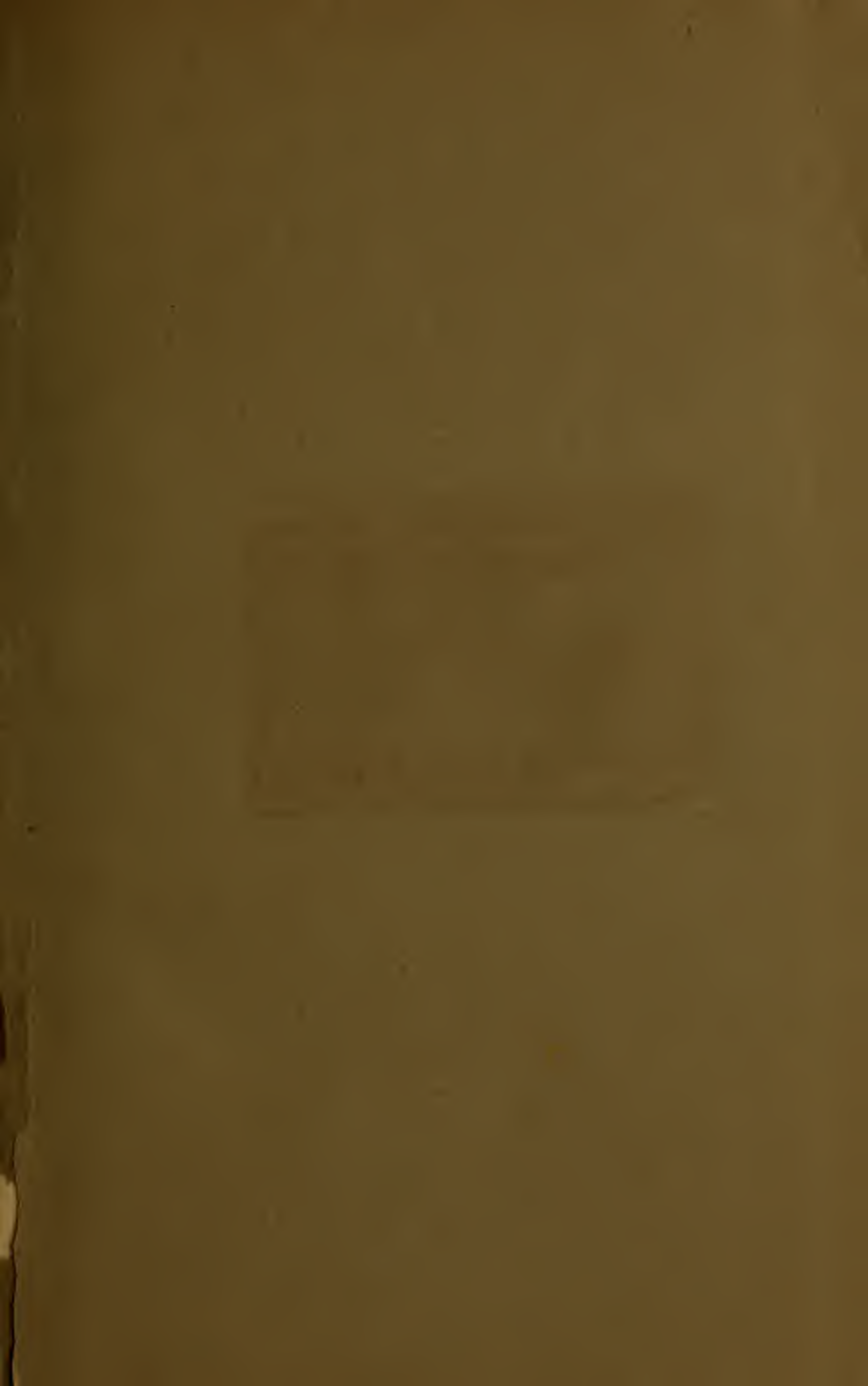


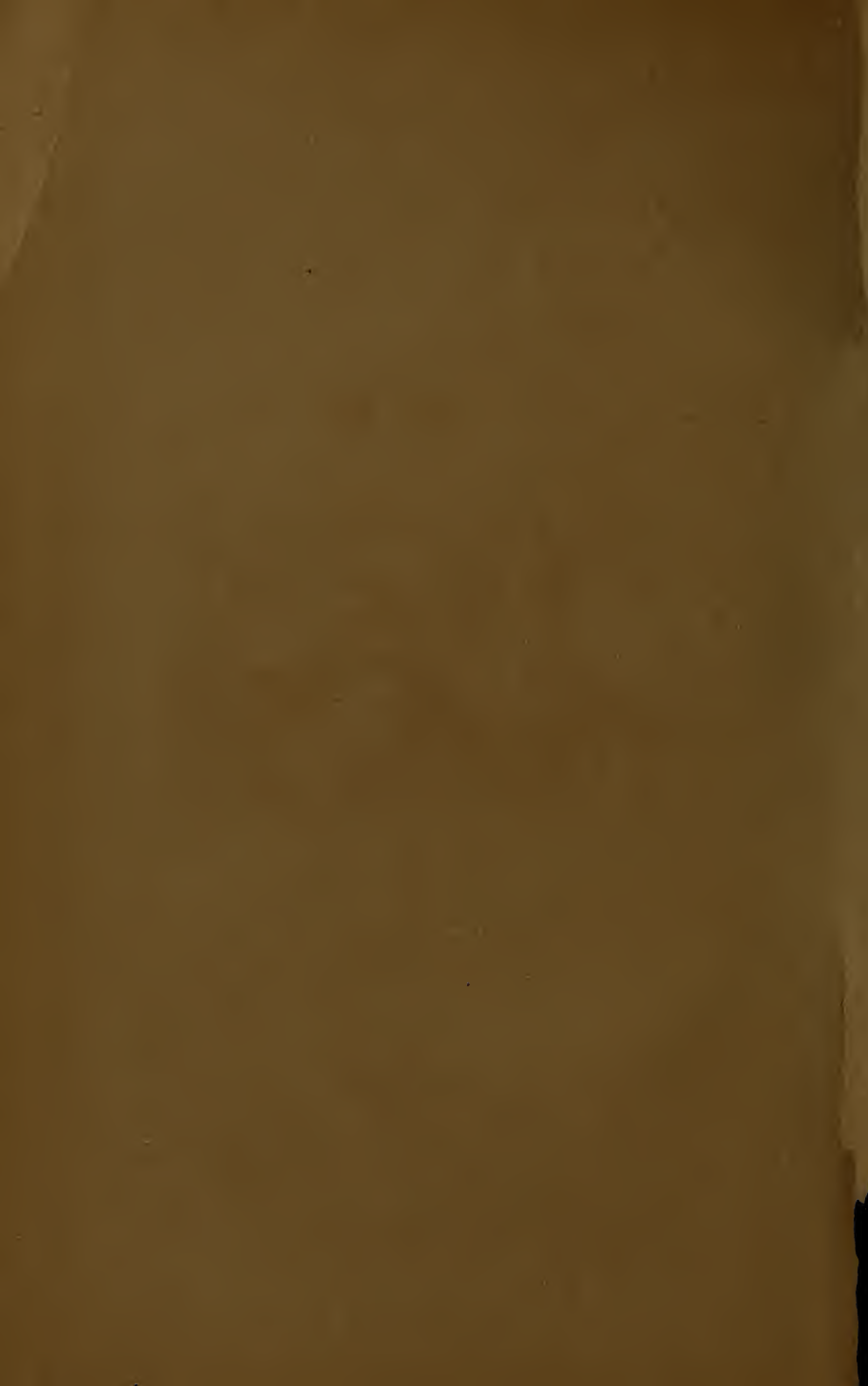
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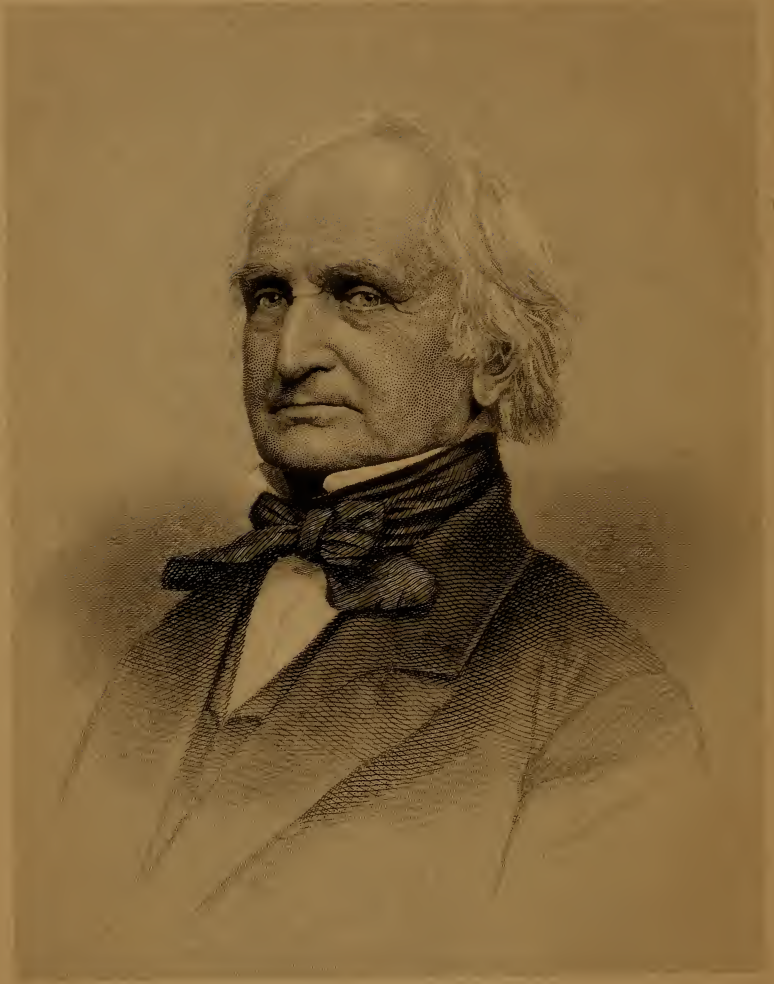
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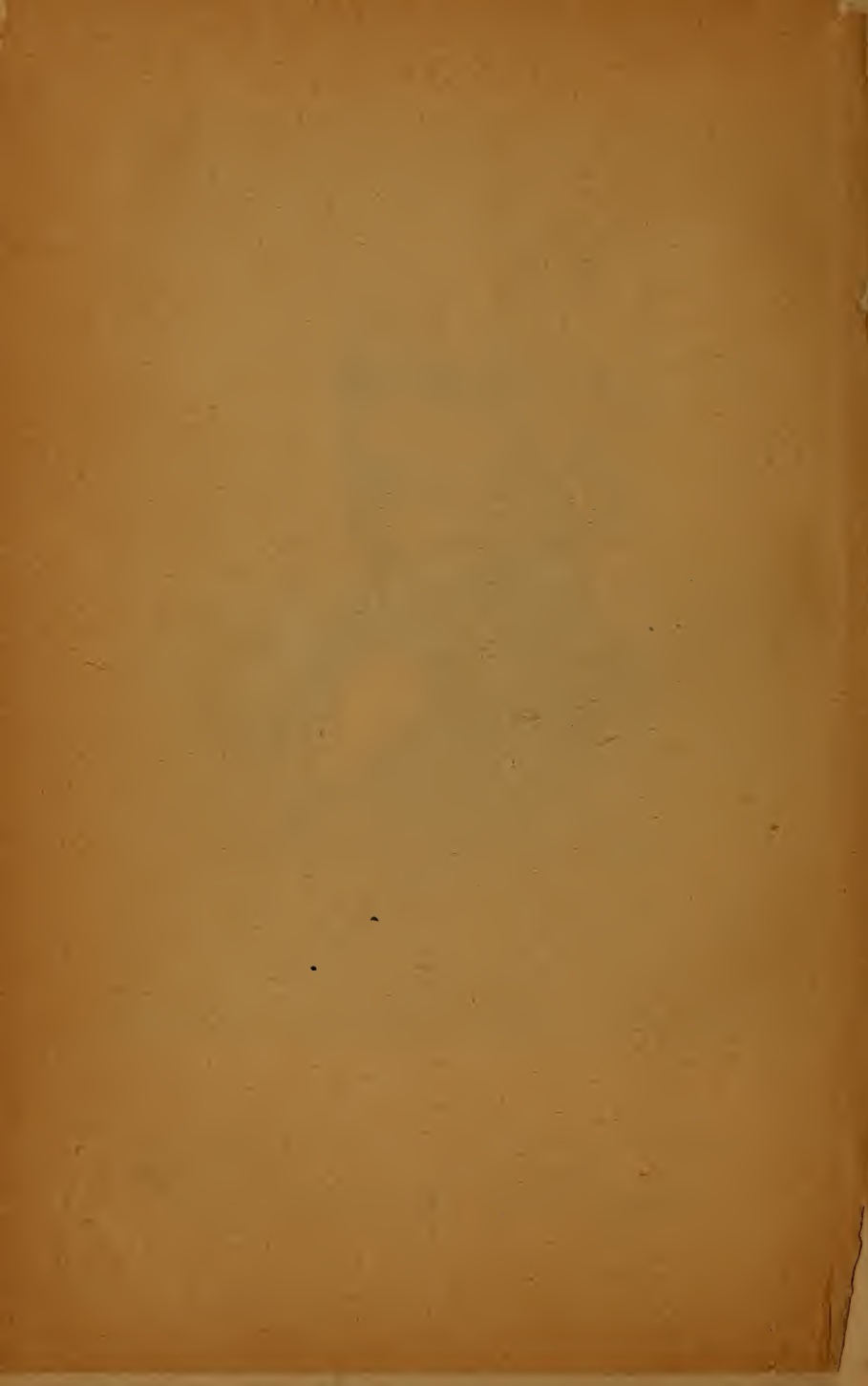
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.







Enoch Pond.



THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF THE
Rev. ENOCH POND, D. D.

FOR FIFTY YEARS
PROFESSOR IN BANGOR THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

A Memorial

OF HIS CHARACTER, WORK, AND LAST YEARS.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY THE

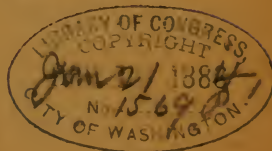
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REV. EDWIN POND PARKER, D. D.

What man is he that desireth life, and loveth many days, that he may see good?

Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile.

Depart from evil and do good; seek peace and pursue it.

— Psalm xxxiv, 12-14.

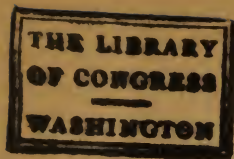


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TO THE
EARLY AND LATER FRIENDS AND PUPILS OF THE
REV. ENOCH POND,

TO HIS CHILDREN AND CHILDREN'S CHILDREN,

This Memorial

OF OUR FATHER'S LIFE AND CHARACTER
IS DEDICATED BY HIS
DAUGHTER.

BUCKSPORT, Maine: 1883.

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INTRODUCTION.

ENOCH POND, minister of the Gospel, Doctor of Divinity, Professor of Theology, writer of books, indefatigable toiler in his chosen field of Christian work, most venerable and benignant of men, was always and always will be "Grandfather" to me; so that it is impossible for me to make any critical study or impartial analysis of him. I cannot remember when his head was not white, snowy white, recalling the fine scripture which says, "The hoary head is a crown of glory if it be found in the way of righteousness." From my earliest recollection his presence was portly and commanding, his voice seriously and sweetly toned, his countenance grave and mild, his manner dignified and winsome, and his entire appearance that of a veritable patriarch, for whom we grandchildren had no sort of fear; only an unbounded veneration and affection.

Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Moses, and the prophets of whom he used to speak so freely and charmingly, were all very well in their distant places, standing remote and shadowy in the haze of a dawning history; but Grandfather Pond was a real and New-Testament patriarch; and, as regards beauty of holiness, not to be compared with anybody far or near.

Partly because of my mother's adorable love for him, and because of a kind of choral worship of him in the whole family (of which he was quite oblivious), and partly because no one could know him and not perceive in him a very singular excellence, he stood in the niche

of human perfection for my boyhood. And I verily believe that boyhood was far gone with me, before it occurred to me that God could be as good as he.

It is safe to say that, during his long term of service in Bangor Seminary, no student of that institution failed to know and to love him. Gentle in counsels, gentler in corrections, almost incomprehensibly patient, fond of his joke, able to pour out his soul in a prayer or in a laugh, full of tender and wise sympathy, strong to bear his own burden and the burdens of others also, he lived before our eyes as one who, like his namesake of old, "walked with God." A simpler, sincerer man could not be found. One would as soon have suspected the sunlight. It never occurred to any one to question his inward honesty. Of words and actions prompted by envy, jealousy, or kindred passions, he seemed incapable. He was more than righteous: he was a good man. Without acerbity, severity, or any of the disagreeable qualities that taint much puritan piety, he moved on, upright and steadfast and serene, in ways of pleasantness and paths of peace, driving far from him all thoughts and spirits of evil, not with scourges and anathemas, but without effort and unconsciously, by the simple bright-shining of his goodness.

In nothing was the unselfish and lovely spirit of the man more manifest than in the manner in which he received the unwelcome admonitions of increasing infirmities, endured the inevitable deprivations of advancing age, and gave a cordial sympathy to his successors and supplanters. As his term of service lengthened in the Theological Seminary, and as the necessities of the Seminary multiplied, he voluntarily relinquished position after position in which he had served with enthusiasm and success. Other men came

in to fill these positions, — the chair of theology, the chair of history. His cheerful acquiescence in the necessity which decreed these successive contractions in the circle of his service was in marked contrast with the resistance sometimes offered in similar cases, and with the resentment which makes the act of displacement a painful, if not a forcible, one.

In marked contrast with the sad behavior of those who linger about the scenes of their former service, only by their interferences, criticisms, and fault-findings to make their successors uncomfortable, to foment strife and engender discord, was his most cordial, generous, and paternal reception of those who came to teach and rule in his stead. They might come bringing into use text-books or methods hitherto unapproved by him; but no words of criticism escaped his lips, no hint or sign of disapproval was given. The words he spake were those of brotherly kindness, and all the signs he made were those of a good man, who loved the Seminary, and the brethren in its service, and the students under their care, with a self-denying, self-forgetting affection. It was not possible for discord to exist in the Faculty, while he presided over them and his spirit dwelt with them.

The theology which he received and taught, to some may have seemed severe; but the Christianity of his life and character was attractive and incontrovertible. He was one of those who go about doing good, whatever they do, and whose influence for good goes on when they can no more go about.

He was one of the few whose prayers are listened to with heartfelt interest. He seemed to have been taught to "pray in the Spirit." Out of a childlike heart came forth his prayers in simple, childlike phrases, becoming more impressive and of broader meaning as

they became more familiar. Thus, all unconsciously, he made for himself a beautiful liturgy, that could be repeated and written down by his children and pupils. He did not think it necessary to make a prayer each time he would pray, but offered the prayer once made, with some variations, repeatedly.

Dr. Pond was a large-hearted man. His love for humanity was broad and deep; his charity for men was an overflowing one. His kind thoughts of men and motives recall to mind the legendary saint, who, when put to the test if she would say a good word for the Devil, quietly remarked: "He must be credited with great industry." As regards injustice, or even abuse, toward himself, he seemed indifferent, and evil deeds did not stick in his memory. In short, he had that love which "thinketh no evil, is not easily provoked, believeth all things, endureth all things." At the same time he was a zealous and ardent controversialist, and ever a courteous one. Having carefully formed his opinions, and defined his beliefs, he was quick to meet any denials or doubts thereof, or opposing errors, with bristling weapons. He believed in the impregnability of his theological positions, and at the same time conceived it to be his duty to battle against every movement of those who had chosen other positions. He had no faith in "new departures," and little patience with the late departed. I think he cherished an especial contempt for German philosophy and criticism, — "German fog" he energetically pronounced it. He did his utmost to puff and blow that "fog" away. He deprecated "letting down the bars," not always taking into account by whom, and with what assumption, the same "bars" had been put up. He deplored and resisted the changes which have taken place during the last

twenty-five years in the practice of the religious world. The change of posture from standing or kneeling to sitting during public prayer; the surrender of one service on the Sabbath; the less rigid observance of the Lord's day; the disposition to allow more freedom in recreation and amusements, — these, and similar conformities in the practical conduct of Christians, seemed to him indicative and productive of worldliness and irreligion. Loose views of inspiration, new speculations regarding probation, doubts concerning eternal punishment, and questionings of the expiatory nature of the atonement, disturbed him, and provoked him to use his pen against these errors. He sought and found comfort for his vexed and righteous soul in the great thought of “a reigning God,” and died, as he had lived and labored, in faith.

Now because he was so very zealous for his views of divine truth and Christian duty, and because he was ever alert, with great facility of plain speech, to utter his warning, and to discover what he deemed erroneous and noxious, it came to pass, I think, that those who knew him by his writings mainly and merely, knew comparatively but little of what was best and most beautiful in him. I do not know that he was ever severe and caustic in his controversial writings, but he was very positive and unyielding, and did not exhibit great readiness or capacity to appreciate the possible force of new suggestions and theories. In all these forthputtings against views, opinions, speculations, and “German fog” in particular, — in all these polemic raids and controversial crusades, — the good man was consumed with a zeal for the truth, which, for the time being, overlaid his more generous and distinguishing characteristics, as the helmet's grim visor hides the face of the genial knight.

When it came to *men*, his great heart took the heretics in pretty generally. One would never suspect, from reading his reviews of Dr. Bushnell's writings, his deep interest and cordial faith in that man of God. He could rarely make up his mind to assist in casting the unbeliever out of the synagogue. He was boundlessly tolerant and hopeful of men, and the more so as his years increased. It may not be easy or important to reconcile these diverse phases of Dr. Pond's religious activity. But a partial explanation of them may be found in the fact that his life was chiefly spent in studious seclusion from the world, while his mental constitution and habits of thought were such as to render him somewhat unappreciative of other than "common-sense" views and opinions. If he was not open to new convictions, it was partly owing to the fact that, at one time of his life, he had been deeply convicted of the truth. In the controversy with the Unitarians, all his convictions had been fused into one glowing mass of conviction, never more to be up for questioning. Henceforth the truth was unconsciously identified in his mind with the formulation in which it had taken shape in the heats and under the pressures of controversial discussion.

Moreover, between the separate and peaceful conditions of life in which the old New England divines thought out their systems of divinity, and the world as one now finds it, there is a tremendous difference. The ends of the earth are now brought into communication. In the New England village one hears the roar of London life. The bazaars of Cairo are not unfamiliar to him. The old conditions of social life are completely changed. Into all our quiet bays and creeks the great world has come rushing and foaming, bringing with its tide a

revolution both literary and religious. A village theology no longer suffices. It is too small to meet the facts of the case. The systems and isms of a provincial theology are as quaint as the costumes of a former age.

Dr. Pond was born, nurtured, and disciplined in the old New England provincialism. His remote relation with the world of affairs, and the environment which habit and education and secluded residence combined to make for him, rendered it difficult for him to take the full measure and bearing of successive innovations in practical and doctrinal theology.

According to popular notion, imagination is a sort of decorative-art faculty, merely fictional and pictorial, in pretty ways frescoing the otherwise plain things of truth and fact. But imagination is a king faculty in man, without which one may have great power of logical reasoning and of lucid statement, but may not mount as on wings, nor have "visions," nor either prophetic or inspirational genius.

Of imagination, Dr. Pond was not in a great degree possessed; and this fact seems to explain, in some measure, why he was unable to take the largest and most comprehensive views of the diversified landscape of truth. He could not mount high enough to look afar off in many directions. He could not understand the mystic nor the transcendentalist, and was suspicious of the genuineness of such creatures. His pleasure in poetry and art, apart from religious associations therewith, was probably not deep or great. Dr. Bushnell's idea of "The Gospel a Gift to the Imagination," would have seemed almost a conceit to Dr. Pond. In this respect he was very much like his classmate and friend, Dr. Joel Hawes, late of Hartford; yes, very much like the late Dr. Pusey, who thought German-ism

and neologism were the great out-standing perils of the Christian church.

If one has not much imagination he will not get much Gospel by that inlet. Taking it in ever so large quantities by some other faculty, it will never take such shape and color in his conceptions of it, as in his case to whom it comes streaming through the glowing windows of an illuminated imagination.

Not caring to rise much above literal interpretations, obvious meanings, and scholastic definitions in the domain of criticism and theology, Dr. Pond held by his beliefs and opinions somewhat traditionally and prosaically, but with unfaltering tenacity. He held by them so as to be upheld by them above all doubts or suspicions of their complete account of religious truth. He never seemed to feel the force of the objections that were set up and overthrown in his lectures and essays. The victory of his logic seemed complete, and he could not quite understand why the entire world was not convinced. Thus it was with him in respect of his opinions and views of truth.

But in respect of men the case was otherwise. Never was there human charity sweeter or larger—human kindness gentler or more catholic. Few holier lives have been known in this age than his,—so wholly free from cant, from pretension, from artificial emotion—so sane, clear, simple, sincere, good, and loving. There have been greater men in our age, but few, if any, better men than he.

Such men are our everlasting supports. Theologies, systems, speculations, have their day, and are, for the most part, written in water. But on "Godlike men" we build our trusts. Dr. Pond was "a living epistle," "a burning and shining light," "a good man full of

the Holy Ghost." He lives and works in hundreds of men, who "took knowledge of him that he had been with Jesus."

