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John W. Wainwright.

L I F E

OF

BISHOP WAINWRIGHT.

BY

JOHN N. NORTON,

RECTOR OF ASCENSION CHURCH, FRANKFORT, KY.,

AUTHOR OF "FULL PROOF OF THE MINISTRY;" "ROCKFORD PARISH;"
"LIFE OF BISHOP RAVENSCROFT," ETC.

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Long and extensive as my experience has been, I scarcely ever knew so wise and good a man as Bishop Wainwright; none so well adapted to the arduous office to which Providence had called him.

ARCHDEACON SINCLAIR.

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TO
ALEXANDER HOSACK, M. D.,
OF
THE CITY OF NEW YORK,
WHO,
FOR MORE THAN THIRTY YEARS,
WAS AMONG
Bishop Wainwright's warmest Friends,
AND,
FOR A GREAT PART OF THAT TIME,
His Beloved Physician,
AND
WHOSE PRIVILEGE IT WAS TO STAND BY THE HALLOWED
BED-SIDE OF
The Departing Saint,
THIS LITTLE MEMORIAL
IS INSCRIBED.

PATRIOTS informed with Apostolic light
Were they who, when their country had been freed,
Bowing with reverence to the ancient creed,
Fixed on the frame of England's Church their sight,
And strove in filial love to reunite
What force had severed. Thence they fetched the
seed
Of Christian unity, and won a meed
Of praise from Heaven To thee, O saintly WHITE!
Patriarch of a wide-spreading family,
Remotest lands and unborn times shall turn—
Whether they would restore or build—to thee,
As one who rightly taught how zeal should burn—
As one who drew from out faith's holiest urn
The purest stream of patient energy.

WORDSWORTH.

P R E F A C E .

THE writer is disposed to think that the life of BISHOP WAINWRIGHT will prove one of the most interesting volumes of the series, especially to his young readers—for the simple reason that he has been able to collect such abundant materials concerning the early days of this good man. In the case of some of those Prelates who have long been dead, this has proved a hopeless task.

It would be esteemed a great favor, if any person having in their possession interesting facts connected with the life of Bishops Croes, Provoost, Moore, of New-York, Jarvis, and Bowen, would send them to the writer, to be interwoven with what he has already gathered for the biographies of these honored servants of God.

He also avails himself of this opportunity to say that he has been encouraged by the almost universal approbation which this series has met with, to enlarge his plan, which will embrace (should the season of labor last long enough) the more prominent of the English Bishops, from the days of Cranmer and Latimer, down to the present time.

May 1st, 1853.



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L I F E
OF
B I S H O P W A I N W R I G H T.

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Chapter First.

“SUCH GOOD COMMUNION SERMONS”—A DISCOURSE, BETTER THAN ANY IN THE PUBLISHED VOLUME—THE POLISHED PULPIT ORATOR—BEGINNING AT THE BEGINNING—WHO BISHOP WAINWRIGHT’S PARENTS WERE, AND SOMETHING ABOUT HIS MATERNAL GRANDFATHER—THE INVERTED MITRE, WHICH WAS TO BE TURNED RIGHT SIDE UP AGAIN—MR. WAINWRIGHT REMOVES FROM BOSTON TO LIVERPOOL—HIS THREE CHILDREN—JONATHAN FIRST SENT TO SCHOOL—REMOVAL TO ONE OF A HIGHER GRADE—THE SECRET OF HIS EARLY ATTACHMENT FOR THE CHURCH—WHAT FAITHFUL SPONSORS MIGHT DO.

THE first Communion Sunday after the writer’s matriculation as a student of the General Theological Seminary, a friend, who

is now a faithful minister of the Gospel,\* said to him, "Let us go to St. John's Chapel this morning. The Sacrament will be administered, and Dr. Wainwright always preaches such good Communion sermons."

We went, accordingly, and the anticipations excited by the promise of my fellow-student were more than fulfilled.

It was my privilege to hear the Doctor preach many times afterwards, and always with pleasure and profit. I may be a poor judge, but my impression is, that a sermon which he delivered, one Sunday morning, in the Church of the Ascension, New York, from the words, "*Because thou hast seen ME, thou hast believed; blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed*" (St. John xx. 29), is superior to any in the collection published since his death.

I cannot refrain from giving the experi-

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\* His faithfulness may be known from the fact that he has a Sunday School numbering four hundred pupils.

ence of another, thus happily expressed “We well remember our sensations when, in our Seminary days, we first heard Dr. Wainwright preach. It was in St. Thomas’s Church, New York. A stranger in a strange city, knowing nothing of its churches or rectors, we had no idea who the preacher was, but were perfectly captivated by what we heard. In manner and matter; in the polish and perfection of its style; in the soundness of its doctrine, and in the grace of its delivery, it seemed to us a sermon complete in every respect—the first *faultless* one we had ever heard. When a fellow-student informed us afterwards that we had been listening to the celebrated Dr. Wainwright, we readily subscribed to the common judgment concerning his pulpit powers.”\*

It often happens when a biographer attempts to sketch the life of one who has flour-

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\* Editorial in Banner of the Cross, Oct. 30, 1856.

ished in his own time, and with whose appearance and manners and habits many living witnesses have been familiar, that he is placed in awkward circumstances, being anxious to keep some unpleasant peculiarities in the background, and yet fearing to do so lest the charge of unfairness might be preferred.

In the case of the honored servant of God whose deeds are now to be recorded, there is no such painful embarrassment. He needed only to be seen and known as he really was, to be universally honored and loved.

JONATHAN MAYHEW WAINWRIGHT was born in Liverpool, England, on the 24th of February, 1792. His father, Peter Wainwright, was an English merchant, who had removed to Boston not long after the War of Independence, and established himself in business. Here he married Elizabeth, daughter of Dr. Jonathan Mayhew, a distinguished Congregational minister (tinctured, however,

with Socinian views), and a fierce opponent of Episcopacy, who had borne a conspicuous part in endeavoring to prevent the consecration of Bishops for the Church in America. Archbishop Secker was his antagonist in this controversy.

An anecdote, related by a venerable Presbyterian, still spared to the Church which he has served so long, illustrates well the relation which Dr. Mayhew held towards the Church, and sheds a half-prophetic ray upon his grandson's course.

The Rev. Dr. Eaton, now more than forty years ago, was dining with a friend at Cambridge. In the room was a portrait of Dr. Mayhew, with an inverted mitre in one corner. "What a pity," said the guest, "that Dr. Mayhew should have felt such enmity towards the Church, as to have a mitre upside down inserted in his portrait!" "Oh, well," said the lady of the house, "perhaps his grandson. Jonathan Wainwright, may

turn it back again." "And wear it himself," said Dr. Eaton, happily. The grandson had then lately graduated at Harvard University, and had no thought of entering the ministry.\*

Mr. Wainwright had returned to England, and was in business in Liverpool, when his three children were born. And thus it came to pass that the future Bishop of New York, born within the bosom of the mother Church, and transferred, at an early age, to the fostering care of the daughter, in America, was, in fact, a connecting link between the two, and cherishing, through all his life, as it was most natural he should, the warmest love for both.

Bishop Wainwright's father was a devoted Churchman, while his mother held the theological views of her Puritan ancestors. She was a woman of uncommon intellectual abil-

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\* Memoir by Bishop Doane, p. 24.

ties and a fine poetic taste, and her conversational powers might be truly described as *brilliant*.

Jonathan was the eldest child. The daughter, Eliza, who married Dr. Walter Channing, an eminent physician of Boston, is deceased. Peter, the younger son, is living still, respected and beloved.

Jonathan was first sent to a primary school in Liverpool, taught by the daughters of Mr. Lewin, a dissenting preacher of that city. When sufficiently grounded in the rudiments of learning, he was placed at the school of the Rev. Mr. Hughes, a clergyman of the English Church at Ruthven, in North Wales.

The instruction and example of this good man first led him to love the Church. No doubt this feeling of attachment was strengthened by the influence of his godmother, Mrs. Hartwell, with whom his holydays were often spent at Holyhead.

How many thousand children might be

trained up in religion's pleasant and peaceful ways, ay, what multitudes of promising youths might have their thoughts directed to the ministry of the Church, if those who stand as sponsors for them in holy Baptism would faithfully discharge their trust!





## Chapter Second.

MR. WAINWRIGHT RETURNS TO BOSTON—CONDITION OF THE YOUNG REPUBLIC—JONATHAN SENT TO SCHOOL—A LETTER TO HIS GODMOTHER—THE YOUTHFUL HERO POURS OUT THE VIALS OF HIS WRATH UPON NAPOLEON—OLD ENGLAND BY NO MEANS FORGOTTEN—A MINE OF BOYISH LETTERS DISCOVERED—THE FIRST COMMUNICATION AFTER THE HOLYDAYS—DUTIFUL EXPRESSIONS OF AFFECTION—THE OLD HAT—DISAPPEARANCE OF A FIVE-DOLLAR BILL—CONTENTMENT—THE FRANK AND NOBLE-SPIRITED MAN IN EMBRYO.

**I**N 1803 Mr. Wainwright returned to America, and brought his family with him. Jonathan was then eleven years old. The little English boy now began his career among the stirring activities of the New World.

The American Republic had only attained its twenty-seventh year, dating back from

the period of the Declaration of Independence. Thomas Jefferson was then President of the United States.

When Mr. Wainwright landed at Boston, Robert Fulton had just completed his successful experiments, and the first steamboat had begun to ply between New York and Albany.

Jonathan was sent to the Academy, at Sandwich, on Cape Cod, the principal of which was Mr. Elisha Clapp, a distinguished New England divine, and here he remained until he was prepared to enter college.

When about twelve years old, he writes a letter to his excellent godmother, Mrs. Hartwell, in which we shall allow him to speak for himself. The spelling and punctuation are just as they came from his unpractised hand.

“SANDWICH, *August 1st, 1804.*

“DEAR FRIEND—I presume the Corsican upstart has not yet performed his promise, in

comeing, to pay you a visit. I guess he has got quite sick of the notion; and I think, he did well, in not trying to come, and steal our good Old English Roast Beef; for, if he does, he will be sure to have his head kicked, for a foot-ball, by the Brave English Volunteers; and our good old English Wooded Walls would send all his little dung boats, to Davy's Locker, very soon. But I think there is not much danger of his comeing; for, Queen Ann's pocket-piece scares him, so, across the little ditch, that, I believe, he has given over all the notion of it. His threats pass by us, like the idle wind, which we regard not; but, on the other hand, Squire Dibden, with his keen little songs, gives the little gentleman such a shakeing, that I am afraid we shall loosen all his joints, if he has got any; for he is nothing but skin and bone. He is not like our true English Tars; he has no Roast Beef and Plumb Pudding, to make him fat; he lives upon nothing but frogs and soup

meagre, and a few mice, that he and his friend Tally catch, upon the broken walls of Aristocracy. But I must conclude, as my pen is very bad. Give my love to Mrs. Jackson, Mr. Jackson, Dr. Lloyd, John Gething, and all my friends there; and tell J. G. that the boat he gave me exceeds all the other boats here, in sailing and handsomeness; and that I shall not know how to repay his kindness, till Summer. I remain your true British friend.

“JONATHAN WAINWRIGHT.

“P. S.—Pray overlook my mistakes, this time, as I am in such a hurry.

“Great Britain, for ever,  
For it makes little Bony quiver;  
Huzza, huzza.  
Britains, strike home;  
Huzza, huzza.”

A genuine boyish letter, indeed! My young readers cannot fail to be pleased with it.

When Bishop Doane published his beauti-

ful memoir of his beloved friend, he was under the impression that only two of these early epistles had been preserved. By diligent inquiries among Bishop Wainwright's friends, the writer has fortunately succeeded in discovering several more, with which his pages will be enlivened and adorned. We have no traces of our young student for nearly four years after the date of his heroic letter to his godmother, which brings us down to the beginning of 1808. During the course of this year we have a pretty full account of himself from his own pen.

The first letter in this series has the Sandwich postmark upon it (Jan. 11), and is addressed to his mother. There is a great improvement in it over the one just given; the penmanship, spelling, and style being decidedly better.

“ On Monday [he says], I anticipated the pleasure of receiving a letter from home,

thinking it would not only raise my spirits, but make me (as Robbins says his do,) study harder. And I found when I had read my letter, that I was not as I often am disappointed, by raising my expectations too high.

“ You will say, that it is a fault to raise one’s expectations too high, but it is a fault which I believe few young people, in the flow of health and spirits, are able to guard against. Especially, as in the early period of life, we do not commonly meet with those rubs which are incident to humanity, and which teach us that perfect happiness is no more to be found in this world than perfect men. I believe that parents, too, when they have children on whom they have bestowed ‘a world of pains and trouble,’ are apt to raise their expectations too high ; and indeed they have reason, for ‘ where a man soweth, there also shall he reap.’ I shall endeavor, dear Mother, that your harvest may be a joyful one. I wish it would always be your inten-

tion in your letters, to sermonize. For it is the only way in which I can now receive those valuable counsels which, at home, I have from your own mouth. My old hat was lost or stolen at Plymouth. I saw it put with the rest of the baggage, just before it was placed in the stage, and thinking it was safe, I went in to pay the reckoning, and did not miss the hat till I got to Sandwich.

“I desired Maynard to enquire, but he could hear nothing of it. The evening that I arrived here, I paid Mr. Tobey for our board, and there was left three five-dollar bills, which I put in my pocket-book. I did not open it again till the next day to pay him, and then I found but two fives.

“We shall have as much as we shall want till we return, as there is no need of spending anything of consequence here.

“Mr. and Mrs. Tobey’s, and Mr. Clap’s respects to you. Our love to Pa, Eliza, and all friends, and receive the tender of your son,

J. M. Wainwright's lasting love and affection."

From internal evidence, we may fairly conclude that this letter was written after his return from Boston, where, most probably, his Christmas holydays had been spent. It breathes the frank, affectionate spirit of a noble youth, a spirit which always distinguished our hero through the whole of life.





## Chapter Third.

THE SCHOOL-BOY'S LITTLE WORLD—EXHIBITION OF ORATORY—A COUNTRY JUSTICE—QUITE A DIFFERENT SUBJECT—A GREAT AWAKENING—SAILING IN THE FOG—UNHAPPY DIVISIONS—DOCTRINE OF DEPRAVITY—MR. CLAPP'S TWO SERMONS TO BE PRINTED—ZEAL AND PERSECUTION—SHIFTING LIKE A WEATHER-COCK—THE NINTH ARTICLE OF RELIGION—PETER'S ADDITIONAL INFORMATION CONCERNING THE REVIVAL—MR. BURR'S PROPOSED FAST.

**I**N the eyes of a school-boy, the little every-day events within his own narrow circle loom up as largely as the most important transactions on the broad theatre of life.

During the month of February, 1808, the young orators of the Sandwich Academy made an exhibition of their powers before an admiring audience. The future Bishop

of the Church thus alludes to this, in the following epistle :

“SANDWICH, *February 28th*, 1808.

“DEAR SISTER—I am really very much obliged to you for writing me the poem so finely delineating the virtues of Birch, and am very sorry it came so late (the day after our Exhibition), or I should have been glad to have had it for a piece. We had a very full house at Exhibition, almost overflowing. The audience, I believe, were very well pleased with the performances. Peter spoke the character of William Pitt. I had a Latin Oration, Gray’s elegy written in a country church yard, ‘The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,’ &c.—and a part in a dialogue called the Country Justice. I, with my feather belly, personified his worship. [My readers can picture Jonathan to themselves, with a pillow buttoned up under his coat, to convey the impression of magisterial corpulence.]

“My Mother tells me that Miss Kingman is paying you a visit. You must make my respects.

“Your affectionate brother and true friend,

“J. M. WAINWRIGHT.”

The same sheet contains a few lines addressed to his mother, in which quite a different subject is introduced. It would seem that the plan of getting up excitements, in order to terrify people into being religious, was then in vogue. The evils of such a system had not been as fully developed as they were some years afterwards.

“You have heard [he remarks] that there has been a great awakening in the neighboring town, and it is now approaching us. Mr. Burr is very much engaged in it. He has talked to me once or twice about it, but I can't convince myself one way or the other. He read to me, or rather told me to read the third chapter of John. It appears from that,

that there must be a regeneration. And if we are naturally depraved, as appears from this verse, 'The heart is deceitful,' &c., regeneration seems to be necessary.

"Again, they say, 'We are not saved by works, lest any man should boast,' but the epistle of James seems to remove that. But I don't seem to understand the 3d chapter of John very well. And when I see the two sects of Christians so opposite, I do not know what to think. You must write to me about it. Don't be afraid I am going to be moved by every wind of doctrine. But it appears to me that these things ought not so to be.

"Your son, J. M. WAINWRIGHT."

We hardly need the frank confession of our young theologian to convince us, that he has not got a very clear idea of the import of the beloved disciple's words. He is certainly right, however, in deploring the unhappy divisions which separate Christian

people. If all the sects and parties, which so distract the world by their discordant sparrings about religious truth, could be joined together (as God would have them) in one body, the Devil and his votaries would be forced to exclaim, with the apostate Julian, "O, Galilean, thou hast conquered!"

Let us all pray and labor, more and more, for peace! The next letter in our possession, by which we are enabled to chronicle the events at Sandwich during the year 1808, is dated the 17th of March.

"DEAR MOTHER—Your last letter gave me infinitely much satisfaction. I had felt a little doubtful, about the time that I wrote my first letter concerning the doctrine of depravity. For I could not conceive how many men could be deluded, and feel such convictions. This doctrine, if I could swallow it, I could easily take down the camel-like size of the rest, bunch and all.

“But Mr. Clap’s sermons, the Sunday before last, set all to rights again. There has been a paper out to print them by subscription. Robbins and myself subscribed for ten copies. Peter, also, subscribed for one copy, being desirous to have his name on the list.

“Is it not the case that those who are the most zealous for certain religious tenets, most zealously persecute those who differ from them? This seems to be the case with Mr. Burr, who, you know, has shifted (I was going to say as often as the weather-cock of his meeting house), and he now seems to be as, or more zealous in forwarding the Calvinistic principles, than he could be in forwarding the principles of any of the numerous sects he has embraced. He has not the least charity for anybody else, but says he is certain that he is right, and you and the rest of us wrong. But he may change again.”

It is not much to be wondered at, that a

youth of sixteen should be left pretty much in the dark in regard to the points of doctrine in dispute among the rival preachers to whom he refers. But even my youngest reader may know what is the teaching of the Scriptures and the Church on the subject of man's depravity, by turning to the *ninth* Article of Religion, as laid down in the Prayer Book.

Jonathan's younger brother, Peter, who was also at school at Sandwich, contributes his share towards this letter, and gravely informs his mother, in a good, round hand, that the religious meetings are continued almost every night, and that Mr. Burr and a few of his friends had proposed a *fast*, but that none of the scholars attended.

From the date of the epistle, this must have been about the time that the Church throughout the whole wide world was observing the solemn season of Lent, but perhaps Mr. Burr did not know of this.

## Chapter Fourth.

THE LAST REMNANT OF NEGRO SLAVERY IN MASSACHUSETTS—OLD TITUS'S WILL—A CLOCK FOR THE MEETING-HOUSE STEEPLE—THE ENGLISH BOY AMERICANIZED—PETER'S WARDROBE TROUBLES—A FIERCE ATTACK UPON MR. JEFFERSON—ELECTIONEERING FOR CHRISTOPHER GORE—O TEMPORA! O MORES!—ANOTHER INDICATION OF FUTURE CHARACTER—STUDIES DURING THE VACATION—TWO NEW PREACHERS—AN APT SIMILE.

THE next letter, in order, contains an interesting account of the death of an old colored man, one of the last relics of negro slavery in Massachusetts. It will be remembered by my readers, that in the early history of the Colonies, this institution was by no means peculiar to the South.

“ SANDWICH, *March 29th*, 1808.

“ DEAR MOTHER—Since I wrote my last letter, old Titus has died. I believe he has done



his duty in the world. He sprang from nothing, and died possessed of fifteen hundred dollars, from which (by his will) there is to be a clock put on the meeting-house steeple, a monument to be erected over his tomb, and the remainder to be given to the parish. We see that worth is not confined to color. Titus was once a slave. He was remarkable for firmness. On an electioneering day, when Mr. J. Freeman was very much employed in gaining proselytes to Democracy, and distributing votes for Sullivan, Mr. Davis asked him to go and try to turn Titus, and make him vote for Sullivan. Mr. Freeman replied it would be of no more use than to endeavor to move the meeting-house.

“I have taken up the greater part of this letter in speaking of Titus, having nothing in particular to write about, and thinking that such worth, so seldom found in one of his color, deserved some mention. Peter has no

letter prepared, but will answer yours soon.  
“My love to Eliza and all friends. .

“Your dutiful son,

“J. M. WAINWRIGHT.”

Jonathan was quite methodical in his correspondence, and at regular intervals his mother must have felt quite sure of hearing from him.

The following letter will show that the little English boy who wrote so patriotically to his godmother, about the Roast Beef and Plumb Pudding of his native land, had by this time transferred his affections to the country of his adoption. It is an amusing mixture of politics and some other matters of not quite so grave importance.

“SANDWICH, *April 3d*, 1808.

“I a little expected a letter from my dear Mother yesterday, but, however, I shall wait with patience till the next post. My chief

object in writing now is to inform you that Peter put on his water-proof trowsers yesterday morning, when, by some unlucky accident, all the old wounds were broken out afresh, and new wounds received, which have rendered the case desperate, and the physicians have given the patient up! This morning, he put on his other old trowsers, which looked as if they had just come from Chelsea Hospital. They were most severely lacerated in a contest at bat and ball. He now has no others to wear, except his knit pantaloons. I wish you would write word by return of post, and either send him a pair, or commission me to get him some here. He also desires that he may have sailor's trowsers.

“My brother and self drank tea last evening at Mr. Paul King's. We had a very pleasant visit.

“I have been electioneering, and writing votes for Christopher Gore, &c., till I am al-

most tired to death. I shall rise again to-morrow, and go on in the good work. It is time for those that are interested in the welfare of their country to look about themselves. For it is evident that if the Democratic faction are kept in office, we shall be ruined, totally ruined.

“Is this short-sighted embargo a thing that could be expected from the prophetic, philosophic Jefferson? Is this country to be ruined, to gratify the caprice of selfish, artful, aspiring Democrats? Are all the fair prospects of our farmers and sailors, at once to be blasted? and blasted, too, by the very men who ought to be the most anxious to protect their welfare? O tempora! O mores!”

