed into the spheres of instant light and immortal being. Now we pray, most merciful Father, that Thy grace may be granted unto us and all of us, that we may apprehend and feel the lessons of his life, and that we may rejoice, every one of us, in the same gospel of truth and light and salvation in which was his gladness and the life of his soul. We pray for Thy blessing upon those who tarry behind him, loving him and

sorrowing for him, and yet rejoicing, in the midst of their tears, that he, as they know, is with the Master and with the saints. May his life be reproduced in their life, and may they, like him, glorify God in their spirits and bodies, which are His. And may Thy blessing be granted unto all of us, and unto all who are associated with us in this fellowship of suffering. Wheresoever these tidings, as they go abroad, carry grief, there wilt Thou, by Thine infinite grace, carry equal consolation, yea, surpassing consolation. And wheresoever any, hearing of this event, shall be saddened by reason of it, there may there come the peace of God and the exultation of spirit which Thou givest to thy children when most they are depressed. Guide us through our life here. We thank Thee for its large opportunities. We thank Thee for the inestimable results of it in the immortality beyond, when we spend it in Thy faith and fear, in Thy love and to Thy glory. Yet we know how brief it is in itself. Help us to spend every day and every year in the service of Him from whom life comes and by whom it is preserved to us; and grant that at last we may go from life on earth, even at its highest, unto the life celestial; from the darkness of the earth to the splendor of the heavenly realms; from these friendships, breaking so often, to those felicities and festivities of immortal friendship that shall never cease. And there shall be no song on any seraph's saintly lips, and no music on any seraph's harp, that shall be sweeter than the song we bring to Thee, sinners ransomed by the cross of Christ; sinners renewed, sanctified by the Holy Spirit, mortals made immortal by Thy power on high. And unto the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Spirit, shall be the glory, evermore. Amen."

The hymn, "Beautiful Zion, built above," was then sung, after which the Benediction was pronounced by the Rev. Dr. Storrs.

# ALFRED SMITH BARNES.

HALF A CENTURY AS A SCHOOL-BOOK PUBLISHER.

MRS. MARTHA J. LAMB in *Magazine of American History*, May, 1888.

No period in American history has ever been characterized by greater intellectual restlessness or fruitage than the two decades subsequent to 1825. A mere catalogue of the various books, libraries, clubs, charities, churches, educational institutions, newspapers, inventions, industries and business enterprises which sprang into existence within those years would furnish an instructive lesson. We are all familiar with the story of the long-baffled efforts and final success of Professor Morse in devising mechanical contrivances for conveying messages from point to point by means of electricity. We know how depressing were the original endeavors to bring steam into harness for propelling land-carriages. We recall with something akin to wonder the wholesale terror inspired by the first introduction of gas for lighting houses and streets; and the persistent vigor which, in spite of bitter opposition and in a time of great scarcity of money, brought pure water into the city of New York through a conduit of solid masonry forty-five miles in length, at a cost of upwards of nine millions of dollars. We look backward also to this same remarkable period for the foundation of the great newspaper system of the country, which has become such an engine of thought as well as power.

It was an era of important beginnings. Authorship took a fresh start, art received higher recognition than ever before, exhibitions of pictures and statuary became both lucrative and creditable, while the drama struggled for elevation in keeping with the advance of public taste. "The age is itself dramatic," wrote a prominent critic in 1837. There was an endless amount of groping experimentally in the

dark, but the air was exhilarant with material progress and exciting possibilities. Among the most popular themes discussed in all quarters were the value of books as a means of culture, and the cause of common-school education. Far-sighted, practical men were acting on the principle that no good citizen could afford to dwell in this world without the privileges of a public library; and, as the population multiplied, the American brain was actively trying to solve the problem of how to provide improved opportunities for the instruction of children.

In New England, more than in any other part of the country, education was the absorbing social topic. Money-making was an after consideration. Birthright was by no means ignored, but it counted for little unless divested of all suspicion of ignorance. The standard by which men and women were measured was intelligence, and intellectual effort and achievement were the fashion.

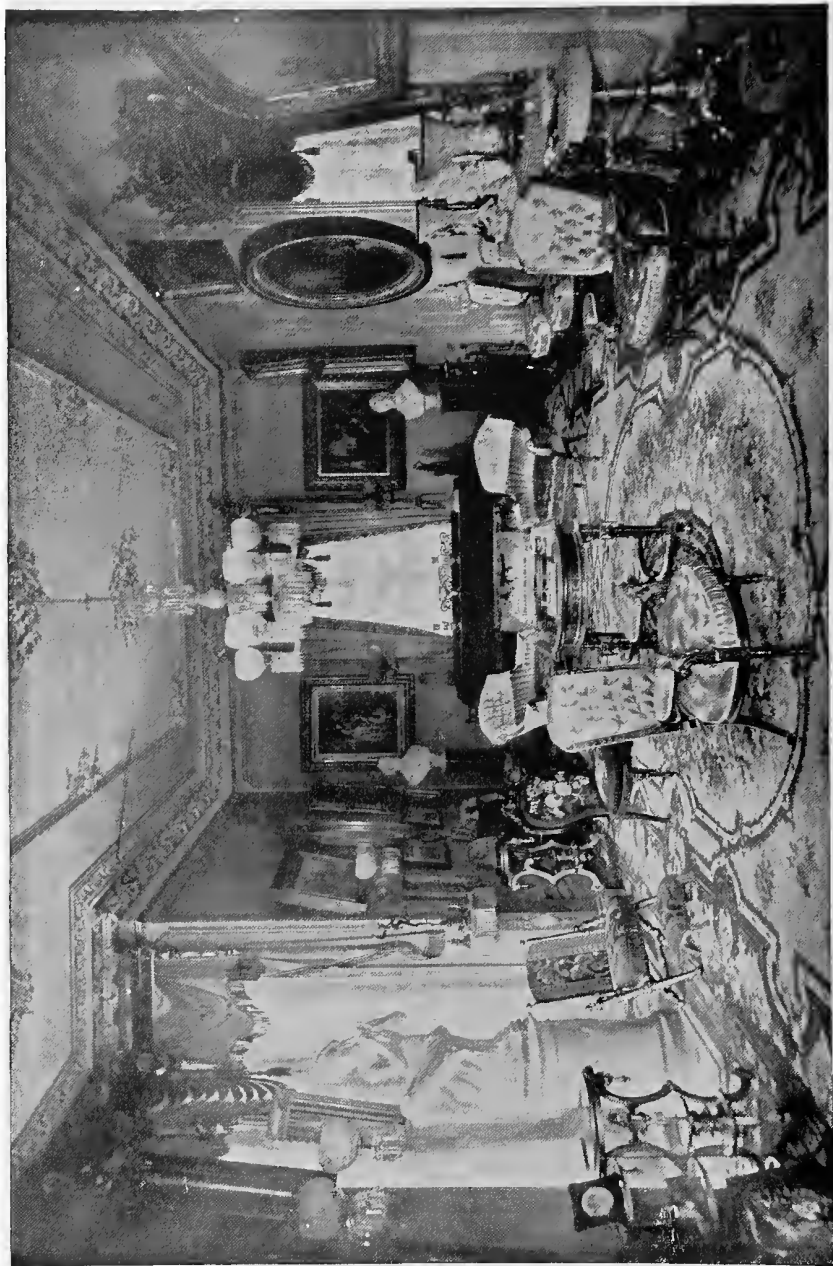
The year 1837 will ever be memorable in the annals of America for its great financial perils and disasters, sweeping the entire land. Banks closed their doors, enterprises of all descriptions came to a standstill, industries were paralyzed, and the working classes were plunged into a condition of extreme destitution. Partial relief only came with the following year. Yet it was in the year 1838 that the late Alfred Smith Barnes, at the age of twenty-one, founded the great school-book publishing house that bears his name, and of which he was the head and soul for just half a century.

In his intercourse with the educators of the day, the youthful publisher naturally became conversant with existing defects in the primitive school-books then in use, and learned the general sentiment as to what ought to be provided for a starving generation. He made educational text-books a practical study.

Soon after establishing himself in New York, Mr. Barnes originated the scheme of publishing a full and complete







PARLOR IN CLINTON AVENUE HOUSE.

series of school-books, embracing every department of elementary and advanced education, styled "The National Series of Standard School Books." Mr. Barnes did not go into this enterprise haphazard, but gave every manuscript submitted for the series a practical personal examination, for which he was admirably qualified through his experience and acquirements. His industry at this period of his career was untiring, and his sound judgment and vigorous energy were never more conspicuous. He justly prided himself on the fact that no book ever bore his imprint that was not pre-eminently a "good book." Many of the school-books prepared and issued with such discriminating care had each the phenomenal sale of more than a million copies. \* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Barnes identified himself from the first with the advancement of Brooklyn in everything that goes to make up the characteristics of a refined and intelligent community. His influence was always strenuously exerted for what he esteemed the city's highest welfare. As his income increased through the growth of his business, he disbursed money liberally. He was prominent in charities; he helped to build churches; he was an enthusiastic supporter of the Young Men's Christian Association, and of city and other missions; he was one of the Executive Committee of the Long Island Historical Society, contributing generously to its library fund, and to the new building itself; he lent material aid in erecting the Academy of Music and the Mercantile Library, and in perfecting many other enterprises of an educational character. In his varied schemes of Christian and practical philanthropy, Mr. Barnes always found in his wife a judicious and sympathetic counselor. She was herself an active worker in many charities, notably the "Old Ladies' Home," of which she was treasurer, and the "Home for the Friendless," on Concord Street, of which she was President for several years prior to her death in 1881. Dr. Storrs, in a glowing tribute to the memory of her well-rounded life, said: "Empires go

down, dynasties disappear ; but the asylum, the hospital, the home for the sick, the institutions in which the blind are made to see and the dumb speak—these continue. So she has lined her life with those who are to testify of her in the future time. All good things last longer than we anticipate. Our analysis of the progress of households and of persons and of communities is always imperfect and uncertain, because we do not detect and cannot trace back to their sources those hidden influences that work for good. They are like the imperceptible threads of gold in some ancient tapestry. She did not start a good influence and leave it to circulate by its own gravitation merely, but she put ardor of spirit, energy, constancy and concentration of resolution into that which she had to do. We often look upon buildings, and admire them for the perfect symmetry of their proportions. A poem sometimes impresses our thought by its absolute completeness of thought and expression. The picture on the canvas allures and holds our eye by the same charm of symmetrical harmony. Here is a life nobler than building or poem or picture, which seems attended by the same singular symmetry and finish of proportion.” \* \* \* \* \*

Some years after the death of his first wife, he married Mrs. Mary Matthews Smith, a lady of rare mental culture and great force of character, whose pen, from time to time, reveals the literary faculty, and whose hymns and sacred poems have appeared in some of our leading periodicals, and in recent hymn books. \* \* \* \* \*

It was under the auspices of the publishing house of Alfred S. Barnes that the *Magazine of American History* was founded in 1877, and no one was more deeply interested than he in the educational work which this new and only periodical of its kind in the land was expected to perform. The well-known imprint of his house graced its title page for six successive years ; and when the change came in its management, he still remained in active sympathy with its grand purposes and one of its best friends.

MARTHA J. LAMB.

## TRIBUTE FROM DR. TALMAGE.

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WHAT THE LATE ALFRED S. BARNES HAS DONE FOR  
BROOKLYN.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage referred to Mr. Barnes in the following remarks delivered at the Friday evening meeting of his church, February 24th, 1888 :

The number of men who built Brooklyn and who have gone into eternal absenteeism is rapidly increasing. Pausing a moment to-day on the New York and Brooklyn Bridge, I read on a stone pillar the names of those who had been influential in the building of that suspended wonder of the centuries. The president, Mr. Murphy, gone. The vice-president, Mr. Kingsley, gone. The treasurer, Mr. Prentice, gone. The engineer, Mr. Roebling, gone. So our useful and important citizens from all departments are passing off. And now, within a few days, Alfred S. Barnes departed. And yet he has not disappeared. When our Historical Hall, and Academy of Music, and Mercantile Library, and our great asylums of mercy, and our churches of all denominations shall have crumbled—then, and not until then, will our splendid citizen, Mr. Barnes, have disappeared ; for his brain and heart and head planned them, and his munificent hand helped support them. When at 11 o'clock last Friday night this noble and gracious soul flashed into the bosom of God, we lost as good a citizen as Brooklyn ever had. If the queenly wifehood that hovered over his suffering pillow for four months, until the fatigue and the devotion became almost a martyrdom, and the prayers and the love and the

devotion of his children, and the anxieties of hundreds of thousands of fellow citizens, could have hindered his departure he would again have taken his old place at his family table, and on our philanthropic platforms, and in the pews of our churches. But his work was done. No power could keep him down out of the supernal light or back from the rewards awaiting him. What a bulwark of credit was his name to the financial institutions he trusted or presided over? What an honor to the universities on whose scrolls of directors his name was permitted to appear! And what a re-inforcement to the great benevolence of the day was his patronage. Out of a warm personal friendship of many years, I must speak my gratitude and my admiration. In business circles, for many a long day, his name will be quoted as a synonym for everything honorable and righteous, but my thought of him is chiefly of being the highest style of Christian gentleman. He was one of the few successful men who maintained complete simplicity of character. After gaining the highest position, where he could afford to decline the Mayoralty and Congressional honors, and all political preferment, as he did again and again, he was as artless in his manner as on the day when he earned his first dollar. His illumined face was an index to an illumined soul. I have known many lovely and honorable and inspiring and glorious Christian men, but a more lovely or more honorable or more inspiring or more glorious Christian man than Alfred S. Barnes, I never did know. He entered the Kingdom of God himself and all his family followed him, and upon them may the mantle of their consecrated and glorified father fall, as I believe it has already fallen. What a magnificent inheritance of prayers and good advice and Christian example! Well may they cry out as Elisha did when Elijah went up in fiery equipage "My Father, my Father, the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof!"

## TRIBUTES FROM THE PRESS.

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### *Brooklyn Daily Eagle.*

ALFRED S. BARNES.

ONE more name must be erased from the roll of Brooklyn's best known and most honored citizens—the name of Alfred S. Barnes.

Mr. Barnes was a typical Brooklynite. The vast business which he built up and so successfully conducted is the best monument to his sagacity and enterprise. The qualities of his head and heart exactly fitted him to occupy the position which he filled in this community. He made money abundantly, and he disbursed it in a spirit of wise liberality. The purity of his life was the natural expression of his character. He hated whatever was mean, dishonest or unclean. From the great publication house, of which he was the soul and head, no print or book ever issued containing a single sentence that would offend the modest, alarm the wise, or pain the virtuous. His charities entitle him to rank among the benefactors of his race. Whatever was worthy and of good report elicited his sympathy. He never wearied in well doing. His practical benevolence was limited only by his ability to give. He accepted riches as the steward of his Master and lived up to the doctrine that charity is the first of virtues.

His identification with the city of his residence and affection added to its fame. His is one of the names which first suggest themselves when the name of Brooklyn is mentioned. He gave a complete example in his life of the meaning of the phrase "a good citizen." He had the true civic pride. He wished to see Brooklyn advanced in all the works that characterize a refined and intelligent community. To that end he labored himself and helped others to labor. His example is a richer legacy than his fortune, and his record will always survive to honor his memory.—ED.

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### *The Standard-Union.*

THE LATE ALFRED S. BARNES.

BROOKLYN loses in the death of Alfred S. Barnes one of its most honored, representative and public-spirited citizens. Mr. Barnes was especially distinguished for his loyalty to the community in which, for over thirty years, he was a striking figure. While he shrunk from the

contentions of politics and rarely participated in formal discussion of public affairs, he was a great force for good in matters pertaining to the welfare of the people and the upbuilding of the city and its institutions. With characteristic modesty he sought to exert his influence through the channels of private endeavor, rather than in the broad fields of general contention and observation. To the agencies established for the education and culture of his fellow-citizens, and to the advancement of the sacred cause of Christianity, he contributed with a generosity that speaks volumes for the strength of his convictions, his unbounded sincerity and his profound devotion to his moral obligations. Through his instrumentality were founded, and developed to capacity of large usefulness, some of the most beneficent of our local charities. He extended a healing hand to wounded humanity, succored the poor, relieved the aged, and cared for the helpless orphan. In his church associations Mr. Barnes enjoyed a prominence justified by his tireless exertions in spreading the golden truths taught by the Master and in expanding the scope of religious activity among his neighbors. His reputation in business as one of the leading publishers of the United States was without a flaw; he manifested a degree of enterprise that contributed largely to the introduction of progressive methods in his profession; and he exhibited, in all his relations, the characteristics of a high-minded gentleman.—ED.