Of him it may fitly be said, "AND ENOCH WALKED WITH GOD: AND HE WAS NOT, FOR GOD TOOK HIM."

HARTFORD: May, 1833.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

INTRODUCTION.

EVERY man's personal history should be an interesting one to himself. It may not be of special interest to others.

Numerous biographies have been written and published in which the community feels little interest. But, as I said, every man's personal history should be interesting to *himself*, and should be pondered and reviewed. He will learn from it his own weakness, depravity, short-sightedness, and ignorance, and the treachery of his heart. He will learn what are his most exposed points of character, what his easily besetting sins, and in what manner the temptations and dangers to which he is exposed may best be overcome. But especially will he be impressed with the great goodness and faithfulness and forbearance of God, and while he feels his own weakness, and learns more and more to distrust himself, he will cast himself on the care and providence of God with renewed confidence.

A review of one's personal history will also lead him to admire the wonder-working providence of God. He will see how great events have often turned upon slight contingencies;

and how, if the scale, which seemed almost evenly balanced, had turned differently from what it did, a new turn would have been given to the whole course of his life.

In short, a review of one's personal history, if wisely conducted, will lead to increased penitence, humility, and self-distrust ; to unfeigned gratitude and confidence in God ; to renewed watchfulness, resolution, and devotion in the divine life ; and thus to continual growth in grace and meetness for Heaven.

Impressed with such considerations, and urged to it by some of my dearest friends, being now in my usual health and vigor of body and mind, though at the age of seventy-two, I sit down this twenty-second of December, 1863, to write out some account of my life and personal experience. How far it will proceed, and when it will end, and where, the providence of God alone can determine.

CHAPTER I.

PARENTAGE, EARLY LIFE, AND STUDIES.

“The seeds of that definite form which each individual life eventually assumes will be found to lie within its early history. Usually a man’s early life and position will be found to contain the germ, and to furnish the interpretation, of his future character.”

I WAS born in the town of Wrentham, Mass., July 29, 1791. My father was of English and puritan descent. His name was Elijah Pond, who was the son of Jacob Pond, who was the son of Ephraim Pond, who was the son of Ephraim Pond, who was the son of Daniel Pond, who settled in the town of Dedham in 1652. My ancestors, from their first coming to this country, have all lived within a few miles of the same spot.

My mother was Mary Smith, the eldest daughter of James Smith, the only son of Colonel John Smith, who came with his wife from Donegal, in Ireland, about the middle of the last century. They were prosperous, respectable people of Scotch-Irish descent, and they settled in Wrentham. My mother was an energetic, strong-minded woman, devoted to her family and eminent for piety, to whom her children are under the greatest obligation. My father and mother were not church members at the time of my birth, but became such a few

years afterward. When my mother united with the church Mr. Cleveland preached from the text, "And Mary hath chosen the good part which shall never be taken from her." My mother was a fine singer, and for years led the treble voices in the "singers' seats." I well remember the day when we children were baptized in the North Wrentham meeting-house. It was then unfinished, and the occasion was a solemn one to me and left an impression which has never been effaced. We were baptized by our excellent pastor, Rev. John Cleveland. My father became a deacon in this church, as were his father and grandfather before him. Many years after, on account of greater convenience in attending meeting, our family worshiped with the church at Wrentham Centre.

Of this old church, and the service of baptism, a sister of my father writes:—

The meeting-house was built after the fashion of those days, and was literally "set on a hill," so high, so steep. I never remember seeing a carriage brought to the door. You may be sure it required a good deal of strength to ascend these "courts of the Lord." Why such tremendous elevations were chosen in those days is a marvel. The building was rather small, painted light-yellow, and without ornament. A double door in front opened directly into the sanctuary. There were three aisles, and square pews like little pens opening directly from them. A large pew at the foot of the elevated pulpit was called the "deacon's seat." Three galleries were built on high. In one of these were the "singers' seats," and before the days when "stringed instruments" might be used in the worship of the

puritan saints, the twang of the pitch-pipe preceded the burst of sacred song. In the deacon's seat might be seen, from Sabbath to Sabbath, those elderly gentlemen, men of renown, listening to the preached word; or with great reverence rising up and *standing* when prayer was offered to that God "before whom angels bow, and archangels veil their faces." The railing of the stairs that led to the high pulpit was of "carved work" and, with the pulpit and its suspended "sounding-board," was painted sombre sea-green color. There were two porches, one on each end of the house. One was called the women's porch, the other the men's porch. In these were the stairs leading to the three galleries; and the long, big bellrope was coiled in the men's porch, an object of great curiosity to the little boys, who longed to give it a pull. The good people worshiped in this house long before it was finished; and it was during this period that your blessed father was baptized, from a quart pewter-basin standing on a little table by Mr. Cleveland's armchair. After the service, I do not doubt, the one hundred and twenty-first hymn of the first book, in the old "Watts and Select Hymns," was sung to the tune of St. Martin's, as this hymn was invariably selected by Mr. Cleveland when a baby was baptized. I seem now to hear those long ago hushed voices singing: —

"Thus, later saints, Eternal King,
Thine ancient truth embrace,
To Thee their infant offspring bring,
And humbly claim Thy grace."

I was named Enoch for my uncle Enoch Pond, who was graduated at Brown University in 1777, and was for many years pastor of the Congregational church in Ashford, Conn. In my early years I was called a thoughtful, steady boy. I had a great taste for learning, and was particularly desirous of being at the head of my class in

school—a thing which I generally accomplished. The schoolhouse is still standing. It is near my old home. It was then painted red, on the outside, and was rough enough within. About three years ago, I saw a widow lady in Augusta, Maine, who was nearly one hundred years old. Her native place was Wrentham, and she claimed to have taught me my letters. I think she did. She told me of teaching school in my native district, and of boarding at my father's house. "Mr. Pond," said she, "had two little boys, Enoch and Preston. Enoch was a very good boy, but Preston was a great rogue."

"Well," I said, "I suppose I am Enoch." She looked at me with great interest, and I looked upon her with feelings bordering on veneration. The time passed uneventfully at my native home, which was the home also of my grandparents, then living. My ancestors, on my father's side, were all of them farmers, who owned and worked their own farms, and lived in a frugal, industrious way, almost independent of the rest of the world. They received but little money and needed but little, living chiefly on the produce of their farms and the labor of their hands. The spinning-wheel and the handloom, in the busy hands of the mothers, wrought the clothing; the fruitful fields and broad forests yielded food and fuel. There was no greed of wealth, nor strife for fashion. They mingled but little with the outside world, had few temptations, and trained their families to the fear and

service of the Lord. I deem it one of the greatest blessings of my life, that I am able to look back on a long line of industrious, upright, and truly Christian ancestors.

We all went three miles to meeting on the Sabbath.

The flood of juvenile books had not then burst upon the country. We fed our minds on the same intellectual food as did our parents, and it stimulated our thoughts and enlarged our mental powers. Except the three months of school in the summer, and the three months in winter, I worked, as I was able, on the farm. One of the best things my father ever did for me and for his other children was to keep us constantly employed. We never worked hard, but we had no idle days. Each day brought with it something to be done. In this way, habits of industry were early formed, which I have never lost. I have often said I would rather go to prison for six months, *with* my books and papers, than be doomed for the same length of time to do nothing.

At the age of twelve I visited my uncle, the minister of Ashford, and spent a year with him. I had a great admiration for my uncle and aunt, and hoped to enjoy a great deal in his family; and I did. All my uncle's family were skilled in music. I was most kindly treated by them; I was a favorite with them, and was introduced to much young company. My manners were improved, but I fear my *heart* was not. I

became idle, vain, and thoughtless. I learned to sing while at Ashford, but do not remember that I learned anything else of importance to me.

I returned to Wrentham in the summer of 1804, when I was thirteen years old. During the preceding spring, there had been a revival of religion in Wrentham, which was in progress at the time of my return. Many of my young friends were serious, and several had indulged a hope in Christ, among whom was my elder sister Harriet. I felt the importance of religion, sympathized with those who had become interested in it, associated with them, and ere long began to think I was one of their number.

But the depravity of my heart had not been discovered to me; much less had it been broken up. My serious impressions did not last long, and, for the next three years of my life, I became more wicked than I had ever been before. I attended church as usual; but was fond of gay company, was restive under family restraints, and even learned, when among my companions, to use profane language. My watchful father heard of this, and reprov'd me for it. His remarks did not offend, but grieved me, and were a blessing to me; for the evil habit was abandoned before it became confirmed.

I still loved learning, and improved all my opportunities to acquire a good English education. So successful was I in this pursuit, that, in the winter of 1807-8, when I was only sixteen years old, I was employed as teacher in one

of our district schools. For the next six winters I continued this employment. In some winters I taught two schools. And here let me say a word as to this matter of teaching, especially as the schools were then conducted in country towns. As the schools were not graded, all the scholars of the district, from four years old and upward, came together, and must be classified by the teacher as best he could.

Sometimes he would have more than a dozen classes, from those learning the alphabet upward, all of which must be attended to forenoon and afternoon. He had a large class of writers, for whom copies must be set and pens (goose-quills) made and mended. He had many studying arithmetic, and for these sums must be set, looked over, and approved; or, when puzzled, the pupils must be helped over their difficulties. He had several classes in English grammar, whose lessons must be heard and explained; and not unfrequently those studying the higher branches of algebra, geometry, and Latin. And, hardest of all, the teacher must prevent noise and whispering, quell disorder, and administer the government of the school; for which he needed eyes all around him. I never sat down during school hours, walking the room with a little switch under my arm, and frequently administering warning touches about the ears and fingers of the unruly rogues. I speak from long and painful experience, and I must say that, if any poor creature is ever to be pitied, it is the teacher of

one of these large old-fashioned district schools. I succeeded in teaching to the satisfaction of my employers, and perhaps as well as young men generally, who engage in it merely as a means to an end; but if ever there was a load imposed on a feeble mortal sufficient to press the very life out of him, the teaching of such a school as I have described was that load. Let us be thankful that there has been so much improvement in the books provided, the many helps to teachers, and in the whole method of conducting schools, especially in our cities and larger towns, since the period of which I speak.

About six weeks before his death, my father received a letter from an old gentleman in Illinois, who was his pupil in that first school, taught by him when he was sixteen years old. The affectionate remembrance, and the kind interest, expressed by this aged pupil for his aged teacher touched my father deeply.

“Though a youthful teacher, and though these schools were largely made up of unruly boys, such was his prowess, his prudence, and quick-sighted observation, that he gained the respect and ready obedience of the greater part of his pupils. He had a pleasing address and a winning playfulness which did not at all lower his dignity; but it was suited to call forth the admiration of his school. His scholars always progressed rapidly; and when trouble from some of the overgrown evildoers threatened, without appearing to know their plans, he pleasantly outwitted them, and, with a graceful unconsciousness, set aside and made impossible the execution of the plans of these ‘sons of Belial,’ leaving them angry and defeated.”

For the next two years I continued to teach

school in the winter, and work on the farm in the summer; and it was my father's plan that I should continue to do so, and at length become settled with him on the homestead. But my desire for learning led me to think of a liberal education. Besides, from my earliest years, I had a desire to be a minister, and a kind of a *presentiment* that I should be one. I made no pretensions to religion at this time, and gave no evidence of possessing it; yet I had a strong desire for a liberal education, that I might become, if prepared for it, a minister of the gospel. Thus things went on within me and around me until about midsummer of 1809. It was the haying season, and there were several days of heavy, rainy weather, when nothing could be done on the farm. I improved this opportunity to get a Latin grammar, and commenced studying it in the Academy at Wrentham ("Day's Academy"), about two and a half miles from my father's home. My father, finding I had taken this decisive step, made no further objection, and I was allowed to go on in my chosen pursuit. It was now about six weeks to the end of the term; and in this time I had mastered the Latin grammar and Æsop's Fables, and commenced my recitations in Virgil. I allowed myself no vacation, but pushed forward as fast as possible, and before my winter school began, had finished Virgil and commenced on the Orations of Cicero. My circumstances made it necessary I should teach school this winter, and it proved the longest and

hardest I ever taught. Still I gave my evenings to study, and before the school ended I had finished the Orations.

It was during this winter, and while teaching this hard school, that I think my heart was changed, and I became reconciled to God. My pastor had been reading "Faber on the Prophecies," and had preached several sermons on the subject. I was impressed with the idea that great changes were coming on the earth; that naught but destruction awaited the enemies of God, and that it was quite time for me to take my stand upon the Lord's side. The burden of my school also oppressed me, and made me feel more than ever that I needed strength and support from on high; but I do not remember that I was deeply convicted or disturbed for sin. One evening, when the family in which I boarded were absent and I sat alone, unable to study, and absorbed in such thoughts as I have described, a new feeling came over me, or a new affection sprang up in my soul. It was one of *entire* submission and cordial reconciliation to the *Will of God*. I rejoiced to be in his hands and under his government, and was willing he should do with me as seemed good in his sight.

I experienced no high emotions of joy, but my habitual feeling was one of *entire* submission to the Divine Will. This was attended, of course, with inward peace, and this peace was abiding. It has been the predominant feature of my religious experience ever since.

“Yield to the Lord with simple heart,
All that thou hast, and all thou art;
Renounce all strength but strength divine,
And peace forever shall be thine.”

My practice at this time was to go to my schoolroom about eight o'clock in the morning, and make a fire, that everything might be in readiness when the scholars came. After building the fire, I usually had about half an hour by myself. I well remember how pleasantly I employed this little season in reading the Scriptures, meditation, and prayer. I read over the fourteenth chapter of John till I could say it as well without the book as with it. “Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid; ye believe in God, believe also in me.” “Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you.” I felt at the time that this precious promise was verified unto *me*. Still, I did not really believe I had experienced a change of heart, and said nothing about it to any one for some months. My studies were the engrossing subject, and these occupied my mind almost to the exclusion of everything else. When my school was out, I returned to the Academy and commenced the study of Greek. I soon went through the Greek grammar, and then read the Greek New Testament, and a part of Xenophon. I also reviewed my Latin studies, and read a considerable part of Horace. In all *but* the classics, I had previously fitted for college, and the result was, that at Com-

mencement in Brown University, in September, 1810, I was examined for admission to the Sophomore class, and was received. I have often regretted that I went through the preparatory studies of college with such rapidity. To be sure, I acquired readily and could read Latin and Greek with fluency; yet my preparation lacked *thoroughness*; and I formed the habit of passing over my books and studies rapidly, which has, in some instances, been a disadvantage to me. I have often wondered, too, that my health did not suffer. Exchanging the active labors of the farm for such intense and constant application to study, it is a wonder that my constitution did not break down at once. Very often I used to get up in the night, pore over my Latin and Greek an hour or two, and then go to bed again and fall asleep. I can think of but one thing that saved me from utter prostration at this period. I boarded at home, and was under the necessity of *walking* some five miles every day to and from the Academy.

CHAPTER II.

COLLEGE LIFE AND THEOLOGICAL STUDIES.

UPON entering college a year in advance, I found myself surrounded by a large class, the most of whom were mature and strong men, and who, I knew, had the advantage over me of having been there through the Freshman year. Still I was determined to stand up with them as an equal, and my past success as a student encouraged me to hope I should do so.

Indeed, I have often laughed at the views with which I entered college; at my self-conceits and almost utter ignorance of what was before me. I know not that any Sophomore ever felt as I did; it was really a wonder to me what my teachers would find to set before me in addition to what I then knew, to occupy my thoughts for the long space of three years. It seemed as though in that period I should be able to master all the sciences, and even more. But it was not long before my views began to be sobered, and they have been growing more sober and moderate ever since. I have now been a constant and diligent student for more than fifty years; and so far from traversing the whole circle of the sciences, I feel ashamed of knowing so little of any one of them. I feel now

that my work as a student has but *just begun*; and though it must soon terminate on the shores of time, I hope to resume it, and carry it forward indefinitely, in a future world.

To return to my college life. As I had but three years before me, I determined to make the most of them. In order to do this, I resolved that I would not be absent, when I could avoid it, from college during term time. And this resolution I was able to carry into effect. I was under the necessity of teaching, during each winter, one school; but I taught only through the eight weeks of college vacation. I was resolved, too, not to be absent from any college exercise or recitation where I was expected to be present. And this resolution I accomplished. While the names of other students were frequently called over for absence, or other delinquencies, mine was not called in a single instance. I formed still another plan when I entered college, to which I adhered, and which I would commend to the notice of students. I resolved that the lesson *for the time* should first be mastered, and then, if leisure remained, it might be devoted to miscellaneous reading or writing, or to recreation. But, first of all, the lesson must be attended to, and due preparation made for the recitation. My college life passed rapidly and pleasantly away. For my classmates generally I had a high regard, and they manifested the same regard for me. For some of them I felt a strong affection; and attachments were formed

as lasting as life, — even more so; attachments that reach over to another life, and will be renewed in heaven.

In the winter after entering college, I made known my religious feelings to my pastor and to other Christian friends, and made a public profession of religion. I joined the North Church in Wrentham, the same in which I had been baptized, and continued to be a member of it till my settlement in the ministry.

The thoroughness and strength of our father's religious convictions are shown in the relation of his experience, prepared for the church when he asked to be received into it. The very document lies before me, the paper yellow, the ink faded, but the light of the Christian life there recorded in its dawn "shone brighter and brighter, till the perfect day." After recording with gratitude the blessing of his Christian home, and regretting the earlier years of life, when the instructions of parents and the strivings of the Holy Spirit were stubbornly resisted, my father writes thus:—

In the year 1805, I returned from my uncle's house, in Ashford, Conn., to find new scenes in my native village. I found my old friends very solemn, and much engaged in religious concerns. I was disturbed; and I was resolved, at any cost, to be religious too. I resolved to leave off evil habits and be a saint as well as they. Accordingly, I professed to some of my friends that I had a hope I was a Christian and a friend of Jesus. They rejoiced at the news, and my vain heart swelled with pride at

the thought that I was esteemed as good as they. I indulged these sentiments to such a degree, that at last I believed myself a real Christian, and began to talk of a profession of religion. But *temptation* taught me a lesson I could have learned in no other way, of the weakness of human strength. I no sooner found that, in order to sustain the character of a saint, I must endure the scorn and derision of the world, that I must take up the cross and follow the Redeemer, than my heart fainted. I basely deserted the cause I had espoused; I was willing to show the world that I was ashamed of my religious professions, and that my serious impressions were even less permanent than the "morning cloud and early dew." I now abandoned *all* serious thought. I commenced a career of sin and folly, and rejoiced in the awful liberty I enjoyed. Thus I lived, though not without some severe compunctions of conscience, till the fall of the year 1809. At that time I tarried, one noon, to witness the administration of the Lord's Supper. After the sacrament was over, the church sang, in the tune of Brookfield, the first of Dr. Watts' hymns in the third book, "'T was on that dark and doleful night." It was to me a solemn occasion. It seemed to me as if God and holy angels were looking down with complacence on the small fraternal band who were sitting around the table of their Master; while I was shut out, and justly doomed to eternal destruction. I was pricked to the heart, and

found it extremely difficult to rid myself of my convictions of sinfulness and ill desert. I had, however, nearly succeeded in calming my mind, when I again was roused more effectually than before, by hearing a sermon preached on the speedy approach of the millennium, and the dreadful overthrow of the enemies of Christ. I plainly saw, if the Bible were true, there was nothing before me but trouble in this world, and everlasting destruction in the world to come. I was more sensible than ever before of my exceeding sinfulness. Although I perfectly hated the attributes and character of God, yet I was convinced I must pronounce his sentence *just*, should he immediately condemn me to eternal despair. I was greatly distressed; I knew not which way to fly, for on either side I could see only horror and woe. Thus, for a number of days, I continued quarreling with the Almighty, and striving to get myself out of his hands. One evening I was alone in my room. I was more than usually impressed with the concerns of my soul, and I at last resolved to give myself up to my gloomy reflections and no longer to strive and fight against them. At that moment a volition, which I had never before felt, arose evidently in my mind. I was willing to lie at the feet of the Saviour, and to be anything which the Almighty was pleased to have me. I felt my heart acquiesce in his government, and I could from my soul say, "Thy will be done." I was immediately sensible of a great change in my views

and feelings, but I did not know whether it would be termed conversion. As I had once deceived my friends in this respect, I dared not make any professions to them, lest I should be again guilty of the same sin. Thus I lived, generally in doubt with respect to the state of my soul, until the last spring. I was then especially favored with the light of God's countenance, and enabled to sing of mercy as well as judgment. I then, for the first time, communicated my feelings to my Christian friends. Since that time I have given myself much to the examination of my own heart. I find I am a very sinful creature, but I hope I can rely on the merits of my Redeemer. All the attributes of God appear beautiful and glorious, and I humbly think I can acquiesce in his dispensations. God's law appears just, and exactly conformable to the rule of right; and, although I am continually committing offences against it, I am sure I abhor myself for them. I have a great desire to espouse the cause of the Redeemer, and to side with him against an opposing world, and to obey all his divine commands. I therefore offer myself to this church, begging your acceptance of me as a member of your Christian fraternity, and your earnest prayers for me, that I may rely wholly on the arm of Jesus for support; that I may live a life of obedience to God; and especially that I may never be left to dishonor the holy religion which I now profess.

ENOCH POND.

He was propounded for admission to the church on January 19, 1812, and received to its communion February 2d, of the same year.

On my return to college, I disclosed to my religious friends there the step I had taken, and this introduced me to their "praying circle," and the Theological Society, from both of which I derived much satisfaction and improvement. In the discussions of the Theological Society I took an active part, and they proved a great advantage to me, not only as a theologian, but as an extemporaneous speaker. During my residence in college I met with a great deal of *goodness*, and also with a great deal of wickedness. I saw more of vice in its grosser forms, intemperance, profaneness, and debauchery, than ever before in my life. Temptations were everywhere; but, by the grace of God, I was enabled to avoid them and pass unharmed through the ordeal.

During my whole college life I attended the preaching of Rev. Thomas Williams, then a settled minister, pastor of the Richmond Street Church, Providence, R. I. And I may say here, what I have often said before, that from no preaching I have ever listened to have I derived so much advantage. This was before he was visited by those fits of insanity, with which he was affected in later years. He was an eccentric character at this time, but of sound mind. His preaching was instructive, clear, methodical, earnest. I commenced, soon after I began to hear him, *not* taking notes in the church, but writing down what

I could recollect of the sermon on my return home; and I soon found I could remember nearly the whole sermon, and could have written it out. I would commend this method to the young as the best. The taking of notes at the time of delivery, and trusting to them, seems rather to weaken and injure the memory. If scholars begin early to trust to their memories, they will find them grow more and more retentive. To return to my old friend and pastor Mr. Williams. He was a special friend of Dr. Emmons. Their meetings were frequent and intimate. Dr. Emmons requested Mr. Williams to preach his funeral sermon, if *he* should outlive him. He gave his pledge that he would do so, and after preparing the sermon, at the request of Dr. Emmons, he read it to him.

Mr. Williams had no ability or taste for worldly matters. He was generally in want; and left his family, I suppose, chiefly to the care of his excellent wife. His native talents were of a high order: a clear and vigorous understanding, a warm heart, a fine flow of natural sensibility pouring itself forth in fluent speech, and often in sparkling wit and humor. His numerous witticisms are current in all the region where he lived. He would have been a better minister could he have enjoyed in early life a wider breadth of culture, and had his mind been free from a tendency to disease. As it is, he will be long and affectionately remembered by a large circle of religious friends, many of whom he has helped forward in the way to heaven by his counsels.

My college life passed rapidly away; so rapidly that, before we were aware of it, our Senior year was drawing to a close, and preparations making for the final examinations and the exercises of Commencement. A part was assigned to me, which I did not expect, and which, at the time, I did not think I deserved; and I think so still. It devolved on me to deliver the valedictory address. My classmates, so far as I know, were quite satisfied with the assignment, but *I* always felt that this part should have been given to one who had the salutatory addresses — my classmate Hawes, now the venerable Dr. Joel Hawes, of Hartford, Conn. A warm friendship continued between this classmate and myself to the end of his long life. We frequently exchanged visits. His heart was full of Christian kindness. The loss of his children gave a peculiar pathos to his last days. He died, greatly lamented in connection with his first church and settlement, in Hartford, Conn.

When the exercises of Commencement were over, I returned to my father's house. It was no longer a question with me whether I should study divinity and attempt to become a minister of the Gospel; but it became a very serious question: "*Where* shall my professional studies be prosecuted?" The Seminary at Andover had then (1813) been several years in operation, and there were many reasons why I should go there to pursue my studies. But I was in a hurry to get into the ministry, and, also, my health had been some-

what impaired by college life. Add to this, that Dr. Emmons, of Franklin, Mass., lived but a few miles from my father's house; that his reputation as a theological teacher was, in all that section of country, pre-eminent; that I had known him from childhood, had often heard him preach, and regarded him with the highest veneration. My family friends all advised me to resort to him, and I concluded to put myself under his instructions.

This question was virtually settled, and I had actually commenced my theological studies before I graduated at Providence. I have been asked whether I have not since regretted that I did not take a full course at Andover. My answer has been that, so far as theology is concerned, I have seen no occasion of regret. As a teacher of theology Dr. Emmons had no superior in the country. Though I had studied Hebrew in college, I have felt the need of the training I should have had in Andover in sacred literature, homiletics, and ecclesiastical history. I have no doubt I should have made a more acceptable preacher, especially in the earlier part of my ministry, if I had received more instruction in these important branches.

