A TRIBUTE OF AFFECTION

TO THE MEMORY OF

REV. JOHN JENNINGS.

BY

HIS DAUGHTER.

BOSTON:
GOULD & LINCOLN,
59 Washington Street
1873.
BOSTON:
PRINTED BY RAND, AVERY, & CO.,
NO. 3, CORNHILL.
TO

MY FATHER'S BELOVED WIFE,

WHO HAS MADE IT POSSIBLE FOR ME TO OFFER

This Memorial

TO HIS FRIENDS,

IT IS DEDICATED,

WITH

A DAUGHTER'S DUTIFUL AFFECTION.
BLEST are the dead who die in thee, O Lord!
Henceforth they rest, from all their labors free:
In that sweet rest they find the full reward
For trials borne through patient faith in thee.
The Lord, "He giveth his beloved sleep," —
They rest in hope, relieved from earthly care;
And though for them that sleep in death we weep,
They sleep, that where He is they may be there.

The Father's house hath many mansions fair;
And there did Christ for them a place prepare,
Where they may rest, and know no more decay;
For sorrow, crying, pain, have passed away.
No night is there, and yet no need of sun;
For God gives light,—the Lord and light are one:
No hunger there, nor thirst, nor any heat;
No tear-dimmed eyes, no weary, erring feet.

The river, pure, of life, as crystal clear,
Forth from the throne is flowing ever near,
Their thirst to slake; and, near, the tree of life,
Whose leaves do heal the wounds of earthly strife;
Whose fruit, most fair, eternal life doth give,
That weary, earth-sick souls may eat and live;
The Lamb doth lead their feet, and calm their fears,
And God himself doth wipe away their tears.

Before the throne they serve him day and night,
In temple fair, whereof the Lamb 's the light;
With golden harps, amid the white-robed throng,
They raise the glorious, never-ending song:
"Salvation to the Lamb, who once was slain,
Salvation to the Lamb who lives again;
Salvation to our God upon the throne,
Salvation to the triune God alone."
PREFACE.

HE following sketch of the life and labors of Rev. John Jennings is offered by his daughter to his many friends. It will have little interest for others; and, where commendation is unsought, criticism will be kindly withheld.

He was a man greatly beloved; and a single motive has governed the writer in preparing this memorial,—the desire to draw a truthful portrait, that those who knew him may remember the virtues which made him thus beloved.

To any who think the work might have been better done by abler hands, it is suggested that none could know him better than his eldest daughter, with whom, from her earliest years, her father’s sympathy was perfect, and to whom more of his inmost heart was revealed than to any other, save only his chosen companion.
Preface.

Lest undue allowance be made for a daughter's partiality, the writer has selected some passages which show the estimation in which he was held by others whose opinion is worthy of high regard.

The selections from sermons and addresses are intended to be samples of his ordinary efforts. They are taken from his writings at different periods of life, in the belief that the gradual expansion of his mind and heart may thus be traced throughout his ministerial life, which may be said to have been like the shining light which "shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

This sorrowful, pleasant task has been accomplished under the pressure of many duties, with a pen unused to literary labor.

Conscious of its incompleteness, the writer yet hopes the little volume may prove a blessing to some, and earnestly begs each reader to offer the prayer that the seed which the faithful pastor sowed, cheerfully and patiently, though often in weakness and weariness, may spring up, and bear fruit a hundred-fold, to the praise of the glory of the great Redeemer's grace.

ISABELLA GRAHAME PARKER.
MEMORIAL.

I.

My father was born on the 8th of December, 1809, in Danbury, Conn. The farmhouse of his father stood on a noble hill, overlooking a landscape of exquisite beauty. A belt of majestic hills encircled a lovely valley, where a little stream flowed through cultivated fields and fragrant meadows. The house had the lean-to and well-sweep so common in rural New England; while the grand overshadowing maples, the large and well-filled barn, the pleasant flower-beds, and well-kept garden, gave it the air of comfort and neatness so characteristic of the quiet homes of New-England farmers.

Doubtless the lovely prospect daily before him awakened, even in childhood, that warm love of Nature which led my father, in later years, to seek enjoyment in her beauties, repose in her solitudes,
and comfort in her quiet influences, and, more than all, to draw lessons of wisdom for others from her varying expression of the Creator’s power and love and care.

His grandfather, Samuel Jennings, came from England to this country with two brothers, and became a large landholder in Virginia. Hearing, one day, the fearful war-cry of the Indians, he rushed into his house, caught up his little son (without even a covering for its head), and, bidding his wife follow, gained the summit of a hill, only to see the flames destroy his dwelling, and to know himself robbed of all but wife and child, whom he must save by flight.

After weeks of weary journeying, the fugitives found refuge and a home in Danbury, where their son grew to manhood.

This son, my grandfather, Samuel Jennings, married Sarah Corbin of Danbury, with whom he lived, respected and beloved by all who knew him, until his death, in 1814, two hours after the birth of his youngest child.

My father, the seventh in the family of nine children, was at this time four years old,—so young as to remember little of his father except his death. The distress of his mother in this peculiarly severe affliction was overwhelming.

Often, during the months that followed, would she sit in the doorway with her babe in her arms, looking toward her husband’s grave in the neigh-
boring burial-ground, weeping bitterly, and, as she afterwards said, murmuring at the dealings of God.

But none who knew her need be told how this heavy chastening yielded the peaceable fruits of righteousness. In after-years she loved to tell how her heart was softened and renewed, and she learned "to kiss the rod and the hand of Him that appointed it."

The influence of such a mother, naturally lovely, and purified by sorrow, greatly moulded the character of her children. She became an honored member of the Second Baptist Church in Danbury, and attended the sabbath service and social prayer-meetings with her children, in the face of difficulties which would furnish ample excuse for remaining at home. Her joy and faith gave her abundant strength.

In a recent history of that church, the writer describes the meeting-house in which they worshipped.

The building was twenty-four feet square, with galleries. Its architecture and interior arrangement were of rough and primitive style. It was unadorned by a steeple, and unfurnished with permanent seats. Loose boards were thrown down to make a floor. These also formed the foundation of the gallery, which was destitute of breast-work or stairs; the ascent being made by means of a ladder. The seats were made by placing boards on logs and stones. The pulpit was built of oak boards, and elevated two steps above the main floor.
Memorial of

In this rude structure, that God whose chosen temple is the contrite heart met and blessed the fathers. Its plainness was adorned by his glorious presence; and hereafter it shall be seen that this and that man was born there.

The same writer speaks of certain improvements made in the building in 1807:—

The side-walls were plastered, and a railing and stairs made for the galleries, and the floors were nailed down. A better pulpit was constructed; and new seats were introduced, with backs to them.

This description of the house in which my father worshipped in his boyhood will explain the interest he felt, as a pastor, in the erection of new houses of worship. In four successive pastorates, and largely through his own zeal and efforts, a new church was built, each more commodious and beautiful than the last.

He early formed habits of industry and activity, which characterized him through life. At the age of twelve his eldest brother took charge of him, and for two years employed him upon his farm. He often spoke of those two years as the happiest of his youth. He loved this brother with that ardent affection which was so prominent a trait in his character, and which shone most brightly in all his social, pastoral, and domestic relations, to the latest day of his life.
Rev. John Jennings.

In his fourteenth year he gave his heart, in all its youthful enthusiasm, to that Redeemer whom he from that time regarded and held up to others as the "chiefest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely."

The writer above alluded to, in speaking of him, says,—

Brother John Jennings seemed to have been born into the ministry with his new birth in Christ. He was licensed to preach on the 17th June, 1826. The Church cherishes him as one of her most honored sons.

One more extract from the same book is inserted here:—

Though the dwelling of the stranger may cover the place occupied by our first temple, it can never become common ground to us. There is a small stream, like Jordan in Judæa, running through the meadows, near to where the building stood, witnessing to the perpetuity of nature amid the decay of the works of man.

On the bank of this pleasant stream, on the 31st of August, 1823, there was a scene of unwonted interest. My father stood, like that other John by Jordan of old, and, having offered himself for baptism, lifted his voice in a few earnest words to those who had assembled to witness the ordinance. He spoke of his faith and hope and joy, and most touchingly appealed to them to come and share the
same obedience and the same blessedness. All hearts were melted. Many who were present have said that he never in his life preached a mightier sermon, or one followed by more blessed results.

He was then so small, that the pastor, Rev. Mr. Benedict, held him in his arms as he administered the rite.

From this time he preached the gospel unceasingly in the world by his blameless and unselfish life, and in the social prayer-meetings by his earnest appeals, which were listened to with unvarying interest; for the wisdom in winning souls to Christ, the powerful and persuasive eloquence springing from that heartfelt earnestness which marked his later preaching, already began to appear even in the boy, so small of stature, that, when he spoke, he stood upon a stool, that all might see and hear him. A general favorite, he gained great power by that personal interest in his subject and in his hearers which was the crowning excellence of his ministry.
II.

From this time the Christian boy felt increasingly the necessity laid upon him to enter the ministry. His mother withheld her consent for a time; for it seemed to her utterly impossible to obtain the means for his education. For this reason, he was apprenticed to a worthy artisan of Danbury. Here he remained for three years, faithfully performing all his duties, and attaining to excellence in his trade, but all the time hearing the inward voice, "Woe is me if I preach not the gospel," and working with his Bible, Latin Grammar, or some other book, open before him. His younger sister well remembers the Saturday evenings, when, coming home to pass the Sabbath, he would take his mother aside, and beg her, with tears, to consent to his commencing a course of study, and to trust the Lord to provide.

But her prudence held his enthusiasm in check,
until at length the way was opened for him to study with his brother-in-law, Rev. Asa Bronson.

With the hearty good-will of his excellent employer, and his mother's blessing, he began his studies. After some months of study under Mr. Bronson, he entered the academy at Sharon, Conn., as a student, and at the same time preached to a small church just able to give him his daily bread for supplying their pulpit. His tuition was given him by the principal, his warm friend.

A little time-worn journal has been found since his death,—carefully preserved among his neatly-arranged papers,—of whose existence no one knew but himself, and which he doubtless kept in remembrance of that interesting period. There is a careful record of his thoughts and feelings from day to day, of the texts from which he preached Sabbath days and week-day evenings, and of his daily studies and duties.

On Dec. 8, 1827, I find this entry:—

This being my nineteenth birthday, I am led to meditate on the rapid flight of time, and to review the scenes of the past year, and trace the finger of God through the various windings of my life. Oh, how thankful ought I to be for the deliverances God has wrought for me!

He here alludes to his recovery from typhoid-fever, which had brought him very near death, and
to his relief from doubt and discouragement in regard to his studies.

It is recorded in the journal, that, in 1828, he preached one hundred and thirty-three times, and attended two hundred and five prayer-meetings. He remained in Sharon more than two years. He was urged to continue preaching without further preparation, by many of the people, who thought "he had education enough." But his own earnest longings for a better preparation for the Master's service were not in vain. In God's good providence, he met at the Association in Amenia (October, 1828) Rev. Barnas Sears, then pastor of the First Church in Hartford, who treated him with characteristic kindness. The acquaintance then formed had an important bearing on his future course, and led to his visiting Hartford, where warm hearts opened to receive him, and generous hands enabled him to continue his studies. Through life he remembered gratefully those who thus cheered and aided him.

In a letter to his future wife, Miss S. C. Keyes of Salisbury, Conn., dated Nov. 8, 1828, he writes,—

I am overwhelmed with the magnitude of this subject, and frequently lose myself, while, in imagination, I walk about the temple of God, and survey its glories. Oh, how unworthy are we to be employed under such a King, and in so noble a cause! For myself, I am more and more impressed with the importance of the work which is before me. Oh that I might be the humble instrument,
in God's hands, of good to the world! But I feel the need of more humility and devotedness to God, more of the spirit of my Master. The subject of obtaining more education, and thus extending my influence, lies with peculiar weight on my mind, and for weeks it has not been absent from my thoughts. I look back to the week I spent in Hartford with pleasing emotions. I think it will prove of great benefit to me; and, by the grace of God, I trust good was done to others. I remember with peculiar gratitude the Sabbath evening before I left. Brother Sears gave out an appointment for me to preach. I thought I could not preach again, having done so twice before. I went to the church at the sound of the bell, and, to my astonishment, found it unusually crowded. I felt perfectly empty and barren. I knew that great congregation had collected to hear me. I told Brother Sears I could not preach. He reminded me of my only trust. I sent up a petition to God for the assistance of his Spirit, and preached from Rev. xx. 11, 12. As I commenced, the house was silent as death; and, as I proceeded, the attention of the assembly, together with the interest of the subject, raised my feelings to such a pitch as they never reached before. My emotion was soon increased by the sobs and sighs which I heard in every quarter of the house. We were constrained to exclaim, "How dreadful is this place!" Brother Sears and the brethren there took a deep interest in my case, and are anxious that I should go on with my course of study. Some of the good people in Sharon think that I know enough; but my daily experience contradicts such a conclusion. My prayer is, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"
In another letter, dated Nov. 29, 1828, he writes,—

If Christ has done so much for us, how can we do too much for him? Let us therefore put on the whole armor of God, and be determined not to give over until the battle is fought, and the victory obtained. But how much of the grace of God do we need to qualify us for our work! We want a great deal of humility, patience, and perseverance. The station we expect to take is replete with eternal interest. When I realize how many souls are, as it were, hanging upon my lips, and that I must meet every individual who has heard or may hear me preach, at the bar of God, it is an overwhelming reflection, and leads me to exclaim, "Who is sufficient for these things?"

It will be remembered that at this time he was only nineteen years of age.
III.

By the advice of his Hartford friends, my father entered the academy at South Reading, preparatory to a course of theological study. He arrived there March 27, 1829, with just twenty-five cents in his pocket, and a change of linen in his bag. Throughout his studies there, for two years and a half, and three years at Newton, there is a record of his preaching with scarcely an unemployed Sabbath, and often during the week. By the aid of those to whom he thus ministered in spiritual things, he pressed forward through the appointed course of study. Often discouraged, and almost ready to relinquish his cherished hope, as often would relief arise from some quarter. This period of study was a pleasant spot in his memory. Through life he cherished the warmest affection for his associates in South Reading and Newton, most of whom, like himself, struggled with poverty, and endured privations, in order to become workmen that needed
not to be ashamed. He would often recall, for my entertainment when a child, the scenes and incidents of his student-life. Few of those companions remain unto this present; but my father’s affectionate remembrance made many of them, whose faces I have never seen, well known to me in childhood.

From his journal and letters, some idea may be gained of his inward experiences, and of the spirit which animated him during his studies. Here is doubtless the secret of his successful ministry. The letters to his future wife have been called model letters. And truly the devout spirit, the tender thoughtfulness, the longing to stimulate her to such exertion and lead her to such reflection as might best fit her to be a pastor’s wife, the eager interest in his studies expressed in them, and, above all, the determination, so patent in every letter, to learn, know, and preach nothing save Jesus Christ, and him crucified,—make them not unworthy the epithet.

From the journal at South Reading:

April 9, 1829. — This being Fast Day, I am led to consider my sins; and oh that I could so mourn and weep on account of them as to keep an acceptable fast unto the Lord! In attending the worship of God to-day I have felt some delight, some grateful emotions. My hard heart was in a measure melted, and I was led to make new resolutions. In the strength of the Lord may I perform my sacred vows! O Holy Spirit! by thy resistless power bring me submissive at the foot of the cross.
April 11. — My feelings to-day have been in an unsettled state. I have had some doubts and fears in respect to my adoption into the divine family. But, blessed be God! I found access to the throne of grace, and was able to go to Him, who, I trust, has granted me some rays of his Spirit to banish the clouds of darkness from my mind. Were it not for Christ's intercession, I should have no hope. I am ready, under a sense of his mercy, to call upon all that is within me to bless his holy name. Surely, if I am a Christian, I am the least of all. But "Why art thou cast down, O my soul! and why art thou disquieted in me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him."

April 16. — I have been to-day somewhat depressed on account of my studies. I fear, that, before I am prepared by a thorough education for the work which I contemplate, my health will be impaired so as to unfit me for its important duties. I fear, also, that I shall trust too much to my attainments (should they be considerable), and forget the words of the Lord Jesus, when he said, "Without me ye can do nothing." Surely, it is a noble work, and calls for the noblest energies.

April 17. — I find the same wicked heart within me. "Oh, wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me?" Blessed be God, I do look forward to the happy day when I shall be freed from sin. How can I be so much taken up with the world and its fleeting objects, who profess to be an heir of that better inheritance?

April 18. — I have to-day been much exercised to find something to deliver as a message to the people on the Sabbath. My prayer is, that good may result from my labor; but all my hope is in God. I think that it is my
greatest desire to be a useful minister of the Lord Jesus Christ; and it appears to me, that, if I can only be the means of saving one soul, I shall be amply rewarded. O thou blessed Redeemer, accompany thy word with thine almighty influence!

April 19. — This has indeed been a day of interest to me. I have felt an increased desire for the salvation of souls, and have enjoyed an unusual degree of freedom in preaching; and I have reason to believe, that, by the blessing of God, some good will result to the souls of those who listened with great attention. My soul leaped for joy when I beheld the falling tear; and I was ready to soar above the world and all its concerns. Oh, what a glorious work it is to urge sinners to repent, and turn to God! I am willing to spend and be spent for God; and all my desire is to do good to the souls of my fellow-creatures. I want to be prepared to say at the last, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

April 26. — This day I have felt, while preaching, in whom my strength lieth. I am satisfied that we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us. Can it be that I, a poor, weak, dependent mortal, am called to the high and holy work of the gospel ministry? What am I, that I should be so distinguished? Lord, make me faithful!

From another letter to his future wife, dated May 2, 1829: —

When I look at the minister's life, it presents an interesting subject of thought. He is a man possessed of
like passions with other men; and yet the world look to him for perfection, and often cause him to mourn in secret because of their hard and unjust reproaches of him and his Master. He labors intensely in his study, that he may bring from the treasury of the gospel "things new and old." In his pulpit, he often weeps over his people's unbelief and hardness of heart. He is placed in the forefront of the hottest contests with sin; and all the artillery of earth and hell are directing their deadly weapons at him. Surely his position is an interesting, and, it would seem, a perilous one. But look at his joys! He is clad with an armor which is sufficient to guard him from all the assaults of his foes. He is strong in the Lord and in the power of his might; and with the sword of the Spirit he is enabled to triumph. His joy compensates him for all his labor.

My situation here is pleasant. I board with a widow, who is a pious and good woman, and very motherly. The school is increasing daily; and the advantages are very great. I am almost entirely secluded in my room, and do not allow more than five or six hours for sleep. My health is not as good as it was when at home. I sometimes fear that I shall not be able to apply myself closely for any length of time. I feel more and more anxious to obtain an education. When I look at the great work before me, I feel that I cannot be too well prepared for it; but oh that I could feel more my dependence upon God!

From the journal, May 7, 1829:—

Have been more than usually impressed with the importance of a holy walk and a godly conversation.
Felt some melting of heart when addressing the throne of grace. Oh, what a glorious Advocate we have with the Father!

May 12. — How tough is the path of human life! I fear, that, while I am advancing in literature, I may decline in spiritual joys. Oh for more devotion to Christ and his cause!

May 13. — Have been much cast down on account of not progressing in my studies as I could wish. But how much reason I have to mourn and lament my awful departure from God, whom I have professed to love! My life is crowned with his mercy. Every hour shows his goodness. Surely his love demands my time, my talents, and my all.

May 20. — I have this evening contemplated with great delight the holy work of preaching the gospel. But how unworthy I am to engage in so great a work! Lord, what am I, and what is my father’s house, that I should be called to so responsible a position? But in God is my help and strength; and from his fulness I may receive grace equal to my day.

June 4. — I have to-day felt the peace which the world cannot give nor take away. Have had sweet communion with God, and found the promises of the gospel to be precious.

June 8. — Have thought much on the importance of personal piety, and felt some ardent desires for it. And, when viewing the church, have mourned that there is so much conformity to the world, and so little of the spirit of the gospel. Oh that the Lord would purify his Church, and cause her to shine forth in all her beauty and glory!
June 17. — Am I indeed an ambassador for Christ? Oh, how ought I to labor for the salvation of souls! Oh that the Lord would make me faithful, and finally give me souls as the seal of my ministry!

The journal is very closely written, and the above extracts are a sample of the whole. There is, throughout, the record of the same fluctuation of feeling, from deep despondency to overflowing joy, inseparable from his sensitive temperament; the same eager desire for rapid progress in study, which his imperfect health often hindered; the same lowly opinion of himself, in contrast with the highest estimate of the great work before him; the same longing for, yet shrinking from, the entrance upon his labors.

From a letter to his future wife, June 20, 1829: —

How interesting will be our situation! We shall influence the coming generation, and live in a very interesting and enlightened period of the world. We ought to be aware that the march of improvement is very rapid, and to desire to be thoroughly furnished unto every good work. We need the influence of the Holy Spirit to prepare us for our duty. Without Christ we can do nothing.

To the same, Dec. 12, 1829: —

I am happy to learn that you are advancing in that knowledge which will render you useful to the world, and especially that you have an increasing sense of the
vanity of earthly things. My desire and prayer is that you may be an example of piety. The exercises of my heart of late have been beyond expression. On Tuesday I was twenty-one. I am astonished at the rapid flight of my days. It is but as a moment since I saw the latest breath of my tender father, and was left, an orphan, in the care of my loving mother. Oh, how great has been the care of a kind Providence! And shall I not devote the remnant of my days to the service of my Redeemer, to whom I am under everlasting obligations for his dying love? Oh, when I think of that precious blood, which, I trust, has been applied to my polluted soul, I cry out with the Psalmist, "What shall I render unto the Lord?" On Thursday I attended the ordination of Brother Wade,—a good friend of mine,—at Woburn, about five miles from here. The services were the most interesting I ever witnessed. I cannot express my feelings when our brethren in the gospel laid their hands on the head of the candidate, and the gray-headed father consecrated him to the work by solemn prayer. "Oh," thought I, "how can I ever be qualified for the work which might fill an angel's heart, and filled a Saviour's hands!" But the grace of God is sufficient; and here is all my hope. My situation is quite pleasant. I have a room entirely to myself, in which I have a great many happy hours. I have an increasing attachment to my studies. As to my future course, I hardly know what to say; for I am as yet unsettled. I feel disposed to commit my way unto the Lord. I should be very much disappointed if I should be obliged to leave the course of study which I earnestly desire to pursue; and I assure you that I shall not, unless forced to do so by ill-health.
or want of funds. May the Lord bless you, and give you the grace, patience, and prudence which you need, is the prayer of yours most affectionately.

In the autumn of the year 1829 he united with the church in Hartford, by request of his excellent friends there, and continued this connection through the period of his studies. He thus became greatly attached to that church, and endeared himself to them.

To his future wife, Jan. 27, 1830:—

Brother Babcock's church in Salem have been very kind, and he seems like a father to me. I have just received from them the money for two terms' tuition, and expect they will pay it during the year. I have also received from the Young Ladies' Education Society some useful articles. Brother Babcock says that the Massachusetts Education Society will certainly help me.

To the same, March 13, 1830:—

The present is a time which calls for the most decided and vigorous efforts on the part of Christians. Infidelity is raising boldly and unmasked its impious head; and its votaries are aiming their deadly blows at the very foundations of vital religion. You may think my language strong; but, when I think of the blasphemy and ridicule which are heaped upon the Christian religion, my blood chills in my veins. When I think of the errors that are abroad in the earth, and of the enemies
of the cross of Christ, I long to go forth and take a
decided stand in the cause of my Master, and face the
foes of his gospel. But those with whom I should have
to contend are many of them educated; and on that
ground I cannot meet them efficiently. I will not spare
my efforts to become a workman that need not be
ashamed. But I know that after I have done all that I
am able in the use of means, yet without the Spirit it is
of no avail. I have just returned from a meeting of the
pious students. It really appeared as if the Spirit of the
Lord was there. There were present more than twenty
who are looking forward to the work of the Christian
ministry. I think there are in this place some tokens of
a revival. Many places in this region are enjoying
refreshing from the presence of the Lord. I spent my two
weeks' vacation recently in Rowley. I preached three
sabbaths, visited and lectured during the week. The
Lord seemed to be in the place by his Spirit. Such a
crowding of meetings; and such anxiety to hear, I hardly
ever witnessed. The society meet in a hall, having no
house of their own. It was there that I saw the sinner
bowed down, and the young convert rejoicing in the love
of God. Oh, what a glorious work, to point mourning
souls to the "Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of
the world"! I preached there, about three months since,
two sabbaths, and was told that there were those who
then received their first impressions, and are now re-
joicing in Christ. How unworthy am I to receive any
tokens of the approbation of my Redeemer! and yet what
encouragement have I to go forward in his service! I
spend most of my time alone in my room, which is some-
times a Bethel to my soul. By divine assistance I am
enabled to overcome, in some degree, my natural disposition, so prone to levity, which often leads me to weep in secret. But I want more humility of heart. I want to devote my all to God, totally and unreservedly. I expect, if possible, to visit you about the last of August or first of September; but I shall probably be obliged to walk to save expense.

To the same, July 12, 1850:—

I wonder that I can dispute about comparatively unimportant theories, when souls are perishing around me. I often have such views of the great work of the ministry as would cause me to sink, were it not for the promise of my great Captain and Saviour, "Lo, I am with you alway." How sweet and refreshing to the soul are the promises of the gospel! How can I ever go to the throne of grace with a cold heart? And now, my dear S——, may you be humble, watchful, and prayerful! And may we be fitted for extensive usefulness unitedly in this world, and for happiness in that which is to come! Be assured I remain yours with increasing attachment.

To the same, Sept. 25, 1830:—

I often think of my anxious mother, by whose care my childhood was surrounded, and whose tears I have so lately seen flowing as I parted from her. I seem sometimes almost to be sensible of her thoughts hovering around me, and wondering how it fares with me here. I trust that although I am far from home, yet I have with me a "Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."
Rev. John Jennings.

To the same, Nov. 20, 1830:—

I rejoice to tell you that I have, for a week or two past, enjoyed something of a revival in my own heart. I bless God for his goodness and mercy. I have been enabled to draw water out of the wells of salvation,—to enjoy sweet communion with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ. I have come to the resolution that I will endeavor to cultivate my religious feelings, whether I advance in literary studies or not.

I often ask myself, What will be the worth of a minister who is cold and lifeless in religion, even if he be a learned man? How important that the messenger of God to man should feel the worth of his message! If I desire any thing, I think it is that I may be a good and active minister of the Lord Jesus Christ. I rise at five, and devote two hours to religious exercises. I, in this way, find my mind in a much better frame for the studies of the day than otherwise. I have lately read Baxter’s "Saints’ Rest," which I consider next to the Bible. There is a heavenly inspiration through the whole of it, unparalleled by any thing I have read. Doubtless you have read it. If not, I hope you will at the first opportunity; and, if you have, you may read it repeatedly with great profit.

3*
In the autumn of 1831, my father entered the seminary at Newton. His joy on arriving there, and the eager interest with which he began his theological studies, as well as his enjoyments and experience there, are best described in his own words. In a letter to his future wife, dated Nov. 8, 1831, he writes,—

I have at length arrived at the place to which I have long looked with deep interest, and, under circumstances of great mercy, have commenced my studies at this institution. Here is everything interesting to one who wishes to prepare for usefulness. I room in the third story of the building, which is so situated as to command a delightful prospect on every hand. Here are about sixty students, who meet night and morning for prayers, eat at the same table, and enjoy the same privileges. We are about a quarter of a mile from the public road, and are a world by ourselves. The professors are decidedly the most pious and pleasant men
I have ever seen, and treat us with all the affection of brothers.

You may well suppose that a most hallowed atmosphere surrounds the place where are so many who profess to be cheered by the same hopes, preparing for the same great work, and looking forward to the same glorious reward. There is a great degree of harmony and brotherly love; and the efforts of the professors are unwearied to promote a cultivation of every thing that is "lovely and of good report." I feel that this new situation is one of great responsibility. I am now a theological student, and shall here sow the seeds which will spring up in future life.

From the journal, Dec. 19, 1831:—

Arose this morning at three o'clock, and, during the first hour, endeavored to cast my soul on Jesus, and beg his assistance in the duties of the day. This hour, spent in reading my Bible, and prayer, has been of great advantage to me to-day; and yet I have to mourn over my wandering heart.

Dec. 23. — I have been reading the life of Carlos Wilcox, some of whose last sermons I heard, and whom I followed to the grave. He was one of the most heavenly preachers I ever heard. Oh, how devotedly did he live, and how peacefully did he die!

Jan. 10, 1832. — Have spent one week's vacation at Methuen, where the Lord has done wonders. I enjoyed very much in visiting from house to house, and had some meltings of soul in addressing the great congregation. Oh for more holiness of heart and life!
Jan. 11. — Here I am, studying the word of God; and yet how little of its spirit do I possess! It seems almost impossible that I can ever be a humble and devoted minister of Christ; and yet I cannot give it up. Oh, no! I must tell the story of Calvary to the famishing multitude. I sometimes think that I must go far hence to the heathen. O Lord, direct my steps, and to thee help me ever to commit my ways!

Jan. 13. — This evening we have had a meeting of the Society of Missionary Inquiry. I cannot express the thrilling emotions of my heart when I contemplate the fact that so many of the inhabitants of the earth are yet in the regions of darkness.