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*The Citizen.*

A. S. BARNES.

By the death of Mr. Alfred S. Barnes, the well-known publisher, Brooklyn loses one of its most distinguished and worthy citizens. For more than a quarter of a century he has figured among our leading men, to whom every plan of beneficence, of culture and of public advantage could be submitted with the certainty of securing support. He would have commanded respect as an employer on a large scale had there been no other reason for treating him with deference; but he had a still securer hold on the good will and lively esteem of Brooklynites because of his benevolence and enlightened disposition. He was, moreover, a type of self-helping American manhood. Out of poverty he rose to opulence by dint of hard work, frugality, intelligence and enterprise. He leaves a name honorable in all ways, and an example that may well be recommended to the attention of young men.—ED.



*Brooklyn Times.*

ALFRED S. BARNES.

THE death of such a man as Alfred S. Barnes, is a loss to the entire community in which his spotless personal life and successful business repute have long formed a conspicuous part. No citizen in Brooklyn who has not been brought before the public by professional or political prominence has been more widely and favorably known. In business, social, religious and charitable circles, his name has long been a household word. And to a much wider circle than that of his associates in this city and the neighboring metropolis, his name has been made known by its imprint upon many thousands of text books from which succeeding generations for half a century have received education. Fifty years of such integrity and probity, conjoined with adequate business success, are seldom to be set down to the credit of any man.

Mr. Barnes represented the best type of the descendant of sturdy New England ancestry who sought and secured business pre-eminence in New York in the days when the foundations of vast fortunes were far more easily laid than at present. By industry, economy and a close attention to details he built up one of the largest book publishing houses in the country with commensurate returns for his outlay. And then he had the wisdom to make full use of, and to derive full enjoyment from, the fruits of his labors. Instead of leaving all his wealth for heirs to possibly quarrel over or squander, he enjoyed the ante-mortem pleasure of doing good with the means entrusted to him. In many and varied channels he poured out the streams of his beneficence, and cast his bread upon the waters to find it returned increased a hundred-fold.

The Clinton Avenue Congregational Church is largely the monument of his labors, as its chief officer, to establish it firmly, and in many institutions designed to benefit this and other communities his labors were abundant. Such a life is a rich legacy to a community in these days when grasping greed and sordid endeavor too often dry up the natural fountains of generosity, and men who first seek to gain money for the good they can do with it come to add wealth to wealth with no desire to benefit anything save their own selfish desires. Alfred Smith Barnes was a courtly and polished gentleman of what is called the old school, but his success in business and eminence in the community did not withdraw him from sympathy with a struggling humanity wherever found —ED.

*New York School Journal.*

THE teachers of America cannot but be deeply interested in the eminent men who publish the text-books that are in the hands of the pupils. Their names have become household words in many cases, indeed they are better known to the young than those of statesmen and politicians.

There are few names more intimately associated with the history of educational progress during the last fifty years than that of the late A. S. Barnes; and when he died at his home in Brooklyn, it seemed as if one of the props had fallen away from the structure of our great public school system.

Not only was Mr. Barnes honored among his professional associates, but he was personally loved and respected; looked up to in social life and regarded in the community as a strong and representative factor in its life;—one who had at heart the well-being of those about him, and was always alive and sensitive to the obligations of citizenship in its broad sense.

He began life with little to depend on except his own resources, and by integrity, industry, and a wide range of intelligence, he succeeded in establishing a house whose name and character are known with respect throughout the United States.

The public school system of the country is especially indebted to his foresight and liberality for many of the most popular text-books that have ever been published.

One of Mr. Barnes' business principles was to live and let live. This was exemplified in his management of his employees. He was never repressive; but always encouraged them to make the most of themselves. If any of them found they could do better elsewhere than he could afford to do by them, he very cordially gave them his blessing, and sometimes a lift—unless they contemplated something in the speculative line, against which he strongly advised. All around the house now, across the street, a few blocks away, and in different places about town are men at the head of successful firms, who wrought out their business capacities while in his employ. Though some of these may be regarded as rival establishments in some departments of their trade, all are on the best of terms with the parent house.

In the selection of the MS. for his books he did not allow himself to be guided at all by the reputation of the author. If there was merit in the work, and earnest conscientious worth in the man, he was given a trial.

Only as fast as he could secure the "good books" that he was determined should exclusively constitute his stock, did he add to his catalogue. He was an expert in the difficult art of literary judgment. He had perfect confidence that, if a book itself was meritorious and met a public want, he could very well take care of both book and author.

A house that ties itself to great names, and cannot venture beyond them, has a poor show in the sharp competition of American business, and the rapid changes in the public needs and public tastes. Yet one that depends almost wholly on untried writers, must have a very cool, critical, discerning brain at the head of its affairs.

It has been well said that in his business career, his example is a richer legacy than his fortune. He was recognized as a thoroughly successful man by the mercantile world; and when we come to look more closely into the details of his progress we find those elements which in themselves constitute success in the eyes of a philosopher, and are its surest guarantee with those who have studied the fortunes of all men that ever attained a really worthy eminence.

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*Illinois School Journal.*

A. S. BARNES.—He has been for half a century the controlling spirit of what has become one of the largest publishing houses in this country, and has acquired during this period large interests in other lines of business, all of which have been managed with great business sagacity. "His life is a commentary upon the advantage of a perfectly correct life in the midst of business temptations, and of a high type of Christian principle in the conduct of affairs."

To such men as Mr. Barnes the cause of education in this country is greatly indebted. Probably no influence has been more potent in building up and advancing this cause than the great publishing houses that have supplied the country with a constantly improving series of textbooks. A few of these firms have made large fortunes from the extensive sale of their publications, but they have been always quick to respond to the demand for improved books, and books in new fields of research, and have, thereby, been great promoters of advancement in educational thought and practice. When the time comes for determining the relative rank of the different agencies that have worked for the education of the people, it will be found that the publishing firms stand high on the list.

*Harper's Weekly*, New York.

\* \* \* MR. BARNES came from old New England stock. At the age of sixteen he entered the employ of D. F. Robinson & Co., Hartford, at that time the largest book publishing house in this country. \* \* \*

One of the maxims Mr. Robinson was wont to impress on his apprentice—and which afterward proved true in Mr. Barnes' case—was that all a young man needed for success in life was “good principles, strict integrity of character, a faithful discharge of duty in life, and an interest in his employer's business.”

Soon after becoming of age Mr. Barnes received a letter of introduction to Professor Charles Davies, an American mathematician of distinction at that time, and whose reputation became national as the author of one of the most celebrated series of mathematical text-books published in the United States. This introduction led to a partnership, which was formed in Hartford in 1838.

The business quarters of the young firm was a room 12x20 feet. Cash capital there was none.

Mr. Barnes personally canvassed the schools and academies throughout the country—which in the days before the railroad and steamboat was tedious and slow work—for the purpose of introducing Professor Davies' mathematics and Mrs. Willard's histories.

Of course the young publisher's sales in this way were not extensive, but the perseverance, pluck, and enterprise developed by this training finally helped to lay the foundation for the prosperous business that now bears his name.

In 1840 Mr. Barnes removed his business to Philadelphia, and remained there nearly five years. Recognizing the fact that New York city offered superior advantages for his growing business, he removed to this city in 1845.

Mr. Barnes was in every respect a public-spirited man, and his name is therefore prominently connected with many public institutions and enterprises of a social, commercial, and religious character.

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*The American Stationer.*

\* \* \* HE was personally an attractive man, always ready and willing to perform any kind act to anyone in need; he was beloved by his employees and popular among his customers. He was an attentive

man of business, always on the alert, and ready for anything which would benefit the trade, and in this line he was largely instrumental in bringing about the present union among publishers which has resulted in benefit to the public as well as to the trade.

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*New York Independent.*

His name was probably almost as widely known throughout the United States as that of any other man. Mr. Barnes was, in the fullest meaning of the term, a self-made man. He began his career as publisher with the resolution that he would publish good books only. He entered upon this resolution, as he conducted every business enterprise of his long life, from principle, not for revenue. Mr. Barnes was a long-sighted, clear-headed, conservative and at the same time energetic and pushing business man; in fact, he possessed almost all the attributes to make a successful business man. He was a man of the highest reputation; his word was as good as his bond. He exemplified his principles by making large contributions to charitable institutions in addition to his large-handed generosity in a private way of which the public knew nothing. It would be well if the lives of all our business men were modeled after the same pattern as that of Alfred S. Barnes.

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*New York Evangelist.*

MR. A. S. BARNES. On Friday last he was not, for God took him. Time fails us to speak of him as we would. In brief, he was a great worker in business, and a large giver of the money he made; he also gave himself to personal care of many charities in which he was interested; he was a catholic and consistent Christian; he was the best of husbands and fathers; he was a genial, loving, and sympathetic friend; he was childlike and simple in manner, and pure in heart. His death removes from among us a most gracious and attractive personality, a man universally respected and beloved. He will be greatly missed in his immediate pursuits, but scarcely less in the Church and the interests of benevolence generally. He was a pillar in the Clinton Avenue Congregational Church in Brooklyn, from its very beginning. He leaves a large family; his sons have long been his partners in business. Like

several other of our chief publishing houses—the Appletons, the Harpers, and the Scribners—they inherit not only a large business, but something of which they can be still more proud, the priceless legacy of an honored name. How great is the loss in that happy domestic circle, none but they can know; but we all feel that something has gone out of our lives also, and that to us the world is poorer and colder now that this “brother beloved” is gone. No wonder such a man had troops of friends. Their eyes are filled with tears, but their tears are illumined with the light which reflects the glory on which he has entered.

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*The American Missionary.*

MR. A. S. BARNES was elected on the Executive Board of the A. M. A. nineteen years ago, and had served in that capacity continuously up to the day of his death. He was a wise counsellor, large-minded in his views and honorable in his spirit, known throughout the land as one of the foremost publishers in the country, largely interested in educational work, and yet he found time for an earnest devotion to various enterprises in the Christian church. His fidelity and helpfulness in the service of the A. M. A. are fully known only to those who were associated with him. Many organizations of missionary and Christian work will miss his presence and the help of his generous stewardship; but none will feel his departure more truly than the American Missionary Association, which has lost its President, one of its Secretaries, and this long-honored member of its Executive Board within the last half-year. The greatness of his work in our service will be remembered and cherished.

## IN MEMORIAM.

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At a meeting of the Trustees of the Clinton Avenue Congregational Church Society, held on April 23d, 1888, the following Minute was unanimously adopted and ordered to be recorded in the Book of Minutes of the Board:

Mr. Alfred S. Barnes, who died at his residence in this city on the 17th day of February, 1888, was a member of the Board of Trustees of the Clinton Avenue Congregational Church Society for 33 years and President of the Board for several years. He was also one of the officers of the Church, having held the office of Deacon for many years.

He was Superintendent of the Church Sunday School, and represented the Church and Society in many of the leading organizations, benevolent, religious and charitable. He was a generous giver to all the objects of benevolence that came before the Church, as also to the building and sustaining of the Church and its missions.

The members of the Board of Trustees will ever remember his great and hearty interest in the welfare of the Church and Society, the wisdom imparted by him at the councils of the Board, his good judgment in matters of vital importance to the Church, as also his kindly and genial feelings towards us as members, which characterized his connection with the Board. His purity of character and other Christian virtues were an example which must have an influence upon all who were associated with him.

JOSEPH G. STORY, *Clerk.*

At a meeting of the Book Publishers of New York, at which the Trade was fully represented, Mr. Birdseye Blakeman was called to the chair, and opened the meeting with an appreciative address on the character of Mr. Barnes, in the course of which he said :

We are called together to-day out of respect to the memory of one, who, for many years, it has been our privilege to look up to as a leading member of the trade. In the providence of God, Mr. A. S. Barnes has been taken from the activities of business life and from his usefulness as a member of society, and from the closer and dearer relationships of his home and friends. \* \* \* \* \*

We must humbly and reverently bow to the decree of an over-ruling Providence that never mistakes, and seeing the end from the beginning, acts with unerring wisdom.

In the face of such an event, it becomes us to be ourselves mindful of the uncertainties of life, and so live that when the summons shall come to us, we may be found, as we have every reason to believe our departed friend was, ready.

It has been my privilege to know Mr. Barnes since first coming to the city as a young man, now more than forty years ago, more or less in social and church life in Brooklyn, in the earlier part, when I was living there, and all the time in our business lives.

At this time, it is a real satisfaction to be able to refer to him as exemplifying in his life a high standard of business integrity, and in his social life, true culture and purity, and having an earnest, faithful influence in that which makes the useful citizen. As we mourn his loss in our business circles, we may hope that his mantle may fall upon his sons, who are to be his successors.



The following Resolutions, reported by a committee, consisting of Messrs. Appleton, Harper and Taintor, were then adopted :

*Whereas*, The Creator, in His infinite wisdom, has removed from this life our colleague and associate, Alfred S. Barnes, who died at his residence, in Brooklyn, on the evening of February 17th, 1888, it is

*Resolved*, That, in the death of Mr. Barnes, the publishing business has lost one of its most eminent and influential members, and society, an exemplar of all that is manly, upright and virtuous.

*Resolved*, That it is a source of gratification to us to point to Mr. Barnes as, in its truest sense, a representative man in his business career. He began life, as so many other successful American publishers have, with little to depend on, except his own resources, and by integrity, industry, and a wide range of intelligence, he succeeded in establishing a house whose name and character are known with respect throughout the United States. The public school system of the country is especially indebted to his foresight and liberality for many of the most popular text-books that have ever been published. We commend the record of his life and character to the young men of America as one that can be studied and followed to their lasting advantage.

*Resolved*, That these Resolutions be engrossed and a copy sent to his firm and to his family.

At a Special Meeting of the Stationers' Board of Trade the following remarks were made by Mr. W. H. Parsons, who occupied the Chair :

We have been called together this morning, as has been stated by the vice-president, to take some action with reference to the death of one of our members, Mr. A. S. Barnes, the senior of the firm of A. S. Barnes & Co. Those of us who have been connected with the publishing, stationery and paper trades in this city—I might almost say in this country—during the last thirty or forty years, can remember all during that period Mr. Barnes as one of the prominent men, not only in his trade but in the mercantile community of this city ; prominent not only in his trade and in the mercantile community of this city, but also exemplifying in all of his business relations the fact that he was a prominent man in the Church of Christ upon the earth, and I believe the reason we come here with one accord to take action respecting the death of Mr. Barnes, is founded in the fact that we honor him and respect his memory. Why? Because he was the highest type of manhood, truly a Christian gentleman and merchant.

Mr. Martin, in moving that a committee of six be appointed to attend the funeral of Mr. Barnes, said :

I do not know anything that can be added to what the chairman has said about our deceased friend. I think that his life has been a shining example to us youthful men, who are following to a certain extent, in his footsteps as a merchant, and I hope we may strive to live the life he lived. Well rounded in all of the joys and pleasures of doing good, and of kind works, spreading where it has been deeply needed the wealth that has been bestowed upon him and living to see the three score years and ten spoken of in the Good Book, and passing away surrounded by his family, in a position of honor

and respectability—it is an example to be pondered on. The firm of A. S. Barnes & Co. was one of the early members of this organization, and I know that Mr. Barnes always had a strong interest in its prosperity and welfare.

### Hanover National Bank, New York :

As a director he served the Bank during fifteen years ; was always deeply interested in its prosperity, and did much to promote its welfare. He was a man of large business experience and sound judgment ; in all his transactions he maintained a character of the strictest integrity, and he leaves a name which is a synonym for honesty and uprightness. In his relations to his co-directors he was always genial, causing them to become deeply attached to him and to admire his stainless character. To know him was to love and respect him, and we who were associated with him see in his life much to admire and imitate.

JAS. M. DONALD, *Cashier*

### Provident Savings Life Assurance Society of New York :

From the organization of the Society to the end of life, Mr. Barnes devoted his best energies to its successful development. In adversity, as in prosperity, his interest and usefulness were unceasing, and assured success was largely due to his confident and generous support.

His eminent success in business, purity of character, and generosity in all good works, constitute a record which his family and friends may contemplate with pride and pleasure.

SHEPPARD HOMANS, *President*,

WM. E. STEVENS, *Secretary*.

## Home Insurance Company, New York :

\* \* \* \* \*

Identified with the "Home" from the date of its organization, one of the original members of this Board, and from the first a member of the Standing Committee, of which at the time of his death he was the honored Chairman, Mr. Barnes has, during all these years, been faithful to the trust reposed in him, and it is pre-eminently proper that we should note upon our records our appreciation of his services, and our esteem for our late associate. Therefore be it

*Resolved*, That in the death of Mr. Barnes, we have lost a genial companion, a wise counsellor and a faithful friend, ever ready to respond to the call of sympathy or of duty, whose pleasant smile and cheery greeting we shall miss in our assemblies, but whose memory will be affectionately cherished by those who have been so long and intimately associated with him ; that besides our own personal loss, we mourn the departure of one so widely known, and so highly esteemed in this city, and Brooklyn, as a philanthropic citizen whose heart and hand were ever open to the call of charity, and whose life has been an example to the young men of both cities.