Dr. Emmons's method of instruction was that adopted by all the old teachers previous to the establishment of theological seminaries. He delivered no lectures, properly so called, but furnished his pupils with a long list of subjects, and the books to be consulted under each subject, and required them to read, reflect, and prepare essays on the several subjects, to be read before him.

He was not accustomed to favor us with his opinions before we had written on the doctrines to be examined, preferring we should exercise our own thoughts upon them, and investigate them thoroughly and independently. But when the time for reading came, he was very free in his criticisms and remarks. The discussions which took place in connection with the reading of these essays were always interesting and sometimes considerably protracted. This course of instruction was admirably adapted to put a young man on his own resources, and, if he had anything in him, to draw it out. The planning and preparing of essays which were to pass the ordeal of Dr. Emmons's criticism was a formidable affair, which no one would be willing to pass lightly over. And then this course of reading, thinking, writing, and discussing upon a long train of connected subjects — subjects involving questions of great difficulty and importance — was adapted, more than almost anything beside, to stir and quicken the soul. Under such a process the mind was not merely stored and furnished, but trained and disciplined, and prepared, in the best manner, for future effort and usefulness. Dr. Emmons had a peculiar faculty for attaching his students to himself personally. They not only revered and honored him, but loved him. He had also the power of imbuing them with his own sentiments, and of working out of them everything of an opposite tendency; and all this without any artifice or force except the force of his invincible

logic. The pupils of Dr. Emmons were so much attracted to him that in many cases they tried to imitate him, and, not unfrequently, to their own hurt. I know that I fell into this habit of imitating my instructor, not only as to style and manner and structure of sermons, but in the manner of delivery, and it was a long time before I could be rid of it; perhaps to this day I am infected with it.

Dr. Emmons died September 23, 1840, in the ninety-sixth year of his age, and in the sixty-eighth year of his ministry in Franklin. He retired from the labors of the pulpit in 1827, declaring his "determination to retire while he had sense enough to do it." He continued to instruct in theology till too feeble and infirm from age. The whole number of young ministers under his instruction was eighty-six. But upon many more minds he has left his theological likeness, and will claim such as his spiritual children when we meet in our Father's home above.

While under the instruction of Dr. Emmons, I resided and studied at my father's house, and rode over to see the Doctor and read my essays to him about once a week, taking for it a whole day. This arrangement, though attended with some inconveniences, was, on the whole, a benefit to me. It furnished me with a degree of relaxation and exercise, which I greatly needed, and which I should not otherwise have taken; for, although my health admonished me that I was driving too fast, I was not at all inclined to relax

my diligence. I went through Dr. Emmons's course of theological instruction in less than a year, besides keeping a school ten weeks in the winter, and was prepared for license in June, 1814. At the recommendation of my instructor, I was examined for the ministry by the Mendon Association, at the house of Rev. Mr. Holman, of Douglas, and was commended by them, in the usual form, as a candidate for the Gospel ministry, June 14, 1814.

CHAPTER III.

PREACHING AS A CANDIDATE. — SETTLEMENT
AND MARRIAGE.

THE next Sabbath after my license I preached my first sermon, in Franklin, in the pulpit of Dr. Emmons. Happily, the doctor was absent on a journey. As I had scarcely ever in my life seen the inside of a pulpit, and never taken charge of a religious meeting of any kind, my situation at first was awkward enough. I found myself face to face with Dr. Emmons's great congregation, every one of whom was a critic in pulpit performances, as well as in theology, and the most of whom had come, no doubt, for the purpose of criticising the new preacher. I got through the day as well as I expected, and heard no complaint of my performance afterward.

I was next employed to preach four Sabbaths in West Medway, in the pulpit since that time so ably occupied for almost half a century by Dr. Jacob Ide. This engagement finished, I was requested to preach in my own church in North Wrentham, the venerable pastor of which, Rev. John Cleveland, was now prostrated with his last sickness. I preached here one Sabbath, and then my flagging strength gave out. My health had been gradually failing for some time; my digestion was dis-

ordered, my nervous system enfeebled, and I could do no more. I was prostrated by a slow typhus fever, which confined me to the house, and most of the time to the bed, for two months. I was sick at my father's house, but my chief nurse was the young lady who was soon to become my wife — Miss Wealthy Hawes, daughter of Mr. William Hawes, of North Wrentham. We had been acquainted almost from childhood, had become attached to each other, and, without any formal betrothal or engagement, had felt, I suppose, for years that neither of us could marry any one else. My mother had the care and charge of her large family; my elder sister was married; and Miss Hawes was sent for to come and help in the care of me. She came, and was a ministering angel to me in all my illness. But for her watchful care and kindness I might not have lived. When I had recovered sufficiently to take the journey which was recommended as necessary for my restoration, it was thought indispensable that *she* should accompany me. I could not go alone; no one could take care of me as she could; and, if she went, she must go as my wife. We were accordingly married, and commenced our journey together, to visit her uncle, the late Hon. David Daggett, of New Haven, Conn. We made the journey by easy stages, with our own horse and carriage. It and the visit were successfully accomplished, and resulted in my entire recovery to health and strength. This fit of severe and long-continued sickness proved of great advantage

to me in the end. The fever seemed to burn out and renovate my previously shattered constitution. Previous to it I had frequent sick headaches, but since I have hardly known what headache is. Previously, I was a nervous and fidgetty young man, often troubled and unable to sleep; but from the time of my recovery these annoying ailments have entirely passed away. I have often said *that* fever was worth to me all it cost, and I have known many instances in which a fever in early life was followed by like results. In the autumn of 1814 I had sufficiently recovered to think of preaching again, and an invitation awaited me to visit Ward (now Auburn), a small town in Worcester County, lying between Worcester and Oxford. I found here a small but attached people. They loved me and I loved them; and, after preaching for them several weeks, they gave me an unanimous call to become their pastor. I took the matter into serious consideration. I had no doubt but by longer waiting I might secure a larger and more inviting field of labor. But here I found an open door; here was work to be done, and perhaps as much work as I, in my enfeebled condition, should be able to accomplish. The salary proposed was not large, but it was liberal, considering the ability of the people, and I concluded to cast in my lot with them. I accepted the call, and though my ordination did not take place till the March following (1815), I removed with my wife to Ward, and we entered together on what we thought would be the work of our lives.

Thus my father went out from the home of his parents with the paternal blessing resting upon him. But his early home was very dear to him. Every year he went up to refresh himself in the scenes of his youth, bringing his offering to the home altar. For his coming the father and mother, brothers and sisters, watched, and felt a reflected glory in his honors. The favorite viands, the fairest fruit, the seat of honor, the quiet guest-chamber, were prepared by the loving mother when "Enoch was coming." After the death of his father, in 1845, and his mother, in 1849, father went up less frequently. His last visit was in 1879. He felt it would be his last. The valley of the homestead was a good deal changed. Two brothers and a sister were dead, and their families grown up and scattered. One brother, my uncle Lucas Pond, was feeble in body and in mind, but the two brothers rode together hour after hour, revisiting the haunts of their youth. Every familiar spot had its associations; and of the places and people so many stories were told, so many jokes revived, so many "characters" brought back to act again upon the stage of life, that one, who sat listening in the back-seat of the carriage, felt she was reading a new chapter in the "Stories of Old-Town Folks."

Franklin, the scene of father's theological struggles under Dr. Emmons, was visited. The road he so often traveled then, had hardly lost a stone. North Wrentham, to whose elevated meeting-house the brothers had climbed every Sunday of their youth; Medway, where Dr. Ide and his wife still lived; Wrentham village, where "Day's Academy" yet remained, and the family burying-place, where six generations of our family are represented, were all revisited at this time.

"Pondville is a sweet spot," father said to me, as the visit drew to a close. "I have gone over every step of the farm hundreds of times; I know all the stones in the old walls, for I helped to lay them. But nothing seems more natural than the old Pearmain trees. There were nine set out by

my grandfather, when he was a young man, at least one hundred and forty-three years ago; and they still bring forth fruit in old age. I love the spot, but I shall never come again."

For my father's grandchildren, who know very little of their pious ancestry, I beg leave to copy from a "Manuscript of Reminiscences," preserved by an aunt who spent with them the last fifty years of their lives:—

Deacon Elijah Pond and his wife were converted in the early part of their married life, and, like Zacharias and Elizabeth "they walked in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless." The father and mother of Deacon Pond, and the mother of Mrs. Pond (who lived to be nearly a hundred years old), were in their declining years inmates of their family and were ever treated with respect, tenderness, and affection. And well was the faithfulness of these children to their parents repaid. Deacon Pond lived on the homestead, in the quiet pursuit of agriculture. He was puritan by descent, and puritan in practice. He was a strictly *honest* man. He was not poor and he had no ambition to be rich.

In dealing with others, he seemed to consult their interest as much as his own. He was faithful in all the relations of life. He trained up his large family, five sons and two daughters, for positions of usefulness and honor. They all, with their children and children's children *did him honor*, and "his days were long in the land." As a son, a father, a neighbor, he was kind and helpful. The poor, sick, and friendless ever found in him a friend, and often they were taken into his household and cherished as those of his own family. In his religious character he was even and uniform in the discharge of his Christian duties. Naturally a timid man, his voice was never heard in the prayer-meeting or public assembly, but for more than fifty years the Bible was read and prayer offered morning and evening in the family. The Sabbath was observed with great care and strictness by his whole household. He read the Bible several times a

day, sitting down to read it, as if *hungry* for the word; going through the Bible in course, once in three months. His "closet" was in the attic of his house, and there, in the selfsame spot, he knelt for more than half a century, at the dawn of each morning. On the morning of his death he climbed those two flights of stairs and descended in perfect safety, nor can we doubt that the "angels had charge concerning him, and in their hands they did bear him up." In February, 1845, Mr. Pond was visited with a severe sickness which we all supposed would be her last. Deacon Pond murmured not, but the sorrow of his heart was written on his countenance. On Saturday morning he rose as usual, went through all the round of accustomed duty; toward noon he complained of severe pain, and, as the usual remedies failed, we were preparing to send for a physician, when, as he was walking the room where Mrs. Pond was sick, he fell dead in a moment. Our dear mother asked, "Has pa fainted?" We told her, "Father is dead!" She lifted up her hands and exclaimed, "It is the doing of Infinite Wisdom." Not another word was spoken, and she was the only calm person in the room.

We kept our father's body nearly a week, thinking every hour our mother must join him in death. At the last of the week the doctor saw a change in her for the better, and gave us hope of recovery for her. After father was dressed for the grave, and laid in the coffin, she desired to have him brought to her bedside. Her sons supported her in their arms while she gazed on the husband of her long life, and in a whisper repeated the lines:—

"To mourn and to suffer is mine,
While bound in a prison I breathe,
And still for deliverance I pine,
And press to the issues of death.

"What now with my tears I bedew,
O, shall I not shortly become?
My spirit created anew,
My flesh be consigned to the tomb."

In a few days she began to amend; she gained rapidly, and remained four years longer to cheer us.

She was a woman of excellent understanding, prudent, industrious, benevolent. Her disposition was pleasant and cheerful. She had been in her youth a very fine singer, and, though she had become wholly deaf, sometimes sang softly to herself the songs of earlier days. In the spring of 1849, she was again visited with fever, which reduced her strength rapidly. She had no pain, but great weariness. One day as I was sitting by her chair, she said, "Oh, I am so tired; tired all the time." I said, "Yes, mother, but you know 'there remaineth a rest for the people of God.'" "Yes, yes, I know it;" and then she began to talk about heaven. "I can see them all there. I can see Pa, and Deacon Hawes, and Colonel Hawes, all singing and bowing before the throne;" and as though she caught the melody, she began to sing an old anthem composed by Billings. It comprises nine long verses from the fifth chapter of Revelation. At one time her face beamed with pure rapture, and I verily thought she would sing herself away to everlasting bliss. Never did I hear such singing before. I felt I was listening to the song of the redeemed in heaven.

In the late evening, a week from this time, she fell into a sweet sleep, her cheek resting on her hand from which in about twelve hours she awoke in heaven. "Mark ye the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

In the family cemetery two white stones mark the graves of this sainted pair. On one is engraved:—

DEACON ELIJAH POND,
"A GOOD MAN AND A JUST."

On the other,—

MARY POND,
"A MOTHER IN ISRAEL."

CHAPTER IV.

MY MINISTRY IN WARD.

“A genial hearth, a hospitable board,
 And a refined rusticity, belong
 To the neat mansion, where his flock among
 Their learned pastor dwells, their watchful lord;
 Though meek and patient as a sheathed sword.”

— *Wordsworth.*

ON the first of March, 1815, I was solemnly set apart, by the imposition of hands, to the work of the ministry, and constituted pastor of the Congregational church and society in Ward. The council was large and respectable. The more prominent members were Rev. Dr. Austen, of Worcester, Dr. Crane, of Northbridge, Mr. Mills, of Sutton, Mr. Nelson, of Leicester, Mr. Goff, of Millbury, and Mr. Fiske, of Wrentham, who preached the sermon. They are all dead now. Mr. Fiske, of Wrentham (Centre), died in 1851, at an advanced age, while connected with the only church of which he was ever pastor. He was a wise, conservative, prudent man; so prudent that Miss Hannah Adams used to say: “If another question should be added to the Child’s Catechism in the old New England Primer, ‘Who was the most prudent man?’ the answer would be, ‘Rev. Mr. Fiske.’” Dr. Nelson lived till 1870, and died full of years. Rev. Mr. Goff died in 1846, aged seventy-six.

When I entered on my ministerial work in Ward, religion was in a low, declining state. My predecessor, Rev. Isaac Bailey, was a worthy man, but very quiet, who suffered things to proceed in their natural course without his interference. None had been admitted to the church for years, and when I inquired for the church covenant and records, they could not be found. Weekly meetings had been neglected; and when I proposed to establish a meeting for conference and prayer, many opposed it. They thought we had more meetings already than were fully attended, and that to have more would be burdensome. However, their objections were overcome, and such a meeting established. My first year of labor in Ward was without visible results. I preached regularly on the Sabbath; the people heard, but none were awakened. My sermons were carefully prepared and written out in full for some years. Many of my sermons were double; that is, there were two from the same text: in the morning sermon setting forth the doctrinal truth in its order, in the afternoon making the practical application. This was Dr. Emmons's custom, and it has many advantages. Pressing home the one form of truth for a whole day can hardly fail to make an impression on the heart.

In the second year of my ministry a revival commenced, which continued many months, and seemed to renovate the church. The manner in which this revival commenced was unusual, and I

may call it the result of sanctified reproof. At the time of my settlement I found the young people of my flock, though kind, attentive, and intelligent, yet much addicted to what I regarded as vain and sinful amusements. Balls and dancing-parties were of frequent recurrence; they were held at the houses of professors of religion, and the children of church members, and church members themselves, participated in them. I pretty early signified my disapprobation of such things, but without effect. It was thought well enough for ministers to disapprove of public balls and dances, and even to *express* their disapproval of them, provided they did it in a mild, respectful manner, and were careful not to hurt anybody. I touched lightly on the subject in my sermons more than once, but I soon found that the evil was not to be cured in this way. At length, after a ball in my own immediate neighborhood, and in the house of one of the principal members of my church, at which most of the young people of the town were present, I thought it my duty to take up the subject in good earnest. The time had come for a decisive issue. Either vice and vanity must be checked, or the truth must fall. After seeking direction from God, I prepared a whole sermon for the occasion. I preached, I can hardly tell how, though not in anger, I am sure. Yet there was a degree of point and pungency, not to say personality, about the sermon, which, at the age of fifty, I should hardly think it prudent to imitate. The Sabbath passed quietly away, and so did two

or three days of the week; still I could see that very strong feelings had been excited, and how they were to be allayed, if allayed at all, was quite a problem. One evening, near the close of the week, I perceived a collection of young men in front of the tavern at which the ball was held, before which they knew I would have to pass before evening. The time of my passing was the time they had agreed upon. They ran out from the doors, shouted after me from the windows, calling me opprobrious names. I took no notice of their insolence, but walked quietly on my way. Indeed I had no feeling toward one of them but that of pity, and was led to pray for them with greater earnestness. It soon appeared that the malignant spirit, under whose promptings and influence they had acted, had in this instance quite overshot his mark. He had induced these young men to take a burden on their consciences, which they could not bear. They went home from this riot heavy-hearted and ashamed. Their conduct was disapproved by all the better part of the community. In a few days they began to come to me, one after another, without any concert among themselves, to confess the fault and ask forgiveness. It soon appeared that the Holy Spirit was operating upon their hearts.

This was the commencement of that revival which spread throughout the town, and continued for two or three years. Probably as many as a hundred were converted, and nearly that number were added to the church. Many of these were

heads of families. They were of all ages, from the old man of eighty to the child of twelve years. Most of the young men before referred to became Christians, and earnest Christians. Two or three "ran well for a time," and then returned to their old courses and became more abandoned than ever. This revival was a great blessing to me personally. It quickened and revived me. It taught me how to preach and pray and visit among the people, and converse with them upon their souls' concerns. I learned in this revival to preach extempore, which I had never dared attempt before. I found no lack of subjects for preaching, though I held meetings several times in the week. The Scriptures were remarkably opened to me, and more appropriate subjects were suggested than I had time or occasion to discuss. This revival not only doubled the number of members of the church, but it brought a new spiritual element into it, by which its power and influence were greatly increased.

About five years after this first revival, the Lord was pleased again to visit us with a great outpouring of his Spirit. The type of this second revival was very different from the first, showing that there are "diversities of operation, but the same spirit." It commenced suddenly and unexpectedly. It passed over the town, and through it, like a "rushing, mighty wind." All the conversions, and they were numerous, occurred within six or eight weeks. Our public schools were at that time in session, as it was the winter season.

Prayer-meetings were held in the district school-houses, and the scholars generally were under religious impressions. One of these schools was taught by an intelligent young man, a professed unbeliever of Christian truth. There had been a religious meeting in the schoolhouse on Thursday evening, attended with the ordinary degree of interest. On Friday I received a message from my friend the teacher, requesting me to come and visit his school. I went at once to the place, when a scene presented itself such as I had never before witnessed and can never forget. The ordinary business of the school was suspended, and the pupils were sitting reading their Bibles or religious books, many of them in tears, some weeping aloud. I sat down in the midst of them and commenced conversation much after the manner of a religious inquiry-meeting.

Addressing myself to a little girl who sat near me, and who seemed much affected, I said: "Mary, what is the matter with you? Why do you weep?" "O," said she, "I am a great sinner! God has been very good to me, and I have done nothing but forget him and sin against him all my life." And this was the feeling that seemed to pervade the school. There was no terror or affright, but the prominent feeling was that of grief and shame for past ingratitude. "God has been very good to me, and I have forgotten and forsaken him; I am a great sinner; what shall I do to be saved?"

After conversing with the scholars, I turned

to the teacher and asked him what he thought of these things? He replied: "I am not in a situation to speak freely with you now; but this I will say: I as much believe *God* is here by the power of his Spirit, as if I saw him with my bodily eyes." Quite a number of these scholars were in a few days converted, and have since proved by Christian lives, or by triumphant deaths, that their change of heart was a reality. More than fifty were added to the church as fruits of this revival. And some of them still live to testify to the genuineness of this work of grace.

There was a family living near us, kind, social friends, who attended a Unitarian church in a neighboring town, and called themselves Unitarians. Becoming somewhat dissatisfied with the religious teachings of their Unitarian pastor, the mother and daughters attended our evening meetings, and listened with great interest to the warnings and invitations of the Gospel, and before long gave evidence of a change of heart. Now the boasted liberality of the father was put to a severe test. The wife, Mrs. H., was as good a wife as she had ever been—kind, dutiful, and respectful. The daughters also were affectionate and obedient, willing to do anything for their honored father *except* sin against God. They thought, and their mother thought, that, as they must answer for themselves before the bar of God, they were entitled to act for themselves in the all-important concerns of religion. They wished to leave the Unitarian Society, and to worship

with us. But the father peremptorily said *no*, and forbade their attending any more of our meetings. He cursed religion, which he thought had brought all this disturbance into his family. His wife and daughters did not yield their convictions to his violence. After an absence of a few days, he came home one evening to find them away at the prayer-meeting. He was so much enraged that his violence knew no bounds. His heart, as he afterwards expressed it, seemed literally to boil over with hate and fury. He cursed the Orthodox, their church, their religion, and their God. He cursed his own wife and daughters. At length he became affrighted at himself. He had not thought he was capable of such dreadful wickedness. The Spirit of God enlightened him to see the terrible depravity of his heart. He was led, without seeking it, into a train of reflections, such as he never indulged in before; and before his family returned he was, though he hardly knew it, a deeply convicted sinner. Instead of meeting them with reproaches, he met them with sighs and tears. He humbly confessed the wrong he had done them, and the greater injuries he had meditated, asked their forgiveness, and sought an interest in their prayers. I was called to visit him almost immediately, and had the happiness of seeing him in a few days rejoicing in the hope of the Gospel. Thus his home, which had been for a time divided, was again united, and in purer and holier ties than before.

My residence in Ward, of thirteen years, was

a season of mingled enjoyment and affliction. I had myself almost uninterrupted health. I enjoyed my work and was blessed in it. I had a kind, affectionate people, who granted us every indulgence we could desire of them. I was sometimes straitened for the means of living, but my circumstances improved, and I acquired property faster in Ward than at any other equal period of my life. To help out my means of living in Ward, and to help forward the education of my children, I engaged in teaching, and the business became greater than I desired. I began by receiving a few scholars into my own family, that I might fit them for college. I received also "rusticated" collegians, and the work so grew upon me, that I had at times some thirty or forty pupils. I fitted up a schoolroom in my house, and used to sit down there in the midst of them and hear their recitations, and write my sermons or attend to other matters connected with authorship. I became so accustomed to this mode of life, that I could write as well in my schoolroom as elsewhere. Surrounded by my scholars, I could break off from my writing to answer a question, or hear a recitation, or direct a pupil's thoughts, and begin again without any embarrassment. This habit I have found of some advantage to me in subsequent life. The constant teaching of Latin and Greek classics also made me more thoroughly familiar with them than otherwise I could have been. To accommodate my scholars, I prepared a new arrangement of Murray's English Grammar, which

went through several editions, and was for a time much used in schools. While living in Ward, beside my duty as pastor and as teacher, I engaged pretty largely in writing for the press. In the year 1815, I published a sermon on the "Divinity of Christ," of which a second edition was published in 1828, in Boston. In the time of our revivals, 1816-18, when weekly religious meetings were considerably multiplied, not only in Ward, but in Worcester and adjoining towns, Rev. Dr. Bancroft, of Worcester, attacked them in a sermon, which was published. He based his opposition to them on a clause in the fourth commandment, "Six days thou shalt labor and do all thy work," etc.; in this sermon the doctor insisted that we are as much bound to labor six days, as we are to keep the seventh day; and that it is as gross a violation of the fourth commandment to hold religious meetings on a weekday, as to perform secular labor on the Sabbath. I replied to the sermon in "An apology for religious conference meetings," in 1817. The doctor published a reply to this, and I published a "Rejoinder." The doctor's opposition to weekly prayer and conference meetings gained him no credit among his Unitarian friends. Mr. Hollis, then of Boston, is reported to have said, "Brother Bancroft is a fool. Are we obliged to *work* every hour of the 'six days?' These religious people have just as good a right to attend a conference meeting in the week, as I have to go to a ball." During this year I also examined and replied to Dr. Judson's "Letters

on Baptism." Of this reply two editions have since been published. Dr. Samuel Nott, a former missionary to India, had published some strictures on my reply to Dr. Judson; and to these I replied in a published letter to Dr. Nott, in 1819. During all the latter part of my pastorate in Ward, we observed the "monthly concert of prayer for the conversion of the world." There was not so much religious intelligence diffused then as now; and as I had few to help me, I endeavored to give interest to those meetings by delivering short missionary lectures. A volume of these lectures was published, in 1824, under the title "Monthly Concert Lectures." The volume was favorably received, and has since been published by the Massachusetts Sabbath School Society, in 1845, with the title "The World's Salvation." During my residence in Ward, I published several articles in the "Monthly Christian Spectator," issued at New Haven, in the "Utica Christian Repository," in the "Hopkinsian Magazine," and more in the "Christian Magazine," a monthly periodical published by the Mendon Association of Ministers. In the "Christian Magazine" I commenced a review of the Unitarian Tracts, and continued it in a series of six essays, in the fourth volume of the magazine. These essays were afterward published in pamphlet form, in Boston, and contributed not a little toward my appointment as editor of the "Spirit of the Pilgrims."

A few years after my settlement in Ward, a controversy arose in the Congregational church

in Worcester. In this controversy my feelings were enlisted strongly for the party standing out in opposition to the pastor, Rev. Mr. Goodrich, a valued friend also of mine. After a course of years, and of various persecutions and wrongs inflicted on the party opposed to the church power, a Second Congregational Church was formed; and in it these offending members and others were included. The pastor of the First Church was dismissed, and harmony at length restored. This was in 1820. This Second Church has proved its right to be, by its growth, prosperity, and usefulness. This church was for a long time under the pastoral care of Rev. Dr. Sweetzer, lately deceased. My interest in this controversy brought into my circle of friends the family of the late Hon. Daniel Waldo.