Jan. 17. — Oh! when shall my inconstant soul cease to wander from my highest love? When shall I be able to keep the resolutions I so often make? I have to complain of lightness and trifling which would ill become me as a minister. I am astonished that I, to whom, I believe, is intrusted the holiest work in which man can engage, should ever indulge in such a spirit. I feel some penitence for my sins. O Lord, take this heart, and bind it to thee!

Jan. 18. — Depressed in spirit. I know not how I can proceed with my studies. O Lord, direct me in the right path!

Jan. 24. — Oh the riches of God's grace! the great compassion of the Redeemer, which brought him down to die for man! I have reason to be astonished at the mercy of God, which gives me the hope that I may be arrayed in the Saviour's righteousness.
To his future wife:

Newton, Feb. 13, 1831.

A recent dispensation of God’s providence has deeply affected my heart. A young man who was a member of this institution, with whom I was intimately acquainted at South Reading, last fall went to the South for his health, and there died. My brother is gone! He with whom I have taken sweet counsel, walked to the house of God, and sat in the sacred desk, is no more. And there, in a far-distant grave, is laid the object of our affection and the hope of the church. No more will he walk up and down these halls, or gladden our social circle. No: there is his vacant seat, which tells of his long, long absence. But though Brother Wright is dead, he yet speaketh. It is cheering to know that he was sustained by the Saviour’s presence, though deprived of that of his friends. If we live devoted to God, we may expect the light of his countenance when in the agonies of dissolving nature. It is only the good man that can expect the support of the Saviour when he comes to die. Oh the happiness of that hour to the faithful servant of God! It is the time of his release from the burden of the flesh, and his introduction into those blissful mansions where all is peace! But while some Christians are waiting and longing for the coming of the Lord, we fear that others may be so enveloped in the cares of this world as to suffer great loss; and, though finally saved, may depart without those triumphant views with which others meet the solemn moment.

Oh may we, who have known him, be prepared to meet our brother in the glorious morning of the resur-
rection, and to behold his shining form, clad in immortal youth! Shall I ever be fitted to enjoy the society of Abraham, of Isaiah, and of Paul, and to dwell in the presence of my Redeemer? There is mercy with God; and here is my only hope. How shall we, then, look upon the grave with a holy triumph, and, while we magnify the riches of divine grace, despise the clogs of flesh which so long held us from our chief delight!

These expressions accord remarkably with his utterances forty years later, when within a few weeks of the blessed release for which he had through life so ardently longed. In another letter he writes,—

My studies are pleasant, as you might expect when I tell you that I study only the Bible in the Greek and Hebrew. We thus find many beauties which remain undiscovered to the English reader of the Scriptures, and avoid many absurd (not to say foolish) interpretations of the precious Book of God, even by ministers. I seldom read in the English Bible now; but, even for devotional purposes, read the Hebrew and Greek, and find great satisfaction in it.

I cannot definitely say how long I shall remain here. I have superior advantages; but, unless some unknown way be opened for providing me with the means of paying my expenses, I do not see that I shall be able to continue longer than until spring.

March 11, 1832. — Thanks to God and to the kindness of my professor, I am now in circumstances which will enable me to proceed with my course. I have con-
cluded that it is my duty to do so, unless Providence should interpose. This conclusion I have reached deliberately and prayerfully, and from my earnest desire to be more useful. I do not wish to increase the number of inefficient ministers already in the field. The work grows in importance. "The field is the world," — a glorious field, open to the enterprise of the soldier of the cross. The contest with the powers of darkness becomes more and more fierce and desperate. The day is drawing nigh when our blessed Redeemer shall reign from shore to shore. But ere that there is work to be done. And who shall share the labor and the reward? Most assuredly, Christians must gird themselves for the task. The spiritual temple will go up. Some sluggish, half-hearted Christians may stand aloof, but such have reason to fear lest they be found wanting at the last. But you may by this time ask if I am going to be a missionary. I answer, Yes, I am. I have not decided that it is my duty to labor in heathen lands, or in the western wilderness; but this I am decided upon, that I cannot let the cry of millions who have never heard of the Saviour that I love, die away upon my ear unheeded. When my studies are completed, I expect to take my commission, and endeavor to be guided by the Spirit and providence of God to that part of his vineyard where it is his will that I should labor. But, wherever I may be placed, the interests of the heathen must have a prominent place in my heart, and in my prayers and efforts.

To the same, April 25, 1832: —

I have been for three or four weeks out of health, and absent from the Institution, and I did not wish to write
until I was better. I am also in doubt regarding my studies, desiring greatly to go on, but so involved in my temporal affairs that I cannot see the way clear to do so. What way the Lord may open, I know not. I am sometimes discouraged when I see others going on without interruption in their studies. I almost envy them; but I know this is not right, and that I need all that I have to encounter to keep me humble. I feel most of the time a sacred peace in casting all my care upon the Lord.

To the same: —

**Newton, June 13, 1832.**

It is with a deep sense of the goodness of God, that I again commence writing to you. The last time I wrote I was quite indisposed, and obliged to leave my studies for a time. Now, through the mercy of my heavenly Father, I am quite restored. I was then apprehensive that I might have to leave the Institution for want of means to go on; but the Lord has appeared for me, and I am again pursuing my studies with my class, under very comfortable circumstances. Oh, how good is God!

Newton is now one of the most delightful villages in New England. Nature is clothed in her loveliest attire, and the view from our hill is very fine. In one direction we see the spires of the city gleaming in the sun, or its lights glimmering in the darkness. Another way, we see a broad landscape varied by villages and groves; where the first thing that attracts the eye is a lovely lake, on whose borders is situated the old church in which the venerable Father Grafton still preaches, and in whose waters he has buried many a willing convert.

Near our building is a beautiful grove; whose sweet
exhalations and varied music cheer the heart of the lonely student, walking among the trees, and thinking of the absent.

But, with every thing pleasant around me, I am daily learning that I cannot be happy without the presence of Him "whose favor is life, and whose loving-kindness is better than life." Nothing is so necessary as an ardent spirit of personal piety.

My vacation was very pleasantly spent in Methuen, where I have a great many excellent friends. During the time we had a protracted meeting; and the Lord appeared by his Divine Spirit, and made the place of his feet glorious. Within two weeks, about forty were hopefully converted. Oh, how sweet it is to point sinners to the Lamb of God!

I rejoice that you feel deeply the importance of the position you will occupy as a pastor's wife. I have recently heard of a pastor whose wife was a great hindrance to him. Now, this ought not so to be. You will pardon me if I say that you cannot feel too much the need of divine aid to qualify you for your duties. The wife of a Christian pastor ought to consider, most of all, that the influence she exerts over her husband will have a decided bearing upon the cause of Christ. It is indeed a sacrifice on your part to become a pastor's wife; but I pray that you may not lose your reward, and that I may never act unworthily of the confidence you have placed in me.

From his journal, Oct. 25, 1832: —

I have returned to commence another term. Oh that I may make great advancement in the divine life!
Memorial of

Oct. 29. — Oh for a closer walk with God! My strength is perfect weakness, and my resolutions are liable every moment to be broken. If my salvation depended upon my faithfulness, how soon must I despair! But bless the Lord, O my soul! I have the name and righteousness of another to plead before the throne.

Nov. 8. — Have to-day enjoyed some freedom in private devotion. Oh that I might come down from the mount of prayer with a face shining with heavenly lustre!

Nov. 11. — While the shadows of night are yet lingering around the world, I desire to lift up my soul in heavenly contemplation, and raise my petition to the God who heareth prayer, for his divine presence and blessing on this day of sacred rest. Oh, how vain will be my attempts to serve and worship him, if he withhold the influence of his Holy Spirit!

Come, thou celestial Messenger, and, by thy glorious influence, waft my soul and all its affections away to Jesus, the crown of my hope! O Lord, afflict me not with thine absence to-day! I cannot bear it! Warm my heart, and let not my sins separate between thee and my soul! "For I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sins are ever before me." But thou, precious Saviour, canst pardon; and here is all my hope.

Nov. 15. — I have again arisen to resume the duties of my choice, because God has sustained me. While many, during the six hours of my sweet repose, have been called from time, or have been racked with pain, I am a living witness of God's mercy. O my soul! think of the obligation which the return of every day brings upon thee to devote thy earliest and best affections to him!
Rev. John Jennings.

To his future wife: —

Newton, Jan. 28, 1833.

Greatly as we prize the works of the many excellent authors of the present day, let us not fail to hold the Bible first. Where, among classic authors, is there so sweet a passage as “Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest”? Here only is life and immortality brought to life. By the aid and comfort of the blessed Volume, we may bear life's ills cheerfully, and triumph in death, looking upon the grave as a hallowed abode, where this flesh shall be refined and purified, to awake in the likeness of the blessed Saviour.

To the same: —

Newton Upper Falls, April 30, 1833.

I am spending my vacation in this delightful village, about two miles from the Institution. I have preached in the new church every Sabbath since it was dedicated. I preach three times a week, and have a Bible-class; and my labors are not severe. I board in a very pleasant family, and have one of the most delightful rooms in the world, looking out upon the windings of the Charles River. To-morrow evening I preach for Rev. Mr. Jacobs at Cambridgeport. It is one of my best homes. May the Lord assist me!

To the same: —

Newton Theological Seminary, June 15, 1833.

I wish you could see this place in all its summer beauty. Over my window, where I sit alone from day to
day, hang the branches of a noble elm, forming a bower, whence ascend the early notes of the lovely songsters that call me to my duties and devotions. Oh, how many are the objects which invite me to bow down before God, to own his goodness, and adore his character! We hear his voice and see his hand in every thing. All his works, with one united voice, exalt the Lord our God. Yet man, frail man, presumes to rebel against his Maker. Surely, if his works praise him thus, ought not we to bless him,—we whom his love has not only created, but redeemed?

You may have heard of the arrival of some of the missionaries from Burmah,—Rev. Messrs. Wade and Sutton, with their wives, and with them a native Burman, and also a Karen. I had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Sutton in Boston, a few days since. When he spoke of the scenes he had witnessed, and the persecution and suffering he had endured, my feelings were unutterable. In closing, he said, that, if he had ten thousand lives, he would give them all to the glorious work of preaching the gospel to the heathen. Oh, this is devotion to the cause of Christ! This is following Him who went about doing good.

To the same:

**Newton Theological Seminary, Aug. 19, 1833.**

I hope to be remembered by you, where remembrance is sweet, at the throne of grace.

I do not wish you to ask for me riches or honor, but ask, as the greatest honor that Heaven can bestow, that I may be a good minister of Jesus Christ, and that I may be rich in that precious treasure which is in the heavens.
Rev. John Jennings.

I know that mental culture is of great importance; but all learning and eloquence will be perverted, unless the minister cultivate his heart.

To the same:—

Newton Upper Falls, Sept 14, 1833.

Our anniversary occurred on Wednesday of this week. I assure you it was most impressive to see those eleven young men standing side by side for the last time in this world, and receiving the earnest and melting charge and farewell of their professor. Oh! thought I, shall I stand there one year from to-day, and under the same circumstances?

I am now engaged in preaching here, and shall remain during my vacation. I am pleasantly situated; but oh that I were qualified for my work!

Sabbath Afternoon. — I have attempted to preach twice to-day, but made miserable work of it. My heart was cold, and the people did not pray as they ought, and really a part of the time I was in an agony of soul. My text in the morning was, "Woe to them that are at ease in Zion!" I felt that I was myself the character I was trying to describe. Text in the afternoon, "Lord, revive thy work."

I have to preach again this evening; but how can I? "Lord, be merciful to me a sinner," is the language of my soul. I cannot describe the anguish of my heart. I have no reason to hope that I am a Christian. Oh for a view of the Saviour's pardoning love!

Sabbath Evening. — "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name!" "He
hath heard my cry, and hath enlarged me when I was in distress." I have this evening preached with comfort. I was blessed with a feeling of nearness to God in prayer.

You have, in the above, had a history of one of the most miserable Sabbaths I ever spent. Probably, in the course of my life, if it be prolonged, you may often witness the anguish of my heart, in view of my sinfulness and unfitness for my work. Then how much I shall need your sympathy and prayers! I do not often write the worst of my feelings; but I am willing that you should know just what are my hopes and fears, joys and sorrows.

I was appointed to deliver, last week, the address before the Society of Missionary Inquiry. It was almost impossible for me to pronounce the closing sentences.

The thought that the next time I should meet some of my brethren whom I dearly love would probably be at the judgment, was overwhelming. But it is the call of God, and we joyfully submit.

To the same:——

*Newton Theological Seminary, Oct. 28, 1833.*

I look with great interest upon the coming year, as it is the last of my course of study; and then I shall be sent forth into the Lord's vineyard, but how unprepared! I know that the Lord will give me strength equal to my day, if I put my trust in him. But the springs of my spiritual life are very low. Oh! when shall I live above the world, and my perpetual wanderings from the cross of Jesus cease?

I can and will commend you to God. Let your light
continually shine. Live in the constant performance of every duty, and you will have nothing to fear.

To the same:—

NEWTON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, Dec. 4, 1833.

My studies are quite pleasant, increasingly so as I approach their close. My pecuniary situation is not so favorable as I could wish. My purse is empty; but the Lord will provide. I believe he is disciplining me to plead the cause of poor beneficiaries, when I shall be in a situation to do it.*

I look forward, and imagine myself receiving my professor's parting benediction as I stand on the verge of public life, about to take upon myself the sacred office of the ministry. Looking still further, I think of myself surrounded with the cares of a church. And, when I think of standing before my Judge to give an account of my stewardship, I tremble, and can only fly to the cross of Christ, to cast myself on his mercy, and plead for his grace.

To the same:—

NEWTON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, Jan. 24, 1834.

I have some good news to tell you. The Lord is reviving his work in Danbury. The work of grace in that dear church began one evening, when a young man, formerly a schoolmate of mine, arose from his seat in the congregation, and went forward to the pulpit, crying,

* This he did with great effect years after, in the meetings of the Education Society; and many a young student struggling to enter the ministry has received the sympathy and encouragement he well knew how to give.
out in the anguish of his soul, "Pray for me! pray for me!" The church was aroused to call mightily upon God; and in two days that young man, with his wife and sister, were converted. In the course of a few days, a number were brought to rejoice in God's abounding grace; and the work is still going on. Oh! methinks the angels are hovering over that place, waiting to strike their harps anew at the return of every penitent sinner. Oh, had I the wings of a dove, how soon would I mingle in their songs, and join in their prayers! Oh, what a treasure is the gospel! For its promulgation let me live; and, filled with its glorious hopes and blessed consolations, let me die!

I have enjoyed more of the presence of the Lord of late than usual. Last Sabbath evening, at the Falls, I felt such an overwhelming sense of the worth of the soul, the danger of the impenitent, and the love of Christ, that I wept profusely, and could say, "Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night" for careless sinners! I feel at times such a weight resting upon me, that I must be overwhelmed, were it not for the strength and sympathy of Him who said, "Lo, I am with you always."

I am still as undecided as ever where I may labor after my studies are completed. I hope you will pray for the guidance of the Holy Spirit, that I may be directed to the place where I can do most for the upbuilding of the Redeemer's kingdom. If I know my own heart, I do not aspire to the fame of a great man, any further than I am good. Oh, let me be so honored and happy as to win many souls to Christ and heaven!
I ask no more. I do not wish a large church. I think every young man ought to be careful not to choose a sphere which will require so much active labor as to preclude close study. I commit my way to the Lord, and pray that he may direct my steps.

I wish I could visit you in my next vacation; but poverty forbids. May you be kept in the light of the Saviour’s countenance continually! As ever yours.

To the same:

Newton Theological Seminary, May 3, 1834.

Through the mercy of God, I am once more returned to my pleasant room. But I have met my friends under affliction. I came just in time to follow to the grave the wife of our senior professor. In her we have lost a most valued friend. She was a mother to the students, and an ornament to the church. We have no cause to mourn for her. Her last hours were spent in the sweetest conversation with her children about the heaven to which she was going, and her last exclamations showed that she was enraptured with the visions of that celestial glory into which she has now entered. But, when I think of her afflicted husband and her motherless children, my heart bleeds. Let us try to have our hearts so impressed with eternal things that we shall hold this world with a loose grasp.

To the same:

Newton Theological Seminary, June 4, 1833.

I have thought of late that Christians do not contemplate heaven as much as they ought. Let our eyes be
fixed on the blessed time when "toils and cares shall end," and they will seem light while we pass through them. Last week the anniversaries of all the most important benevolent societies occurred in Boston. That of the Education Society was peculiarly interesting. After several very able addresses, $3,000 were subscribed in the space of an hour. The interest in missions was equally great. Surely, thought I, the Sun of righteousness will soon brighten the whole earth.

Newton Theological Seminary, July 11.

I can now give you some idea of the prospect regarding my settlement. I have had a large number of applications, and, for various reasons, have been obliged to refuse several urgent calls. I have preached four Sabbaths at Beverly, about two miles from Salem. I think there is a strong probability that I shall settle there. They seem to be a most pious and excellent people. I hope we may be much in prayer, asking divine aid and guidance to prepare us for the great work to which we are approaching.
In the 20th of August, 1834, the anniversary occurred at Newton, and the young student went forth to commence his active labor.

His address on that occasion was characteristic. "The importance of an affectionate manner in a preacher" was exemplified in his after-life, as those who knew him best can testify.

After much prayerful consideration of the different invitations he had received, he decided to accept the call of the church in Beverly, Mass. An entry in the journal, two days after his graduation at Newton, expresses his feelings on entering his first field of pastoral labor. Subsequent extracts briefly indicate the most interesting events of his residence in Beverly.

Aug. 25, 1834, he writes to his future wife:

After some days of indescribable anxiety, I have decided that it is my duty to remain in Beverly, in ac-
cordance with the unanimous call of the church. May the Lord bless me in winning souls to Christ! I trust I have not made a mistake in coming here.

The past week has been a very interesting one. It was very hard to part with my classmates, with whom I have so long studied and prayed. The anniversary was delightful, and was said to be the most interesting ever enjoyed at Newton.

I am assured of the increasing attachment of this people to me, and find myself growing in love for them. It is said they were never so united in a minister before. Oh, may this union continue!

I hope you will feel that you are coming into the midst of friends; and be sure they all wish for your happiness.

From the journal, Beverly, Aug. 22, 1834: —

Felt greatly affected in coming to this place, with an invitation to become pastor of the church. Will this be the place where God will bless my labors? If not, oh, permit me not to remain!

Aug. 23. — Overwhelmed with the subject of my settlement. Lord, what wilt thou have me to do? Help me, or I shall fail! Oh, lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.

Aug. 24, Sabbath. — Enjoyed much to-day, though almost sinking under the weight of responsibility about to roll upon me if I become pastor of this church. I have nearly concluded that it is my duty. I am delighted with the union which exists in the church and society. Oh, may it be perpetuated!
Aug. 25. — Have felt a sacred peace in committing my way to the Lord. Met the Young Men's Education Society. Oh, how I long for their conversion to God, that they may become preachers, as well as assist others to qualify themselves for this holy work!

Aug. 31. — Some sweet enjoyment, but a very solemn day. My answer to the call of the church was read by Bro. Miller of Wenham, with whom I exchanged in the afternoon. Oh for grace to go in and out before this people as becometh a minister of Jesus!

Sept. 7. — How sweet to preach the word of life, and point men to a crucified and risen Saviour! This will be a solemn week. I expect to be ordained Wednesday. Oh for grace equal to my day! Lord, give me thy smile, and it is enough!

Sept. 10. — Memorable day! I cannot describe my feelings when on my unworthy head were laid the hands of the men of God. Oh, the work of the ministry! How solemn! How delightful! Am I running without being sent? If not deceived, I do desire to labor for the salvation of this dear people; but oh that the Lord would ratify my settlement by a copious shower of divine grace!

Rev. Gustavus F. Davis of Hartford preached the ordination sermon. Rev. Messrs. Wayland of Salem, and Holroid of Danvers, and others, took part in the services.

Sept. 14, Sabbath. — A good day. My soul longed for the salvation of the congregation, especially of the youth. Oh! if the Lord will save some sinner by my
Memorial of

labors, then I shall feel satisfied that this is the field in which he designs me to labor. And what is my poor life in comparison with a soul?

Just heard the mournful tidings that Bro. Elijah Foster of Amesbury is gone to his heavenly rest. He has left us in the midst of his usefulness. But God knows when to take his children to serve him in his upper temple.

Sept. 29. — Attended to-day, as a bearer, at the funeral of Bro. Foster. "He sleeps in Jesus, and is blest."

Sept. 30. — Attended the ordination of Bro. E. Crane, at Amesbury. Yesterday we buried his predecessor. It seemed as if eternity was very near. In reflecting upon the scenes of the past two days, I am overwhelmed. Oh that I may be better prepared to work in the vineyard of my Master, for what I have seen and felt!

Sabbath noon, Oct. 5. — To-day I am for the first time to administer the sacred ordinance of the Lord's Supper. Oh for grace to make it profitable to me and the dear church!

Oct. 9. — This morning I was married. I feel that the relation on which I have entered will have an important bearing upon my happiness and usefulness in the work to which I am called. May I ever act the part of the kindest of husbands!

Nov. 2. — Have enjoyed much to-day in holding forth the word of life to my dear people, and especially in breaking the bread and pouring the wine,—emblems of my Saviour's death. Oh that I may live upon the spiritual bread of the kingdom for many days!

Nov. 3. — Felt sad this evening at the want of interest in the concert of prayer for missions. The church are cold and lifeless. O Lord, revive thy work! Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly, or we perish!
June 2, 1835. — This evening, was visited by some of the society, who informed me of dissatisfaction because I do not visit enough. Oh! what shall I do? I fear that I can never satisfy the people in this respect. Lord, lead me in the right path, cost what it may!

Aug. 2. — Have to-day been quite happy in preaching to my flock, and enjoyed the precious privilege of coming to the Lord's table. Oh that the truth to-day preached may have a saving effect! Shall I have one soul to rejoice over in future, because of this day's efforts?

Aug. 4. — Some comfort to-day in visiting my flock, and trying to awaken them. Thought of Him who went about doing good.

Aug. 6. — Unusually languid on account of indisposition of body. But oh that the Great Physician would heal my soul! Lord, make me more happy, because more holy!

Aug. 9. — Had considerable feeling to-day in addressing my people. Oh, their precious souls! Lord, send by whom thou wilt, but save this people!

Aug. 15. — How unworthy am I to preach the gospel! I am almost ready to give up. No special evidence exists that I have done much good in this place. Eternity will reveal the true state of the case. Shall I, after having preached to others, myself be a castaway?

"Jesus, I throw my arms around
And hang upon thy breast:
Without one gracious smile from thee,
My spirit cannot rest."

The sermon from Bro. Stow was on ministerial humility.
How little of this excellent quality do I possess! I must be a more humble and holy man. Oh, the corruption of my heart, so full of self-love and pride, and desire for ease!

Sept. 2. — A day of special prayer in reference to my work and that of my ministering brethren. I should be discouraged were it not for the precious promise, "Lo, I am with you alway." Blessed Saviour, help me to take thee at thy word!

Sept. 6. — I have to-day completed the Sabbaths of one year as pastor of this church. I made, at the table of the Lord, the determination to be a more earnest minister of Christ.

Sept. 7. — Have felt more than usual to-day for the heathen. When will they be cheered by the same light and hopes we cherish?

Sept. 8. — A severe pain in the head: but how light my sufferings! how little is there of bitterness in my cup!

Sept. 24. — Attended the funeral of Bro. E. W. Freeman of Lowell, who was taken suddenly away from the privileges of the Association, just as it was assembling. Lord, how frail is man!

Dec. 20. — The Lord has not left us. In the Second Church, in this town, he is converting sinners. Blessed be his name! I have some hope that the cloud of mercy may pass this way. Lord, hasten it!

This prayer was answered; and, the winter following, the young pastor was cheered by the awakening of the church, and some hopeful conversions.
Among the first whom he baptized were the wife of one of his deacons, and her son, a young lad, at whose ordination my father preached, just twenty years afterward.

I make one more extract from the journal in Beverly, without attempting to express the reverent and grateful feeling with which his daughter, at the age of thirty-five, has read for the first time her father's record of his thoughts and hopes on the day of her birth.

March 23, 1836.—This has been a day of great interest. The meridian sun looked upon me in the new, responsible, and endearing relation of parent. Oh, what emotion has filled my breast! Another immortal being is born to die! How much of its future destiny depends upon its parents! If ever I felt the need of wisdom and grace, it is this evening. Lord, help me, as the first duty, to give up this my first-born into thy hand for time and eternity. Form, I beseech thee, her mind, her body, her heart, to glorify thee. Oh, early make the impress of thine own blessed character upon her! May she grow up for thee, and live for thee; and may she die in thy embrace, and shine as a star in the Saviour's crown forever! O Lord! deny what thou wilt, but give her thy grace, make her a plant of piety, and an ornament to the church; and I ask no more!

His departure from Beverly caused much sorrow to the church. There was no dissatisfaction with him, either as a preacher or pastor, worthy of men-
tion. The only complaint of which I can learn is alluded to in the journal of June 2, 1835, above quoted. There is a record of two hundred and seventeen pastoral visits during that year. He afterward questioned the wisdom of the change. Still, most of his friends who knew his after life will agree with a minister who said recently, that "Bro. Jennings did more good in his different pastorates than he could have done in one." It was doubtless the hand of the Master which guided him to Grafton, Mass., whither he removed in July, 1836, carrying with him the sympathy and regrets of his warmly-attached and deeply-loved church. Only a few years since, when he visited Beverly, one of the members of the church said, "I shall never forget the bitter tears I shed when Mr. Jennings went away."

It is proper here to insert a sketch of his character and labors, taken from the "History of the Church" in Beverly, by one of its pastors.

JOHN JENNINGS, THE EXCELLENT MINISTER.

There was a general excellence distinguishing Mr. Jennings as a man and a minister. He was not so much a man of particular parts as many; but he was rather one to be commended as a whole. He commanded respect and esteem personally; and his efforts were acceptable, and seldom exceptionable. He inspired the confidence of those who knew him; and he won the love of his people for his kindness and fidelity.
Rev. John Jennings.

Whatever he did was well done in his calling; and he was indeed a minister to be desired. But little could be said against him, while much could be said for him. His excellence of character and service were unquestionable.
VI.

My father entered the new pastoral relation with fresh zeal and vigor, and seems to have been peculiarly blessed in his labors. One important fact should be noted. His health, which had suffered from a residence on the sea-shore, was now very much improved. This enabled him to go on joyfully in his chosen path, and fitted him for labors more abundant. As his field enlarged, his mind expanded and his piety deepened, and thus he became thoroughly furnished for still more extended usefulness as preacher and pastor. He devoted himself resolutely to study; but this did not lessen his affectionate pastoral interest in his people. He shared their joys and griefs, and constantly and earnestly sought to lead them to a higher piety and a better life.

The journal at this time reveals in him a deep humility,—almost discouragement,—of which his outward labors bore no trace. From the lowest
self-abasement, and the most humble confession in secret, he would go forth cheerfully to his work, absorbed in his people, and so caring for their welfare as wholly to forget himself.

From the journal:

Grafton, July 23, 1836. — Have been for some time in an unsettled state. The providence of God has at length directed my steps to this place. To-morrow I am to preach the gospel. Lord, thou only canst prepare me for so holy a duty! Grant me a deep sense of eternal things, so that I may affect others with the solemnities of another world!

Aug. 7. — This morning felt some penitence for sin, and earnest desire for the salvation of my people. Sweet, indeed, are the ordinances of the gospel! Lord, prepare me for the rest of heaven!

His installation took place in Grafton, Aug. 10, 1836. Dr. Stow preached the sermon. Rev. Mr. Aldrich of Worcester, and Rev. Mr. Boomer of Sutton, with others, assisted in the service.

From his journal:

Aug. 10. — Have this day been publicly recognized as pastor of this people. Have felt awfully impressed with the work to which I am called. A great people, and needing much labor and piety in their minister. Oh for grace to watch for souls as one who must give account! Have a great desire to do this people good. On the help of the Lord I would rely.
"Thy grace must all the work perform,  
And give the free reward."

Aug. 20. — Feel greatly the need of Divine help on the morrow. Have some yearnings of soul for those who may hear the Word. It is solemn business to preach the gospel. I want to get near the Saviour's feet, and learn the message from him.

Aug. 21. — This is a delightful morning. The sun is cloudless. May the Sun of righteousness appear in my path to-day! I feel great comfort in looking upward for guidance. I love to preach if Christ is near.

Sabbath eve. — This has been a pleasant day, and I hope not spent in vain. Have found comfort in trying to preach Christ and him crucified. Oh that my people may be saved in the final day! Lord, help me to be more humble and pious!

Sept. 12. — Have had a weeping and most solemn time this evening, in reviewing my life. Oh, the broken resolutions, the carelessness, the indolence and inefficiency, of my course! How little have I done since I have been a minister! I fear, awfully fear, at times, lest, after having preached to others, I should myself fail of heaven.

I must be more spiritual, more diligent and prayerful. Come, Lord, and warm this languid heart!

Sept. 18. — One week ago this very hour, my dear Bro. Davis of Hartford exchanged his earthly toils for a state of rest and a work of praise in heaven. The account of his last hours is delightfully cheering. This makes four of my dear brethren in the ministry who have gone in the midst of usefulness, from important stations, during the last year. King, Freeman, Jacobs, and Davis
are all, I trust, in the sacred choir. No more wrestlings in the closet or pleadings in the pulpit, but a harp of gold, and the blessed employments of heaven. O my soul! hear the thrilling tones of these providences: "Be ye also ready."