And with this eloquent burst of patriotism, our young friend closes his epistle.

Notwithstanding the opinions expressed by the school-boy politicians at Sandwich, Mr. Jefferson passed safely through his term of

office, and, by God's good providence, the Republic still survives, and bids fair, we trust, to weather the storms of centuries.

The whole temper of the letter is as natural as possible, and no man can read it without a smile, as he remembers his own excited feelings under like circumstances, when the warm blood of youth was coursing through his veins.

It is pleasant, too, to recognize in the zealous advocate for the political claims of Christopher Gore, the same undaunted champion who threw down the gauntlet at the New England dinner, nearly forty years afterwards, and offered to measure arms with any one who would venture to deny the lawful claims of Bishops in the Church of God.

Another indication, in youth, of what might be expected of him in manhood, will be found in the letter dated May 15th of the same year, when his career at the Sandwich Academy was drawing to a close. It is

addressed to his "dear and respected parents."

No small self-control, and a resolution which gives up present pleasure for future good, are disclosed in the opening sentence.

"I write now to inform you that you need not expect me immediately at the close of this term. As I have considerable to do, Mr. Clap thought it would be better that I should not devote the vacation entirely to relaxation, but should study part of it, and he thought I had better not go home, and study there, as there are so many allurements to take off my attention. That being the case, I thought I would devote the first part of the vacation to study, and then come home, and enjoy what time I could spare, unembarrassed among my friends. I shall lose the pleasure of being at home on the Election, but I can easily sacrifice it to things more necessary.

"Peter will go in the first vessel. I should

wish to have my clothes prepared as soon as I can in the vacation, for I don't expect to be able to spend more than a week at home.

“Mr. Hyde of Lee preached for us last Sunday. This afternoon we had a Mr. Osgood. He likened deists to a man travelling, who, on coming to a precipice, shut his eyes, thinking that by that means he should escape the danger of falling.

“My love to sister and friends. I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you in a fortnight. Your dutiful son,

“J. M. WAINWRIGHT.”



## Chapter Fifth.

PREPARATIONS FOR COLLEGE—EXPENSIVE LETTER—PROPOSED REMOVAL, AND REASONS FOR THE SAME—GOOD RESOLUTIONS—ENCOURAGING EVIDENCES—AN ELDER BROTHER'S ADVICE—POLITENESS—CLASSICAL STUDIES—GENERAL INFORMATION—EXCUSE FOR LECTURING—HEARTFELT PRAYER—A CLARINET—REGARD FOR A FATHER'S PREFERENCES—GENERAL NOX'S MARCH.

THE last of June arrives, but our ambitious student is so busy with his preparations for college, that he still lingers at Sandwich, to enjoy the benefit of his old master's instructions.

“SANDWICH, *June 30th*, 1808.

“DEAR MOTHER—Your letter of Friday last was very acceptable, and gave me much pleasure. I had been into the post-office, and finding no letter for me, I was coming



away, when I met Maynard, who told me he had one for me, which I suppose you gave to the driver as he passed the house, because it came all the way by hand. This mode of conveying letters I find is very expensive, as I had to give fifty cents for it; when, if it had come by post, I should have given but ten.

“Mr. Clap says it would be a good plan for you to move to Cambridge, and it would be very agreeable to me, not only with respect to the pleasure I should derive from having your company, and that of my father, and brother, and sister, during my residence, but also with respect to the assistance it will afford me in keeping myself uncorrupted, as I shall not have every idle fellow calling into my room, as might be the case if I lived in College; although I mean (if I keep my present resolutions, and I think there is no doubt I shall) to keep myself unspotted and *unfined*.

“And I think I may be of considerable use to my brother and sister, when I am once settled, although I have not been, in any of my vacations at home. At any rate, I hope it will be convenient for you to move to Cambridge. Your affectionate son,

“J. M. WAINWRIGHT.”

It is certainly a most encouraging evidence of correct principles in a youth, when, instead of looking forward to College life as a time when parental restraint will be relaxed, he desires to secure for himself, during this period of exposure and temptation, a continuance of a mother's watchful care and the quiet shelter of his home.

Again, in a letter to his brother Peter, about this period, we are struck with the sterling good sense manifested by the writer, and by the high standard which he had set up, in all that pertains to the character of an intelligent and refined gentleman.

“ SANDWICH, *July 10th*, 1808.

“ MY DEAR BROTHER—I am very glad that you have begun to send me a few lines, and hope you will continue to do so. It will not only be very agreeable to me, but also useful to you ; as a facility in expressing one’s self in literary correspondence is almost indispensably necessary to a merchant, and a very great and necessary accomplishment to a gentleman, who wishes to know more than how to hand a lady into a room. Politeness is, indeed, a very desirable accomplishment ; I mean that politeness which consists in making everybody around you comfortable ; not that flummery, that excrescence of gentility, that sure indication of an empty, brainless skull, which bows, and scrapes, and says a thousand pretty things ; but is destitute of all that elevates and dignifies human nature, of all that true politeness springing from a good and refined education, which softens the rough and honest coloring of nature. To

make a bow, and hand a lady into a room, with propriety, is desirable, and I would have you cultivate it; but, remember, that it will not go down, unless there be the addition of a stock of good sense, with those whose good opinion is worth obtaining. You will also derive great benefit from cultivating chirography, which is an art in the highest degree elegant and useful.

“I feel very sorry that your taste had not led you to form some acquaintance with Latin and Greek. You would never have repented it. The French language is, still, in your way. Make yourself thoroughly acquainted with that. Be perfectly acquainted with history and geography. I do not know whether being two and a half years older than you may give me the title of lecturing you in this manner. But I think the title of a brother, anxious for your welfare, may. The reeds, you were so kind as to buy me, answered very well. I am obliged

to you, for your trouble. Have you cleaned the gun? If not, I wish you would.

“Your affectionate brother and true friend,

“J. MAYHEW WAINWRIGHT.”

The writer cannot but lift up his heart in prayer to God, that the beautiful traits of character set forth in this letter may lead other elder brothers to perform a similar part, for the benefit of those who naturally look to them for example and counsel.

In the conclusion of a letter written to his mother, from Sandwich, on the 8th of July, young Wainwright manifests that amiable and dutiful disposition for which he was so remarkable.

“I wish you would send me down, if it is right and proper in your eyes, not forgetting convenience, a clarionet, or little flute. I heard you say that my father was fond of the clarionet; if so, I should like that best.

“Desire Eliza, if you please, to get me one

or two good easy tunes, and handsome ; perhaps such as General Nox's march, &c."

A boy who thus thinks of his father's pleasure is certainly a pattern worthy of imitation. It is such little things as this which add so much to the joys of a Christian family. Happy is the parent whom God has blessed with such a son !



## Chapter Sixth.

ONE MORE JUVENILE EPISTLE—PROSPERITY IN BUSINESS—  
COUSIN HENRY — “BLOOD AND GROATS” — BEAUTY,  
WEIGHED IN THE SCALE WITH OTHER QUALITIES —  
WORTH OF A GOOD WIFE—YOUNG WAINWRIGHT ENTERS  
HARVARD UNIVERSITY—BRIEF SKETCH OF THE HISTORY  
OF THIS VENERABLE INSTITUTION—ORTHODOX INSCRIP-  
TIONS ON THE OLD COLLEGE SEALS—DANGER OF DE-  
PARTING FROM THE OLD PATHS—THE GRADUAL AD-  
VANCES OF UNITARIANISM—WHAT CHURCHMEN SHOULD  
DO—COLLEGE LIFE—THE YOUNG ORGANIST—TAKES A  
DEGREE, AND IS ELECTED TO AN HONORABLE POST—“I  
NEVER KNEW A BETTER READER.”

WE have only one more juvenile letter  
in reserve; and our readers will be  
as sorry as we are. It is dated from the old  
academy, at Sandwich, August 10th, 1808,  
and is addressed to the fond parents who  
were watching so anxiously the progress of  
their promising son.

“I was very agreeably surprised, last Tuesday evening at tea, by receiving two letters, one from pa, the other, containing a poem, a letter from Florent, and a few lines from ma. As I have but little time, I shall answer my dear parents’ letters conjunctively. I am very glad to hear that pa’s business engages so much of his time, although it deprives me of the pleasure of hearing from him as often as I should, were there but little business; yet the good news which I do hear, though seldom, is far better than to have a letter every week with unfavorable accounts.

“Pa mentions in his letter that he hears that cousin Henry is enamored of a beauty, without ‘blood or groats.’

“If the lady is good-natured, witty, and sensible, I am of too romantic a turn to blame him; for I think that a handsome face, set off with good qualities of the mind, are charms irresistible. But if she has nothing but a pretty face, I very much pity him; for,



as pa says, beauty is fading, and I would rather see a woman as ugly as the witch of Endor, yet good-natured, and sensible withal, than a Venus de Medicis, ill-natured and void of wit. As for blood, I am too much of a freeman to care anything about that.

‘What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?  
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.’

“Riches, I think, are but a secondary consideration, for a good wife is worth her weight in gold.”

It provokes a smile to hear a lad of sixteen speaking thus gravely on such subjects, but his observations are marked by his usual good sense. The little English boy is outgrowing his early predilections for his native land, and is becoming almost as good a Democrat as Mr. Jefferson himself!

In the autumn of 1808, young Wainwright entered Harvard University, at Cambridge. This is one of the oldest institutions in the United States, its history dating back to

1636, when the General Court at Boston voted four hundred pounds towards its endowment. The measure was, however, not carried into successful operation until two years afterwards. At this time, the Rev. John Harvard, an English clergyman of education, who had been about a year in the Colony of Massachusetts, died, and left to the school a valuable donation in money and books; thus enabling the trustees to employ instructors and begin their work.

The charters of the College are silent in regard to points of Christian faith, but it is worthy of note that its seal once bore the inscription "*In Christi Gloriam,*" and, in the time of Mather, "*Christo et Ecclesiæ.*"\*

It is sad to reflect how much evil the descendants of the Puritans have suffered, because their fathers wandered away from the old paths of the Church! Their most famous

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\* Quincy's History, Vol. I., p. 49.

institutions of learning have fallen under the baneful influences of Unitarianism, a system which denies the Divinity of the Lord, who bought us with His blood, and without whose atoning sacrifice no sinner could hope for acceptance with God. The progress of these fearful errors was gradual. When young Wainwright entered Harvard, this soulless form of religion was not publicly professed within her ancient halls; but in 1810, on the sudden death of Webber, the presidency was given to Kirkland, and then Unitarianism might boast of a champion, who, as soon as it could be safely done, was ready to unfurl its banners. Ah! how skilfully the *father of lies* arranged his plans, in this masterly attempt to undermine the orthodox faith!

Doubt at first “infused itself into upright minds with the air of Scriptural inquiry, until it caused a theological mistake; then, spreading the shining mist of liberality over the cold, the vain, the worldly, the timid, the

presumptuous, it nourished a stupendous heresy; and finally, forcing a bolder order of thinkers back upon themselves, it issued in a wilderness of popular unbelief. But the spirit which loves to doubt can but depart, by its very nature, farther and farther from the high regions of celestial faith. He sees the flakes of snow gathering along the tide of the humblest Alpine brook, and well knows that, though kingdoms lie between, they must descend till they reach the sea.”\*

Young Wainwright passed, unscathed, through the dangers which every stripling must encounter, who enters a college where “the faith once delivered to the saints” is not sacredly preserved and taught; but it is not always so. When will Churchmen learn wisdom in this matter? Let our own schools and colleges be patronized, and let

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\* Pages from the Ecclesiastical History of New England (p. 126), by Dr. George Burgess, now Bishop of Maine.

no encouragement be given to those where the Christian religion, in all its fulness, is not heartily embraced. Few details can now be gleaned of young Wainwright's college days. During this period, it is believed that he indulged his love of sacred music, which was a passion with him, by officiating without salary as the organist of Christ Church, at which he worshipped. He graduated, with honor, in 1812, and was soon afterwards appointed a proctor of the University, and instructor in rhetoric. He continued to occupy this position for several years, discharging his several duties with great acceptance. Indeed, he was remarkably well fitted to fill any department where sterling sense and exquisite taste were needed.

One who was most intimate with him, at this time, remarks: "I never knew a better reader. How many hours have I listened to him, with delight, in the early years of our ac-

quaintance! Spenser, Milton, Cowper, Aken-  
side, Gray, came mended from his tongue."

No one who ever heard Bishop Wain-  
wright read the Church Service, will consider  
this praise too great.



## Chapter Seventh.

A STUDENT OF LAW—THIS PURSUIT SOON ABANDONED—THOUGHTS TURNED TO THE MINISTRY—FEEBLENESS OF THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH, IN NEW ENGLAND—UNITARIANISM—DR. GARDINER—AN OUTLINE OF HIS LIFE—BEGINNING OF HIS MINISTRY—CALL TO BOSTON—DR. JARVIS BECOMES RECTOR OF ST. PAUL'S—THE WINDOW-BLINDS—"TRULY THE LIGHT IS SWEET"—ODDITIES—CHAMPION OF ORTHODOXY—CHRISTMAS SERMON IN 1810—CHARACTERISTIC EXTRACT—DR. GARDINER'S DEATH—MR. WAINWRIGHT VISITS NEW JERSEY—ORDAINED DEACON—ENTRANCE UPON A GREAT WORK.

NOT long after leaving college, young Wainwright entered the office of the late William Sullivan, Esq., of Boston, as a student of law. He found, however, that this pursuit would not be at all congenial to his tastes, and soon abandoned it, and determined to devote his life to the work of the ministry.

His theological course was directed by the Rev. John S. J. Gardiner, D.D., rector of Trinity Church, Boston. At this time there were only ten Episcopal clergymen in the State of Massachusetts, and about two hundred in active service throughout the whole extent of the Union.

Dr. Gardiner, who occupied one of the watch-towers of Zion, in the city of Boston, when Unitarianism was rife and rampant, deserves, at least, a passing notice.

His father, Dr. Sylvester Gardiner, was born in Boston, but had been sent to be educated in England, and having grown to man's estate, and married in Wales, he left England in 1766, with the appointment of attorney-general to the Island of St. Christopher. He remained in the West Indies until the close of the War of Independence, and in 1783 removed to Boston.

His son, the clergyman, was a native of South Wales, and at the age of eighteen



came with his parents to Massachusetts. This was not his first acquaintance with Boston, for he had been sent there to school, in childhood; but upon the breaking out of the Revolution he returned home to the West Indies. When eleven years old, he was taken to England and placed under the care of the celebrated Dr. Parr, whose valuable instructions he enjoyed for six years.

Young Gardiner became a student of divinity, at Boston, and was ordained Deacon by Bishop Provost, of New York, in 1787.

He began his ministry at Beaufort, South Carolina, but, in 1792, returned to Boston, as assistant minister of Trinity Church, and thirteen years afterwards, on the death of Bishop Parker, Dr. Gardiner succeeded to the rectorship. He was a good scholar and a strong Churchman, and in social life an agreeable and accomplished gentleman. Many amusing anecdotes are told of his eccentricities.

In 1820, when the distinguished Dr. Jarvis became the rector of St. Paul's Church, Boston, the contrast between the showy elocution of the rector of Trinity, and his own quiet, subdued manner, was generally remarked.

Among other improvements made in St. Paul's, about this time, was the shutting out of some of the glaring light of day by means of blinds, which could be raised and lowered at pleasure. On a certain occasion, when the two rectors had exchanged pulpits, Dr. Gardiner could not resist the disposition which he felt, to show his dislike to the window shades. Accordingly, having performed the service in due order, he ascended the pulpit, and gave out for his text these words of the wise man: "*Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun.*"—*Eccles. xi. 7.* Then, pausing, he pointed to one of the windows and said, with a significant look, "The sexton will please raise

that blind." Of course I do not record this anecdote to encourage any one thus to carry his jokes into the pulpit. Far from it. But in painting the portrait of an individual, we must throw in all the proper light and shade.

With all his faults, Dr. Gardiner stood forth boldly, in the midst of a community where the Unitarian heresy was unblushingly taught, as a defender of the great doctrine of the Trinity. I have an old pamphlet now before me, containing a sermon "On the Divinity of Jesus Christ," delivered by him on Christmas day, 1810. A single passage will be given, as a specimen of his peculiar style, and as describing the course which is pursued by those who are seeking to sap the foundations of the orthodox faith.

"Ingenious men, when they have formed or adopted a system, no longer pursue their inquiries for the discovery of truth, but for

new arguments to support their system. They are flattered with their own ingenuity, and cannot see the force of their antagonist's arguments, though clear as the sun to a mind unprejudiced. If the Old Testament is against their system, away with the Old Testament. If St. Paul is opposed to their theory, St. Paul, in this case, is no authority. Thus the polemical Procrustes stretches or lops the Scripture till it exactly accords with the dimensions of his own hypothesis. To support this hypothesis, he descends to the minutest subtleties of verbal criticism, till at length the most important truths of God's revealed word are made to depend on the insertion or omission of an article, a conjunction, or a preposition."

As we have turned aside thus far from the due course of the narrative, in order to present this sketch of Dr. Gardiner, it will be proper to add, that having taken a sea voyage for the benefit of his health, he died at

Harrowgate, England, on the 29th of July, 1830, at the age of sixty-five.

He lived long enough to see his former pupil in theology ordained to the holy ministry, and fast rising to a prominent place among the shining lights of the Church.

In 1814, while quietly pursuing his studies in Boston, Mr. Wainwright was invited to St. John's, New Brunswick, to take charge of the academy, and of the parish also as soon as he had been ordained. He visited the place, but the arrangement was not consummated, and he soon returned home. Having finished his preparatory course, he was admitted to the holy order of Deacon, by Bishop Griswold, in St. John's Church, Providence, in 1816. Thus, at the age of twenty-four, we find the stripling who had been so puzzled, during his school-boy days at Sandwich, by the conflicting religious opinions of those about him, going forth with a commission from God to propose terms of pardon

and reconciliation to those who had rebelled against Him, and to build up, among the ruins of other systems, the walls of that "glorious Church," against which even the gates of Hell cannot prevail.



## Chapter Eighth.

REMOVAL TO HARTFORD—ORDAINED PRIEST, AND INSTI-  
TUTED RECTOR OF CHRIST CHURCH—MARRIAGE—  
ZEALOUS IN GOOD WORKS—INTEREST IN SUNDAY  
SCHOOLS AND MISSIONS—REPORT OF AN EYE-WITNESS  
—ALMOST A RURAL PARISH—DR. BROWNELL BECOMES  
BISHOP OF CONNECTICUT—MR. WAINWRIGHT CHOSEN  
AN ASSISTANT MINISTER OF TRINITY CHURCH—NEW  
LABORS, IN A LARGER FIELD—ACCEPTS THE RECTOR-  
SHIP OF GRACE CHURCH—BRIEF NOTICE OF ITS HIS-  
TORY—DOCTOR IN DIVINITY—PASTORAL DUTIES—  
LENT LECTURES—CATECHIZING.

**M**R. WAINWRIGHT, while yet in Dea-  
con's orders, was called to the charge  
of Christ Church, Hartford, Connecticut.

Bishop Jarvis had died in 1813, and the  
Diocese of Connecticut, having at this time  
no Episcopal head, was under the provisional  
charge of Bishop Hobart, of New York.

The young clergyman was admitted to the

Priesthood by this honored prelate, and was instituted by him as rector of the parish, May 29th, 1818. "It was his first love, and he was entirely happy in it. And the more, when the light of human endearment came in, upon his hearth, to brighten and to sanctify it. He was married, in August, 1818, to Amelia Maria, the daughter of Timothy Phelps, Esq., of New Haven. She survives him, with eight children. Six went before him into rest."

Although Mr. Wainwright remained but a short time at Hartford, he left his mark behind him. He was very active in the first organization of the Sunday School, and began to manifest that deep and tender interest in the lambs of the flock for which he was distinguished through the whole period of his ministry.

It is pleasant to remember, also, that the earliest missionary association, in connection with the parish of Christ Church, was formed



by him. He travelled about through Massachusetts organizing auxiliary societies, and was one of the first and most zealous agents in behalf of Sunday Schools and Missions in our country.

A venerable bishop, who, at that period, was an humble parish priest in the Eastern Diocese, has kindly favored the writer with a brief account of his first interview with the subject of this memoir. "I had gone to the Convention, which assembled at Greenfield, Massachusetts, in company with the Rev. Thomas Carlile, then rector of St. Peter's Church, Salem, who had kindly offered me a seat in his own conveyance. Upon our return we passed down the valley of the Connecticut as far as Hartford, and, for the first time, the vernal beauties of that magnificent region refreshed my taste and kindled my imagination. Since then my eye has rested upon scenes more exquisitely polished by the hand of Art, but upon none

where the beauties of Art and Nature are more happily blended, the Art not a whit too elaborate, or Nature one touch too rough.

“We found the rector of Christ Church, Hartford—then but recently married—in the full enjoyment of the perfect earthly elysium of my then young imagination, a fitting village, and almost rural parish. How remarkable, that he was permitted to taste these innocent and dear delights for so short a period; that so large a portion of his life was passed in the most crowded portions of our cities; and that his almost martyr’s death was earned in a sphere of duty which calls for the severest abnegation of home pleasures.”

In the year 1819, the Rev. Thomas C. Brownell, then an assistant minister of Trinity Church, in the city of New York, was chosen Bishop of Connecticut. That the appointment was a most happy and judicious one, his mild and gentle rule, for well nigh forty years, abundantly has proved.

Mr. Wainwright was called to fill the vacancy thus made in the ranks of the clergy of Trinity Parish, and, at the earnest solicitation of Bishop Hobart and other friends, he determined to accept. His labors in this new and enlarged field were most faithful; and his bland, engaging manners, which won the hearts of all, were especially influential with the young. While thus pleasantly and profitably employed, he was elected to the rectorship of Grace Church, New York, but declined the invitation. In 1821, however, when the call was renewed, he felt it wrong to refuse.

Grace Church was built by the corporation of Trinity Parish, to supply the increasing demand for church accommodation which Trinity and her chapels were unable to meet.

It was consecrated by Bishop Benjamin Moore, Dec. 21st, 1808. The first rector was the Rev. Nathaniel Bowen, D.D., afterwards Bishop of South Carolina. He was

succeeded, in 1818, by the Rev. James Montgomery, and then came Mr. Wainwright, a brief vacancy between the two having been supplied by the Rev. William H. De Lancey, Deacon, now Bishop of Western New York.