This family became our father's firm friends; and during the time of sickness and trial, he received great comfort and help from them. Many were the luxuries brought to the sickbed of the declining wife and mother, and substantial aid to the afflicted husband. They were rich, benevolent, generous. Their friendship continued till their death. Their regard for my father was the motive which led this family to give to the treasury of Bangor Seminary those funds which instituted the "Waldo Professorship."

Of the seven children born to us in Ward, four lie buried there, and their mother beside them. Our second child, Enoch, died in 1819, nearly three years old. He was a dear little boy—sprightly, intelligent, obedient, handsome, greatly beloved by us all. His disease was whooping-

cough, which terminated in quick consumption. He had his reason to the last, and seemed, near the close of his life, to be truly converted. He gave all the evidence of a change of heart which such a child *could* give. He seemed for several days to be full of love. He loved everybody he could think of; and spoke particularly of loving some persons no one else did love. I felt then, and I believe now, that his heart was renewed, and that he went directly from our embrace on earth, to the bosom of his Saviour in heaven. Never was there a more sincere mourner than I was then. I felt as if I could *not* give him up; and when he was gone I thought earth could never more have any charms for me. Its joys were all faded; its blandishments spoiled. But the grace of God, I trust, supported us, and time — that universal healer — assuaged our grief.

My father's school commenced about 1820. I have a remembrance of him as a teacher, from the pen of Hon. A. G. Wakefield, of Bangor: —

“I first knew your father in the spring of 1823, when a youth I came from the wilds of New York to reside in the town where he was settled. It was a small agricultural town. His parish embraced the whole population, except a small Baptist Society. The people of his parish were intelligent, church-going people, and his meetings were well attended. He was indefatigably industrious. Besides attending faithfully to his pastoral duties, he kept a day-school in a large room in the second story of his pleasantly located house, where he received a select number of pupils. They were mostly from the neighborhood and vicinity, boarding at home and coming to him for instruction; yet

some of them came from places more remote, and lived in his family. He took a lively interest in the public schools of the town and did much to elevate the standard of education. The studies taught in his school were the higher branches of English education and the languages. He conducted my preparatory studies, and I was a member of his family a considerable part of the time. His good-nature and suavity were as marked then as in later years. It was not unusual in those days to 'rusticate' a college student for some delinquency. During my residence in Ward, several students of this class were sent out to him by his *Alma Mater*. By his good-nature he always gained their respect, and exercised a beneficial influence over them. His schoolroom was his study. There he wrote his sermons. He had a large armchair with a leaf or form attached to it, on which he laid his paper and placed his inkstand. When not interrupted to hear a lesson or make some explanation about it, his pen was in his hand, and in active operation. He had no school rules, nor wasted any time to govern. His presence inspired order, and diligence in study. He composed with great ease. He never seemed to stop to think. His thoughts were spontaneous, flowing through his pen as fast as he could put them on paper. Besides discharging the varied duties of minister, pastor, and teacher, Dr. Pond must have written a good deal for the press at that time; for he had acquired the reputation of being a clear, acute, and forcible writer. Not long since, I heard a gentleman, who knew him in later life, speak of his innate dignity. He had the same characteristic when young. It was not assumed, nor the result of education; it was born in him. It was not an asserting or obtrusive dignity, and was never used for *show*. No one acquainted with him would ever think him conscious of it.

"Dr. Pond had a great deal of self-repose, the result of the harmonious blending and balancing of all his faculties. His equanimity was never disturbed. His broad, grand *common-sense* would have made him conspicuous in any of

the professions, or in any avocation he had chosen to follow. His influence was not confined to his church and society, nor to education. He took great interest in the poorer class of people, that class who live 'from hand to mouth,' and no class of persons mourned his resignation and removal from Ward more than did these."

In May, 1824, my wife took a severe cold, which fastened on her lungs, and defied the skill of physicians and the power of medicine to remove. While she lingered and suffered, two little children were taken from us by death,—an infant boy Charles, and a dear little son, William Emmons Pond. He was like the dear boy whom we had lost before, and seemed given to us in his place. After a sickness of two weeks he died, aged two years. "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away."

Perhaps I felt this trial less because of the greater one just before me. My wife lingered among us, in a fatal consumption, till September 5th, of the same year, when she fell asleep.

She had been a most faithful friend and a devoted mother. She had done everything for me and mine which a wife and mother could do. She sought, above all things, the welfare of her family, and the heart of her husband safely trusted in her. She possessed, in an uncommon degree, tenderness of conscience. She saw in herself no *little* sins. Every neglect of duty, everything she saw in herself which was not in accordance with her high sense of *right*, was regarded as a great evil, and she grieved over it. Religion was ever to her

a matter of great and solemn concern. To be a true Christian, an heir of God's great promises, was an all-important thing. She had such apprehension of the greatness of religion, and the deceitfulness of the heart, and the danger of unfounded hopes, that she sometimes doubted the genuineness of her own piety, and with the utmost caution gave encouragement to the newly converted. She loved the cause of missions, and in spirit and feeling was for many years a missionary. She valued greatly the institutions of religion. She loved her Bible and made it her daily study. She loved the place of public and of private prayer. Those who knew her best knew that not a day passed during all her Christian life, (unless prevented by unusual circumstances), when she did not more than once enter her closet and lift her heart devoutly to him "who seeth in secret." The loss of such a companion was a great one to me, to my bereaved children (three of whom survived), and to my people. Her influence was always salutary and her labors abundant. She had labored beyond her strength, and her constitution had become enfeebled; otherwise she might have thrown off the burden of disease which at length overpowered her. She died universally beloved and lamented, and has long been among the shining ones who stand before "the throne of God and the Lamb."

My house was now left to me desolate. My wife's mother and one of her sisters were residing with me, and were a great comfort to me in my

affliction. They continued with me several months, and assisted in the care and business of the family. I shall always remember them with gratitude and love. But, as months passed on, I found my children needed a watchful mother, and I needed some one to take the place in my heart and life so long occupied by the loved one gone. I did not forget that beloved one of my youth, now departed; I shall never forget her; but my feelings and my necessities led me to ask of God for one to fill the vacant place in my home, and the Lord was pleased to direct me. Miss Julia Ann Maltby was then visiting her uncle, Rev. L. Ives Hoadley, in Worcester. I had met her before, and was pleased with her. I now renewed the acquaintance, and in time I offered her my heart and hand, which were accepted. We were married the seventeenth of June, 1825, and lived together most affectionately and happily for thirteen years. She was the daughter of Lieutenant John Maltby, of Northford, Conn.

Only one of our father's children now lives who remembers the life in Ward. She is his eldest child, Mrs. W. A. Parker, of Belfast, Maine. She says: "Of my childhood in Ward I can remember but little; the large, pleasant, and always well-filled house; the aunts who were frequently with us; some of the strange sayings of the quaint old ministers who came on 'exchanges'; how Mr. Goffe threatened to throw the big Bible at us from the pulpit, if we were not good in church; how the young men at school played off jokes on us and how we retaliated. My love and reverence for my father was as early as I can

think. My sense of safety with him, in times of fear or grief, my confidence in all he said and did, that it was just right, never failed. The second revival of religion, seven years after his going to Ward, I remember (though I was but six years old), from the fact that the prayer-meetings were held in my father's large kitchen; and when not permitted to sit up I could hear the voices of the singers and the praying ones in the adjoining bedroom, where I lay in my trundle-bed. For want of suitable hymn-books for such seasons of revival, my father made some dozen or more manuscript hymn-books, with the tunes also. Some of these hymns I recall; as, 'Stop, poor sinner, stop and think,' 'Ho! ye sinners, poor and wretched.' 'When with my mind devoutly pressed.' Perhaps twenty such hymns were found in these books. These hymns so impressed me, that I now recall them, and the tunes in which they were sung. These hymns and meetings awakened an interest that I never lost, always feeling that I ought to be a Christian. I, too, felt the dancing mania, already referred to. A dancing-master came to town, and I remember asking my father if I could not go to the school with my playmates who went; but father took me on his knee and talked with me about it, describing the vanity and foolishness of it, and so cooled my fever of excitement that to this day I feel the influence of his description and a disgust at dancing. I can remember only a few things before the death of my mother; perhaps the death of my little brother William more distinctly than any other. My mother sick in the bed; my father sitting by the cradle of his dying boy; my aunt, who took care of us, walking the room nearly frantic with grief; we little children, amazed at our first sight of death, made up the sad picture. We three, Cornelia, Enoch, and I, left the village school, and studied with my father in his school at home. One Sabbath after the usual reading of the Bible together and father's praying with us, he told us he was going away for a few days and should bring home to us a new mother. We found this mother tender and true. The children of

these two mothers grew up and have lived together as affectionately as it is possible for children to do. There have been, to this day, no differences or jealousies. When we left Ward, we left a pleasant home and kind friends, whom I still remember with love and gratitude."

CHAPTER V.

LIFE AS AN EDITOR IN BOSTON.

MY school at length became a burden to me too heavy to be borne. I could not continue it without wearing myself up too fast; and I hardly knew how to relinquish it. This was one of the circumstances which made me more willing to change my position. The reviews of the Unitarian Tracts, which I had published in the "Christian Magazine," had fallen under the notice of certain ministers in Boston, and had been published by them in pamphlet form. I had also become interested in the "Legal rights of Congregational churches," which had been invaded by certain judicial decisions. I prepared an elaborate article on the subject, which I sent to Boston in the winter of 1828, just after the "Spirit of the Pilgrims" had been established. The article was published in the second and third numbers of the new periodical. Shortly after, I received a unanimous and pressing invitation to become the editor of this periodical. The "Spirit of the Pilgrims" was started, in Boston, in 1828, by leading Trinitarians, as an organ through which to carry on the controversy with the Unitarians, who, as was thought, had in an unfair manner secured possession of the high places of influence in the State; of Harvard College; of the Legis-

lature and Judiciary of the Commonwealth; and of a large proportion of church property in Eastern Massachusetts. This controversy, which had already been going on for several years in the State, had resulted in painful separations in Trinitarian churches and among their ministers; and troublesome questions concerning church property and the legal rights of churches had arisen. The post of editor of this periodical was a delicate and responsible one, and I held back from a position which exposed me to such vigorous assaults from the able defenders of the then new heresy; and only the urgency and encouragement of Lyman Beecher, Dr. Edward Griffin, Dr. Wisner, Leonard Woods, and Samuel Worcester, prevailed.

Dr. Lyman Beecher and Dr. James Chaplin, of Cambridgeport, were instructed, by the directors of the "Spirit of the Pilgrims," to invite my father to occupy the chair of editor, offering a sufficient salary, and assurances of influential support from them. In a most fraternal letter, Dr. Beecher pledges his own aid and that of such men as Mr. Evarts, Mr. Dana, Dr. Green, and Dr. Ed. Beecher. I do not find my father's reply, but the directors having received and read it, Dr. Wisner, one of their number, in a letter dated April 22, 1828, communicates the result of their consultation. "First, we must have you at any rate. You have been educated by Providence for the place. Your taste is formed for it. Your loyalty to truth is unquestionable. Your self-control is your strong defence. Your quickness to see points which need attention fit you for the work, and you can, unmistakably, do more good in this station than in the one you now occupy, and probably more than in *any* to which you will

ever be called." To the objection that the church in Ward were unwilling to part with their pastor, that the event might divide the society, etc., Dr. Wisner replied: "It is an argument in favor of a person's fitness for an important position, that he has been acceptable in positions he has already filled. As to breaking up the church, would not the same objection lie against God's taking you away by death? And may not God as really call you away by his providence? And also, where is an instance of a minister's leaving his people from a sense of duty, and in order to do more for Christ, and his people being truly injured by it? Even when they have behaved wickedly about it, the Lord passes by their wickedness and makes up to them the sacrifice to which he has called them." The letter is an ingenious plea, and shows that what was once said of my father, "If he had not been a minister of the gospel, he might have been illustrious as a man of law," might also have been said of Dr. Benjamin Wisner. His advice as to the selection of members of the Ecclesiastical Council to be called for my father's dismissal, shows that there is wire-pulling in clerical, as well as in political, strategy. In the enthusiasm of the good doctor over the "Spirit of the Pilgrims," he proves himself to be short-sighted as to the breadth of my father's capabilities.

After a severe struggle, I decided it was my duty to accept the invitation. I removed from Ward, in May, and leased a house in Cambridgeport, where I resided with my family, my office, as editor, being in Boston. An arrangement was happily made by which my people were left without a minister but for a single night. The Rev. Miner G. Pratt came among them the day after I left, and was soon ordained as my successor.

Some years before this I had been deeply interested in the Unitarian controversy, and was engaged with Drs. Moore, Wisner, Worcester, Rev. S. O. Dwight, Mr. Huntingdon, and others, in getting up the "Pastoral Association," which met annually, in Boston, in election week. With these noble men I was intimately acquainted, and, in my connection with the periodical of which I became the editor, I found all the pledges they had made of championship and moral support wholly met. I resided in Cambridgeport four years. I was sole editor of the "Spirit of the Pilgrims" for that time, and the first five volumes were published. The sixth and last volume was published after I left. Of the manner in which this periodical was conducted, it does not become me to speak. It has long been before the public, and the opinion of the public has long been formed and expressed respecting it. Suffice it to say, that for its influence for good or evil I am mainly responsible, as I wrote nearly half its pages with my own hand.

The topics discussed in some of the articles referred to as written for the "Spirit of the Pilgrims" are the following: —

Objections to Revivals Considered. Christian Education. Five Letters on the Introduction and Progress of Unitarianism in New England. Rights of Congregational Churches. Character and Prospects of the Heathen. Work of the Holy Spirit. What Constitutes Infidelity? Hope of Future Repentance. System in Religious Charities. Unitarianism in New England. Importance of a Correct Interpretation

of Scripture. Errors in the Apostolic Churches. Wicked Men do not Understand the Motives of Good Men. Uses and Abuses of the Doctrine of God's Purposes. Introduction of Sin. Sin not a Necessary Means of the Greatest Good. God's Government of the Moral World. Selfishness of Depravity.

These are the topics of about one sixth of the articles prepared by the editor for his periodical. These topics are exciting discussion in the Christian world at the present time, and will continue to do so probably to the end.

Many of the remaining articles are wholly controversial. Many are reviews of religious publications.

Dr. Samuel Harris, of New Haven, in a memorial discourse, says of this magazine: "This periodical was ably and vigorously conducted, and was regarded as a powerful agency in vindicating the truth; and it commanded the respect even of its opponents. Whatever power it had was mainly due to the editor. He contributed to it one hundred and thirty-nine articles."

This controversy had not been long continued before Unitarians became tired of it. They mourned over its evils, and sighed for the return of that peace which had been so unhappily disturbed. It became evident, as the controversy continued, that Unitarians differed from us, not only in regard to the doctrines of the Trinity, and the person of Christ, but in the whole system of Christian doctrine, and in respect even to the Bible itself. Their views of the Bible were, that it is not a revelation; but the *record* of a revelation; and this record is not divinely inspired. It has numerous mistakes and errors, which require to be corrected, as in other books. Indeed, many Unitarians do not believe as much

as this. The Bible is no supernatural revelation at all, but rests on the same foundation with the works of ancient sages — The Shastras, The Zendavesta, The Dialogues of Plato, etc. They have indeed no bond of union among themselves; they have fallen off from the old Unitarianism. As a denomination, they have broken asunder, and fallen from the *Light* into materialism, pantheism, free-religionism, and infidelity. “Clouds without water, carried about of winds; trees whose fruit withereth; without fruit, twice dead, plucked up by the roots.”

I was not merely an editor in Boston, but also a preacher. The Evangelical Church in Cambridgeport had just been formed, and I supplied the pulpit for the greater part of two years, until they obtained a pastor. During this time there was one season of special religious interest, when many young persons were hopefully converted, and among them one of my own children — my daughter Cornelia. I was repeatedly solicited by this church to resign my editorial chair and become the pastor of the church; but I could not see it my duty to do so. I also preached in many places beside Cambridgeport, in the vicinity of Boston, where the orthodox were leaving the old societies, now become Unitarians, and forming churches by themselves. I ministered to other churches, when, under the decision of the courts, the Evangelical members of the churches, *though they constituted the majority*, were leaving the old societies, relinquishing

church property, and going forth to organize and build anew. This was the case in Quincy, Acton, Canton, Scarborough, and Sherburne. In Sherburne I preached the first sermon to the Evangelical Society, in a hall over a grocery-store. This was in April. Before winter they had organized a church, built a house of worship, and I was called to assist in the settlement of their first pastor, Rev. Samuel Lee.

Among the pleasant things connected with my residence in Cambridgeport was the acquaintance formed with the clergymen of Boston and its vicinity; such men as Dr. Wisner, Dr. Skinner, then of Pine Street Church, Dr. Edwards, then of Salem Street Church, Dr. Samuel Green, of Essex Street, were dear and intimate friends. Especially I loved and admired Dr. Lyman Beecher. He was then in the prime of his strength and good influence in Boston. And he was, on the whole, the most remarkable man I ever knew. With all his power as a preacher, as a platform speaker, as a controversialist, he united the simplicity and playfulness of a little child. He put on no airs of superiority, and among his friends was willing to be guided by their counsels, and often appealed to them for help in practical matters; and these last-mentioned traits made him the most lovable man I ever knew. Drs. Beecher and Wisner were admirably adapted to work together. The former was ardent, impulsive, and in danger in some cases of going too fast; the latter was inclined to suggest difficulties and, when the case required it,

would hang on his wheels. Another acquaintance formed at this time, one whom I can never forget, was the late Jeremiah Evarts. Notwithstanding his then declining health and feeble body, he was one of the ablest men, most efficient workers, and wisest counsellors, I ever knew.

The years I spent in Boston were very pleasant years and very busy years. My whole soul was interested in my work. My friendships, associations, and intellectual advantages enlarged my views and quickened my mind. I had a degree of success sufficient to encourage and animate me. Our short residence in Cambridgeport was, on the whole, I trust, one of peace, prosperity, and usefulness. We had many things to attach us to the church, of which we became members, and to the large circle of friends and acquaintances in which we moved. All are now *gone*; but memory is often busy among the events of those years. Here we lost a sweet baby daughter by croup. Here two sons were born to us, William C. and Jeremiah Evarts, both of whom are in active service for the Master,—William, a pastor in California, Evarts, in Maine. The Unitarian controversy gradually subsided. The object for which the “Spirit of the Pilgrims” was established had been attained, and I was induced to listen to invitations sent to me to become professor of theology in the Seminary in Bangor, Maine.

CHAPTER VI.

BANGOR AND THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

THE first settlements in what is now the City of Bangor were made in 1769. The city is beautifully situated at the head of navigation on Penobscot River. For many years its growth was very slow. The earlier settlers came generally from Massachusetts, possessed a strong religious element, and were many of them members of churches in the old homes from which they had come out into the untried wilderness. Christian worship was begun nearly as soon as the first settler came; but the places of worship were very rude — a grove of oaks, a barn, a log hut. The missionary sent by the Christians of Massachusetts was always welcomed by the scattered people. He attended to their spiritual wants, administered baptism and the Lord's supper. In 1786, the first minister, Rev. Seth Noble, from Westfield, Mass., was settled, though at that time there was no organized church. Rev. Daniel Little, in his "Journal of Missionary Work in the Eastern Districts," in 1786, says: "The people in the 'Kenduskeag Plantation' privately gave to Mr. Noble a call to the pastoral office, and, as the trouble and expense of gathering an ecclesiastical council was great, they voted that I should induct Mr. Noble into his pastoral office as their minister." So Mr. Noble was settled on a stipend of £100 a year, and the service took place in a grove of ancient oaks, where the corner of Oak and Washington Streets now is. Mr. Noble preached the sermon, and Mr. Little did all the rest. This was the beginning of the first church in Bangor. Mr. Noble proved to be an ignoble character, and intemperate even in those days; but he rendered the young city some valuable service. He at least has the credit of saving Bangor

from the burden of bearing always the name of *Sunbury*. The beginning of the nineteenth century saw a perceptible start in the settlement towards growth and progress. Lands in the eastern part of Maine rose in value, and speculation became a fever. Streets were laid out, buildings went up, and immigration increased.

As Bangor Seminary has been, for fifty years and to the end of life, the object of my father's care and interest, the subject of his prayers and centre of his labors, it may be well to turn back to the pages of its early history to see how it grew out of the necessity for it; how it struggled through the first year of its existence; how it has gradually become a centre of spiritual light to Maine and the adjacent provinces. I find materials for this sketch in an historical address delivered by my father, in 1870, on the fiftieth anniversary of the Seminary.

As early as the year 1810, the need of well-instructed religious teachers for the rapidly increasing population of the eastern settlements had been felt. In that year an association was formed in Portland, Maine, called the "Society for Promoting Theological Education," and was one of the first educational societies in the country.

This Society, after extended correspondence with distinguished clergymen in this country and in England, appointed a committee, and instructed them to establish, as speedily as possible, the proposed Theological Seminary. Through the efforts of this committee a charter was obtained in 1814, from the Legislature of Massachusetts (of which State Maine was then a district), designating certain individuals as trustees of the Maine Charity School; for this was then, and is now, the title of the institution. The first meeting of these trustees was held in Montville, Waldo County, when Rev. Edward Payson, of Portland, was chosen President;

Samuel C. Dutton, of Bangor, Treasurer. The trustees decided not to locate the proposed Theological Seminary in the western and more thickly settled part of the State, but determined, in military phrase, to "march to the front," and plant it in the midst of those spiritual wastes which it was intended to build up. The Seminary was opened, in Hampden, in 1816. It was founded on the plan of the English dissenting colleges. The course of study was literary and classical, as well as theological, and occupied four years. Professors Wines, Ashmun, and Cheever were the first instructors. It does not appear that the Seminary ever owned any buildings or land in Hampden. The students boarded and studied in private families, and had recitations and other exercises in some part of the academy building.

In 1819, a lot of land was given to the Seminary by the late Isaac Davenport, Esq., of Milton, Mass. The lot contained about seven acres, and was favorably situated in the town of Bangor; but it was then pretty much in a state of nature and probably of little value. This land, green and well graded, covered with trees, gardens, walks, and Seminary buildings, is now of very great value. In the autumn of this year the Seminary was removed from Hampden to Bangor. In the same year the three instructors, Wines, Ashmun, and Cheever, resigned, and were no longer connected with the school.

In 1820, Rev. John Smith was inaugurated as professor of theology; Rev. Bancroft Fowler, of classical literature.

The institution had in Bangor its valuable lot of land, but no buildings of any kind until 1827, when one large house, serving for recitation-rooms, library, boarding-house, and dormitories, was erected on the south side of the lot, and a smaller one, called a chapel, occupied

by the preparatory school. Professor Fowler was succeeded in 1827 by Rev. George E. Adams. The late Dr. Smith continued to occupy the chair of theology till his death in 1831.

It is painful to read the records of the trustees during these years, and learn to what straits they were often reduced. In December of 1830, the trustees voted, that "unless means for the future support of the Seminary be obtained before September of the following year, it will be necessary to suspend instruction in the theological department until such means be secured." Nevertheless, theological instruction was not suspended. The course was continued till the decease of Dr. Smith, and up to that time more than sixty young men have received diplomas. The greater part of these had finished their course. The dying Professor Smith's anxiety on leaving the world was only for his beloved Seminary, and his last intelligible words were a prayer in its behalf: "God bless the Seminary; Thou wilt bless it and keep it, for I give it up to Thee. I can do no more for it; Thou canst do all things." The death of Dr. Smith, in the spring of 1831, left the Seminary without an instructor, and for several months there was (aside from the classical school) no instruction given. In the autumn of 1831, Rev. Alvan Bond, of Sturbridge, Mass., was elected professor of sacred literature; and before winter he commenced giving instruction in that department. In the following spring, Rev. Enoch Pond, of Boston, was elected professor of theology.

The letter of invitation was written by Rev. S. L. Pomroy, Secretary of the Board of Trustees of the "Maine Charity School." By this letter the choice of the trustees is made known, its acceptance urged, and definite proposals made. Mr. Pomroy assures Mr. Pond that "he will not

find things in working order." "Indeed," he writes, "almost everything is to be done, and the responsible task will devolve on you, and your associate, of moulding things into right shape and giving them a right direction." The salary offered was \$800 a year, and promise given of a house "as soon as circumstances would permit." The importance of this theological school to Maine is set forth as very great. A determination on the part of the trustees to make it a permanent institution is declared, and strengthened by the assurance of the awakening of the religious community in Maine to its importance. The only endowment was \$10,000 for the theological professorship.

In a second letter Mr. Pomroy expresses the fears of some of the trustees, as to Mr. Pond's soundness on some points of theological belief, at that time much discussed by leading theologians; but concludes, if he will come, to waive objections to "New Divinity," etc. Bangor, at that time, was the headquarters of the speculation in eastern lands, and was rapidly filling up and overflowing with people. Mr. Pomroy writes: "Our village is now inundated with inhabitants, and it is difficult to procure a house for love or money. The State seems destined to contain a mighty mass of people, and the providence of God seems to point out this institution as a permanent means of moral and religious influence, at least within our own bounds."