Dec. 8. — Another year of my short span has fled, and left me to wonder at its flight. Oh, what have I done to distinguish this year, but to sin? Twenty-eight years have borne their report to eternity, and what a report! Surely, all my hope is in the merits of Christ. Lord, help me to feel it! This year may I do with more diligence and delight the will of my heavenly Father!

Sabbath, Jan. 25, 1837. — Have enjoyed this morning rather uncommon calmness and earnestness of desire for the good of the souls of men. May the day be one of great comfort!

May 27. — A sweet view of the Saviour of sinners this morning. A heavenly feast. Oh that I may not lose the relish of it all my days!

May 28. — This day I am again to stand in that awful place, the pulpit. Oh for the preparation of heart which is necessary for acceptance and usefulness.

July 10. — This evening much depressed and discouraged, because iniquity abounds, and the love of many waxes cold. When will the current of sin be turned, and the kingdom of God be built up in our midst?

Aug. 1. — Have awfully backslidden in heart from God! Too little study, too little prayer. O Lord! from thee cometh my help.

Aug. 2. — Had some pleasant intercourse with Heaven this morning, and have felt the hallowed influence all day.
Dec. 8. — The twenty-ninth year of my life has gone. It has been marked by the goodness of God to me; but that goodness has been requited by ingratitude. When shall my inconstant heart fix itself on its chief good?

Dec. 30. — Have some sense of the distance of my soul from God, of the difficulties of my work, and of the awful charge which is resting upon me. Lord, make me humble and happy and successful in my great work!

March 1, 1838. — Have been confined at home by a severe cold for some days. How frail I am! But God is good. He has been pleased to pour out his Spirit, and, as I hope, to convert a number of my hearers to the love of the truth. O my soul, magnify the Lord! May this be a prelude to a more plentiful shower! Lord, give us a spirit of prayer, and dependence on thee!

March 29. — This morning was much affected while reading the account of the Saviour's advent, and lifting up my heart in prayer. I desire the salvation of souls; but how little do I look for it! Self is the idol to which I am prone to bow. Yet I long for more devotedness to my Master.

Nov. 4. — Have enjoyed something to-day in trying to set forth the example of Jesus for the imitation of my hearers. But how short I fall of such a character myself! Help me, blessed Saviour, to be from this time more engaged for thee.

Nov. 5. — Too indifferent! When will my light shine steadily like the sun, not fitfully, like the flash of the meteor? Lord, make me a consistent Christian minister!

Dec. 8. — This day I am thirty years old. How appropriately is life called a vapor, a shadow, a handbreadth! Probably the greater part of my life is past.
Solemn thought! How little have I done for Christ and my generation! The world will hardly know, at this rate, that I have been in it, but for my sins and indolence. If God shall spare my life this year, I do determine to be more diligent and faithful. Jesus, Master, help me to live to thy glory! Grant me strength and grace to do thy will! And should this year end my life, may I, though most unworthy, be accepted of thee, to spend eternity beneath thy smile!

Jan. 1, 1839. — In the good providence of God, I am spared to behold the commencement of another year. Shall I see its close? and, if so, how will the retrospect look? If not, will my soul be happy in the bosom of God? Oh for diligence, perseverance, and faith!

March 12. — This is a day of distinguished favor from the Lord, in the birth of our second child and daughter. What a rush of tender feeling overwhelms me as I gaze on this new object of love! She is brought into a world of sin, temptation, and sorrow, to suffer and die; but not, I earnestly hope, till she has glorified God on the earth. We know not what is before her, an innocent, helpless thing. But she is in a world over which God reigns in perfect wisdom, holiness, and love. To him I desire to commit her for time and eternity. Oh for grace to do my duty toward both my children. The Lord bless, sanctify, and save them both! Oh, this family circle! I shudder when I think what death must one day do in it! I know I deserve to lose my beloved ones; but the Lord is merciful, and in him is all my hope. May I trust in him, and not be afraid!

Dec. 8 — This is the Sabbath, and a day of interest. I have arisen at four o'clock, and enjoyed a sweet season
of confession and prayer. Oh that the day may be a Sabbath to my famishing soul! It is also my birthday anniversary, and calls for a solemn review of the past, and holy resolutions for the future. I do feel desirous of doing more this year, if spared. I therefore resolve, that, the Lord helping me, I will rise earlier, pray more, study more, and labor more, than during any previous year of my life. Evening.—Preached with unusual liberty to-day. Hope the apparent conviction of many will be lasting. Lord, give the increase!

Jan. 1, 1840.—Another year has gone,—how rapidly! May this be a year of the right hand of the Most High!

Jan. 11.—Have been reading the Scriptures and Doddridge’s “Rise and Progress.” Excellent book! Desire to be prepared for the morrow. Oh for faith in God, and strength to do his work!

Jan. 12.—Exceedingly depressed, and grieved to think how small a matter keeps Christians from their duty. When shall Zion arise? Let me strengthen myself in the Lord!

Dec. 7, 1840.—Have been for some time in doubt whether it is best to keep any record of my religious feelings. Have decided, on the whole, that it is best to continue to do so.

Dec. 10.—Religious feelings rather low. Anxiety for the cause very great. Strong desire for the revival of the Lord’s work. Zion, I know, is his. He has pleasure in his servants. Oh for evidence that I am his! Jesus, grant it!

Jan. 29, 1841.—A most interesting day. Another child is committed to my charge. A son! What shall
be the history of this little innocent, thrown upon this changing world? I desire to commit him and all my dear ones to the Shepherd of Israel, who is able to keep us all.

The six years in Grafton were most delightful years to him; and he never ceased to love the dear people from whom he parted in sadness, only because a new harvest was whitening and waving in fairest beauty, waiting for the willing reaper's hand. From the journal: —

**Grafton, Dec. 12, 1841.** — An interesting day. Preached in Worcester to the new interest. A second church is about to be formed there. A good prospect. A desire is expressed that I should be their pastor. I know not what is duty. My dear people here I love; but there seems to be a wide door open for usefulness there. Lord, decide this trying question!

Dec. 14. — Yet undecided. Wish to do right. Somewhat inclined to go. If it be clearly duty, I will not shrink from the labor and responsibility before me.

Dec. 15. — Received to-day the very full and unanimous expression of desire from the Second Baptist Church in Worcester, that I would become their pastor. Lord, what wilt thou have me to do? May my steps be ordered aright!

Dec. 16. — Very much distressed lest I may do wrong. Went to meeting expecting to say something to my dear brethren about going to Worcester, but could not. Oh that I may be useful somewhere!
Dec. 17. — A stormy day. Spent in my study. Have thought much of the great question. The work is important, and I am but an earthen vessel. I almost think I must go; but how can I? Blessed Jesus, guide me aright!

Jan. 1, 1842. — How fast time rolls away! How soon eternity comes on! Have this day sent my answer to the church in Worcester. I feel that duty bids me go. This has been a great trial. Lord, send me not up alone! Go with me, I beseech thee! Let me lean on thee!


Sabbath, Jan. 16. — A solemn day. Great liberty in preaching the Word.

Sabbath, Jan. 30. — This day I close my labors as pastor of this church. It has been a day of great trial. Nearly six years I have been trying to preach Christ here, but how unfaithfully! Oh that my life, if spared, may be more devoted and holy! My heart bleeds for my beloved flock. But I have felt that it was best to leave them.

Not one of his people desired him to leave them; and, when he removed to Worcester, he carried with him this testimonial:

We trust, also, that many souls have been converted here through your instrumentality, and that your labors in Grafton here, under God, caused many rejoicings in
heaven. And we also by this certify to those with whom in the providence of God you may be placed, our fellowship for and attachment to you as a minister of the gospel, and our hearty commendation of you, as such, to the churches generally.

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VII.

On the 6th of February, 1842, my father preached to the new church in Worcester from the text, "In the name of our God will we set up our banner." This sermon was often alluded to by those who heard it, and long remembered with great interest.

With ripened experience, yet with humility and self-distrust, he engaged most heartily in the new enterprise; and those who knew him at this period need not be told how he won his way into the hearts of the young church, who had, with one voice, called him to be their pastor. During the first year, his labors were wonderfully blessed. The church tripled in numbers, the additions being mostly new converts. The interest spread through all the churches in the town; and such a work of grace was wrought as had not been known before, the memory of which will be cherished with humble thankfulness by all who then saw the stately
goings of the Lord, as long as they remain on earth.

Ardent as his zeal had been for the cause he loved, he seemed here to enter into his work with still greater earnestness. His people nobly sustained him, standing by and holding up his hands, strengthening and encouraging him in every possible way; and he, on his part, was able to do much for their upbuilding and establishment. His congregation, in the town-hall, frequently numbered two thousand.

Feb. 6, 1842, he writes,—

This day commenced my labors in Worcester. A solemn day. The Word was sweet, the worship and ordinances most delightful. Oh for grace to prepare me for the great work before me! I must be kept by the power of God, and assisted by his abundant grace, in order to accomplish his will. I long for humility as a garment!

Feb. 13.—A good day. Great solemnity in the house of God. I have a strong hope that God will appear in his glory, and build up Zion.

June 13.—Since the last date, my hands and heart have been full of the work of God. A precious outpouring of the Spirit. Have baptized sixty-one willing converts. What a blessed task to feed these lambs! This has been a good day. Lord, send us thy salvation!

Dec. 8.—My birthday. This has been the most pleasant year of my ministry because the most useful. God has blessed the church with large additions. Peace and harmony have prevailed.
Memorial of

Dec. 28. — This day our church is one year old. A good meeting. Great has been the Lord's mercy to us! We would be grateful!

The year 1843 was marked by severe domestic affliction, of which the accounts in the journal are most touching. So tender and affectionate a nature as he possessed is given but rarely. His great delight in his children, his constant self-denial for their welfare and comfort, and his grief at their death, were such as few could know, and none could appreciate, who had not lived in the same family with him year after year.

From the journal: —

Jan. 1, 1843. — Another year has passed away like a dream. What have I done to save the souls of men? Oh for the presence of the Lord! Some tokens for good. Lord, come and save us! Sickness is in my family. Emma, my sweet child, is ill; but I hope she may soon be better.

Jan. 2. — Some anxiety about my child. Lord, interpose!

Jan. 3. — Preached this evening at Shrewsbury. One soul very anxious.

Jan. 4. — Emma is worse. Fear she may not live. Can I give her up?

Jan. 6. — Still over the bed of my child. Feel that she must die. Oh for grace to say, "Thy will be done!" She is an innocent, lovely thing. Her sufferings wring my heart.
Jan. 7. — Fatal day! Death has broken in upon our little circle. Emma Judson, after severe suffering for six days, sweetly fell asleep in the arms of her Saviour, at half-past one this morning. Be still, my heart! it is God. Sweet flower! she has gone to bloom in paradise. But how mysterious are the ways of Providence! Both my other children are sick; but I trust they may be spared.

Jan. 8. — Funeral of my child. Oh, what a Sabbath! Felt calm, but deeply afflicted. On returning, find my little boy worse. Fear he must go too. How can I bear it?


Jan. 12. — Again death has been here. After great suffering, our little John Howard left us about six this evening. My heart is sad and desolate. What an awful silence in my dwelling! Lord, support me, or I must sink! Sweet babes, they are now delivered from the sins and sorrows of this mortal state. Am I prepared to meet them in the bright world of joy?

Jan. 14. — Committed to the tomb my darling boy. Thankful that one of my children is spared. Desire that this affliction may be for my best good.

Jan. 22. — The last week has been one of loneliness indeed. All seems like a dream. Preached with some comfort to-day.

Jan. 27. — Feel the loss of my children very much, but am greatly comforted by the presence of Jesus.

Jan. 29. — Sabbath. Much freedom in preaching. Think my hold on this world is less tenacious. Desire to feel that health and friends are in the hands of Him who is "too wise to err, too good to be unkind."
has left my home desolate; but it is so sweet to think of my little loved ones as safe in heaven! I would feel the sacred attraction to set my affections on things above. God is yet loading me with favors.

Feb. 5. — Oh, the loneliness I feel! My little treasures are in the tomb, and I trust their happy spirits are in heaven; but I feel their loss most keenly.

Have preached to-day with some satisfaction.

Oh for more faithfulness!

May 1. — Since the last date, God has been pleased to afflict me still. My wife has been ill with a long and discouraging fever, and my daughter has been brought to the verge of the grave. But God has, in mercy, restored them. To him I commit my way. Yesterday, and the Sabbath previous, I had great delight in presenting the gospel. May it be the power of God! Some have recently found peace in believing. Some are anxious. Lord, come and work for us.

On the 8th of June, the corner-stone of the new church was laid. The pastor's address on that occasion was one of his happiest efforts. His heart rejoiced in the prosperity of his people, and longed to see still greater things.

From the journal:

June 8, 1843. — A solemn day. At eight o'clock we laid the corner-stone of our new house of worship, with the usual services. May it rise, and be filled with humble worshippers!

Aug. 2. — Through God's great goodness we have this day entered our new dwelling-house. As a family, we
ought to be very grateful. My wife’s health is better. I have to-day dedicated my study by solemn prayer. May I live more to the glory of God! Lord, give me diligence, faith, and great perseverance.

Sept. 10. — A good day. Enjoyed a sweet nearness to God. Great delight in preaching. Desire for God’s work in the salvation of souls. Dearest Saviour, hasten hither!

Oct. 14. — Sad is the report of this day. Received a letter containing the account of the death of my mother and my oldest brother. Is it so, that I shall no more see her who bore me, and watched over my tender years? How fast the ranks of my friends are thinning out! The majority will soon be in heaven.

Dec. 3. — A good day. Lord, revive thy work in the midst of the years!

Dec. 8. — I am now thirty-five. Death has made sad ravages around me, and in my family, the past year. I have to mourn two sweet angel-children. Why must they, so necessary to my happiness, be so early removed hence? It is God, and I will not murmur; but my thoughts seldom forget them. My mother and brother and sister have also gone this year. My wife and daughter have been sick, but are yet spared. Oh for gratitude and grace to finish my work!

Dec. 10. — Sabbath! Day of sacred rest, for thee I wait! This day have preached of the perfect law of liberty,—the gospel of Christ. Feel a great desire to see the Lord’s work revive. Some encouragement.

Dec. 31. — The last day of 1843. The last Sabbath in the town-hall. Enjoyed much in preaching. There is a spirit of prayer in the church, and some are anxious.
I long for grace to begin the New Year in earnest work for God and souls!

Jan. 4, 1844. — This day we have entered our new house of worship. It is a most convenient and beautiful house. Desired to give it to God. Oh that he may there abide and reign, and fill it with his glory!

June 1. — This day another daughter is given to my family. The Lord has afflicted us sorely: still he is merciful. May this child be fitted to glorify him on earth, and to join the sweet cherubs he has taken from us to adorn another sphere. Bless the Lord, O my soul!

Sabbath, Dec. 22. — A good day. Preached with pleasure, and, I hope, to some profit.

A good meeting this evening. Some confession, and a spirit of prayer. May God bless us!

Oct. 26, 1845. — Have for some time made no record of my work; but this evening am inclined to re-commence. The past few months there has been a state of indifference in the church; and I know not when it will be otherwise. But the Lord reigns; and blessed be my Rock! Considerable freedom to-day in preaching Jesus. At four o'clock preached at the prison. Who hath made me to differ from those who have offended against the laws of God and man?

Dec. 8. — This day I am thirty-seven. It seems but a day since I was licensed to preach: yet it is nineteen years; and how little have I done!

Dec. 28. — This is the anniversary of the constitution of our church. A review of our history for four years is full of interest. God has been good, exceedingly good, to me and to my people. But we have been ungrateful indeed. May we have more of the spirit of the Saviour!
Jan. 4, 1846. — A blessed day. Baptism of three. Oh for more to come! Think my little daughter is inquiring the way of salvation. This is more than I deserve. Some indications of good among the people.

Dec. 8. — Another year I have lived and labored on, yet how unfit for life's great business! Have preached every Sabbath but one. God has been very good.

Jan. 7, 1847. — Four years to-day since my sweet little Emma Judson left us for the Saviour's bosom. How desolate was then this heart! Indeed, it has been lonely ever since, even in the midst of my sweet family. But He who gave has taken his own.

Jan. 21. — God has given to my arms a little son. What will be his course and destiny? May I have grace to do all I can for him during his stay, and to give him up at the Bestower's call.

June 1. — To-day little Anna is three years old. She has suffered much, and makes large draughts upon my time and sympathies. O Lord, do as shall please thee!

Aug. 10. — My soul is in trouble. To-day Anna was taken in a fit; and I fear she is soon to die. I dare not ask for her life, lest it should be only suffering. She has been under a cloud. The Lord's will be done. It is hard to see her suffer.

Aug. 10. — Still Anna suffers. I have no hope of her relief but by death.

Aug. 12. — This morning, at quarter of four, our little angel took her upward flight. It is the Lord. The question is now settled whether her mind is to expand on earth or in heaven. She has gone to the arms of Jesus. But we mourn!

Aug. 13. — To-day we have laid in her quiet grave the
angel of our house. We miss her everywhere. Lord, support and comfort us, especially her afflicted mother!

Sabbath, Aug. 15.—Have been favored to-day by hearing the gospel preached by Brethren Burbank and Dodge.

Aug. 16.—Feel the desolation which death has made more and more every hour.

Dec. 28.—The sixth anniversary of Pleasant-street Church. Lord, revive us! I earnestly desire a deep work of grace in my own heart, and among this dear people.

Jan. 26, 1848.—Some interest in the evening meeting. Will the Lord come and bless us?

Jan. 30.—Preached with a good degree of comfort. Distressed to see members of the church forgetful of their solemn obligations. Lord, all will come to desolation unless thou return again! Have been reading Gurney on "Love to God." Excellent work! Also the "Life of Jeremy Taylor."

Jan. 31.—Lord, save from dissensions!

Feb. 1.—Distressed for Zion.

Feb. 2.—Went to Ashland. Some confidence in God.

Feb. 4.—Church-meeting. Some feeling; but we are far from God. When will he revive us that we may praise him?

Feb. 8.—Visited this afternoon among my people. Have very little religious enjoyment. Long for more grace.

Aug. 1.—Finished, to-day, the reading of "An Earnest Ministry," by J. A. James. Have been profited by the book. Who should be an earnest man if not the Christian minister?
Am again in affliction. My dear little John Carlos is very sick; and I fear he may not recover. Can I lay away in the grave this treasure also? I deserve it all. If it were left to me, I should not dare to decide the question. The Lord raise him, if consistent with his will! I ask for patience and resignation!

Sept. 10. — The anniversary of my ordination. Did not the Lord ratify that solemn work?

Oct. 22. — For many painful weeks we have hoped and feared for our darling boy. I have now but little hope. Can I spare that sweet, speaking face, those large, expressive eyes, and lay my treasure away in the grave? A few hours, I fear, will end his life; but his sufferings will also end.

Oct. 23, 1848. — This evening, at a quarter of ten, our sweet little sufferer left us. The fourth child has thus been taken. Lord, help us to say, "Thy will be done"! Why, if this be for my sins, must my dear wife and daughter suffer?

Oct. 25. — We have opened the grave, and laid our darling to rest beside his sister Anna. Thus have we laid four in two graves. Sweet spot! But they are not there. May we be profited by these severe strokes of a Father's hand!

Oct. 26. — We start this morning on our sad journey to Connecticut, — sad for what we leave, and for what we expect to find. Our mother Keyes is probably not living, having been very sick for weeks.

Oct. 28. — Yes: mother died the same evening with John Carlos. Oh, what deep waters are these! Lord, help!

Nov. 12. — Interesting day. My dear, my only child
living on earth, was this day baptized by these hands, and admitted to the church. For such favor in the midst of sorrows I would be grateful. Lord, keep her in thy fear and service forever!

Dec. 8. — My fortieth birthday! Is it possible? And yet I have hardly begun to live.

Jan. 7, 1849. — Comfortable day in preaching. Six years to-day our dear Emma left us. Now four are gone. Will they greet me, and shall we sing together, in heaven? Lord, grant it!

Feb. 14. — A little hope that God is about to bless us, even us. Will he come?

March 21. — Have been of late at an awful distance from God. Only now and then has a gleam of hope arisen. But I am brought to a solemn pause. Most of the day I have spent in solemn, searching thought, with the Bible in hand. Think I have a little evidence that God's mercy is not clean gone forever. Lord, according to the multitude of thy tender mercies, blot out my transgressions. On thee I rest my sinful self.

March 22. — Some glimpse of pardon. I pray for the deliverance God alone can give!

March 24. — To-morrow is the Sabbath. How can I, with this polluted, wayward heart, again stand forth as God's ambassador? May the blood of atonement make me whiter than snow!

March 25. — Preached at New-England Village. Some precious views of Christ and the truth. Lord, make me more faithful. The people listened earnestly, and I hope for good. Oh, take not thy Holy Spirit from me!

June 3. — More than usual tenderness in my closet and in public duty, and some of the joy of true repent-
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ance. I feel that the present low state of religion among my people is greatly my fault. May I, at the foot of the cross, receive the smile of my bleeding Lord, that I may be more faithful to my own soul and to my people!

Sept. 16. — Fifteen years I have stood on Zion’s walls as a watchman. How have I failed to reach the standard I at first set up! I have been blessed with outward prosperity; but the Divine Spirit has not dwelt in me as richly as he might had I been more faithful.

His life in Worcester was a period of unremitting labor. His people knew that their pastor was ready to attend their call at all hours of the day or night. In all their afflictions, he was afflicted. His ready sympathy and warm heart made him most welcome in the room of sickness, by the death-bed, and at the funeral service. His office on such occasions was performed with great feeling, and with such acceptance as made the mourners his firm friends ever afterward. Doubtless the severe affliction through which he had himself passed prepared him especially to comfort others with the comfort wherewith he himself was comforted of God. So great was his sympathy, that he would come home quite exhausted after such labors.

Seasons of rejoicing, too,—the wedding, the social circle, the weekly prayer-meeting, and all occasions of public interest,—found him ready to enter into the spirit of his people, and to communicate to them his own hearty enjoyment of every thing enjoyable.
Through long, sickly summers in Worcester, he remained in the city; and, in the absence of his brother-clergymen, often ministered to their parishioners, attending sometimes three funerals in a day. He regularly wrote one or two sermons a week; and numerous pastoral and public duties, together with his unselfish devotion to his family in the frequent illness of one or more of its members, employed all his remaining strength.

During twelve years, there was not one Sabbath when he did not consider himself able to preach. Yet all this time his health was far from robust. It was the opinion of a very skilful physician that the symptoms of the disease which terminated his life had begun to show themselves in his early manhood. He suffered frequently from distressing attacks of sick-headache, and occasionally from seasons of sinking and faintness, similar to those which were frequent during the last few months of his life. Yet he was able, by his energy and determination, and his eager desire to serve his people, to accomplish more for the Master than many a strong and healthy man.

Extract from a letter written in Worcester when his family were absent:

My dear Wife,—

“O solitude! where are the charms,” &c.

You remember I have often said that my home was peculiarly grateful after the labors of the Sabbath. Here

July 6, 1845.
I am in this pleasant place, on this delightful evening; and yet to me there is nobody in Worcester. Still I am well off; have good health, and a kind people.

We had a good celebration of the Fourth. I addressed a crowded audience in the Old South Church. Yesterday we had a good church-meeting, and a delightful baptism to-day. This morning I rose at a quarter of four, and went out to see about the place for baptism; then to Mr. L—’s; then to breakfast. The day has been a busy one; and, as I have now been up eighteen hours and a half, I must say good-night.

From the journal:

Dec. 8, 1849.—Have recently tendered my resignation of the pastorship of this church. This has been brought about by the impression of a few of the church that a change was desirable, to increase the interest and heal the divisions. I fear it will not be for the good of the cause, but see no other course for me.

Sabbath, Dec. 10.—Feel for my dear church. Many grieve at my leaving them.

Dec. 30.—Preached my last sermon as pastor of Pleasant-street Church. Felt tenderly in preaching. Many tears were shed. The Lord overrule it for good!

After relinquishing the pastorate at Worcester, he accepted an appointment as district secretary of the American Tract Society, in whose work he had long felt a deep interest. The change of labor proved a benefit; and he was thus fitted to enter a new field with recruited energies.
From the journal:—

Jan. 6, 1851 (Sabbath).—Preached at Millbury. Spoke for the Tract-cause. Some interest was felt. It is a great work. Lord help me! Thought with great solicitude of my recent flock, and with regret that I have been forced to leave them.

Jan. 16. — Sinful and sinning, yet some faint breathings of desire after God. Oh for victory over self! Devote me, Lord, to thy blessed will!

Jan. 20. — Preached at Salem. Good attention to the Word. But I fear I am not fit to preach, and that I but poorly advocate the Tract-cause.

Sept. 10. — I have been unfaithful: still, I hope I was not mistaken in taking the field sixteen years ago to-day. May I renew my diligence and courage!

Dec. 31. — The last evening of the year. I have reason to blush at my sinfulness; yet have some reason to believe I have not labored in vain. May I begin the new year with a new spirit! Have a desire that this year may witness a purer, happier, and more peaceful life!

Feb. 7, 1851. — To-day we have received mercy of the Lord. Another daughter is given to us. May she be the Lord's! I have been sick for several weeks.

Sept. 10. — Seventeen years since, the great honor of the ministry was conferred upon me, so unworthy. How poorly have I served the good cause and the good Master! Would that for the year to come I might make full proof of my ministry! But all my hope is in God.
In November, 1851, my father received a unanimous call to Fitchburg, and on the 2d of December he began a three-years' ministry of unusual success. On the last-named date he writes,—

An important change has taken place in my circumstances. I have accepted an urgent call to this place. Oh, how important the step! And what shall be the result, the Lord only can tell. In him I hope and trust.

The entries in the journal at this time are but few: and, at all times, they give but a faint idea of the work he was accomplishing; but the full record is on high.

The church was a strong one, and under his ministry it grew stronger and stronger. Among the members were five aged saints, in whose prayers and sympathy he took great delight, and to whom
he looked for counsel, comfort, and strength. They have all long since fallen asleep; but the memory of Dea. Crocker, Father and Mother Goddard, Mother Tufts, and Mother Farwell, is blessed. My father esteemed it a peculiar privilege that his ministry occurred while they were able to attend the Sabbath service and the prayer-meetings, where their presence and their devotion seemed to hallow the place.

In the winter of 1853-54, the church enjoyed what my father often called "a most precious revival." On eight successive communion Sabbaths he baptized some rejoicing converts. The stream which flowed hard by the church of-God witnessed again and again the triumphant joy of pastor and people, as one after another received the blessed ordinance. On one of these occasions there were six Marys; and, as the last one rose from the sacred waters with a radiant face, the pastor said, with his usual sweet, grave earnestness, "I have now baptized six Marys. Are there any more who will choose the good part?" Two more Marys were so impressed at that moment, that they offered themselves for baptism the next month.

During eight months, there was an inquiry-meeting at the pastor's study every Monday evening, when the power of God was present in no small degree. The Church, too, seemed to awake, and put on her beautiful garments.
Once more my father had the pleasure of seeing a new house of worship arise. On the last Sabbath in the dear old church, where for twenty-three years the prayers and praises of that eminently praying people had ascended, the sermon was a most impressive one; and many will remember how the pastor read the closing hymn,—"There is a house not made with hands."

Prosperity still attended them in the new edifice, which was dedicated March 1, 1854. But, after a time, a root of bitterness springing up, troubled the pastor and his excellent people, causing him to seek another field, and inducing them to consent to it for his sake. He carried with him the deep regret, warm regard, and great respect of the whole town. He had been especially useful there in promoting a spirit of concord between the different religious denominations. He was on the friendliest terms with the pastors, and greatly beloved by the members of all the other churches. Dearly as he loved his own church, he loved Christ's cause more, and ever strove to lead the servants of our Lord, though bearing different names, to united labors for him. There was a series of union services of four churches on Sabbath evenings, when the four ministers sat together in the pulpit. Each one, in turn, held forth the word of life, and the blessing descended abundantly upon the crowded assembly.
From the journal: —

Sept. 10, 1853. — Ordination-day. Lord, help me to be more thine in heart, as well as by profession.

Oct. 9. — Our wedding-day. The time seems like a dream. Lord, spare us all to each other, and give us at length a place in thy heavenly kingdom!

Dec. 8. — Forty-two years old. I feel that my life is poorly answering life's great end. Lord, help me to be more consecrated to thee!

Extract from a letter written at Saratoga Springs: —

JULY 15, 1854.

My dear Wife, — This has been a most lovely day, and I have spent quite a portion of it in company with Bro. Hutchinson. He has suffered greatly the year past. Surely I ought not to complain. When I look upon the sick, the halt, and the blind, who crowd to this Bethesda, my heart is ready to say, "Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life." Ranged by the side of the path are crippled men, and blind and piteous women, asking for the charity of the passer. The great men are coming, — Dr. Fuller, Dr. Hawes, Dr. Stow, and many others. My health — the great object of my coming — is better. They tell me I do not look so careworn, and am gaining flesh. I must lay down my pen, and go out for a walk with my good Presbyterian brother.

Saturday morning. — Bro. Warren spent an hour or two with me yesterday, fresh from the Rochester anniversaries. The Sabbath here is not what it should be.
It is a hard place to maintain religion. Nothing but imperious duty would lead one to be a pastor here.