Here, thirteen of the best and happiest years of Mr. Wainwright's life were spent. Laboring with earnestness and zeal, and attracting about him a large circle of devoted friends, he soon won for himself a most enviable name as a faithful and eloquent preacher of the Gospel and a devoted pastor.

Two years after he became rector of Grace Church, he received from Columbia College the honorary degree of Doctor in Divinity, the same well-deserved title being afterwards bestowed upon him by his own *Alma Mater*, at Cambridge. "In addition to the ordinary public duties of the sanctuary, which he discharged with fidelity and with favor, his pastoral course was marked by great attention to other duties, which, at that period,

were not universally observed by that class of divines with which he was connected.

“We refer to the exposition of Holy Scripture in lectures, especially during the season of Lent, the religious instruction of the young, and the cultivation of a missionary spirit among the people at large. In the first of these duties he was pre-eminently successful. His primary series of Lectures, which excited at the time great interest, was on the Gospel Narrative Harmonized. To prepare his people for a more profitable attendance on his Exposition, he made out and printed an outline of the subjects, and advised and encouraged them to form the harmony for themselves, that they might have the very passages before them on which he lectured, for use then and for reference afterwards in their private study at home.

“This was done by many of his parishioners, and added much to the interest and value of his instructions. He was remarkably happy

in his lectures, which, though carefully prepared, were not written, and never failed to secure the attention of his auditors. This practice he continued to the close of his life, even after his elevation to the Episcopate. The last course which he delivered was during the Lent season following his consecration, in St. John's Chapel, New York.

“His interest in the religious instruction of youth has likewise been mentioned. He was attentive to the duty of catechizing the lambs of his flock, and always took a deep interest in his Sunday School. Several of our clergy who are now occupying prominent positions in the Church, were engaged with him as catechists at this period.”\*

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\* Dr. Haight's Essay on Life of Bishop Wainwright, Church Review, Vol. VII., p. 580.



## Chapter Ninth.

ADDITIONAL PARTICULARS ABOUT PASTORAL LABOR—INTEREST IN SUNDAY SCHOOL—IMPORTANCE OF A GOOD SUNDAY SCHOOL LIBRARY—A PARISH SCHOOL THIRTY-FOUR YEARS AGO—THE CHURCH WAKING UP—ZEAL FOR MISSIONS—MEASURES WHICH WERE ALMOST SUSPECTED OF BEING WRONG—CHURCH MUSIC—SOMETHING ABOUT CHOIRS AND CONGREGATIONAL SINGING—MALIBRAN AT GRACE CHURCH—SCENE AT A WAY-SIDE TAVERN—“BROTHER HENSHAW, DO PRAY WITH US!”—THE POTENCY OF THE SPIRIT OF PRAYER.

WE have something more to add, to what was said in the last chapter, concerning Dr. Wainwright's efficient labors as a parish priest. I have carefully read over all of his reports to the New York Convention during the period of his connection with Grace Church, and the interest which he felt in his Sunday School is manifested throughout the whole of them.

Like other institutions of the sort, it had its fluctuations. Sometimes the good rector was encouraged by evident tokens of prosperity, and then, again, there would follow a season of disheartening decline. During one year we find the Sunday School nearly broken up by the prevalence of the yellow fever in the city.

In 1831, he reports that valuable additions have been made to the Sunday School Library, which "is found to be productive of great benefit, both to the children and their parents." It is almost a hopeless task to sustain a Sunday School without a full assortment of good and attractive books; and those of my readers who are contributing towards the publication of new volumes for this end are devoting their money to a most important object.

Besides the Sunday School, Dr. Wainwright took a very active part in the establishment of a charity school, to which he thus



refers in his report for 1824: "During the past year a charity school has been established by this parish, designed to educate 150 boys and 150 girls, of the children of poor persons.

A master and mistress have been appointed, who conduct the school, under the superintendence of the Rector and a committee of twenty-four gentlemen of the parish, for the male department, and twenty-four ladies for the female. These committees are divided into sub-committees of two, who visit the school in monthly rotation. There are now in the male department 110 children, and in the female 125; all of whom are instructed in the common branches of an useful education, and in the doctrines and worship of the Protestant Episcopal Church."

When this noble work was begun, by the Rector and congregation of Grace Church, such plans of benevolence were almost

unknown in this country, and the persons who thus boldly struck out, in the right direction, in a matter so all-important, certainly deserve great credit.

Now, thank God, the Church is waking up to a sense of her responsibility, and we trust that her zeal will not flag until every congregation has its parish school in successful operation. It was certainly a mistake to give to the enterprise the odious name of a *charity school*; and it would have been better to have called it after one of the Apostles or Saints of old, or simply a parish or parochial school. Even the poorest persons do not like to send their children to a so-called charity school.

Besides the successful efforts for doing good already referred to, Dr. Wainwright preached an able and interesting series of sermons on Christian Education, which were afterwards published by request of his congregation.

He also continued to feel a lively interest in the great work of missions; a subject towards which his mind was directed from his first entrance to the ministry. In May, 1828, he delivered a sermon in St. James' Church, Philadelphia, before the Directors of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society (then a feeble association, with only *four* missionaries in the whole field), which electrified the Church, and roused up her members from their long slumber.

Three months after, we find the eloquent rector of Grace Church lifting up his voice again, in his old pulpit at Hartford, on the occasion of forming the African Mission School Society.

Neither were his efforts in this department of duty confined to sermons. He called his people together for missionary meetings, where interesting and encouraging facts were laid before them, and he made these things the theme of conversation in his

pastoral visits from house to house. All this was done, it must be remembered, when such efforts were quite unknown to many in our branch of the Church, and almost too *new* to be considered *safe*! With his refined and cultivated taste, it may be readily supposed that Dr. Wainwright paid great attention to the proper performance of everything relating to public worship.

His ardent love for sacred music seemed steadily to increase, and the effect was seen in the great perfection to which it was carried by his choir, and in the more general attention paid to it throughout the land.

A collection of Church music, arranged and published by himself, became very popular, and was productive of much lasting good.

To worship God, in the beauty of holiness, was almost an instinct of his nature, and every thing which could contribute to this end was gladly brought into service. When the celebrated Malibran visited America,

she sang on several occasions in the choir of Grace Church.\*

At this stage of the narrative, we are indebted to the same polished pen which furnished the bird's-eye view of the young rector at Hartford, for another portrait of the same individual, now become a dignified Doctor of the Church. "On their way to General Convention, or to some other assemblage of the clergy, in times ante-dating the rush of railroads, a number of ministers were passing a night together at a wayside tavern. At such times their intercourse is apt to be

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\* Duyckinck's Cyclopædia of American Literature, II., 139. Although we must be thankful at the revival of *Congregational* singing, yet, after all, *Choirs* must continue to be a necessity of the Church. No music, of a difficult character, can be expected without them. And while we readily grant, that in order to meet the wants of the *many*, Church music should generally be plain and simple, the taste of the *few* should also be gratified with Anthems, &c., of a superior style.

For some admirable remarks on *Church Music*, see Hallam's Lectures on Morning Service, p. 90.

unrestrained. They are under a spell of no common potency.

“Released from the cramped and confined position of a stage-coach; relieved from the constraint imposed by a censorious public; led back, by silken cords, to the play-grounds of childhood, or to the happy days of college life; stimulated by a thousand literary tastes and associations in perfect concord; they lose sight of all ecclesiastical differences, and unite in one common sentiment of friendship and affection.

“At the close of an evening passed under these cordial and enlivening influences, upon retiring to their bed-chambers, four clergymen found themselves very near to what, to each of them, at home, had been a sacred altar of their God; and Dr. Wainwright was the first to feel the spirit of the place and of the hour, and turning to the rector of St. Peter’s, Baltimore, he said: ‘Come, Brother Henshaw, you are the most accustomed to

pray extemporaneously on such occasions as this ; do pray with us !

“ Ah ! the spirit of prayer ; how much more potent and loving it is than the spirit of party ! ”



## Chapter Tenth.

REMOVAL TO BOSTON—TRINITY CHURCH—WELCOMED BY OLD FRIENDS—THE DECAYING PARISH REVIVED—A NEW ORGAN—VISIT TO ENGLAND—THE PASTOR'S MEMORY CHERISHED BY HIS FLOCK—LETTERS TO HIS SONS—GREAT LONDON—SIGHT-SEEING—LARGE DOGS, AND SMALL DONKEYS—BEAUTIFUL PARKS—GRAND REVIEW OF TROOPS—THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S DINNER TO THE KING—SIGHT OF THE GOLD AND SILVER PLATE—LORDS AND LADIES—GOOD MANNERS—HOUSE OF LORDS—THE KING'S HORSES AND CARRIAGES—MANY THINGS UNTOLD.

**A**FTER thirteen happy and useful years, as the rector of Grace Church, Dr. Wainwright received an urgent call to take charge of Trinity Church, Boston. This was in 1834. Nothing but a sense of duty would have led him to accept, for he was perfectly contented where he was.

The ancient parish of Trinity Church had



been without a pastor for more than a year, and was suffering sadly in consequence of this want. The Church could ill afford to lose any strength which she might have already gained in Boston, and clergy and laity entreated Dr. Wainwright to accept. He could not well refuse. "He was welcomed back to the haunts of his youth with the utmost cordiality. His old friends rallied about him. New friends were gathered to them. The parish was encouraged and reinforced. A better organ was needed; and he was sent to England to procure its construction, with a most liberal provision for his personal expenses abroad.

"It was the land of his birth. It was the land of his heart. Scarcely any one ever went abroad with a better preparation for the highest enjoyment.

"Scarcely any one ever more completely realized his most sanguine expectations. His letters, to his beloved wife, run over with

delight. He went from England into France, Switzerland, and Germany, and returned to Boston after an absence of eight months.”\*

We find very gratifying evidence, in the New York Conventional Journal for 1834, that the members of Grace Church cherished the memory of their former pastor, by completing their contribution for the establishment of “*The Wainwright Scholarship*,” in the General Theological Seminary.

Some interesting traces of Dr. Wainwright’s visit to England are preserved in letters to his sons, from which our young readers especially will derive much satisfaction. It should be borne in mind that William IV. was then King of England. The first letter, in our possession, is dated London, June 30th, 1836, and is as follows :

“MY DEAR BOYS—Since I last wrote to you I have seen your dear grandfather much,

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\* Bishop Doane’s Memoir, p. 38.

and many other friends. After letting you know that they are well, I dare say you will be much interested in hearing something about this great and beautiful city, in which I now am. I cannot describe to you half I see, for this would occupy many letters, more than I have time to write. I must keep the account of many things to tell you of when I return home. This is a wonderful city, and full of objects, in all directions, which would amuse you, and I often wish that I had you both here, to walk about with me.

“The streets are large, and crowded with carriages, and persons walking, and the shop windows are filled with beautiful things, which would tempt one much to buy were they not so costly. One of the things, however, which I dare say would strike Henry much, would be to see little carts drawn by one and often two dogs. The men have them to carry about things to sell. The dogs are regularly harnessed, and they are as obedi-

ent as possible, stopping or going forward, just as their master tells them. They have little donkeys, too, not higher than a table, with saddles on them, for little children to ride upon.

“London has a great many most beautiful parks and squares. The parks are much larger than the Common in Boston, and they have large sheets of water in them, on which the beautiful swans and ducks are swimming about all the time. These parks are filled with persons walking about, and especially young people, with their nurses and attendants. I very often see the children amusing themselves with throwing pieces of bread and cake into the water, and then the swans come swimming up as fast as they can, to catch them, to the great delight of the children. I wish you could both have been with me to see a fine display that I saw of 5,000 soldiers, in Hyde Park. It was a great review. I saw the king and queen there, the Duke of

Wellington, and many other distinguished personages. The troops were very handsome, and the bands of music were playing all the time delightfully.

“After exercising, they had a great deal of firing of guns and cannons, in imitation of a battle. It was in commemoration of the battle of Waterloo. The Duke of Wellington gave a great dinner to the King, and to the Prince of Orange, and the officers who fought with him at the battle of Waterloo. I got permission to go in and see the tables as they were laid out for the banquet, and a very superb sight it was. Such quantities of gold and silver plate I had never seen before, nor anything so beautiful as the room in which the table was spread. It was very difficult to get admission, and only those were permitted to go in who had written orders.

“I have seen a great many lords and ladies, etc., and dined with them, but I have always found them very kind and atten-

tive, and unaffected in their manners. I have never seen any of them taking upon themselves any airs in consequence of their rank or wealth. On the contrary, they are some of the pleasantest people I have ever seen. I wish you both to remember how important it is to cultivate an amiable character and gentlemanly manners. Next to being good at heart, this is most important in our intercourse with the world. Indeed, *truly* good manners will be found only in him who possesses good principles, and self-control, and kind affections.

“I have been also in the House of Lords, to hear them speak. I think that Mayhew is old enough to have enjoyed this, in some degree. I heard the Duke of Wellington speak, and Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Shelbourne, Lord Holland, Lord Grey, and many others.

“But you both would have been delighted with another sight I had, of all the king’s horses and carriages. The king’s son, Lord

Adolphus Fitz-Clarence, went round with me, to show me them. I also saw two of the king's parlors; but I shall have to describe all these things to you when I see you. I will write to you again, dear boys, before long. I hope you are both well, and are attentive to your studies. Remember how important your time is, and how much your father's and mother's happiness depends upon you.

“Believe me, my dear boys, your most affectionate father,

“JON. M. WAINWRIGHT.”



## Chapter Eleventh.

LETTER FROM SHEFFIELD—VISITS THE MANUFACTORIES—  
PENKNIVES—DUBLIN—EDINBURGH—SIGHT OF GREAT  
MEN—CHURCHES AND CASTLES—LARGEST ORGAN IN  
THE WORLD—PARTING ADVICE—TWO REASONS FOR  
PUBLISHING THESE LETTERS—A LETTER FROM BOSTON  
—ALL WELL—IMPROVEMENT OF PRESENT PRIVILEGES  
—MAKING ONE'S WAY IN THE WORLD—PRESENTS FROM  
EUROPE—"THE VALUE OF MONEY."

THE next letter from Dr. Wainwright to his sons was written several months after the last, and when his foreign tour was nearly ended.

"SHEFFIELD, Oct. 20th, 1826.

"MY DEAR BOYS—It is some time since your father has written to you, but he has been in such constant motion, in going from place to place, that he has hardly found time for writing more than to your mother. How-



ever, my dear sons, I have been laying up in store a great many things to tell you when I return, which I hope, by God's permission, will be soon. I have very often, in the course of my travels, thought of you both, and wished I had you with me to look at the things I have seen. For instance, to-day I have been looking at the manufactories in this place, and have seen them make knives, and razors, and saws, and files, and all such articles.

“You might not have understood every process, but I am sure you would have been gratified to see how a penknife was produced from a piece of iron. I can tell you all about it when I return, and I have bought knives for you, which I shall bring home with me.

“Before I came to this town, I travelled in Scotland and Ireland. I was several days in Dublin, which is a very beautiful city, but not quite as handsome as Edinburgh. This

is one of the finest places I have ever seen. In my way to it from Ireland, I saw Loch Lomond, Loch Katrine, Ben Venue, and other places mentioned by Sir Walter Scott.

“At Edinburgh I saw Holyrood Palace, the Castle, and many other places that are often mentioned in history. I saw also several distinguished men, whose names perhaps Mayhew may have heard of, such as Dr. Chalmers, Lord Jeffrey, Lord Brougham, etc.

“I am now travelling in England, on my way to London again. This is a very delightful country to travel in, the roads are so good, and the horses and carriages so fine. The country also is very beautifully cultivated, and is delightful to look at. There are many old churches and castles to be seen; some of which have been built for hundreds of years.

“The cathedrals are very magnificent. I have recently seen Durham and York Minster. The organ in the latter is one of

the largest, if not the largest, in the world. Some of the pipes are more than thirty feet high and two feet wide, and when they sound they shake the building like thunder. I think, when I see you, I can tell you of all these things better than I can describe them in a letter. I hope to be at home before Christmas day.

“I shall now go to London as soon as I can, and shall then be able to say when I can get away, so as to embark from Liverpool. I trust, my dear boys, that you are both pursuing your studies with diligence, and that I shall have a good account of you when I return. Do not lose your present favorable opportunities to get knowledge, and above all things, my dear sons, remember your Creator, and in your daily prayers beseech Him to enable you ever to love and serve Him. Believe me, dearest boys, ever your affectionate father,

“JON. M. WAINWRIGHT.”

“What a kind, thoughtful, and affectionate letter!” must be the reflection of every one who reads it.

I have two reasons for preserving as many of these epistles as possible; first, because I think they will please and benefit *children*, and secondly, that *parents* may have a suitable model set before them for imitation. Fathers are too apt to content themselves with brief and hasty letters to their sons, while absent at school, and many evil ways into which the young are so easily enticed might have been escaped, had more kind and considerate communications been received from the dear ones at home.

Soon after Dr. Wainwright's return from England, he writes again to his sons, who were attending the Rev. Mr. Huddart's Academy, at Bloomingdale, New York.

“BOSTON, Feb. 1st, 1837.

“MY DEAR BOYS—After I parted with you on Wednesday last, I had, upon the whole,

quite a comfortable passage, although we were somewhat detained by the ice. I got home at 4 o'clock on Thursday, and found your dear mother and the children all well. I have now seen you all except Howard, and I shall go as soon as I can to Hartford to see the dear boy. How thankful I am to find you all well, and, as far as I can judge, doing well at your respective schools! I trust now that you are both fully aware of the importance of good conduct and of industrious habits, and that you find it to be a source of sincere pleasure to yourselves to make your parents happy, and to secure the approbation of your friends. I want you both to write to me at least as often as once a fortnight, and write to me freely, not only as your father, but as a friend who loves you better than any other friend can. I shall also write to you such counsels as may from time to time occur to my mind. You both of you know that you have to make your own way in the

world, and that I can have nothing more to give you than your education. I do not regret this, for I have had to do the same myself, and from what I have observed, as a general rule, those men are the best, and happiest, and most respected, who get on by their own energies. Now is your time for preparation; for every hour that you are now industrious in acquiring useful information, and in preparing for active life, you will be ever thankful; and time lost in your youth you will regret more and more the longer you live.

“I send you, by this opportunity, the two knives I bought for you. They are very good ones, I believe. The handles are of cocoa-nut wood, but they will principally interest you as having been bought by me expressly for you at the manufacturer’s in Sheffield. I also send a pearl-handled knife, which I bought at the same time, for Mr. Huddart; give it to him with my best regards.

“In the parcel you will find a few marbles

of agate and jasper, which I got at the valley of Chamouni, in Switzerland. They were got at Mont Blanc. There are four cakes of scented soap, two for each of you, which I got in London. Your ma thought you would like them. I bought a number of books, which I shall send you from time to time. I wish you, after reading them, to put them up carefully, as Elizabeth, and Howard, and, by-and-by, the others, must have them. Read the ‘Value of Money’ attentively, and let me know your opinion about it.

“I inclose in this letter five dollars. Your grandmother Wardsworth gave your ma two dollars for each of you, for New Year’s presents, but your ma thought you would prefer the money. The half dollar for each, I add. Do not spend any till you have both read the ‘Value of Money.’ And now, my very dear boys, farewell.

“Ever your affectionate father,

“JON. M. WAINWRIGHT.”

## Chapter Twelfth.

A LITTLE CIRCUMSTANCE—ANXIETY OF PARENTS—GENTLE REPROOF—WISE MAXIM—PROMPTNESS ESSENTIAL TO A MERCHANT'S SUCCESS—THE COMFORTS OF OLD AGE TO BE PROVIDED FOR IN YOUTH—NO ASSURANCE OF LONG LIFE—THE DUTY OF AN ELDER BROTHER TOWARDS A YOUNGER—LEGIBLE HANDWRITING—LESSONS OF EXPERIENCE—WATCHFULNESS OVER ONE'S TEMPER—THE DISAGREEMENTS OF BROTHERS.

AT the close of the spring vacation, Dr. Wainwright's sons returned to Mr. Huddart's school, but, with the thoughtlessness of youth, they forgot how anxious their parents would be to hear of their safe arrival. This little circumstance was the occasion of the next letter, which is addressed to Mayhew. The counsels which it conveys are worthy of being treasured up by all young persons.



“ BOSTON, *April 19th*, 1837.

“ MY DEAR SON—I have an opportunity to send you a line, and your mother is going to put up some things for you and your brother.

“ We were very glad to hear from you at last, after your safe arrival at school. We had begun to be quite impatient. Indeed, you should have written to us at an earlier date, certainly within two days after your return, for, had you thought a moment, you would have known that we must have been quite anxious to hear of your safety and comfort, and that of your brother. You say in your letter, that you were prevented by ‘one or two little things.’ Now you know that one or two little things are not a sufficient reason for neglecting a duty to your parents. It would have been easy to find time for a short letter. But I will not dwell upon this. I only mention it in order to urge upon you the importance of never putting off till to-morrow what should be done to day. This

maxim deserves the serious notice of every person ; but it is particularly important to one who designs to be a merchant. There is no one quality more essential to success in this profession than punctuality. A merchant's letter should never be a day or even an hour behind the time when it should be written or sent. Remember this, for the most serious consequences might arise from neglect in such cases.

“ I hope, my dear son, you are now fully aware of the importance of employing your time most industriously, and availing yourself of the advantages you have. The more industrious you are in youth and in early life, the greater comfort you will enjoy in middle age, and in advanced life, should you be spared so long. And ever remember that we have no assurance for any continuance here, and therefore that we should, above all things, be anxious to be prepared for death whenever it may come. If you knew how

much your mother and I depended upon you, as our oldest child, and what comfort we hope to have in you, you would endeavor always to do right, whatever sacrifice and self-denial it might cost you. You cannot get along in the world successfully and happily without self-denial. Remember this.

“Give my best love to your dear brother; be watchful over him, but do not attempt to tyrannize over him, as I have sometimes seen older brothers do over their younger. Be ever kind and affectionate, and if you have to warn or advise, never do it in anger. Your mother, I dare say, will tell you all about the family. And now, my dear sons, may God ever bless you both, and lead you in his fear and love.

“Your affectionate father,

“JON. M. WAINWRIGHT.

“P. S. Strive hard to write a legible, rapid, and handsome hand; this is very important for a merchant.”

This gentle reproof, so kindly administered, was received in the spirit of an affectionate child, and a letter of apology was promptly returned. Dr. Wainwright thus replies :

“ BOSTON, *May 3d*, 1837.