In his reply to Mr. Pomroy's letters Mr. Pond says:—

"The case has been to me an exceedingly trying one. My duties, though arduous, are adapted to my taste and habits: my present situation agreeable. I am surrounded with literary and Christian friends, and with books, and my means of living are much better than those proposed by your board.

"On the other hand I can say I have felt a deep interest in your Seminary from its establishment; I seem to see an increasing importance attached to it,

growing out of recent developments in Maine. I have been acquainted with your efforts and discouragements in endeavoring to procure a successor to Dr. Smith, and I have sometimes felt a strong inclination, and, I think, a sense of duty (unworthy and incompetent as I feel myself to be), to go down to Bangor and make the trial. My friends here have been divided in opinion respecting the course I ought to take; some very strong against my removal, others seeming to be convinced in conscience that I ought to accede to your proposal; so that in settling my mind I get little or no assistance from them. I have regarded my case as emphatically one of those referred to by the Apostle James when he says: 'If any man lack *wisdom*, let him ask of God.' Under these impressions I have endeavored again and again to commit the whole case to my Heavenly Father, and to seek light and direction from him. I have said, and can say with entire sincerity (if I am not deceived): 'Dispose of me as thou wilt; keep me here or send me there; place me in that position where I can do most for thy cause and the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom. If thy Spirit and presence go not with me, take me not hence.' At length my mind has come to a conclusion, in which it seems at present to rest. I have made arrangements to leave the 'Spirit of the Pilgrims' in such hands that I think it may be successfully continued, and have concluded, if certain conditions are met by your board, to accept the appointment with which your trustees have honored me. If these conditions are complied with, you may announce my acceptance at any time or in any manner; as quietly as possible will be the most agreeable to me."

CHAPTER VII.

MY RESIDENCE IN BANGOR IN CONNECTION
WITH THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

I CAME to Bangor from Boston in a schooner, that being the only water communication; while the journey by land would have been by stage-coach, wearisome and expensive. I came with my wife and six children in the month of June, 1832. Our voyage was pleasant and short. We arrived on a Sabbath afternoon, and were received as boarders by Mr. William Davenport, who lived in a large two-story yellow house nearly opposite to the present location of the "Bangor House." We had never seen Bangor before; and it was well perhaps that we had not. I found the Theological Seminary in a much weaker and more dilapidated state than I had expected. The Seminary grounds were here; and on them one solitary three-story building, containing all the rooms which the institution offered for the accommodation of students, and public uses of the school. There were seven students here: five in the junior, two in the senior class. The senior class was soon to graduate. The two members of it were Wooster Parker and Cyril Pearl. Professor Alvan Bond was here with his family. The library consisted of a few hundred books, many of which needed rebinding

before they could be used. The Seminary had no funds, and was considerably in debt. For the payment of the professors' salaries, eight hundred dollars each, the Seminary depended on the contributions of the churches and benevolent individuals. But the Seminary had a good charter; it was well located; and the late Mrs. Phebe Lord, of Kennebunkport, Maine, — a name never to be spoken but with honor, — had just given one thousand dollars for the library. As I was here, with my family and household goods, I concluded I would not turn about and go back. Brother Bond and I hired a double house in Ohio Street, where he lived until he left Bangor, and we resided till 1837.

From this period the story of my life will be continued under several divisions. First, my connection with the Seminary.

About two weeks after my arrival in Bangor, the General Conference of our churches met in Wiscasset, and I went in company with Rev. Mr. Pomroy to attend the meeting. It was the first time I met the ministers and churches of Maine. In 1827, the trustees invited the Conference to send a committee, year by year, to visit the institution, to look into its affairs, and to make report as to its condition and prospects.

The invitation was accepted, and this arrangement connects the Seminary with the churches, and brings it under their supervision. If anything wrong should be done at the Seminary, or any error or irregularity allowed, the case at

once would be reported to the churches, where it might be corrected. At the Conference of 1832, the case of the Seminary was taken up, and it was voted to raise the sum of \$30,000, in four annual payments, to relieve its wants. I was greatly encouraged by this vote, and we commenced at once the getting up of the subscription. The principal part of the labor of raising the subscription devolved on me. The sum was all subscribed and most of it paid, though not in the precise manner at first contemplated. As our new subscription became available, it was resolved to erect a new Seminary building, and the large brick dormitory was put up, and the northern half finished in 1834.

In making up this subscription I went over the State and visited many of the churches; preached and conversed, and wrote hundreds of letters. In this effort to raise money, and in the many subsequent labors of this kind, I never considered myself in the light of a *beggar*, nor allowed in myself any *personal* feelings of gratification, disappointment, or pique. As earnestly as I could, I urged the case in its true light, upon those I addressed, and left results with God; and the responsibility of giving or withholding, with the consciences of my hearers. I can say, without boasting, that I have been the means of securing at least the larger half of the funds now in the Seminary treasury. At the beginning of the year 1834, we had a class of eight enter, which increased our number to sixteen. These all had

rooms in the new building. In this building also were recitation-rooms, library, and a room fitted up for the classical school, and used also as a chapel; and the same year the library was enriched by more than a thousand volumes. Thus the prosperity, which has given to Bangor Theological Seminary adequate buildings, a good library, and a considerable part of the needed funds for the support of an able Faculty, was planned and well begun. The accomplishment has been the great labor of my best years.

Dr. Cyrus Hamlin communicates this letter, giving his recollections of our father, as he was at this time:—

“I first saw Dr. Pond at Bowdoin College in the year 1832, the same in which he entered on his work in the Seminary in Bangor. He was then forty-one years old; a man well built, with a countenance of mingled mildness and firmness, intelligent, thoughtful, and in his whole physique and bearing answering well to the reputation which his able editorship of the ‘Spirit of the Pilgrims’ had already given him. He preached for Dr. Adams morning, afternoon, and evening, of the Sabbath, to a full house. He attracted the attention of the students to an unusual degree. His sermons were clear, cogent, and practical. He left an impression that the Congregational interest in Maine had received a most valuable accession to its strength. In the religious revival of 1833-34, he visited Brunswick again to assist Dr. Adams, and his word was with power. His efficient weapon was the ‘Sword of the Spirit, the Word of God.’ This he wielded with irresistible force and solemnity. He left the hearer no chance to reply or object, except by coming in conflict with the Word of God. It was the *Biblical* characteristic of his preaching that drew students to him. His sermons were so well reasoned out of the Bible, that they carried the weight and authority of Divine

truth with them. They were never based on one or two proof texts, but they took the scope and trend of inspired truth into view. His argument accumulated force as it advanced, and at the close he could, as he sometimes did, appeal to his hearers to admit his positions, or take the alternative that the Bible is a lie. There was great power in his earnest and perfect confidence in the Word of God, as eternal truth. He preached as though he believed every hearer would so regard it.

“Another attractive feature of his preaching was the entire absence of all display, ornament, or mere rhetoric. Students like all these in *themselves*, but not in the revival preacher. Professor Newman had taught as wisely and well the place and value of naturalness, — of being true to nature in style and manner, and of having each part in keeping with the rest. Dr. Pond’s style was an excellent example of this. He was naturally, not artificially, earnest. There was no affected solemnity of tone or manner. There was often the hush and rapt silence of the great audience, that evinced profound attention, but it was the cogency of the reasoning, the power of truth forcibly stated, that produced it.

“He met quite a number of us students in a more private way, to commend to our attention Bangor Seminary. We liked the man, we thought him frank, genial, yet courageous and strong. He was a man among men, a man who could hold his own anywhere, and command respect. His frankness and honesty were so manly and genuine as to disarm roughness and malice, and make hypocrisy blush. We liked moreover his earnest enthusiasm for the Theological Seminary in Bangor. Up to that date, 1834, most of its students had entered after a preparatory course of four or five years in the classical school. But that year and the next drew some fifteen and twenty college graduates, and constituted an era in the history of the Seminary. They were drawn thither by the character, ability, and scholarship of the two professors, Pond and Bond.”

The question of *students* was one which at the first gave Brother Bond and myself great anxiety. Under the previous administrations, no college graduates had been connected with the Seminary, and it was feared they would turn from it in the future. Our Theological School was then young. Our location is farther to the east than any of the colleges; and to enter Bangor Seminary, graduates must turn away from long-settled and well-manned institutions. This disadvantage still exists; and to fill our halls with liberally-educated students, constant effort must be made, peculiar advantages offered, and motives touching the piety and loyalty of the Christian young men of Maine must be urged. With this object in view, I visited Bowdoin College in 1832 and 1834, and also visited Dartmouth and some other colleges in New England. In 1833, several college graduates entered the Seminary. In the autumn of 1834, nineteen students entered the junior class, eight of whom were graduates of Bowdoin College. Among those who entered in these years were Dr. Benjamin Tappan, Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, Professor H. B. Smith, Henry G. Storer, Franklin Yeaton, and others well-known to us all. I have ever felt under special obligations to the young men who came to us at that time. They did it certainly under some sacrifice of feeling. They did it from a sense of duty, and for the public good, and I trust it was never to them a cause of regret. They actually did more to advance the interests

of the Seminary than if they had given us thousands of dollars. They set an example which had influence; they turned the tide in our favor; and from that time to this the question of students has given us but little trouble.

The only circumstance in the next year which cast a cloud over the prospects of the Seminary was the failure of Professor Bond's health, which, much to the sorrow of the trustees and himself, constrained him to resign his post. This took place in the spring of 1835.

He was afterward settled in the ministry at Norwich, Conn., and has proved himself to be a most faithful and devoted pastor. He still lives to labor for Christ, though not now in the active duties of the ministry.

Dr. Bond died about six months after my father, in 1882. Says one who visited him a little while before his death: "When I saw him in his serene, lovely old age, he spoke with deep and tender emotion of those years in Bangor, and with admiration of the 'heroic warfare of Brother Pond' for the beloved Seminary. Thus have passed two noble and beloved men, with whose names no sentiments but those of love and reverence can ever be associated. Each did his work in a different way from the other; each was excellent in his own way."

The vacancy caused by Professor Bond's resignation was soon happily filled. In June, 1835, Rev. Leonard Woods, Jr., then of New York, was elected professor of sacred literature, and entered on his duties in the autumn; "a polished, accomplished, scholarly, and fascinating man."

The year 1835 was the height of the "Eastern-Lands" speculation, and everybody was growing, or thought himself growing, rich, in the vicinity of Bangor. In June of this year, the Conference of Congregational Churches met in Bangor, and a proposition was made that \$100,000 be raised, to be paid in four equal annual payments, for the purpose of completing the endowment of the Seminary. The proposition was adopted, with the understanding that those who had not paid on their previous subscription, might merge their indebtedness in this. This subscription was obtained chiefly by my efforts, and the friends of the Seminary now supposed that its pecuniary embarrassments were at an end. But subsequent events proved the instability of human affairs, and how little dependence can be placed on the brightest earthly prospects. The subscription was raised in a time of speculation, and of high fancied or seeming prosperity. In the pecuniary reverses which followed, and the consequent depreciation of almost all kinds of property, many individuals who had subscribed liberally, and in good faith, found themselves unable to meet their engagements, or even to pay their honest debts. An aged Christian gentleman in Bangor, subscribed \$16,000 to endow a professorship, but was never able to pay a cent of it. These subscriptions were paid irregularly, and not more than a third of them were ever paid. Still the subscription was a great blessing to the Seminary. It enabled

the trustees to complete and furnish buildings, meet current expenses, enlarge the library; and I hardly see how the Seminary could have been kept in operation, during the years of revulsion and distress which followed the expansion of 1835, without it.

Until the year 1836, there had been but two professors in the Seminary: one of theology and one of sacred literature. Professor Woods discharged the duties of the latter professorship, and I did all the rest. In addition to theology, I gave such instruction as I could in ecclesiastical history, homiletics, and pastoral duties. My method of teaching theology was, substantially, that of Dr. Emmons and of the private teachers in New England. I first gave out a subject with a list of books to be consulted. I then read one or more lectures on the subject, and had a full and free discussion of it with the class. Then each of the students was required to prepare an essay on the subject, and these essays were publicly (that is, before the whole class) read, criticised, and discussed. Our sessions sometimes continued for two or three hours. With the reading and discussion of the essays, the consideration of that particular subject closed; to be followed by another and then another, to be treated in the same way. When all the topics in the course had been thus gone over, the whole was carefully reviewed, and preparation was made for the closing examination. This method of teaching theology I decidedly

prefer to that of teaching solely by lectures. It furnishes a much better mental discipline, and prepares the scholar to think and reason for himself. In many instances I have been surprised at the improvement students would make in their modes of thinking, speaking, and writing, while passing through the studies of our middle year. The opinion here expressed as to the effect of our method of teaching theology, has been confirmed by some of our best students. In a letter from the late Rev. Nathan Dole, I find: "I improved more during my middle year in the Seminary than in any other year of my life; and your method of study for the young men seems admirably adapted to its end. I have been on the point of saying this to you several times of late, as I have freely said it to others." Let me add, however, that no course of study, however well-adapted and complete in itself, can make a student a *theologian*, without his own persevering efforts. *He* must himself study; he must study *hard*. He must not only read and hear, but he must *think* and write, and thus task and discipline and strengthen his own powers. In the study of theology, the student must not hold himself in the attitude of a mere *receiver*, to drink in and retain the thoughts of others; but in the attitude of a *thinker*, who is thinking for himself; who is actively comparing what he reads and hears with the decisions of his own consciousness and of the Word of God, thus making his system of theology, in the best sense of the term, *his* system.

Rev. R. B. Thurston, one of my father's pupils in the Seminary, gives this reminiscence of his theological class: "As a theological instructor Dr. Pond had many excellences. He was not a system-builder. He had no ambition to found a new school of speculative divinity. It was a small matter to him to overhang a pillow of sacred truth with a network of human logic. But he had clear views and solid convictions. He stated the results of his own reading and meditation with discriminating and lucid expression. His great desire was to have points of doctrine proved by the Scripture, and proved in the essays of his classes. After the readings of my own class, on the Divinity of Christ, he said, pleasurably, 'I believe you have all *proved* it.' The class was one of the largest ever graduated from Bangor Seminary, and about equally divided between old-school and new-school divinity. The wind of disputation often blew hard, and positions were assailed on every side. Dr. Pond never sought to suppress by dogmatism. He preserved his dignity and power as a teacher without putting constraint upon our thought. He was quick, bright, keen, as well as kindly. I am sure that all held him in high esteem for his quickening influence upon our minds, stimulating us to the honest, earnest, reverent pursuit of truth. He was orthodox, but would not imprison the sinner within the five points of Calvinism, so that gospel offers become a paradox; nor let down the sovereignty of God, so that Deity is subject to human will. His breadth, both of understanding and of heart, was manifest in his expectation of meeting in heaven those great men who, like Socrates, sought truth by nature's light, and in his confidence in the piety of little children, who, in the expression of their love, seemed to him *not* to be in the Pauline sense 'in the flesh.'"

In 1836, Rev. George Shepard, of Hallowell, Maine, was elected professor of sacred rhetoric. The supposed endowment, on which he was appointed, failed, like many other expectations

of that ill-fated time; but Professor Shepard did not fail us; he never failed us. He was, from the first, of inestimable value to the Seminary.

A man of massive form and majesty of movement; strong, yet with the simplicity of a child; mighty in condensing thought, as the energies of a storm are sometimes condensed into a single burst of lightning, thunder, and rain; his countenance becoming luminous in the moments of intensest ardor in public speech.—*Dr. S. H. Harris.*

This beloved brother continued with us thirty-two years, residing with his family under the same roof with me and mine. In the spring of 1868, he was suddenly removed from us by death. For months he had shown marks of decrepitude, and it had been evident to us that his work was nearly done. I cannot here dwell on the character of my beloved and honored friend. His works remain; and he has left a memorial in the hearts of all who knew him, which can never be effaced.

Dr. Shepard's character showed a rare combination of natural diffidence and consciousness of power, aroused by sense of duty and responsibility. A diffident nature, when mastered and wisely regulated, becomes itself an additional element of power and of beauty of character. The rousing of one's self, inevitable to the facing of dreaded duties, moves the whole soul, keeps it exalted and intense, brings out the full force of its faculties. A man naturally diffident, whose diffidence is made to yield to principle, is usually the bravest and boldest when there is need of it; and with a bravery that has in it so little of self-assertion and so much of modesty, that the blending of the opposite qualities lends a peculiar fascination to the character.—*Rev. G. W. Field.*

During the year 1836 a boarding-house was erected; and arrangements made for the boarding of students, which have worked admirably and are still followed out. During this year the Classical School connected with the Seminary was closed. It had been sustained at considerable expense, and had been very useful. Here students had been prepared for the Seminary, who had received no collegiate education; but there seemed to be no longer a necessity for it. The large building devoted to its use was remodeled, and made into a double house for two professors.

In August, 1839, Professor Woods resigned his chair, to become President of Bowdoin College.

Of President Woods, Professor Alpheus Packard writes: "A rare reputation for profound and elegant scholarship, for power and beauty as a writer, and for great conversational ability, brought him to Brunswick. He held the office of President of Bowdoin College till 1866, and at that time resigned, being in his sixtieth year, and his resignation was accepted. He spent some time in Europe in the interests of the Maine Historical Society. The results of this research appeared in the first and second volumes of the Documentary History of Maine. In 1873, a fire consumed nearly all his manuscripts and most of his beloved books, destroying also a great part of the results of his literary labor. He never recovered from the nervous shock which this gave him. Repeated attacks of paralysis resulted in the utter decay of his brilliant powers, and in his death December 24, 1878."—*History of Bowdoin College.*

On the same day of Professor Woods' resignation, Rev. Daniel Smith Talcott, of Newburyport, was chosen his successor, and was inaugu-

rated at the anniversary in 1840. He still fills the professorship of sacred literature with great acceptance.

Of him Dr. Harris remarks, in his "Memorial of Dr. Pond": "It was my good fortune that the junior class, of which I was a member in Andover Theological School, had Dr. Talcott, who had just completed his professional studies, as their instructor in Hebrew; and a more efficient and successful teacher I never knew. More than this his presence with us to-day forbids me to say."

Again the endowment of our professorship of sacred rhetoric failed. Owing to the celebrity of our beloved Professor Shepard as a preacher, and the charm of his character, he was repeatedly assailed with invitations to remove to more imposing and lucrative positions. The most formidable of these assaults was made in the spring of 1847, when he was urged by a united people, and tempted by the offer of a large salary, to become pastor of the Pilgrim Church and Society, of Brooklyn, N. Y. Professor Shepard had promised to go, unless his professorship should be sufficiently and solidly endowed by a stated time; and a committee had come on from the church to see that the separation was effected. I felt that it was time for the friends of the Seminary to bestir themselves. I went first of all to that generous and reliable friend of the Seminary, Hon. G. W. Pickering. As I entered the room, Mr. Pickering welcomed me, and said: "Dr. Pond, I know what you have come for," and at once, almost without sollicita-

tion, pledged, and secured by mortgage of his own dwelling-house, \$5,000. I secured myself the whole subscription, and that, too, in the space of a week's time, and by the liberality chiefly of Bangor Christians, and the endowment was completed. These friends are entitled to the credit of saving the Seminary; for if Professor Shepard had left, Professor Talcott and I should have resigned, and the Seminary, to all human appearance, would have been irrevocably ruined. But the subscription was raised and the Seminary saved.

In 1849, two legacies from the late Waldo family of Worcester, Mass., amounting to \$12,000, were received; \$8,000 had already been given by the family; making in all \$20,000.

I had been a special friend of the family before I came to Bangor, and there was nothing in particular to attract them to *our* Seminary except my connection with it. The sum was used in the endowment of the professorship of ecclesiastical history, which bears, and I hope may always bear, the honored name of *Waldo*.

In the autumn of 1854, having discharged the duties of two professorships (those of theology and of history) for twenty-two years, I requested to be released from one of them; and as I earnestly desired, while I lived, to see the professorship of theology satisfactorily provided for, I proposed to relinquish that, and confine my attention in future to the department of ecclesiastical history.

My proposition was acceded to, and, in the spring of 1855, Rev. Samuel Harris, of Pittsfield, Mass., was elected to the chair of theology. This appointment was accepted, and at the following anniversary Professor Harris was inaugurated; I was formally transferred to the department of history, and constituted President of the Faculty. On being released from my duties in the theological department by the appointment of Professor Harris, I felt the importance of doing more than I had before been able to do in the department of church history. I had already prepared a course of lectures on dogmatic history (the history of Christian doctrines, institutions, rites). I had also prepared a course of lectures on the history of the church under former dispensations, including the Old Testament history and the history of the dark period intervening between the close of sacred Old Testament history and the coming of Christ. In teaching church history I had, up to this time, used Murdock's Mosheim as a text-book; not because I entirely approved of it, but because I could find nothing I liked better. The modern German histories are so contaminated with a false philosophy that I could not think of adopting them. Mosheim's History is a dull work, especially in its chapters on the Middle Ages. I had always found it difficult to interest a class of scholars in it. At length I thought of doing myself what I had long waited for some one to do for me. I prepared a full course of lectures on Christian church

history, commencing with the birth of Christ, and tracing its history through to the present time. I began teaching by lectures in 1862. My method was to examine the class on each lecture, not directly at the close of it, but at the commencement of the following session; directing them, in the meanwhile, to a general course of reading on the subject. At the conclusion of the course the whole is reviewed by the help of a prepared list of questions. Pursued in this manner, I have found the study more interesting to scholars, and, I think, more profitable than in the old manner of reciting from a text-book.

In the summer of 1859, the chapel and library building was dedicated. It had long been needed, and has proved of inestimable value to the institution. Previously, four large rooms in the large building were used for chapel purposes, and the bell, presented by a gentleman of Massachusetts, was hung in a frame resting on the ground. The valuable library of the Seminary was kept in a wing of the boarding-house, a wooden structure, and every opportunity was offered for a conflagration. The lower story of the chapel was fitted up as a handsome library; the second story contained a large audience-room, recitation-rooms, and a museum of curiosities belonging to the Society of Inquiry on Missions. The building cost more than \$12,000, and was erected through the efforts of the "Corban," a society of ladies in Bangor. In reporting to the General Conference the great achievement of the ladies, the visiting committee

for 1859 say: "God bless the ladies of Bangor, who started this enterprise, and the ladies of this State and elsewhere, who have helped move it on. They have given to our institution 'a local habitation and a name,' and are entitled to all the credit of this noble result. The 'Corban' Society shall be held in loving remembrance wherever Bangor Seminary is known. 'Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest.'"

The departments of instruction in the Seminary were now satisfactorily filled, and things seemed likely to move on without embarrassment. I must here record, with gratitude to Him who holds the hearts of all men in his hands, the donations and legacies of friends of the Seminary during the years 1863-68. A legacy of \$10,000 was received from the estate of Deacon Jacob Hayes, of Charlestown, Mass., which was appropriated to the professorship of sacred literature. A legacy of \$3,000 was received from the estate of Hiram Fogg, of New York, accompanied by a donation of \$10,000 from his brother, William Fogg, both of which were appropriated to the professorship of sacred rhetoric. The sum of \$16,000 was also received from Richard P. Buck, of Brooklyn, New York, which was appropriated to the professorship of theology. In consequence of these bequests and donations, it was decided that these several professorships should in all future time bear the names of those who had so largely contributed to their endowment. From the late Hon. Ichabod Washburn, of Worcester, Mass.,

\$15,000 was received for a fund to help students who needed assistance.

The pecuniary condition of the Seminary was now favorable. Its debts were paid, its endowments well begun, the number of students was increasing, and its prospects encouraging. Other forms of trial lay before us. In the spring of 1866, Professor Harris was appointed President of Bowdoin College, and concluded, after a protracted struggle, to go. He continued his instructions until the close of the Seminary year, 1867, and then left for Brunswick. It was a great sorrow to the trustees and his colleagues to part with him; but his convictions of duty were clear, and naught remained to us but to give him our blessing and let him go.

Scarcely had we passed through this trial when another and great affliction fell on us. In the spring of 1868, Professor Shepard died. Of his work here, and of his death, I have already written. "Very pleasant hast thou been to me, my brother!"

The vacancy occasioned by Professor Harris's removal was filled in the summer of 1867. Rev. John R. Herrick, of Malone, N. Y., was elected, and accepted the appointment, entering on his duties at once. Professor Herrick was an able and excellent man. He remained with us six years, but the last two years was unable to do much for the Seminary. During one of these he was absent in Europe and the East, and through most of the other he was confined to the house by sickness. He resigned his position in 1873.

Dr. Herrick is now occupying the laborious and responsible post of President of Oregon College.

In 1868, Rev. William M. Barbour, of Peabody, Mass., was appointed successor to Professor Shepard in the chair of sacred rhetoric. He accepted the appointment, and commenced his labors here in the autumn of 1868. During the absence and subsequent illness of Professor Herrick, Professor Barbour undertook the care of the theological department, as well as his own; and when Professor Herrick resigned, was transferred to the chair of theology, and Professor John S. Sewall, of Bowdoin College, was elected to fill the vacancy. Professor Sewall commenced his duties as professor of sacred rhetoric, in the autumn of 1873. The number of students from 1835 to 1860 was remarkably uniform—rarely over fifty or under forty. In 1863, we had on our catalogue the names of sixty-four students; the next year, fifty-nine. Owing partly to the war, and partly to the lack of revivals in our colleges and churches, the number in the Seminary was, for several years, diminished. Latterly, it has increased again, and the rooms are full. In the autumn of 1871, having been connected with the Seminary forty years, and being in the eightieth year of my age, I felt called upon to resign my office as professor of ecclesiastical history, and a successor was appointed, Rev. Leonard L. Paine, of Farmington, Conn. He has proved himself an acceptable teacher and worthy man. I still

continue my connection with the Faculty as presiding officer, and with the Seminary as "emeritus professor." I reside at the Seminary, and do all in my power to advance its interests in every direction. This it is my purpose to do, so long as God grants me ability and opportunity.