Sabbath evening.—Have heard a glorious sermon from Dr. Fuller,—the very marrow of the gospel.

I am sorry to be away from the sick and dying; but God will be with them. I long for my pleasant home. God has favored us wonderfully. May we meet again in peace! Yours devotedly.

From the journal:

Sept. 10, 1854. — Ordination-day. Work enough. Oh, how poorly done!

Dec. 8. — My forty-sixth birthday. The last year has been one of poorer health than any during my ministry. I know not what is for me, whether life or death; but I desire to be the Lord’s, living or dying.

Feb. 7, 1855. — This day my darling Alice is four years old. Will she live and be a good girl? Lord, take her to thy care and love!

April 29. — This day I close my pastorate at Fitchburg. I leave the church in great affliction. Lord, appear for them, and direct me!

At a special meeting called to act on his resignation, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we have learned with deep regret that the continued ill health of our pastor, and other causes beyond his control, have led him to tender his resignation as pastor of this church.

Resolved, That we most cordially and heartily express to him our gratitude for the faithful manner in which he
has dispensed to us the word of life, and for all the kindly offices, so cheerfully and faithfully performed by him, belonging to the pastoral relation.

Resolved, That the present state of our Christian brotherhood, now so apparent among the different churches of this town, and also the marked outward and spiritual prosperity enjoyed by this church for the past two years, are attributable, in no small degree, to the Christian urbanity and faithful efforts of our present pastor.

Resolved, That while providence and duty may seem to call for a separation, yet we will pledge to our late pastor our gratitude and affection for the past, and our earnest prayers for his temporal and spiritual prosperity in the future.

J. S. Brown,  
S. A. Wheeler,  
L. H. Bradford,  

Committee.

In May, 1855, he returned to the beloved Tract Society, and again labored as district secretary for nearly four years. He removed his residence to Newton Centre; and it gave him great joy to be once more near the Institution where he had prepared himself for the ministry. The first time the old familiar sound of the bell on "the Hill" fell on his ear, he said, "That is the sweetest music to me, it is so dear from early association!"

He took great pleasure in the society of several brethren in the ministry who were located there, and especially in that of the senior professor, whom he always called "his professor," and to whose kind aid
he owed it, that, in many a time of discouragement during his course of study, he did not entirely despair. He never forgot the service then rendered him, by which he was fitted to serve the Master more efficiently than he could otherwise have done. With his peculiarly sensitive temperament, the depressing consciousness of an imperfect preparation would have impaired his courage and confidence, and thus his usefulness. There was reason indeed, then, why my father, to the end of his life, gratefully loved and honored this kind friend and instructor. Almost his last request was, that Dr. Ripley should take part in his funeral service.

Dec. 8, 1855, he writes,—

"To-day I am forty-seven. Not many more birthdays, at most, can I see. May the remaining years be the Lord's!"

Jan. 1, 1856. — What shall be the history of this year? Of myself, of my family, my work, the great cause? God knoweth!

Dec. 8. — Forty-eight years old. Somewhat discouraged as to my work, more as to my heart. Lord, direct! Let me not err! Show me a plain path! If this year I live, may it be for thee! If I die, may it be in thee!

Jan. 7, 1857. — The anniversary of the first visit of death to our family circle. What a night was that, when, after painful watchings, our Emma was taken to the Shepherd's bosom! Four times the stroke was inflicted; but every time it was needed. How little have I profited by this severe discipline! Lord, help me so to live that my end may be peace!
Oct. 9, 1858.—Twenty-four years have we two been permitted to tread life's path together. How much longer is known only to Him who ordereth all things. To Him I commit myself and my family, especially her who is so much to me.

Dec. 8.—This day I, through great mercy, complete fifty years of life. That I have been permitted to live half a century is to me a wonder. Oh! how the time has fled, filled up with goodness and mercy on God's part, with sin and unfaithfulness on mine!

On the 26th of May, 1859, my father preached the dedication sermon in the new church at Woonsocket, and was installed as pastor. Rev. Dr. Stearns of Newton Centre preached the sermon at the installation; and Rev. Messrs. Keyser and Lincoln of Providence, with several others, took part in the services.

His health was very imperfect at this time; but he soon endeared himself to the people, and labored among them for three years with great acceptance and many tokens of the divine blessing.

From the journal:—

Feb. 1, 1859.—Have accepted a unanimous call to Woonsocket, R.I. Lord, go with me!

Woonsocket, April 1.—Here is my abode. To-day my pastorate begins. Lord, give me grace!

The illness of his dear little Alice in Auburndale, at the time of his removal, caused sorrow and anxiety
to be largely mingled with the joy he felt in again assuming the duties of a pastor.

A letter written at this time gives a glimpse into the heart of the pastor and father. It is matter of regret that so few letters have been preserved; for nothing can give so just an impression of his habitual spirit.

WOONSOCKET, May 23, 1859.

My dear Wife,—What a burden your letter lifted from my poor jaded spirit! I am so glad that dear, dear Alice is comfortable! But how does your welcome note find me employed? Not preparing my dedication-sermon, but trying to soothe poor, almost broken, hearts. You will understand all when I say I am writing in the front-chamber at Mr. F——'s; and little Herbert is in the parlor below, in the icy embrace of death. I have just helped to prepare his beautiful form for the grave, and led the stricken parents in prayer to Him who alone can console them. The little fellow was as well and happy as ever until about half-past eight last evening, when he went into those awful convulsions of which we have such a bitter remembrance. After about twelve hours he came partly to consciousness, but sank away and died peacefully, "as dies the wave when storms are o'er," about half-past ten this morning. They had two physicians all night, and sent for me about four o'clock in the morning. I was with him until he ceased to breathe, and closed his eyes myself. He has gone to rest; but, oh, what desolation is in this house! I cannot describe to you the insconsolable grief of these parents. Oh that it may be the means of eternal blessing to their souls! I have
been with them all day, and have succeeded in persuading them to seek the rest they need, in the hope it may calm them. You will see that my hands and heart are full. But I am thankful to God that he has given me a nature, if not grace, to fit me for such scenes. I am feeling pretty well, and think I shall be aided to accomplish the usual labor of the week. The labor is nothing compared with the anxiety about my family. But I will try to trust them with the Lord. I must retire. Good-night, my darlings! "So He giveth his beloved sleep."

Yours more and more.

There was something Christ-like in his sympathy for his people in trouble. Not content with visiting them and ministering to them officially, he took their griefs into his own heart, and bore their burdens of care and anxiety, relieving them and soothing them in such a manner as only the loving Christian heart, and the fullest sympathy with Him who can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, could teach.

May 26, 1859. — God has severely afflicted us in bringing our dear Alice near to death with scarlet fever. He has mercifully given us hope of her final recovery; and, above all, he has, I trust, given her a hope in Jesus.

Jan. 1, 1860. — Preached with a good degree of comfort. May this year be one of greater faithfulness, and larger measures of devotion and grace!

Sept. 10. — Twenty-six years since the hands of the brethren were laid upon my head in solemn ordination! How little have I done!
A letter is here inserted which was written to a young man in the army, a member of the church, Lieut. E. S. Bartholomew, whose warm Christian affection for his pastor, no less than his lovely character, made him greatly beloved, and sadly mourned when, a few months later, he gave his young life for the country he had so nobly served:—

WOONSOCKET, May 20, 1861.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—We have kept ourselves informed of your welfare, and have watched events with most intense interest. We miss you very much, but are proud of you and your comrades, and bless God for such men to defend and elevate our glorious flag. God, my brother, is in this movement; and I verily believe he will bring great good out of it to freedom and to Christ. We hear with pleasure of your hymns and prayers, and we never have a service without remembering you all at the throne of grace. Oh, may you all be indeed soldiers of the cross!

Yesterday was a very interesting day with us. All Rhode Island was bowed in prayer for our country. I preached from Ps. cxviii. 6: "The Lord is on my side; I will not fear: what can man do unto me?" In the afternoon the house was crowded at a union prayer-meeting. Those prayers will be heard. God will give us our country purified. In the church we are as usual, except that the state of the country is giving us more of a spirit of tenderness and prayer.

We are expecting to see Capt. Simpson. If he does not come, I shall soon write to him and others. Give our kind regards to them all. We have heard that you were
sick, and rejoice that you are better. Wish we could administer to your comfort. Hope you will take care of your health, and be preserved and shielded, and brought to us again in God's good time. Above all, may you be the accepted servant of Jesus our Saviour, in whom may we all meet!

He left the church in Woonsocket with great reluctance, when a call to another field, which seemed a less laborious one, made it seem to be his duty to remove to Westfield, Mass., — his last settlement, where, on many accounts, he was more useful than in any former one. The following was one of the resolutions adopted by the society in Woonsocket in reference to his departure:

Whereas our pastor, Rev. J. Jennings, has felt it his duty to bring his labors to a close with this church,—

Resolved, That we sincerely regret the separation, and that he carries with him the confidence and best wishes of this society for his success in his new field of labor.

Joseph Russell, Sec.

To Rev. J. Jennings.

In "The Woonsocket Patriot," about the time of my father's settlement there, the editor wrote,—

We think the church and society fortunate in their choice of pastor. With an earnest Christian heart, a kind, sympathetic temperament, and a scholarly intelligence, he is such a pastor as the church needs. May his labors be productive of abundant good!
IX.

HE church in Westfield gave a cordial welcome to the new pastor, who came among them, not with the enthusiasm and bright hopes of youth, but with the sober and chastened earnestness of one who had labored long enough to know the work before him. Yet he never felt a more eager desire to be useful to his people. The rich experience of delight in his work, and peace in his own soul, which his journal from this time records, may remind one of the approach of the sunset radiance, while the sun, though past his noonday brightness, is yet shining in his strength,—a warm and mellow radiance, more lovely than the brighter light of morning,—a soft and tender radiance, in which the sun shall decline in beauty, to set in peaceful splendor.

From the journal in Westfield:

July 12, 1862.—I have felt it my duty to accept a very earnest call from this church. I deplore the neces-
sity of a change, and leave the people in Woonsocket with regret. Have given this day mostly to study, meditation, and prayer. I desire the sustaining and directing grace of God in this time of need. Have more than usual desire for the salvation of souls, yet am oppressed with responsibility. There is much to be done for the cause in this place.

July 13.—A beautiful Sabbath. Fair liberty in preaching; though my heart is not so soft and tender as I desire. The communion solemn and refreshing.

July 15.—Comfortable evidence of acceptance with my Saviour. Some anxiety about a house to live in. May I be prepared for the house not made with hands!

July 16.—Study and visiting. Some desire to be free from sin, and useful in the cause.

July 17.—Visited an aged brother, who is ripening for heaven; also a devoted Christian sister, incurably sick, but comfortable. Have enjoyed some hope of heaven.

July 18.—Visited considerably. Would I could become like Him who "went about doing good"!

July 19.—Unusual enjoyment in prayer, and in the word of God.

July 20.—Preached of our mutual duties to my people. A very pleasant day. Felt encouraged.

July 22.—Funeral of a child. Oh the sadness of death!

July 24.—Have agreed to purchase a house. May it be the residence of the Holy Spirit! Shall I be useful among this people? Much depends on my own faithfulness. God give me grace equal to my day!
July 26. — A quiet morning in study. More than common desire for a life of faith and purity. Lord, prepare me for the Sabbath! Make it a day of tenderness in preaching, and give success to thy Word, and bring souls out of darkness into marvellous light!

July 27. — Sabbath. Blessed day of privilege and hope, when nature, providence, and grace unite to speak of the Creator's praise and the Redeemer's love! Have enjoyed the gospel in my own heart while I endeavored to preach it to others. I trust some impression has been made. If one soul has been converted, it more than repays my toil.

Aug. 16. — Have been most intensely and constantly engaged during the last fortnight in moving. Will it be for the glory of God and the good of souls? Lord, thou knowest!

Aug. 17. — Sabbath. And a sabbath to my soul. Pleasant day, and freedom in preaching the blessed gospel. Thank God!

Aug. 18. — Busy and tired. Mostly occupied in regulating the house. How much the body and this world require! When shall my mansion be above?

Aug. 19. — Still busy. Hopeful. Pervading desire to be useful in this place.

Aug. 21. — Unusual comfort in the evening meeting. The Lord hear the prayers offered!

Aug. 23. — How fast the weeks are measured off! How fast eternity comes on! Oh! am I ready?

Aug. 24. — Blessed Sabbath! Best day of all the seven. Good time. War-meeting in the evening, and prayer-meeting afterwards. God save the country!

Aug. 25. — Very weary.
Aug. 26. — Pained at the state of the country. When will God rise, and end this strife?

Aug. 27. — Not well. Oppressed with the heat. Some hope in God.

Aug. 31. — A glorious day. Liberty in preaching; but I am oppressed with the state of our country. O Lord, give us peace!

Sept. 1. — Weary and sick. Visited a sick man.

Sept. 2. — Some hope for my country, and for pardon through grace.

Sept. 3. — Association at Middlefield. A good time. Preached freely, and with comfort. Tender feeling in all the brethren. The war-news very exciting.

Sept. 4. — Returned from the Association very tired. Oh, this poor nature! how easily it is worn out! Lord, save a poor, trembling sinner! I come to thee.

Sept. 7. — A very oppressive Sabbath. Some comfort in the day's work.

Sept. 14. — Sabbath. Blessed day! Have preached with pleasure and freedom. Lord, revive thy work! Save my country! Save the souls of men!

Sept. 15. — Weary. Visited the sick.

Sept. 21. — Sabbath. "Day of all the week the best; emblem of eternal rest." Good day in preaching. Good meeting in the evening.

Oct. 2. — Two stormy days. Feel sad and dispirited. My country bleeds. And I know not what is to be my success among this people.

Oct. 3. — A thin meeting, but a good spirit. I have an unusual desire for usefulness among this people. Am willing to exert myself more than ever to do good. The Lord help me!


Oct. 7. — Went to Springfield to the meeting of the American Board. Good missionary meeting. Lord, send thy Word, and let it fly!

Oct. 9. — Twenty-eight years since we were married. What a checkered life! Lord, let thy light shine upon us!

Oct. 12. — A fair liberty in the gospel. Good congregation, and good attention to the Word. May it be blessed to the edification of souls!

Oct. 13. — Funeral of Mr. D. Sherman. An aged Christian soldier has finished his course, and kept the faith. Oh, may I be as well prepared to go when the summons comes!

Oct. 15. — Sewing-circle. A large and pleasant gathering of our people at our house. It seems good.

Oct. 18. — Visited some. Want to be prepared for the Sabbath. Lord, the preparation is from thee! Grant it, for the sake of souls!

Oct. 19. — Sabbath. Blessed day!


Nov. 2. — Pleasant Sabbath services.

Nov. 3. — Visited and rested. Some hope, and desire for holiness.

Nov. 9. — Stormy day, but fair attendance. I pray for more gospel fervor and grace.

Nov. 10. — How I long to be lifted above self and sin! O my country! McClellan is removed from the command of the Army of the Potomac. God only can save us!
Nov. 16. — Sabbath. A blessed day!

Nov. 19. — Wet, gloomy day. Some light and penitence within-doors.

Dec. 17. — Sabbath. Winter; but some spring in my own heart and in my desires. Some indications of good in the church. Oh for a good work of grace!


Dec. 15. — Weak and weary.

Dec. 28. — Impressed with the fact that it is the last Sabbath in the year. Solemn service.

Dec. 29. — Weary. No strength to work. O Saviour, save me from evil! Forgive my sins!

Jan. 1, 1863. — And still I live! This year has been most memorable for the terrible war of the Rebellion. Lord, give us peace in thine own way!

Jan. 4. — First Sabbath of the year. I have preached every Sabbath during the past year. Lord, I thank thee! Spare me, if thou canst, for my family's sake!

Jan. 5. — Weary.

Jan. 11. — This has been a Sabbath of great interest and solemnity. I have preached to my dear people at Fitchburg, and at the funeral of my old and dear friend Deacon Gage. He had a long and severe sickness. In him I have lost a friend in the truest sense.

He was frequently sent for on similar occasions. And the attachment of his former churches is shown in the fact, that, in every case but one, he was invited to attend the funerals of his former deacons. Three times from Fitchburg, once from Grafton, and once from Worcester, there came
such a request. And he was repeatedly invited to conduct the funeral services of his former parishioners. Short as some of his pastorates were, he was not forgotten by his people. Indeed, each successive settlement seemed only to enlarge the number of his flock, which, at length, might be counted almost by thousands.

March 8. — Last Monday my long and tried friend, Dr. Henry Jackson of Newport, died instantly in the cars. How like a translation! Lord, forgive my sins, and bring me to thee!

March 22. — A very pleasant Sabbath. Some tenderness in preaching, and it seemed not without effect.

March 29. — Unusual freedom in preaching, and some of the brethren seem quickened by it. Will it not please the Lord to come and bless us?

Sept. 8. — Have been absent more than three weeks. Have been very sick with dysentery. Think my hope did not fail me. God be praised for recovering mercy!

Sept. 10. — Ordination-day. Some are gone who laid their hands upon my head. What have I done for Him who died for me?

Oct. 9. — Wedding-day. What changes! God has graciously spared us to each other, though he has taken our jewels to his home.

Oct. 23. — Anniversary of the death of our last angel boy, John Carlos. He slept so sweetly!

Dec. 23. — Last Sabbath of 1863.

"Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing."
Feb. 21, 1864. — My wife's birthday. How fast the time rolls on! The hour hastens when we must part for a season.

Sabbath, June 5. — A most deeply interesting day. Baptized my precious daughter, Alice. God has seen best to permit her natural life to be clouded by the loss of her hearing; but, blessed be his name, she has a good hope, through grace, of a better inheritance!

Sept. 10. — Thirty years to-day I was solemnly set apart to the work I have so poorly done. God has been good. I have had almost unbroken ability to labor, though most imperfectly, in the vineyard; but, having done all, I am an unprofitable servant. For a number of weeks my wife has been sick, and I have been confined to her room much of the time. But, thank God, she is slowly recovering.

Sept. 27. — Association at Agawam. Preached with unusual freedom. A good time all through.

Oct. 17. — This day we have laid in his grave Bro. Addison Parker. He has gone in a ripe age to his rest. May I be ready!

Dec. 8. — Again I mark the flight of time. To-day I am fifty-six. How soon it will be said of me, as of my brethren, "He is dead"! How unprofitable and sinful my life! Lord, help me from this hour to live to more decided purpose!

Sabbath, Dec. 18. — A very pleasant day without, and a comfortable day in the sanctuary. Some interest in preaching the Word. May we be quickened in the life of God!

Sabbath, Dec. 25. — Christmas. A day not all prof-
itless, I hope. "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

Sabbath, Jan. 1, 1865.—A beautiful day in Nature, and a good day in Zion. Some comfort in preaching.

Feb. 7.—The fourteenth birthday of dear Alice, my precious, unfortunate child. Will God ever grant her to hear well again?

Sept. 10.—Have enjoyed but little in preaching today, for want of prayer and preparation. Shall it be thus again? Thirty-one years to-day since I was ordained to the great work of my life. But oh, my poor life! What a failure!

Oct. 9.—Wedding-day. A goodly time the Lord has allowed me to live in domestic peace, mingled with and chastened by trials incident to life in this frail abode. God spare to me my dear wife, and spare us both, if it may be, to our dear invalid child!

Dec. 8.—How fast the years hasten by! And I am nearer home, if I am a child of God. How many more years are to be added to my life is known only to Him who numbers all the beatings of this poor heart.

Dec. 9.—How can I stand up on the morrow, and declare the truth to the people? Lord, help!

Dec. 31.—An uncommon solemnity on my mind. Preached with a deep sense of responsibility. This closes, as the Sabbath began, this year.

Oh for grace to live for God and in God the year to come more than in any year of my short life!

Jan. 3, 1866.—Pain in the head is the frequent portion of my frail life. But, if I am a child of God, my Father will, ere long, relieve these sufferings of the present.

Jan. 7.—Day always to be remembered as the anni-
versary of Emma's death. Oh the changes of twenty-three years! Lord, give me rest in thee!

Jan. 12. — Anniversary of the death of my first son. Oh the sad days! But God knows best. He took him to his rest in Jesus' arms.


Jan. 28. — Preached with unusual ease, and with a tender feeling, which was responded to in the audience, larger than usual. Lord, let it be a token for good!

March 4. — Sick in body, but a comfortable day spiritually.

March 11. — Preached with difficulty.

May 20. — Enjoyed more than usual in preaching.

June 3. — Some desires for souls, but hardly know what is my own state. Lord, search me, and know my heart!

From these extracts, brief and fragmentary as they are, and evidently intended for no eye but his own, it is not difficult to trace the path, which he and his friends then knew not, by which the Lord was leading him to the fullest and happiest exercise of his ministry, and the most complete development of his own Christian character, while his bodily health was failing. Though the outward man perished, the inner man was renewed day by day; and the Christian pastor was rapidly being purified, and made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light.

He was mercifully sustained, and enabled to ac-
Rev. John Jennings.

complish much labor, in great bodily weakness. His sermons in Westfield were more carefully written, his expositions of truth more clear and convincing, than at any former period of his ministry.

At this time he had great enjoyment in an intimate Christian friendship with the noble and venerable Dr. Davis, for thirty years pastor of the First Congregational Church in Westfield. With him he often took sweet counsel; and in brotherly love they met, and talked of the interests of Zion, and mingled their prayers for their people. At the ministers' prayer-meeting on Monday morning, there were sometimes only these two present; but they would remain, and claim the promise to two or three gathered together, feeling assured that the Promiser was with them.

When Dr. Davis, having just completed his preparation for the Sabbath, was removed in a moment to the worship of the upper temple, my father's first exclamation was, "That is the way to go, with the harness on!" His exulting joy in the blessedness of his friend made him almost forget to grieve over his own loss at first, though afterwards he felt it sorely.

June 10, 1866, he writes, —

Sad day. Preached in the sorrow of bereavement. Dr. Davis's death has thrown a shade of sadness over all. His closed sanctuary was the most eloquent appeal of the day. His death will bring responsibility upon me. Lord, help me to do fully my work!
Monday, June 11. — This day will be remembered for the burial of Dr. Davis. The respect manifested was universal, the crowd immense. Sermon by Dr. Hopkins; excellent. If I were called, am I ready?

Sept. 10. — Thirty-two years in the ministry. How poorly I have used my sacred office is known to me and to God alone. Oh for grace to improve!

Dec. 1. — This day I am fifty-eight. It is a long life, but how poor! Lord, shall I live as in the past?

Dec. 9. — Very much depressed. I am far from what I ought to be.

Jan. 1, 1867. — My wife sick for several weeks.

March 24. — Sabbath. Have to-day preached once. Six Sabbaths, have been sick. May this be a wholesome discipline, bringing me "Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!"

Sept. 10. — Thirty-three years since hands now in the dust were laid on my head in solemn ordination. Oh, how poorly have I lived, and preached the blessed gospel! Lord, help me to be more faithful!

Dec. 8. — Birthday. Oh for grace to live better, and do more for God! Preached twice. Good day.

Jan. 5, 1868. — This is the week of prayer. Oh for the Spirit!

Dec. 8. — This is the completion of sixty years in this world. Threescore! Much longer than I have expected to live. Lord, help me to arise from sin and self to thee and my great work!

Another new and beautiful church was reared before his eyes, in the erection and furnishing of which he took the deepest interest. The chapel
was used as a church until the completion of the main edifice. On a beautiful morning in September, 1867, the corner-stone was laid. In delivering the address, my father seemed almost inspired. His look and tone when he pronounced the closing words cannot be described. This address will be found among the selections at the close of this sketch. The church, which was a model of beauty and convenience, was dedicated Aug. 12, 1868.

My father took great delight in this new sanctuary for about six months, when his increasing ill health compelled him to give up all pastoral labor, and resign his charge at Westfield.

He alludes in the journal to the baptism of his youngest daughter in June, 1864. On each anniversary of this day he baptized some of the youth of the church. On one of these occasions he welcomed eight, all members of the Sabbath school. In his sermon preceding the ordinance he alluded very touchingly to his own baptism with a similar number. The last Sabbath on which he preached in Westfield he baptized four recent converts, using the new baptistery for the first time. His text on this occasion was Heb. xii. 22, 23; and his description of the "heavenly Jerusalem" could not have been more appropriate had he known how soon he was himself to enter it.

The last Sabbath he spent in Westfield he visited the baptismal waters for the last time, to bury with Christ and raise to newness of life a young lady,
whose conversion seemed to be in direct answer to his earnest intercession for her in his own house. She was but one of many who had received the blessed gift of repentance and faith during one of his fervent, prevailing prayers, and had risen from prayer with a new love and joy. His prayers, on such occasions, were like the wrestlings of Jacob with the angel; and the answer was in many cases immediate. This special token of the Master's approval was sweet and precious to the pastor whose work was so nearly done.
COMPELLED to give up pastoral labor, my father chose for the site of his new dwelling a lovely eminence in Auburndale, Mass., where he removed in June, 1869.

During the first year of his residence there he gave himself to rest and recreation more than ever before, feeling it his duty to endeavor to improve his health by all possible means. He greatly enjoyed the lovely scenery and agreeable society of the village. He found great pleasure in building a house arranged for the comfort of his wife and daughter, and repeatedly spoke with satisfaction of the fact, that, in every respect, it pleased them entirely; for he was always best pleased with what pleased his dear ones,—a true follower of Him who pleased not himself. His journal indicates his religious enjoyment at this time. His faith grew constantly more clear and bright; and his hope, so often clouded before, was now almost
undimmed. He enjoyed this beautiful world, too, as never before; and in his family, with his grandchildren, — for whom he had many plans and hopes, — and among his numerous friends, he was, if possible, more genial and cheerful than ever. After so long and laborious a ministry, it afforded him great delight to hear the gospel from other lips, and to attend the social prayer-meetings, where his earnest exhortations, and clear views of the great themes of the gospel, caused him to be loved and welcomed.

His bodily weakness increased; a slight exertion overpowered him; he felt a constant fatigue, so that he could walk but a short distance without distressing faintness; but his soul renewed its strength, and could mount up with wings as eagles; could run, and not be weary; could walk, and not faint.

From his journal: —

Dec. 8, 1869. — Am now resting in my new house in Auburndale, and preaching a part of the time. To-day I am sixty-one. Is it possible? God has been good.

March 19, 1870. — This afternoon and evening in my new study. It is delightful.

Sabbath, Aug. 7, 1870. — Have preached several Sabbaths at Weston. This afternoon I enjoyed the delightful privilege of the communion at Newton Centre, administered by Brother Bullen. The heat has been oppressive; but I feel some nearness to my God.

Aug. 9. — Read an hour in Gibbon, and, for devotional
reading, in Chalmers's "Romans,"—searching and excellent. Spent the evening on the river with my wife and Alice, by the invitation of our kind neighbors Mr. and Mrs. K. It was a perfect moonlight evening. Sweet thoughts of Him who made the river and the beautiful moon. May I have true repentance for the past, and abounding hope for the future!

Aug. 16.—Reading "The Bibliotheca," and Chalmers on Rom. viii. Oh that the peace of the justified were fully mine! Strong appearance of showers this evening. Lord, rain on the parched earth and into this sterile heart!


In October, 1870, he had a very severe and dangerous illness in Danbury, where he had gone to visit his sister. Through the blessing of God, the gentle care and nursing of his nearest and dearest relatives restored him to considerable health. He seemed, for a time, almost to renew his youth, and keenly enjoyed revisiting, with his beloved wife, the scenes and friends of their early life. Through the warm, bright autumn days of his convalescence he looked upon the scenery—so grand and glorious, so dear and familiar—with almost boyish delight, enjoying every thing to the full, and giving pleasure to the many friends whose faces he then beheld for the last time on earth: so mercifully did the loving Father—who knew, as
he did not, that it was his farewell visit — order all things for the comfort of his beloved child, and provide a rich store of delightful memories for those who remain.

Returning home, he retained, for a few weeks, the vigor and cheerfulness which gave so much hope.

But again his strength failed, and frequent attacks of illness prostrated him. Still his spirit was bright and resolute. When, in March, 1871, he received a letter from the church in Grafton, requesting him to supply their pulpit for three months, he wrote from his sick-bed, that, God willing, he would do so. In great physical weakness, but strong in the Lord and in the power of his might, he went forth once more to proclaim the glad tidings. On the last wedding anniversary, he wrote, —

This is the Sabbath. Thirty-six years to-day we entered that checkered scene of love and labor, of joy and sorrow, which is the portion of the ministry. God has given us a mingled cup. May we drink it submissively to the end!

On the last birthday:—

Dec. 8. — This day I am sixty-two. It seems impossible that my life has been so long. What a dream! How full of change and care and sin and hope! Since my last writing, I have been very sick in Danbury, but
am spared through mercy. Have been better for the last few weeks. Have preached three Sabbaths at West Newton, where the Word seemed to be blessed. The people there are very kind. How much the good Shepherd has for me to do I know not. Lord, here am I: send me if thou wilt!

On his last New Year:

Jan. 1, 1871. — Another figure is now to mark the time of our life. The past year, with its joys and sorrows and all its events, is with the years beyond the flood. I have done comparatively little for the cause for which I live. May the present be a more fruitful and blessed year than the past!

His physician had recommended, almost commanded, perfect rest; but he longed to visit once more his dear people in Grafton. A letter had also come from his Worcester friends, requesting him to occupy their pulpit once more. His answer to that request will show how joyfully he acceded to it:

Auburndale, March 5, 1871.