“ MY DEAR SON—I was pleased at the punctuality of your reply to my last letter, and your observance of the maxim I gave you. Be assured that it is a very important one, and if observed through life will save you a vast deal of time, and from many anxieties and disappointments. There are very few feelings more painful than that of reflecting that you have neglected what you ought to have attended to yesterday, and finding that now it is too late, because the moment has passed by, or because other engagements press upon you. If you can be punctual in the discharge of every duty, and get beforehand, as it were, with all your occupations, you will derive the greatest comfort and advantage from such a habit.

“In looking back upon my past life, I see that it would have been of the greatest service to me had I acquired it early in life. I am very anxious that my children should learn from my experience, and I shall endeavor that they may not be exposed to many things which I have suffered from.

“The welfare of our children is the object that constantly occupies the thoughts and engages the prayers of myself and your mother. I trust, my dear boy, that we shall have our reward in the good conduct of those who are infinitely dearer to us than any other earthly object. I must say again, that I am anxious about your handwriting. You are improving, but not as fast as I could wish in this particular. Do you practise enough? Be careful of your spelling, and do not make blots and erasures. This is more important for a merchant than a literary man. We are too apt to be careless in this matter. Give your mind closely to your studies. Try

to understand thoroughly every thing you take in hand. Above all things, keep a watch over your temper. Do not be imperious to your brother, but watch over him with kindness, and if he does any thing wrong, do not rebuke, but advise him affectionately.

“Ever your affectionate father,

“JON. M. WAINWRIGHT.”

Strange as it may seem, two brothers in the same school, and especially in the same class, are more apt to get along badly together, than perfect strangers do. Hence the need of forbearance on the part of both. The hints contained in Dr. Wainwright's letters, on this subject, are of the greatest value, and I trust that they may not be overlooked.



## Chapter Thirteenth.

THE YOUNG MIDSHIPMAN—A BEAUTIFUL LETTER—RULES FOR AN OFFICER TO LIVE BY—THE ONLY WAY IN WHICH THEY CAN BE CARRIED OUT—TIME FOR READING THE BIBLE, AND FOR PRAYER—IMPORTANCE OF A JOURNAL—A PLACE AMONG HONORED NAMES—CALL TO RETURN TO NEW YORK—FINAL DECISION—THE WORK OF SEVENTEEN YEARS—PUBLIC TRUSTS—THE WORLD OF SCIENCE AND ART—THE SECRET OF BEING ABLE TO ACCOMPLISH MUCH—PATIENCE AT INTERRUPTION.

ONE of Dr. Wainwright's sons entered the navy, and while occupying the post of a midshipman, he received the following beautiful letter from his father:

“BOSTON, *July 28th*, 1837.

“MY DEAR SON—Your letter gave me the greatest pleasure. To hear of you, and that you were well and contented, was cause of

great thankfulness. I trust to learn that you are now devotedly attentive to your duties, are assiduously learning all you can, and thus give promise of one day making a distinguished officer. I have said it to you before, but it is so important for you to think of it, that I cannot help repeating the caution; *now* is your time for improvement and for forming the character that will probably attach to you during life. The next five years, if well employed, will place you in a position of honor and comparative safety, should you live so long; but if you waste and idle away these five years, you never can recover the loss; repentance, the most anxious exertions, and floods of tears cannot then put you in the situation which you should fill.

“In my view, it depends upon these five years, whether for the remainder of your life you are a disgrace to your friends and a miserable burden to yourself, or, on the other hand, our pride and delight, and happy in



yourself as you are esteemed and loved by all around you. Think of this daily, and never give way to indolence or dissipation of any kind. By assiduous and prompt attention to duty, by anxiety to learn all you can, by respectful and affectionate behavior to your brother officers, and by kind and considerate, but yet firm and dignified, deportment to the men, endeavor to form a character which must command the esteem of all.

“I need not speak upon the importance of truth, and unbending integrity in every word and action, of unwavering courage in every emergency, and of uniform habits of temperance; for if I did not think that you possessed and valued these qualities, I should never have consented to your entering the service of your country. Tell the truth, fear nothing, command your temper, and restrain your appetites, reverence your Maker, and remember your future accountability to Him. Let these precepts mingle with every thought and ac-

tion of your life. I doubt not, my dear son, that this advice will recommend itself to your good sense, that you will say it is all right; but the question is how you are to keep it in constant influence. Only one way: by making your conduct daily the subject of self-inquiry, and by offering to God daily prayer that He would instruct, guide, and sustain you. Never turn into your hammock at night without thinking, if it be but for two minutes, how you have passed the day, whether you have employed it as well as you could have done, and without offering your prayers to God for his protection and blessing. And every time you rise to your watch, let your thoughts ascend in prayer to your Maker.

“I know that on board of a ship of war there is little or no opportunity for retired thoughts, and that there is much that is unfavorable to a life of devotion. Still, there is no situation where dependence upon God should be more

constantly felt, and you certainly can find brief spaces of time for secret prayer. The heart can always pray, even if there be no place to bend the knees. Frequently, and for a moment or two, you can lift up your thoughts. I would, too, that you could find time for reading in your Bible, if it be only eight or ten verses each day. On Sundays, I trust you will give more time to this duty. But I have said enough for this time. I trust, my dear son, you will not find it tedious. May God be with you. Let us know how you get on, every opportunity. Keep a daily journal; by all means keep a journal. If you have not begun, begin this day.

“Ever your affectionate father,

“JON. M. WAINWRIGHT.”

The hand which wrote these lines is now cold in death, but this excellent advice has not been lost upon him for whose benefit it was given. He is now a lieutenant in the

navy, and perhaps, in course of time, among the names of DECATUR, and PERRY, and those other heroes whom America delights to honor, the son of Bishop WAINWRIGHT may find a conspicuous place.

About two years after Dr. Wainwright's removal to Boston, he was invited to resume his former position as an assistant minister of Trinity Church, New York; but although this call was seconded by the earnest solicitations of his old parishioners and friends, he felt obliged to decline. A year later (January, 1838), the invitation was renewed, and with the full persuasion that the interests of the Church, on the whole, would be promoted thereby, he resigned the charge of his parish in Boston.

In his labors in New York city, while officiating in Trinity Church, and her two chapels, as occasion might require, St. John's was more especially assigned to Dr. Wainwright, as being under his pastoral care.

This arrangement was most happily continued for seventeen years. But besides his duties in Trinity Parish, he discharged many public trusts, the mere enumeration of which is appalling. He was, for a long period, a member of the Standing Committee of the Diocese of New York, and represented the Diocese in the General Convention of 1832. From 1841, until after his consecration as Bishop, in 1852, he was Secretary of the House of Bishops. He also bore a prominent part in conducting some of the more important societies of the Church, such as the Bible and Prayer Book Society, the Tract Society, and the Sunday School Union.

Moreover, his influence was felt in the world of Science and Art; and still, no duty was neglected. He never seemed in a hurry, or overtasked with work, and was always ready to welcome the presence of a friend. It was a wonder to many how he accomplished so much, and did everything so well.

The secret was this—he rose early ; saved all the odds and ends of time ; laid out his work in a systematic way ; and kept at it until it was done. In this connection, the writer hopes that he may be pardoned for quoting a single paragraph from a letter with which he has been favored by her who knew Bishop Wainwright best.

“One trait in my blessed husband’s character which I think it well for you to know, was his wonderful patience at interruption, even when engaged in important studies, or in any other engrossing pursuit. I have often and often been astonished at it. Whenever even children would call upon him (no matter how much engaged), he was always ready, with a smile, to attend to their requests. You may call this a *small* virtue ; but I think it is a very important one.”



## Chapter Fourteenth.

THE MILD AND GENTLE MAN SHOWS THAT HE HAS THE NERVE AND FIRMNESS OF A HERO—THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY AND MR. CHOATE'S ORATION—RAPTUREOUS APPLAUSE—THE INTERPRETATION WHICH DR. WAINWRIGHT PUT UPON IT—DR. POTTS' CHALLENGE—THE CONTROVERSY AND ITS RESULTS—MORE PEACEFUL THEMES—YOUNG LADIES' CLASS—SERMON FULL OF COMFORT—WHOOPIING-COUGH LATE IN LIFE—THE PHYSICIAN'S VETO ON LABOR—LIBERALITY OF TRINITY TO HER MINISTERS—ANOTHER AND LONGER VISIT ABROAD.

**D**R. WAINWRIGHT was so mild and gentle in his manners, and had so long kept himself aloof from the troubled field of controversy, on which the orthodoxy maintain the authority of the Church against all who venture to make an assault upon her, that it had been thought by some that his love of moderation and peace would never permit him to take part in such a warfare.

During the later years of his life, an occasion presented itself, when the man of elegant letters and the eloquent preacher proved to the satisfaction of all, that he possessed the nerve and vigor to contend unflinchingly for the truth, at whatever hazard of losing the friendship of the world.

At the anniversary of the New England Society, held in New York, on the 22d of December, 1843, Mr. Rufus Choate, an eminent lawyer of Massachusetts, delivered the oration. In the course of his remarks, while tracing the career of the Puritans, whose landing at Plymouth they had met to celebrate, he said, that having fled from foreign oppression to these distant shores, "they found a State without a King, and a Church without a Bishop." This sentiment was received by the audience with loud and protracted applause.

At the public dinner, on that day, a toast was given, "The Clergy of New England,"



to which Dr. Wainwright was called upon to reply. He did so, and in the course of his address he repeated the unfortunate remark of Mr. Choate, which had grated so harshly on his ear, when he also was interrupted by tumultuous cheering. Feeling that the honor of God's holy Church was thus rudely and ruthlessly assailed, Dr. Wainwright said to the presiding officer, with his own majestic manner, "Now, sir, notwithstanding this strong burst of approbation to the sentiment, were this a proper arena, should even the orator of the day throw down his gauntlet, I would take it up, and say, THERE CANNOT BE A CHURCH WITHOUT A BISHOP."

Soon afterwards, Dr. George Potts, a prominent Presbyterian divine, of the Old School, addressed a letter to Dr. Wainwright, through the columns of a newspaper, calling him to account for what he had said, and offering to debate with him the position, that "there cannot be a Church without a Bishop."

He, however, expresses the hope that he has been misinformed as to the purport of the speech, and that so courteous a gentleman had not been thus far betrayed into the expression of harsh and uncharitable judgment against his neighbors.

I cannot refrain from giving a part of Dr. Wainwright's eloquent and manly response. After stating that he had received a special invitation to hear Mr. Choate's oration, and that he had gone, as the son of a New England mother, to show his respect for all that was high-minded and noble in the character of the Puritans, he then refers to the objectionable remark of the orator, and the ecstatic delight with which it was welcomed. "Had the sentiment produced only the applause which follows the happy expressions of every popular speaker, had it been cheered even in the same degree with other emphatic portions of the oration, I should have taken no notice of it. But the cheering was obviously, to

my apprehension, not that of approbation of the orator, but of *defiance* of such as did not sympathize with the sentiment. It seemed to me to speak this language: Now, you advocates of Prelacy, we have you; we are in the majority; we will make you feel how we detest your opinions, and if we cannot drive you from them, we will show you how unpopular they are, and at least, if we can, make you ashamed of them."

This is undoubtedly the true interpretation of the rapturous applause which followed Mr. Choate's epigrammatic remark. Dr. Wainwright felt obliged to vindicate the honor of the Church, and he did not shrink from the performance of so unpopular a duty.

The challenge of Dr. Potts was accepted, and although his antagonist modestly observed, before the contest began, that he did not believe that either party could throw any additional light upon a question which had

been so often and so ably discussed, it must be acknowledged by all that the champion of the Church exhibited the most masterly skill, and preserved his Christian temper unruffled to the last. The effect of this controversy was to strengthen the position of the Church. This is not said in a boasting spirit, for with truth on our side, the advocate must certainly be a poor one who does not finally prevail.

And here we gladly lay down the weapons of warfare, and return to more peaceful and pleasant themes. It was during this period that I enjoyed frequent opportunities of hearing Dr. Wainwright preach. Besides all his other cares, he established a class, for young ladies, to be attended, with his own daughters, to carry out a full course in history, literature, and philosophy. A relative of ours (now gone to a better world) enjoyed this rare privilege, with the rest. In this way we learned many little incidents which

showed the tenderness and affection of Dr. Wainwright's heart.

By one of those reverses of fortune which so often occur in an overgrown city like New York, an old friend of his had suddenly been reduced from comparative wealth to straitened circumstances ; and that at a period of life when too late to hope to be able to rise again to a prosperous state. The Sunday after this occurrence, Dr. Wainwright proposed an exchange with the rector of the church where this friend was accustomed to worship, and preached that beautiful and consoling sermon, from the text, "*My son, give me thine heart*" (*Proverbs xxiii. 26*), now published with his other discourses. The sermon was written, I believe, some years before, at the request of Washington Irving. Let those read it who would judge of its soothing effect.

In 1848, Dr. Wainwright had a severe attack of whooping-cough, but he persisted in

going on with his labors until his physician, alarmed at the unfavorable symptoms which presented themselves, required him to abstain from all public duty. The vestry of Trinity Church, always so considerate towards their ministers, allowed him leave of absence for a year, and provided liberally for his expenses, in going to Europe and Palestine. Two elegant volumes, entitled "The Pathways and Abiding Places of our Lord," and "The Land of Bondage," furnish a pleasing account of this extensive tour.



## Chapter Fifteenth.

NATURAL DESIRE TO VISIT THE HOLY LAND—THE FEELINGS WITH WHICH DR. WAINWRIGHT WENT THITHER—THE SHIPS OF THE DESERT—MOUNTING THE CAMEL—DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A CAMEL AND A DROMEDARY—TRAVELLING SADDLE—PRAYER CARPET—MANY DIFFERENT POSTURES IN THE SADDLE—THREATENING TO BITE—THE CAMEL'S COMPLAINTS—A NECESSARY CAUTION—FATIGUES OF TRAVELLING—THE CUNNING DRAGOMAN—ARRIVAL AT JERUSALEM—GOOD FRIDAY—BISHOP GOBAT—DEPARTURE—SAD AND THOUGHTFUL MOMENT.

**I**T is natural that every Christian should feel a desire to visit that land

“Over whose acres walked those blessed feet,  
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nailed,  
For our advantage, on the bitter cross.”

Such a wish had long been cherished by Dr. Wainwright, and now it was about to be gratified. A careful study of every book

upon Palestine which had fallen in his way, had prepared his mind for what he might expect, and he visited the Holy Land, not as some have done, to throw discredit upon many of those traditions which have come down from ancient times, but, as he himself expressed it, "to see, to feel, and to believe; yielding to doubt only when compelled by common sense and his measure of information."

We find him, on the 24th of March, 1849, making his way through the dreary wilderness of Shur, with his face turned towards Jerusalem. His description of the mode of travelling in the East is very graphic. "The first undertaking is to mount the camel. This proved to us an easier task than we had anticipated.

"You have heard of both camels and dromedaries, and perhaps suppose them to be different, but they are precisely the same species of quadruped, only the drome-



dary is selected for riding, as having an easier gait. The difference is that which we find between a saddle horse and a cart horse. When you are preparing to mount, the animal, whose head is up in the air beyond your reach, is taken by the halter, and the keeper makes a quick succession of sounds like hawking from the upper part of the throat. This brings him unwillingly upon his knees, then his haunches, and he gradually gets upon his belly, with his awkward legs and cushioned feet beneath him. Then the saddle, which is a wooden frame padded, and fitting upon the hump, with pommels like short, round posts, about eight inches high before and behind, is filled out with cushions, spare coats and cloaks, or with the bed-mattress, and the whole covered with a thick soft carpet, shaped like a hearth rug, thrown across, called in Arabic a seqâdeh, or prayer carpet; because the Mussulman uses it at home, and carries it with him in travelling to stand and kneel

upon at his frequent devotions, and for this purpose there is on its surface the figure of a niche, to remind him of the niche in the mosque towards which he prays, as making him look in the direction of Mecca. This we found a very useful and comfortable article, not only to ride upon, but also to lay in our tents or spread upon the sand when we wished to rest. Thus arranged, the rude saddle changed into a broad, pillion-like seat, with pommels before and behind to hold on by, and with stirrups fastened to the front one, you may ride as on horseback. You can take other positions, however, seating yourself lady-fashion, or with both legs on either side of the camel, or else turn completely round and ride backwards, or if you have dexterity and suppleness enough, you may sit cross-legged like a Turk. Thus you may face to or from the wind or the sun, or change posture for relief, and this, together with being raised up nine feet, and above the effects

of the sand, and in a free current of air, gives the camels great advantages over the donkey or the horse as an animal for crossing the desert, in addition to its essential qualification in the power of enduring thirst for successive days.

“But to the mounting. Here, however, the growling of one of the camels near the tent in which I am writing, reminds me that I have omitted to mention that all the while your saddle is preparing, or the load being put on, the surly animal keeps up a constant grumbling and snarling, turning his head back by means of his long, supple neck, and showing his teeth as if he would bite you, which he very rarely has the courage to do. He seems to be complaining bitterly, and showing all the resentment he dares at your treatment of him; and your pity might be excited for him, but you find that it makes no difference whether your load is light or heavy, and after it is put on, if you only at-

tempt to adjust a rope or throw on your cloak, he begins his complaints again.

“All being prepared, you take your seat while the animal is still on the ground, and are told to hold on fast, a caution by no means useless, for as he raises himself up on his haunches, then his knees, and at last gets to his feet, you are in danger of being thrown over his head, or over his tail, or off on one side. When he is fairly up you feel safe after a little while, though at a somewhat giddy elevation to one who had been accustomed only to a horse or a donkey. Your ship of the desert (as some poet, after the Arabs, has fancied to call it) now gets under way, and considering the smooth sea it has to cross it is certainly a very uneasy craft; for moving the two oars, as we must call the legs, on the same side alternately, your body is jerked forward at each stroke, as if you were making a succession of quick, ungainly bows, and you have no change of motion or rest

till you come to anchor for the night, except when you lay by for half an hour in the middle of the day. After the ride of the first two days I was excessively tired; never, I think, was I so completely exhausted by fatigue before. Now, however, having discovered that our dragoman was riding an easier dromedary than mine, which he had cunningly taken for himself, I made him exchange with me, and thus got along with comparative comfort.”\*

We would gladly go on, and make the whole tour with our amiable fellow-traveller, but our chapters are too nearly exhausted to permit us to do so. I hope that my readers will have an opportunity of examining the large work from which this extract has been made. On the 5th of April (Thursday before Easter), Dr. Wainwright and his companions

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\* Pathways of Our Lord, p. 9. Those who wish to form an intimate acquaintance with Arab character should read an episode in Badger's Nestorians, Vol. I., p. 344.

entered the gates of Jerusalem, where they remained ten days, spending many of the sacred hours of Passion Week in visiting the spots so memorable in Bible history. Good Friday found him among the worshippers in the English Church, which had been recently built upon Mount Zion, where Bishop Gobat preached an appropriate sermon, from St. Luke xxiii. 46. On the 14th of April the travellers were ready to depart. "Going out of the Damascus Gate, we turned our faces, not without sorrow, towards the north, and wound slowly down the hill, crossing the upper part of the valley of Jehoshaphat, with Olivet, so sacred in our affections, upon the right hand somewhat behind us. A rough, rocky way, over a succession of high grounds and plains, led, in about an hour, to the point whence the pilgrim obtains his last view, and must take his farewell of Jerusalem! It was a sad, thoughtful moment, and we could not easily tear ourselves from the spot, but lin-

gered with a fondness almost akin to that of an old friendship ; and while our eyes drank in the last view we should have on earth of the material walls and battlements of Jerusalem, the sight of the soul seemed to be enlarged, and embraced in one vision, as in some mental chart, the history and the destiny of that Holy City.”\*

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\* Among the popular works on Jerusalem, the writer would commend, most heartily, Odenheimer's "*Jerusalem, and its Sacred Localities.*"



## Chapter Sixteenth.

AT HOME AGAIN—ANOTHER CALL TO GO ABROAD—A JUBILEE—A DELEGATION SENT TO ENGLAND—WELL-DESERVED DEGREE—A FAR HIGHER HONOR, STILL—DR. WAINWRIGHT ELECTED BISHOP—HIS CONSECRATION, AND THE SANGUINE HOPES INSPIRED—A MAN OF SIXTY DOING MORE WORK THAN THE VIGOR OF YOUTH COULD SAFELY UNDERTAKE—SYMPTOMS OF SERIOUS DERANGEMENT IN THE SYSTEM—FRIENDLY EXPOSTULATIONS—THE LABORS OF TWO-AND-TWENTY MONTHS—INCIDENTS OF A VISIT TO TROY.

**D**R. WAINWRIGHT returned home in October, 1849, with invigorated energies, and entered again upon his parochial and other diversified labors. Nothing which calls for particular notice occurred until 1852, when a very pleasing duty required him to make another visit to England. The venerable Society for the Propagation of the Gospel



in Foreign Parts had determined to celebrate their third jubilee (the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary), on the 15th of June, in that year; and as a token of the kindly feelings existing between the churches in England and America, our Bishops were invited to send two or more of their number to take part in the closing services.

Bishop M'Coskry, of Michigan, and Bishop De Lancey, of Western New York, were accordingly appointed to be the bearers of resolutions expressive of the grateful love and cordial sympathy of the daughter towards the mother Church.

It was very doubtful, however, whether the prelates would be able to go, and while this question remained unsettled, it was concluded best that Dr. Wainwright, as secretary of the House of Bishops, should depart at once, with the resolutions which had been adopted. He accordingly went, but it so happened that the two Bishops who had been

appointed delegates were able to attend, and sailed soon after.

Notwithstanding their unexpected arrival, great respect was paid to Dr. Wainwright, and on every suitable occasion the halls of Old England resounded with his fervent Christian eloquence. Upon him, as well as upon the two Bishops, the University of Oxford conferred the degree of D. C. L.

But a far higher honor, still, was in store for Dr. Wainwright, at home. On the first of October, 1852, not long after his return from this honorable mission to the English Church, he was elected Provisional Bishop of the Diocese of New York. "The day of his consecration was one not soon to be forgotten by any who had the good fortune to be present. Regarded as the happy termination of diocesan contests, which had lasted with great acrimony for years, this occasion was honored by the presence of ten Bishops; and, for the first time since the establishment

of the American Episcopate, an English Bishop (of Montreal) united in consecrating an American prelate. This happy commencement of reunion and peace, celebrated as it was with uncommon splendor, and the united devotion of thousands, was fondly looked upon as the inauguration of a long Episcopate.”\*

Dr. Wainwright's consecration took place in Trinity Church, New York, on the tenth of November, the venerable Dr. Brownell, of Connecticut, Presiding Bishop of the Church in the United States, acting as consecrator, assisted by the other Bishops present.