It may be thought inappropriate, in an autobiography, to incorporate so much of the history of the Seminary; but I could not avoid it. My life in Bangor has been so closely connected with it, — so bound up in it and with it, — that it was impossible to give an account of the former during the last forty years unless by connecting it with the latter.

Eleven years have elapsed since my father's resignation of his professorship, and his death. During nine of these years he met the students weekly at Monday evening prayers, and frequently was present at the chapel prayer-meetings. He was thoroughly acquainted with them; they came to him as to a father, bringing their religious doubts, their social troubles, their afflictions, bodily or mental, their pecuniary difficulties; and they always met sympathy, advice, and relief. He also presided during these years at meetings of the Faculty. His interest in the Seminary took practical form in the many letters written to invite students, solicit donations, and welcome new comers. The last occasion of his presenting the diplomas to the graduating class was in June, 1879.

His last formal meeting with the Trustees, Faculty, and Alumni, was at the Alumni Dinner, in June, 1880. A local paper closes its report of the occasion in these words: —

"The festivities of the table were full of pathos when the venerable President of the Faculty, Dr. Pond, nearly ninety years of age, and connected with the Seminary since 1832, spoke with trembling, yet sonorous voice, and flowing tears.

With bowed heads and moistened eyes his pupils listened to his fatherly counsels and tender farewells. He said: 'I shall do what I can so long as my life is spared; but my work is nearly done. I leave the Seminary, under God, to you. Provide for it; carry it forward so long as it is needed on the earth. It will be needed for a very long time to come. Go back to your homes, young ministers, feeling that you are engaged in the noblest work on earth, — the work of saving the souls of your fellow-men. It is not probable that I shall meet you here again, but you will still come. Come up in the Spirit and hope of the Gospel. God will be your support in life and in death.' "

Dr. Pond had great patience with his pupils, and great faith in them. If some of them were without classical education, he recalled the great number of such men who had adorned the ministry and the learned professions, and he expected his young men would succeed; he encouraged them to the utmost. He scorned the idea of putting them into what is called a "special course," and branding them with a lower grade, as an inferior branch of the ministry. He would give them the privilege of standing side by side with the best educated men, and the *support* of it; he would send them out together with the same diplomas, and bid them surpass the college-trained men in power and usefulness if they could. — *S. H. Hayes.*

His intercourse with his students made him their trusted, genial, and beloved friend. If he erred in his estimate of them, it was on the side of a magnanimous expectation. He idealized his pupils, and had large anticipations of usefulness in the future exercise of their gifts. — *R. B. T.*

From a memorial address prepared by Dr. Samuel Harris, I extract this sketch of Dr. Pond's theology and his standing as a scholar: —

Dr. Pond was a representative of the New England theology on its conservative side. The New England

theology is doubtless open to criticism as in some respects superficial and inadequate. It has seemingly assumed that by precise, definite, and satisfactory formulas it had closed the whole circuit of thought on the subjects treated, and by its nice distinctions had removed all occasion for doubt and difficulty, while profounder thought sees that its formulas lack comprehensiveness, and its explanations do not explain; by its disproportionate insistence on individualism, by its ethical theory of greatest happiness and general benevolence, by its theory of atonement as an expedient of statecraft to prevent men from despising the law because sin is forgiven, it has seemed to overlook the solidarity of mankind, and the reach and power of sin; to miss the essential idea of law and righteousness, and to lead to the inference that the significance of the humiliation of the Son of God in Christ, and of Christ's obedience, suffering, and death, instead of being manifold as the Scriptures represent it, is exhausted in its moral influence on men to induce them to return to God. But, whatever the imputations of the "New England theology," it has at least made a great and abiding contribution to the progress of theological knowledge. It has set forth in clear light the personality of the individual as distinguished from, and not submerged in, the race or in the organization of church or State, and therein has set forth the worth of a man and the sacredness of his rights; and this is a truth which was emphasized by Christ and his Apostles, and has made Christianity a power in advancing the political and social rights and freedom of man. The New England theology, in setting forth the personality of the individual, has asserted and vindicated the freedom of the will; has shown the true idea of sin as the determination or

choice of the free will in transgressing God's law and refusing his redeeming grace; has cleared the fact and nature of human responsibility; has thrown light on the scriptural doctrine of regeneration by the Holy Spirit and rescued it from misrepresentation, and has made consistent and possible that type of preaching which declares that "whosoever will, may take the water of life freely," and which demonstrates to every man's conscience his sinfulness and guilt in not accepting Christ as he is fully offered in the Gospel. These great truths Dr. Pond emphasized in his theological teaching in his classroom and in his preaching.

It has been said that Dr. Pond was not a man of thorough scholarship. I would not claim for him aught which was not his. One man cannot be everything. "Non omnes possumus omnia." His just reputation is so high there is no need to enhance it by attributing to him what he had not. His undeniable virtues, powers, and resources must command admiration and esteem. Let us try to form a just estimate of him in this particular. His positive and intractable antagonism to all German philosophy and criticism is well known. But in estimating this, we must remember he was born nearly one hundred years ago. When he was receiving his education few Americans knew any modern language than their own. To Professor Henry W. Longfellow, who in 1829 became professor of modern languages in Bowdoin College (of which he was a graduate), more perhaps than to any one man, we owe the change in the American idea of education, whereby it has come to pass that acquaintance with one or more of these languages and literatures is deemed essential to scholarship, and has become common among cultivated people. But Dr. Pond was in mature life before this change had

developed itself. During his long life the standard of scholarship changed; the very conception of what constitutes a scholar was different in the later years of his life from what had been when he was receiving his education. He was a man of extensive reading. He was a scholar in the sense in which President Edwards, Dr. Emmons, Dr. Leonard Woods, and other leaders of theological thought in New England in the last century and the beginning of the present, were scholars. He belonged to that earlier period, and his scholarship must be judged by its standard and not by that of the present time. The fact must also be considered that in his earlier years the predominant influences from German philosophy and criticism were pantheistic, rationalistic, or sceptical. The general feeling was that familiarity with German theological and philosophical studies was dangerous to Christian faith. Professor Stuart never entirely outlived the fears and suspicions of the influence of his German reading. When I was a student at Andover, I remember the profound impression produced one day, when Professor B. B. Edwards before the assembled school announced the publication of Strauss's "Life of Jesus," and described it as the most powerful assault that had been made on Christianity in recent times, and told us of the anxiety and alarm which its publication had caused. But since then Strauss's theory of the New Testament has been abandoned as inadequate by critical scholars and by its author himself. Then came the Tübingen school, explaining the New Testament as the product of factions in the churches, interpreting the "enemy" who sowed tares, in the parable recorded by Matthew, as being the Apostle Paul, the Gospel of Matthew being written in the interest of the Apostle

Peter. Next came Renan's "Life of Jesus," explaining the story partly by imposture and pious fraud, and partly by fanaticism and self-illusion. Thus the whole process of destructive criticism is a sort of reduction to absurdity of all infidel attempts to explain the acknowledged facts of the New Testament without recognizing the supernatural Christ. We now look with composure on all the attempts of rationalism and criticism to destroy Christianity, and welcome all the results of philosophical and critical knowledge which enlarge, correct, clarify, or confirm our knowledge of the truth. But it was not so easy fifty years ago. For Dr. Pond be it said that he never doubted the Gospel of Christ, nor feared that it would be overthrown. And I submit that a theological teacher whose inward spiritual life compels him to believe the Gospel and to rejoice in the truth, is a better, wiser, and truer teacher than one who fears for the truth, but does not rejoice and be strong in it; who fears lest every new assault will sweep the kingdom of Christ from the earth, and whose teaching is a perpetual apologizing for Christ and Christianity, as if the reality and right to be were submitted to the decision, and depended on the acceptance, of the young men who hear him. A man who is to teach theology must know in whom he has believed.

Another point must be noticed. Not only had the standard of scholarship changed in Dr. Pond's late years, not only had questions and objections been answered which once seemed formidable, but new questions had arisen; questions and objections springing from new theories of physical science, from bold assumptions respecting human knowledge, and from philosophical speculations unfamiliar to the English mind and unadapted to English habits of thought.

It was not to be expected that a man already entering on old age should enter profoundly on these subjects. Especially, it was not to be expected of Dr. Pond; for he was one of those happy persons whose spontaneous belief, founded on spiritual need and spiritual experience, was always fresh, always a sunshine strong enough to burn away the mists of doubt; and he imperfectly understood the great fight of afflicting doubts and perplexities with which many struggle. In his mental constitution he was practical rather than speculative; his thinking was on the practical side of things, and he was not given to philosophical questioning as to their rationale. But his thinking, in its own sphere, was not the less vigorous, his insight not the less penetrating, than it would have been had he studied things more naturally on their speculative side.

CHAPTER VIII.

MINISTERIAL LABORS WHILE IN BANGOR.

MY labors in connection with the Theological Seminary, though urgent and incessant, have not engrossed my whole attention during the year spent in Bangor. Two years after my arrival a Second Congregational Church was organized — Hammond Street Church.

I assisted in its organization and, in a month after, my wife and myself connected ourselves with it. It was for some time without a pastor; and, with Professor Bond, I supplied the pulpit, attended religious meetings, and performed much pastoral work. It was a season of refreshing at that time, and numbers were added to the church. Our first pastor was Rev. John Maltby, my brother-in-law, who removed from Sutton, Mass. During frequent illnesses and absence from the pulpit, I have preached to this beloved church hundreds of times. I have always made it a point to attend the religious meetings of the week, and to take a part in them. I continued this habit until within a few years, as long as I was able. In this way I have found much enjoyment and spiritual profit, and hope I have been the means of doing good. Nor have my labors been confined to Hammond Street Church. In other churches in Bangor I

was often called to labor. In several instances, when Dr. Pomroy was sent out to collect money for the Seminary, I have taken charge of his pulpit. In the two Baptist churches in this city, I have been called upon to preach occasionally, and welcomed to their *pulpits*; and my labors as a minister of the Gospel have extended into every department and to every denomination.

It has been said of me that I had a very hard theology, but were I gatekeeper at the court of heaven I should not be able to refuse admittance to any one. Perhaps it is all true. I have preached much, not only in Bangor, but in the neighboring towns, and in some of them stately for months, until their neglected Christian communities acquired strength and numbers, when I assisted in forming them into churches and supplying ministers for them. In other instances I think I have been instrumental in harmonizing divided churches and reconciling individual members, who were quarreling with each other and bringing trouble into their churches and injury and disgrace upon the Christian name. Many instances I might mention, but fear I might be thought personal. In some cases I labored separately with opposed parties, conversing with them, and persuading them to peace. In a town but eight miles from Bangor I had a meeting with a church, which was long divided as to discipline toward two members, a man and his wife, offending members. I continued with them one evening as long as Paul continued his preaching at Troas

(Acts xx, 7), but with no similar results, for the division was healed and peace restored. Nor were such services wholly uncalled for by the necessities of the church to which I belonged. The charity which "suffers long and is kind" sometimes failed there and bitter roots springing up troubled us. I think I have generally succeeded as peacemaker at such times, and have brought about honorable and Christian adjustments.

At one time a disappointed man was seeking sympathy from my father in view of a want of appreciation of labor done for others. Father said, we must all be willing to do a great deal of unappreciated labor; and in that connection spoke of his having done much among the churches, which resulted in good: yet in the event, his share of the work was overlooked and unappreciated. This was said not in the way of complaint, but as proof of the statement he had made. In strong Saxon, father expressed the same thought, when a man who had spoken abusively of him, came on Saturday night to solicit a gratuitous sermon for his church, on the morrow: "for this work we must expect more *kicks* than *coppers*."

My father's introduction to the churches in Maine was at the meeting of the General Conference of Congregational Churches, held in Wiscasset, in June, 1832, a few weeks after coming to Bangor. He went by private carriage in company with Dr. Pomroy, pastor of the First Congregational Church, of Bangor. The route was on the West shore of Penobscot River and Bay, through Belfast, Camden, and Thomaston, a hilly but most picturesque road, and full of interest to the new comer. At Wiscasset he met a noble band of ministers. Maine has never since boasted a grander company of ministers than then filled her Congregational pulpits, and presided over her halls of learning.

Rev. Seneca White was pastor of the church in Wiscasset at that time.

Then Dr. Pond first met "Father Jotham Sewall, great-hearted Christian and self-made man; Rev. Stephen Thurston, of Searsport, who just lingers on the threshold of life; Dr. George E. Adams filling the important post of pastor of the church in Brunswick, and preacher to the college; Rev. Benjamin Tappan, courtly in manner, sonorous in voice, childlike in heart; Rev. George Shepard, of Hallowell, a brother beloved; Rev. David Thurston, of Winthrop, venerable then; Rev. David Shepley, of Yarmouth; Rev. Richard Woodhull, of Thomaston; Rev. J. Peet, of Norridgewock; Dr. William Dwight, of Portland; Dr. Ellingwood, of Bath; Rev. Carlton Hurd, of Fryeburg; Rev. Asa Cummings, of Portland, for many years editor of the 'Christian Mirror.'"

The fathers! where are they? Every name of them but *one* must be *starred*.

At this conference, sermons were preached by Drs. Dwight and Tyler, of Portland; Rev. R. S. Storrs, of Braintree, Mass., and Dr. Tappan.

Favorable resolutions were passed regarding the temperance reform and the Education Society. Days of fasting and prayer: July 12, recommended in view of the invasion of the cholera on our coasts; and the first Monday in January, for the conversion of the world. The favorable resolutions with regard to Bangor Theological Seminary were of special interest and encouragement to Dr. Pond.

Dr. Pond was a trustee of the Maine Missionary Society, from 1847 to 1880. He was on terms of intimate friendship with the secretaries of this Society, Dr. Tappan, Dr. Thurston, Rev. Mr. Adams, and fully understood the work of the Society. He carried on a frequent correspondence with its secretaries, on the affairs of the Society, and, as they believed, rendered them efficient help by his counsels. Of this branch of Christian work he says:—

I became, through this Society and my personal relations with Maine ministers, many of whom are graduates of the Seminary, pretty well acquainted with the religious wants of Maine, and with the feeble churches; also with the sincerity and Christian charity of the larger and more wealthy churches of the State. I know something of the devotion of Maine home missionaries, and of the sacrifices made to obtain and promote the preaching of the Gospel. Maine is a noble State, worth laboring for. Her Christians are noble Christians. Her missionaries are doing harder work and suffering greater privations than many who labor in foreign fields. Unknown to fame, and without the supporting sympathy of the church at large, these ministers and their families are wearing out their lives for the Gospel. God bless them! and bring them more into our prayers and thoughts.

At the time of my coming to Bangor, and for a good many years after, "four-days meetings," somewhat like the "fellowship meetings" home missionaries are now holding in the Western districts, and which are doing so much good, were frequent among the churches of the State. I have often had the privilege of laboring in them, and in protracted meetings and revivals of religion, when my Seminary duties allowed.

Our students were sometimes sent out to labor in such seasons, when the Holy Spirit was Teacher and the work of an evangelist and pastor was opened to them. Such teaching and experience were invaluable to them as they stood at the threshold of a life-work in the ministry. I pre-

pared a series of sermons to be preached at protracted meetings and in times of revival, presenting, in close connection and as persuasively as possible, the doctrines of grace. In years gone by, I was frequently called to assist my good brother, Dr. Benjamin Tappan, of Augusta, in times of religious revival. Very precious seasons have we enjoyed together in this work, and we shall love to review them and trace their influence, when we meet in heaven.

Dr. Tappan, of Norridgewock, referring to these seasons, writes: "As to revival sermons, I never heard any that seemed better adapted to their purpose than Dr. Pond's. At Brunswick, I heard him preach the sermon on the text, 'I thought upon my ways and turned my feet unto thy testimonies,' since published in a tract named 'Think and Turn.' I have no doubt that the very interesting conversions in Brunswick, in the revival of 1834, were largely owing to Dr. Pond's lucid and persuasive, as well as deeply solemn, preaching of the Gospel in public, and his skilful dealing with inquirers in private. I saw him frequently about that time, at my father's, in Augusta. I rode with him from Augusta to Brunswick. I was quite charmed with his affable and instructive conversation, and impressed with his wide range of knowledge and his evident mental activity. I still think there are a few more genial and entertaining than he was in private intercourse; few theological teachers of more real goodness and fraternal interest in the young men committed to their charge. I need not say how highly my father esteemed him; how much he enjoyed his society, and how glad he was of his assistance in times of religious interest, while pastor of the church in Augusta; how gladly he availed himself of his counsel, when secretary of the Maine

Missionary Society. Maine has few truer friends than Dr. Pond has been."

I remember a meeting of great interest I attended with Brother Adams at Waterville; and another, when I assisted Brother McKeen at Belfast. A protracted meeting in Hampden was the means of bringing out a number who afterward became pillars in that church. We have been greatly blessed in our churches in Bangor in past years. The revivals of 1840 added to Hammond Street Church about forty-five members by profession. Another general revival occurred in 1852, in which the Sabbath School was greatly blessed, and many of the children of the church were gathered in, who have since proved by a holy Christian profession and good service for God the sincerity of their conversion. I think some fifty members came into our church in that year, as fruits of that revival. The most general revival of religion which we have ever witnessed in Bangor occurred in 1857. This was characterized not so much by the results of preaching, as of prayer-meetings and personal Christian work. Union morning prayer-meetings commenced in the large vestry of the Columbia Street Baptist Church, and continued from eight till nine o'clock A. M. The room was crowded every morning; and two other like meetings were opened in other parts of the city, — all filled with warm-hearted Christians and earnest seekers after God. I attended their meetings constantly for over three months, and had the privilege of laboring in them.

Several hundred persons were hopefully converted, some of whom had previously been openly neglectful of all religious principles. The churches were all increased and strengthened, and for a time "there was great joy in this city."

When I first came into the State, I was permitted to engage in one of the most powerful revivals I ever experienced. It was in 1834, in Brunswick, in the spring of the year. I preached there in connection with the pastor, Rev. George E. Adams, Dr. Tappan, of Augusta, and the clergymen of the college faculty. It was during this protracted meeting, at the time when Mr. Charles Packard, Governor Dunlap, and other influential men of Brunswick, and a number of college students, were converted, who afterward became members of our Seminary and went into the ministry, that a remarkable spirit of prayer was manifested, and God gave special evidences of his power in answer to prayer.

Dr. Hamlin, of Middlebury College, referring to this revival which occurred while he was in college, thus relates his recollections of some of its scenes:—

"This revival commenced in the increased interest in the 'praying circle' in Bowdoin College. From being small in numbers and cold in spirit, it rose to large numbers and earnest zeal, so that it filled a large double hall where it was held, and nearly all the students were present at it. As we went out at the close of an early evening meeting, Professor Longfellow passed by on the street. He paused, and asked: 'What does this mean?' I told him it was a gathering of the students for prayer, that had just closed its services. He seemed filled with surprise.

“I can never forget Dr. Tappan’s remarkable prayers in these revival meetings. On the evening referred to above, I was late at the service in the church. The large audience-room was full. I passed into a pew in the side aisle, not very far up. Dr. Tappan had just begun to pray with the fervor and unction we all remember. All *stood* in prayer; just before me across the aisle rose the large erect figure of Governor Dunlap. What on earth is he here for? was my thought. Only to mock and ridicule, or from a curiosity to see how things go on. Soon Dr. Tappan began to pray for ‘our Chief Magistrate, now in the Divine Presence,’ with great earnestness, as though he would move earth and heaven in his behalf. He prayed that he might have a view of the sinfulness of his own heart; that he might be *afraid* before God; that he might be wholly *humbled* before his Maker; that eternal things might become so *real* to him, that, compared with a life of ease, power, and fame, *without God*, he might heartily choose poverty, scorn, the loss of all things, *with God*, with his favor and his peace. Dr. Tappan continued with such earnest and personal petitions, that I could only think: How *mad* the Governor will be! How mistaken is the zeal of the good Doctor to break up, perhaps, the revival by hurling such a firebrand against our proud, unbelieving democratic Governor! But the prayer ended. Your father preached. The arrow of Divine truth was forced home to many hearts. At the early prayer-meeting, a brother gave thanks that ‘our Governor had passed a sleepless night of conviction.’ He soon came out boldly on the Lord’s side. Dr. Tappan’s prayer was answered.”

My connection with the theological students has made me an eye-witness to the importance and value of the American Education Society. I was made vice-president of the Maine branch of this Society in 1843, and I continued in that office

until I was made president of it in 1868. I am now one of the few remaining who remember the origin of this Society and the venerable men by whom it was instituted. I know the motives of these men and the deep sense of church necessity by which they were actuated. They could not go forward with their projected plans for the enlargement of Zion, in this and other lands, without such an organization. The Society is fundamental and most important, though, like all foundation-work, it is most unseen. For forty-five years I have been in a situation to watch its operations. I have distributed over fifty thousand dollars of its funds in these years; a very small per cent. may have been misapplied or misused. I cannot agree with those who discredit its importance. How many useful and highly honored ministers in the home and foreign fields have been fitted for their work through the agency of this Society, who might otherwise be yet following the plow, handling the spade, or working at a trade; useful Christians, truly, but with the talent yielding but fivefold, when *now* it yields a hundred-fold. God bless the Education Society!

Rev. William Jackson, D. D., of Dorset, Vermont, originated and set in operation the first Education Society, in 1803, for replenishing the ministry. It was called "The Evangelical Society for aiding needy and pious young men in acquiring education for the Gospel ministry." This Society continued its efforts till the formation of the American Education Society and its auxiliaries; and more than fifty young men were aided by it in preparing for the ministry. The American Education Society was organized, in Boston,

in 1815. The Maine branch of this Society was formed, in Portland, in 1818.

My father's interest in the work of foreign missions commenced soon after his conversion and was unflagging till the end of life. His profession of religion was made but a few weeks before the departure of the first band of missionaries, sent out as the first fruits of the American Board of Missions, in 1812. He soon after records, in an early letter: "I seem to hear the voices of perishing heathen calling to me." Among the books of his library given to the Pacific Seminary was a complete set of the "Missionary Herald," from the "Panoplist," its first form, in 1808, to the last number of the "Missionary Herald," January, 1882. These have all been read and prayed over, and bound for preservation, up to the year 1880. Very early in my father's pastorate in Ward, he instituted the monthly concert of prayer for the conversion of the world; and to meet the wants of the time, and the lack of missionary intelligence, he prepared lectures on missionary topics.

He kept this branch of Christian work before the minds of his pupils. He often charged them, wherever they might labor, "to love the cause of *missions*, and earnestly endeavor with the least possible delay to spread the Gospel throughout the world." With those who have gone from the Seminary to the foreign work, he has maintained correspondence, and followed with his thoughts and prayers. News from mission fields always interested him. Since he reached his eighty-fifth year, the labors of Livingstone, the discoveries of Stanley, the reports from the new African missions, were read with enthusiasm, anticipating the day when the "Dark Continent" should be opened to Christian laborers, bringing the *Light of the World*, and when slavery and oppression should cease in all its borders. Dr. Pond was a corporate member of the American Board of Foreign Missions from 1832 to 1879. For years our father closed his evening family-prayer with the words, so familiar to many:—

“Remember a world lying in wickedness, and hasten the day of its complete redemption. Thou hast promised, O God! that thy Son shall have the heathen for his inheritance, the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession! O, remember these words of promise, on which Thou hast caused us to hope; and hasten on the happy time when they shall be gloriously fulfilled; when ‘the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters fill the channels of the deep!’”

Dr. Pond’s interest was early awakened in the cause of temperance; earlier than the formation of temperance societies. In his youth, and for some years after he was settled as a minister, intoxicating drinks were considered as necessary; nourishing and strengthening when not taken in excess. Neither weddings nor funerals were considered *successful* without the punchbowl and toddy-stick. The supply of these drinks in the cellar was considered a necessary part of the yearly domestic outfit, and everybody drank cider, wine, gin, and brandy, or New England rum. This habit produced a vast amount of drunkenness. In that country town in Massachusetts, where Dr. Pond’s first and only settlement was, cases of hopeless drunkenness were frequent. Heads of families, sons, brothers, and children were dropping into drunkard’s graves. When ministers of the Gospel met in associations and ecclesiastical councils, the large tray, covered with decanters and rattling glasses, was invariably produced. Dr. Pond used to tell a story of his entertainment at the house of a neighboring minister, on an exchange. He was put into Madam’s best room, and the door was closed; here he spent his time while out of the church, the door opening at intervals, when Madam looked in to ask: “Have some rum?” After he had declined the offer the third time with thanks, she urged it no more.

From a “Bangor Courier,” of 1839, I copy some remarks

on the license system then existing in Maine, showing that my father anticipated the passage of the "prohibitory law." He makes the report of a committee of the Bangor Temperance Union, disclaiming for that Society, formed for promotion of temperance principles by moral means only, any right or intention to interfere in the execution of laws, referring this matter wholly to the civil magistrate, to whom it officially belongs. He proceeds to state his views of the existing laws; the moral support they should have from the pulpit, the press, and public opinion; the duty of the magistrate to execute them, having bound himself by his oath of office to that effect.