D. A. HEALD, *Vice-President*.

J. A. WASHBURN, *Secretary*.

Auto. Fire Alarm and Extinguisher Company,  
Limited, New York :

*Whereas*, Said Board in testimony of their sense of loss and esteem and admiration of the late President, desire to record their appreciation of his character and services : therefore

*Resolved*, That the Officers and Directors of the Company officially and individually desire to record their humble tribute

to his spotless integrity and rare sagacity as a man of business—his usefulness and loyalty as a citizen, his virtues as a christian gentleman, and his estimable and kindly qualities as an associate and friend.

SETH G. BABCOCK, *Vice-President.*

J. P. CURTIS, *Treasurer.*

E. O. RICHARDS, *Secretary.*

### Dime Savings Bank, Brooklyn :

*Resolved,* That in the death of our late associate and Vice-President, Mr. Alfred S. Barnes, this Board recognizes the loss of a genial, courteous gentleman ; a faithful, honest adviser ; an officer and trustee whose influence was always exerted in promoting the best interests of the Institution.

*Resolved,* That this record of the estimation this Board entertains for the character, the services and the memory of Mr. Barnes, be placed upon the Minute Book of the Bank.

J. H. HUNTINGTON, *Secretary.*

### Long Island Historical Society :

MR. Alfred S. Barnes, had been a member of this Society from a very early period in its history, and a Director of it for twenty-one years, since 1867. He had been also a member of its Executive Committee since 1876, and his contributions to it had been repeated and liberal ; of \$500 to its early Library fund, of an equal amount towards the purchase of the lots on which its building was subsequently erected, and of \$3,000 towards the building itself.

Those who have been associated with him in the Board of Directors in this institution will always remember, as will those similarly connected with him in other institutions, his wisdom in counsel, his habitual kindness of feeling and word, his attractive and spontaneous courtesy of manner, his hearty interest in the good work to which he gave, not money alone, but time and thought, with earnest care, his enlightened public spirit, and his conscientious faithfulness in the discharge of all duties committed to him. Those who enjoyed the privilege of a more intimate personal acquaintance with him will also delight to recall his exemplary purity of character and of action, his loyal affectionateness of spirit, and his sincere and energetic Christian faith.

As the head of a large publishing-house he was careful that nothing should go from its presses which did not tend, in his judgment, to the true intellectual and moral education of those before whose eyes it should come. As for many years a leading citizen of our rapidly growing community, his influence was always strenuously exerted for what he deemed its highest welfare ; and while he can have left no enemies behind him, he has left multitudes of attached and honoring friends to recall with gladness the fine and strong traits and powers which bound them to him.

It is a rich and beautiful inheritance which any recent and sympathetic community, rapidly increasing in numbers and power, receives from the character and life, as well as from the gifts, of those who take part with continuing enthusiasm in establishing its institutions of culture, of charity, or of Christian worship. Their gifts of moral impulse and guidance are of even higher value than their pecuniary offerings. Unconsciously, perhaps, they set the standard towards which others are lifted ; and the city itself, as well as the immediate household of one so intent on the public welfare, becomes to him a constant debtor. Its obligations to him continue

while its history goes on. On the list of those who have thus made themselves permanent benefactors of the city in which we are glad to live, they who have known it during the more than forty years' of Mr. Barnes's residence in it, will heartily join in giving to his name its place of honor.

### Brooklyn Collegiate and Polytechnic Institute :

*Whereas*, It has pleased Almighty God to call to himself Alfred S. Barnes, an honored member of the Board of Trustees of the Brooklyn Collegiate Polytechnic Institute, for a period of more than thirty years ; we, his associate trustees desire to place upon record our appreciation of his services as trustee and of his private worth. Therefore

*Resolved*, That in the death of Alfred S. Barnes, the Institute has lost a wise counsellor who recognized the scope and importance of its work and a helping friend, who has for a long term of years generously given time and thought to its interests, always ready to assume any duty and always earnest and efficient in its discharge.

*Resolved*, That beside this testimony to the value of his services as a member of our Board, we deem it fitting to express, as citizens of Brooklyn, our sense of the loss which the community has suffered in the death of one of the most generous and public spirited citizens ; and also our sense of personal sorrow for the loss of a friend endeared to us by genial nature and conspicuous virtues.

### Packer Collegiate Institute :

The vacant chair at this Board feelingly appeals to our sensibilities, and reminds us of our loss in the decease of our honored associate, and long time friend, Alfred S. Barnes.

In his regretted death this city loses one of its most upright, useful and valued citizens. A cheerful and kindly man, who habitually sympathized with the best, and helped the worthiest things in the current life of the city, he was long known as a contributor of wise counsel and generous aid to religious, philanthropic and educational enterprises. A judicious adviser, he ever advised with diffidence; a liberal giver, he always gave without ostentation; and wherever he moved, he shed around him an atmosphere of cheerfulness, peace and good-will. The beauty of his domestic life, the blameless purity of his domestic walk and conversation, in his wide social and business circles, and the large-hearted and open-handed liberality with which he responded to appeals for sympathy and succor, made his life an example and a benediction to the two great cities, in which its prolonged activities were spent. \* \* \* \* \*

### Young Men's Christian Association, Brooklyn:

*Resolved,* That we commend to the members of the Brooklyn Young Men's Christian Association, and to other young men, the example of Mr. Barnes, who, by energy of character, strict integrity, and strong Christian conviction and principle, overcame many difficulties and attained not only business success and temporal prosperity, but also the respect and love of his fellow men, and a position from which he could be fitly translated into a brighter and better life.

### Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, Brooklyn.

For many years Mr. Alfred S. Barnes, one of our honored Vice-Presidents, has been a warm friend of this Association, having greatly at heart our work of improving the poor. He



not only endorsed the methods adopted by this Association in its ministry to those needing help, but was ever ready to aid us with his counsel and gifts.

When we take a wider outlook, we find him foremost among the leading men of this city in all that has contributed to its material prosperity, or the moral elevation of the people. He was distinguished alike for graciousness of manner and for sterling integrity of character ; and his exemplary life is a model worthy of the closest imitation. He has left a memory that will abide among us for succeeding generations as an unfailing benediction.

### The Good Samaritan, Brooklyn :

Mr. Barnes was one of the few earnest men who founded the Good Samaritan early in the year 1877, and from that time until he was called hence, and "up higher", he was its leading spirit, its chief promotor, its honored and efficient President. When in the city, and in sufficient health, he always came, and promptly, to the meetings of the Board, where he presided with a wisdom and tact that made him acceptable to all ; and, if ever contending views occasioned, as they do at times in all managing Boards, some disturbance in feeling, he never failed, with rare and ready faculty, to smooth the roughest surface. We shall never cease to cherish with honor, gratitude and affection, the memory of his kindly face, his gentle voice, his wise counsels, his christian, catholic spirit, his upright life.

ROBERT FOSTER,	}	Committee of the Board.
E. C. SEYMOUR,		

Brooklyn City Mission and Tract Society. The following minute was offered by Rev. R. S. Storrs, D. D.:

In the recent death of Mr. Alfred S. Barnes, his family has lost a watchful and tender husband and father, whose example emphasized and impressed his wise counsels, while it gave continual attraction and beauty to the household life. The church of which he was a member, and long an officer, has lost from its fellowship on earth an affectionate and faithful counsellor, whose confidence was firm in the truths of the Gospel, whose heart was warm with christian sympathy, whose will was strong for christian service, and whose hands were open for liberal gifts. All the institutions with which he was connected are deprived henceforth of the aid of one, always diligent and punctual in the performance of his duties, amiable in spirit, and considerate of others, large-minded and sagacious in the administration of all offices of trust. The city misses henceforth one of its most useful and eminent citizens, who, during a long residence in it, has largely contributed to the pleasure and culture of its society, and to the institutions from which it derives beauty and worth.

But, perhaps, no other institution has deeper reason to regret his departure from the circles in which he was honored and useful than has the City Mission and Tract Society, of which he has been a director for forty years, for ten years past its beloved President, continuing in that office until the day of his death. We recall his faithful attendance at our meetings, his earnest love for the society, his readiness to listen to the counsel of others, as well as to present his own, his unflinching enthusiasm for the work to which the society is devoted, his generous leadership in expanding its scope, enlarging its operations, and augmenting its means of usefulness; and we feel that our loss can hardly be estimated and hardly

be supplied ; that the time will not come to those who survive him when they will cease to miss the counsel, the encouragement, and the gladness which his presence at our meetings always afforded.

But the work goes on though workman dies. The cause remains, though he who loved it and faithfully served it has passed from earth to higher scenes. We rejoice to remember that his influence will be with us, though we miss his face, and to feel that the master whom he now sees in open vision will still follow with his blessing the endeavors which hitherto engaged us in common and in which we a little longer continue.

We cannot doubt that he already has heard the welcome "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Our prayer is that each of those who have been in the past associated with him may be equally entitled to hear it, when the time for our departure comes, and that the stars successively set against our names may signify for us, as for him, ascension into the skies.

With the happiest remembrances of the long usefulness of our departed brother and leader, with gratitude for the privilege of an intimate association with him for so many years in this special work, and with the blessed hope of meeting him again, where years do not pass and fellowships are immortal, we direct that this minute, now unanimously adopted, be entered upon our records, and that a copy of it, suitably engrossed, and certified, be sent to the family of our late honored and beloved President.

WILLIAM F. BAINBRIDGE, *Cor. Sec.*

We, the Missionaries of the Brooklyn City Mission Society, would hereby express our high esteem for our late President, who, for many years most truly served the Society to which we belong. In this our loss we mourn the removal of a true counsellor, a faithful friend, a willing helper, to whose genial,

kindly, and encouraging words, as well as acts, we do bear most cheerful testimony.

We pray that the comfort of Jesus our Lord, may be now richly given unto you. And in the spirit of tenderness and sympathy we may abound in every good word and work, even as did our late President, to the glory of Him who has called us unto a living Hope through the Gospel of his dear Son.

(Signed)

H. MOWRY,  
JOHN SHERIDAN,  
J. G. BASS,  
JOHN T. SWANSTRUM,  
D. M. HEYDRICK,  
GEORGE LUSTY,  
MARY MINTANYE,  
RICHARD PENROSE,  
C. SCHNEIDER,

MRS. K. A. THOMPSON,  
WILLIAM WEYAND,  
A. H. MILLAR,  
M. A. DOWNS,  
PAULINE N. SAND,  
F. M. C. HARRIS,  
G. L. LACHEUR, M. D.  
STEPHEN O'DONNELL,  
SAMUEL W. KING.

### Church of the Covenant, Anniversary Exercises :

“In the midst of these joyous reminiscences, we recall with tender and grateful emotion the memory of the sainted dead, whose lives and labors are linked with ours ; especially the name of him who has just gone to his rest. The late Alfred S. Barnes, was a generous and unwearied benefactor of this church, and to his material gifts, from time to time, he added his loving counsel, his personal presence, and his prevailing prayers. We remember his serene yet sturdy piety, the beauty of his personal, domestic and social life, and desire to record our sense of gratitude to God for this noble gift to us, and pledge ourselves anew to the completion of his unfinished work, that we may some day join with him in the grander services commemorative of the final triumph of God's redeeming love.”

## Foreign Sunday School Association :

*Whereas*, it has pleased our gracious Lord to take to his work on high a beloved brother, friend and trustee, of the Foreign Sunday School Association, Mr. A. S. Barnes, we desire as a Society, to express and place upon record, our unbounded appreciation of the man, and to bear grateful testimony to his constant friendship and generosity.

We shall not cease to pray that all these lives may be enriched in time and eternity by the influence of the noble example which was so indelibly impressed by his life upon all who knew him, especially upon those whose privilege it was to call him Father or to recognize him as their God-given benefactor.

*Resolved*, That our members in writing to friends abroad, many of whom have become acquainted with Mr. Barnes in his extensive foreign travels, shall make mention of his death, and tell of the esteem in which he has so long been held in a community which has enjoyed such blessings from him as is rarely permitted a fellow-man to confer.

A. WOODRUFF, *President*.

FANNY D. FISH, *Secretary*.

## The Faith Home for Incurables :

*Whereas*, God in his infinite wisdom has removed from his field of usefulness our worthy President, Mr. A. S. Barnes, therefore be it

*Resolved*, That the Trustees of the Faith Home, recognize the friendship and charity that Mr. Barnes had so freely extended to this Home.

S. B. CHILDS, M. D., *Secretary*.

*From Report of the Faith Home for Incurables :*

We mourn the loss of our greatest benefactor, Mr. A. S. Barnes. He has been God's chosen instrument of good to us. To him are we indebted largely for our pleasant home. But it was not simply his bounty which endeared him to our hearts, but his lovely character, his humility, his unostentatious manner of giving. As a family we are bereaved. One and another have remarked, "He was such a good man." "He had such a great heart." "God couldn't have raised up a better friend for us." "What a blessing he has been." He will live long in the hearts of many. As one after another of our best friends are called above we cling more closely to the One who has said, "Lo ! I am with you always."

Home for Consumptives :

Now that he, the good and noble man is crowned, why should we come in sorrow to speak our words of comfort ? Alas ! we know God's crownings often bring the sorest pain. Mr. Barnes' kindly deeds are too well known to us. We suffer loss with you. He was our friend. He was the friend of all who try to help by any means the sick and weak. Most touching is the fact, that to so many different charities he left a loving gift. It was the generous impulse of a broad and impartial spirit wanting to reach out a helpful hand to all.

It is a fair and worthy monument. We thank God that he enriched the earth with such a life — Blessed be his memory.

Mrs. BENJ. ESTES, *Corresponding Secretary.*

American Home Missionary Society. A Minute passed by the Executive Committee :

OUR Heavenly Father having, since the last meeting of this Committee, taken unto himself the soul of our departed friend and associate, Mr. Alfred S. Barnes, we desire to place on record our appreciation of the rare qualities of mind and heart which pre-eminently fitted him for a place of so great responsibility and usefulness.

Mr. Barnes was consecrated to the work of Christ in all its branches, and in every land. But his wide acquaintance with our own country, its vast extent, resources and possibilities, its manifest call to be a chosen instrument of God for the conversion of the world, roused his enthusiasm. His keen sense of its perils from many sources, and his deep conviction that its safety lay wholly in its loyal allegiance to God and his truth, made him intensely earnest in giving the pure gospel to all our people, whether home-born or foreign-born, and whatever their color or condition. To this work, during his nine years of service on this Executive Committee and its Finance Committee, Mr. Barnes gave freely of his money, his time, his business skill and his prayers. His faith and courage helped us in the darkest hours ; his known integrity and prudence strengthened the confidence of others in the wise management of the Society's affairs ; his genial spirit won our affection, and makes his departure a serious loss to us, compensated only by the knowledge that it brought to him immeasurable gain.

From Report of American Congregational Union :

Since our last Annual Report only one who has been officially connected with this Society has been removed by death. Mr. Alfred S. Barnes, of Brooklyn, was chosen a member of the Board of Trustees in 1859, and remained on the Board

till 1876, when he was chosen President of the Society. He held that office two years. He has been one of the most generous and hearty supporters of the Union from the first, and showed his abiding interest in it by leaving it a legacy of \$5,000 in addition to the gift of \$1,000 the last year of his life. It was he who said of "The Perpetual Loan Fund," "Your scheme is one of the grandest that has ever been brought before the Christian public, and cannot fail of success. The beauty of the scheme is its perpetual usefulness." Such words from such a man, accompanied with such substantial backing, are a perpetual legacy of blessing. As long as the work lasts, this honored man's gifts to this Society will go on establishing places of worship, and so perpetuate his aid in building for God.

### Home for Friendless Women and Children :

In view of the death of Mr. A. S. Barnes, it seems suitable that we should at this meeting attest by a tributary minute to the esteem in which he has long been deservedly held by the society, to which he has long stood in the relation of adviser and benefactor, not forgetting in the sufferings of his last illness, amid an extended interest in charities that made thirty the grateful recipients of his last earthly gifts, the special and detailed needs of the anniversary festivals for our beneficiaries.

But above the loss of his valuable financial assistance, oft repeated and long continued, and culminating in a substantial bequest to our Society, will be the removal of the benign influence, which our consciousness of his interest in our work made us feel was extended over us as a benison. It is with deep feeling that we express this sense of our loss, unable to see through our grief only by faith in the promises, whence similar sustaining for us is to come.