The enormous diocese of New York (which we hope to see divided into three or four smaller ones) presented a field far too vast for even the most vigorous man in the flower of his age; but Bishop Wainwright, in his anxiety to leave no duty neglected, seems to have forgotten that he was now sixty. In

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\* Church Journal, No. 87.

spite of the repeated and anxious remonstrances of friends, and of several premonitory warnings, that he was overtaxing his strength, he pursued his unceasing round of labors, as if he realized that the time, for him, was short.

“The first time I met Bishop Wainwright after his consecration,” writes a Western prelate, “was at a meeting of the House of Bishops at Camden, about a year after the labors and exposures of the duties of his high and arduous office had begun to tell most disastrously upon his hitherto uncommonly robust frame. My eye, unfortunately, being somewhat more practised than that of many of my brethren, in detecting the symptoms of serious bilious derangement, at once observed the influence over his fine constitution of that kind of exposure, in rural districts, on the lake shore, and upon water courses, to which, from his city life, he had never yet been exposed; and I lost no time in calling

upon him, in his sick room, to point out remedies, palliatives, and above all, preventives for the time to come, for all which he seemed to be truly grateful. But early the next season, on looking over the published schedule of his proposed work for two or three months, I was amazed at the rash zeal which had led him to lay out an amount of labor which, it appeared to me, far exceeded the power of any human frame to endure unharmed; and, about that time, having occasion to write to him, I playfully remarked, that if he could not possibly find sufficient work in his own vast diocese to kill him off soon enough, if he would only come out to the West, I had no doubt that we could make up the deficiency in a very short time. And so, that great heart and stout will impelled him forward in his indiscreet but noble career, until the wheels of life stopped, and the measure of his days, and of his vast usefulness, ended together."

His Episcopate lasted but one year and ten months, and yet what an amount of work was accomplished!

He consecrated fifteen churches; ordained thirty-seven Deacons and twelve Priests; and confirmed four thousand one hundred and twenty-seven persons. But more than this, he had settled and harmonized a diocese which had been long distracted, and set the machinery in operation which has since been moving on so well.

Many touching incidents are treasured up by his friends, which show the faithfulness and love which marked Bishop Wainwright's course. Dr. Van Kleeck, who was then rector of a church in Troy, thus describes a visitation to that place: "I remember, at one of the Bishop's visits to Troy, he came after an accident at Copake, which caused a painful lameness. He not only laid the corner-stone of St. John's Church, on Saturday, when severely suffering, but insisted on preaching

and confirming, the next morning in St. Paul's. He was so lame that he preached sitting in his chair; and never with more earnestness or effect. In the Confirmation, the candidates came to him, one by one, as he stood at the centre of the chancel rail; and the scene was very touching, as, on bended knees, they severally received the laying on of hands, with his earnest blessing. After the service, though evidently suffering much, he refused to have a physician called, and intended to persevere with the other duties of the day. I sent, however, for my family physician; who no sooner saw him than he discovered the signs of erysipelatous inflammation, and positively enjoined rest and remedies."



## Chapter Seventeenth.

LAST PUBLIC MINISTRATIONS—HAVERSTRAW—KIND INTEREST IN LITTLE CHILDREN—SUNDAY MORNING, AND THE SEVERAL DUTIES OF THAT DAY—CHILLINESS—A GOOD NIGHT'S REST AND AN EARLY START—THE DANGER BY NO MEANS PAST—LAST ACT OF BUSINESS—RISING FROM A SICK BED, TO ATTEND A MEETING OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION—BECOMES SUDDENLY AND ALARMINGLY ILL—THE STUPOR OF DISEASE—"MY BELOVED, YOU ARE GOING TO BE WITH JESUS"—THE FULL ASSURANCE OF HOPE—FALLING ASLEEP IN JESUS.

**B**ISHOP WAINWRIGHT'S last public ministrations were at Haverstraw, where he arrived on Saturday evening, August the 26th. The missionary of the station (the Rev. J. B. Gibson) met him at the boat, and accompanied him to the parsonage; where, after a short evening, spent in talking over church affairs, he retired early to rest, evi-



dently much fatigued. "One incident," remarks the missionary, "I cannot forbear mentioning, as it illustrates his kind interest in little children. Remembering that I had two little boys, though he had seen them but once, and that a year before, he had thought of them on his way to the boat. While we were sitting at the tea-table, he left it for a moment, to go to his carpet-bag, and brought them a paper of candy. A trifling circumstance; but the proof of no ordinary kindness of heart, in one so occupied with the highest responsibilities. On Sunday morning the Bishop rose at six, and came from his room looking perfectly well; and, he said, feeling so. After breakfast he rode with me, about a mile and a half, to the humble room in which our services were held. He there addressed the children of the Sunday School in a most earnest and affectionate manner. He then returned to my house, and remained there until the hour of

morning service. We met in the First Presbyterian Church. He read the Ante-Communion Service, and preached from Romans x. 10: 'With the heart, man believeth unto righteousness.' The power of the sermon, and the eloquence with which it was delivered, were manifested by the manner in which it was listened to, and the effect which it produced.

"The place of worship was large, and filled with a congregation representing almost all shades of religious opinion. The breathless attention and deep interest shown, sometimes in tears, were highly gratifying. After the sermon, the Bishop explained the holy rite of Confirmation. He especially endeavored to do away the erroneous impressions of those without the Church, as to the word 'regeneration.' He confirmed thirteen persons, and addressed them most solemnly and affectionately.

"There had been a great change in the

weather during the service; the wind having become damp and cold, and the sky overclouded. As we were riding home, the Bishop regretted that he had only a thin coat. He felt rather chilled. After dinner, of which he partook with an excellent appetite, he retired to his room and rested till half-past four. The afternoon service was in the Central Presbyterian Church. This, also, was crowded, with an attentive and interested congregation. He preached a most excellent sermon, with great animation and fervor, from 1st St. John ii. 3: 'Hereby we do know that we know Him, if we keep His commandments.' A deep impression was evidently made on the minds of the listening congregation. After the sermon, he gave out the 40th Hymn, and then pronounced the greater Benediction. Our little flock look back to their great privilege in thus receiving, as it were, his dying blessing, with thankful, though with saddened hearts. The Bishop

then thanked the pastor and trustees of the congregation for the use of the church; alluded to a spirit of courtesy thus manifested; and said, in words which will be ever in our ears, that it was impossible they could all meet again on earth; but he hoped that all might, before the throne of God, to receive the sentence, 'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'

“On our way home the Bishop again spoke of the chilliness of the atmosphere, although he was rather more warmly clad than in the morning. He retired early, not seeming much fatigued. Indeed, he said that his labors that day had been comparatively light. He rose on Monday at five. Breakfast was prepared, and there was ample time; but he declined it, saying that he was used to eating at any hour, and it would not hurt him to wait for his breakfast till he reached New York. He added, that he had recently gone

from Catskill to New York without any nourishment. I drove him to the boat; and as he stood on the bow he seemed, in spite of the previous day's work, like one in full and vigorous health, and fresh as though he had passed a day of rest instead of one of toil."

Thus far Mr. Gibson's interesting narrative.

Although Bishop Wainwright had appeared fresh and vigorous on his departure from Haverstraw, the chilliness which he had felt on Sunday had been only the precursor of fatal disease. He reached home on Monday, but the next day his fever began. On Wednesday evening, in spite of his indisposition, he insisted on being carried down to the Depository of the Sunday School Union, where an important meeting was to be held, with reference to its affairs. Here he presided until the close of a long debate, though scarcely able to sit up at all. This was his last act of Episcopal business. And how this

should endear him to every friend of the Sunday School Union!

His family, as yet, felt no serious alarm; but he soon after became worse, and Doctors Hosack and Wilkes were sent for, who did all that skill and science could do to preserve a life so valuable. But their efforts proved in vain. A stupor (so generally the attendant of typhoid fever) settled upon him, more and more deeply, from day to day. He manifested no wish for nourishment, and almost wholly refused it. And so he lingered on until September the twenty-first. For the last five hours he lay in silence, surrounded by his wife and children and their faithful friend and physician, Dr. Hosack, who watched with anxious eyes the slow ebbing away of life. "All was composed, except when, now and then, a gust of sorrow *would* break forth: 'My beloved, you are going to be with Jesus; to be forever happy. Do you rest in Him?' The closing eyes half opened.

The venerable head moved its assent. The mother and the children impressed their farewell kiss upon that noble brow. And all was still. The spirit was with God."

This was on Thursday, the feast of St. Matthew the Apostle, 1854. The departed saint had reached his sixty-third year. Who can gaze, unmoved, on such a scene? The writer's eyes have been blinded by his tears, while recording the events of this chapter.



## Chapter Eighteenth.

THE FUNERAL—OLD TRINITY DRAPED IN BLACK—MULTITUDE OF MOURNERS—ORDER OF THE SERVICE, AND THOSE WHO OFFICIATED—DR. HIGBEE'S ADDRESS—THE MUSIC—"I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVETH"—THE BODY BORNE TO ITS RESTING-PLACE—THE SACRED PRIVACY OF GRIEF LEFT UNDISTURBED—TINTED SUNBEAMS FALLING UPON THE DARKENED ALTAR—GATE OF PARADISE.

**B**ISHOP WAINWRIGHT'S funeral took place in Trinity Church, New York, on Saturday, September 23d, at one o'clock in the afternoon. Not two years had passed since the magnificent temple had been crowded by those who had come, with thankfulness and joy, to witness his consecration. The same dense throng has assembled there again, but how sad the occasion of this meeting! The solemn silence of death pre-



vails throughout the crowded church, except when broken by the pathetic accents of those who unite in the beautiful service, or by the sobs of multitudes that mourn.

The body of the deceased Bishop had been brought down early in the morning, and lay in state until the time approached for the funeral. The pulpit and altar, and other parts of the church, were heavily draped with black cloth. Eight clergymen officiated as pall-bearers.

Dr. Berrian, the venerable rector of Trinity Church, repeated the opening sentences of the Burial Service; the anthem, "Lord, let me know my end," etc., being chanted by the choir. "All that music could lend of tenderness and solemnity to such a scene, was lovingly contributed by Dr. Hodges and those whom he directed; and worthily to one who has done more than any other man to make church music what it should be." The lesson was read by Bishop Whitehouse, of Il-

linois, who, when a youth, had been a parishioner of Dr. Wainwright's, then rector of Grace Church. The remainder of the service was by Bishop Doane, of New Jersey.

When the last three verses of the 13th Selection of Psalms had been sung, Dr. Higbee ascended the pulpit to pronounce the funeral discourse. At times his overpowering emotions of sorrow obliged him to stop. "As one suddenly hurled from some high cliff into the sea," he beautifully remarked, "I only hear the confused, mournful sounds of death amid the waves, except as these sounds ever and anon are overborne by God's awful voice saying to all human hearts and to all human tongues, 'Peace! be still.'"

He then went on to give an outline of the character of the departed, in which the lovely and beautiful traits of his character were drawn with masterly skill, and with the thorough appreciation of an intimate and warmly attached friend.

Referring to his untiring efforts to fulfil to the uttermost every duty which devolved upon him, the eloquent preacher remarked: "I seek not to portray him to you in his labors in the diocese, bringing to those labors his whole life and soul, yet in meekness and humility. The record of his toil during the two years of his Episcopacy is known to you all; and the fruits of his labor will remain in the hearts of thousands of the young, the old, the rich, the poor, clergymen, and laymen of this city and this diocese. And there," pointing to the bier, "is the result to him. He did labor unto the death. But no, thank God, that is not the result to him; for 'they who are wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they who turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever.' One of the morning papers of this city, yesterday, in announcing his death, used the following touching words: 'Since the period of his election he has known but

little rest; we have often seen him wrapt in an ample cloak, waiting in severe storms the arrival of conveyances to take him to and from the city. The clergy respected him; the laity supported him; his friends loved and honored him.'

“Waiting—waiting in severe storms! Ay! in every part of the diocese he has been at times seen—waiting in the summer’s heat and in the winter’s cold. No, not waiting; but everywhere, on the great highways and aside from the thoroughfares of travel, in lonely vales and among bleak hills, braving the inclement seasons, and wet with the autumnal dews of the night, he has been constantly seen pursuing his way by any conveyance which might be presented to him, from one distant point to another, to visit the populous town or the humble country church, or the obscure school-house, hastening to bestow his blessing, whether on the ‘great congregation’ or on the poor there gathered together

in God's name. No consideration of personal convenience or comfort, no mere weakness and languor and pain, no private interests or social invitation, no anxious remonstrances from his friends—and they were many—were allowed to interfere with his duties, from the least to the greatest. My last words to him were a remonstrance, in case of a recovery, against this so excessive labor. His reply told me that he was unconscious of any excess; and then his mind ran off on past and prospective duties.

“Alas! our master is taken from our head to-day. The field misses the strong laborer. The shield of the warrior is pierced in the battle. Alas! my brethren, alas! but not for him. His toil, his pain, his conflicts are over. The rough toil, the weary way, the heat and cold, are past. The tempest no more breaks over his head, and the rude wind is still. The good soldier has fallen ‘with his face to the foe’ and with his armor

on. The faithful laborer has gone upward, not deserting the harvest, but bearing his sheaves with him."

At the close of this beautiful address (the whole of which I trust that my readers may be privileged to see for themselves) the consoling words, "I know that my *Redeemer* liveth," were most feelingly sung, and the service was closed with the prayers and the benediction.

The body was then borne to the door, as the solemn strains of the Dead March in Saul floated through the air, and was accompanied to Trinity Cemetery only by the family of the deceased, and the Rev. Drs. Muhlenberg and Higbee. Thousands would gladly have testified their love for Bishop Wainwright by going to the grave, but the mourning kindred preferred to be alone at such a trying moment.

The *Church Journal*, in dwelling on this melancholy theme, thus appropriately concludes: "We do not cease to hope and pray

that even this sorrow will, in God's hand, prove a blessing to that diocese which has been now so long and so grievously chastened. The day of his burial was a day of peaceful calm, of brilliant and cheerful sunshine. In vain was the altar of old Trinity hung all over with the sable weeds of mourning. The tinted sunbeams fell upon the darkened altar, and wherever they fell, they painted it with fullest brightness in the colors of heaven. Even so the love of God, if the windows of the Church's *faith* be unclouded by doubt or despair, will descend upon the sorrowing, and kindle a new glory even upon the darkness of the shadow of Death. The Tomb is but the Gate of Paradise."



## Chapter Nineteenth.

OUTLINE OF CHARACTER—LOVE OF HOME—THE GOOD SON, LOVING BROTHER, TENDER HUSBAND, AND AFFECTIONATE FATHER—AN ACCOMPLISHED GENTLEMAN—REFINED AND CULTIVATED TASTES—GENIAL, SOCIAL MAN—GENEROSITY AND MAGNANIMITY—MEEK AND RETIRING CHRISTIAN—PULPIT ORATOR—THE TEXT SUGGESTED BY DANIEL WEBSTER—ABLE TO TURN HIS HAND TO ANY WORK—HIS SPECIAL MISSION—THE MAN WHO COULD NOT, POSSIBLY, BE SPARED.

**A**LTHOUGH so much has been already said concerning the subject of this memoir, our little book would be incomplete without a more formal outline of his character.

1. And first, it must have been observed by those who have followed his career from his boyhood until the close, that Bishop Wainwright was a man who appreciated, to



the fullest extent, the delights of *home*. No son was ever more kind, or respectful, or affectionate. A more loving brother never lived. And, as the child is father to the man, we are prepared to find him a tender, confiding, and indulgent husband, and a gentle and devoted father. He endeavored to control his children rather by love than by authority, and there was no sacrifice which he was not ready to make, in order to promote their comfort and advantage.

2. Bishop Wainwright was a most accomplished gentleman. His whole manner was urbanity itself, and the law of kindness was ever on his lips. "No grace or courtesy was ever wanting to his daily life. In his manners, in his habits, in his bearing, in the expression of his countenance, in the tones of his voice, in the propriety of his dress, in his whole carriage and appearance, there was that which would have commended him at court and made him welcome in a cottage."

I inquired of one who had recently returned from England, and who had enjoyed the most favorable opportunities for learning the opinions of our trans-Atlantic brethren about ourselves, "Who of all the American Bishops and clergy that have visited England during the last few years, has left the most decided impressions behind him, as a high-toned, polished Christian, gentleman?" The reply was returned at once, "Bishop Wainwright."

3. He possessed a refined and cultivated taste. Had he been a mere worldly man, his name would have been numbered among the most appreciating admirers and patrons of the Fine Arts. Even with all his multiplied employments, he found time for the gratification of this elevating taste.

"I well remember," says the Hon. Willard Phillips, of Boston, "that, on his introducing me to Gilbert Stuart, the celebrated portrait painter, at the rooms of the latter, about 1809, he was intimately familiar with that

artist. Some twenty years after, during my visit to him, in New York, I found him retaining the same tastes and cultivating similar associations, when he took me to Col. Trumbull's rooms, to show me the original portrait of Washington, by that artist; with whom he was evidently on a familiar footing. He had also an ardent, appreciating fondness for music, of which he had considerable scientific knowledge; and in which he was not without some artistic skill, on the piano and the Welsh harp; on each of which he was in the habit of practising."

4. Bishop Wainwright was a genial, social man. I use these words in their best and highest sense. I mention this, because I have known those who, having never seen him, fancied him to belong to the class of worldly clergymen (fortunately a small one), who are fond of dining at the tables of the rich, and who are no great credit to their sacred calling. No opinion could be more

unfounded. One who knew him well has happily described his real character in this particular. "He was 'in simplicity a child.' A brief run into the country, a visit from an old friend, a social supper on some cold meat and a potato, would overflow him with delight." No one could say that any duty was ever neglected by him, for the sake of his own ease or self-indulgence.

5. Bishop Wainwright was distinguished, from his earliest manhood, for generosity of disposition and for great magnanimity of soul. His very look and tone of voice were enough to convince one of his frankness and his freedom from all deceit. He was incapable of doing any thing which was contemptible or base. Cordial, and free, and generous to a fault, no wonder that all men loved him.

6. The lamented prelate was also a meek and retiring Christian. His conversation, while it was always elegant and instructive,

never bordered on religious cant. His Christianity appeared in everything he did. He felt himself the humblest instrument in God's hands, and rejoiced and gave thanks to Him, when he was permitted to accomplish any good.

7. Bishop Wainwright was remarkable for the correctness, and force, and beauty which always appeared in his pulpit discourses, and which rendered him so popular as a preacher. Mr. Prescott, our great historian, observes: "Never have I known a minister who acquired a wider influence over his people, or who took a stronger hold of their affections." Unlike those preachers who are fond of handling abstruse and difficult subjects, he always preferred those which were simple and practical. During his residence in Boston the late Daniel Webster several times suggested topics to him which he wished to hear treated from the pulpit. On one occasion he proposed to Dr. Wainwright to prepare a

sermon on the text, "*There is one Lawgiver,*" saying that it presented a grand subject. The work was readily undertaken, but never finished. "The more I meditated," says Dr. Wainwright, "the larger grew the subject, and I put myself seriously to the task for the remainder of the week. Saturday came, and the mighty idea had stretched beyond my narrow grasp; and I gave the subject up for the time, saying to myself, Hooker has bent that bow, and Webster could, were he to try, but I cannot." The real difficulty, in his mind, was to adapt so lofty a theme to the instruction of his people. What a lesson, here, for such as delight in vain and curious speculations!

8. Bishop Wainwright could turn his hand to any work. "He was a man," remarks Dr. Berrian, "of unwearied industry, borrowing from the night whatever was lost in the day; ready at all times for any emergency, systematic in his studies, and persevering in his

aims." He was willing to help along with any good work. If a country parish wanted an organ, he was the person to look it up. If a standard edition of the Prayer Book was to be published, his careful, critical eye was depended upon to undergo the painful drudgery of reading the proof-sheets. Children of English parents had wandered off to this Western world, and had long been unheard of, and anxious friends apply to him to make inquiries for them. When the Crystal Palace was to be opened, he is expected to inaugurate the American Exhibition of the Arts and Sciences, with his prayers and benediction.\* Alas! how a man of such *universality* of character must be missed!

9. And lastly, it cannot be doubted that Bishop Wainwright was raised up by a gra-

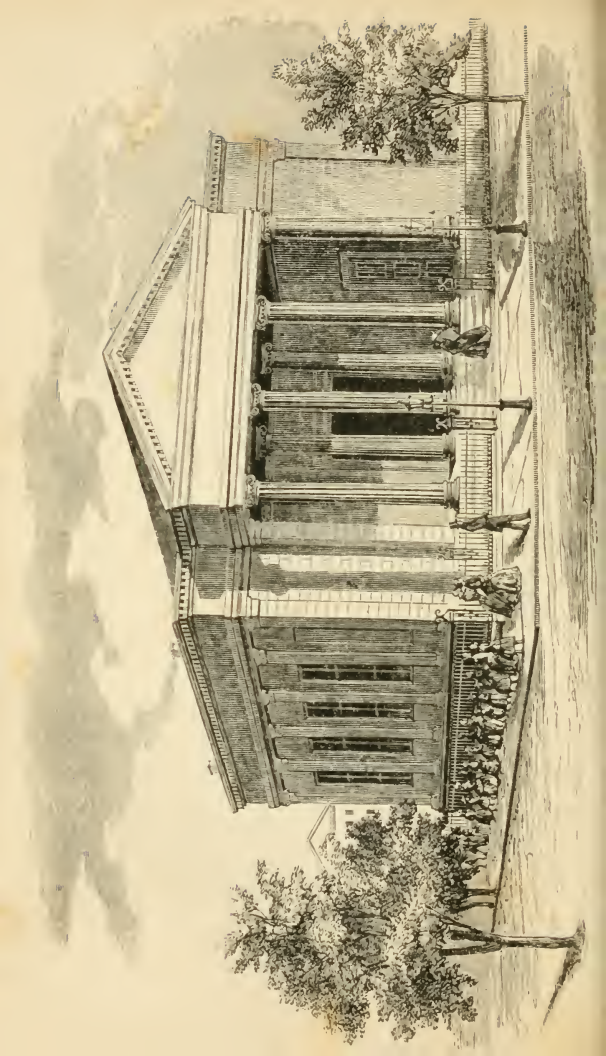
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\* So prominent a place did he occupy in the public mind, in connection with this grand pageant, that in the New York "ILLUSTRATED NEWS" for July 30th, 1853, he is portrayed, in his Episcopal robes, officiating on this occasion.

cious Providence to accomplish a special work for the distracted diocese in which he lived. Dr. M'Vickar, in his opening sermon before the Convention of New York, on the Wednesday after the Bishop's death, speaks of this work as his *mission*, and shows that by nature, by education, and by grace, he was most admirably qualified to accomplish it. "This was a task as congenial to his nature as it was prominent in his choice and open in his policy, and towards the attainment of which he was made, under God's blessing, eminently successful." There are many good men who pass through life and do their duty, but who, after all, are so much like hundreds and thousands more, equally sincere and equally faithful, that we must acknowledge that some one else could readily have accomplished their particular task. But who can say this, with truth, of BISHOP WAINWRIGHT?