Dear Brother, — I can be with you the third Sabbath (18th inst.), Providence favoring. It will give me great pleasure to stand once more on the old and favorite and favored post of Zion.

Doubtless I shall see the old and the new, more new than old, among the worshippers.

May the Lord grant a pastor after his own heart!

Yours truly,

J. Jennings.

To Charles Ballard, Esq.
The welcome he received from both these churches cheered him as nothing else could. Here was another token of the love of Him in whose sight the death of his saints is precious, and who was now leading his faithful servant through the land of Beulah, down to the river beyond which arose the gates of the blessed city.

The thought that those friends from whom he had so long been separated remembered him so well, and desired again to hear his voice, seemed to nerve him with a new energy, though his strength was daily failing. One Sabbath morning in Grafton, when nearly through his sermon, he fainted in the pulpit; yet his resolution did not fail, and he went through the afternoon service, and preached two Sabbaths more. In conversation with his wife about this time, he said, "I would as soon go from Grafton or Worcester pulpit as from any spot on earth." His desire was granted; and he finished his earthly labors by preaching the last Sabbath but one at Worcester, and the last (March 26) in Grafton. His text in the afternoon, in Worcester, was, "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground, and die, it abideth alone;" and the congregation in Grafton will not soon forget how he set forth "Christ the Way" in his last sermon.

On a bright and beautiful morning (April 10), he left home for a journey, hoping to recruit his strength by a change of air and scene; but just before he reached Framingham, the station ten
miles distant, he fainted quite away. After recovering, and resting a short time, he turned his face once more homeward, and wearily ascended the hill by the path his feet were never again to tread. For two or three days he moved about feebly, gladdening the family circle by his presence, speaking cheerfully, thoughtful as ever of every one's comfort, even singing about the house: then he entered that chamber which was so shortly to become none other than the house of God and the gate of heaven.

For two or three weeks his illness was not alarming, and we hoped that rest and care would restore him; but favorable symptoms failed to appear, and he grew weaker day by day, while his soul was pluming itself for its heavenward flight. Great as was his love for life, and thankful as was his enjoyment of every thing up to the last day of his life, still, like a child laying aside one toy after another for something higher and better, he was giving up earthly things, and rapidly growing into the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.

Yet he looked back lovingly, as we do upon our childhood, saying, one day, "How precious is the remembrance of many things I used to enjoy! But I don't care for them now."

His affections were kindly and imperceptibly weaned from earth, so that it cost him no pain even to leave those things which had once afforded him the greatest delight.

He was almost constantly in prayer; and the
words, "Jesus, my Master," fell often from his lips in the stillness of the night, or when no one was by him except his wife, who nursed him night and day.

No doubt of his acceptance with God seemed to trouble him. "Unworthy as I am, Jesus will take me," were his words. Full of courage and hope to the last, not knowing but it might be the Master's will to spare him, he yet committed all to the Lord.

"I should like to live here a few years longer, if it were the Lord's will," said he; "but I can't direct. Father, thy will be done."

At times his comfort grew almost to rapture, and his clear spiritual vision beheld the things which God hath prepared for them that love him. Two Sabbaths before his death, he said, "They have a beautiful Sabbath for meetings; but, oh, how different the spirit which will pervade the eternal Sabbath!" Then raising his hands, "Oh! I wonder if heaven in reality will be any thing like the ideas I now have of it." He then spoke in glowing language of the joys and glories in prospect, mentioning the names of the dear friends he believed he should meet, "and, more than all, the glorious company of apostles and prophets, and Jesus Christ himself, my blessed Redeemer. No pain, no sin, no anxious care."

His thoughts and desires were constantly upward, and his language grew heavenly. In the early part of his illness, when we were conversing hope-
fully of his recovery, he said, "Well, the land of Canaan is just on high," speaking and looking as if he could almost behold it. Once he said, "I believe my work is done. It has been done but poorly. My only hope is in the 'Rock of ages, cleft for me.'"

When Rev. Mr. Richards, who was to take his place at Grafton, called on Saturday to take any message, he said, "Here am I, and the Lord is my Shepherd." It is impossible to describe his countenance and voice and manner as he spoke these words.

His unselfish thoughtfulness continued to the last. He would insist upon our resting, and many times a day inquire after our health, even after his utterance became extremely painful from his weakness and suffering. The unwearied kindness of neighbors and friends through all his sickness he received with the most touching gratitude. When Rev. Mr. Richards returned from Grafton, and told him of the Sabbath evening meeting, where sympathy for him, and prayers for his recovery, occupied the thoughts and filled the hearts of that beloved people, he wept freely, and expressed his gratitude most warmly. And when he learned, that in the Friday-evening prayer-meeting at Auburndale, which he had enjoyed so much, there were many kind words and earnest prayers for him, again he wept; but, soon brightening, he said, "Well, I believe I shall meet them in heaven."
A few days before his death, after a fainting-turn, he called his family about him, and we beheld his face as it had been the face of an angel, while he said, "My dear wife and children, I am going, and you must care for each other as well as you can." He then spoke of the care of the dear child Alice, who had been the object of so much solicitude, and gave some other careful directions. His friend, Rev. Mr. Richards, coming in soon after, he said, "Now I want you to bow down, and let Brother Richards commend you to God, and to the word of his grace."

After this, he was more comfortable; and we yet hoped for his recovery. Our eyes were holden, and we could not see the end drawing near, till, like the Lord whose humble servant he rejoiced to be, he vanished out of our sight. Then our eyes were opened.

On Tuesday afternoon, May 23, he looked up brightly, and said, "Are you all here?" We answered "Yes;" and he then gave directions regarding his funeral service and burial as minutely as he would have done in perfect health. "Let everything be done decently and in order," said he, "and with as little trouble as possible." Again he spoke of the dear child who had been the subject of so much sorrow, and who now, for the last time, felt the pressure of his hand, although she could not hear his voice. He had many times, when in health, expressed the hope that he might live as
long as she; but now he resigned her to the care of Him who remembereth his children, especially those whom he has afflicted. He also sent messages to all his grandchildren. Then he gave us his parting benediction, "The Lord bless you, and keep you from sin! The Lord bless my dear children and grandchildren, for Christ's sake!"

We hardly thought he would say anything more, he was so weak, and seemed much of the time unable to notice any thing. The next day, Wednesday, a friend sent him some lovely flowers. When I offered them to him, he took them in his hand a moment, saying, "They are beautiful." A few days before, he had sent some choice flowers to a neighbor who had been the kindest of friends to him through his sickness, with this message: "Tell her they are of the land to which I am going."

His last words were spoken on Thursday morning. In offering him some nourishment, I said, "Do take it, dear father; it may do you good: and the Lord is able to make you well even now." — "Yes, oh, yes!" answered he; and the inflection was such as to express his thought, "Yes, he can; but he does not mean to here." The sound of that voice, unlike any other in its sweet, affectionate, pathetic melody, fell then upon our ears for the last time, and for the last time he received the meat which perisheth, before he entered the blessed country where "the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed him, and shall lead him unto living fountains of waters."
Memorial of

Several times during the morning he recognized us, but did not speak. About two in the afternoon, we were together beside him, and I said, “You know me, father, your daughter Bella, and Alice, and mother?” He closed his eyes in assent, looked at each of us with unutterable tenderness, raised his eyes to heaven, then closed them, and sank into a sweet slumber, succeeded in about twelve hours by the deeper, sweeter sleep which “He giveth his beloved,” to awake in glory.

About two o’clock, Friday morning, May 26, he passed away; and we found him, with his head resting on his hand, as he sank to sleep after that farewell look. Thus he entered into his glorious rest, leaving us only the sacred care of the last sad rites, and the precious memories of his beautiful life and death.

On Sabbath afternoon, May 28, a most comforting service was held at the house. The choir, through whose pleasant songs he had so often praised God in the sanctuary the two years past, chanted from the upper hall the words, “Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;” and, as the sweet tones floated downward upon the hushed assembly, it was like music from heaven.

I can give but a meagre sketch of the services that followed, so grateful to our stricken hearts. Rev. Mr. Cutler, pastor of the Auburndale Church, first reviewed his brief acquaintance with my father. Said he, “My first thought on being introduced to
him was, What a privilege it must be to have such a father! With what delight little children must grow up under the care of one so tender and gentle!” He then spoke appreciatingly of my father’s activity and interest in his church during his residence in Auburndale, saying that it was rare for one to form so many friends in so few months.

Rev. Dr. Stearns followed. He began by referring to the time, nearly a quarter of a century before, when, standing in the pulpit beside him, my father had given him the right hand of fellowship, welcoming him to the ministry. “And,” said he, “I felt, then and ever afterward, that his heart was it. In all my subsequent acquaintance and fellowship with him, I had increasing reason to believe, that, where he gave his hand, he gave his heart. I remember him softened by bereavement in Worcester, when he welcomed me cordially to his pleasant home; and I felt that he still kept sacredly the pledge he had made at my ordination. Afterward, when for some four years he belonged to the church of which I was pastor, his sympathy and co-operation showed his remembrance of the same pledge.” He then referred to the unusual length of my father’s ministry, and ended with words of kindness and comfort, which gave a sweet relief to our mourning hearts.

We hardly expected to hear Dr. Ripley’s voice, his strength being somewhat impaired by forty
years of labor since my father began a course of study under his direction, though time had not diminished the regard existing between professor and student. His words gave us, therefore, the greater comfort. His first thought was somewhat like this: God has called himself our Father, and bidden us address him thus; and all our earthly experience is intended to make us more truly his children; and we ought to submit willingly, if, through human weakness, we cannot submit gladly, to his methods of working out the perfection of our childhood toward him. After speaking of affliction as one of these methods, he alluded to his recollection of my father when he began his studies. "I remember," said he, "what a lovely young man he was; how prompt and diligent, how punctual in every exercise, how winning in his manner, and consistent in his life." In closing, he spoke of my father's later life, and of his uncommon usefulness as a minister.

Dr. Warren, my father's warm and constant friend from his youth, then offered a most comforting and strengthening prayer.

The choir sang, "Asleep in Jesus;" and the friends who had assembled looked for the last time on the face they had, most of them, so lately learned to love.

On the same Sabbath, memorial services were held in Grafton and Woonsocket, where the pulpit was draped with mourning, and the pastor preached.
from the words, "Received up into glory." When his death was announced in his Westfield pulpit, the bowed heads and sincere grief of the congregation told how he was loved and honored there.

In fulfilment of his wish that he might be buried in Worcester, on Monday morning we took the same route he had travelled in weakness and pain just seven weeks before; and we rejoiced that

"Ours was the pain, the toil, the strife,
The doubt, and fear, and grief;
His the immortal, glorious life,
The endless, sweet relief."

On reaching Worcester, our hearts were touched by new evidences of the affection still cherished for my father. At the house of the venerable Deacon Goddard, not only the immediate family, but many other friends, were most kindly entertained.

Every thing that sympathizing hearts could desire, or willing hands perform, was done for our comfort; and the memory of the kindness shown us that day, for his sake, will be a life-long treasure.

The dear, familiar church had a strange peace within its sacred walls. In front of the pulpit, built for him, and now draped with the emblems of sorrow, lay the loved remains. The hands, never again to be raised in benediction, were peacefully crossed upon his breast; the feet, once so beautiful upon the mountains, as he brought good tidings, as he said unto Zion, "Thy God reigneth,"
were still, never again to hasten at the Master's call; and his dear countenance, once so bright with the earnestness of his love for souls, and for Him who died to save them, was now sealed with the calm majesty of death.

The services were commenced by the singing of the sentence, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Pervey of Worcester; after which the hymn, "Servant of God, well done," was sung. Then Rev. Dr. Stearns gave a comprehensive view of my father's pastoral life and work, dwelling especially on his ability to "plan broadly for the Master," and his "urging his people constantly to a higher standard of piety and Christian activity than they felt inclined to reach." He also alluded to the fact that my father was so often a pioneer of the church of his love in new places; and that his settlement over a church was the signal of advance for the Baptist cause in that place.

Rev. Mr. Richards followed. The substance of his remarks will be found in an article which appeared in "The Watchman and Reflector," and is reprinted in part among the selections at the end of this sketch. His closing remark was, "He doubtless had his faults; but I never knew what they were." Prayer was then offered by Rev. Mr. Weston of Worcester.

The noble hymn, "My Father's house on high," was then sung. It had, for many years, been his
favorite, which he loved to sing, and would often call for in the social prayer-meetings.

Then the great assembly of sincere mourners passed slowly before the coffin, and looked once more on the face of the beloved pastor.

Many were present from the churches of Grafton, Fitchburg, Woonsocket, and Westfield, to testify their respect and love. One feeling filled all hearts. Strong men trembled with emotion, and wept freely; and many lingered, unwilling to leave the face and form of the dear pastor; and many hearts of absent friends throbbed in sympathy that day.

In sadness, yet in joy and triumph, we followed him to his chosen resting-place, looked one moment more upon his face, placed upon his breast the choice flowers his friends in Auburndale had given in expression of their love, and left him to his quiet repose in the sweet earth, in the keeping of Him to whom the ashes of his faithful servant are most precious,—till, as the lightning that shineth from the east even unto the west, the coming of the Son of man, his loved Redeemer, shall awaken him in His likeness, to see him as he is.
My father's life and character were, in many respects, not unworthy of imitation.

His love for his work, and for the souls of men, has been alluded to as the groundwork of his success. His preaching was clear and simple, with one motive,—so to present the truth as to impress the heart. He strove to present a single thought, and keep it before the mind till it made a deep impression. Often, in his earnestness, would he leave his manuscript, and, appealing directly to the hearts of his hearers, become eloquent in his pleading for the cause so dear to him. The hymns were always chosen to aid the impression of the sermon; and the careful selections of Scripture lost nothing by his manner of reading them. He believed it a preacher's duty to attend conscientiously to these accessories, thereby to increase the effect of the truth. His manner in the pulpit was nearly perfect: every gesture, action, and look, was dignified and reverent. The moment
he rose to speak, all eyes would turn toward him. His very countenance bore the imprint of his love for souls.

Another trait which distinguished him was the ready tact with which he adapted himself to the different circumstances of his people. In the various and often trying positions of a pastor, he was self-possessed, rarely disturbed, never blundering or forgetful. His remarks on special occasions were appropriate, and never offensive; and his quick sympathies led him to discern readily, and respond warmly to, the feelings of those whom he addressed.

When one of his parishioners confided to him the difficulty he had in collecting his bills, my father prepared and preached a sermon from the text, "Owe no man any thing." After a season of drought, his text was, "Hath the rain a father?" On recovering from a severe illness in Westfield, he preached from "Who comforteth us in all our tribulation," &c. And he began a sermon in Auburndale, which, though he was unable to finish it, remains a precious legacy to his family, from the text, "Casting all your care upon Him; for he careth for you."

By his simple, almost childlike piety, he daily preached a sermon to all who knew him, and especially to those who knew him best. Everywhere he was cheerful, genial, and unselfish, making friends of all with whom he had any acquaintance or business dealings. Prompt and faithful to fulfil
all obligations, he showed himself the upright, conscientious, trustworthy citizen, guiding his affairs with discretion, like the "good man" described by the royal preacher.

His unselfish heart, his cheerful, kind, and dignified demeanor, his true Christian courtesy, won him many friends outside the home circle. All these qualities were still more manifest to us, who saw him day by day, and hour by hour. No weariness nor pain could make him thoughtless of the comfort of any member of the family. Angry words almost never escaped his lips, and his uniform cheerfulness made his presence a blessing to the house. Still, he was often righteously indignant, and always fearless in condemning what he disapproved. His people were controlled almost wholly by love; but there are many who can remember occasions when he rose to the full dignity of his office, and boldly and personally rebuked those who had broken the laws of Christian love, or been remiss in Christian duty. And sometimes there were covert rebukes which lost nothing by indirectness. At one time there had been certain slanderous reports concerning some members of his church, and great imprudence of speech in other members. On the Sabbath morning the pastor read the first chapter of the Epistle of James in his ordinary manner until he reached the twenty-sixth verse. It is impossible to describe the expression he gave to this passage: "If any man among you
Rev. John Jennings.

seem to be religious, *and bridleth not his tongue*” (here his voice deepened, and every word had a volume of meaning in it), “but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain.”

His broad mind and warm heart made him incapable of narrowness and bigotry. If such traits appeared in his people, he labored to educate them to greater Christian liberality, and, at the same time, to a higher appreciation of their own privileges.

When one of the Congregationalist pastors in Fitchburg, his dear friend, remarked playfully to him that his mode of administering baptism involved more trouble than theirs, “Yes,” was the quick rejoinder; “and you lose the blessedness of the greater self-denial.”

Soon after one of his settlements, he was requested to attend the funeral of a military officer, in connection with a Unitarian minister, and in a church of that denomination. Though strongly advised by many of his people to refuse, he calmly went forward to do what he believed his duty; and the searching appeal he made to those rough and careless soldiers drawn up in the aisle, and to the crowded assembly, thrilled all hearts. One sentence I recall. Speaking of the purposes of military organization, he said, “Your brave colonel has met, and been conquered by, an enemy stronger than he. That enemy every one of you must meet.”

From this time, the number of his friends was greater than that of his own society. When
accused at one time by one of his members of "breaking down all the barriers between Baptists and other sects," he said, "That is just what I design to do, that my people may not be Baptists the less, but Christians the more."

His piety was in his life more than in his words. He rarely spoke of his personal experience; yet all could take knowledge of him that he had learned of Jesus, whose love controlled his actions. In times of trouble he was almost constantly in prayer; and at all times his visits to the throne of grace were frequent and blessed. His citizenship was in heaven; and this appeared more in the involuntary and unstudied expression of his feelings in family worship and social prayer than in more public services.

For the minor virtues of industry, punctuality, and order, he was remarkable. Conscientiously regular in his habits, he accomplished more in a day than most persons do. The remark of a lady, a friend of the family, who had often visited us, "Mr. Jennings is the most industrious man I ever knew," will be echoed by all who knew him most intimately. The early morning, sometimes four o'clock, would find him busy in his garden; and every moment of the day would be filled, except when he entered heartily into the duty of rest and recreation. On leaving home, he would fix an hour to return; and almost never failed to enter the house punctually at the time he had appointed.
Rev. John Jennings.

I have selected from his journal only passages referring to his inner life. Many others could show how fully his time was employed.

He took great delight in his fine library, and regularly devoted some hours every day to reading.

I here insert a record of two or three days at different portions of his life, which are only examples of numberless similar ones.

Dec. 8, 1848. — Half-past five began to read, and have devotions in my study. Wrote till ten. Went to N. E. village to see a sick lady; returned at five. Lecture this evening.


Jan. 5, 1860. — Rose at half-past seven. Breakfast and devotion, with duties till nine. Wrote till one.
Read till three. Made pastoral calls till five. Tea and reading till eight. Good meeting. Retire at half-past eleven.


His keen enjoyment of life has been spoken of. A Christian minister once said, "He who is a Christian enjoys every thing; and the better the Christian, the more he enjoys everything.” This remark was eminently true of my father. Comforts which many would regard as matters of course he enjoyed heartily; and so great was his readiness to be made happy, that he would derive pleasure from ordinary events, and discover beauties even in unlovely objects and characters.

When his sufferings were greatest, he was cheerfully and gratefully counting up his mercies. After giving up many comforts, he clung thankfully to those that were left. This was true even to the last day of his life.

The last entry in the journal was Jan. 24, 1871:—

A busy day in Boston. A pleasant meeting of ministers. A quiet evening at home.

This is almost a description of his life,—full of activity during its greater portion; cheered to-
ward its close, more than before, by the society of his loved brethren in the ministry; and ending peacefully in that home which was, in his affections, second only to the "Father’s house on high."

Thus pass they from our homes away
To worlds above the skies,
Where glows the fair, celestial day,
And pleasure never dies.
We miss them where of late they trod
Along earth’s sunny bowers,
Yet joy to know they dwell with God
In sunnier clime than ours.
Ours is the pain, the toil, the strife,
The doubt, and fear, and grief:
Their’s the immortal, glorious life,
The endless, sweet relief.
Life speeds apace: we’ll struggle still,
While sin and toil remain,
Then soar to Zion’s holy hill,
And hail the loved again.

S. F. S.
EXTRACTS FROM CORRESPONDENCE.

From "The Watchman and Reflector," June 7, 1871:

In common with many others, especially the churches he so well served, we are deeply pained to hear of the death of that good man and excellent minister of Christ's gospel, Rev. John Jennings of Auburndale, Mass. Particulars we have not received. Mr. Jennings's health, though delicate of late, did not prepare any of us for news so unexpected and sad.

From the same, June 21:

Brother Jennings very fairly answered to Paul's description of a "good minister of Jesus Christ." His preaching, sound in its doctrinal features, and evangelical, was highly practical, adapted to arrest the attention, to arouse the conscience, to enlighten the understanding, to convince
the judgment, and to control the will; strikingly impressive, and inducing in the minds of hearers a persuasion of his sincerity, and of his feeling the importance of the theme on which he was treating. His statements of gospel truth were clear and forcible, his illustrations happily conceived, his invitations touching, his exhortations persuasive, his appeals pungent, and his warnings solemn, uniformly bearing the impression of his having been with Jesus. There was such simplicity of utterance, such plainness of dealing, such kindness of language, and such unction of style, as made what he said pleasing and satisfying to the pious mind, and convincing and moving to the conscience and judgment of the masses in impenitence. His views of divine truth were sober and well-defined. The sinner self-ruined and helpless, yet rescued by sovereign grace, was a theme which filled his mind, and pervaded his ministry. He had felt himself the power of Christ's death and mediations; and hence he delighted to exhibit them as God's appointed means of saving others, and to enforce them in all their practical bearings upon the conscience, the character, and the life. Our honored brother was possessed of those mental and moral aptitudes and attainments which contributed to his usefulness. His judgments were not hasty, nor innovating, nor reckless. If he adopted any new views, he was influenced by conviction and principle rather than selfishness and passion. He studied human nature, recognized its teachings, and treasured up what it inculcated as valuable. Such mental habits qualified him to be a judicious counsellor in matters pertaining to social and religious life, and to our denominational interests and organizations.
Our lamented brother, in his more private relations, gave proof of possessing qualities harmoniously blended, which fitted him to be a good pastor. Unaffected and unassuming, his mien was mainly cheerful, his conversation chaste and free and animating, and his friendship active and enduring. He was courteous and genial and humane, and deeply tender of the feelings of others; sympathizing in heart, weeping with those in sorrow, and rejoicing with those in gladness.

In the domestic circle he was as the sun in the firmament,—mild and affectionate, shedding a hallowed influence on all about him. He was a man of piety, as every one would be impressed who heard him pray. He knew the way to the throne of grace, and was often there. His diary gives ample proof of this. It was the lot of the writer to cast an eye on several pages; and the only impression made was, Bro. Jennings was a man of God.

After declining health had compelled him to relinquish the pastoral office, his passion for preaching was so strong, that he probably indulged himself beyond the bounds of prudence. Said he to the writer one day, "I must preach when my strength will allow. I can't consent to give up the delightful work."

During his last sickness he was never known to breathe out one murmuring thought, or allow one repining word. So perfect an example of Christian patience it has rarely been the privilege of any one to witness. His faith was steadfastly fixed on Christ, on his divinity and offices and work, and on the final conquests of his grace. With these sublime truths he had lived on the most familiar terms; and in them gloried, as affording peculiar supports and comforts to his soul. It has been
the writer's privilege to visit him repeatedly, and to be greatly refreshed in witnessing his placid, cheerful countenance, and his Christian spirit. On one occasion he said, "Christ's all-sufficient mediation is to me an exceedingly precious and absorbing theme of meditation and delight. Here is the ground of my hope. My safety is in his blood and promises. And," continued he, "I have recently preached to the church of my love at Worcester, and renewed my religious friendships, and enjoyed much; and, though feeble, have preached to the church in Grafton too. My last sermon was on 'Christ the Way and the End of the Way.' And, if it be my last sermon, I am satisfied. Oh, how thrilling the theme! It meets all my desires. It is enough." In a sinking turn, he said, "Light affliction! May it work for me the sanctifying and purifying of my soul!" The exceeding and eternal weight of glory was the absorbing subject of his devout meditations. The gospel he had preached to others, and the Saviour he had loved and served, were his support and comfort. His resignation to the divine will was unfeigned and complete. It was his high privilege to enjoy to the fullest imaginable extent what he had often desired,—a peaceful end, an "abundant entrance," &c.

He passed from this world of shadows to one of perpetual light without a struggle. Christ glorified is now the object of his gaze, the theme of his meditation, the burden of his song. Few men have lived more respected and beloved, as a Christian man and a Christian minister, by all who knew his virtues and piety. He leaves a clean record. His life has been a success. He has gone to his grave without a stain upon his character.
His afflicted wife and children are bereft of a devoted and loving companion, and a tender and indulgent father; the people of his former charges, of a sympathizing friend; the ministry, of an intelligent and efficient advocate; and the Church of one of her brightest ornaments. Well done, good and faithful servant!

From “The Woonsocket Patriot,” June 2, 1871:

Many of our readers will learn with sincere sorrow the death of Rev. John Jennings, formerly pastor of the Baptist church in Woonsocket. As a minister, Mr. Jennings was both popular and successful. Each flock increased under his charge. He was a good speaker, very persuasive, and sought to win souls by love and sympathy.

As a man, Mr. Jennings was modest and unobtrusive, yet exceedingly genial. No man had a heart more tender and sympathetic. His soul melted with all in affliction. In the domestic circle he shone with peculiar virtues and attractions; and sad indeed must be the little family band where he was as the sun in the firmament. Having faithfully served the Master on earth, our friend has gone to his reward in the everlasting mansions. Peace and joy be thine, gentle spirit!

From Rev. Thomas Winter, now of Philadelphia, my father’s friend from his boyhood, the clergyman who married him in Salisbury:

July 24, 1871.

I do not take “The Watchman,” only as it is occasionally lent me by a friend. I had therefore to wait
a while before I could see the biographical sketch of my departed friend.

The sketch is very good, but does the subject no more than justice. It would have been easy, had it been deemed necessary, to say with equal justice much more. It must be a great comfort to you, and to the dear children, to read the testimony of the wise and good to the excellences of him whose loss you deplore. Those excellences are now forever safe; and he is safe. Try and see it to be so. You have much, very much, as you know, for which to bless God.

Yet how different is the present scene in your desolate home from the one when you both stood before me, full of hope and gladness, Oct. 9, 1834! But such is human life! Many days have passed since then.

From Mr. Kemp, who was long and intimately associated with my father in the service of the Tract Society: —

I am so sad and astounded by the suddenness of the intelligence of the death of my very dear friend, that I can hardly write to-day, and yet feel that I must not delay to express my deep sympathy.

Had I been at home but one hour before the funeral service, you may be sure I should have been present to take a last look on earth of one I loved so long and so well.

I only repeat now, what I have said time and again during the past fifteen years or more, that he was a good man in the very best sense of that term, — loving, kind to all, full of tenderness and sympathy, as I well know from
personal experience. During our entire acquaintance I am not aware that there ever was a word or look between us that was not of kindness. Amid the conflict in Tract-Society matters through which we passed together, I do not remember that we ever differed even in opinion upon what was right and best. How many hours, yes, weeks, in the aggregate, have we talked together, and made confidants of each other! What a comfort to believe we shall be united again! It makes us almost rejoice that our friend has passed over, and is beyond the reach of care and sorrow.

May the Lord bless you most abundantly!

Your sympathizing friend,

N. P. Kemp.

From Rev. C. H. Bowers, D.D., Clinton, Mass.:—

He was a man of genial spirit, and one it was very easy to love. His intercourse with his brethren was marked by great courtesy, and by those qualities that reveal the true gentleman.

He loved to preach, and had more than ordinary success as a minister of the gospel. His voice was musical and sweet, his manner gentle, and his style attractive. He was gifted with great power of tender and affectionate appeal; while the substance of his discourses was not wanting in masculine vigor of thought and expression. If he never published much, it was not because his sermons had not far greater merit than many printed discourses, but because of a modesty that never courted publicity. In 1856 he preached the annual sermon before the Massachusetts Baptist Convention in
North Adams; and it was a sermon of great beauty and power. He was honored at other times with appointments to services of special interest, and always acquitted himself in an able manner.

As a pastor he had no superiors. Always kind, cheerful, and full of sympathy, he won the heart at once. His counsels were full of generous feeling, and his prayers had a soothing and tender effect.

Bro. Jennings was characterized by a great deal of practical wisdom and business enterprise. It was under his ministry that the churches he served in Worcester, Fitchburg, and Westfield, built their present sanctuaries. His knowledge and counsel contributed largely to the success of these enterprises. The church in Westfield is one of the most imposing and beautiful of its kind in the State.

From Rev. G. B. Wilcox, pastor of the Congregational church in Fitchburg during my father's residence there, and now of Jersey City:—

As to your dear and honored father, and my dear brother, I don't know that I can add any thing of value to what will have already occurred to you. He was one of the sincerest, truest Christian friends I ever had. It is not always that two ministers of different denominations pass years in so constant intercourse without even the trace or shadow of a jar. He is one of the very first brethren whom I should want to meet in heaven.

When I went to Fitchburg, there was some coolness between his church and mine, which he and I determined
to extinguish as soon as possible. It was as one means toward that that I went with Mrs. W—— to board at your house. One evening, I remember, Rev. H. W. Beecher, who was to lecture in town, was invited there to tea; and, after learning who I was, he exclaimed, "Well! a Baptist and a Congregationalist minister living together! I guess the millennium is coming."