*Resolved,* That we recognize in the example of his life an incitement to greater and better work.

CLARA H. STRANAHAN, *Cor. Sec.*



## LETTERS FROM FRIENDS.

*From* REV. LYMAN ABBOTT, *Brooklyn*:

In my relations with the house of which he was the head he always treated me with such peculiar and friendly consideration that, brief as was my acquaintance, and occasional as were our meetings, he always seemed to me as a personal friend.

*From* REV. HENRY M. STORRS, *Orange, N. J.*:

Mr. Barnes endeared himself to us all. His departure darkens our day. No man can be named of whom we should say more surely that he had much of heaven in his soul and life here on earth. And now it possesses him, in its fulness, *for always*. How ripe his Christian life! how gentle and Christly his spirit! how genial and loving his heart! a son of consolation, and full of the Holy Ghost.

I recall so gladly all my acquaintance with him. Not a blot on its memory, not one unpleasant fact, but everything harmonious with what was pure and holy and good. He was a rare man. Christ made him so, and has he not taken him into *His* Glory? God grant that I may see him again, and in that blessed and Holy presence, renew this friendship of earth, *not* broken, only interrupted *for a little* by his first going.

*From* REV. GEORGE F. PENTECOST, *Norwich, Conn.*:

I feel that in Mr. Barnes' death I have lost a personal friend and a most valued fellow helper in the Lord's work. I have known and highly esteemed him for many years, and if any words of mine would tend to mitigate what must be to you an irreparable sorrow, they would be poured out freely.

From Rev. THEO. L. CUYLER, *Brooklyn* :

Friend after friend departs, but seldom has such an one departed as that noble, true hearted and beloved man who has just gone up to his crown and rich reward. For thirty years I have been strongly knit to him in warm affection, and his departure is a personal bereavement. The *heritage* of his *name* will be a precious possession to all who hear it. May the Blessed Comforter be with you all in these hours of sorrow, and "at eventide it shall be light."

From Rev. R. S. STORRS, *Brooklyn* :

I have loved and honored him ever since I first knew him, more than forty years ago. I felt when he left the Church of the Pilgrims for that on Clinton Ave. that the loss to us was an irreparable one, though I urged him to go, on general grounds, and I have rejoiced always in his beautiful character, his large liberality, and his constantly widening influence and usefulness. His death has brought a shock to my heart, which, it seemed to me, after seeing so many dear friends of my earlier years pass away, I could hardly feel again.

From Rev. CHAS. CUTHBERT HALL, *Brooklyn* :

It is a deep mystery that your father's useful honored life should close on earth when *apparently* there remained so much for him to do, with his wide Christian influence. We shall all feel his loss more and yet more deeply as we call to mind the many noble interests which were dear to him. His bright, sweet smile is so clearly present to my memory to-night. How often I have admired his good, *kind* face, in which the *kind* soul, the clear soul, had set its mark.

From Rev. A. L. CHAPIN, *Beloit, Wis.* :

How much there is in the assurances of the gospel, sustained by the precious memories of the good life closed, to cheer and comfort ; over such a friend we sorrow not as those who have no hope. The event seems to touch me tenderly, making distinct memories of our boyhood days, and of scattered, very pleasant associations, running through the stages of our after life. His prominent characteristics all the way from first to last, were a genial spirit, high moral tone, Christian faith and principle, and a hearty, generous devotion to the cause of Christ. I shall love to think of him and your dear mother as long as I live.

*From REV. LEWIS W. MUDGE, Princeton, N. J.:*

What a blessing we have both enjoyed in having our parents with us so many years, and what a treasure their memory yields. May God grant that we may be found as faithful to our trust as they were, and leave as precious a memory behind us.

*From REV. DR. HUGH SETH CARPENTER, Brooklyn:*

I have been cherishing much sympathy with his patient endurance during these turbid dreams of life, from which he has at last awaked, in the lustre and repose of the life everlasting.

*From REV. HERBERT B. TURNER, Washington, Conn.:*

I know you have found comfort in what he was, and in the promises of the Lord, whom he loved. God wonderfully blessed you in the parents he gave you. What a rich and precious inheritance they have left you in their lives and character which stood for all that was noblest, best and sweetest in life. This inheritance they have left to their children as a sacred trust. May it be faithfully kept. May you ever have their Christian faith and consecration, thus shall you give to your children that which is far more precious than any world-gift, a parent's Christian character and Christian influence. God has sent much into your life to make it happy, but no richer gift has He given you than your Godly mother and father. While I sympathize with you, I would also rejoice with you.

*From REV. HENRY E. BARNES, Sherbrooke, Mass.:*

Such a father, I need not tell you, such a father in all respects is rare. The memory of him is to us a benediction. I loved him fervently. It is good to think of the day or two I was at his house, nearly two years since. He seemed to me especially saintly. His voice and spirit, as I recall the family worship of that time, were marked characteristics of his deep and genuine Christian devotion.

*From DR. ALBERT LEFFINGWELL, Dansville, N. Y.:*

And so to you also has come the shadow. Only God can help us and in his own time. *His own time!* He doesn't take away our grief, but he turns it into loving remembrance and trust, and peace.

*From REV. F. T. INGALLS, Springfield, Mo.:*

I used to meet Mr. Barnes in the early days of my Atchison life, upon his occasional visits to the West, at the time that he was interested in the Central Branch R. R., and I have always remembered gratefully his unfailing courtesy, and his kindly interest in me as a young minister. You surely have the memory of the affection of the kindest and noblest of Christian gentlemen as a most precious legacy, one whose character must have been most winning and attractive, in the innermost circle of home. And in behalf of the college, I am grateful that he remembered us, and that his name will ever in the future be associated with its work.

*From REV. P. STRYKER, Minneapolis, Minn.:*

I often think of Mr. Barnes. My memory of him goes back to 1841, when I was a boy and my father in the book business often purchased books of Mr. Barnes. After that I met him frequently in Saratoga during my pastorate there. It was such a pleasure to see him there last summer. He always carried a smile with him and made every one with whom he held intercourse, happy. But the best of all was his lovely Christian character. It appeared in the look of his face, the grasp of his hand, the tone of his voice, and was conspicuous in all his life. O! that we had more such Christians!

*From REV. C. C. SALTER, Duluth, Minn.:*

It was a grateful and gladdening surprise when he first made himself known in the Chapel at Denver, as the former Sunday school pupil of the father of the speaker, adding to the remembrance an act of kind aid. I am glad to have met him again in our young city, in which he expressed such large hope. Blessed a life that has left a thousand golden memories, and that has laid up treasure in the friends who add their greeting, at the coming into the everlasting habitation. It is hard to have such men go; but harder in the grander view of life, to wish them longer on this side of the wondrous life revealed at the call of Jesus.

*From PROF. JOHN M. SILL, Ypsilanti, Mich.:*

He was my ideal of a great souled, just and noble business man.

*From REV. GEORGE A. HOOD, Ashland, Wis.:*

For six years secretary of the Board of Directors of the Minn. Home Miss. Society, it was with constant satisfaction that I saw Mr. Barnes' name at the head of the Executive Committee of the National Society. This fact, too, was one of my favorite illustrations in preaching on the nobility and worldly prosperity of the Christian life. I grew familiar with his name eighteen years ago, when I assisted Prof. S. W. Clark, my father-in-law, in revising his grammars.

When Prof. Clark's income became reduced by the diminished use of his books, I assumed largely the care of his youngest boy. He was ready for college, but my means were hardly adequate to meet all his expenses, and it was natural for me to turn to Mr. Barnes for assistance, as I understood that to be one of his favorite modes of beneficence; his kindly and cheerful acquiescence enabled us to send the young man to Amherst, and of course endeared Mr. Barnes to me, so that I involuntarily thought when I heard of his death, what are we to do now? I always thought of him with the words, "When the ear heard me, then it blessed me because I delivered the poor that cried and the fatherless and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me. I was a father to the poor, and the cause which I knew not, I searched out."

*From DR. O. R. WILLIS, White Plains, N. Y.:*

Your father was the friend of my youth, and all along through the years as time has worn on, he has risen higher in my respect and estimation. He has gone to realize the activities of a purer life. He is no longer in contact with a sinful world. He is where the trials, the affections and the struggles of this world have ceased to trouble, and where the weary are at rest. He escapes all he leaves us to suffer. While we lose he gains; it is the *Lord*.

*From DR. T. J. BACKUS, Brooklyn, N. Y.:*

The vacant chair was next to mine at the meeting of the Board. Reverently and most affectionately and gratefully have I thought of the one who is gone. We cherish the memory of the honored and beloved man and as we think of his strength and gentleness, we recall the serenity and beauty of a face never to be forgotten.

*From PROF. D. H. COCHRAN, Brooklyn:*

I knew Mr. Barnes for many years, and to know him was to love him. He has gone but he has left the sweet memory of a pure life, a loving nature, and conspicuous virtues which will be remembered with reverence by all who knew him. Remember the way is not long nor the day far distant when the friends of time shall be united in the house of many mansions, in the presence and vision of God "to go no more out forever."

*From PROF. W. LE CONTE STEVENS, Brooklyn:*

There is indeed profound satisfaction in the thought that his character has always challenged criticism, and that he leaves nothing which his sons and daughters would cover under a bushel. I have always looked upon him and Mr. A. A. Low as my two best friends in the Board of the Packer Institute.

*From HENRY W. SAGE, Ithaca, N. Y.:*

My heart was full to-day in that dear old home where I had fifteen years of such happy life, and memory was busy in reproducing pictures of the past. \* \* \* The real greatness which indures in a life ever active in good works, simple, sincere and without any motive of personal advantage or aggrandizement, but doing good for the sake of the good done. Such was your father's life more than any man that I have known, and few men live whose lives bear more fruit.

*From JOHN CLAFLIN, ESQ., Brooklyn:*

I am overwhelmed with a sense of personal bereavement, for while I have not recently been able to enjoy frequent intercourse with Mr. Barnes, my respect and affection for him were not dimmed by time or distance. For true nobility of character, for all good qualities of head and heart, it is hard to find his equal among the living, and I certainly do not know his superior. He seemed to me more like my father than any other man I knew, and I rejoice now to believe that these two gentle and noble spirits are entering into new happiness, superior it may be, even to that which blessed their earthly lives.

*From DR. F. M. MARKOE, New York City:*

Let me assure you that you have my warmest sympathies in your sad bereavement. I also mourn for one whom I was proud to call my friend.

*From MRS. MARTHA J. LAMB, New York City:*

I am myself bereaved, and feel that I have lost a true friend, and in giving expression to my sympathy, I feel as it were the grief of a whole family, and of the community.

*From MR. JULIEN T. DAVIES, New York City:*

His long and intimate association with my uncle Prof. Charles Davis, and his unbroken friendship for many years with my father, joined to his unvarying kindness to me when brought in contact with him during the past twelve years, create in me a large sense of loss to my family, as well as to myself. To his sagacity, enterprise and integrity, my uncle's family are greatly indebted. I know that they will appreciate this; and my uncle and my father in their lifetimes never failed to acknowledge it. As the friend of those whose memory is most dear to me, your father seemed closer to me than was warranted by my own acquaintance with him. I prized his kindly regard for the sake of my honored dead, and I feel his loss deprives me of a link with the past when he and they together were with us. He has left to his family the priceless heritage of honorable and affectionate regard from friends, neighbors and fellow citizens.

*From MR. CLINTON B. FISK, Seabright, N. J.*

The tired wheels at last stand still. The weary one is at rest. The sleep which God giveth His beloved must be so sweet to one whose well rounded life was "lived by faith in the Son of God." There were but few men who held so large a place in my heart as Alfred S. Barnes. His unselfish, unostentatious, unobtrusive life—his true and noble manhood has an inspiration to Christian living and philanthropic deeds. It is worth more than our finite minds can measure, to live so long and so well as did your Mr. Barnes—whose blessed memory will continue to be companionship for you, as you walk alone the earthly pilgrimage yet remaining. When such an one enters into rest how wide the distance between his loved ones and the sorrow without hope. I first knew Mr. Barnes in the beginning of his prime. I saw him reach the summit of life, after climbing the hill of morn: and then with steady, calm step march down the slopes of sunset to the peaceful sea. How all things but goodness perish —

Earth's transitory things decay  
Its pomps ! its pleasures pass away;  
But the sweet memory of the good  
Survive in the recissitude.

*From ALEX. S. BACON, New York.*

While I was not favored with his intimate friendship, he has always a tender place in my heart, and I have felt as if he were much more to me than a casual acquaintance. During the darkest hours of last winter, when heavy with over work and almost discouraged at persistent abuse in the Legislature, I received from him a letter— which I have just re-read — that was an inspiration for renewed effort. Many letters were received during this stormy time, but this was the choicest, tenderest, and most inspiring of them all, and has been preserved among my personal treasures.

The church also has lost him who did so much to direct its energies, and our city, as well, has lost a model citizen who has done so much to shape its destinies.

*From MR. FLAMEN B. CANDLER, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

His life, to a remarkable degree, has been most beautiful and has been filled with christian usefulness, and his memory will long be cherished — as I review in my own mind his life and recall the portrayal of it made by Deacon Woodruff in a recent prayer meeting, I am sure it has been rounded out to full and perfect completion. He has been a great blessing to many, and the influence for good of his noble Christian character will be felt for many years in the future.

I shall especially remember, with gratitude, the privilege I enjoyed for several years, of being a co-worker with him in the Sabbath School, where I came closest in contact with him. We shall miss him from our midst, but we have an abiding faith that he has gone to enjoy the felicity of a Christian whose works have been accepted by his Saviour and ours.

*From MR. JOHN GIBB, Brooklyn.*

I regret most deeply the death of a friend dear to me for many years. Your father was a man of so many excellent qualities, that his loss, though great to his family and near friends, is also a sad one to our city and community.

*From MR. WM. COUPER, Florence, Italy.*

The sad, sad, news, has just arrived informing us of Mr. Barnes' death, nor can I say how it grieves me to lose a friend so highly esteemed and respected.



*From MR. HENRY C. ROBINSON, Hartford, Conn.:*

I need not tell you who know it a thousand times better than I do, what a noble memory your father has left you to treasure; he rests in an atmosphere of love which is breathed upon him from so many hearts outside of your immediate family circle. It is a very delightful reflection to me that I was permitted to spend so many pleasant days with him in our California trip of six years ago. And now he has found valleys more beautiful than the Yosemite.

*From MRS. MARY H. HUNT, Sup't N. W. C. T. U., Washington, D. C.:*

I remember with gratitude that he was the first publisher of school text-books, who, before there was an assured market, listened to my plea for a temperance literature for the millions of children in our public schools. His faith in my faith that there could be, by legislature, a way opened for such a literature to reach the schools, was a very bright ray on the then dark sky that hung over the first attempts to meet that need of what has, with his and the co-operation of your house, become a great movement.

The recollection of what your honored father was able to accomplish for humanity will, I am sure, be a grateful memory in these hours when you are realizing the greatness of your loss in his departure.

*From MR. H. S. BURDETT, Brookline:*

The thought of all a dear parent has been to us, the love, care and anxiety which their loving hearts have given us, all comes up afresh and we cling to them and feel that we cannot let them go. They are dearer than ever to us. The community, the Church, and many Christian enterprises will greatly feel the loss of your father's helping hand and prayer. We can say of him, "Servant of God, well done, rest from thy labors now." The master has called him up higher to His rest and His reward.

*From MR. BENJ. H. TICKNOR:*

Your father went, full of years and honors; you have had him with you; I only wish *mine* could have stayed as long; and now that the inevitable change has come, I am more inclined to congratulate that it has happily been so long postponed.

*From MR. EGBERT STARR, New York :*

I think it must be nearly fifty years I have known your father, and to know him was to both respect and love him, which can be said of very few.

*From DR. JOHN F. TALMAGE, Brooklyn :*

I had learned to love him and consequently to me, to serve him, to relieve his pain, to prolong his life, to cure him, if possible, was a privilege and pleasure.

*From MISS A. H. CAMPELL, Brooklyn :*

I, too, feel bereaved. He was God's instrument of such great blessing to this work for so many years. How rejoiced he must be now, that he was enabled to shelter so many of Christ's poor, needy ones.

*From MR. JOHN S. PERRY, Brooklyn :*

We are sad, that we have seen that dear lovely man for the last time in this life. We admired and loved him; to receive his cordial greeting was always a joy. The removal of such a light from your dwelling must leave everything in gloom.