## Chapter Twentieth.

PROPOSED MONUMENT—DEAD, YET SPEAKING—A GREAT ENTERPRISE UNDERTAKEN BY THOSE MOST LIKELY TO ACCOMPLISH IT—AN IMPORTANT CIRCULAR—AN EARLIER PERIOD—THE LITTLE BAND OF CHURCHMEN AT THE “BLEECKER BUILDING”—WHAT THEY RESOLVED TO DO, AND HOW THEY KEPT THEIR PLEDGE—FREE SEATS FOR ALL—BISHOP WAINWRIGHT’S LAST CONFIRMATION IN THE CITY—SPECIAL EFFORTS FOR SECURING A CHURCH BUILDING—THE RESULT—A GLORIOUS EASTER—FREE FROM DEBT—CONSECRATION OF THE MEMORIAL CHURCH—DR. MORGAN’S SERMON—PLEASANT INCIDENT—A LIST OF NAMES WHICH WILL BE OF INTEREST HEREAFTER.

WHEN the many friends of Bishop Wainwright had recovered, in some degree, from the shock occasioned by his death, steps were speedily taken to show honor to his name. Memorial windows and monuments were proposed, but the measure which seemed most desirable, and which was

certainly most in harmony with the character of the lamented prelate, was that which has led to the permanent establishment of another free church in the city of New York. Thus will he always be preaching the Gospel to the poor, and ministering to the sick and the needy — a work in which he so much delighted.

This beautiful enterprise was undertaken by those who would be most likely to carry it through in spite of difficulties and labors. It was the willing offering of woman's loving heart. I shall best accomplish my task as a historian, by inserting here the appropriate circular which was issued, to set forth the nature of the work proposed :

To the Ladies of the Protestant Episcopal Church in this Diocese, sorrowing with ourselves, though not murmuring, under the inscrutable dispensation which struck down, on the field, and in the midst of his labors and his usefulness, our beloved friend and father in God, BISHOP WAINWRIGHT, the undersigned, members of different parishes in the City of New York, venture to make appeal for AID, in founding a MEMORIAL, which shall at once at-

test and perpetuate our regrets, and his example, services, and name.

Among the wishes that lay nearest to his heart, and to the speedier accomplishment of which he gave his life, was that of spreading more widely our Church, its liturgy, and its ministry—its faith, its hopes, and its consolations. It is believed that no more fitting or grateful memorial of our deceased Bishop could be devised than in giving effect to this wish by building, in a part of our city most inadequately provided in that respect, an Episcopal Church, of which the seats should forever be free. This labor of love and of gratitude the undersigned have undertaken. In order to accomplish it, they rely upon obtaining a sufficient number of subscriptions of FIVE DOLLARS per annum, for three successive years (or \$15,00 in all), and by this circular they make known their plan and their hopes.

It is proposed to designate the Church as that of "St. John the Evangelist," and that it be known as "The Ladies' Memorial of Bishop Wainwright," with "seats forever free."

It is intended to build it on the western side of the city, in the vicinity of Eighth Avenue and Fourth Street, where already is gathered a dense population, among whom are numerous emigrants from Europe, accustomed in their own land to the beautiful order and devotions of our Church, and eager to resume their connection with it, if only the opportunity be afforded them.

Not doubting that this plain statement will commend its object to the hearts and judgments of those to whom we address ourselves, it remains only to add, that subscriptions may be sent to the Treasurer, Mrs. HENRY A.

COIT, No. 55 Clinton Place, or left at STANFORD & SWORDS,  
No. 637 Broadway.

NEW YORK, November 10th, 1854.

*President*, Mrs. ALEXANDER CLINTON, 219 West Four-  
teenth Street.

*Vice-President*, Mrs. CHARLES H. HALSEY, 9 East  
Eighteenth Street.

*Secretary*, Mrs. MARY E. BLEECKER, 219 West Four-  
teenth Street.

*Treasurer*, Mrs. HENRY A. COIT, 55 Clinton Place.

Mrs. J. T. ADAMS,

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“ PETER HAYDEN,

“ MARGARET G. HAMILTON,

“ F. U. JOHNSTON,

“ HENRY LAIGHT,

“ JOHN R. LIVINGSTON,

“ SCHUYLER LIVINGSTON,

“ WM. LOWERRE,

“ MCEVERS,

“ HENRY MEIGS,

“ ROBT. B. MINTURN,

“ HENRY MORRIS,

“ LUCY OSBORN,

“ NICHOLAS G. RUTGERS,

Mrs. SCHMIDT,

“ ADAM STODART,

“ G. N. TITUS,

“ FANNING C. TUCKER,

“ WM. E. WILMERDING,

“ WM. H. WISNER,

Miss M. R. BABCOCK,

“ M. L. BLEECKER,

“ SARAH CARVILLE,

“ ANNA E. CLINTON,

“ MARY E. FOSTER,

“ MARY W. JOHNSTON,

“ HENRIETTA KING,

“ JULIA LAWRENCE,

“ JANE ROWE,

“ SUSAN K. WALTON,

“ SUSAN H. WENDELL,

“ CATHARINE WILMERDING,

“ MARY WOOLSEY.

*Rector*, Rev. EDWIN R. COOK,

104 Twelfth Street.

I must beg my readers to go back with me now to a period somewhat earlier than the date of this circular.

On the sixth of June, 1853, a small band of Churchmen met in an upper room of what is known as the "Bleecker Building," and organized a parish, designed to provide for the spiritual wants of a portion of the western side of the city of New York. The Rev. Edwin R. T. Cook, now the devoted rector of the Memorial Church, presided on the occasion, and was afterwards called to the pastoral charge.

The undertaking met with the hearty approval of Bishop Wainwright. There, in that upper room, regular service was held, and the seats being free, a congregation was soon gathered.

During the General Convention of 1853 (which met in New York), a number of the Bishops and Clergy took their turn in preaching in the place, and the zealous rector, who

had from the first kept the project of building a church in view, began to make collections for this end.

It is a fact worth recording, that the last time that Bishop Wainwright administered Confirmation in the city, it was in that upper room, when twenty-two persons received his blessing. He preached with even greater fervor than usual, as though he realized that he was soon to depart from earth. Among those confirmed, on the occasion, was a lady advanced in years, who seemed especially to attract the Bishop's notice. Bowed down with infirmity, and apparently on the very border of the grave, she came forward with the rest to receive the blessing so precious to the soul. During the summer of 1854, special efforts were made by the rector and the more devoted members of his charge to carry out their original plan of securing a suitable place for public worship—a house of prayer free to all people.



Meanwhile, Bishop Wainwright died. And then, in due time, the whole business assumed the shape as explained in the circular copied on a former page. It was resolved that this new church should be the Bishop's monument.

Services were held in the "Bleecker Building" for two years, when the congregation removed to the lecture-room of the Metropolitan Academy, where they continued to worship for a year.

The ladies who had undertaken the task of raising funds kept steadily at work, until (including about twelve hundred dollars secured before) ten thousand dollars had been subscribed.

About this time, a place of worship which had been built by the Presbyterians, and afterwards sold in succession to the Congregationalists and Baptists, was offered to the new parish on very reasonable terms. The bargain was made, the church, with necessary alterations, costing \$33,000.

Upon their removal to the new and larger place of worship, the good rector was fearful lest the congregation should be lost, as it were, in so commodious a place; but he was too faithful a pastor to allow such a thing to happen. A clergyman who visits his people faithfully, and is not above going aside into narrow and crooked streets, will never be left alone at church. The new place of worship was filled at once.

The Sunday School and Bible Class and the Ladies' Sewing Circle were all in active operation. The Memorial Church soon showed that it would be no failure.

But where is that great debt of \$33,000?

On Easter morning, 1858, a collection was made which (in addition to the sums previously secured) cleared off the heavy load, and at the close of the service the indefatigable rector announced, with evident emotion, that the Memorial Church was free from all embarrassment.

After evening prayer, on the same day, Bishop Potter confirmed *eighty-seven* persons, most of whom were of middle age or advanced in years.

And now everything being ready for the glad event, the Church of St. John the Evangelist—Bishop Wainwright's fitting monument—was consecrated to the worship of Almighty God, on the 12th of April, 1858. A very large congregation attended, and about forty clergymen, in their robes, showed their interest in the enterprise, the Rev. Drs. Turner, Muhlenberg, Price, Johnson, Bedell, Van Kleeck, and others, taking part in the service. The act of consecration was performed by the Provisional Bishop of New York.

The sermon—a very able and appropriate one—was preached by Dr. Morgan, of St. Thomas' Church. We offer no apology for giving a report of it here.

““And I saw no temple therein; for the

Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it.'—*Rev.* xxi. 22. 'And Jesus went into the temple and overthrew the tables of the money-changers, and would not suffer that any man should carry any vessel through the temple.'—*Mark* xi. 15, 16. The former part of this discourse related particularly to the sacredness and the uses of Christian temples, set apart exclusively for the worship of Almighty God. The Rev. Doctor argued that such temples are absolutely essential to religious faith and religious improvement; he claimed that the necessity for them would not exist if it were not for man's guilt; he described them as the truest symbols on earth, both of man's present infirmity and his anticipated glory, and as continual reminders to him, not only of his sins, but also of his hopes beyond this life; and he urged that, being significant of the one temple of the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb, they were worthy of suitable adorn-

ment and reverential care. The latter portion of the discourse, which had special reference to the occasion, contained so much that is of general interest among our readers, and possessed so much merit in other respects, that we have reported it almost entire :

“Dear friends, let me cease from these general observations. I know how entirely your own convictions will accord with their justness and their truth. This allusion, however, to the warm and generous-hearted Mary reminds me that general thoughts, however well considered, fall short of this occasion.

“The consecration of your church—may I not rather say of our church? for we all have a property in it—is something apart from ordinary solemnities of the kind. Other churches are consecrated because the cap-stone has been ‘brought with shoutings,’ and they stand complete, ready for the Master’s use; but this beautiful sanctuary, now and henceforth separated to the worship of the Triune God,

has its own history registered through many years, and its own peculiar and more recent reminiscences of love, and faith, and unparalleled devotion. When its corner-stone was laid, other hearts and other interests were engaged, and probably no thought was so foreign to that hour as a holy convocation, and a dedication day like this. But God reserves to Himself the issues of all our mortal undertakings. It became—for I shall not speak of its earlier occupancy—in the wise and inscrutable providence of God, it became a *memorial* church. After much deliberation and many prayers for guidance, it was selected and transfigured as a fitting shrine for the memory of the dead and the spiritual benefit of the living. The memory of the dead! Dear fathers and brethren, dear people of this flock, it is not for me, a stranger among you, as it were—it is not for me, who joined the ranks after your noble leader had fallen and was entombed—it is not for me to tell

you what he was, or why he deserved to be enshrined among the living, after he had taken his place among the elect of God in Paradise. And the zealous pastor of this church will testify how reluctantly I yielded to his request when he urged me to stand up and speak in this place to-day. It was too high a privilege and too great an honor for me, and I shrank from the sacred office. One thought only weakened my denial. He whose beloved name is written upon this temple, he whose virtues, whose faithful labors, whose endurance unto death, are recorded here, was my first pastor. Your preacher was an infant in the cradle when Wainwright read from the desk and preached from the pulpit of his native city—read and preached so that both his reading and preaching became traditional henceforth. In that city, dear to me as my birth-place, and dearer as the burial-place of my kindred, and the spot where I hope to sleep at last, he, the good

shepherd, went in and out among the people, 'gathered the lambs in his arms and carried them in his bosom.' There he was a Deacon in his first parish, and, as was truly said by the excellent Bishop of New Jersey, in the memoir, 'It was his first love, and he was entirely happy in it. There he met, and was joined to his life-companion, and there the light of human endearment came in upon his heart to brighten and to sanctify it.' After the lapse of thirty-six years I only speak of him as the pastor of my childhood; but you have known him throughout the interspace of time, and the Church on this continent, to her farthest border, and the Mother Church of England, have known and honored him as a Presbyter most faithful, earnest, accomplished; as a Bishop who, from the moment he grasped the pastoral staff, determined to know nothing but Jesus Christ and the Church of his blood-bought Redeemer. He had always been marked, always sought after,



always eminent; but when he rose from his knees a Bishop, he had received, it would almost seem, a fresh anointing. The prints of the Crucified were more plainly upon him, and onward he went to do his work, as Peter went from Bethany on the Ascension morning, and Paul from Damascus, when the scales had fallen from his eyes. Nor did he pause until, with appointments not yet overtaken and high Episcopal engagements crowding every present hour, he was summoned to yield up his trust and lie down and die. Submissive to the inexorable call, he rested from his labors as a racer might rest when suddenly hurled backward on his rapid course, stunned, unconscious, delirious, dead. So he slept in Jesus with his armor on. A few watched his last and quivering breath. Then came desolation to his hearthstone, and bitter lamentation to his diocese. Above his soulless effigy, above 'the dull, cold ear of death,' was poured the eloquence

of fraternal love and grief, fervent as the lament of David over his brother Jonathan, on the mountain of Gilboa. But time, more than eulogies or dirges, is the beautifier of the dead; and hence this holy temple! The valiant Bishop, among a thousand tributes of full-hearted respect and veneration, hath this for his enduring memorial. Those who loved the Saviour most, and were ever glad to wash and kiss His feet—those who clung to Him weeping, while the disciples fled—those who sank in speechless agony around the cross while His life was wasted—those who heard His last expiring groan, and went first to meet Him when angels rolled away the stone—those, or such as those, their sisters now at a later period, have here embalmed the memory of Christ's faithful soldier and servant with the sweet spicery of their love, their untiring zeal, their unceasing prayers, their pious labors. It is the ladies' memorial—the offering of their hearts. Accept it, Lord.

They have done what they could. But not their offering alone. I do not believe there is a sanctuary in Christendom around which so many hearts have palpitated, so many hopes clustered, so many hands been busy, so many loving sympathies been at work, as around this. It has been a centre of energy and unfaltering effort almost unexampled. I will not speak of the devoted pastor, as he has led on this enterprise with a spirit which no obstacle could daunt, with a faith which would not fail. Nor shall I presume to declare unto you what is so well known to all, that the vestry and congregation of this church have been, from first to last, true to their cause, rallying round their leader like an armed host. Indeed, the Church throughout this metropolis, in all its separate folds, would seem to have heard and answered the Apostolic cry, 'Help those women.' But the dear children of this church! How shall I speak of them? How shall I measure the

wealth of their interest and engagedness in this holy work—their sacrifices, their generous rivalry, their accumulating gifts, their substantial aid, in hastening on this auspicious day? Little children, may God remember you for good. But I must cease, brethren. Your work is done, and in the name of God I thank you and congratulate you. Freed from every incumbrance, you have a temple holy unto the Lord—honorable to Him whose presence fills it, honorable to him whose name it bears. O, if from the habitation of the just, thoughts or sympathies return hitherward, with what joy must your departed Bishop have looked down upon these hallowed services to-day! With what joy must he continually review the field of action from which he was so abruptly called away—his place so speedily and so admirably supplied by one whose labors are even more abounding, his diocese prospering in all her borders, his clergy united, earnest, success-

ful, and the Church for which he was ready to spend his heart's blood rising higher and higher in the estimation and suffrages of all good men, as the conservator of peace, the bulwark of sound doctrine, the witness and dispenser of the truth as it is in Jesus."

After an appeal for grace for pastors and people, and some beautiful stanzas on the home of the blest, the preacher concluded :

"May that be our eternal home, the realm into which the sons of God having entered, go no more out forever."

At the close of the sermon, the holy Communion was administered to the clergy and hundreds of the faithful.

One of the pleasantest incidents of the day was the presence of Mrs. Wainwright, as the special guest of the ladies of the Memorial Church. She was accompanied by one of her sons, who had devoted himself to the work of the ministry. Mrs. Wainwright had felt the deepest interest in this church from

the beginning; and her emotion on being permitted to witness its complete success, within so brief a period, was evident to all who met her on this joyful occasion.

What Bishop might not well be proud of such a memorial as this!

And now, we bring this simple memorial to a close, wishing health and long years of successful labor to the worthy pastor, and many spiritual blessings to his flock.

As a record which will be full of interest in after years, we give the names of the wardens and vestrymen for 1858:

|                        |            |
|------------------------|------------|
| CHARLES J. FOLSOM,     | } Wardens. |
| GEORGE R. HENDRICKSON, |            |

|                          |                          |
|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| MELANCTHON F. SCHUREMAN, | HERMAN BRUEN,            |
| JOHN WHEELER, JR.,       | MARTIN Y. BUNN,          |
| WM. R. WILLOUGHBY,       | ALEXANDER CLINTON, M.D., |
| ROBERT M. MARTIN,        | R. S. BLOSSOM,           |
| ALEXANDER HUME.          |                          |

THE END.





Edwin R. T. Cook



# SECOND ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

## Memorial Sunday School,

HELD IN THE CHURCH,

HAMMOND-STREET, COR. WAVERLEY PLACE,

CHRISTMAS, 1857.



New-York:

PUDNEY & RUSSELL, PRINTERS,  
No. 79 JOHN-STREET.

1858.



## SECOND ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

# Memorial Sunday School.

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ON the evening of Christmas, 1857, the Sunday-School Children, of the Memorial Church, assembled to celebrate their Second Anniversary. At the appointed hour of 6 P. M., the school-room was filled with bright young faces, whose cheerful looks and smiles betokened happy hearts. The Teachers, also, were there sharing in the general joy and exchanging with their respective classes, and with each other, the usual greetings of the happy season.

Three hundred lambs of Christ, separated into small flocks, each under the care of a shepherd or shepherdess, and all superintended by the Pastor, knelt in humble adoration of the Chief Shepherd and

Bishop of Souls, and then arranged themselves in order to enter

### The Church.\*

The appearance of the church was like a peep into fairy land. On entering, the first thing that caught the eye was a beautiful arch of evergreens thrown across the middle aisle, on which were hung twelve very tastefully executed lanterns. Directly over it, suspended from the centre of the ceiling, were garlands leading to the four corners of the building, and to the intermediate points on the walls; and as looking upward from the brilliant arch, the eye rested on one of them, the vision was borne onward to the chancel, at the highest point of which, hung the star of Bethlehem, brightly shining, and still, as did the star of 1800 years ago, leading the thoughts onward to Him in memory of whose coming "on Christmas morning" its light was shining. Various other parts of the church displayed appropriate emblems and texts in evergreen. But the crowning glory of all was

### The Christmas Tree.

It stood on the chancel steps, and towered up fair and tall above the pulpit, and among the branches shone numbers of variegated lanterns, exquisitely wrought with various scriptural devices, similar to

\* Church Journal, Dec. 31, 1858.

these on the arch. Soon the door leading to the Sunday-School room opened, and with their banner at their head, bearing its motto of "Little children, love one another," the children entered, and marched down one aisle and up the others, to their appointed stations—each class preceded by its teacher, while one of the scholars bore its appropriate emblem.

After passing into the pews, all remained standing till the Rector entered, when every knee was bowed for a few moments, and we trust every heart engaged in silent prayer; then all rising, with one voice they sang their

"Christmas Greeting."

O, come, children, come, to the Saviour, to day;  
Come, for all things are ready, O, haste ye away.

CHORUS.

Come and welcome, come and welcome,  
Come and welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,  
Come and welcome to Jesus, nor longer delay.

He invites you come, to His word now attend,  
He calls you in love—He's the children's best friend.

*Chorus.*—Come and welcome, \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* To Jesus, the children's kind friend.

He died that the souls of the children might live;  
He lives now in glory, their prayers to receive.

*Chorus.*—Come and welcome, \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* To Jesus, repent and believe.

The Spirit says "Come," His gentle voice hear,  
To-day, pray for pardon, while Jesus is near.

*Chorus.*—Come and welcome, \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* To Jesus, while He is so near.

After a short exhortation they chanted

### The Magnificat.

My soul doth magni - fy the - Lord - - and my spirit hath re -  
joiced in - God my Saviour.

For He - hath re - garded - - the lowli - ness of - his hand -  
maiden :

For behold, - from hence - forth - - all gene - rations shall - call  
me - blessed.

For He that is mighty hath magnified me, and holy - is His -  
Name, - - and His mercy is on them that fear Him, through - out  
all - gener - ations.

He hath showed strength - with His - arm, - - He hath scattered  
the proud in the imagi - nation - of their - hearts.

He hath put down the mighty - from their - seats, - - and hath  
exalted the - humble - and the - meek

He hath filled the hungry - with good - things - - and the rich He -  
hath sent - empty a - way.

He remembering His mercy hath holpen His - servant - Israel, - -  
as He promised to our forefather Abraham - and his - seed for  
ever.

Then a portion of the Evening Service was  
read, followed by the sweet voices of the children  
telling the

### "Story of Christmas."

Little children, can you tell,  
Do you know the story well.  
Every girl and every boy,  
Why the angels sing for joy,  
On the Christmas morning ?

Yes, we know the story well.  
Listen, now, and hear us tell,  
Every girl and every boy,  
Why the angels sing for joy,  
On the Christmas morning.

Shepherds sat upon the ground,  
Fleecy flocks were scattered round,  
When the brightness filled the sky,  
And a song was heard on high,  
On the Christmas morning.

“Joy and peace,” the angels sang ;  
Far the pleasant echoes rang.  
“Peace on earth, to men good will,”  
Hark ! the angels sing it still,  
On the Christmas morning.

For a little babe that day,  
Christ, the Lord of angels lay,  
Born on earth our Lord to be,  
This the wondering angels see,  
On the Christmas morning.

Let us sing the angels' song,  
And the pleasant sounds prolong,  
This fair Babe of Bethlehem,  
Children loves, and blesses them,  
On the Christmas morning.

“Peace,” our little hearts shall fill.  
“Peace on earth, to men good will,”  
Hear us sing the angels' song,  
And the pleasant notes prolong,  
On the Christmas morning.