His views of the license system may be given in his own words:—

Our laws provide that certain persons, under certain restrictions, should be licensed to sell ardent spirits. This law conferring the licensing power I consider as wrong in principle and ruinous in tendency, and the friends of temperance should not cease to show up its absurdities and urge its repeal.

These licensing laws proceed on the principle that ardent spirit, used in moderate quantities, is healthful to the human system; that it does a man good. Nothing can be more certain than the fact that, taken as a beverage, it is always hurtful. It contains no nourishment, and of course can convey none. It can only produce a momentary excitement, to be followed by consequent lassitude and prostration. Ardent spirit is now known to contain active poison, in respect to which the only true temperance is total abstinence. The licensing laws being thus based upon a false principle,—in a mistaken view of the nature of the article of which they treat,—it is not strange that they have done no good, that their tendency and effects have been almost wholly evil. It is sometimes objected to new

attempts at legislation on the subject of intoxicating drink, that past legislation has been so little efficacious; but does it follow that because legislation on a false principle has done no good, legislation on a true basis can accomplish none; because licensing the trade in such liquor has been productive of only evil, prohibiting the trade can result in nothing better? The absurdities of this licensing system are palpable and monstrous. We make laws for the punishment of various crimes, and license that which we truly know to be the prolific mother of almost every crime. We prune the leaves and twigs of the poisonous upas-tree, and water the roots.

In the "Christian Union," of August, 1880, I find the same views set forth, and the absurdities of the license system shown up by vivacious and forcible comparisons. I know not that for nearly fifty years he had ceased to feel the urgent necessity of a "prohibitory law."

CHAPTER IX.

WORK OF PUBLICATION.

DURING most of my life, I have been writing occasionally for the press, and chiefly for the periodical press. In giving a list of my publications, I can give only the principal ones. Of the thousand short notices and fugitive articles which have appeared from time to time, I can give no account and have kept no record. My first published article was a short one on "Church Discipline," written while I was a student in divinity. It grew out of a painful case of discipline in the church in North Wrentham, in which I was interested. Before removing to Boston, where as an editor I wrote a large proportion of the articles published in the "Spirit of the Pilgrims," I sent out in some form, two or three articles for the press every year. In 1824, I published a volume of "Monthly Concert Lectures," the history of which I have already given. In the "National Preacher," and in pamphlet or tract form, some twenty-five sermons of mine have been published. From 1830 to 1870, I prepared for the Sunday School Union, Tract Society, and Congregational Publishing House, about eighteen small works, on topics biographical, or practical, or connected with my studies in ecclesiastical history, — "Life and Times of Wickliffe," "John Knox," "Count Zin-

zendorf," "President Davies," "Sketches of the Reformation," "Popery," "The Ancient Church," and others of similar character.

In 1837, Dr. Pond prepared a volume on the subject of "Probation." The subject is treated in the several chapters entitled "This life a season of probation," "Subjects of probation and its design," "Probation limited to the present life," "Objections to this as in the case of infants, idiots, and some heathen," "Consideration of 1 Peter, iii: 18-20." It is a book of solemn truth and is influential in leading its readers to realize that they are critically and solemnly situated in the present life; responsible for their opinions, and with important duties to discharge one toward another.

In 1844, in connection with my instructions to the classes under my charge in the Theological Seminary, I prepared a course of "Lectures on Pastoral Theology," which was published; and in 1866 a second edition was brought out. These instructions relate to the more private intercourse of the young pastor with his people, including his duties to them in the house and by the way; in times of sickness and affliction, in prosperity and adversity; duties to those rejoicing in hope, or mourning in darkness; duties, the neglect of which can never be supplied by any gifts of learning or eloquence.

In 1845, Dr. Pond carefully read and studied the works of Emanuel Swedenborg, comprised in some thirty volumes. The next year he published a book which gave a statement of Swedenborg's teachings and claims. It was not intended as a controversial work, and was written rather to exhibit to Evangelical Christians the dangerous tendencies of Swe-

denborgian doctrines, which at that time were being much pushed forward before the Christian public.

The preparation for the book was a great labor, and constant application to it through two long vacations proved nearly too much for him. As he playfully remarked, upon the sudden attack of nervous prostration that followed, he "saw visions and dreamed dreams as wild as Swedenborg's own." This book has had a wide circulation. It was published in 1846. A second edition (revised) was published in 1866; a third edition in 1874; and that is now nearly exhausted, though the work is still called for.

In 1848, Dr. Pond, when a member of a committee of the Maine Conference for such a purpose, prepared a "Manual of Congregationalism," which has passed through two editions, and has been of great service as a book of reference in congregation councils and churches.

When Dr. Bushnell, of Hartford, published his new views of the atonement, Dr. Pond took up his pen to reply. He had no personal acquaintance with Dr. Bushnell. He did not question his sincerity, or the purity of his motives; but the sentiments published in his "God in Christ" related to the fundamental doctrines of our religion; and it could not be a matter of indifference to the Christian what opinions were entertained in relation to them. In this "Review" Dr. Pond endeavored to hold forth beacon lights to those who were in danger of making shipwreck of their faith. The small volume entitled "Review of Bushnell's God in Christ" was published in 1849.

In 1867, I published my "Theological Lectures," one volume, octavo. This book was the result of years of earnest thought, faithful study and teaching of theological science. It has been extensively used as a text-book in theological seminaries, and I trust may prove valuable and attractive to all thoughtful Christians. This work

of my best years I dedicated to the memory of my reverend instructor in theology, Rev. Nathaniel Emmons, D. D., of Franklin, Mass. It was first published in 1867. Three editions have been since published. At the time of the great fire in Boston, the stereotype plates of the book were destroyed. To encourage the publishers to print and stereotype the work again, it was necessary to secure several hundred subscribers. These were in a short time procured, and the fourth edition, which is now nearly exhausted, was issued.

From the many testimonials given to the value of these lectures, I select but one, from "The New Englander":—

"These lectures are characterized by remarkable perspicuity of thought and style, robust good sense, clear appreciation of the practical bearings of doctrine, a catholic and liberal spirit, simplicity and directness of argument, and sound Scriptural truth. They are adapted to be read and studied not by ministers only, but by all intelligent Christians."

Dr. Pond published, in 1870, in one large octavo volume, his lectures on ecclesiastical history, under the title, "History of God's Church." This book contains his lectures to the students of the Seminary, written since 1862; the thirty years during which he had taught church history having given him time and opportunity for thorough investigation and adaptation to the wants of pupils. It has been highly commended by those qualified to judge of its merits. His colleagues at the Seminary, at the time of its publication, Professors Talcott, Herrick, and Barbour, say of it:—

"This volume of Dr. Pond's meets a want that has been long and widely felt. Ecclesiastical histories in abundance there are in the market; but among them all is none that is

precisely adapted to general reading. The author has presented the leading facts connected with his subject with all that clearness and simplicity of style for which he is distinguished, and has given us emphatically an ecclesiastical history for the people. We anticipate for it an extensive circulation." Two editions of this work have been issued.

"The Seals Opened; or, the Apocalypse Explained." The volume with this title was published in 1871. In this commentary on the book of Revelation, Dr. Pond agrees more nearly with Dr. Barnes, than with Professor Stuart or Professor Cowles, in ascribing the date of its writing to a time subsequent to the destruction of Jerusalem, and near the close of the first century of the Christian era; therefore its revelations must have a wider sweep than that accorded to them by these professors. The lessons of the Apocalypse Dr. Pond understands to be these: To impress us with the fact that heavenly beings feel a deep interest in all that pertains to the present world, because redemption, God's greatest work, is here going on: "much thought is spent on us in heaven"; to testify that whatever opposes itself to God must ultimately fail; and that God's kingdom must advance and stand eternally. One of the results of this revelation is to excite hope in the hearts of God's people, who are looking and longing for the latter-day glory of the church. What comfort also is afforded by it to the people of God in darkest times! To the imprisoned, persecuted, martyred saints of the early church and later times, it pointed out, in the darkness, where the dawn of a glorious day would break.

In 1871, a work entitled "Conversion" was prepared by Dr. Pond, and published by the Congregational Publishing Society. 12mo. 180 pp.

The nature and importance of conversion are stated, and illustrations from real life given; as the marked conversions of Paul, of Augustine, of Luther, of William Cowper, of Colonel Gardiner, of Edwards, and of others; with the design to show that, everywhere, in all circumstances, the

great and needed change is substantially the same; while the means by which God works in men, and the first holy affections produced and recognized by the subjects of this change, may vary as widely as their individual natures and surroundings.

The last volume published by Dr. Pond is an octavo of six hundred and thirty pages entitled "Conversations on the Bible," admirably printed and illustrated by the publishers, C. A. Nichols & Co., Springfield, Mass. To give the plan and object of this book, I quote from the touching preface : —

This work is the child of my old age. My reasons for preparing it have been partly personal. I needed something to do. I must have some steady congenial employment, or I could not be happy. At the same time, I could think of nothing on which I might more appropriately employ my thoughts, at my period of life, than on the Bible. I firmly believed it to be a revelation from God to the world, "a light shining in a dark place." I had made it, in one form or another, the study of a long life; my sentiments with regard to it were matured and settled, and what better could I do than to pass over its sacred contents, in the form of question and answer, and set them forth for the benefit of my fellow-men? The conversational form was adopted, as being the most familiar, and best adapted, perhaps, to arrest and fix the attention. The conversations are between a clerical father and his son: not a mere child, but educated and about to enter on studies preparatory to the ministry. The work is not intended merely for children and young persons. It is meant to be read in families, by Sunday-school teachers, by persons of all ages and conditions of life. The son does not always approach his father in the character of a mere inquirer, but often as an interlocutor engaged

in carrying on a conversation, and proposing questions for this very purpose. . . . I commit this, my latest, and perhaps last publication, to God and his people, trusting that it may lead to a diligent study of the Bible; to a greater love for it and delight in it; to a firmer faith in its doctrines; to a more strict conformity to its sacred precepts, and thus to a more perfect preparation for the eternal rest that remaineth for the people of God.

During the winter of his ninetieth year, he overlooked the proof-sheets of this volume, often expressing the hope that he might live to see its completion. This wish was granted, and the pleasure of distributing with his own hand the beautiful volumes to his children and many friends. An excellent likeness of Dr. Pond is at the opening of this book.

During the fifty years in connection with Bangor Seminary, Dr. Pond's pen was never idle, and rarely a week passed without some contribution to the press. The list of articles published in prominent religious periodicals counts over one hundred and fifty, and of contributions to newspapers several hundred.

Dr. Pond carried on a large correspondence. He wrote uncounted letters in behalf of the Seminary, and to those inquiring about it, or seeking admission to it. He held ever the pen of a ready writer towards a large circle of friends and relatives, his scattered pupils and his own family.

The limits we have set to this simple memorial, our father's autobiography with its connecting links, and illustrations of a life so dear to all who participated in it, forbid us to transcribe anything from these letters. But if this great correspondence could be gathered in, what warnings and encouragements, what helps over hard places, what instructions, what pleadings for the right, what breathings

of a submissive, trusting spirit, what words of consolation, tenderness affection, would be revealed. Yet they are not lost. No word for God or for humanity is ever lost.

“Writing is eternal;

For therein the dead heart liveth, the clay-cold tongue is eloquent,
And the quick eye of the reader is cleared by the reed of the scribe;
And so, the mind that was among us, in its writings is embalmed.”

Among original papers left by Dr. Pond are Lectures on Dogmatic History, Lectures on Mental and Moral Philosophy, under the title of “The Christian Philosopher,” a volume of Sermons arranged for publication, a volume of Miscellanies arranged for publication.

CHAPTER X.

SOCIAL AND DOMESTIC LIFE IN BANGOR.

I ARRIVED with my wife and six children in Bangor, in June, 1832. We found it necessary to board for two or three weeks, but as soon as possible went to housekeeping, occupying a double house with the family of Professor Bond.

We had left dear friends and pleasant social circles behind us, but we were cordially received by new friends in Bangor. There was here a choice, though small, society, kindred in religious and intellectual interests. Such families as those of Crosby, Adams, Coombs, Fisk, McGaw, Carr, Barker, Hammond, Brown, laid beautiful foundations of the structure of social life in Bangor.

Our domestic life in Bangor has been one of mingled correction and mercy. In the spring of 1833, a son was born to us, Joseph. The little fellow lived but three months. My eldest child and daughter was married within the first year of our residence in Bangor, to Rev. Wooster Parker, then settled pastor of the Congregational Church in Castine, Maine. A daughter, Mary Sophia, was born in 1835, and a son, the *Benjamin* of the family, in March, 1837. Besides giving my *daughters* the best education in my power, I have carried four sons through Bowdoin College and the Theological Seminary. My eldest son, Enoch,

entered college in 1835, when fifteen years old. Until the year 1837, we had little to record in our domestic life but joy. It is true we had our privations; but we bore them bravely together. There was plenty of hard work, and every expedient used to make the small salary go as far as possible; but love made the work easy. Health, harmony, and success bore us along smoothly; and I sometimes look back to those "days that are no more" with actual longing.

But, in the spring of 1837, my dear wife, the mother of my children, the one who had so sweetly shared my changes, my joys, and my sorrows, was attacked with disease of the lungs. Though change of air, rest, and the best medical treatment were tried it did not pass away as we hoped; but settled into pulmonary consumption. After a lingering illness, she died on the ninth of September, 1838, forty-one years of age. She was a noble woman; a model wife and mother, a faithful Christian and devoted friend. Quiet, contemplative, self-possessed, she was greatly admired by all who saw her, and greatly beloved by all who knew her best, to whom she was an example in all the relations of social and domestic life. The loss of a companion so loved and trusted seemed more than I could bear. I knew not how to part with her, or to live without her. In God alone I sought and found consolation.

In November, 1838, my second daughter, Cornelia, was married to Charles Proctor, M. D., of Rowley, Mass. The marriage had been deferred

several months, on account of her mother's sickness and death, to whom she was a most affectionate daughter and nurse. I could not longer request her to delay, though her leaving us so soon after the death of my wife was a source of great loneliness and anxiety. As the year rolled on, I felt the need of some one to take the place of her whom I had lost. My children, some of them quite young, needed the watchful care and training of a mother. My time was filled with Seminary, pulpit, and literary labors, and I could not fill the places of both father and mother. I felt the importance of the position, for which I sought and obtained of God one whom I could make a mother to these motherless ones. I became acquainted with Mrs. Anne Mason Pearson, widow of Captain John Pearson. We were married in July, 1839, and she has been to us all we had reason to expect.

We were a rather neglected set of children, and two of us quite young. Left so long to ourselves, I fear we had grown wilful and troublesome. But we were ready to welcome the new mother brought to us, and were attracted to her by her affectionate and winning manners. As I look back to that period of our family history, I wonder that a lady could have been found with grace and love enough to undertake the burden of such a family. She was admirably fitted for her duties. We may have missed sometimes that beautiful, unselfish love and indulgence which we saw lavished on more fortunate companions. One can have but one mother, and home must be a shade less bright where that one is wanting.

She was a woman of culture and power. Her influence

was felt wherever she moved; in the household, in society, in works of benevolence and public interest, she was formed to be a leader. To her suggestion and efforts is largely due the erection of the library and chapel building of the Seminary. My father's house was always an open one to old and new friends, and my mother presided hospitably and elegantly at the well-spread board. My mother was respected and beloved by the students of the Seminary, and was always ready to attend to their wants, or receive their confidences. Many, coming fresh from school, college, or country life, were introduced by her to the influences of a refining social life. The lonely were comforted, the diffident encouraged, the dyspeptic and the sick were nursed and fed.

The years of 1846-47 were years of affliction and bereavement to me. Two of my children were settled in Massachusetts, — Cornelia, as wife of a physician in Rowley, and Enoch, who graduated from the Theological Seminary in 1843. He was married to Mary T. Blodget, of Bucksport, Maine, and settled in Georgetown, Mass., six miles from his sister in Rowley. Both continued useful, happy, and healthy until the winter of 1846. Both were seized about the same time with violent colds and inflammation of the lungs. The disease in both cases proved incurable. It ran into consumption, that insatiable destroyer of the adult members of my family, and took them both away. Cornelia failed the faster of the two. She died on the first of July, 1846. She had rare gifts of mind and heart. She had in a remarkable degree the power of adaptation. Though brilliant in conversation, holding her place well in the society of the most

cultivated minds, ready in argument, of which she was fond, and quick at repartee, she gained the affection and confidence of the simplest of the working-people about her, and there was universal mourning at her grave. She left a husband and four little children. The ties that bound her to life were strong, but her last hours were peace. She retained her reason till the last breath, and seemed wholly raised above the world and absorbed in the visions of eternity.

In a letter to an absent child, my father at this time wrote:—

Our dear Cornelia is no more with us. She has left a dear circle of weeping friends, but she has gone to join a glorious circle of friends in heaven.

Above all, she has gone to be with her Saviour, the light, the sun, the joy, and glory of the upper world. I feel that our loss is unspeakably great. A vacancy is made which can never in this life be filled. But she, the dear child, has gained more than we have lost. She has the victory and gained the crown. It is dark and distressing to us now, but it is all plain to God and he will make it plain to us. Let us say then with the Psalmist: "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him."

Enoch came home to Maine in the spring. As he parted with his sister on leaving, she said, with a smile: "We shall meet again soon," and so it was. Settled at the age of twenty-two, his work and care were undoubtedly too much for him. He could not be satisfied to labor without results; and, though possessed of the love and confidence of his people, he sought most earnestly for a higher standard of piety for them, and for the wakening of their

consciences to see duty more clearly. A few words in an early letter reveal his desire: —

“I long for more stability and active piety in the members of my church.” “A praying church is a minister’s greatest blessing. I hope the man at the helm is not instrumentally too weak for his post, but I sometimes fear it. I know I must be humble and patient, and trust in the Lord, and wait upon Him in the appointed way; and I try to do so, yet sometimes I fear my labor is in vain. I earnestly desire your prayers, my dearest father, for my greater faithfulness and success.”

A neglected cold, over-confidence in a strong constitution, unwillingness to give up his chosen work, led on to fixed disease. It was a painless sickness except that weariness, fever, and chills are distressing. “There is nothing the matter with me but this cough,” he often said. There was no dread or fear of death. He died at Bucksport, December 17, 1846, aged twenty-six. He left one child, a daughter; her beautiful life was cut off by the same disease, and at the same age with that of her father.

These losses were deeply felt. We who have lived to see our father in his physical weakness unable to restrain his emotions, can realize how very tender his affections were, and how strong his feelings in times of bereavement. But in his earlier years there was no outward sign of anguish; only we noticed in the family prayers a more entire casting of all care on God, and delighting in His will. “The will of the Lord be done.” “God never makes a mistake.”

My second son, William, was graduated at the Theological Seminary, and was ordained as an evangelist in August, 1852. At that time I was laid up by a fit of sickness, and unable to take any part or attend at his ordination. This was a great trial, but I remembered “the Lord reigns,” and submitted to his holy will. My son left New York

in a clipper ship for San Francisco, with his bride, Mrs. Caroline Woodhull Pond, in November, and arrived in San Francisco the last of February, 1853. I little expected ever to see him again; but the good providence of God has restored him to me twice, in the course of twenty years.

Our father had several seasons of sickness during the last thirty years of his life, one of which was very severe. But when symptoms of great danger appeared he manifested no surprise or anxiety; instead of these, there were quietness, self-possession, and cheerfulness even. "Have you not yet exhausted your mercies, Dr. Pond?" asked his physician one day, when he had been some time in attendance upon him. "You have a new one to recount every morning." This unrepining, self-forgetting spirit, waiting ever on the Lord, doubtless aided in his recovery.

My son Jeremiah Evarts became a minister, and was first settled in Neenah, Wis. He was married in 1857 to Miss Jeanie W. Baird, of Portsmouth, Ohio; a daughter greatly beloved, who passed early away, in 1871. My son, in 1874, married Miss Lydia Hoadly. He has returned to preach in Maine.

In 1859, my daughter Mary married George Blodget, of Bucksport, Maine, where she still resides; and my youngest son, Benjamin Wisner, was settled in Barton, Vt. He married Mary, daughter of Professor Newman, of Brunswick. He is now one of the examiners of patents, in Washington, D. C. One daughter remains with me to be a comfort and blessing. The Lord reward and bless her.

My father was eminently social. His conversational powers, his gift at story-telling, his native humor, his tact in avoiding unpleasing topics, his fondness for young people, made him a favorite in every family of his acquaintance. Said a daughter of one of those good deacons in Maine, who in the old times kept a minister's home: "We used to have a great many ministers stopping at our home for one or more days and nights; some we liked, some we avoided, some we were indifferent to. But when Professor Pond came, we were always glad. There were stories and good cheer, but no solemn words, no reproving looks; yet we were always better and happier for his presence." My father journeyed far and wide in Maine, presenting the cause of the Seminary to individuals and churches, going with his own horse usually, and returning on Monday, for "Sabbath-day journeys" were not then so long as they are now allowed to be. As I was the feeble one of the flock, I was indulged in the ride with father. I was so small he often threatened to put me in his pocket over Sunday, yet I well understood the hearty welcome he everywhere received, and how for his sake the puny child was cared for also.

There was a certain dignity about him which prevented great familiarity; and a gentleness and courtesy of manner and speech which won the goodwill of the ignorant. His sympathy and respect for the poor and unfortunate made him a joyful giver, not only of money and immediate aid, but of valuable time and good counsel, devising schemes for better relief by making them able to help themselves. He used to say: "Pity costs nothing, money is easily given, but to think for others is a gift indeed." He appreciated the value of what was done for him very highly, and when he paid for labor done, his frequent criticism was: "I don't think you have asked enough." By all classes in society my father was loved and honored. He once said, near the close of life: "There is one command of our Lord's I cannot obey: 'Forgive your enemies'; for I don't know that

I have an enemy in the world. If I have a secret enemy, I freely forgive him." It was not my father's habit to talk much on personal religion with the unconverted, unless they sought for such conversation. He never preached out of the pulpit, and of his many stories I remember hardly one which was used to "point a moral." Even to his children he rarely spoke on that subject, which we knew was nearest his heart, — our own conversion. We knew, without his speaking, what he most desired us to be. We were taught by his life what a Christian life was. We heard his petitions at the family altar. His silence and reserve on those solemn themes — our own sinful state and our need of a Saviour — were more eloquent than words could have been. The never-to-be-forgotten words with which, two or three times, he may have pressed upon us eternal truth and duty, are too sacred to be revealed. They were unusual, effective, and full of the Spirit. An absent son, writing to him on his ninetieth birthday, expresses the same idea: "I do not remember the time, my dear father, in my earliest boyhood when the impression was not made upon my heart, 'My father is a good man, a man of God, and I must become such a man as he is.' My life, I well know, did not show then the power of such impressions; but that impression was there, and it has borne fruit in later years. Your love of study, and your patient and unremitting devotion to your work, have been an incitement to me in my chosen work; and I am glad I can point my children to your example of industry, and of cheerful and earnest piety, as a model for them." A friend who was in our family a great deal writes thus of my father: "His facility in turning from one thing to another as occasion required; his passing from the study to look after some domestic affair, and then back to resume his book or pen, was a rare trait. Was not his cheerful meeting each event and each demand upon him evidence of that faith in a constant ordering of all things by God? His devotion to your mother, in those long years of her blindness, declared the true gentleman and the true piety that

is sure to show itself at home. The law of kindness was on his lips; and 'whatever his hand found to do he did it with his might.'"

A long absent friend in Germany writes: "I suppose infirmities may have dimmed for him the joys of earth; but as his chief delight was to do the will of God, whatever were the occupations of his last years, we may be sure he rejoiced in them in spite of all privations and afflictions. I have often recalled his sunny temper, and fondness for work, and large trust in the wisdom and love of God, with astonishment. It is so easy for most of us to fret, to be anxious, to let an opportunity for doing good go by, and to be lazy! The thought of so much accomplished brings with it the remembrance of his systematic industry prompted by principle. Many lives that have been stimulated by his teaching and example will testify, at the last, to the rock-like type of his piety. He was never a builder upon sand."

From another young friend, who had been much in our family, and whose real heroism my father greatly admired, came these words:—

"What a beautiful and blessed thing to have had all your life a father to love and honor. And all the time it is running through my head, 'And he was not, for God took him.' The kind words he spoke and the deeds which he did come up one after another, through the many years I have known him. Once he said to me: 'Well, Fannie, if you are not one of the children, I don't know where the difference is.' I was so pleased and proud at the time, and it has always been a very tender memory, because I knew the affection was sure to last, and I meant to be worthy of it."

One long associated with my father in the Seminary writes: "I feel that I have lost a very dear friend. When I first went to Bangor he received us at his house; and his kindness, magnanimity, and bright and cheerful spirit endeared him to me at once, and my love for him grew, the longer I knew him."

“He has been a man abundant in Christian work all his life. The amount he has published has been very great, and a very large proportion of his published volumes have been widely circulated and much read. I have long felt that the churches in Maine are indebted to him for great services rendered them; and his influence has reached far beyond that State. I am thankful to God for his long, active, useful life. For him we can none of us ever be sorry he is gone; for his work was done, and he was so shut out, by his infirmities, from the active world, that it must be with special delight he finds himself young and vigorous again, able to enter upon his Master’s work. What will that work be? How strange it all is!”