*From MRS. J. DORMAN STEELE, Syracuse :*

I recall the many, many kind and friendly services, the genial conversation and the delightful hours of social pleasure extending back through the years to the time when Mr. Steele, in his first hope of successful authorship, presented me to Mr. Barnes, and I received that characteristic smile and cordial greeting that made me feel at once assured of a new friend.

*From SISTER M. DE CHANTAL, St. John's Home :*

The kindly gentleman, who bore through life a spotless name, and delighted in works of charity, has left a void in a wide circle that will be felt long after hundreds of his co-temporaries are forgotten.

*From MRS. CLARA E. CLEMENT WATERS, Boston, Mass.:*

Each one of us felt that we had a friend in Mr. Barnes. God keep you, my dear friend, in his holy keeping, and show you clearly how true it is, that "He doeth all things well."

*From MR. A. W. WAGNALLS, New York:*

In the Book of Life all things are written. In it there is neither past nor future, but all is an eternal *now*.

In this Book that which is written is by pictures, in more enduring veritableness and reality than anything on the plane of our present existence. To us with our limited sight, events pass along in their order. There is a succession. The motion of time is unavoidable. We fail to comprehend all of the past and the future is a dark unknown. Yea, we grope in the dark, and as children have fear proportionate to our lack of light. Sorrow lingers in the shadow of the solemn realities which surround, and then move on beyond us. We have sympathy for each other as fellow mortals. We pass through similar shadows.

That which has taken place cannot be changed. It is the part of wisdom to look on events after they have been unrolled as so ordered, and to submit in true resignation—"Thy will be done." For the one who has just past through the dark valley of death, I have no misgivings, for to the upright there ariseth light in darkness. He is in that light, and all is well.

For you the comfort is, that in the unfolding of the grand plan of your individuality, all will appear in a clear light, and joy will fill your soul that all things transpired just as they did. We live by faith.

*From MRS. MARY VIRGINIA TERHUNE :*

In hundreds of homes where neither your face nor his were known, there is grief this day for your noble husband. City, Church, and the country mourn him and in thousands of prayers you will be to-morrow remembered.

There *is* solace in all this, such as the perfume of a good name left to the world brings to hearts that are desolate because the one who bore it is *not*.

*From DR. W. J. FORD, Washington, Conn.:*

Few die leaving so good a record behind them as did Mr. A. S. Barnes, and few, I am sure, will be more widely mourned than he. If, when our time comes, we can leave as spotless a record as he, we shall have well filled our several stations here.

*From MR. JOHN A. NICHOLS, Brooklyn.:*

I sincerely deplore the loss, which has been sustained by his family; the city and the church. One seldom realizes all there is to death till it comes. Personally, I esteemed him very highly, as did all his neighbors.

*From MR. ROBERT C. OGDEN, Philadelphia, Pa.:*

Whenever I met your father, his genial kindness came as a benediction. Few men were oftener in my thoughts than he, and the thought of him always brought brightness. The world will be a shade darker ever to me, now that he has gone. But I give thanks with you and for you that you have the glorious heritage of his blessed memory.

*From REV. J. H. W. STUCKENBURG, Berlin, Ger.:*

The news brought vividly to mind your visit to this city, the evident happiness of both in the newly formed relation, and the deep interest of Mr. Barnes and yourself in the work of our church. I write to assure you of my profound sympathy in your affliction.

*From MR. WM. H. EUSTIS, Minneapolis, Minn.:*

Death hath come to a life full of years and full of usefulness in business, in social and religious and home circles, his life was the ideal adjusted to the practical. The lifting, helpful influence that followed his footsteps everywhere, will never die. There are golden strands of character existing to-day, and will be through all the ages of time to come, which, when the deeds of all lives shall be adjudged, will be recorded to the credit of A. S. Barnes. Quickly every nobler impulse of my nature responded to the sunshine of his personal influence. Never will be forgotten the few days you tarried here on your return from Alaska, days of pleasure and ripening friendship. He seemed so well, so animated with all he saw, that we little dreamed that a serious sickness could be so near. His work was done, and well done, and then in God's own time when "Death shall let down for us the bars — may we, like him, be known by our scars."

*From MR. H. HARTEAU, Brooklyn.:*

Kindly allow, a simple line conveying my high regard for a noble gentleman, and estimable citizen, with benevolent and christian characteristics.

## FROM BUSINESS ACQUAINTANCES.

*From MR. GEO. H. SWEET, New York City:*

He always had a pleasant and sunshiny greeting for me whenever I chanced to meet him in his office. For about 21 years, I have known Mr. Barnes, and from time to time transacted business with your firm, and always pleasantly and satisfactorily. The founding of such a house, the building it up, and maintaining it for nearly half a century, and at all times devoted to such superior, and ennobling publications-constitutes, in view of his whole life, a monument more enduring to his memory than marble or bronze.

*From MR. HOMER MERRIAM, Springfield, Mass.:*

My business acquaintance with Mr. Barnes began in 1838, almost 50 years ago. I had then recently started in business with a brother, and Mr. Barnes called on us; he was then introducing Davies' Arithmetics.

From that time we have had a very pleasant personal and business acquaintance; I know of no one outside of my own family whose death would come nearer to me than his does, as he was one of the few links that held me to the past. As an active Christian liberal man, Mr. Barnes has been an example to me, and a stimulus. I hope his sons follow in his footsteps.

*From J. B. COWPERTHWAIT, Philadelphia:*

My recollections of your honored father extend back more than thirty years, and as I recall our intercourse since the first, in war times, in the old Board of Trade days, and on other occasions, I remember how it was marked by unflinching courtesy and friendliness on his part, and great respect and regard on mine. The closing of a life so honored, and so useful, is a public calamity as well as a private sorrow.

The memory of his long and honorable career, and the high estimation in which he was so universally held, must be to his sons especially, a precious inheritance.

*From MR. EDWIN GINN, Boston, Mass.:*

Many years ago it was my good fortune to meet your father, and I shall not soon forget, his cordial greeting to me in entering the book business. He spoke especially of the competition, but said that he expected one day, to see me among the large publishers, that there was room enough for us all. I do not remember a single person in the trade, whose friendship I valued as I did his.

*From MR. WM. J. C. DULANY, Baltimore:*

In the death of your illustrious father, I feel I have lost an old friend; the man of all men in New York, who gave me good and strong advice, more than twenty-two years ago, when I started in business. I have no doubt "his end was peace."

*From REDHEAD, NORTON, LATHROP & CO., Des Moines, Iowa:*

Mr. Barnes' death is a loss to the community in which he has lived, and to the country at large. We had known him in business and personally for many years, and learned to respect him highly for the possession of the sterling qualities that make a good man, and a good citizen.

*From MR. J. K. GILL, Portland, Oregon:*

The acquaintance and friendship of such a man is a benediction. Happy will be the man on whom his mantle may fall.

*From RICE, KENDALL & CO., Boston, Mass:*

The senior members of our firm had a most agreeable personal acquaintance with Mr. Barnes for many years, and for whom we had cordial respect and regard.

*From MR. COLUMBUS DREW, SR., Jacksonville, Fla.:*

I have known him personally for many years, and having been always called upon by him kindly on his successive visits to Florida, permit me to say I feel the loss of a friend. Your loss is mitigated by reflecting on the many noble qualities which adorned the character of your father.

*From MR. EDMUND S. HOYT, Washington, N. C.:*

It serves to lessen the sorrow of surviving friends when we know that a well spent life gives honor here, and a well grounded hope for the hereafter.

*From ALFRED WILLIAMS & Co., Raleigh, N. C.:*

We cherish for him the very highest respect and esteem, likewise for the house which he founded.

*From MR. LEWIS M. EVANS, Buffalo, N. Y.:*

To me your father was always very kind, and his sympathetic letters to me, when death invaded my household, made me almost love him.

*From MR. W. H. CONNICO, Huntsville, Ala.:*

So valued and honored a member of the community in which he lived, as well as a patriotic and progressive citizen of our country, we all sustain a loss in the death of such good men.

*From MR. H. WILKINS, Dallas, Texas:*

The loss of your honored father is not limited to kinsman and friends.

*From MR. EDWIN F. ADAMS, Los Angeles, Cal.:*

Truly there is a good man gone.

*From MR. CLAUDE J. BELL, Nashville, Tenn.:*

His name has become a household word in almost every home, and his memory will be revered in every educational institution in this country. No man of the present day can hope to do what he did. His loss will be keenly felt in many of our southern schools to which his generous hand has so liberally contributed since the civil war. He had many very warm friends in the south who are sincerely grieved by his death.

*From MR. GEO. FENTON, Broadalbin, N. Y.:*

I think there cannot be one in the employ of A. S. Barnes & Co. who does not sincerely join with you in sorrow for the loss of him who has so recently been your head. He ever impressed me as being a kind hearted, upright gentleman, such an one as might well be admired and followed after.

## EXTRACTS FROM OTHER LETTERS.

A. L. P.—A good man is gone, whose life was a continual blessing.

H. P. W.—There were few like him, and earth seems poorer that he has left it.

H. W. D.—His lovely face filled with love and good will for all of God's people was like a benediction. His life was an example for all, and largely influenced those with whom he came in contact, and I am thankful to have known him and loved him.

S. B. H.—He was truly a good man, and greatly beloved by all who knew him.

M. C. S.—Mrs. Robinson feels deeply that he has been taken from her, but at her advanced age she sorrows most for you all, for she sees the reunion for herself very near. And indeed it is not far away for any of us. And Heaven is richer now that a friend so dear has gone to await us there. I can imagine few who are more fit for the blessed company or who could receive a truer welcome, but how can he be spared from this poor earthly life where his example, his counsel, his wisdom, his energies, his faithful friendships were all so much needed and prized.

A. I. G.—You have the memory of his fatherly love in the past, and the blessed hopes of the future when there shall be no partings.

H. E. M.—No one who has not seen his benign face which showed the "beauty of holiness" can appreciate the loss. He has already greeted the friends of his youth, he has met the persons whose lives he blest.

J. H. P.—You know what uncle Alfred has been to me, and how much I owe to him. His course with me is only one of the many instances of his generosity. Accept my word of love and testimony to his goodness.



M. P. L.—The memory of the noble life, rounded to its full completion here, only to expand into the nobler and grander life of eternity, will always remain with you as an unspeakable blessing. Truly the “memory of the just is blessed.” Never can his beneficent influence die, or his goodness be forgotten by any who knew him or knew of him.

C. D. B.—We know what a kind father he was and what a dear kind hearted man altogether, always ready to listen to and help those who came to him in need. What a wide spread influence for good and noble example he has left behind.

S. A. M.—How many hearts mourn, who have, while on life’s journey, been blessed and comforted by his presence and sweet words of consolation. For the life of such a man, whose every aim was noble and christian, let those who have been privileged to walk with him, be forever grateful.

Mrs. C. D. D.—A great loss to his family and the world ; to him a great gain. Thank God for all that he did for Him here and for all the encouragement he gave us in the work in which we are engaged.

*From* Mrs. BILLINGS.—The great heart which has blest so many, has ceased to beat ; the pure life which has reached out to enfold humanity in its love, is silent. No, not silent ; for as “the good deeds man does live after him,” and each with tongue of eloquence repeats his praise, so shall this dear life, now sweetly resting from its busy cares, speak ever through the coming years with the golden tongues of noble deeds.

Mrs. A. H. M.—He is connected with all early memories of Clinton Avenue Church ; was among the first and most cordial to welcome me to its folds, and though lately I have missed the pleasant intercourse, the friendly feeling has suffered no abatement. Heaven is richer when such a man goes home to his reward.

C. D. S.—It is well for us at these times, that we can look beyond the river and realize that we are the sufferers not they, they are saved all the grief and anguish, which we, who lament them, must bear, and the disappointments which we must also meet while we journey on, growing more and more earth-stained and weary.

L. S. B.—Even I, to whom his face was not known, would assure you how his kindly thought of me, in my time of sorrow, is held in such tender remembrance. It is a great thing when we pass through such places, and look so close upon our father's face, not to be afraid. But did not Jesus himself bid his disciples so ?

C. B. L.—I am sure you greatly miss his wise counsel and encouraging words. High christian character seemed to invade his whole life.

Mrs. S. N. K.—Your sad bereavement is not without its consolations ; you have no doubt of your dear father's happiness with the blessed Savior, whom he so meekly served. I feel I have lost a valuable friend.

Mrs. J. K. F.—The dead are not so far away as we in our unbelief are prone to think. The kingdom of heaven is here, everywhere, where hearts are in sympathy with the good, and in fellowship with God.

Mrs. H. S.—I have known your dear parents for many years, and I shall always enjoy the memory of our long and pleasant friendship.

TO ALFRED S. BARNES.

ON HIS SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY.

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With earnest purpose, long repressed desire,  
I sought to write with pen of lambent fire  
Thy story, O thou priceless friend and true,  
In words that should be worthy still of you.

I thought upon thy life from youth till now,  
When youthful age sits smiling on thy brow,  
I saw, as in a book, the wondrous leaves unfold,  
Bearing a record that hath ne'er been told,

Of noble deeds, of pure and stainless thought,  
Of days and nights with high endeavor fraught,  
Of love that compasseth a world, nor knows  
The faintest rancor even for its foes.

Of all the lives thy helpfulness hath blessed,  
Help never by thy lips to mortal lips confessed,  
Of that rare charity that suffers and is kind,  
With Faith and Hope, its kindred in thy mind.

Of Christ-like fortitude and Christ-like grace,  
Leaving their princely benediction on thy face ;  
Of wisdom that a saint might gladly claim,  
With child-like trust in all a saint would name.

The light that never was on land or sea  
Dwells all unconsciously, O friend, with thee ;  
The light that daily consecrates anew  
To whatso'er is noblest, best and true.

O, Pure and Good, thy praise I may not sing,  
At best I can but humble tribute bring ;  
But well I know 'tis sung on Heavenly height,  
And angels chant it from the Book of Light.

M M. B.

## CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

MEMORANDUM AND RESOLUTION ON THE DEATH OF

ALFRED S. BARNES.

BY THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

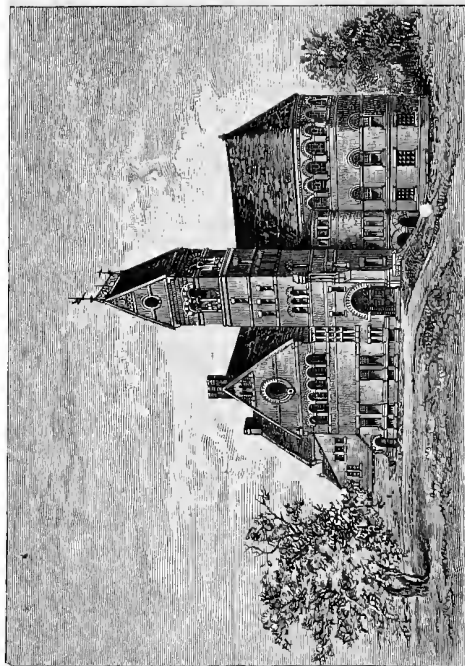
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Alfred S. Barnes, at the ripe age of 71 years, was on the 17th of February, taken from our board by death. As one who was especially fitted, by a long life spent in furthering the interests of education, in fostering by his selection and publication of school books, the best moral and intellectual culture of youth ; and, withal, one who with great liberality and Christian zeal sought the welfare of the needy, the ignorant, and even of the vicious, he leaves behind him a place not easily filled, and a name not soon to pass from the memory of those who knew him.

For ten years he has been an esteemed member of the Board of Trustees of the University, and when shortly before his death, he learned of the vigorous efforts of the students of the University to secure adequate accommodation for their Christian Association, his deep religious and charitable feelings at once grasped the opportunity and he directed plans to be made and an association building erected, for which purpose he pledged the generous sum of \$45,000. Unhappily he did not live to see the fruition of his generosity.

In recognition of his faithful and valuable services as a trustee, of his Christian character and charity, and of his personal and social qualities, this memorandum is made and ordered entered upon the minutes.





BARNES' HALL, CORNELL UNIVERSITY, ITHACA, N. Y.

# DEDICATION OF BARNES' HALL,

CORNELL UNIVERSITY, ITHACA, N. Y.

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## ORDER OF EXERCISES.