It was in prosecution of the same plan to promote good fellowship between the churches that your father and I projected a course of union Sabbath-evening services. The Baptist, Methodist, and two Congregational pastors shared in it, one preaching (at each of the churches in rotation), while the others were present in the pulpit. The sight of the four brethren in harmony did the churches and the community good. It was more than once said that the three who sat still preached a louder sermon than the one who stood up.

Nothing more delighted your father than any such measure for bringing Christians of different names into brotherly communion. I never saw a particle of bigotry in him. He overflowed with charity. And I was glad to learn the other day that the mutual love he did so much to introduce still survives in full strength, and grows among the churches of Fitchburg.

He was not of a sanguine or buoyant temperament; and I remember our condoling with each other over the trials of our work; but I never saw in him any thing like repining or murmuring at his lot. He bore his burden meekly, sometimes sadly, but never fretfully. A good man he was; and I hold his memory among the treasures of my life.
From Rev. J. T. Massey of Bellingham, my father's classmate:—

I remember him with deep interest and affection. His cheerful, earnest piety, his genial, social disposition, his integrity, and his delicate sense of honor, secured for him the confidence and love of his fellow-students.

He was a successful pastor: God's blessing attended his ministry. And through life he possessed the affection and confidence of those whom he served in the gospel.

I saw him for the last time at the Ministers' Institute in Watertown, in January. I was delighted with the prospect of a promised visit at an early day, and anticipated much pleasure in talking about our student-life, our classmates, and our experience in the ministry. But death frustrated our plans, and removed him to the saint's everlasting rest.

From Mr. Charles Ballard, of the church in Worcester:—

It has afforded me much satisfaction that I was permitted to be the agent in extending the invitation for your dear father to visit us, and also that I was allowed, in the providence of God, to contribute in any small degree to the comfort of his family on the day of the funeral-service here.

I know, that, when he was with us on that Sabbath, he expressed much joy; and it was to all who heard him, especially to those who were members during his pastorate, an occasion of much happiness.
From Rev. R. K. Bellamy, Chicopee Falls:—

It was my privilege to know Rev. John Jennings long and well. And it is not too much to say, that to know him was to love and honor him, alike as a man, as a brother, and as “a good minister of Jesus Christ.”

His large, cordial, warm heart, so full of human and Christly sympathies, made him universally beloved. And his spotless life and courteous manners, joined with his clear, strong intellect, made him as universally respected in every circle in which he mingled. The gospel, as it fell from his lips, had peculiarly the ring of the “silver trumpet,” — sweet, winning, penetrating, — with a power by every audience felt, with a tenderness by every Christian welcomed.

His departure has been a loss to the pulpit, the church, and the world; for in each he was a shining light. But in the dear home-circle — to him, in its tender love, the best earthly type of heaven — the vacant place he has left is largest and saddest of all.

May his Father and Saviour sustain you in your bereavement, as he was sustained in his peaceful departure!

From Rev. E. C. Ambler, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Stanford, N.Y.:—

I was perhaps more intimately acquainted with him than any other person. We were school-boys together. When converted, we were baptized into the fellowship of the church on the same day; and for several years we were co-workers in the Sunday school and in the prayer-meetings.
I was the first person to whom Bro. Jennings made known his feelings in regard to preaching the gospel. We found ourselves the subjects of like impressions; and often did we retie to the mountain-top near the church and near his mother's house to pray for divine help and guidance in this most solemn work.

After he received a license from the church to preach, I often accompanied him to his appointments, when crowds of people would assemble to hear the "boy-preacher," who was very youthful in his appearance. Great interest was apparent wherever he preached. I remember well the first text he preached from before the church. Much had been said about his youthfulness, and some thought him too young. He preached from 1 Sam. xvii. 29: "And David said, What have I now done? Is there not a cause?" Like David, who went out with sling and stone to meet the defiant Goliath of Gath, he had entered upon a warfare against the enemy of God and man; and though some might attribute his so doing to the pride of his heart, or to some wrong motive, he asked the question, "Is there not a cause?" The cause of Jesus! The cause of salvation from sin and from its eternal consequences to the soul,—this was ever the theme of his preaching.

He was then an apprentice in Danbury; and though faithful to his employer, yet he was ill at ease, for he felt that he ought to be "about his Father's business." He made it a subject of earnest prayer; and at last his brother George came to his assistance, and he bought his time, and entered upon a course of study for the ministry.

Even when a boy he was dignified in his deportment, and freer from the follies of youth than most young peo-
Memorial of

ple; and, ever from the time he became a member of the church, he commanded the respect of all who knew him. He was an humble, faithful, and affectionate preacher; and many souls were brought to Christ through his instrumentality. "The memory of the just is blessed."

From Mr. S. J. Axtell of Grafton:—

If feelings of appreciation for your reverend and honored father were the qualification for such a service as I now undertake, I can say that it would be well done by me. I fear I cannot do any thing like justice to him.

I can say with truth, that no man possessed the love and confidence of the people in Grafton, of all denominations, as did Rev. John Jennings; and we all mourned when he left us to serve the church in Worcester. He came here a young man, and took our hearts fully into sympathy with himself in the work in which he was engaged.

I have thought that his heart always wandered back to old Grafton, and that he sometimes almost wished himself with us.

When he engaged to supply us for three months, I know it was a great pleasure to him that he was to occupy his old pulpit. And the pleasure was equally great on our part, that we were to enjoy his services and company once more. When he came in so much bodily weakness, but all alive in his work, it seemed just as fresh as when, thirty-five years before, he had preached the word of God's truth to us.

I do not believe he ever preached anywhere else as he did in Grafton. He remarked, when he came to us
last, that he would as soon finish his life-work here as anywhere; and he did. I never shall forget his last sermon, from the text, "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life." He left upon our hearts the impression that he would soon realize this truth in the better land; for we could see that he had failed in health, which caused much anxiety on our part, and many prayers for his recovery. But God took him; and fragrant is his memory with us.

At the meeting on Sunday evening after his death, the time was occupied with remarks in memory of him by a number of the older members of the church.

From Rev. Dr. J. G. Warren: —

In response to your request, that I would contribute a mite to the sketch you are preparing of the life and labors of your lamented father, permit me to say I do not think that in my state of health I could write any thing worthy of the theme. He was, in every way, one of those choice spirits of whom there are too few in this dark, rough world, and whose lustre increases as they recede from us.

From Dr. Henry Dyer, formerly of Boston: —

Although I am not in possession of any correspondence with your late lamented father, yet, having known him intimately for a long period, it is in my power, and will afford me great pleasure, to bear my testimony to some of the many excellent traits which adorned his character.

I became acquainted with him in early life. While
yet a student at the Newton Seminary, he was introduced to our family; and well do I remember how his visits were enjoyed by all, but especially by my mother, who loved him as a son; partly, perhaps, because he bore her maiden name, but especially on account of his genial disposition and his engaging manners.

After his settlement as a pastor, whenever any convention was held in Boston, John was ever a welcome guest. A room was always reserved for him, and he seldom failed to occupy it. Later in life, after my father had left the city, it was my good fortune to receive at my own home those "conventional" visits which cemented a life-long friendship, and made him ever dear to us all.

Were I to single out from the many fine traits in his character that which I consider the most marked feature in it, I should speak of the innate kindness of his heart, which manifested itself at all times and on all occasions; thereby securing to him a host of warm friends, while winning the esteem of all who knew him. It might be truly said of him that he was weighed down with the burdens of others, and sympathized too deeply in others' sorrows. By way of illustration, I cannot forbear to relate an interesting incident which occurred at the time of the funeral-service of my sainted mother.

At that moment, when all hearts were shrouded in sadness, unrelieved by any cheering remarks from the officiating clergyman, your father arrived, and, like a sunbeam bursting suddenly through the clouds, diffused such floods of light and comfort by his words of consolation and tender sympathy, dwelling upon the virtues of the deceased, and recalling many pleasant associations connected with her life and history, that our gloom and sad-
ness were dispelled, and every countenance brightened with joy and hope.

Did space permit, I might go on to enumerate other traits in your father's character, which, all combined, served to make up its symmetry,—such as his wisdom, his untiring industry, his prudence, his forethought, his self-abnegation; but this I leave to other hands, and close this note in assuring you that my recollections of your father are pleasant, and only pleasant, and will be cherished while life and memory last.

From Rev. S. F. Smith, D.D.:


I have learned with great pleasure that you have undertaken to prepare a memorial of your beloved father. It is due to such a man that his record should remain in some enduring form for the gratification of his many friends, and as an influence still active in the world. He was one of the loveliest and choicest of men. His whole temper and spirit were a beautiful exemplification of that gospel which he preached so effectively, and loved so deeply. In his entire character he resembled the beloved John, who leaned on the bosom of our Lord, and was admitted into close intimacy with him. He was so attractive and benignant in manner, that every one could easily approach him; yet he displayed so much of dignity, that it would have been impossible to trifle with him. He was full of sympathy for all that were in distress, and so ready in resources, that he not only had a heart to pity, but also a hand to help. I never heard him speak unkindly of his brethren. He uttered no harsh criti-
cisms. He was keen to discern and to feel injustice; but he exercised that charity which thinketh no evil. In his prayers he had the faculty of bringing men near to God; in his preaching he held them face to face with the truth, till they could not do otherwise than yield to its claims: hence I am not surprised at the efficiency of his ministry. I do not wonder that he had such power over men, to bring them to Christ, to wield their energies, and to set them to work. By his own loving and lovely spirit he won them, he attracted them, he controlled them. In his presence men seemed to have a sweet facility of being fashioned after his own likeness, as the softened wax takes the impress of the seal.

His capabilities as a minister were no more wonderful than his capabilities as a man. He seemed fitted for intercourse with the world in all its varied aspects. He had an eye to see what was requisite in emergencies. He had sagacity to discover the best means of accomplishing the best ends; and he had the courage, when he saw the end to be reached, to press right on towards its accomplishment.

But his greatest excellence, and that which, in connection with his natural endowments, gave him his power, was that he walked with God. His piety was ardent and sincere, but unassuming,—characterized by meekness and tenacity rather than by boldness, but in all circumstances unwavering. And it is less a calamity than an honor that in the glory of his age his ever-busy hand suddenly rested. His life-work was fully done. His hand had wrought, his heart had loved, his life had testified. What more was needed? And so he was not; for God
took him. And he had this testimony, — that he pleased God.

It is a blessing to the world that such a man lived and loved in it. It is an honor to have been the wife of such a husband, the child of such a father. May his mantle rest on many a successor!

I doubt not that with such a subject, in the loving hands of a daughter to whom he was so tenderly attached, and who reciprocated all that attachment, the work you propose will be a success, and the precious memorial of a father's excellence, linked with the golden chain of a daughter's affection, will long remain a cherished record, perpetuating among his many friends the sweet record of so blameless a life.

From Rev. Mr. Cutler's New-Year's sermon, Jan. 3, 1871:

The last sabbath of spring was bright with all that the sun could bring; but darkness was in one house, where the man of God, the husband and father, closed his eyes upon the home he had made, and made glad, and upon the faces of those he loved best.

Nevertheless, the dimness was not such as theirs who have no hope: for they could trust that he had entered into rest; as he said himself, "Why keep me? Heaven will be so glorious! — No anxious care!"

The ripened excellences of Christian character yielded us their fruit a little while; and his form was taken away to its resting-place among a people who had loved him as their pastor.

"And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from
henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

It only remains to add the most touching tribute of all, from his youngest daughter, whose life has been passed in complete silence from her eighth year. No words can express the unwearied efforts of our father to make her burden lighter; and she must miss him, more than can be expressed, to the end of her life. When the great wave of crushing sorrow broke over her, her pen was unloosed, and she wrote her first lines of verse; which, if they are not above criticism (as they could hardly be expected to be), yet express truly and tenderly, and not without beauty, her love and grief and precious memories.

**Father,** while in anguish bending
   O'er thy grave with bitter tears,
All my thoughts are upward tending;
   For this earth no brightness wears,—
   Upward, where thy weary spirit
Now hath reached the longed-for rest;
Where in peace thou dost inherit
   Joy which cannot be expressed.

In a world no discord knowing,
   Now thy sighs are turned to praise:
Heavenly radiance God is throwing
   Over all his darkest ways.
Thou dost read the loving purpose
   Of earth's ministries of pain;
And the links that death had broken
   Now, in heaven, are clasped again.
Earth's long day of toil is ended;
Ended all its joys and woes:
Earth's repose has softly faded
In the sleep that Christ bestows.
Thou the Master's path hast trodden;
And like him, with upraised hand
In a parting benediction,
Thou hast reached the blessed land.

Though I miss, each day more sadly,
All thy tenderness and love;
And my heart with eager longing
Follows to thy home above,—
Mine shall be no hopeless sorrow:
In thy joy my heart shall live
Till sweet sleep and blest awaking
To thy child the Lord shall give.

June 26, 1871.

Not in earthly wealth or pleasures
Hath our Father made us blest;
For our sweetest, holiest treasures
Are the dear ones laid to rest.
Precious lessons we are reading
From our loved and sainted dead,
As each passing year, receding,
Leaves its halo round their head.

They have passed beyond the vision
Of our earthly love and care:
But the eye of faith still sees them;
And our grief is turned to prayer.
Twenty years of care and blessing
Hath our loving Father given;
Though 'twas but a broken circle,—
Four on earth, and four in heaven.
Now once more our band is broken;
   And our tears again must fall
At the loving mandate, giving
   Him we loved the best of all.
By his bedside sadly watching
   Through the weary weeks of pain,
Love and tender care unceasing
   Strove to keep him, all in vain.

Since our treasures are in heaven,
   Since our choicest gems are there,
Shall we not with cheerful effort
   For that better home prepare?
Till each severed link united
   In a purer, stronger chain,
We shall know the glad fruition
   Of these hours of grief and pain.

Jan. 7, 1872.
ACCORDING to his own record, my father preached 3,358 times during his ministry,—86 times after he resigned pastoral labor. It was his habit to preach one written sermon each Sabbath, and to make use of brief notes for the other. This plan was not invariable, but he adopted it generally. Some of his earlier efforts are given,—a few of the fragmentary notes above referred to, and a number of sermons. Though these, in their unfinished character and seeming abruptness, but poorly represent his preaching, they will be valuable to many who remember the living, loving preacher, and who can recall the elegant form, the dignified bearing, the kindling eye, the speaking face, the voice so musical and perfectly modulated.

During the earlier years of his ministry, the themes he selected for his sermons were the simple truths of the gospel, presented with great direct-
ness, and a firm belief that all must be persuaded by them. Later, when experience and labor had subdued somewhat his youthful confidence, his preaching was more practical,—for the edification and exhortation and comfort of the church,—though never wanting in affectionate earnestness, or tender appeals to those without the fold. His sermons were never strictly doctrinal; but his own sober, well-considered views of doctrine were closely interwoven with his practical, persuasive preaching.

And, toward the close of his ministry, the subjects of his sermons show how his earnest expectation and his hope were constantly entering into that within the vail,—"Like Him," "Intimations of a Future Life;" "The Course Finished;" "The Expected Crown;" "The Spiritual Body;" "Gain to Die;" "The Worshippers of the Heavenly Jerusalem;" "The Sleep of the Beloved;" "Coming to Mount Zion." The majority of his sermons, during the last few years, were upon these and kindred themes: but he was not forgetful of the spiritual wants of his people; and he estimated, as never before, the beauty and attractiveness of all the Christian graces. Such themes as, "Union, Peace, and Blessedness;" "Live peaceably if possible;" "Lifting up Holy Hands, without Wrath and Doubting;" "The Good Fight;" "Patient Waiting for Christ;" "Ye are bought with a Price;" "Man Lost;" "Christ our Passover,"—were frequently presented.
The titles of occasional sermons exhibit his increasing love of Nature: "His Clouds;" "The Lilies;" "The Corn of Wheat;" "Green Pastures and Still Waters." And, for the comfort of his beloved flock, he loved to present themes like these: "Light is sown for the Righteous;" "The Spirit's Witness;" "The Angel of the Lord encampeth;" "Strong in the Lord;" "My Shepherd;" "All Things for Good;" "The Higher Rock."

Some of his words are here; and, though like the body without the spirit, they are all that is left of the pastor once so beloved, now so well remembered.

THE CROSS THE CHRISTIAN'S GLORY.

A SERMON WRITTEN IN HARTFORD, IN 1829.

"But God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—Gal. vi. 14.

The apostle who wrote these words was a man of great talent and extensive acquirements. He was brought up at the feet of the learned Gamaliel, and undoubtedly prepared to take an eminent station among the Jews. We find him in early life laboring with his utmost energies to destroy the Church of Christ.

Therefore he had, humanly speaking, great sacrifices to make in embracing the Christian religion. But, from the time that the Spirit of God touched his heart, the love of Christ held triumphant sway in his breast. By
becoming a Christian minister, he exposed himself to severe hardships. But he was ready to be bound, yea, to suffer death for Christ. He was willing, as every Christian should be, to consecrate himself wholly to Christ's work, and to glory only in him alone.

We propose to offer some of the reasons why Christians should glory only in the cross of Christ.

I. All other glorying is in vain.

Man may glory in the world, its riches, its honor, or its pleasures; but he will find that vanity is enstamped upon them all.

We may glory in men; but God has said, "Cursed is he that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm."

We may place confidence in our friends, and look to them for support and comfort; but frequently we find instability where we looked for firmness, and frowns instead of smiles. And, if our friends remain true to us in life, they must fail us at the hour of death and at the bar of God.

It is vain for the Christian to glory in his own strength and righteousness. The apostle, notwithstanding all his ability, was led to say, "All my sufficiency is of God." What Christian has not learned, to his sorrow, that his own strength is perfect weakness.

Neither can the Christian glory in his attainments in knowledge, or even in his emotions of love to God and man; but he must say with Paul, "By the grace of God I am what I am."

II. Christians should glory in the cross of Christ, because by it they are delivered from the power of sin.
In a natural state we are under the control of sinful desires. When led by the Spirit to seek for deliverance from this control, we look for it in God's word, in the prayers of Christians, in our own exertions. But all is in vain, until we behold upon the cross the Saviour of men, and hear him cry, "Father, forgive them." Then the yoke of Satan is taken from the neck; and the soul, freed from cruel bondage, can sing of the precious blood of Jesus, and through the earthly pilgrimage ascribe its salvation to him. Here is the foundation of all our hope, "and other foundation can no man lay."

III. Christians should glory in the cross alone, because that by it they obtain the victory over their spiritual enemies.

In this imperfect state we are sanctified but in part. The temptations which our own wicked hearts, the world's allurements, and the enemy of all righteousness, offer to us constantly, can only be overcome by the grace which is given through the Redeemer's death. From the cross, He says to the tried and tempted soul, "Peace be unto thee."

IV. By the cross the believer triumphs over death.

It is interesting to contemplate the Christian in his pilgrimage. His struggles with sin and with the enemies of God. He bears his trials patiently, and meets his foes in the spirit of his Divine Master. He must, like others, die; but he looks forward to that hour as to the time of his deliverance. We may go down with him into the vale of death. When there is a mortal paleness on his cheek, there is glory in his soul; and, while heart and
flesh fail, he exclaims with holy triumph, "O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory?" By the cross of Jesus, the Christian may thus triumph; and when the glorious resurrection morning shall dawn, he will rise to immortality.

V. By the cross of Jesus, heaven is secured and the Church eternally saved.

No one will acknowledge that he does not expect to be admitted to the joys of the paradise of God; but there are many different views of the method by which that blessedness may be obtained. One expects to go there as a reward for his deeds of benevolence; but how will he be disappointed on arriving at the gate of heaven, to find it there proclaimed, in living characters, that salvation is alone by the cross of Christ, and that the doctrines of that cross enforce purity of heart as well as of life. Blessed be God! while every other method fails, the way of salvation by the cross will remain, and the saint shall be made happy in the kingdom of God's glory. While every other righteousness is utterly insufficient, the righteousness of Christ is abundant.

By the cross, the Church shall be brought home to glory. Through the ceaseless ages of eternity the unnumbered millions who shall have been redeemed out of every nation and kindred and tongue under heaven shall sing the song of redeeming love through the cross of Christ. In this let every Christian glory; in it let him trust, that by it he may be saved.

VI. The cross of Christ reflects superior glory upon the character of God, and eternal honor upon his name.
How resplendent and illustrious will be the glory revealed in the last day, when the whole triumph of the cross shall be exhibited by the bursting graves of the saints, and by the great assembly of the first-born in heaven, who shall surround the throne, and join in the universal song of salvation to God and the Lamb forever.

The Christian should do all for the glory of God; and therefore it is his duty to glory in the cross, that he may thus render his humble part of the honor which is due to God alone.

Thus I have endeavored to notice some of the many reasons why Christians should glory in the cross alone.

In view of this subject I remark: —

1. How great is the efficacy of the cross. What glorious victories have been and shall yet be accomplished by its power.

2. We cannot escape if we neglect its blessings. “He that believeth not shall be damned” was a part of Christ’s injunction when he commissioned his apostles to preach the gospel.

3. What an honor to be a faithful servant of Christ, as was the author of our text.
THE BENEFITS OF CHRISTIAN OBEDIENCE.

A SERMON WRITTEN AT NEWTON IN 1831.

"If ye know these things, happy are ye if do them."—John xiii. 17.

The verses preceding the text exhibit our Lord as a pattern of Christian humility and affection. Having washed the feet of the disciples, he seated himself, and enforced the example by a few plain and loving words. Oh, what a display is here of that love with which the blessed Redeemer loved his followers, the partners of his toils, even unto the end!

We may regard him as saying in the text, "If ye know that ye ought to be thus humble, then happy are ye if ye possess such humility."

All who believe the Bible to be God's word will admit the importance of knowing the truth therein contained. But, if it be important to know the truth it is far more important to feel its controlling influence upon the heart and life. A man may have great knowledge of revelation, and yet fail of heaven, because he will not submit to its holy requirements. Much as we esteem the intellectual knowledge of the Bible, we count that man more blessed, who, having been taught of the Spirit, is drawn to obey the commandments of God. Such a man, though he cannot express his thoughts about the religion of Christ, can express religion itself.

It is not the "forgetful hearer," but the "doer of the work," who shall be "blessed in his deed."
The object of this discourse is to consider some of the benefits of Christian obedience.

I. It is attended with full evidence of personal piety. Some, who hope in the pardoning mercy of God, walk in darkness and have no light, because they are in a course of disobedience; and, instead of complaining, they ought to chide themselves for neglect of duty. All who faithfully discharge their Christian duties, enjoy a comfortable evidence of adoption into the family of Christ. Their souls are filled with love to God, and they enjoy near and intimate communion with him. It is the "willing and obedient" who "shall eat the good of the land." How can he enjoy a sacred peace with God who neglects his positive commands? How can he have clear anticipations of heaven who is out of the path which leads directly to that blessed abode into which none but faithful servants shall be admitted?

"Then shall I not be ashamed, when I have respect unto all thy commandments." Without an evidence of personal piety, the Christian is unfitted for the enjoyments and duties of a saint on earth. He is expected to be active in advancing Christ's cause; but how can he engage in this labor without a consciousness of personal interest in the Saviour for whom he labors. Those who have been most active and successful in the blessed work have had the flame of love burning brightly in their own hearts. For the love of Christ constraineth them, and the evidence of this love in his heart is surely a benefit of great value which will follow humble obedience.

II. Christian obedience will cause growth in spiritual gifts and graces.
There is such a thing "as growing in grace, and increasing in spiritual gifts." The ability to discharge with confidence the duties of exhortation, prayer, and religious conversation, may be termed a spiritual gift. We have known those who were at first hardly acceptable to become really gifted in this respect; and we do not hesitate to attribute this improvement to the blessing of God upon humble Christian obedience. But growth in the graces of the Spirit is even more important. And the secret of the spirituality of some men whom we admire and respect for their piety is to be found in their faithful performance of every Christian duty. Wherever the child of God may be, under whatever circumstances of trial or joy, he greatly needs the graces of the gospel. And, abounding in these, he goes through life, diffusing a sacred influence, and closes his course in the triumphant consciousness of having "kept the faith."

III. Christian obedience has the promise of divine assistance.

God rewards the obedience of his people by the fuller display of his love; and the faithful Christian may expect to hear the voice behind him, saying, "This is the way: walk ye in it." They who acknowledge the Lord in all their ways live under the constant guidance of the blessed Comforter. It is unreasonable for a person to look for the direction of the Spirit, who refuses to submit to such direction. And many possess great gifts, who accomplish little, because their abilities are not rightly directed. All planting and watering will be in vain, if God withhold the increase.
IV. Christian obedience has the promise of the approbation of God.

Of all the benefits which follow Christian obedience, this is certainly the greatest. Deprive the Christian of the consciousness of the divine approbation, and his heart is sick within him, his arm unnerved for effort, and from his lips comes the plaintive moan, "Oh that I knew where I might find him!" The disapprobation of God is all that is needed to spread the gloom of eternal night over the regions of despair.

In view of these reasons for Christian obedience, who would not desire to walk in all the commands of the Lord, to enjoy constant evidence of adoption into the family of Christ, to increase in every gift and grace of the Spirit, to enjoy the exalted privilege of communion with God, and, above all, to go through life, and sink in the embrace of death, and rise to the regions of endless day, under the smiles of God his Creator and Redeemer?

In view of this subject, we learn why so many who understand the truth remain destitute of its influence. But if the heathen who never heard of a Saviour must be silent at the last dread tribunal, how closely must the mouth of that man be sealed "who knew his duty, but did it not"!

We learn why so few Christians abound in the graces of the Spirit. We have no need to wonder at the want of piety in professing Christians, when so many of them neglect the duties God has enjoined upon them. Here is the reason why the churches so often languish, and spiritual declension spreads itself over them. If they will labor and pray and watch as they ought, there
will be a constant revival. Zion will arise, and the glory of the God of Zion be seen everywhere. Sinners will see it, and repent and believe. What a glorious day awaits the church of God, when the kingdom and the greatness of the kingdom shall be given to the people of the saints of the Most High!

Oh, my brethren, think of the rapture which will fill your souls, if you have obeyed Christ on the earth, when you join the countless throng of the redeemed to enter the fields of endless glory, to put on the fadeless robe of Christ's righteousness, and to begin the un-ending song of praise to Him who was slain, and hath redeemed us by his blood, and who ever liveth to make intercession for us at the right hand of the Majesty on high!

ADDRESS

BEFORE THE SOCIETY OF MISSIONARY INQUIRY AT NEWTON, SEPT. 3, 1873.

In addressing a missionary, the celebrated Hall remarked, "Few things more powerfully tend to enlarge the mind than conversing with great objects, and engaging in great pursuits." Even a general glance at the great subject of missions must make this truth obvious. It must draw forth every noble faculty of the soul. The subject makes an irresistible appeal to our compassion, to our philanthropy, and to our love of triumph, in view of ultimate success.

The Christian looks abroad upon the world, with its myriads of inhabitants, and thinks of the glorious effects
which the gospel is destined to produce among them. His heart swells with unutterable joy, and his mind expands to grasp the mighty thought of millions of souls now in the region and shadow of death, coming up before the throne, redeemed by the atoning blood of the Saviour. This impression, upon a general survey of the subject, is abundantly strengthened when the mind is permitted to pause and consider all its aspects.

There is no light in which it can be viewed which will not contribute to the expansion of the mind. If we survey the enemies yet to be overcome, though they seem invincible, how glorious is the thought that all these mighty hosts shall be vanquished! The power and the number of her foes, instead of causing the Church to retreat, urges her on, and inspires her sons with greater ardor for the conflict. The soldiers of the cross lean on the arm of Omnipotence, and have the unfailing promise of victory. There is something grand in the simplicity of the means by which this victory is to be gained.

We do not go forth with the shouts of battle, or the weapons of death. We go at the whisperings of the Spirit, and wield the simple but mighty weapons of the gospel.

The life of the missionary must be eminently adapted to expand and ennoble the heart and mind. He must of necessity dwell more on the subject; and is it too much to conclude that the powers of his mind will be more enlarged than others?

And we can see one reason why so many Christians in this land possess contracted minds. We know full well that there are many churches, and even ministers, who
do but little for the spread of the gospel among the heathen. And the secret of their inactivity is, that they do not read or think or pray upon the subject. No soul which has the flame of divine love burning within can reflect on the condition of the heathen, and the abundant provision made for their salvation, and not feel constrained to aid them.

To the importance of this enlarged heart and mind to the minister, we only allude. If he is to go far hence to the Gentiles, he cannot do without it; if he is to spend his days in this land, the people of his charge will famish unless his soul is thus expanded.

If, brethren, we need this elevation of mind to engage in the labors of this blessed cause on earth, how much more to enjoy the society into which we shall be admitted when these toils are over! To participate in the joy of minds so greatly enlarged, to sing a song so exalted, to shine as stars in that celestial firmament forever,—oh! who is able?