After prayers they sang the following

“Carol.”

Once in royal David's City,  
 Stood a lowly cattle shed,  
 Where a mother laid her Baby,  
 In a manger for His bed.  
 Mary was that mother mild,  
 Jesus Christ her little Child.

He came down to earth from heaven,  
 Who is God and Lord of all,  
 And His shelter was a stable,  
 And His cradle was a stall;  
 With the poor, and mean, and lowly,  
 Lived on earth our Saviour Holy.

And through all His wondrous childhood  
 He would honor and obey,  
 Love and watch the lovely maiden  
 In whose gentle arms he lay.  
 Christian children all must be  
 Mild, obedient, good as He.

For He is our childhood's pattern,  
 Day by day like us He grew,  
 He was little, weak and helpless,  
 Fears and smiles like us He knew,  
 And He feeleth for our sadness,  
 And He shareth in our gladness.

And our eyes at last shall see Him,  
 Through His own redeeming love,  
 For that Child so dear and gentle  
 Is our Lord in heaven above;  
 And He leads His children on  
 To the place where He is gone.



Not in that poor lowly stable,  
With the oxen standing by,  
We shall see Him, but in Heaven,  
Sit at God's right hand on high.  
When like stars His children crowned,  
All in white, shall wait around.

The children were then addressed by the Rector, who explained to them what the Christmas Festival meant, and what were the duties and privileges of the season, after which they sang the glorious Christmas Song,

“Carol, Brothers, Carol.”

Carol, Brothers, Carol—  
Carol joyfully,  
Carol the good tidings,  
Carol merrily;  
And pray a gladsome Christmas  
For all good Christian men.  
Carol, Brothers, Carol,  
Christmas day again.

DUETT.

Carol the good tidings,  
Not in songs of earth:  
On the Saviour's birth-day,  
Hallowed be our mirth;  
While a thousand blessings,  
Fill our hearts with glee,  
Christmas day we'll keep  
The Feast of Charity.

CHORUS.

Carol, Brothers, Carol.

## DUETT.

At the merry table  
 Think of those who've none,  
 The orphan and the widow,  
 Hungry and alone.  
 Bountiful your offerings  
 To the altar bring.  
 Let the poor and needy  
 Christmas Carols sing.

## CHORUS.

Carol, Brothers, &c.

## DUETT.

Listening angel music,  
 Discord sure must cease—  
 Who dare hate his brother  
 On this day of peace?  
 While the heavens are telling  
 To mankind good will,  
 Only love and kindness  
 Every bo-om fill.

## CHORUS.

Carol. Brothers, &c.

## DUETT.

Let our hearts, responding  
 To the seraph band,  
 Wish this morning's sunshine  
 Bright in every land,—  
 Word, and deed, and prayer,  
 Speed the grateful sound,  
 Telling "Merry Christmas,"  
 All the world around!

## CHORUS.

Carol, Brothers, &c.

The Offertory was read, and a "Collection" made from the congregation, when the children sang

"Our Offerings."

To-day we come with singing  
And gladness in our breast,  
Our willing offerings bringing,  
For God has greatly blest.  
We spread our flowing banners,  
And lift our voices high;  
Our hymns and glad hosannas  
Resounding through the sky.

We come with exultation,  
A joyful, happy band,  
Proclaiming free salvation  
To children of our land.  
Loud ring the glowing anthem!  
O! shout, "A Saviour born!"  
And let all people echo—  
"O happy Christmas Morn!"

Our souls be filled with gladness,  
Let rapture swell the breast;  
For myriad hearts are beating  
To hail the Lord who blest.  
Shout, shout, ye saints in triumph,  
The Conqueror comes to reign,  
Let earth exalt her Saviour  
And bless Emmanuel's name.

Then each class, as it was called by name, sent up its emblem, accompanied by an appropriate text of Scripture and a verse, original or selected, also the offerings contributed during the year for mis-

sionary purposes, or more properly for assisting in paying off the debt on the church. The offerings amounted to \$400, contributed as follows:—

## Girls' Department.

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| <i>Class.</i>         | <i>Teacher.</i>         | <i>Amount.</i> |
|-----------------------|-------------------------|----------------|
| Lily of the Valley, - | Miss Emily Stowe, - - - | \$14 72.       |

EMBLEM—*A Basket of Lilies.*

*Motto*—"Consider the lilies of the field how they grow."—MATT. 6 : 23.

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"They toil not, neither do they spin,  
And yet their Maker's will—  
Exempt from sorrow, as from sin—  
They live but to fulfil."

| <i>Class.</i>       | <i>Teacher.</i>      | <i>Amount.</i> |
|---------------------|----------------------|----------------|
| Carrier Dove, - - - | Mrs. Bleecker, - - - | \$30 00.       |

EMBLEM—*A white dove, bearing the olive branch.*

*Motto*—"Behold, I bring you good tidings."—LUKE 2 : 10.

---

We send thee forth in faith and love,  
With tidings of good will and peace;  
Unfold thy wings, O gentle dove!  
Outspread them on the genial breeze;  
Let the green olive bough on high be borne,  
Bear God's own message, He will speed thee on.

| <i>Class.</i>     | <i>Teacher.</i>          | <i>Amount.</i> |
|-------------------|--------------------------|----------------|
| Olive Branch, - - | Miss C. Coleman, - - - - | \$19 56.       |

EMBLEM—*An olive bough, with olives.*

*Motto*—"As the shaking of an olive tree; two or three berries in the top of the uppermost bough, four or five in the outmost fruitful branches thereof, saith the Lord God of Israel."—ISAIAH 17: 6.

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May "oil of gladness" now distil  
 As we our olives press,  
 The widow's wasted cruse to fill,  
 The orphan's heart to bless.  
 That when the harvest day is o'er,  
 The fruit all gathered in,  
 The Master's "Well done" cry we hear,  
 The golden crown we win.

| <i>Class.</i>     | <i>Teacher.</i>             | <i>Amount.</i> |
|-------------------|-----------------------------|----------------|
| Willing Givers, - | Miss Sarah Jackson, - - - - | \$27 37.       |

EMBLEM—*A wax hand, presenting the offering.*

*Motto*—"God loveth a cheerful giver."—2 COR. 9: 7.

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Our Saviour left his home above,  
 That home so bright and fair,  
 To lead on earth a suffering life,  
 A cruel death to bear.  
 For children, such as you and I,  
 He left his glorious home on high.  
 Then willingly, for His dear sake,  
 We'll give from out our store—  
 Our hearts and lives, 'tis all we have,  
 And He will ask no more.

| <i>Class.</i>   | <i>Teacher.</i>           | <i>Amount.</i> |
|-----------------|---------------------------|----------------|
| Gleaners, - - - | Miss C. Wilmerding, - - - | \$26 16.       |

EMBLEM—*A sheaf of wheat.*

*Motto*—"And she went, and came, and gleaned in the field after the reapers."—  
RUTH 2: 3.

Thy blessings, Lord, o'er all the earth,  
 Thou givest large, with plenteous hand,  
 And now within Thy courts we stand  
 This day, with joy, and holy mirth,  
 And in our willing hands we take  
 The few and scattered ears of grain  
 We've gathered up, with toil and pain;—  
 Receive them for our Saviour's sake.

| <i>Class.</i>              | <i>Teacher.</i>       | <i>Amount.</i> |
|----------------------------|-----------------------|----------------|
| Honey out of the Rock, - - | Miss H. Sibree, - - - | \$8 00.        |

EMBLEM—*An open Bible.*

*Motto*—"Oh, taste and see that the Lord is good."—PS. 34: 8.

"Sweeter than honey" is God's holy word,  
 O, let us help to spread its sweets abroad;  
 That all the nations, far and near, may know  
 Jesus, the Rock, from whence its blessings flow.

| <i>Class.</i>  | <i>Teacher.</i>            | <i>Amount.</i> |
|----------------|----------------------------|----------------|
| Charity. - - - | Miss M. E. Renville. - - - | \$7 48.        |

EMBLEM—*A heart of white roses.*

*Motto*—"And now abideth, Faith, Hope, Charity, these three; but the greatest of these is Charity."—1 COR. 13: 13.

"Then constant Faith and holy Hope shall die,  
 One lost in certainty and one in joy;  
 Whilst thou, more happy power, fair Charity,  
 Triumphant sister, greatest of the three,  
 Shalt still survive—  
 Shalt stand before the host of Heaven confest,  
 For ever blessing, and forever blest."

| <i>Class.</i>          | <i>Teacher.</i>     | <i>Amount.</i> |
|------------------------|---------------------|----------------|
| Star of Bethlehem, - - | Miss P. Cook, - - - | \$10 00        |

EMBLEM—*A star, suspended in a wreath of evergreen.*

*Motto*—"We would follow Jesus."

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Oh, star that led to Jesus, shed thy ray  
Of wondrous light, upon our sin-dimmed way;  
Guide thou our yearning souls to Bethlehem  
To Jesus' feet—for we would follow Him,  
Leaving all else, His footsteps we would trace,  
Till we, in rapture, see Him, face to face.

| <i>Class.</i>    | <i>Teacher.</i>            | <i>Amount.</i> |
|------------------|----------------------------|----------------|
| Faith, - - - - - | Miss L. Wilkins, - - - - - | \$17 87.       |

EMBLEM—*A cross, entwined with garlands.*

*Motto*—"Faith is the substance of things hoped for; the evidence of things not seen."—HEB. 11: 1.

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"From out the mossy sod springs Faith,  
Triumphant over death!  
And, with roses crowned, points out  
The way to Heaven."

| <i>Class.</i>   | <i>Teacher.</i>            | <i>Amount.</i> |
|-----------------|----------------------------|----------------|
| Rain-Drops, - - | Miss E. Coleman, - - - - - | \$4 06.        |

EMBLEM—*A rose, drooping with rain-drops.*

*Motto*—"My doctrine shall drop as the rain, my speech shall distil as the dew; as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the grass."—DEUT. 32: 2.

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"Little drop of rain bring the springing flowers,  
And we may attain much by little powers;  
Every little mite, every little measure,  
Helps to spread the light, helps to swell the treasure."

| <i>Class.</i>       | <i>Teacher.</i>   | <i>Amount.</i> |
|---------------------|-------------------|----------------|
| Fragment Gatherers, | Miss A. Phillips, | \$3 11.        |

EMBLEM—*A basket.*

*Motto*—"Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost."—JOHN 6 : 12.

Like the little birds are we,  
Gathering every crumb we see ;  
Like the honey-bees we roam,  
Bearing stores of sweetness home.

For we know the Saviour said,  
When the multitudes he fed,—  
Gather up, and store away  
The fragments for another day.

And now as Christmas comes once more,  
We bring our offering as of yore ;  
A gift of love it is for you,  
From little fragment-gatherers true.

| <i>Class.</i>     | <i>Teacher.</i>   | <i>Amount.</i> |
|-------------------|-------------------|----------------|
| Casket of Jewels, | Miss S. Northrup, | \$3 27.        |

EMBLEM—*A Casket.*

*Motto*—"And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels."—MALACHI 3 : 17.

No brightness have we but what comes from above,  
'Tis a lustre imparted by Infinite Love ;  
Oh, help us, dear Saviour, to shine till that day,  
When, counting thy gems, Thou shalt call us away.



| <i>Class.</i>        | <i>Teacher.</i>          | <i>Amount.</i> |
|----------------------|--------------------------|----------------|
| Buds of Promise, - - | Miss A. Jackson, - - - - | \$6 02.        |

EMBLEM—*A Bouquet.*

*Motto*—"The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of the Lord shall stand forever."—ISAIAH 40 : 8.

Father, bless these buds of promise,  
 Keep them in the cooling shade,  
 Till transplanted to that country,  
 Where the flow'rets never fade.  
 Shelter them when winter reigneth,  
 Guard them from its freezing cold ;  
 Tender blossoms, sent to teach us  
 Of the heavenly shepherd fold.

| <i>Class.</i>   | <i>Teacher.</i>            | <i>Amount.</i> |
|-----------------|----------------------------|----------------|
| Memorial, - - - | Miss M. J. Radway, - - - - | \$3 61.        |

EMBLEM—*A Temple.*

*Motto*—"Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces."—  
 Ps. 122 : 7.

| <i>Class.</i>       | <i>Teacher.</i>       | <i>Amount.</i> |
|---------------------|-----------------------|----------------|
| Rose of Sharon, - - | Miss E. Hoyt, - - - - | \$10 32.       |

EMBLEM—*A Rosebush.*

*Motto*—"The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose."—ISAIAH 35 : 1.

"Thou who didst lighten Zion's hill,  
 On Carmel who didst shine,  
 Our deserts let Thy glory fill,  
 Thy excellence divine.  
 Like Lebanon in towering pride,  
 May all our forests smile,  
 And may our borders blossom wide,  
 Like Sharon's fruitful soil."

| <i>Class.</i>              | <i>Teacher.</i>      | <i>Amount.</i> |
|----------------------------|----------------------|----------------|
| Bread upon the Waters, - - | Miss M. Smith, - - - | \$27 00.       |

EMBLEM—*A figure of Charity standing upon the sea, and bearing a shell containing the offering.*

Motto—"Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days."  
—ECCLESIASTES 11: 1.

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Sweet charity!—the greatest of the three,  
Meekest and loveliest of Heaven's daughters,  
With cheerful, willing hearts, we ask of thee  
To cast our bread upon want's troubled waters;  
Trusting in God, who ne'er His word betrays,  
That we shall "find it after many days."

| <i>Class.</i>     | <i>Teacher.</i>          | <i>Amount.</i> |
|-------------------|--------------------------|----------------|
| Morning Star, - - | Miss G. Cooke, - - - - - | \$1 50.        |

EMBLEM—*A silver star, shrouded in blue.*

Motto—"I am the root and offspring of David, and the bright and morning star."  
—REV. 22: 16.

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Oh, Jesus, thou star of the morning, we tender  
Not offerings of worth, which to Thee should belong;  
But fragments of what Thou hast given, we render  
Our heart's earliest blossoms, our love and our song

Oh, day-star arise in our hearts' depths, adorning  
Each spot where in future our pathways may lie,  
Till the glimmer of earth merges into the morning,  
The millennial morn of our home in the sky.

| <i>Class.</i>  | <i>Teacher.</i>             | <i>Amount.</i> |
|----------------|-----------------------------|----------------|
| Daisy Chain, - | Miss Anna M'Geachy, - - - - | \$1 00.        |

EMBLEM—*An unclasped chain, composed of daisies.*

*Motto*—"Our labor is not in vain in the Lord."—1 CORINTHIANS 15 : 58.

Tho' humble our mite,  
'Tis not offered in vain,  
Like each daisy, it makes up  
One link of a chain :  
And the chain of kind deeds,  
Formed in meekness and love,  
Tho' wrought out on earth,  
God will clasp it above.

| <i>Class.</i> | <i>Teacher.</i>        | <i>Amount.</i> |
|---------------|------------------------|----------------|
| Hope, - - - - | Miss G. Hayes, - - - - | \$00 43.       |

EMBLEM—*An anchor, resting upon a rock.*

*Motto*—"Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast."  
—HEB. 6 : 19.

"The stormiest waves and billows rock  
The human bark at will ;  
We shall have strength to bear the shock,  
Be hope our anchor still."

| <i>Infant Class.</i> | <i>Teachers.</i>               | <i>Amount.</i> |
|----------------------|--------------------------------|----------------|
| Lambs of the Flock,  | Miss E. Tasker & Miss S. Wild, | \$22 88.       |

EMBLEM—*A Lamb.*

*Motto*—"Little children, love one another."

"Ye Lambs of Christ, your tribute bring,  
Ye children great and small,  
Hosannah sing to Christ your King,  
And crown Him Lord of all."

## Boys' Department.

| <i>Class.</i>       | <i>Teacher.</i>        | <i>Amount</i> |
|---------------------|------------------------|---------------|
| First Fruits, - - - | T. B Morris, - - - - - | \$ 0 00.      |

EMBLEM—*A Basket of Fruit.*

*Motto*—"And now behold I have brought the first fruits of the land, which Thou, O God, hast given me."—DEUTERONOMY 26: 10.

O Lord, thy gentle love constrains us,  
We come with songs of Christmas glee,  
To Thee to dedicate our offerings—  
The first fruits of our land to Thee.

| <i>Class.</i>        | <i>Teacher.</i>         | <i>Amount.</i> |
|----------------------|-------------------------|----------------|
| Gospel Banner, - - - | A. S. Dealey, - - - - - | \$13 88.       |

EMBLEM—*The Brazen Serpent.*

*Mottoes*—"Thou hast given a banner to them that fear Thee, that it may be displayed because of the truth."—PSALM 60: 4.

"For as Moses lifted up the Serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up."—JOHN 3: 14.

Thy Banner over us in Love  
'Tis for the Truth unfurled;  
Grant us Thy grace to speak that Truth  
With Love throughout the world.

| <i>Class.</i>               | <i>Teacher.</i>       | <i>Amount.</i> |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------|----------------|
| Lord's Armor Bearers, - - - | W. H. Robinson, - - - | \$2 55.        |

EMBLEM—*A shield and a spear.*

*Motte*—"Above all, taking the shield of Faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked."—EPH. 6: 16.

Our Captain leads us on,  
He beckons from the skies,  
And reaches out a starry crown  
And bids us take the prize.

| <i>Class.</i>     | <i>Teacher.</i>       | <i>Amount.</i> |
|-------------------|-----------------------|----------------|
| Coral Reef, - - - | Robert Jackson, - - - | \$31 32.       |

EMBLEM—*The coral insect's home at sea, forming reefs—a ship anchored near by,*

*Motto*—"The price of wisdom is above rubies."—JOB. 28 : 18.

From the caves of the deep sea,  
From far "India's coral strand,"  
Emblem meet we bring to Thee—  
A triumphant little band.

| <i>Class.</i>      | <i>Teacher.</i>       | <i>Amount.</i> |
|--------------------|-----------------------|----------------|
| Self Denial, - - - | W Irving Adams, - - - | \$33 10.       |

EMBLEM—*Cross on an island.*

*Motto*—"If any man will come after me let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me."—LUKE 9 : 23.

"Deny thyself and take thy cross,"  
Is the Redeemer's great command;  
Nature must count her gold but dross,  
If she would gain the heavenly land.

| <i>Class.</i>       | <i>Teacher.</i>    | <i>Amount.</i> |
|---------------------|--------------------|----------------|
| Children of Zion, - | Wm. Husband, - - - | \$12 50.       |

EMBLEM—*A Harp.*

*Motto*—"Praise Him with the sound of the trumpet : praise Him with the psaltery and harp."—PSALM 150 : 3.

"Till David touched his sacred lyre,  
In silence lay the unbreathing wire;  
But when he swept its cords along,  
Even angels stooped to hear the song."

| <i>Class.</i>       | <i>Teacher.</i>            | <i>Amount.</i> |
|---------------------|----------------------------|----------------|
| Standard Bearers, - | Chas. C. Curtis, - - - - - | \$3 93.        |

EMBLEM—*The Crusader's Standard.*

*Motto*—"Set up the standard towards Zion."—JEREMIAH 4: 6,

On high our standard we will raise,  
 God's holy name we'll ever praise;  
 Charity, our motto—Faith and Hope combined  
 Our lasting happiness above to find.

| <i>Class.</i>     | <i>Teacher.</i>            | <i>Amount.</i> |
|-------------------|----------------------------|----------------|
| Glad Tidings, - - | W. Percy Browne, - - - - - | \$20 00.       |

EMBLEM—*A Banner with an open Bible, and above it an angel blowing a trumpet.*

*Motto*—"And the angel said unto them—'Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.'"—LUKE 2: 10.

"Lo! in the desert rich flowers are springing,  
 Streams ever copious are gliding along,  
 Loud from the mountain tops echoes are ringing,  
 Wastes rise in verdure, and mingle in song.  
 Hear from all lands, from the Isles of the ocean,  
 Praise to Jehovah ascending on high,  
 Fallen are the engines of war and commotion,  
 Shouts of 'glad tidings' are rending the sky."

| <i>Class.</i>        | <i>Teacher.</i>           | <i>Amount.</i> |
|----------------------|---------------------------|----------------|
| Little Pilgrims, - - | Jno. Schmelzel, - - - - - | \$4 48.        |

EMBLEM—*A Pilgrim's hat and staff.*

*Motto*—"They shall ask the way to Zion, with their faces thitherward."—  
JEREMIAH 50: 4.

We're a little pilgrim band  
Travelling to the heavenly land;  
Let us do what good we can  
Moved by love to God and man;  
Then when we our race have run  
Christ will say to us "well done."

| <i>Class.</i>        | <i>Teacher.</i>         | <i>Amount.</i> |
|----------------------|-------------------------|----------------|
| Mite Contributors, - | Jno. Newcome, - - - - - | \$4 50.        |

*Mottoes*—"If thou hast little, gladly give of that little."  
"Commit thy trifles unto God, for to Him is nothing trivial, and it is but the littleness of man that seeth no greatness in a trifle."

| <i>Class.</i>              | <i>Teacher.</i>       | <i>Amount.</i> |
|----------------------------|-----------------------|----------------|
| Grain of Mustard Seed, - - | Miss M. Rogers, - - - | \$1 94.        |

EMBLEM—*A tree to represent the growth of the seed.*

*Motto*—"The kingdom of Heaven is like to a grain of mustard seed."—MATT. 13: 31.

"Seeds are sown of glorious light,  
A future harvest for the just;  
And gladness for the heart that's right,  
To recompense it's pious trust."

| <i>Class.</i>     | <i>Teacher.</i>         | <i>Amount.</i> |
|-------------------|-------------------------|----------------|
| Ivy Vine, - - - - | Miss H. Thomas, - - - - | \$4 77.        |

EMBLEM—*A pillar twined with ivy.*

*Motto*—"Cleave unto the Lord your God."—JOSH. 23 : 8.

All our aid to do and be,  
Saviour,—from Thee springeth;  
Teach us then to cling to Thee,  
Closely, firmly, faithfully,  
As the ivy clingeth.

| <i>Class.</i>      | <i>Teacher.</i>          | <i>Amount.</i> |
|--------------------|--------------------------|----------------|
| Little Builders, - | Miss L. Newcomb, - - - - | \$12 67.       |

EMBLEM—*An unfinished building.*

*Motto*—"Even a child is known by his doings."—PROVERBS 20 : 11.

"For the structure that we raise  
Time is with materials filled;  
Our to-days and yesterdays  
Are the blocks with which we build.