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The new building presented by Mr. Alfred S. Barnes to the University, for the purposes of the Christian Association and such other uses as might not conflict with the interests of the Association, was dedicated June 16, 1889, in accordance with the following

### PROGRAMME.

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Doxology: "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."	
Invocation and Lord's Prayer, . . .	REV. CHARLES M. TYLER.
Hymn, . . . . .	
History of the Building; and Unveiling of the Founder's Portrait, . . . . .	President C. K. ADAMS.
Description of the Building, . . . . .	Mr. F. I. ROBINSON.
Scripture Reading and Prayer of Dedication,	REV. CHARLES M. TYLER.
Dedicatory Hymn, . . . . .	
The Significance of the Gift, . . . . .	Mr. A. C. BARNES.
The New Home of the Association, . . . . .	Mr. J. P. DEANE. <i>President of the C. U. C. A.</i>
The Work of the Association, . . . . .	Mr. J. R. MOTT. <i>College Secretary of the International Y. M. C. A.</i>
Christian Associations, . . . . .	REV. DAVID H. GREER, D.D.
Hymn, . . . . .	
	Benediction.

(*The Exercises in part are here presented :*)

HISTORY OF BARNES' HALL; AND THE UNVEILING OF  
THE FOUNDER'S PORTRAIT.

BY PRESIDENT ADAMS.

To me has fallen the agreeable lot of giving a brief history of the beautiful building for the dedication of which we have come together to-night. I need not tell you that I very willingly perform this task, for the history is one that reflects great credit on the Association, on the University, and especially on that noble benefactor whose name the building is perpetually to bear.

The history of this edifice is, in a very essential way, an integral part of the history of the Cornell University Christian Association. Scarcely had the first classes in this institution been formed, when a group of devoted, religious young men organized the Christian Association.

In due time it was given a room in White Hall. There it sang and it read and it prayed and it worked, till it had grown to be, if not the largest and most perfectly organized students' Christian Association in the country, at least one which was exceeded in numbers and energy by only a single other older association that was also founded in the free atmosphere of a State University.

In 1886 the Association had more than twice as many members as could be seated in the room at its disposal. It was in the necessities of this situation that the movement for a new building had its origin.

It was on the Sunday before Commencement in 1887 that Mr. Barnes first spoke to me of a Christian Association building. He inquired as to what I thought such a building ought to be, as to what accommodations ought to be provided, and whether such a building could be of any service to



the University for other purposes. The result of this conversation and of similar conferences with other Trustees, especially with the Chairman of the Board, was that Mr. Barnes decided to take upon himself the work of erecting such a building as might be needed. Before he left Ithaca he indicated his purpose; and immediately afterwards he sent a letter, of which the following is a copy:

815 ST. MARKS AVENUE, }  
BROOKLYN, N. Y., June 23, 1887. }

*To the Hon. Andrew D. White:*

MY DEAR DR. WHITE:—Your kind letter respecting the subject of a building for the Young Men's Christian Association of Cornell University, more than ever satisfies me of the necessity of the erection of an edifice suitable to their wants.

I shall esteem it a privilege to contribute at least forty thousand dollars towards this enterprise, hoping that this amount will be sufficient to complete the edifice, with all its appointments; and I would be glad if yourself, Mr. Sage, and Mr. George R. Williams would be a committee to carry out the details of such a building, subject to the approval of the Board of Trustees of the University.

I think the location should be between Sage College and Sage Chapel; that it should be built of brick, with stone trimmings, in the most approved style. In charge of such a committee, I doubt not the building will meet all the requirements of the Association, and become a blessing to the institution over which you have presided and devoted so much of your time and strength. It is a great pleasure to be associated with yourself, Dr. Adams and the Trustees, in any feeble degree to carry forward the great plans of Cornell University, which, though young in years, is becoming a great power in the land. I quite agree with you that there is no department of the University which has greater promise of usefulness than the firm establishment of the Christian Association of young men and women. Pardon me if I suggest that it be called "*Students' Christian Association*," that it may emphatically include both sexes. . . . I suggest that the subscriptions already obtained, and that may be obtained, be applied as an endowment, the interest of which shall be used towards library and running expenses. I should hope the amount would reach at least twenty or twenty-five thousand dollars by the time the building is completed. Every dollar paid by students and their friends will bind and increase their interest in the association.

I hope to be prepared to meet the expenses of the building as fast as it progresses ; and I trust that no time will be lost in perfecting your plans, so that by another Commencement your committee will be able to pass over the building complete into the hands of the Board of Trustees, who will be responsible for its protection and care.

Yours very sincerely,

A. S. BARNES.

Acting upon the assurances of this letter, the committee designated by Mr. Barnes, immediately set about the work of procuring plans. When completed, the plans were forwarded to Mr. Barnes, who was then in the far west, and received his examination and approval at Tacoma, Washington Territory. The further result of this inspection was a changing of the original gift from forty thousand to forty-five thousand dollars.

The contract for the building was awarded, and work was begun in the autumn of 1887. In the following summer the walls rose to their completion. It was not until the spring of 1889 was far advanced, that our long deferred hopes began to give satisfactory promise of realization. But at length,—at length,—the last blow was struck, and the building, in its present completed and beautiful condition, was turned over by the contractors to the trustees of the University.

Mr. Barnes, into whose daily life every lofty spiritual aspiration had been woven, was stricken with a mortal illness before his eyes could be gladdened with a sight of the building ; and, after a long and painful waiting, he passed into his heavenly rest on the 17th of February, 1888.

It is a source of great satisfaction that with this building is to come also an excellent portrait of the founder.

May these lineaments, so abounding in assurances of a happy consciousness, ever be a reminder of the virtues which he so well exemplified, of the beneficent generosity which was so large a part of his being, and of that unwavering

Christian faith which went with him in every moment of his devoted Christian life. And, as generation after generation of professors and students shall come to these halls to refresh their devotion to whatever is true and noble and Christ-like, may the cheering and happy expression that looks out from this canvas continue to preach the gospel of peace and good will, even as it seems to preach it to us who are here to-night. As I look upon this beautiful face, it seems to speak to us all, and to say : “*Wisdom’s ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.*”

After reading of Scriptures the following prayer was offered by Rev. Charles M. Tyler :

#### PRAYER.

Eternal and ever blessed God, by Thine aid we build these courts and consecrate them to Thine honor. Accept, we beseech Thee, this finished edifice in its enduring grace ; the gift of a generous benefactor whose form we no longer behold on earth, and of whose wise counsel we are sadly bereft,—and upon tower and arch and aisles let Thy glory perpetually rest.

We hear upon this threshold the footfalls of the successive generations of reverent scholars who shall flock to these seats of learning. We catch the strains of praise which shall here be chanted by the voices of those who shall come for a few years to study here, and then pass from us into the great world of duty and of service.

We do now in the homage of true humility dedicate to Thee, the Triune God, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, this finished hall of praise ; its tower firmly poised aloft, the symbol of aspiration ; its windows catching the splendors of the rising and setting sun, teaching us the swift passage of our day, glorious in its Christian end.

Graciously accept, O, God, this gift of a sainted benefactor, whose kindly tones shall still linger in our ears, and whose presence, though unseen, is, we trust, with us; and may this consecrated hall in its simple beauty become as crystal walls through which the Christian youth who shall worship here may discern the eternal glory.

May their lives, redeemed of Christ, become grander than any temple reared and adorned by human art.

Let no brick or stone crumble in its place, or by defect or sin mar the beauty of this edifice of spirit.

Let no pillar rot at the base, no beam crack and yield to strain; no stone be imperfectly cemented in the fellowship of faith.

And with the passage of each annual fellowship from out these halls, and the arriving of each new class of Christian scholars, may the splendor of God accumulate upon this consecrated structure, and his benediction and help go with those who every year shall say farewell to these beloved instructors and these fair scenes of study.

And when, faint with time, even walls of stone shall sway and fall, and lofty towers shall be humbled again to dust, may all who shall have paid their homage here, pass above into the endless glory of the greater court on high; and we ascribe eternal praise to God the Father, to Jesus Christ the Lord and to the Holy Spirit, world without end forevermore, Amen.

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## DEDICATORY HYMN.

BY OLIVER FARRAR EMERSON.

Not in a temple made with hands  
 Need'st thou to dwell, O God of love;  
 Thy dwelling is unnumbered lands,  
 The boundless universe above.

Still, graciously accept and bless  
 This gift of love to man and Thee,  
 That here may learn Thy righteousness  
 The generations yet to be.

Make consecrate to every good,  
 To honor of Thy holy name ;  
 May it proclaim man's brotherhood,  
 Thy fatherhood to all proclaim.

Spirit divine, Thyself indwell,  
 The house with widening glory fill,  
 And widening truth our hearts impel  
 To guidance of Thy larger will.

## SIGNIFICANCE OF THE GIFT.

BY GEN. ALFRED C. BARNES.

When the beloved and consecrated man, after whom this building was named, lay upon his sick bed in the grasp of fatal disease, news came to him that the corner-stone was about to be laid, and that, if he had any word for the occasion, he should send it. At the summons, his blue eyes brightened and his faculties became alert. He sat up, called for pen and paper, and made an heroic attempt to write a message to you with his own hand. Alas, in vain. He could write but a few sentences, in characters almost illegible, a pathetic contrast with the strong, bold chirography of health. That fragment, however, is a treasured thing in our family, as it is the last production of his pen. He had to give up, however, from sheer weakness. He then called to his bedside a devoted daughter, who has since followed him to their long home. To her he dictated what he wished to say. (See pages 46 and 47). He who spoke and she who wrote are no longer with us, but their living words survive them to appeal to our hearts. Owing to the illness of the Founder, it was finally determined

to hold no public ceremony at the laying of the corner-stone, but his letter is equally appropriate, now that we assemble to dedicate the completed, graceful structure that has grown upon it.

The brain of man may be compared to a clock set to run for seventy years. The Angel of Life winds it up once for all, closes the case, and hands the key to the Angel of the Resurrection. We have just heard the clear ringing of the stroke of twelve on such a time-piece. These were almost the last consecutive, intelligent thoughts of the good man who should (and would, if God had not called him) stand before you now. We can only praise his memory. Never lived a truer, purer, nobler man. If his example could be written as it is observed, it would be the most effective auxiliary of this institution.

He fulfilled the injunction of the apostle, "Be ye living epistles, known and read of all men,"—an epistle written not with ink, but with the spirit of the living God. To young men everywhere he was an exemplar. And he had a peculiar sympathy with young men. His own youth was a period of hardship and struggle, from which he emerged with a character refined, and established like a rock. Nothing could shake his high principle. His eldest son feels that you will pardon the testimony given in this place, that after more than forty years of family intimacy and twenty-five of business association, enjoying his confidence and reading his transparent character like an open book, he cannot recall a single word or act open to question, much less to criticism, from a moral point of view.

In the name of the founder, who exemplified in his life and virtues the model Christian career, and on behalf of the other generous friends who supplemented the gift, I now present this building to the Trustees for the use of the Christian Association of Cornell University, and dedicate it to its holy purpose. And may the Master Builder add his blessing! Amen.

## THE YOUNG PUBLISHER.

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(The following Essay was delivered by Mr. Barnes at thirty-nine years of age before a literary society of which he was a member : )

### THE COPYRIGHT QUESTION IN 1856.

MR. PRESIDENT :

The copyright law, established for the benefit of authors and designers, is both just and humane.

No more efficient means could be adopted to secure to the civilized world the general diffusion of knowledge and the promotion of the arts and sciences than this bill of human rights.

By reference to the *origin* of this law I find there was no protection to authors in England until the year 1709. An ordinance, however, was passed as early as 1694 forbidding the printing of any work without the consent of the owner. At a still earlier date, no author was permitted to issue a book without a license from the Government, so that we may conclude that instead of *receiving* pay, the author in those days must submit to a tax for the privilege of speaking through the press. This oppressive regulation was instituted, I suppose, not long after the art of printing was discovered—when many regarded it as an engine of great power and great danger—and hence should be under the control of government. But the use of the printing<sup>g</sup>press soon recommended the expediency of encouraging the enlightened and the profound to give to the hungry mind the products of their genius. A protective copyright was therefore granted to all such benefactors, under the reign of Queen Anne, 1709, which gave to all authors and designers a perpetual claim to everything that was original, or that embraced a new combination of elements, however old.

This law was not disturbed until 1774, when slight changes were introduced by Parliament limiting the time to fourteen years, subject to one renewal if the author was living. Still later acts of Parliament extended the author's rights to

twenty-eight years, subject to renewal if still living. Since the inauguration of the present sovereign of England the right is given to the author during his or her lifetime and seven years thereafter, and should death occur sooner than forty-two years, the right is to endure to the full length of that period of forty-two years.

The first act for the protection of literary property in the United States, passed chiefly through the influence of Noah Webster in 1790. Another act in relation to it was passed in 1802, granting copyright for fourteen years, subject to a renewal of another fourteen years, if the author should be still living. This, Mr. President, is still the law of this land, and is one of the great incentives for the advancement of art, literature and science.

Will it be going too much out of my latitude if I take this opportunity of informing some of my friends of this literary association, whose aspirations may bring them possibly into the regions of authorship, that in order to secure his rights under this law, the title of the book must be deposited, prior to its publication, in the District Court of the United States of the district in which he resides, and within three months after the publication of the work a full copy of the book must be deposited in the same office; and by an act of Congress, passed August 10th, 1846, a copy of the same must be sent within three months to the Library of Congress and to the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. A strict conformity to this statute is necessary for the possession of all the rights guaranteed to the author, to protect him from the invasion of pillagers and plagiarists—of whom there are many.

I hope, Mr. President, you will pardon me for these prefatory remarks before coming to the question we have in hand for this evening, which is, I believe, "Ought Congress to establish an International copyright law?" It was my privilege to listen to a few remarks upon this subject from two respectable publishers at a late meeting of our publishers



association, which has given me some help in my deliberations, and may, perhaps, enable me to lay before you some facts I might not have gathered from any other source.

Having on a former occasion been permitted to speak before this Association in behalf of the writers, and to award to them the greatest amount of influence, I cannot be consistent with myself unless I come to their rescue upon this occasion, and on the principle that the "laborer is worthy of his hire," I claim for the author all the pecuniary benefits in this country and England which the force of his genius and cultivation demands. I therefore take the position that the Congress of the United States should at an early day pass a law recognizing the rights of authors and securing to them the full value of their literary productions, upon which they can lay claims for originality. Especially would I urge this international contract with those countries that have signified a willingness to sign an instrument to protect our authors, provided we will protect theirs. What is more reasonable than such an agreement between two civilized countries speaking the same language—Great Britain and America.

The very year that Victoria was crowned Queen of England she extended to our American authors the price of their commodities, on condition that we in return would reward her literary subjects with such pecuniary consideration as our publishers were able and willing to pay; and like a good-natured, patient mother, England still waits for her grown-up children to yield to a just and righteous family rule. This act of Parliament secures the rights of authors of any country which concedes the same protection to English authors. Several of the European powers have already entered into treaties with England upon this basis and are now reaping all the advantages derived from it.

In 1837 a memorial was presented to Congress, signed by fifty-six British authors, praying for an international copyright law. This memorial was presented to the Senate by

Henry Clay. A remonstrance was immediately sent to Congress, signed by numerous publishers, booksellers, bookbinders, paper makers and dealers in paper and printing and binding materials, asking that such a law should not pass, upon the ground that it would greatly interfere with their business. About this time the celebrated Captain Marryatt made an unsuccessful effort in this country to awaken an interest upon this subject. Not long after, it is known to you, sir, that the United States was honored with a visit from the distinguished writer and novelist, Charles Dickens, Esq., who came, it is said, for no other purpose than to coax Brother Jonathan into this arrangement. Failing in this experiment he went home angry and wrote a book abusing us in unmeasured terms.

It is not my purpose, Mr. President, to vindicate or blame our government for not meeting this proposition of our cousins in England at an earlier date, but I contend that the time has now arrived when considerations of a fraternal and patriotic nature call upon us to implore Congress at once to pass an international law similar in its import (but with some impartial restrictions and stipulations) to that passed by Parliament in 1838. It has been said that we shall by the passage of such a law invite British competition and bring to our shores a number of English authors who will negotiate with publishers to the detriment of American writers, and that we, a mere offshoot of the parent stock, cannot begin to grapple with such odds against us, but immediately pay our highest tribute to the brilliancy of the European mind, and ever after bask in the sunshine of imported intellect, thus belittling our poor native authors beneath the shadows of their foreign brothers, so that our community will no longer tolerate the fruit of home production. A more fallacious notion could hardly be suggested. Nothing, Mr. President, would so stimulate the American mind as the passage of this law

which proclaims what the spirit of our Constitution teaches, viz., "Equal rights to all."