In 1874, my wife died. We had lived happily together for thirty-five years, and though afflicted with many infirmities, and for the last years of her life totally blind, she was an affectionate wife, an efficient helper in the training of the children, in providing for them, and bearing with me the cares and burdens of life. About six years before her death, we perceived cataract forming in both eyes. She submitted to an operation, which was unsuccessful, and she became entirely blind. She suffered more or less through our whole married life from neuralgia, moving from one part of the body to another. At last it reached the heart. She had several spasms from this form of heart-disease; and from one, which occurred on the morning of the fifth of September, she did not recover. She had but a moment’s knowledge that she was dying and made a great effort to say “Good-by, all.” She was buried at Mt. Hope Cemetery, on the eighth of September. There,

with other loved ones, she rests, awaiting the resurrection of the just. We shall never forget her. I expect soon to follow her.

As we closed the long-sightless eyes, my father said: "Thank God she did not live to find me dead!"

" She has gone first,
Never to know the loneliness of parting
With him who was her earthly stay;
Who gently led her down even to the brink
Of the dark river, and there bade her
Farewell, and gave her hand to Jesus."

About the time I was seventy years old, I began to be seriously troubled with deafness. This deafness was partly an inherited disease, and came on very gradually. It did not for years prevent my attending to my recitations at the Seminary, nor interfere with other duties. I wanted those who addressed me to speak distinctly, but without raising the voice. The loss of hearing is indeed a great loss, the greatest perhaps next to loss of sight, yet not without its compensations. My mother, who for years was afflicted with deafness used to say to those who pitied her, "I get rid of hearing a vast amount of nonsense." Not only so, but the deaf escape hearing many disagreeable noises and sounds. Nature in its flitting course has many unpleasant sounds. The noise of them the deaf escape. It was this infirmity which hastened my resignation of Church History, in 1881, being then in my eighty-fourth year. Since the death of my two children Cornelia and Enoch, there has been no death among them. They still

remain to me, with many grandchildren, and some of the next generation.

As I look back over my past history as a husband and father, though I have been often and sorely smitten, I feel I have much occasion to speak of the goodness and mercy of the Lord. Few have been so much blessed in their matrimonial connections. To have had three wives given me in succession, each of whom I esteem as among the loveliest and best of her sex, is a precious gift. My children, too, have all been, and are, good and affectionate children. The departed ones are, I fully believe, in Heaven. I love to think of those who died in early childhood, as away from me at school,—the best school in the Universe, where they have the best teachers, and are learning the best things in the best possible manner. I expect ere long to go and see them—see what progress they have made and to what heights of glory they are ultimately destined. For I think it not unlikely that, among the brightest spirits that surround the throne, may be found many, at the last, who have left this world in infancy.

My six surviving children are an honor and comfort to me. Some of them are filling responsible positions in the church. Those of my grandchildren who have come to years of discretion are, I trust, walking in the steps of their parents and ancestors. The eldest (living), Dr. Edwin Parker, of Hartford, Conn., is a distinguished minister of the Gospel. With such a family as

this, part of it in Heaven, the other part a joy and comfort to me on earth, who has more cause of gratitude than I? Who, with more reason, can call upon his soul to bless and praise the name of the Lord for all his goodness.

As to myself, having now passed my eighty-fourth birthday, I feel my time that remains on earth is short. Though I am now in very good health, retaining most of my faculties of body and mind, yet I know that I am nearing a great crisis, and should be in constant readiness for my final change. I thank God that it has no terrors for me. I can look forward to it without dismay. Christ is the foundation of all my hopes, and, resting on Him, I know my building can never fall.

The last written of the Autobiography. September, 1875.
Bangor, Maine.

CHAPTER XI.

LAST YEARS, DEATH, AND BURIAL.

“Persons who have lived heroic Christian lives, often set in death as silently as the stars set in the horizon; and they leave no testimony whatever on the deathbed. Their *lives* are their testimony. They are the best testimony any one can leave behind him. His life when he is under temptation; when he is bearing burdens; when the battle is high; how he acquits himself; what is his whole character, and what are the fruits and results of his living; what *these* are, is a great deal better testimony than any other.”—H. W. BEECHER.

Seven years of our father's life remain unrecorded by his pen. They were prayerful, trusting, quiet, but not idle years. “I cannot be happy to do nothing” was a frequent remark. I think he expected and desired a sudden death, but always, “as the Lord appoints. If it be his will that I should be laid aside, useless and a burden, for a long time, I hope I can bear it patiently, but I would rather die with the harness on.” Several short journeys were made during these years. One in the summer of 1877, to St. Stephen, N. B., which he enjoyed very much. Two short visits were made in Massachusetts, when he went to the old homestead and looked upon the scenes of his childhood. At the time of his last visit there, he prepared, and read to an assembly of old friends, “The Ecclesiastical History of Wrentham,” afterwards published in “The Congregational Quarterly Review,” 1878. His last visits were made with his children in Warren, Belfast, and Bucksport, Maine, in the summer of 1879. His love of home was very strong, and he was never quite happy away from his accustomed place. He was almost severe in his judgment of those who felt a change of air and place

necessary to them every season, insisting it was "fashion," not health, they pursued; yet usually adding, in an apologetic tone, "I don't care, however, if they will let me stay at home." "Locality," as phrenology terms it, was largely developed in our father's mental constitution. His methodical tendencies made a routine agreeable to him, and necessary to rapid work. His habits were formed when much was to be accomplished, and when the time of work was over, these habits remained fixed. He never attempted the achievement of any work without a plan; and the plan, once carefully formed, was closely adhered to. A leading characteristic of his mind was that, having examined a subject thoroughly, and formed an opinion concerning it, he could not admit of a doubt. This was frequently an advantage; sometimes a disadvantage.

During the last years, our father's life varied little in its routine. Those who were with him studied to conform to it as far as possible, and to prevent any pressure of circumstances breaking in upon it. He never rose before the sun, having as little faith in morning candles as in midnight oil. The open fire, which burned on our sitting-room hearth nearly twelve months in the year, was his first care. This adjusted, breakfast followed; a simple meal, but eaten always with good zest, having the blessing of God on it. Cheerfulness sat at the table with us, and often gayety; for we always had some young folks there. Among our father's homely counsels was this: "If you rise in the morning out of sorts, melancholy, or cross, come to breakfast with a smile on your face, even if it be forced, and make some one else smile. Before you know it, your heart will be full of good cheer, and care driven to the winds." The morning prayers followed. Father read in course;

the Old Testament in the morning, the New Testament at night. He used, generally, a form of prayer, slightly varied; but the appropriate petitions and well-chosen language did not grow cold or formal. There was a good deal of thanksgiving in these prayers — and confession, submission, dependence. The absent ones, children, grandchildren, friends, were gathered in the arms of faith and brought to the Lord for a blessing. The kingdom of Christ, its increase and glory, was always sought for, and in the name, and for the “dear Redeemer’s sake,” all was offered and asked.

The morning hours were often spent in the study, but head and hand were frequently rested; in winter to renew the fire, in summer to work in the garden. Our father had a great love of gardening, and a pride in the growth and perfection of his shrubs and vines. His tulip-bed, where each flower vied with the others in brilliant or delicate colors, was his pet in early summer. His corn and small forest of bean-poles, his pride in the later months. No “envious weed” was allowed to reach mature growth. He used to say: “Weeds are like sin in the human heart; spontaneous of growth and hard to kill out”; and when his hoe was cutting off chickweed and purslane, no doubt the inward contest was with pride and selfishness.

A refreshing nap in that easy chair, which had “a vast amount of sleep in it,” prepared him to meet and enjoy friends who might call; or to walk out with measured tread and leaning on his cane, as befitted his more than fourscore years. A friend once remarked on the evident pleasure with which he walked about our beautiful Seminary grounds, “He remembers how David said: ‘Walk about Zion, and go round about her; tell the towers thereof. Mark ye well her bulwarks; consider her palaces.’”

Father sometimes said: "I have the best pair of eyes the Lord ever made," and the gift was faithfully used. The morning and the evening were his times of reading. Writing, either of letters or for the press, or revision of previous writings, employed the time during the forenoon in the study; but our father accomplished a vast amount of reading. Increasing deafness removed him, in a measure, from social life, and he found companionship in books. Within these last years, he has selected from the Seminary library a large array of well-chosen books — books old and new. I should say largely historical and biographical, — the lives and labors of the fathers of the early church — of the early English Church; and of late biographies, which have been so abundant and delightful, he has hardly missed one. I used to think, as I saw him so absorbed in the story of the lives of those holy men who had passed on to the other shore, that he was preparing himself to join this company, and meant to be no stranger to them; just as one going to a foreign land studies about the country to which he journeys, and the history and character of the illustrious people whom he is to meet there. Father was a great reader of religious newspapers and periodicals, and wrote for them till the last year of his life. He never destroyed a religious paper. Early in each week, six or eight were wrapped and directed by his own hand, and mailed, to do good service in other homes. The last book that father read, except the Bible, was a "Memoir of Dr. Joel Hawes." He had read it before, but expressed fresh pleasure in this tribute to his lifelong friend and college classmate. My father enjoyed his friends and their calls upon him very much. His love of the young seemed to increase with his years, and he appreciated their attentions and affection. He loved

to see their happy faces when he did not hear their voices. "I like to *see* her talk, her eyes flash so, and she is in such earnest," he used to say of a granddaughter. Two or three grandchildren were always with him, and he especially enjoyed them, having "all the pleasure and none of the responsibility." His affectionate interest and generosity toward them was unailing, and they received more than any transient gift,—the influence of his life and example.

But when some more mature friend sat near his "best ear," speaking slowly and clearly, bringing out the consonant sounds forcibly, and following out a train of thought and conversation, the correctness of judgment of men and things, the nice distinctions he was capable of making, the quickness and originality of thought shown in his replies, and the force of his expression, was almost equal to his prime.

My father loved the house of God. Though for two or three years unable to understand the words of prayer or sermon, he loved to see the faces of his brethren and sisters, to feel that he was still one of them, to exchange greetings with them, and to unite, as far as possible, with them in their worship. He felt it a duty thus to honor the institution of public worship, which he believed to be a divine institution. He felt his example was worth something; that perhaps a careless neighbor seeing him, a deaf man, so much set on going to church, might be influenced by curiosity or conscience to go also. Sitting in the silence amid the swelling tones of psalm or prayer, I doubt not his thoughts ascended from these "lower courts" to that great congregation, where, no longer a voiceless witness, he should be a rejoicing hearer and singer among the alleluias of heaven. The interests of the church, of which he had

been a member forty-nine years, were very dear to him. He gave liberally toward its support and to the benevolent causes there presented. He sought at all times its peace and purity, and was faithful to his covenant vows. What he was to his pastor, Rev. S. P. Fay, now of Dorchester, Mass., who for thirteen years stood in that relation to him, will tell:—

He was so much to me in the thirteen years of my life in Bangor; I have come to esteem him so highly as a noble Christian man and sincere friend, that were I still his pastor I could find no words to express my sense of loss at his death. Almost every week I saw him in his happy home. Almost every Sabbath for thirteen years I looked upon his devout and earnest face, as he sat in that first pew, in his sincere worship of his God. He was a model parishioner. I never shall forget how wisely and kindly he looked upon my imperfections; and how encouragingly he used to speak to me; and how devoutly he used to pray for me; how sincerely he rejoiced in every gain to his dear Lord, in the church. In a word, he had all those virtues which made him a rare treasure to any minister, and a rich blessing to any church.

And then what a genial friend he was! How young he kept his heart! How he loved a good story! What a merry ring his laugh had! It is rare to find so admirable a temper, and so kind a heart, and so large a brain, and so devoted a piety, in one and the same man. He never sent any one away with a sad heart. To the poor he was a benefactor; to the rich an example. His piety went hand in hand with his generosity, and he always thanked God for the opportunity to do good. He seemed to have gained a perfect submission to the will of God; a serene and undisturbed joy under afflictions and disappointments; a bright example of Christian purity and growth. The last time I ever saw the dear old man, he was in his ninetieth year, reading the proof-sheets of his last book. His piety, humility, and

love appeared most attractive in those last days of his whitened locks. For him to live was Christ. To work for his Master was his "loved employ," and he did this work up to the time his Master called him.

The last Sabbath in November, 1881, was the last time father filled his accustomed seat at the church. I do not think he supposed it to be the last. It was no more difficult for him to descend from his carriage or ascend the stairs and walk to his pew, than it had been for several weeks. But we saw the end was near; even those who only noted the increasing feebleness of his handwriting took the alarm. This is evident in a letter from his son in San Francisco. He writes to his father: —

But your handwriting speaks to me far more forcibly than the words it conveys. I feel as though your eldest living son's strong arms ought now to be under you; and I can hardly bear to be away so far. In heaven, it may be, you will be nearer to me than you can be shut up close in the house in Bangor. But to feel you were not there; that I could not write to you, — you cannot think what a void it would make and the sense of privilege I should lose. It comes to me, as never before, in your letter written, almost for the first time, with a hand that told of enfeeblement and old age. God bless you, dear father, and make each day a little sunnier than the day before, till he shall take you easily and sweetly to himself. Your loving son,

WILLIAM.

Father's last letter was written to his old friend Rev. Stephen Thurston, of Searsport, who for a very long time had been feeble in mind and body. It was written with great difficulty, but from regard to Dr. Thurston's earnest wish, he attempted the task. It concludes thus: "What the Lord means to do with me, I do not know, nor am I anxious. I am in the best hands in the

universe, and there I desire to lie submissive and happy. I trust you feel and enjoy the same. I love you and honor your memory. May you be faithful unto death, and obtain the crown of life. I am tired. My work on earth is done; but I know I love God my Saviour, and I expect to go and dwell forever with him."

The following description of the beautiful old age of Dr. Hodge, of Princeton, is also an accurate delineation of our father's life as it drew to a close: "Though he was generally well, he was weak and often weary. Though he was beautiful, it was the wasting beauty of the autumn leaf. Though he reclined with an unwavering mind and confidence on a supernatural hope, his spirit and life were eminently natural. Though he had no fear, he had no desire, to die. He looked beyond the world, rather than rose entirely above it. His interest in all human things was genuine and strong, and his cheerfulness was never-failing, yet often tinged with a pathetic wistfulness, arising from an habitual sense of the imminence of his own departure."

After the thirtieth of December, 1882, father's failure was rapid, but he was cheerful and entirely free from suffering, except that which was caused by weariness. Saturday afternoon, on the thirtieth of December, Professor Sewall sat with him a short time, and he spoke of the hopes of the future life. Father said, with a great deal of emphasis: "I cannot have any doubts about the future. I think I know I am a friend of God. I love him. I submit to his will. I love his service and his people."

Dr. Lyman Beecher, my father's dear and early friend, said to his daughter, when he was eighty-five years old: "Harriet, I have been reviewing my evidences. I have been putting the question to myself just as I would to a newly converted person, or press it

on a sinner; and I have come to the conclusion, I have a right to hope."

January 8, 1882, was the Sabbath day. In the morning, father conducted family worship. He read from the fourteenth chapter of John, stopping at the fifteenth verse. It was with difficulty he read, and it was the last time. That morning he closed his Bible forever. He was, through the day, more wakeful than usual, and sat in his accustomed seat at the front window watching the people going to and returning from church. He talked very little, but was quiet and sweet. Remarking his silence, one asked if he were troubled about anything. "Nothing, nothing; don't think I am unhappy because I don't talk," he replied. He prayed with us on that evening, for the last time. He retired early, but had a disturbed night. From this time his days were wearisome and his nights broken; perplexed with dreams so vivid he could scarcely believe they were dreams. One night he is settling a church quarrel; another, discussing some difficult theological points; again, he is laboring in a season of revival in some church, or offering a prayer at a communion table. It seemed as if his mind, now unrestrained by the feeble body, returned in its freedom to the old tracks of thought and action. At times he lost his consciousness of place, and imagined himself away from home. His appeals to us to take him home wrung our hearts. But this passed soon, and there came back to his bewildered soul a full recognition of the beloved room where he had spent so much of his life. One said to him: "You shall always have this home till you go to your heavenly home. Do you fear or dread that change?" "No," he replied, "no fear, no dread!" The tide of life was flowing out.

No filial love could detain him. As absent children gathered about him, he recognized them and had a pleasant word for all, but expressed no surprise.

On the evening of January 19 (Thursday), he had a heavy chill. It was the beginning of the end. Though he spoke to us Friday morning, he could only with difficulty be roused from the sleep that had fallen upon him. Friday night the sleep became heavier; there was no pressure of recognition from his hand—no response to the voice he heard best and loved most. All night we watched him, as he lay asleep with no sign of life, except the short hurried breathing, and till noon on Saturday, when, without awaking, the change came, and the pure and happy spirit was in the presence of God. O, to follow it, and witness the joy of the wakening! But the door closed. It was but a going to sleep and waking beyond — to be “forever with the Lord.” Death, so long anticipated, was left behind forever; mortality was swallowed up of life.

The tolling of the Seminary chapel bell made known the death of Dr. Pond to his many friends all over the city. Sorrow was mingled with thanksgiving, that to their honored friend an entrance had been given to that “city which hath foundations,” whither through the long pilgrim life his feet had been tending.

The funeral services were at the Hammond Street Church, on Tuesday afternoon, January 24. The pulpit, the organ, and Dr. Pond’s pew in the church, were draped in mourning. A beautiful bunch of calla-lilies in front of the pulpit, drooped over the casket, which rested in front of the altar. On the right of the altar was a cross, composed of tea-roses; on the left a column of ivy; a sheaf of ripened wheat and a wreath of ivy lay on the casket. Funeral services were opened by

the singing of the hymn, "Give me the wings of faith to rise," by the Seminary quartette. Selections of Scripture were read by Professor Paine, after which the hymn "Art thou weary?" was sung. Professor J. S. Sewall made an address, speaking of the life, character, and death of the deceased, praising God for having made our departed friend what he was. Rev. G. W. Field offered a prayer of such fervency and eloquence, that it seemed like an inspiration. A closing hymn, "Father, rest from sin and sorrow," was sung, and the benediction pronounced. Friends gathered to take a farewell look at the face so well known and beloved.

In the cemetery of Mount Hope his body was laid under the snow, there to rest till the dawn of the morning of resurrection, when it shall come forth a glorious body, fit dwelling for the purified spirit.

"It doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as he is."

ADDRESS AT THE FUNERAL OF DR. POND.

BY PROFESSOR JOHN S. SEWALL, D. D.

There are crises in our experience when life is measured by events rather than by the flight of time. At such periods we discover how near the visible and material parts of life are to the unseen, and how in our commonplace duties we are treading on the verge of eternity. Such a crisis has come to this family, who are to-day called upon to bring forth their dead to the burial. Such a crisis has come to our Seminary, to-day bereaved of one whose history for a half a century is its history, and every fibre of whose life has been braided into its progress, and struggles, and triumphs.

This is not the place for a eulogy upon our venerable father who has gone up from us. We have gathered, a company of friends, neighbors, and fellow-citizens, to do homage to his memory; and we instinctively feel that the most fitting honor we can render is to praise, not him, but God, who made him what he was. We thank God, therefore, for that original endowment of active mental energies which so well equipped our revered instructor and friend for his laborious life. We thank God for the courage, the patience, the hopeful spirit, which carried him over so many obstacles, and lighted his way through so many dark hours. We thank God for the practical wisdom, the sagacity, the cordial interest, and parental tenderness, which guided the Seminary out of its early discouragements into a position of honorable usefulness and assured success; which developed its inner life not into a sort of

monastic seclusion, but into the cordial relations of family affection; which made his pupils rely upon him not simply for instruction, but for counsel and sympathy; and which widened his Christian philanthropy beyond the circle of his home, beyond the Seminary, the city, or the State, and give him a keen interest in all that might help forward the kingdom of Christ in any part of the world.

It was given to this man to live two lives, each a complete and well-rounded career in itself. If he had been taken away at the end of the first, men would have said that his long pastorate and the years of editorial toil which followed had already filled out the measure of a useful life. But instead, the call of the Lord transferred him to this other sphere, and here fifty years more awaited him, of equal laboriousness, and of still more signal usefulness. And during this busy half century how deep his roots have gone down into the life of the Seminary, into the community, into the churches. We honor him for what he was; but we honor Christianity more, which makes such a character possible.

In such hours as this we stand in the presence of realities: God, heaven, immortality, are real. Who can stand by the dead, and, surrounded by those emblems which show the true significance of life, deny that there is a personal, loving Father in heaven? Who can watch the steady maturing of a character in all that is good and honest and true, and think for a moment that all that slow accumulation of the best and noblest in the human soul is forever quenched in the grave? Our logic may fail us. It is easy to doubt. But the demonstration of a righteous life sweeps away our sophisms, and we know in whom we have believed.

Young men of the Seminary, here is the true argument of the preacher.

Our thoughts rise to-day to follow him who was risen into the presence of his Saviour. What a welcome has greeted him there! While we on earth surround his dust with these emblems of mourning, we can well imagine the acclamations of joy with which the immortal spirit is received into the shining ranks above. I stood on the steps of the Court House in Boston, and witnessed the return of a Massachusetts regiment from the war—a meagre fragment of it, coming home travel-stained and battle-stained; and with the thousands around me I too wept and cheered by turns. But the welcome would have been just the same had I not been there to share it, would have been the same had I never known of it. So to-day, though we see it not, I believe the welcome is just as certain which greets the soldiers of the Lord's host on earth who are summoned to lay their armor by, and return home to the courts of the great King. And we can dimly imagine with what wondrous endearments this our venerable father has already been received into the company of the redeemed, and how the friends of his youth and of his prime are gathering around to welcome him to the joys of the Eternal City. The message which came over the wires this morning from the distant son in California, "Amen! The chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof!" may well find an echo in all our hearts; and not in ours only, but in the hearts of all the redeemed on earth, as they hear of one another of their number returning home to heaven. Amen! so be it! The Judge of all the earth doeth right. And the shout is caught up by the minstering spirits in the air, and by the hosts of the saints above, and is echoed from

company to company: Amen! so be it! Servant of God, well done! Rest now from thy labors, and enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.

A request was made to the children of Dr. Pond, that the pupils, friends, and fellow-citizens of their revered and beloved father might share in the erection of a suitable monument to mark his grave. "Thus we wish to commemorate an honored life, which for half a century was pre-eminent among us for piety, philanthropy, and useful service, not only to the Seminary but also to the City of Bangor."

Such a monument has been erected in the family burying-place in Mount Hope Cemetery. It bears this inscription:—

ENOCH POND, D. D.

BORN IN WRENTHAM, MASS.

DIED IN BANGOR, ME.

January 21, 1881. Aged 91 years.

For Fifty Years Professor in Bangor Theological Seminary.

"My Father! My Father! The Chariot
Of Israel and the Horsemen Thereof."

Erected by the Alumni of the Seminary, and other friends.

My father used a form of prayer in the family worship morning and evening. At our request he wrote out some years ago his evening prayer. It is this:—

Our Father who art in heaven, we humbly bow before thee this evening, that we may offer to thee our evening sacrifice of thanksgiving and praise. Thou hast mercifully spared us another day. Thou hast added another day to our forfeited lives. We thank thee for all the mercies of the

day. Thou hast supplied our wants ; thou hast blessed us in our undertakings ; thou hast preserved us from accident and evil, from sickness and death ; thou hast brought us to the close of the day, rejoicing in the goodness and mercy of the Lord. And now, O God, we implore thy blessing and protection through the darkness and silence of the night. May we lay ourselves down and sleep in quiet ; may all danger and evil sleep around us ; and in the morning may we awake refreshed and invigorated to enter on the duties of another day. And thus wilt thou be with us through all the remaining days of our lives. Whether many or few, may they all be spent in thy service and to thy glory. May we do with our might whatever our hands find to do in every work of faith and labor of love, that when our time on earth is spent, and we are called away, having nothing more to do or suffer here below, we may have an abundant entrance administered to us into the everlasting kingdom and joy of our Lord.

We look to thee, O Lord, for the pardon of our many sins. We pray for an interest in thy favor which is life, and thy loving kindness which is better than life. May thy blessing rest upon this household. May all the members of this family belong to thine own family, and be heirs together of the grace of life.

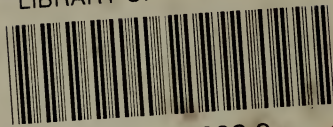
Wilt thou be gracious to all those who should be remembered in our evening prayer— dear absent relatives and friends ? wilt thou be near and

gracious unto them? Watch over them in mercy and bless them as they individually need. Bless the church of which we are members, and pour out thy Spirit upon it, and may many be added to it "of such as shall be saved." Remember a world lying in wickedness, and hasten on the day of its complete redemption. Thou hast promised, O God, that thy Son shall have the "heathen for his inheritance, the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession." O, remember these words of promise on which thou hast caused us to hope, and hasten on the happy time when they shall be gloriously fulfilled — when the "knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth, as the waters fill the channels of the deep."

And now we commit ourselves and all that is dear to us to thee. Watch over us, provide for us, and receive us at last to Thine Eternal Kingdom, — all which we humbly ask in the worthy name of Christ our Saviour. Amen.

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