"Truly shape and fashion these,  
Leave no yawning gaps between;  
Think not because no man sees,  
These things will remain unseen."

The following teachers have been added since, or were, at the time engaged in teaching, or discharging other duties in the school.

ROBERT M. MARTIN, R. S. BLOSSOM, *assisting the Rector*;  
GEORGE WARNER, JOHN NORTHRUP, BENJAMIN BROWN, *Librarians*;  
JAMES CAMERON, JOHN J. BROWN, PETER E. DE MILL, MISS A. M. THURMAN, MISS J. TILLOU, MISS M. KEYSER, MISS A. MARRIOTT, MISS E. S. BURNHAM, MISS E. CLASSEBACK, MISS J. GRANBERBY, E. M. WILD.



A Certificate of Life Membership of the Sunday School Missionary Society of the Memorial Church, was given to those children who had, up to that time, contributed ten dollars to the fund of the Missionary Society of the School.

Bishop Potter, by a unanimous vote of the Teachers and Scholars, was made the first life member.

When the Certificates had been distributed, a very sweet hymn was sung, called

“The Children’s Hosanna.”

Children of Jerusalem,  
Sang the praise of Jesus’ name,  
Children, too, of later days,  
Join to sing the Saviour’s praise.

CHORUS.

Hark! hark! hark! while children’s voices sing,  
Hark! hark! hark! while children’s voices sing,  
Loud hosanna, Loud hosanna, Loud hosanna, to our King.

We have often heard and read  
What the royal psalmist said:  
Babes and sucklings’ artless lays,  
Shall proclaim the Saviour’s praise.

*Chorus.*—Hark! &c.

We are taught to love the Lord,  
We are taught to read his word,  
We are taught the way to heaven,  
Praise to God for all be given.

*Chorus.*—Hark! &c.

Parents, teachers, old and young,  
 All unite to swell the song;  
 Higher, and yet higher rise,  
 Till hosanna reach the skies.

*Chorus.*—Hark! we all unite to sing, &c.

Gift Books were distributed, one to each scholar,  
 and the children sang

### The Closing Hymn.

I'll awake at dawn on the Sabbath day;  
 For 'tis wrong to sleep holy time away,  
 With my lessons learned, this shall be my rule,  
 Never to be late at the Sunday School.

Birds awake betimes, every morn they sing,  
 None are tardy there, when the woods do ring;  
 So, when Sunday comes, this shall be my rule,  
 Never to be late at the Sunday School.

When the summer's sun wakes the flowers again,  
 They the call obey—none are tardy then;  
 Nor will I forget that it is my rule,  
 Never to be late at the Sunday School.

But these Sabbath days will soon be o'er,  
 And these happy hours shall return no more;  
 Then I'll ne'er regret that it is my rule,  
 Never to be late at the Sunday School.

The benediction was pronounced, and the happy Christmas festival was ended. Dear children, may the Lord bless you and keep you, and may we each one so faithfully serve Him in this life, that we fail not finally to attain His heavenly promises, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Your affectionate Friend and Pastor,

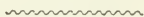
E. R. T. C.

# CHANT, CAROLS, &c.,

SUNG BY THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL CHILDREN OF THE

## MEMORIAL CHURCH,

AT VARIOUS TIMES.



### Children's Greeting.

REJOICE, rejoice, the promised time is coming,

Rejoice, rejoice, the wilderness shall bloom ;

And Zion's children then shall sing,

The deserts are all blossoming.

Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,

Rejoice, rejoice, the wilderness shall bloom ;

The gospel banner, wide unfurled,

Shall wave in triumph o'er the world,

And every creature, bond or free,

Shall hail that glorious jubilee.



### Chant.

And there were in the same country, shepherds a- | bidding | in  
the | field, || keeping watch | over their | flocks by | night.

And, lo! the angel of the Lord | came up- | on- | them, || and  
the glory of the Lord shone round about them ; and | they were |  
sore a- | fraid.

And the angel | said | unto | them, || Fear not; for, behold I  
bring you good tidings of great joy, which | shall be | to all |  
people :

Far unto you is born this | day. in the | city of David, ¶ a  
Saviour, | which is | Christ the | Lord.

And suddenly there was | with the | an- | gel || a multitude of  
the heavenly host, || praising | God, and | saying,

Glory be to God in the | highest, || and on earth peace, good  
will towards | men.—*Gloria Patri.*

### Teachers' Carol.

OLD Christmas, hail! again we bring  
Our garlands in thy path to fling;  
And evergreens, with berries red,  
O'er Church and Home their charms will shed.  
Dear memory of by-gone days,  
When the vast yule-log shed its blaze:  
Oft sung and ever-welcome time,  
Famous in story and in rhyme.

Then joy went round, and church and hall  
Saw thee a Christian Festival,—  
Saw thee invite, from far and near,  
The poor to share thy Christmas cheer.  
On high and low the season smiled;  
All gloried in the Heavenly Child;  
And joyous many a carol rolled,  
Telling the tale the angels told.

Still must good will and joy go round,  
To cheer the young hearts rising round;  
No vain regrets, Old Christmas, now,  
We'll hail thee still with smile and bough;  
For hopes unfading round thee bloom,  
Green through the winter of the tomb,  
Immortal, through His Name whose birth  
Shed joy and glory o'er the earth.

## Children's Creeting.

Joy and gladness, joy and gladness!

Oh, happy day!

Every thought of sin and sadness,

Chase, chase away.

Heard ye not the angels telling,

Christ, the Lord of might, excelling,

On the earth with man is dwelling,

Clad in our clay?

With the shepherd throng around him,

Haste we to bow.

By the angel's sign they found him,

We know him now.

Newborn babe of houseless stranger,

Cradled low in Bethlehem's manger,

Savior from our sin and danger;

Jesus, 'tis thou!

Thou wert born to tears and sorrow,

Pilgrim divine!

Watchful nights and weary morrows,

Savior, were thine.

By thy fight with strong temptation;

By thy cup of tribulation;

O, thou God of our salvation,

With mercy shine!

In thy holy footsteps treading,

Guide lest we stray.

From thy word of promise, shedding

Light on our way.

Never leave us nor forsake us,

Like Thyself in mercy make us,

And at last to glory take us,

Jesus, we pray.

## Carol.

CHRIST was born on Christmas day ;  
 Wreath the holly, twine the bay ;  
     Christ was born on Christmas day.  
 The Babe, the Son, the Holy One of Mary.

He is born to set us free,  
 He is born our Lord to be,  
     Of the lowly Mary.  
 The God, the Lord, by all adored for ever.

Let the bright red berries glow  
 Ev'rywhere in goodly show ;  
     Christ was born on Christmos day.  
 The Babe, the Son, the Holy one of Mary.

Christian men, rejoice and sing ;  
 'Tis the birth-day of a King,  
     Of the lowly Mary.  
 The God, the Lord, by all adored for ever.

Night of sadness ;  
 Morn of gladness  
     Evermore :  
     Ever : Ever :  
 After many troubles sore,  
 Morn of gladness evermore and evermore.  
 Midnight scarcely passed and over,  
     Drawing to this holy morn,  
 Very early, very early  
     Christ was born.

Sing out with bliss,  
 His name is this;  
     Emmanuel:  
 As was foretold  
 In days of old,  
     By Gabriel.  
 Midnight scarcely passed and ever,  
 Drawing to this holy morn,  
 Very early, very early  
 Christ was born.

Christmas Song.

COMPOSED BY A TEACHER.

LITTLE children, come list to the story  
 Of Jesus, your Savior and King,  
 Who left His bright dwelling of glory  
 For earth, your salvation to bring.  
 On the hillside the shepherds were watching,  
 When an angel appeared in the sky,  
 While from Eastward the wise men were marching,  
 Led on by a bright star on high.  
 Then shout, children, shout now with gladness,  
 Let the sound ring e'er mountain and plain;  
 Away with repining and sadness,  
 'Tis Christmas, dear Christmas again.

"Fear not," said the angel, "good tidings  
 Of joy, to all people I bring;  
 In a manger, in Bethlehem abiding,  
 You shall find there your Savior and King."  
 When the messenger ended his story,  
 The angels on high, sang this strain:  
 "To God in the highest be glory,  
 On earth peace and good will to men."  
 Then shout, &c.

They have found Him ! the shepherds have found Him,  
 A baby so helpless and mild ;  
 They eagerly gather around Him,  
 And gaze on the beautiful child.  
 The magi have opened their treasures,  
 And presented Him offerings rare ;  
 While o'er the rough shed softly gushes  
 The light of that radiant star.  
 Then shout, &c.

But within the rude walls of the stable,  
 Is a radiance more glorious and bright ;  
 It encircles the rough manger-craile,  
 And diffuses from thence its pure light.  
 From the Child-God its lustre is given,  
 'Tis the light of the bright "Morning Star,"  
 It makes of that earth-spot a heaven,  
 And the Jew and the Gentile adore.  
 Then shout, &c.

Children, think of His mighty compassion,  
 God was born in the flesh upon earth,  
 To accomplish His wonderful mission,  
 And win us a heavenly birth.  
 He, an innocent baby, and holy—  
 In a manger was cradled, forlorn,  
 To exalt us, He made Himself lowly,  
 For our strength, He so feeble was born.  
 Then shout, &c.

He came,—in His coming He blesses ;  
 He died—thro' His death *all* may live ;  
 O ! join then in singing His praises,  
 Who ever will freely forgive ;  
 Then, welcome His advent with rapture,  
 And hearts filled with thankfulness bring,  
 To Him, who will never reject you,  
 But will graciously hear when you sing.  
 Then shout, &c.



## The Children's Friend.

THERE is a Friend we ought to love  
More than all friends beside ;  
His name is Jesus—and His love  
Forever shall abide.

COME, children, then, for now He lives,  
And praise from little ones receives ;  
With lip and life we'll praise His name,  
And not forget His laws again.  
What—not forget again ?  
No—not forget again !

THERE is a Word we ought to prize,  
More than all words beside ;  
It tells how Jesus from the skies  
Came down, and wept, and died.  
COME, children, then, for now He lives—  
Sinners from every land receives ;  
Oh ! let us spread the tidings round,  
And publish wide the joyful sound !  
What—spread the joyful sound ?  
Yes—spread the joyful sound !

THERE is a loss we ought to fear  
More than all loss beside ;  
Our souls—than life itself more dear,  
Those souls for which Christ died.  
COME, children, then, say Jesus lives.  
To Jew and Gentile life He gives ;  
And if in Him they now believe,  
Their souls shall endless life receive  
What—endless life receive ?  
Yes—endless life receive !

There is a Land we ought to love  
 More than all lands beside;  
 The land of glory, light, and love,  
 Where all the saints abide.  
 Come, children, for this land prepare,  
 Tribes of all nations shall be there;  
 O! then we shall with Jesus reign,  
 And never, never, part again.  
     What—never part again?  
     No—never part again!

### Children's Offerings.

WE bring no glittering treasures,  
 No gems from earth's deep mine;  
 We come with simple measures  
 To chant thy love divine.  
 Children thy favors sharing,  
 Their voice of thanks would raise;  
 Father, accept our offerings,  
 Our song of grateful praise.

The dearest gift of Heaven,  
 Love's written word of truth,  
 To us is early given,  
 To guide our steps in youth;  
 We hear the wondrous story,  
 The tale of Calvary;  
 We read of homes in glory,  
 From sin and sorrow free.

Redeemer! grant thy blessing!  
 O! teach us how to pray,  
 That each, thy fear possessing,  
 May tread life's onward way;  
 Then where the pure are dwelling,  
 We hope to meet again,  
 And sweeter numbers swelling,  
 Forever praise thy name.

## Happy Year.

WE meet in Sunday-School once more;  
Against the world we close the door—  
    And offer here  
Our songs of praise to God above,  
And ask for all the friends we love,  
    A happy year!

Our parents, teachers—may they share  
A rich reward for all their care;  
    And sweetly prove  
How blest in life and death are they,  
Who point the infant pilgrim's way  
    To joys above:

Who teach our little feet to shun  
    The paths where wicked scorners run,  
    And kindly show  
The road that leads from sin and shame—  
From ruin, guilt, unceasing pain,  
    And endless woe!

A happy year! a happy year!  
To all the friends we hold so dear;  
    Nor this alone;  
We wish for them, when time is o'er,  
When days and years shall come no more,  
    A heavenly home!

There may we meet—but not as here,  
To spend a day, a week, or year,  
    So quickly gone!  
But meet upon the happy shore,  
And, with the angels, bow before  
    Our Father's throne.

### An Old Village Carol.

WE saw a light shine out afar,  
 On Christmas in the morning;  
 And straight we knew Christ's star it was,  
 Bright, beaming in the morning.  
 Then did we fall on bended knee,  
 On Christmas in the morning,  
 And praised the Lord who'd let us see  
 His glory at its dawning.

Oh! ever thought of be His name  
 On Christmas in the morning,  
 Who bore for us both grief and shame,  
 Affliction's sharpest scorning;  
 And may we die (when death may come,)  
 On Christmas in the morning,  
 And see in Heaven, our glorious home,  
 That Star of Christmas morning.

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### An Epiphany Song.

A SONG, a song, keep singing  
 Of heaven attempered strain,  
 Of Him who balm is bringing,  
 To heal our deadly stain;  
 Of princes' gold and gifts O sing!  
 And shepherds waiting on their King.

A star in East hath risen  
 Beheld by sages' eyes;  
 Long groped they as in prison  
 Until they saw it rise,  
 When first they marked its radiant light,  
 They wept for joy, and blessed the sight.

Wake up! wake up! they shouted,  
 And called a royal train;  
 They never feared or doubted  
 Their hope should be in vain.  
 The star before them beaming went,  
 Until before their Lord they bent.

The Sages lowly bowing  
 Before their mighty King,  
 All reverence are showing  
 For him who deigned to fling  
 His royal robes aside, to save  
 Our race from Satan and the grave.

Their precious gifts out-pouring,  
 They spread them at his feet,  
 The Infant King adoring  
 With gold and incense sweet.  
 Their blest example let us feel,  
 And with like holy homage kneel.

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### The Good Shepherd.

I WAS wandering and weary,  
 When my Savior came unto me;  
 For the ways of sin grew dreary,  
 And the world had ceased to woo me.

#### CHORUS.

And I thought I heard Him say,  
 As He came along His way,  
 Foolish souls. oh, do come near me—  
 My sheep shall never fear me.  
 I am the Shepherd true,  
 I am the Shepherd true,  
 I am the Shepherd true.

At first I would not hearken,  
 And put off till the morrow;  
 But life began to darken,  
 And I was sick with sorrow.

## CHORUS.

And I thought I heard Him say,  
 As He came along, &c.

At last I stopped to listen,  
 His voice could ne'er deceive me—  
 I saw His kind eye glisten,  
 So anxious to relieve me.

## CHORUS.

And I thought I heard Him say,  
 As He came along, &c.

He took me on His shoulder,  
 And tenderly He kissed me—  
 He bade my love grow bolder,  
 And said how He had missed me.

## CHORUS.

And I'm sure I heard Him say,  
 As He went along, &c.

Strange gladness seemed to move him,  
 Whenever I did better—  
 And He coaxed me so to love Him,  
 As if he were my debtor.

## CHORUS.

And I always heard Him say, &c.

I thought His love would weaken,  
 As more and more He knew me,  
 But it burneth like a beacon,  
 And its light and heat go through me.

## CHORUS.

And I ever heard Him say, &c.

Let us do, then, dearest brothers,  
 What will best and longest please us—  
 Follow not the ways of others,  
 But trust ourselves to Jesus.

## CHORUS.

We shall ever hear Him say, . . .  
 As He goes along, &c.

The children of the Orphans' Home of the Protestant Episcopal Church were present at the 1st Anniversary Christmas, 1856, when the following selected piece was read :

### The Orphan's Christmas Tree.

THROUGH the streets of a fair city,  
 'Twas the eve of Christmas Day,  
 A little friendless stranger  
 Pursued his weary way.

His heart was full of sorrow,  
 And he bitterly did cry :  
 " Though all around are happy,  
 I wish that I could die.

“The lights are shining in each hall,  
And the streets are bright as day,  
And the Christmas Tree is glittering  
With gold and flowers gay.

“And through the frozen window panes,  
Fair children’s forms I see,  
All joyful, gay and happy,  
But none remember me.

“Oh! once I had a mother,  
And a bright and joyful home ;  
Why did she go away from me,  
Beyond the skies to roam—

“And leave her little orphan  
To wander through the cold,  
Without a roof to shelter him.—  
In garments torn and old ?

“In all this night’s rejoicing,  
Is there no place for me ?  
No corner in one happy heart  
For charity to be ?

“Is there no nook in some wide hall,  
Where I unseen may lie ?  
Oh! then, for very happiness  
I’d rest me there and die.

“Oh, dear and holy Christ!” he cried,  
“I have no friend but Thee ;  
Though all the world forsake me,  
I pray Thee think on me :

“I’ve no father, I’ve no mother,  
And my life is well nigh gone ;  
Have pity on me, Holy One,  
For I am all alone.”



Then, with his frozen little hands,  
He tapped at many a pane ;  
But 'mid the den of revelry,  
His feeble cry was vain.

At length o'ercome with want and woe,  
He heaved a last faint sigh ;  
And on the cold and icy earth  
He laid him down to die.

But soon as on this cruel world  
His heavy eyes were closed,  
And peaceful in the sleep of death  
His weary limbs reposed,

There broke a vision on his sight,  
All beautiful and fair ;  
And sounds of music and of joy  
Came floating through the air.

Then, by his side a spirit stood,  
With brow of dazzling light,  
Of childish form and stature,  
And robed in garments white.

It said, "I am that holy Christ,  
You called upon but now,  
And I once was in this mortal world  
As sorrowful as thou.

"Poor little lonely stranger,  
I will thy father be ;  
For never did one call in vain,  
Who truly called on me.

"Then look up, child of misery,  
Behold thy Christmas Tree,—  
And tell me, in yon lighted halls  
Can there a fairer be ?"

He raised His radiant hand towards Heaven,  
And forth stood gloriously,  
With branches glittering o'er with stars,  
The orphan's Christmas Tree.

And Angels bending from the skies  
Stretched forth their hands to him;  
And drew him to that fatherland,  
Peopled with Cherubim.

There all his bitter tears are dried,  
And all his sorrows o'er;  
And in the arms of holy Christ  
He rests for evermore.

Then, little children, list my tale,  
And pray to God on high,  
Who heeds the orphan's prayer for help,  
And hears the humblest cry.

# The Boy Missionary.

BY MRS. JENNY MARSH PARKER.

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This is one of the new publications of the Church Book Society; and an admirable one it is. We do not know who Jenny Marsh Parker is, but she has made a charming book, and one that is calculated to do a great deal of good, by inculcating the lesson that with the spirit of Christ in the heart, there is no sphere so narrow, and no position so humble, but gives a chance to sow the seeds of goodness that shall spring up in a great harvest long years after the hand that sowed them is decayed in the grave. It shows how much a poor little sickly boy, with a lame back and a head never free from pain, may do in a short life by the power of love and kindness—returning good for evil to bad boys, and drawing them from the ways of vice and sin. The story is simple, and very inartificial in its construction; but it is full of genuine pathos and of the true spirit of moral beauty. It belongs to the same class of books with that exquisite one, “The Ministering Children”—not equal to it, indeed, in extent, in variety of interest, or in literary execution, but still breathing the same spirit and teaching the same lesson: and we heartily recommend it to parents.—*Churchman.*

# LIFE OF BISHOP HEBER.

BY THE REV. J. N. NORTON.

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This is one of the author's most interesting histories for the reading of the young. The subject has uncommon interest, and is treated with a genial appreciation.—*Banner of the Cross.*

The Life of Heber is in Mr. Norton's best style. It contains as much information about him as could be compressed into so small a compass, and precisely that information which it was most desirable to present to those whom tender age or want of leisure might prevent from seeking it in large volumes.—*The Monitor.*

This little biography will be of peculiar use to those who have not the means of obtaining, or the opportunity of procuring, the larger memoirs of the eminent prelate to whom it relates. It has the particular merit of much pointedness and simplicity of style.—*Episcopal Recorder.*

This volume presents the same characteristics as those in the series which have preceded it, being written in a style simple and lucid, yet forcible, and with evident adaptation to those for whose use it is intended.

An abridgment of a larger Memoir was issued in this country last year; but the little book before us is designed to accomplish the same purpose in a much more happy and effective manner.—*Churchman.*

No name touches more thrillingly the chords of Missionary Life in the Church than those of Heber and Martyn; and we need not say to any of those who are familiar with Mr. Norton's other biographies, that he seizes and presents to the mind, with vivid and lively brevity, precisely those points which are most likely to kindle somewhat of the spirit of Heber in the breast of his readers.—*Church Journal*.

This is another volume in that attractive series which Mr. Norton has prepared, with such general acceptance, for the youth of the Church. It is written, like all its predecessors, with great simplicity and vigor.—*Christian Witness*.

A valuable and interesting addition to the lives of the Bishops. We can hardly imagine any species of religious literature so useful to the young as the lives of really eminent and holy men, told in a simple and truthful manner.—*Southern Episcopalian*.

Bishop Heber's Missionary Hymn is the cherished heart-possession of every Christian in our land. Here is a short, but full, graphic, and beautiful delineation of the noble and pious author of that hymn. Every one whose soul is inspired from week to week by the stirring song of the mighty Christian host—

“From Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's coral strand”—

will be eager to read this timely and fitting tribute to one of the most attractive and beautiful characters of modern history.—*Louisville Journal*.

THE  
LIFE OF GEORGE HERBERT.

BY  
GEORGE L. DUYCKINCK.

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GEORGE HERBERT is of all England's sacred poets the most sure of an enduring fame. He was a true poet. His life, too, was a very lovely one—that of a true Christian, of a scholar, a gentleman, and a faithful parish priest. More than this, he was beloved of dear old Izaak Walton, who wrote his life with that sweet Homeliness of style which wins all honest hearts to him. Mr. Duyckinck has undertaken, in this pretty little volume, to set forth Herbert's life again "with a simplicity of style and fullness of detail which should in some degree meet the requirements both of youthful and mature readers." He has been very successful in a not very easy task. He has come to the work imbued with a love of his subject, and thoroughly understanding it; and he writes with an unaffected earnestness and purity quite in keeping with it. The young reader will find much valuable and interesting information in the book, upon matters kindred to or connected with its main purpose; and it is calculated to foster a correct literary taste, no less than to beget a healthy moral tone.—*Courier and Enquirer*.









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