It is probably known to you, sir, that England has in years gone by shown her magnanimity to many of our authors by the same protection she has given to her own. Indeed, it was not until our publishers made common property of every English book that was worth publishing, that it was ascertained there was no law in the English code that gave England any right to republish an American book without paying the author, and up to that period an English publisher considered it only common honesty to pay every author whose book he published the price of his labor, no matter where he lived, whether in Kamtschatka, or on Plymouth Rock. Mr. Putnam stated in his speech before the Publishers' Association that Washington Irving had received, by the courtesy of his English publishers, over 12,000 pounds for his literary labors. He also stated that James Fenimore Cooper drew £350 for the first copy of each book that he sent across the Atlantic. Many other eminent authors from America have doubtless realized the same honorable consideration. Let us, therefore, in imitation of their early example, show our magnanimity now, while we concede the pre-eminence of some of the profound thinkers of the old world, for the time is coming—yes, near at hand—when we will have a literature of our own, whose effulgent rays will penetrate every crack and corner of the globe where the English language is spoken, or can be translated; hence it is we can *afford* to be generous and invite British authors to come over and secure their rights in this country among our liberal-minded publishers and appreciative community, while we in return try our hand in trading with John Bull, and make our bow under the protection of the crown. It will not be many years, Mr. President, before the writers of Young America will find as many English readers as are now found in America, and should this law be established, our authors will soon draw more money from British publishers than American publishers will pay Great Britain.

This statement may seem very absurd to you, sir, but let me give you one fact: The number of new books published in the United States during the last six months is 720 distinct works, only about 110 of which are English reprints, and Mr. Low, one of the reputable firm of Sampson, Low, Son & Co. of London, stated at our late publishers' meeting that he estimated there were at least two-thirds as many American reprints in England during the year '56 as there are English reprints in this country. What do you think of that, Mr. President? Are we not a great country? Let me ask you, sir, what book published in England or any other country has outstripped the sale of Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin"? What author lives in the old country whose writings are more revered and admired than the before-mentioned Washington Irving? What historian has a brighter name than Prescott? His works rank high not only in English, but French and German literature. Numerous American writers (male and female) might be mentioned whose works have bloomed and blossomed, in the palace, in the halls of science, and among the lords and ladies of the European continent. And why can not we anticipate for the authors of our country a celebrity only equalled by the great nations of the old world. Whom, among authors of the past century, shall we rank above the self-taught Bowditch, the distinguished translator of Laplace, or the lexicographer Webster, whose dictionary is the standard of both worlds. Whom shall we find upon the long list of English living authors more eminent and profound than our Silliman, Pierce, Dana, Mitchell, and Maury in the sciences, or our Bancroft, Irving and Prescott in history? Whose poetry is more admired and read among English critics than that of Longfellow, Bryant, Holmes and Mrs. Sigourney, and I might mention some classic authors whose American names will now be found on the title pages of many English reprints. Why should not writers like these become the recipients of English bounty? Why must the fruit of their brain fall like

ripe apples into the capacious maw of a British bookseller, and be scattered like the leaves of autumn among his thousand patrons, without any pecuniary reward to the producer of so much mental enjoyment? The same illustration applies with equal force to the English author and American publisher, but it is not necessary to dwell longer upon a subject, which is so apparently just as the international copyright law. Whatever the arguments may have been in days gone by against the law, *policy* and *justice* both point to the speedy passage of the bill. The time may come when England would feel that her interest would (commercially speaking, at least) lean in favor of the withdrawal of the proposition. Let us lose no time, therefore, in consummating this arrangement.

In reading a late work from the prolific pen of the celebrated Peter Parley (Hon. Samuel G. Goodrich) entitled "Recollections of a Lifetime," I find several interesting items relative to this international scheme, and also to the growth and progress of the book trade of the United States. He proposes a plan which, if adopted by Congress and accepted by Parliament, would protect the mechanical and commercial interests of the American trade and bring the price of English works upon a level with our own, and give dignity and character to our authors and the public. The following is his scheme :

An author, being a citizen of Great Britain, shall have copyright in the United States for a period not exceeding fourteen years, on the following conditions :

*a.* He shall give notice in the United States of his intention to receive his copyright in this country three months before the publication of his book, and this shall be issued in the United States within thirty days after its publication in Great Britain.

*b.* His work shall be published by an American citizen, who shall lodge a certificate in the office of the Clerk of the Court of the District where he resides, stating in whose

behalf the copyright is taken, and this shall be printed on the back of the title page.

*c.* The work shall be printed on American paper and the binding shall be wholly executed in the United States.

*d.* The arrangement thus made in behalf of the British authors in America to be extended to American authors in Great Britain, and upon similar conditions.

The result of such a plan would open avenues of English and American literature, unparalleled in magnificence, and give a new impulse to authors and readers, and the old and untrue saying of publishers "drinking wine out of authors' skulls" will probably be reversed, unless temperance principles should so predominate as to reconcile the author to take cream—not, of course, from publishers' skulls, for in the absence of brains it is not expected that they have any; nor from golden or silver goblets, unless borrowed from the authors, but from a clean earthen or pewter platter, such as can be afforded.

Mr. Goodrich gives some tabular statements respecting the growth of the book trade in the United States which may not be entirely uninteresting to you, and which is another proof of our growing importance in the literary world, and although we may pay a few dollars to the author of "Little Dorritt," and the great Macaulay may make some heavy drafts upon us, still we can bring over the sovereigns for our Stowes, our Prescotts, and our Abbots, as well as for numerous other American stars who are yet to shine on fair Britain's ground.

Mr. Goodrich says "Let us go back to the year 1820 and endeavor to estimate the amount of book trade in the United States at that period." He then gives a tabular statement of school, classical, theological, law, medical and miscellaneous publications valued in gross at two and a half millions of dollars. This was a time, Mr. President, when books were at a high price; for instance, Webster's Speller 25 cents, and one dollar for a plain copy of a History or Geography, or even a

Bible. The period between 1820 and 1830 is when Irving Cooper, Bryant, Halleck, Paulding, Drake, Neal, Brainard, Percival and others arose like so many suns upon our literary horizon, and redeemed our country from the sneer that "nobody reads American books."

In 1830 he exhibits a gross amount of \$3,500,000, showing an increase of 40 per cent. in ten years.

Between 1830 and 1840 was an era of great development in the literary annals of our country. A multitude of stars commenced twinkling from almost every point of our broad expanse, and many of them to this day are shining with increased splendor. Time will not allow me to mention the long list of names of those who then began their brilliant career, whom posterity will cherish with wonder and admiration.

In 1840 the book production of the United States was estimated at five and a half millions, a gain of 60 per cent. in ten years. During the interval between 1840 and 1850 a new race of writers sprung up whose name is legion, many of whom will leave their footprints on the sands of time, and with whom we, many of us, are coming in contact from day to day, and there are some, perhaps, who are within the sound of my voice.

We now come to the estimate of the products of the book manufactures in the United States in 1850, which shows a rapid gain upon the year 1840.

\$12,500,000 is the estimated amount for this year, 1850, being 125 per cent. gain in ten years. Since then we have been making rapid strides and our velocity is equalled only by the prosperity of the country. It is estimated by Mr. Goodrich that the year 1856 will exhibit results equal to a business of over \$16,000,000. I should say nearer twenty millions.

The following is Mr. Goodrich's estimate of the proportion of American minds to the English, in the books published in the United States from 1820 to the present time :

In 1820 the book manufacture of the United States was based upon works of which 30 per cent. were the production of American authors, and 70 per cent. of British authors.

In 1830, 40 per cent. of American works and 60 per cent. British.

In 1840, 55 per cent. of American and 45 per cent. British. From this date, Mr. President, you will notice the tide begins to set in favor of American talent over British.

In 1850 this author (Mr. Goodrich) estimates the proportion of American works to be 70 per cent. and British 30 per cent.

The present year, (1856), the same author thinks 20 per cent. of the English mind to 80 per cent. of the American is a fair division of literary capital.

With such an exhibition of our present intellectual strength, are we wise, (politically speaking) to any longer filch from England or allow England to filch from us ?

It may be said that some of our publishers pay English authors for the products of their pen. This is probably true to a certain extent, and it is those publishers only who are hostile to this international law. Why? Because by their peculiar facilities they can, by paying a small pittance get the advance sheets and send out with lightning speed mammoth editions of the book to all parts of the country before a rival edition can see daylight. The Messrs. ——— have this private arrangement with a few distinguished English authors and thus secure advance sheets and get the advantage of a few days (perhaps weeks) over any other publisher. Of course they *enjoy* this monopoly, and their self interest prompts them to resist a scheme which puts every other publisher in America upon the same platform with them.

Such statements as these, Mr. President, fully sustain me in the ground taken, that the international copyright law should be established at once, and become the institution of the two



countries. I believe, sir, that our American authors will furnish food to the English mind to a much greater extent than John Bull has ever dreamed of. The truth is, sir, we excel them already in the quality of a certain kind of literature. I allude to school books! Englishmen, whose judgment is worthy of the fullest confidence, and others who are competent judges of the comparative merits of English and American school books, have assured me that our school books are far superior in arrangement and adaptation to the young mind. I can also inform you, sir, from the best authority, that there are at this time more reprints of American school books and in use in the schools of England than there are reprints of English school books in our country. I speak now of primary school books. For the more advanced works of high schools and colleges we may be a little more dependent upon English authors. But how long will this be so after we get our international copyright law? Then the way our authors will plume their feathers need not here be mentioned. We shall see a strife among them to eclipse their English compeers that will meet with our national approval. Nothing, I am sure, will so inspire America and her authors to new enterprises in literature and the fine arts, and nothing will so impress England with our gigantic strength and indefatigable courage as the final workings of this international scheme.

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(NOTE.—Mr. Barnes did not live to see the adoption of International Copyright in the U. S. Thirty-five years after this essay was written the measure which he advocated became law and our country was relieved of the disgrace of literary piracy).

## HIS PERSONALITY.

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Extracts from some family letters :

HARTFORD, Aug. 1st, 1832.

Portion of a letter written at 15 years of age, showing his thoughtfulness and gratitude to others for their assistance to his mother and younger sisters.

*My Dear Affectionate Sister Julia (Barnes Lyman):*

I hope I shall be able to assist Mother a little in helping our family. We certainly have got along very well so far. If it had not been for Uncle (Norman) I don't know where we should have been. He certainly has done a great deal for us, and I have never been so sensible of it as until within a very few weeks—the more I think of it the more it astonishes me ; had it not been for Uncle, Elizabeth would never have been situated as she is ; had it not been for Uncle, you probably would never have been a teacher of an infant school ; had it not been for him, most probably, our whole family would be an entire stranger in Hartford, and how could we have been, most probably, in a worse condition ? I think we have a great deal to be thankful for, and when I think of myself, I wonder how Uncle has kept me through all my bad actions, there are but few men that would have done it, and where should I have been, it is a question, to be sure, that cannot be answered, but most probably, I should not have been so well off.

A. S. BARNES.

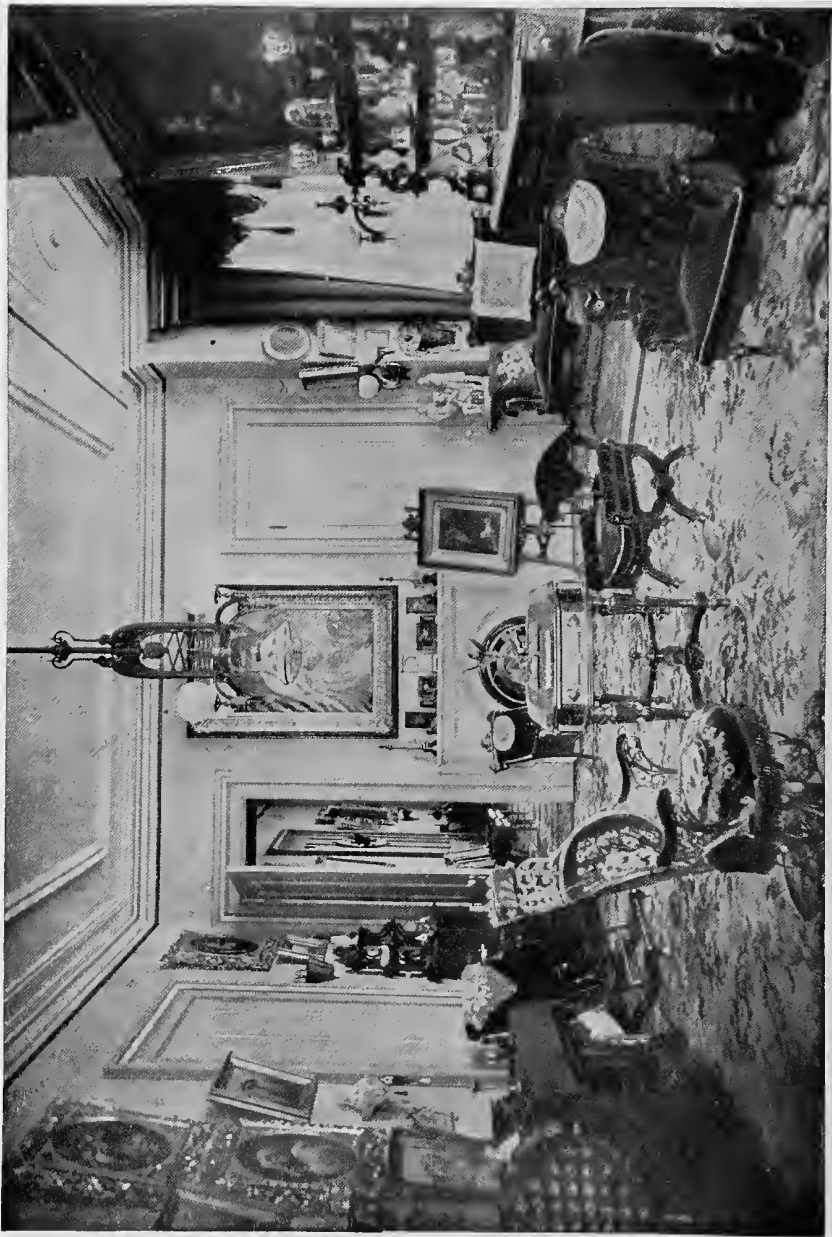
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Written to one of his children :

JANUARY 1st, 1866.

I hope that you sincerely desire to become a Christian, that you have now turned your face towards Christ, and that you will never turn from Him. Resolve that you will make Him your friend and that you will strive to bring others to Him. If you really love Him you will want everyone else to love Him and will do all you can to bring them to Jesus. Make up your mind that you will be an *active Christian*, that you will let all your friends know what a Saviour you have found. Do not fail to do all in your power to please your Saviour and you will find much happiness in the effort. Be sure that you hold nothing back from Christ, give Him your whole heart. You know he requires us to be willing to give up everything for Him, and then He will write His name upon our hearts, and when he gathers in His jewels you will be





SITTING-ROOM IN CLINTON AVENUE HOUSE.

among the number who will shine as the stars in the firmament. Be careful, dear daughter, and never do anything that you think Christ will not be pleased with. Keep your heart with all diligence for out of it are the issues of life. "Christ knoweth them that are His," remember that and "give not sleep to your eyelids," until you feel that you have given yourself heartily and entirely to him. He has promised to receive you, and his promises are sure.

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Showing his great appreciation of little attentions from his children :

BROOKLYN, JULY 31st, 1867.

I have your letter, and was much pleased that you sent me a letter first! Did you know that such deference from my children, always gratifies a loving father? As parents grow older their hearts entwine closer and closer about their children, especially when they receive unmistakable evidence of affection. I am most happy to feel that you, my dear daughter, manifest a filial and confiding love to your parents, and when I say you, I would not except one of my children, for I do not believe I have one that would not make sacrifices that would add to our comfort and happiness—how pleasant is this reflection and assurance, and how smooth and flowery it makes the afternoon of life's pathway. Your parents have reached the summit of their earthly pilgrimage and we have had an easy ascent. God has been very kind to us in our journey thus far. He has filled our basket with the good things of this life. We have never wanted for food or raiment—for house or home. He has given us friends to cheer us on, and has not withheld from us a hope that if we are faithful we have a home beyond the skies. O, what a delightful prospect to the true Christian as he journeys here below that he can reach the holy city built by the God of Love. With this in view, all our trials here, will be only a feather. Let us ever try to live in constant preparation for the transit.

The day of separation must come, and happy shall we be, if we have our loins girded, and our lamps trimmed and burning.

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His love of Home :

CHICAGO, DEC. 15th, 1869.

My dear daughter. You have heard from home, that I am wandering in this part of the country, but you will believe that I am not one of those wanderers that are sometimes called a "fugitive," and a "vagabond," without a home, and without friends, oh no I have a dear home, dear wife, and dear children, and altho' far from them this Sabbath morning, yet they are all near my heart—distance does not separate them from me, nor absence does not "conquer my love for them,"

I am blocked in by the snow, or I should be nearer home to-day. "Home," what a sweet word it is, how many happy thoughts cluster around it, and how much it cheers us on our path, we don't appreciate it, except when we are away, and shut out from its hallowed enjoyment. And oh, there is still a happier home beyond the skies, we are looking with faith to that blessed place, when we shall see Jesus, and all the holy beings *free from sin*, and shall we meet *all* our dear family there? Let us pray for this and be ready to go when the Master calls.