The circumstances, my brethren, under which we assemble this evening, are peculiarly interesting. Some of our number meet with us for the last time in this capacity. The day is at hand when they are to be scattered in different directions in the vineyard of our common Lord. Soon the altar of this our little sanctuary will no more smoke with their offerings. To them we say, Sweet as has been our counsel together, happy as have been the seasons we have together enjoyed in this privileged retreat, yet we joyfully bid you go. We rejoice that you are longing with emotions unutterable to go forth and tell the story of the cross. Go speed the flight of the angel bearing the everlasting gospel
to those who dwell on earth! Go, stand by the pillow of the dying heathen, and point his last gaze to Calvary. Whatever, my brethren, may be the scene of your future labors, to that field we wish you a joyful welcome. But, ere you depart, accept the pledge we now present you of our best wishes and our constant prayers. When you are far from us, in the hour of trial, as your thoughts linger around this sacred eminence, oh! then cheer yourselves with the thought that on this hallowed spot our prayers are ascending for you. It is a glorious work to which we are called. We may indeed make the grave an early bed; but we could not die in a nobler cause. May the Lord grant us grace equal to our day, grace to go onward, trusting in Christ's promise, until the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ, and every nation, kindred, and tribe shall "crown him Lord of all"!

THE IMPORTANCE OF AN AFFECTIONATE MANNER IN THE PREACHER.

GRADUATING ADDRESS AT NEWTON, AUG. 20, 1834.

Every minister of Christ should remember that men are more easily attracted than driven. He is the spiritual guide of the flock. How important that he lead them onward to heaven! He is to cheer and support the weary and oppressed; but his efforts must be unsuccessful, unless attended by signs of affection. Does he approach the chamber of the sick? He is welcomed as
an angel of mercy; but how chilling his presence, if, instead of a manner which indicates that his sympathies are all enlisted, he exhibits the coldness of the philosopher or the stateliness of official distinction. Every feature and motion should show, that, if possible, he would bear a part in the suffering he witnesses.

But, preaching being the great business of the minister, it becomes a question of deep interest, how he may most successfully accomplish it. An affectionate manner is best adapted to the subject on which he speaks. He is a messenger from heaven who comes to persuade men to be reconciled to God. He is, in the highest sense, an ambassador of peace. While his arguments may have a wide range, there is one point around which he is ever to linger,—Christ and his cross. His great object is to exhibit the Saviour of sinners. He is to urge the necessity of regeneration from a view of the depravity of the heart; but his manner should show that he loves not to contemplate the ruins of our nature, but desires to present Christ as the means of restoration. It is his duty to point to the terrors of Sinai, and let the sinner hear from the perfect law of God, that he is condemned already, and that the wrath of God abideth on him. But it should be evident that he himself deeply feels the sinner's danger, and wishes to lead him to the only Refuge. The preacher, "knowing the terrors of the Lord," is to "persuade men." But it should ever be manifest that the same heart which kindles into rapture while dwelling upon the love of God can also tremble in describing the pouring-forth of the vials of divine indignation. While he is not at liberty to omit any part of the gospel, he may present it all in an affectionate manner. He is to speak of heaven
and hell as the Bible speaks of them. Some of his hearers may disbelieve the existence of future misery, because of its horrors. He should by no means introduce this awful topic unnecessarily into his sermons; but he must never shun it, and, when mentioned, it should be in scriptural phraseology. And his manner should evince the deepest love to the souls of his hearers. There is no need that he who describes the tumult of the elements should assume the blackness of the cloud upon his own face. The different degrees of success in preachers who teach the same sentiment, abundantly proves the importance of an affectionate manner in the preacher. The Holy Spirit is indeed the effectual agent in the conversion of sinners; but we cannot suppose that he operates contrary to the laws of the human mind. One with an appearance calculated to repel, rather than to win, addresses the message of God to minds which will not be forced. If he presents the enrapturing theme of the love of God, it is in a manner which nearly robs it of its attractiveness. He utters "the terrors of the Lord" with a stormy aspect, which leads one to suppose him to be attempting to add, by his voice or scowl, to a message already invested with the terrors of the Almighty. The effect of such efforts is to irritate the minds of his hearers.

Others may transport their hearers into the regions of poetic excitement; and, fearing to disturb the dreams of some delicate worldling by the thrilling announcements of the Bible, they soften where they cannot avoid them. Both these extremes should be avoided. The preacher should deliver his message with fidelity, just as he receives it from God, but in a manner that shall at
once show that he deeply feels the responsibility of his station, and that he most ardently longs for the salvation of his hearers.

NOTES. — Grafton, November, 1838. — Ps. xxxvii. 31. — "The awe of his God is in his heart." The righteous man has permanent support and unfading prospects. He is upheld. I. The law is in his heart. 1. A knowledge of the law as a standard of holiness, as a rule of action. All may and ought to know the law of God. 2. The law is habitually referred to. It is not laid away. It is practical. 3. It is loved as a transcript of God's holiness, as a means of sanctification. 4. It creates a sense of obligation. 5. It is a shield and support. 6. A means of growth. II. Its effects on character and conduct. This law we commend.

Worcester, Oct. 15, 1842. — Luke ii. 8-14. — "And there were shepherds abiding in the field. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them," &c. — Sacred mystery. Interesting scene. 1. Night, natural and moral. 2. The shepherds, Moses, David. 3. The angel, great event, surprise. 4. The glory of the Lord, seen in his greatest humiliation. 5. The message, "Fear not;" the joy; good tidings. 6. The sign, the swaddling-clothes, the manger. 7. The confirmation, the heavenly host, their interest always. 8. The doxology, — Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, toward God, among men. In this scene we are all interested. He will come again.

Oct. 23, 1842. — Matt. xi. 28-30. — "Come unto me," &c. — What infinite mercy in Jesus! Consider him (1) As Master, he is kind, reasonable, his service easy, he is faithful, gives a rich reward; (2) As Instructor, he has knowledge of the truth, of men, aptitude, integrity, authority, zeal, tenderness; (3) as a Pattern of meekness, purity, activity, self-denial, love; (4) as a Refuge, — safe, capacious, rich in supplies at hand. Rem. 1. We all need him. 2. Have we accepted him?

Feb. 29, 1844. — Luke xv. 17. — "And when he came to himself," &c. — The sacred writers use the most glowing figures.
Madness is in their heart. What a picture! Insanity. We here see the sinner coming (1) To behold things in their true light; (2) To see his own danger; (3) To accept his Father’s provisions. Rem. 1. O depravity! 2. What is it to be lost? 3. Precious gospel! Let us fly to Jesus! Let the Christian be grateful!

Woonsocket. On the return of the three-months' volunteers. Acts xv. 26. — “Men that have hazarded their lives.” Men hazard life for gain, for ambition, for patriotism, for Christ. Our thoughts are (1) To the war, its cause and history, success and repulse; (2) Its results; (3) Our fears; (4) Our hopes; (5) Our duty,—to enlist, encourage, pray.

Westfield, Dec. 5. 1868. — 2 Cor. iv. 6. — “The light of the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ.” — To the Scriptures we owe all we know of God. Men reason. God reveals. Redemption is for his glory. It displays (1) His goodness, love, bounty, forbearance, not on earth alone, but forever; (2) His holiness, without stain; (3) His wisdom, the time wisely chosen, he magnified the law, hatred of sin, and love of the sinner; (4) His power and sovereignty; he created; he came to save; his glory in the resurrection. Rem. 1. Redemption the last, the brightest, and the best display of God’s glory. The green earth the living tribes of men—but all shall fade; this never. 2. Object of the gospel ministry,—to hold up Christ.

"And be ye thankful." — Col. iii. 5.

The text is an exhortation to gratitude. No emotion can be more proper on this day of our annual festivities.

On this day, when we are laden with Jehovah's mercies, when every fireside is cheered by more than wonted smiles, when the voice of health and joyousness rings through our dwellings, when our garners are full, and prosperity is within our gates, when the doors of our sanctuaries are thrown open in peace,—on this day of such favors, how unbecoming would be the spirit of ingratitude! Cold indeed must be the heart which does not, as it mingles in the scenes of this anniversary, send up to the bountiful Giver of all our mercies a glowing, grateful tribute of love.

Gratitude is an emotion of the soul produced on the reception of favors. It may be graduated by various circumstances. The character of the donor, the nature of the gift, and our own necessities, will determine, to a great extent, the degree of our gratitude.

Gratitude from us to God. Does it become the humblest subject to be grateful when the King condescends to bestow a favor upon him? How much more does it become us, when, from his throne in the heavens, the King of kings and Lord of lords deigns to regard us, and to bestow choice blessings upon us! The innumerable temporal benefits we have received, all for our
thanksgiving. Our life has been preserved another year, because God has sustained us, and preserved us from dangers seen and unseen.

Our wants have been supplied. To the cruel pinchings of want and hunger we have been strangers. Who has supplied our daily wants? If you were destitute, and some friend should regularly supply your wants, would you not be grateful? God has done this; and why not be grateful to him? True, you do not see his hand; but he it is who gives the former and the latter rain, sends forth the rays of the sun, and brings in, at length, a rich and plentiful harvest.

Our spiritual mercies, in a special manner, require our gratitude. All times are suitable for the praise of God for the gift of his Son; but when we, as to-day, ascend an eminence, the first object that should claim our attention, and draw forth our praise, is the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world. To his death we owe all the glorious hopes which the gospel presents us. All our religious privileges have come to us as the result of his sufferings. And the free enjoyment of all these blessings is yet continued to us. Why are we not under the iron rod of a despot? Why are not our sanctuaries closed, or desecrated by the reckless invader? Why are not the garments of our Zion rolled in blood, and her sons clasping the flaming fagots? It is because God has preserved to us this our beloved inheritance. Surely our gratitude for national blessings should be fervent.

Think of a year in which God should dry up the streams, and blast the crops. Think of our condition as a nation, should he withhold his blessing and protection.
Above all, think how desolate would be our condition, deprived of the spiritual life and light which he alone can give.

How grateful should be the son of tender and watchful parents! the man rescued from death! the slave set at liberty! the prodigal restored!

Above all, how grateful should be the sinner, in this day of hope, in sight of the cross, and amid its blessings!

The effect of such gratitude will be to elevate the character of the day's services.

Some make it a day of unhallowed mirth; some of labor; some a duty. To us it ought to be a privilege. We should feel as when we look over the letters of a friend, and recount his favors. This would prevent the abuse and perversion of our mercies, which is too prevalent. The carousing and intemperance in eating and drinking, which is too common, is quite different from the custom of the Puritan fathers who instituted the festival. And this perversion and abuse, it is to be feared, is not an entire stranger to the sanctuary. True Christian gratitude would change all this. This gratitude ought to make the day.

Such gratitude would do much toward the perpetuation of our rich and invaluable national blessings. What so complete a shield of a nation or a people as grateful hearts!

In view of all these considerations, let us do our part to-day, and pray for continued and extended favors.
THE SPIRIT OF CHRIST.

A SERMON PREACHED IN GRAFTON, NOV. 1, 1838.

"Now, if any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his."
— Rom. viii. 9.

The text contains a positive, plain test of Christian character. It places before every professed Christian a mirror of such clearness and power as to enable him to discover what is his title to the incorruptible inheritance in the skies. Here is the perfect Pattern which every Christian should imitate, the mould to which he should submit his own spirit and temper.

Our profession may be most exemplary, our religious belief most clear and correct, our standing in society most influential, but, without the spirit of Christ, we are none of his. Not only must the doctrines of the cross regulate our understanding, and control our judgment, but the spirit of Christ must warm, purify, and control our hearts, and form them anew in the image of Him who was holy, harmless, and undefiled, and separate from sinners.

Oh! my brethren, do you ask with trembling solicitude, Am I truly one of God's children? Settle this momentous question, not by what you understand of the truth, but by the spirit you possess and exhibit.

In order to try our own spirit by this perfect standard, we must know what is the spirit of Christ.

And let us not be content with a mere spark of the holy flame which burnt so brilliantly and purely in his breast. Let us not think ourselves fit for heaven because
we can discover some faint resemblance in our spirit to the blessed temper of Him who went about doing good.

I. The spirit of Christ is a pure spirit.

Holiness is written upon all his conduct and precepts. He smiled upon purity, and cast his frown, with pity, upon sin.

Among the holy precepts which dropped from his lips, this one glistens like a pearl, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

Amid the corrupt influences of sin, his character remained unsullied. He breathed a higher, purer atmosphere than those around him. Temptation found in his heart no response. The fountain of his moral action, in the midst of contamination, remained perfectly transparent. "Though made a sin-offering for us, he knew no sin." Though he bore the mighty load of our sin, yet his holy soul was unscathed by its blight.

In the sunshine of his presence every plant of holiness was green and flourishing, while every shoot of sin withered and decayed. He was perfectly holy in thought, word, and deed. And of this spirit we must largely partake, or we are "none of his." In the light of his example we should ask ourselves, Do I hate and discontinue sin? Is iniquity rebuked by my example? Am I, on the whole, becoming more pure and holy? If we are compelled to answer in the negative, it is high time for us to seek an interest in the Saviour's pardoning love.

II. It is a spirit of devotion.

The Saviour evidently meditated much on the great interests of his kingdom. He often looked forward to
the bright realities of heaven, to the glorious results of his sufferings, to the exalted bliss of the church triumphant, and to the endless misery of those who reject the gospel. He was often enraptured with celestial glories, and, again, convulsed with anguish, and bathed in bloody sweat. In his habits of devotion, he was most unaltering, yielding not to the most urgent claims of exhausted nature. What affecting witness to his devotion was borne by the midnight winds and the mountain trees!

He believed that the cause for which he came into the world was, beyond every other, precious; and he drew his vital breath in its promotion.

And now, how much of this spirit do we possess? Do we breathe the air of devotion? Do we catch frequent glimpses of heaven? Are we cheered and elevated by communion with God? Is our happiness identified with the prosperity of Zion? Does our soul yearn with quenchless desire for the salvation of sinners? Do we feel and act as if heaven and hell were realities? Do we make the world stand aside for our seasons of devotion? Or are we indifferent, neglectful, and formal in our devotions? O my hearers! answer these questions, and say are you his, or are you not?

III. It is a spirit of self-denial.

We often can do much for others without any sacrifice of personal comfort. But how different the spirit of the Master! He laid aside the glories of heaven, took the form of a servant,—he who was high in immortal honor, and perfect in unending bliss,—for guilty man’s redemption. Oh! behold him veiling his glory in the shame and degradation and suffering which attended his sojourn
Memorial of

here and his death on the cross; and all this for his bitter enemies! And how do our small sacrifices compare with this glorious example? Are we willing to deny ourselves for his sake? to give up ease and pleasure, time, money, comforts, and even life, for his sake and the gospel's?

IV. *It is a spirit of benevolence.*

Every step of our Saviour's life was marked by his love for man. He was constantly bestowing blessings. His path was crowded with the needy and suffering who longed to catch the gaze of his benignant eye, and feel his power to heal and to bless.

His benevolence was particular. No object was too humble for the notice of Him who watches the fall of the sparrow, and numbers the very hairs of the head. None were passed heedlessly by, or lost in the crowd. He heard the rich ruler's believing application, noticed the poor woman who touched the hem of his garment, and felt for the widow at the bier of her son.

His benevolence was *expansive,* — a deep, exhaustless fountain, whose waters flowed on far as human misery extends. He had blessings for all. The evidences of his benevolence could be seen everywhere, among rich and poor, respectable and profligate. It is impossible to take the measure of his benevolence.

And how does our benevolence look in the light of his example? What does it lead us to do? He gave himself for us; and what have we done for him? He could not save us without self-denial, toil, and suffering; and we cannot preach the gospel to every creature as he has commanded without some measure of the same self-de-
nial. How half-hearted are our prayers, how small our contributions, how feeble our efforts! Without much of this benevolence, we are none of his. Say, brethren, have we, in this respect, his spirit?

V. It is a spirit of activity.

Such a pure, devotional, self-denying, benevolent spirit could not but be an active spirit also. Not a moment of his precious life was wasted. He sought opportunities to accomplish his Father's business. Is this our spirit? When we think of his journeyings, fastings, labors, at all seasons and hours, how much are we like him? Are we disciples of him who labored thus, and yet so stupid and inactive when the world is perishing?

VI. It is a spirit of deadness to the world.

His kingdom was not of this world. Its honors and pleasures had no charms for him. His eye was fixed steadily on the joy set before him. Is this our case? Rather, how tenacious is our hold of this world! How great our anxiety to secure its treasures and its fading glories! Is this like Christ? Time forbids us to pursue this subject. Now let us examine ourselves.
SAFETY IN GOD.

A SERMON PREACHED IN WORCESTER, OCT. 14, 1842.

"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." — Ps. xci. 1.

This psalm is a beautiful specimen of inspired Oriental poetry. It is the effusion of one who had seen the need of a divine retreat from the ills of life, — who, having passed through the bitter waters of sorrow, comes to stand on the firm foundation laid in Zion. It contains allusions to the customs of hospitality among Eastern nations. If a man received another, even if he were a robber, into his house, he was bound to treat him as a friend, to defend him even at the hazard of his own life, or to meet the scorn and contempt of his countrymen. From this custom the Psalmist borrows the beautiful conclusion of the text. If man will defend him who throws himself upon his protection, how great the security of him who dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High.

I wish, in this discourse, to establish the comforting truth, that there is entire safety in God. Yes, my hearers, amid the distractions of this world, the failure of earthly hopes, the temptations of Satan, and even in the looking forward to the judgment to come, with the utmost confidence I can declare to you, there is safety in God.

The text expresses a condition and a result.

I. The condition: He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High.
1. Such a one forsakes every other refuge. We are prone to trust in other things; but, in the state here expressed, there is a renunciation of self, of our own strength and wisdom. We often feel that we can order our own affairs. Men talk of their foresight and wisdom as though they could unlock the mysteries of Providence, and guide their frail bark across the troubled waters of life. But even the mightiest minds need to sit at the feet of Jesus. All our righteousness, too, is as filthy rags. The fairest character among men is faulty before God. Renouncing all strength, we must rely on the arm of the Lord. Forsaking our own wisdom, we should ask of God, who giveth liberally, and upbraideth not; and, laying aside our own righteousness, we should trust in the merits of Jesus. The soul driven from every other refuge must seek its home in God.

2. He maintains habitual communion with God. He is admitted to the most endeared friendship and familiar acquaintance. How much more might we enjoy in God's presence by dwelling there! Mark the expression, "He that dwelleth." Our visits to the throne of grace are too fitful and infrequent. We feel like strangers in that blessed retreat. If some earthly friend, possessed of every thing to make us happy, should throw open his estate, his house, his library, his garden and fields, and bid us revel at pleasure in every delight, how soon should we embrace his offer, how frequently enjoy his provisions! But oh! how faint is this picture compared to the rich provisions offered to him who dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High!

3. He yields implicit obedience to the will of the Most High. It would be inconsistent to cast ourselves upon his
protection and support while refusing to follow his direction. We need to say sincerely, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" If the path of duty were always pleasant, with no thorns, no rugged steeps, no stormy winds or pelting rain, then all would follow it. But to deny ungodliness and every worldly lust; "through floods and flames, if Jesus lead to follow where he goes," — is quite another thing. We are to obey his commands just as they stand, without modification or mutilation. We have no right to ask his blessing and protection in sin or disobedience. The shadow of his protection will never be spread over the path of error or iniquity; for his approving smile is withheld. But he who is admitted to his secret place will exercise the fullest confidence in his will, and strongly desire to accomplish it.

II. The safety afforded. The term "shadow" indicates the presence of God, and its blessed influence upon those who put their trust in him. It indicates nearness. When we are in the shade of an object, we are near to it. Refreshment is also indicated. Nothing could be more delightful than the cooling shade to the weary traveller. Christ is beautifully presented in Isaiah as "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." The protection of the Almighty is also clearly implied in abiding under his shadow.

To speak without a figure, there is entire safety for all who put their trust in God.

There is protection from ourselves, from wrong judgment, from sinful actions, from the world and its temptations. Every step we take is in danger; and the whole history of the past proves to us that we have no
safety but in God. How many have begun life with fairest prospects! but, trusting in something short of an almighty arm, have made shipwreck. God alone can deliver us from the blighting influence of error. We may think our own reason is a sufficient guide; but its rays are too feeble and flickering to lead us across the wilderness of this world, and especially to light the passage to eternity.

In God alone we are safe; and no action, no thought, should be allowed, but such as we can carry into the secret place of the Most High. It is wisdom to apply this test to our daily life.

How could we bear affliction, were it not for this divine support? When sorrow overtakes us, it is sweet to make our refuge under the shadow of his wings till the calamity be overpast. And he alone can keep us safe from the temptation to sin, and from every ill. Now let me entreat you all to adopt these words as the language of your hearts:

"Behold the ark of God,
Behold the open door!
Oh! haste to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more."
RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT.

A SERMON PREACHED ON THE LAST SABBATH IN THE OLD HOUSE OF WORSHIP IN FITCHBURG, FEBRUARY, 1854.

"Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." — 1 Sam. vii. 12.
"If thy presence go not with us, carry us not up hence." — Ex. xxxviii. 16.

To guide in some measure in profitable channels the gushing thoughts and tender emotions of this occasion is all that is hoped. We meet this afternoon, in this house of God; under new and peculiar circumstances. These doors were never before opened on such an occasion as this. These walls never echoed with a farewell service like this. There were never just such emotions in the occupants of these pews until to-day. In these courts many have heard their last sermon, and enjoyed their last public service on earth. At this altar many have taken their last look of loved ones; but to-day we come to take leave of the altar itself,—to say farewell to these sacred walls, hallowed by a thousand tender recollections. To those who engaged with toil and sacrifice in the erection of this house, and have worshipped within its walls for twenty-three years, this is an affecting hour! God grant that it may be a profitable one to us all! It seems fitting, on this occasion, to connect the past with the present and the future. God's help in the past, and the need of his presence in the future, seem to be appropriate themes for this service.

And now, as we look back upon the past, I seem to
hear these brethren and sisters say, with peculiar emphasis, "Hitherto the Lord hath helped us." It has been seen in the *spiritual growth* of the church. God has given the ministry, thus supplying the spiritual nourishment needed. He has led and fed his flock like a shepherd. In the erection of this house he granted his aid. There were many dark hours as to the enterprise; but out of all your fears the Lord brought deliverance. In the support of regular worship here, he has been indeed a helper; and, in the measure of harmony which you have enjoyed, his counsel has prevailed.

Especially hath God helped you by the diffusion of his Holy Spirit. This has been the spiritual birthplace of many souls. In addition to the usual influences of the Spirit, and the occasional conversion of souls, there have been several seasons of revival when numbers have been added to the Lord. Whatever the instrumentalities used, the work of conversion is God's work, and the glory belongs to him.

And now, brethren, if you were to leave an inscription upon these walls, what should it be but our text? And as we leave this place of our solemnities, for a new and more spacious temple, what prayer is more appropriate than that we have chosen? "If thy presence go not with us, carry us not up hence." Better to remain here with God than occupy the grandest cathedral on earth without him.

The term "presence" in this text means *special favor*. God is everywhere, but his smile is granted to his servants when they earnestly and devoutly seek him. Standing, as we now do, on the threshold of this hal-
lowed place, — ready to step into the new temple which we have been enabled to erect for his praise, — oh! let us adopt the spirit of the text, and rely upon God alone to sanction and sanctify the removal.

1. The fact that the house is his makes his presence desirable. We are but stewards of the great Proprietor. That we might secure a better locality, be better accommodated ourselves, and open a wider door to those who are constantly coming into our midst, and thus reach many souls with the blessed means of grace, — these were sufficient motives to arouse us to the work now finished. The house is his in the highest and holiest sense. As we therefore give to God his own, how important that he be with us!

2. His presence is the source of all the happiness we may expect there. The most perfect array of means will be all in vain unless he add his blessing. You might as well expect light in nature without the sun, as joy in the sanctuary without the smile of God.

Every thrill of love in the hearts of the blessed in heaven, all the fulness of joy, is in his presence. If God is the happiness of the temple above, how much more is his smile needed to aid the imperfect services of earth!

3. Our success depends upon his favor. Especially do we hope for the conversion of sinners; but this is his work. By his blessing, we may confidently expect that sinners in great numbers will eternally bless God for the erection of that house of worship.

How shall we obtain this blessing?

1. By union: “If two of you shall agree, it shall be done.”
2. *By grateful remembrance of past goodness.* When the heart is tender and soft from gratitude, we are in the fittest frame to ask his blessing. If we go up to the house of the Lord grateful for the mercies we have received, we may expect still larger measures of prosperity.

3. *Humility should be cherished.* The work of our hands is but imperfect: "God resisteth the proud."

4. *Let us go with earnest supplication.* He will be sought unto. He heareth prayer.

5. *Let us go with obedient step,* ready to make all sacrifices, that wanderers may be brought home, and the Church blessed.

A few parting words to the impenitent. To the Church, tender recollections.

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**CHRIST’S PRESENCE.**

*A SERMON PREACHED AT NORTH ADAMS, BEFORE THE STATE CONVENTION, IN OCTOBER, 1856.*

"And, lo! I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

—Matt. xxviii. 20.

These words close Matthew’s record. They dropped from the lips of the Son of God just as he was ascending to his mediatorial throne. That was a scene to be enacted only once. His disciples had been with him constantly, had wept at his death, and rejoiced at his resurrection; and now he imposed upon them, and all
who should come after them,—upon us,—the mighty work of giving his gospel to the world, at the same time uttering the cheering words of our text.

This promise spreads the broad shield of divine protection, extends the strong arm of almighty aid, opens the inexhaustible fountain of divine consolation, for every member of His church to the remotest time. Each may fall back upon it as the unrepealed decree of his risen and ascended Lord, the bright bow spanning his path in every hour of labor or suffering.

And Jesus is able fully to make his promise good in all its richness of blessing.

*The presence of Christ in his Church* is deemed a fitting theme for the present gathering of his people. We propose, as we may, to consider its reality, its necessity, and its conditions.

I. *Its reality.* It is no unmeaning array of words. As the great commission, though uttered to a few disciples, extended in its authority to all the Church, so this glorious promise carries its inspiration to every Christian heart. It is the motto inscribed upon the banner of the cross, where every eye may read it, and every heart repose on it.

As the air encircles and enfolds the earth and each individual on its surface, so the presence of Christ is the spiritual life of his people. None are so remote or so retired as to elude his presence, or so blessed as not to need it. The humblest path of duty is brightened by his smile, and the severest trial is tempered by his hand.

Christ is with his people as a matter of fact,—a glorious, soul-stirring reality. The high and the low, the
rich and the poor, the bond and the free, may equally claim the promise of his presence, and do actually enjoy it.

His presence is with the *faithful pastor* amid the ceaseless wear of his work. When he appears before his people, he leans upon the arm of the faithful Promiser; and returning, perhaps saying, "Who hath believed our report?" How comforting his presence! In the not less difficult and arduous duties of an overseer of the flock, he has the same support. Amidst a gainsaying world, in reproving the delinquent, in beseeching men to be reconciled to God, in directing the inquirer after truth, in comforting the mourning and the dying,—at all times, and in all exigencies, Christ's presence is his strong tower of defence.

The same Presence is the reliance of all the Church: it makes the sanctuary a delight. In the impressive service of the Lord's Supper, he heads his own table. In all social gatherings of his people for prayer and praise, he has a peculiar delight. He enters the Church, and all anger, malice, and evil-speaking retires, and love, joy, peace, long-suffering, and every grace abounds. And in the Christian's closet, Christ loves to be present. No scene of open conflict or public pleading can equal that when the saint in the dust, in secret, intercedes for a dying world.

Nothing can atone for Christ's absence. Learning and talent in the ministry and in the membership, commodious and splendid sanctuaries, are valueless without Him whose presence can hallow the humblest abode, and without whom the palace may be a dungeon.

In her mission to a dying world, the Church is sur-
rounded and protected by the presence of Him "who went about doing good."

He has commissioned his Church to go into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.

Every true missionary is in intimate company with his Master. In his name only will he preach and toil, by his grace endure hardships, and die in his embrace when labor and hardships shall end.

Christ's presence is with his Church to the end of the world!

These are precious words, which shall be realized by all the faithful.

Clouds may gather, and tempests break upon the Church; but He will be with her until the world's redemption shall be accomplished.

II. Its necessity. The same voice that bids the Church preach the gospel also utters the positive declaration, "Without me ye can do nothing."

The treasure of the gospel is committed to earthen vessels, to whom the inspiration of his presence and the wisdom of his counsel are indispensable.

He must have the central place, charging his truth as with electric power, and cheering his servants with his smile. All his true servants feel their insufficiency. Even the apostles were weak, until he gave them strength. And from the days of Paul to those of Braierl and Martyn and Judson, all the most eminent laborers have been those who rested most completely on him for strength and guidance. Are not our concerts of prayer for missions the plain confession of our weakness and the acknowledgment of his strength?
This necessity is so obvious that it need only be mentioned. We now consider

III. The conditions of Christ's presence in his Church. Vast meaning is sometimes gathered in the monosyllable and, as some broad river collects its waters in a narrow pass to display its power. "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations . . . to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo! I am with you," &c. It is when we are doing Christ's work that his promise is valid. In the field of Christian toil, while thrusting in the sickle, and harvesting the ripened grain, his presence may be expected. Not when folding our hands in indifference, or when traversing sea and land for worldly gain, but when teaching all nations. Working for Christ, we may be sure of working with him.

He subjects the elements to the promotion of his glory. The skill of man, the wondrous improvements of art, are made subservient to his work. He himself is in the field. He lays at our feet every facility for labor, and fixes steadily above us the star of promise.