God has been very kind to us, what a debt we owe Him for all His kindness and love! Only think how He has preserved us in health, how He has given us the blessings of home, and all its comforts, and how forbearing towards us when we have neglected our duty. Oh, what a compassionate Saviour we have, that while we were sinners against God's law, Christ died for us, that we might go to heaven when we die, if we would only put our trust in Him.

After Mother's death :

NEW YORK, Nov. 1, 1881.

The sun once more is breaking through the clouds and nature seems to smile—but oh, the loneliness of my heart. The dear object of our life, wife, mother and friend has gone before us, so suddenly! Could we have anticipated such an event, how much we should have said to her and how much she would have been glad to say to us. But we must wait with patience till our time comes, when we shall be reunited and see her in the effulgence of a heavenly world. Never did we so much prize the dear one as we do now. Oh, the lost opportunities to express our love to her.

To think she is gone from us forever, no, we will not say "forever," we will bear up under the belief that we shall meet again. Let us strive to live in such a manner that a place will be prepared for us with her in a brighter world.

Mother's Birthday :

SEPTEMBER 27, 1882.

You have, no doubt, had your dear mother in your thoughts to-day, as you remember it is the anniversary of her birth. Sixty-two years ago a star fell to this earth and has lighted up the pathway of many, and is now shining in a purer atmosphere where it is lost in the effulgence of her Saviour's countenance. Oh, that lovely face is fixed in my memory and her faultless character is engraved on my heart. To think that her personal charms will never gladden my eyes, and that I must travel the rest of my days without her company is indeed a cheerless prospect and too overpowering to contemplate.

## Father's 66th Birthday :

JANUARY 28, 1883.

This is my birthday and sixty-six of them have passed beyond recall. I never felt so old before, and yet the feeling grows out of the fact, rather than actual realization, a few more gray hairs and wrinkles, I suppose, but the eye is yet clear and the hand steady. The children are a year older, the grand children multiply and the name of Grand Pa uttered more frequently, which conspires to reveal the truth of advancing years.

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## Sense of Loneliness :

MARCH 9, 1883.

Here I am all alone in this great city (Washington, D. C.) I find no pleasure without company, and when I think of the pleasure your dear mother and I have had when travelling, my heart sinks. All the places I have seen to-day we once saw together. Every spot seems sacred to her memory. Oh, how shall I travel this desert world without the smiles and gentle ways of her who has been my companion for so many years. The flight of time and the diversions of travel do not seem to give me comfort. The perfection of her character comes up before me in various ways, and I am left in amazement that I could have had such a wife, and you such a mother.

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## An Atlantic Experience :

CORK, IRELAND, June 12, 1884.

Our experience on board the *Aurania* you have already heard. I hardly know how to express our varied sensations since we left the port of New York. Our company was made up of the best kind of people, our ship the most modern and beautiful, our captain with an excellent reputation. The weather perfect, sea unruffled, the general exclamation was the most wonderful voyage ever taken. Captain T—— of the *Oceanic* was on board and confirmed all that was said by every passenger. No sea-sickness. We ate three square meals every day, enjoyed social chat with old and new friends (the largest number of cabin passengers ever sailed out of New York). All this until we touched the Irish coast, then the fog began to arouse our apprehensions. Some fears expressed, but we comforted ourselves in our security of a fine ship and good captain. After dinner, at 7 o'clock, the engine suddenly stopped, as suddenly the cry was heard "breakers ahead," command from the captain for the passengers "to go abaft," then fear took fairly hold of us, consternation painted every face, wives clinging

to their husbands and children to their parents, no panic, but an awful suspense, as we saw the foaming waves creeping up like an awful precipice, sixty feet out of the water. The engines were *reversed*, the boat *struck*, and we all waited for the result. Presently the word passed, "she is off." Then we began to breathe thanksgiving to our Heavenly Father for our safety, but the shock was terrible, and but few slept that night.

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### A Visit at Greenwood :

BROOKLYN, APRIL 18th, 1886.

Yesterday we went to Greenwood, your dear mother's grave was covered with ivy, and surrounded by a beautiful bed of pansies, and at the left were six little graves beautifully decked with pansies in full bloom. Oh, what a picture for thought and reflection for the dear family. How the mother's heart must throb over those children now translated in the garden where flowers never cease to bloom, and where the angels weave their garlands around them, and sing Hosanna to Him who redeemed them by his precious blood. When I came home I looked over the "memorial volume," with weeping eyes and a tender heart. A crowd of recollections of the days of motherhood and childhood, when we were an unbroken circle, and drank in the inspirations of her who was the center of all that was lovely, pressed me with emotion too difficult to describe.

The arrows of death are flying rapidly, and none can tell where the next will strike. Time is passing on rapid wings, and how important that we have our lamps trimmed and burning.



## GENEALOGICAL.

### ANTECEDENTS ON THE FATHER'S SIDE.

Alfred Smith Barnes was born January 28, 1817, in Barnesville, which is now part of New Haven, Ct., and is still recognized by its original name by many of the older inhabitants. His father was Eli Barnes of Southington, Ct.

The records show that Stephen Barnes moved to Branford, Ct., from Southampton, Long Island, about the year 1700. He was probably the son of Samuel and grandson of Joshua Barnes. Stephen Barnes acquired land in Branford, and married Mary Barnes of another family, daughter of —— Barnes and Hannah, daughter of John Linsley. Their second child was Stephen, born January 2, 1704.

Stephen second, born in Branford, married (January 5, 1725). Martha, daughter of Thomas and Hannah Wheedon. Their seventh child was Asa, born August 24, 1745.

Stephen, with his family, removed from Branford to Southington, Ct. His wife died March 18, 1773, in her 66th year. He died March 17, 1777, aged 73 years.

Asa Barnes, the seventh child, born in Branford, August 24, 1745, died February 13, 1819, aged 74, was the next in line to the subject of this genealogy. He married Phœbe Atkins, October 31, 1765. She was the daughter of Luther Atkins, or Adkins. His house was in the southwestern part of Southington and well known to travelers of the day, as a public inn. His sixth child was Eli, born May 21, 1775, died aged 59 in 1827.

Eli Barnes, the next in line, was born, as above stated, in Southington May 21, 1775, died 1827, aged 59 years. Married Roxanna Newell, who was born in 1773 and died April 11, 1812. She had six children.

Eli Barnes, (1st,) married as his second wife, Mrs. Susan Morris Bradley. Their children were :

Willet B., born October 7, 1813.

Rhoda B., born June 18, 1815.

Alfred S., born January 28, 1817.

Roxanna C., born April 28, 1819.

Adeline F., born December 16, 1821.

John C., August 15, 1823.

#### ANTECEDENTS ON THE MOTHER'S SIDE.

Susan Morris was born October 17, 1784, in Morris Cove, East Haven, Ct. The Morris family traces back to the time of Ethelstan and Alfred, who reigned in England in the ninth and tenth centuries. Maurice, Morys, Morres, are names found in the records of the time, often compounded with the prefixes Fitz, as Fitzmorris, Clan, Mount, De, &c. The name is supposed to be of Welch origin, as Mawr Rwyce, Mawr Rhys, meaning Mawr, *war*, Rhys, *rushing*—rushing to war, warlike.

Thomas Morris was a ship builder and a Puritan, who left England with other Pilgrims in the year of Hampden's resistance to the arbitrary exactions of Charles the First. At least two of the Morris family had fallen in martyrdom, in the reign of "bloody Queen Mary," and the Morris name will be found on the pages of history during the parliamentary struggles with Charles the First, and as soldiers under Cromwell. Thomas Morris arrived in Boston, June 3, 1637. He took sail thence with a party of other Londoners, and landed at Quinnipiack, now New Haven, March 30, 1638, arriving at their destination about the middle of April of that year. He purchased a tract of land near New Haven, on the 16th of March, 1671, on account of its timber. This land has ever since been known as Morris Point. The estate descended

from Thomas to his son Eleazer, who gave it to his son John, who in turn, having no children, gave it to his nephew Amos, one of the sons of his brother James. Although held in the family, the property had not been occupied up to this time. Amos was the first proprietor actually residing upon the land, and one of his descendants has ever since occupied it.

Captain Amos Morris was born in East Haven, in 1726. He married Lydia Camp, June 26, 1745, and died in East Haven, December 30, 1801. He had twelve children—eight daughters and four sons.

Amos, Jr., his oldest son and third child, was the grandfather of Susan Morris. He was born March 13, 1750. He was married in 1779, to Betsey Woodward, daughter of Richard Woodward and Susan De Luce. Richard Woodward was the son of Rev. John Woodward, a graduate of Cambridge in 1693, pastor at Norwich, Ct., in 1699. He was one of the compilers of the Saybrook Platform in 1708. His wife, Susan De Luce, was the daughter of a Huguenot clergyman, the Rev. William De Luce, who had been driven out of France in the year 1724 by the edict of Nantes. His experience in persecution was remarkable. He had been sentenced to death and placed in confinement in a country prison and left to die of starvation ; but a hen came daily and laid an egg near the window of his cell, which he was enabled to reach, and on this daily meal he was able to sustain life, until his persecutors became possessed with the idea that he was supported supernaturally and their superstition prevented their taking a more summary way of disposing of him, so they sent him to sea in an open boat and left him without rudder or sail. Fortunately an American vessel happened along, and rescued, and brought him to this country.

Both Captain Amos Morris and his son Amos, Jr., were called upon during the War of the Revolution for their services. Captain Amos Morris, the father, had received his commission as Captain of the Train Band of New Haven

Company 3, October 31, 1748. His commission may still be seen at the family home, Morris Point, in possession of Mr. Lucien Morris, who now resides there. It is signed by General Thomas Fitch, Commander-in-Chief of His Majesty's Colony in Connecticut; witness George Wyllys. He joined the Revolutionary party at the breaking out of the war, and is named as having taken a prominent part in the resistance of the invasion of New Haven, by Gen. William Tryon, July 5, 1779. The British landed at Morris Point on their way to New Haven. He did everything he could to drive them away, but was unable to prevent their landing. They destroyed his house and several buildings, inflicting a loss of some £1,213 sterling. His son Amos, Jr., also took part in the defense of New Haven with his father, and afterwards enlisted as a private soldier in Captian Phineas Bradley's Company of Artillery Guards of the State of Connecticut Service, April 3, 1780. He was discharged January 1, 1781. He is recorded as an American prisoner proposed for exchange September 27, 1780. January 1, 1781, he again enlisted as private in Captain William Van Deuzen's Company, State Guards, stationed at New Haven. He was honorably discharged August 1, 1781.

Susan Morris, his fourth child and third daughter, was born, October 17, 1783, and married Willet Bradley, March 17, 1805. They had three children.

Susan's second husband was Eli Barnes. They were married August 2, 1812. They had six children, as previously stated.

Willet married Henrietta Nutman, of Newark, N. J., June 1, 1836. They had three children.

Alfred Smith married, November 10, 1841, Harriet Elizabeth Burr, daughter of the late Gen. Timothy Burr. They had ten children.

Alfred Cutler, born October 27, 1842.

Mary Chapin, born May 25, 1844, died, 1888.

Henry Burr, born December 14, 1845.

Sarah Frances, born August 8, 1847.

Harriet Elizabeth, born December 2, 1849.

Edwin Morris, born June 25, 1852.

Richard Storrs, born November 21, 1854.

William De Luce, born December 17, 1856.

Annie Robinson, born March 10, 1859.

Emily Thorp, born August 16, 1861.

Roxanna C. Barnes married, Caleb B. Metcalf, August 18, 1843. They had two children.

Adeline F. Barnes married Julius H. Pratt, of Meriden, Ct. November 8, 1843. They had seven children.

John C. Barnes married, March 1, 1849, Mary Starr, daughter of Chandler Starr, of Brooklyn. They had seven children.

The records of the neighborhood show that Eli Barnes was quite a prominent operator in real estate at that time. His name is mentioned frequently in the transfers of small pieces of property. It was expected that Fair Haven would take a prominent place. Eli Barnes built the bridge still standing between Fair Haven and East Haven, known as Barnesville Bridge. The Morris family at that time was about the most prominent family in New Haven. The old Barnes Hotel is still standing—March, 1890.

Susan Morris was married the third time, December 2, 1833, to Rev. Jeremiah Atwater, D.D., of New Haven, the second President of Carlisle College, Pa., in 1809; a friend and associate of President Jeremiah Day, of Yale College, and at one time a tutor in Yale College. He had two sons and a daughter.

## COAT OF ARMS AND ORIGIN OF NAME.

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The founder of the Barnes family in England is believed to be Sir Hugo de Berners, who came over with William the Conqueror, and is duly inscribed on the "roll of Battle Abbey." He was assigned lands which are now in possession of the Berners of Wolverton Park, Ipswich. Arms quarterly "or et vert;" Crest, a monkey "p pr;" Motto, "Del fugo I avola" (I escaped from the fire). The simplicity of the Coat of Arms proper indicates its great antiquity. Complicated Coats of Arms are all of more recent date. The crest and motto in this case were added by later generations. There was a branch of the family bearing the same coat of arms, but modified by intermarriage with another noble family which spelled its name de Berners, thus partly accounting for change of orthography.

The clear pedigree begins with Sir John Berners of West Horsley, in Surrey, and of Berners-Roding, Essex, ob. 1347. His eldest son, Sir James (of Berners-Roding), was beheaded on Tower Hill, 1388. Sir James' eldest son, Sir Richard, of West Horsley, was created Baron temp. Henry IV, ob. 1421. A second son, William, was the ancestor of the Berners of Finchinfield, Essex, with which branch the Coat of Arms in its simplest form is identified. The most illustrious of Sir James' children was a daughter, Julyans or Juliana, whose last name is spelled Berners, Barner, Bernes, but most frequently Barnes. She was the authoress of a treatise on "Hawking, Hunting and Cote Armour," otherwise known as the Boke of St. Albans, now highly prized by collectors as one of the earliest printed books, having been issued in 1486, by that mysterious printer, the "Schole-mayster of St. Albon." Dame Juliana was Prioress of Sopwell, a nunnery near St. Albans, in which Abbey of St. Albans her book was printed.

In the next generation Margery Berners, daughter of Sir Richard, married John Bourchier (4th son of the Earl of Ewe), who was summoned to Parliament as Lord Berners, (temp. Henry VI) "jure uxoris," ob. 1474. His grandson, Sir John Bourchier (ob. 1532), became famous as the translator of Froissart's Chronicles, and writes himself in his Will as "John Bourchier, Knt. Lord Barnes." Leland calls John Lord Berners, the translator of Froissart, Lord Barnes, and again we have "the Lorde Barnes" as killed at Barnet; and in the same volume it appears that "Syr Henry Neville married one of the daughters of the Lorde Berners."

One of the early de Berners married a great-great-granddaughter of Oliver Cromwell.

The early settlers of the L. I. Hamptons (and probably our ancestor) came from the neighborhood of Maidstone, Kent, and their settlement was at first called Maidstone on that account.

MR. BARNES' WILL.

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By the provisions of the will of the late Alfred S. Barnes a spirit of gratitude for his munificence should be diffused through all the Protestant charitable institutions of Brooklyn. None of the more noteworthy societies, homes and missions for unfortunate people in this city failed to receive a gift of at least \$1,000, and \$20,000 were distributed between the four leading missionary organizations in New York. Ten colleges and schools in as many different States also were remembered to the extent of \$1,000 each and \$45,000 is the bequest to the Young Men's Christian Association of Cornell University, to be expended on a new building. It was no easy task that success imposed upon the late Mr. Barnes, when he undertook to dispose of his property. The result of his efforts is an encomium upon his common sense, his family pride, his philanthropy and his judgment of the relative worth of the institutions he has benefited. He was heart and brain a Brooklyn citizen and therefore his bequests to Brooklyn charities are as generous as consideration for the benign intentions of other rich citizens would justify. Mr. Barnes might have put one or more of these concerns beyond the need of future benevolence on the part of other wealthy people, but such a course would have hurt the cause of charity as much as the particular home or mission selected. Had he shown a decided preference for any one institution, the others would have made that an excuse for such lack of efficiency as mismanagement might entail. As it is, all have been favored alike and there is yet abundant opportunity for the exercise of post mortem generosity by men of honestly acquired riches, of whom the late Mr. Barnes was only one, and of whom it may be truly said, they are the salt of the earth.—From the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle* of Friday evening, March 9, 1888.