Shall splendid ships whiten every sea, and steam palaces float upon every ocean, and no missionary ship bear its precious freight to the gentiles? Shall the network of iron rails annihilate distance for the merchant and the politician, but bear no messenger of life and peace? Shall grief sigh, and joy exult, and victory shout along the airy strings, and those strings never echo the triumphs of redeeming love? No: all these are his ministers. All is designed to cast up a highway for him; and, aiding this good design, we may expect the fulfillment of his promise.
And now, brethren, may we not see where our great strength lieth? Not in creed or theory, not in man, not in organization, but in a living, present Christ.

Brethren of the Massachusetts Baptist Convention, our work is to secure Christ's presence in our own land. Teeming with its rapidly-increasing peoples, it has before it an amazingly important destiny. In this land there is great destitution of the means of grace, and most alarming disregard of God and his truth. Even our own beloved New England shows a wide-spread and fearfully-increasing neglect of the Sabbath. The number of church-members decreases, in proportion to the rapid increase of population, in some quarters. Only about one-quarter of our people are connected with the Sabbath worship. The design of this convention is to find a habitation for God where he is not worshipped. Every church wisely established is the Saviour's residence, from which his light is to radiate, and his Spirit flow forth. Each point we gain should be as a new spring of living water, where thirsty souls may be refreshed. When we have established, and nurtured to its mature strength, a church of Jesus Christ, we have erected a monument which shall endure when the pillars of earthly fame have crumbled into dust. And far beyond this, even to the end of time, shall sound the cheering words, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world!"
INTIMATIONS OF A FUTURE LIFE.

A SERMON PREACHED IN WOONSOCKET, JANUARY, 1860.

“For we know in part.” — 1 Cor. xiii. 3.

Every thing here is incomplete. We have hints of great truths, glimpses through the cloud of light which will one day fill heaven with its radiance. We do not perfectly know any thing. A limited portion only of the circle of truth is known to us. But truth is consistent with itself. The part known cannot contradict the unknown,—indeed, it may often suggest the unknown. We know in part, but that part is constantly exciting us to look onward and upward. This life is an unfinished scene,—the introduction, the commencement, of a career. We observe and feel enough to give to thought a stimulus that carries it far beyond the domain of present experience. We are thus expectant,—reading the invisible in the visible, thinking of more than life realizes. This life is an unfinished story. It must have a sequel.

1. I mention life's brief space as a hint of another life. We bear to the tomb one who has completed the threescore years and ten, and we lay in its early bed the infant of days; and the inquiry rises to our lip, “For what sufficient purpose is all this?” Why does the infant bring such a world of love, such a wealth of blessing, if its brief day is all? And even fourscore years are too short to meet the wants of thought. When we look at the child, born but to be enfolded in the arms of death, yet endowed with faculties, which, but for the early...
frost, would have ripened into beauty and strength and wisdom, we are repulsed by the strange and awful mystery. It cannot be! That bud of being has not been created to be forever blasted: its flowering and fruit will be in eternity. Such is the hint from the briefness of our life, which reason and philosophy alike hail with delight. The story must not remain half told. There is to be an eternal completion of what is here begun. The life which has awakened such love and sympathy in your heart is not put out in the grave where you have laid your loved one. You have had the introduction here: there the volume will be unfolded.

2. The present state and powers of the human mind strongly hint of its future. The commonest mind makes rapid strides in knowledge. The subtle but powerful law of growth in the mind shows its wondrous mechanism. The magic of mental law and interior harmony shows the existence of celestial powers. The great creating Artist has been here. To say that the human soul is an accident, is the height of folly. Now the faculties of this soul, in their rapid growth and wonderful achievements, seem to be undergoing a preparation for a life to come. All these faculties look upward and onward into the mighty future for their full development. This life is but a fraction of our being. Judged by the indications of the present, and enlightened by God's Word, our prospects are boundless.

3. The material system which is man's home intimates his higher home. Here wonder and amazement overcome us. Who can look upon the "spangled heavens, a shining frame," without awe in his soul? And all, this system is so permanent. Nature is unvaried,
and her seeming change is but a mode of her being. Does all this exist for itself? The explanation is found in moral, intellectual, and spiritual life. The eye and the sun exist for the mind. Mind is the high priest of matter. In the material world I see a pleasing preparation for the future, and find a hint of probability which overleaps the grave, and goes on to the reality of another world. So I run joyfully the shining way. Ask me not to stop the story of living when it is but just begun.

4. Present good is but partial. Man at his best state is altogether vanity. If we stop our being at death, we are in a maze. Creation groans for nothing. Men labor for nothing. But the very face of our being is stamped with the theory of happiness, and it asks for a future life for its full development. We may stop at every inn on life's changing road; but the true refreshment is not there. No wonder that the atheist is sour and morose. No life beyond the present; no heaven beyond this narrow firmament. Time were indeed a riddle, perplexing and awful, if no future let fall its rays upon these desolate shores.

5. Moral providence is but partial here. Vice often triumphs here, while virtue is in disgrace. The good suffer, the evil feast at ease. What we see needs a future to set it right. The present incompleteness is steadily moving toward the perfection of eternity. There will be the echo of eternal harmonies in the mighty future where all apparent irregularities will be corrected, and perfect harmony between character and destiny established. Piety and philosophy admit the facts of the present, and quietly wait for the future.

We are at best far from the God we adore. Reason
and science and religion must have a God. We were not made to be tyrannized over by sense, or dragged at the chariot of self-indulgence. Angelic gifts were not bestowed to be hidden in darkness. No: when we rise to the true worship of God, our system has a sun, our life a meaning,—looking forward to his glorious appearing who shall subdue all things unto himself.

BENEFITS OF AFFLICTION, ESPECIALLY TO A MINISTER.

A SERMON PREACHED IN WESTFIELD ON HIS RECOVERY FROM A VERY SEVERE ILLNESS.

"Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort, who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God."—2 Cor. i. 3, 4.

There is a wealth of meaning in this word comfort. It is not joy: it admits of grief. It permits the tear to flow; but it alleviates the bitterness of sorrow, soothes the aching heart, and makes the soul calm and serene in the weakness and trembling of the flesh. The wounded spirit asks not for joy. Gayety, mirth, and song grate on the bleeding heart, and distress the tender strings that grief has strained; but comfort almost renders grief a luxury. Now, God is the God of comfort, who comforteth his people in their sorrows. The storms will come, and he does not withhold them; but he leads us to the infinite
and all-sufficient shelter. He hides us in his pavilion. He does not remove the thorn, but gives sufficient grace. In the dry and thirsty land, he leads us to the living fountain. The sympathy between God's children, partaking of like sufferings and joys, is here presented as a Scripture truth.

1. Personal affliction teaches the value of the gospel. The gospel is a source of life and joy. The attractions of the world offer no relief from pain, no joy in bereavement. The house is desolate, though filled with friends, when a beloved one has departed. The table is vacant, though surrounded with guests, when a prominent seat is empty. Such a vacancy the world can never fill. Then is the gospel's time; then the torn heart may be healed by the balm of Gilead and the soothing words of the great Physician, "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth."

Affliction will give fervor and unction to the preaching of the gospel. It is the preacher's duty to exhibit the way of salvation as man's only safety and comfort in this vale of tears; but after a time this may come to be a fact, believed indeed, but not felt in its living power. Hence he needs trials to give him fresher views of truth, to place him on a new point of observation. Let his health fail, his friends forsake him or die, and the gospel, so rich and glorious in its provisions, will burst upon him with the light of a new revelation.

He has been in the schools of theology; but, in order to be thoroughly furnished, he needs the school of affliction. Let the lightning of acute pain dart through his frame, depriving him of rest, causing him to keep company with the stars, and spend the night in longing for the world to wake again: then it is that the blessed
gospel comes to his aid. He remembers Gethsemane and Calvary; and every murmur is hushed in the presence of those greater sufferings. From the thought of Him who hath trodden the winepress alone, he goes onward to the time when there will be "no more pain." His heart is subdued, and he is better fitted for his work among the sorrowing sons of men as a son of consolation. Yes, to value the gospel as we should, we need to feel its power in the night of our calamity, leading us, as by a fiery pillar, onward and upward, out of this land of shadows and disappointments; and to him who is thus schooled the gospel is a mighty force and a strong consolation; and he comes forth from the furnace of affliction to recommend his Saviour to his fellow-men as one whose love and sympathy is a reality, and, with a softer heart, to go to the chamber of sorrow, and to comfort others with the same comfort wherewith he himself has been comforted.

2. Affliction gives a keener perception of truth. It fastens certain leading truths upon the mind with added strength and beauty and power. Entire dependence on God is thus taught as in no other way. We have it in the Scriptures, it is familiar to our tongue; but it is never impressed as when we lie down on the bed of sickness,—the voice silenced, the hand still, the foot forbidden to step, the strength gone. Then we learn that it is in him we live and move and have our being.

The dreadful certainty of death is especially here taught. The house of mourning is a familiar place to the minister. He follows all ages to the tomb,—the babe with the flowers of spring upon its breast, the mother who cannot be spared, the man of strength, the husband, the wife, the father. From the stately mansion
and from the lowest hovel, he follows friend and stranger to the grave. All these scenes with aching heart he repeats; but he needs to have them come near to himself,—into his own dwelling,—that he may fully learn the art of divine consolation.

Affliction makes the future more impressive. The importance of things eternal is the burden of his teaching. To lead men to "taste the powers of the world to come" is his constant employ; but affliction will bring these things nearer and nearer as a living reality. The effect of a full and living perception of truth on the ministrations of the sanctuary is perfectly obvious. We can preach most impressively from our own experience. It was the wisdom of God to appoint men to preach his gospel who had felt its power. "We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen," is the language of the apostolic ministry. "We were eye-witnesses of his majesty." It is truth worked into the soul by God's discipline which is most effectual. Now, in affliction, the servant of Christ comes into closest connection with the most important messages he is to bear to his people; and he should come out of the furnace with his heart aglow with the truths his people need most to know.

3. Affliction qualifies the pastor to sympathize with the afflicted. This is one great branch of his work. It is a useful and tender and delicate field. Sympathy is always sweet to the sorrowing. It is pleasant to know that those who cannot help can feel for us. The words, "My brother, I know what it is" find their way directly to the heart.

He is thus fully prepared for his work. The Spirit is the Comforter. The gospel is adapted to every phase
of life. Its promises and directions are exactly fitted to our wants. The sick, the bereaved, the poor, the fatherless, the widow, each have a chapter and verse. The promises are great and precious, whose fulness we cannot know till we feel it in our own hearts. The magnitude of grace we cannot know till we are in the very situation for which it was recorded. Much of the Bible is written for the afflicted. It is a precious oil; but the heart must be bruised before its healing power can be fully realized. God sends or permits all sorrow. And it shall work for good.

A special lesson we learn is to take comfort in the blessed truth of the soul's immortality. To look into the grave without hope, oh, how desolate! But the gospel teaches the eternal life and safety of those who trust in Jesus, the resurrection and the life. Freighted with this burden of consolation, the minister comes to his people. And when, in the depths of sorrow, he has drunk full draughts of God's living water, he is prepared to comfort his people. A new leaf has been turned, a new experience entered upon. Sickness and death is before us all. I commend to you all this comfort.

ADDRESS

AT THE LAYING OF THE CORNER-STONE OF THE NEW CHURCH IN WESTFIELD, SEPT. 29, 1867.

As far back as March, 1789, the Baptist Church in Westfield voted to purchase half a quarter of an acre of
land to set a meeting-house on. That stood not far from the present county bridge. The second house stood near the iron bridge. Aug. 23, 1838, the house of worship which the Central Baptist Church and society have recently left was dedicated to the service of God, Rev. Mr. Turnbull of Hartford preaching the sermon.

In all ages of the world God has consecrated places for his worship. The patriarch Jacob, after his remarkable dream at Bethel, took the stone on which his head had rested, and, having poured oil upon it, said, "This stone which I have set for a pillar shall be God's house:" so may we devoutly say, as we lay this stone and erect this edifice. Let me speak, for a brief moment, of the motives that move us, and the hopes which inspire us, in this work. Surveying this delightful spot which a kind Providence has enabled us to obtain, I trust that our hearts swell with ardent gratitude; and may we not, without presumption, inquire, "Is not this the hill which God hath chosen to dwell in forever?" We come not here in the spirit of sect. We love our faith, but would promote our views of religious truth only by the most generous means. We would have no rivalship but in doing good.

We seek in the erection of this house more ample accommodations. Our late house is too strait for us and those who may worship with us. We would furnish room for our share of the strangers which the enterprise and growth of this increasing village may bring among us. We feel that in this site we are singularly fortunate. The ample room afforded, the pleasant location, with its proximity to the centre of business, and the increasingly-important channels of intercourse, — all commend it to us as desirable. We feel that in erecting such a
house as is here to rise, on such a spot as is here selected, we have some regard — though at heavy expense to ourselves — to the best good of this thriving village. We mean, not to mar, but mend the landscape. But we trust that love to Christ our Master, and love to souls for whom he died, is the crown of all our motives. We would honor him, and do good to our fellow-men. We would here, from this favored central spot, fling our banner to the breeze, that many, in coming years, when we are dead, may here rally under the Captain of our salvation. We would here set up an altar on which multitudes may lay the offering of a contrite heart, and be blessed. Here would we erect a moral lighthouse, which shall dart its cheering beams across the dark sea of human life, and save thousands from the shipwreck of the soul.

In our hopes, foremost of all, is the expectation that here “we have found out a place for the Lord, an habitation for the mighty God of Jacob.” We fondly hope, that from this place shall ascend incense and a pure offering; that many on the very ground we now tread will find occasion to say, “How dreadful is this place: this is none other than the house of God and the gate of heaven.” Under a consciousness of his presence, we feel assured that the gospel will be preached in its simplicity, purity, and power, and that, as a consequence, saints will be comforted, and advanced in their heavenward journey. Here many a weary pilgrim will find edification and rest; the bowed-down and afflicted, a sovereign balm for all their wounds. We hope that thousands will be born to glory here. We would have this a sacred Bethesda, over whose healing waters the angel of the divine presence
shall continually hover, that whosoever steps in may be healed. We come here to seek a place of quiet labor for God and souls. We have nothing to attack but sin. Our hope is in God. Our earnest prayer is, that the religious interests of this town may be promoted by the work we have here commenced; that many, treading these streets or laboring on the surrounding farms, may here find a Saviour and a Friend. And may it not be that the stranger, who, from his seat in the passing train, casts his eye on the graceful spire which shall here ascend, shall be led to think upon the God whose worship it indicates, and thus be better fitted for his distant home, or for death, should it overtake him on the track? Thus we hope by this structure to do good to souls,—a good which shall last when these stones shall have mouldered away,—a good which shall exist

"A monument above the stars."

And now, as we lay this stone, let the language of our hearts be, "Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children. And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us; and establish thou the work of our hands upon us: yea, the work of our hands establish thou it."
TO THE BLOOD OF SPRINKLING.

HIS LAST SERMON IN WESTFIELD, BEING THE LAST OF A SERIES OF SERMONS ON HEB. xii. 22-24.

"And to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel."

The apostle here arrives at the climax of his rapturous enumeration of the attractions of our worship, clustering together the objects of intense interest in the Christian’s approach to God. He comes out from the contrasting shadows and terrors of Sinai into the milder light of Calvary. He bids us not to approach, at the peril of life, the terrible mount, but to come to the Mount Zion, and to the blessed company there, and to the persuasive pleadings of the glorious Mediator; not to the blood of Abel, crying for vengeance, but to the rich, peace-giving fountain of the blood of sprinkling. Here is the crown of this passage. Nothing avails till the pure fount of Jesus’ blood is unsealed. No voice is heard till “the blood of sprinkling” speaks. No argument prevails till Jesus shows his wounds. No remission is granted till the blood of the slain Lamb cries out, “Father, I have died.” Here is the rock on which your hope and mine is built. Our life comes from his death. Our pardon is pronounced by his flowing blood. It has a voice. In the text is one of the most striking instances where a voice is given to an inanimate object. This is

1. A voice of sacrifice. Early in the history of the race, probably by intimation or express command of God, sacrifices were offered. The slaying of animals
was thus early regarded as a kind of atonement for sin. The fruits of the land and the firstlings of the flock were offered to God in thanksgiving. Through the history of the Jewish Church, the altars smoked with their consuming victims, every one of which told of the "blood of sprinkling," which was to be shed when the fulness of time should come. And since that blood was shed, prayers and the other acts of worship are spoken of as the sacrifice or offering of the devout and penitent worshipper. But the word, as applied to Christ's atonement and propitiation, has a volume of import. Here is the spotless, perfect Lamb from the Father's bosom. The offering, how complete! It speaks of love beyond degree, embodying all the Father's compassion and the Son's wealth of tenderness. And then it is the culmination of the history of sacrifices. In this great Sacrifice, offered once for all, is enfolded each page of the sacrifices of the past, and, as we approach and unroll the volume, we see the sacrifice of Abel and Enoch and Moses, Abraham and Joshua and Elijah,—in a word, all the sacrifices of the past, collected, fulfilled, beautified, magnified, and glorified. And thus they all become hallowed, as a part of the great Atonement. Here are engraven the sighs and tears of the pious Jew, as he came up yearly to lay on the altar his choicest gift, whose voice reached its blessed echo down to Calvary, and fixed his heart on Him who was to come and redeem Israel. And here, amid the myriad tones which issue from the cross of Jesus,—in the gallery of echoing voices sounding here,—is found a note for you and me,—for all the Church on earth and in heaven. And these voices will echo as long as there is a soul to be saved.
2. This blood speaks of **justice**.

Divine justice here receives a completer, clearer vindication than in all other forms combined. The very idea of sacrifice supposes an offended justice to be appeased. The death of Christ speaks for the divinity and integrity of justice with most commanding power. In every drop of the fountain then opened, justice is vindicated. Now, God can be just, and the justifier of him that believeth. The blood of Abel cried for vengeance; but here justice obtains satisfaction; so that, in placing the believer beyond the condemnatory power of the law, there is no violation of this attribute. Not one in all the universe can complain of, the salvation of the veriest outcast through such a medium. Yea, justice pointing to its almighty Victim, exults in its more than satisfaction. Not at the expense of justice does the worst of sinners live redeemed and live forevermore.

Wherever, then, and whenever this blood of sprinkling speaks, it speaks of a glorified justice losing its severer tones in the melting voice of Calvary. A strong and most comfortable element of our salvation is its justice. What a wave of exultant joy must roll over the hearts of the redeemed at the thought that they have a "right to the tree of life"!

3. But more than all, and over all, here is the voice of **mercy**. The blood of sprinkling expresses the divine compassion in the salvation of the sinner. Divine love moves like a mighty current. Is the offence unprovoked and unreasonable? yet Mercy says, Forgive. Is the sinner an enemy, yet for such the Saviour died. It stoops to his degradation, it penetrates his darkness, it suffers his stupidity, it weeps at his woe.
Bearing the blood of the atoning Lamb, the Church goes forth on her glorious and merciful mission to a lost world. Monuments of mercy stand on every hand. "By the grace of God I am what I am," says Paul. "'Tis grace abounding," says Bunyan. That we may find mercy of the Lord in that day, is all our hope. We are sinful, and God is merciful, says the blood of sprinkling; and this is our simplest theology. And how our views simplify as we approach the other land! Said one of our honored countrymen, who died a few months since, "The simple facts of the gospel are the foundation of my hope. I have tried to study the mysteries of religion. I have endeavored to trace the arguments, and fathom the meaning, of the writings of Paul. But when I think of myself, a sinner before God, and look forward to death, the judgment, and eternity, I forget these deep things of God. Faith clings to one precious truth, — Jesus loved me and died for me."

Thus mercy becomes our simple plea. So has mercy carried out the glorious plan of man's redemption.

Remark 1. Let us draw nigh to God with confidence, and listen to that voice which brings us pardon and life eternal. To all who come, it speaks; and whosoever will may come.

2. How honorable is the great company in which we worship!

3. And how full the provision for all our needs! Let us, then, be encouraged to come. While the voice of the Mediator himself invites us, how can we stay away?
THE CORN OF WHEAT.

THE LAST SERMON PREACHED IN WORCESTER, ON THE LAST SABBATH BUT ONE OF HIS EARTHLY MINISTRY.

"Verily, verily I say unto you, Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but, if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." — JOHN xii. 24.

Here is one of the most animating and vital truths of the gospel, presented by the Saviour in the most striking and beautiful symbolic imagery. The time was at hand when his death on the cross was to gain the life of men. The great process of life from death, which is seen everywhere in nature, was then to assume a new and glorious form. The precious corn of wheat which fell into Joseph's new tomb began a work of decay and renovation which shall never cease till the innumerable company are gathered from the corruption of sin and the grave to the glorious life which fills heaven forevermore.

The Saviour offers this glorious truth as a source of comfort to his disciples, from whom, in the completion of his wondrous plan, he is soon to be removed in a way wholly unrevealed to them. They had not the faintest conception of the humiliation or the glory which was approaching for him. How startling must have been his announcement in the verse preceding my text! The people had collected in great numbers to see the miracles he wrought. His disciples were repeating the account of his mighty acts to one another, when certain Greeks who had come up to the feast said, "Sirs, we
would see Jesus." "And Jesus answered them, saying, The hour is come that the Son of man should be glorified." He then lays down the great principle of the text, which contains in itself the doctrine of redemption, — of life by death. We consider

1. The picture. It is that of a grain of wheat falling into the ground, in which are the elements, which, aided by rain and sunshine, induce its decay and dissolution, or rather its separation into such forms as will greatly multiply the life which is in it, and bring it forth in the beauty and abundance of the waving harvest. Every spring makes us familiar with this picture, and every summer and autumn makes glad our gardens and fields and storehouses with these grand and beautiful developments. The flower, so graceful and gladsome, is born from some dissolving seed, or from some uncouth bulb. The fruit which delights your taste is the product of the same process, developing life from death, beauty and health from decay and waste.

Three prominent facts must be found in this picture: 1. There must be vitality in the seed. 2. It must fall into appropriate soil. 3. It must be aided by the proper conditions of warmth and moisture.

1. Vitality. Every corn of wheat that grows and multiplies, and comes to the harvest, has the life in it; so that, sowing wheat, we expect to reap wheat, and so of all other grain. And not only must it be alive, but of good quality. The careful husbandman selects the best seed of its kind. Glance from the mere seed in your hand to the blade of corn, and onward to the waving harvest, to the beautiful flower, or to the perfected fruit of the orchard,—and how full of instruction is the whole
process! So is it in all God's works. We have the most wondrous results from what seem the most inconsiderable means. And we feel the subtle interest which everywhere attaches to life, from that of the seed to that of the saint or angel.

2. As a second invariable fact, the seed abideth alone, unless it fall into a fruitful soil. The hard rock, the trodden wayside, the clustering thorns, are no suitable place for the seed to fall. But the prepared soil of the garden or the field embraces the seed, and the new life begins at once. Still further, there must not only be life and the prepared soil, but warmth and moisture and light. The best seed will be unfruitful, unless the sun lend its genial heat, and the rain and dew soften and expand the seed, and draw forth its life. With these indispensable conditions, the glowing picture of our text will be realized, and be a fitting representation of the sublime truth here taught us.

II. Let us look at the lesson. It is, in a word, the transforming influence of the gospel, shown in the humiliation and death and the glorious life of the Saviour of men, and through him of all his chosen people. How is the great truth here taught and enforced of life out of death, of joy out of sorrow!

The text is illustrated in each and all of Christ's disciples. The grace of God in the heart furnishes all the elements of fruitfulness, and impels to active duty and self-denying toil for our fellow-men.

The life is there which God gives to the regenerate soul,—life of the divinest type, which comes from the cross of atonement. As the vital element in the seed cannot be passive, so love of Christ constrains us to ask,
"Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" As there is life in every corn of wheat, so in every believer there is life, which will multiply itself in souls redeemed and sins forgiven.

The soil of the heart is fitted by grace for the reception of the love of Christ, just as the prepared soil waits for the seed, that it may enfold it, and increase its life. The vital spark of true conversion is fanned by the divine breath of the Spirit, and nurtured by the means of grace, until it becomes a power for good, and a glorious harvest of souls is the result. This process, constantly going on, can only be revealed in the harvest of eternity. Every throb of suffering, every stroke of painful toil, looks to this glorious end.

CHRIST THE WAY.

THE LAST SERMON PREACHED IN GRAFTON, MARCH 26, 1871.

"I am the Way." — John xiv. 6.

This familiar term "way" has a wide meaning. We are understood when we say this is the way to the city, or this is the way to honor, riches, happiness, or this is the way to heaven or hell. Here the wide extremes meet. It is of little importance that we take the right way to the next town, or to present good; but it is of unspeakable consequence that our souls take the right way.

Life is often presented as a journey or a way; and thus it assumes an importance of which we can at best
have but a feeble conception. "I'm but a traveller here," it is easy to admit; but it is another thing to feel the import of the admission.

Even careless and worldly men speak of the rapidity of time and the shortness of life; but how few of us feel the vast interest attached to every step of our brief earthly pilgrimage, when viewed as connected inseparably and accountably with the vast eternity before us!

How important that each step of this way should be measured by its effect on the end, involving the weal or woe of a future unending life! Well, amid every lo, here! or lo, there! how delightful is it to hear the infallible Guide saying to us, "I am the Way."

1. Christ is the entrance to the way. "I am the door: by me, if any man enter in, he shall be saved." The Christian's way, be it longer or shorter, has its "wicket gate" and its "celestial city." No one can enter heaven but by the door of sound and rational conversion. This is the acceptance of Christ as a personal Saviour. From this acceptance we may see the steps of the Christian life, one after the other, up the shining way, till at length heaven shall open its glorious portals, and the innumerable throng shall welcome the sinner to the presence of God, the Judge of all, and of Jesus, the Mediator. Through eternal ages shall stand the truth, "I am the Way." Who of us does not feel the great importance of beginnings? How many are ready to bless God that they began the Christian life? And this rejoicing shall go on until the "day by day" in which that first solemn vow is renewed and the day when we are crowned his in glory are met.

"Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear."
2. The preparation of the way is Christ. In the ear of every anxious sinner, Christ whispers in accents of peace and love, "Come hither, soul: I am the Way." The prophet Isaiah has beautifully represented the highway of holiness, in which the redeemed shall walk (Isa. xxxv.).

All this, and even more, is found in Christ by those who come to him and go with him. Every preparation for the comfort of his children is made by him, and to him they repair. At every doubtful turn he is present, and we have only to look to him. No matter how many are the other ways,—how many and who travel in them: if Christ be not there, it is not the way, as we shall find to our sorrow. Christ has laid out the way, and we need not err.

3. He is the defence of the way. Life itself is a struggle, the Christian life especially so, with foes without and within. At every point there are sleepless and powerful enemies. Against all the dangers and disabilities of the way, he can defend us. Do we lack strength? his arm is extended for our aid. He is the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, the river in the desert, the covert from the tempest, the stronger than the strong man armed. He guards every step of the way, from the day of espousals till, under the shield of his mighty presence, all the sons of Zion enter into the blessed land. Down to the cold river sometimes the enemies will follow. But though the waves roll and the sea is rough, yet his commanding word is there: "It is I: be not afraid," "Peace, be still."

4. He is the attraction of the way. Yes: I mean it,—the way is attractive. We hear that the world esteems
it a gloomy way; but never was a greater mistake. It is the way to happiness and God. The attractions thicken at every step of the faithful. There are many elements which make up its pleasures.

It is the right way, and who can be happy in the wrong road? The fact that this is the way makes up a sum of pleasure.

It is the safe way. It lies along the pleasant country of God's covenant mercies; and every day adds some new scene on which the eye may fix and feast. The varying shades of Christian experience are replete with interest, as they show the fulness of the Saviour to meet the wants of his children. They lean on his arm, rest in his smile, trust in his promise, and sing of his love. In proportion as we live in him, do our pleasures increase. The ordinances and sacred worship of his Church are full of attraction and delight to the soul that trusts in him. If communion with excellence is a pleasure, here it is found in all its perfection.

The changes of the way are pleasant, its duties done are a delight, its trials have a relief, its conflicts a victory. He is the way: by him, through him, and in him, all his people may live and rejoice and be glad. Thus heaven is begun below, and Zion begins her glorious song on earth, which she is to sing forever, "unto Him that loved us," &c.

5. He is the end of the way. There is great interest in the last scene in the life of Bunyan's Pilgrim,—the dipping of the weary feet in the cold, dark river; the gradual increase of the struggling waters; the mortal fear that comes over the spirit; the gracious support; the appearance of the shining ones on the other side; the ut-
terance of the great promises, the response of the soul, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me: thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

Such is the scene when every true Christian dies. He who has lived in Christ, and walked in him all the way, will find him at the journey's end.

HE CARETH FOR US.

A SERMON BEGUN IN AUBURNDALE, JAN. II, 1871.

"Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you." — 1 Peter v. 7.

The doctrine of a divine and watchful Providence, careful and kind by day and sleepless by night, is a source of unfailing delight to every believing, trusting heart. To feel assured that God's watchful eye is ever upon us, guiding our steps, and preserving our slumbers, is enough to lift us above the trifles of life and even the fear of death. Our text occurs in an exhortation of the Apostle Peter to his brethren. He styles himself "an elder, and a witness of the sufferings of Christ, and a partaker of the glory that shall be revealed." He exhorts to the care of the flock of God, not from earthly motives, not for filthy lucre, but of a ready mind, setting a holy and blameless example. Then the promise of the crown of glory, when the chief Shepherd shall appear, is made. He then urges to a consistent walk, the younger submitting to the elder, and all being subject one to another. And then to all he says, "Humble
yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time. Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you.” These are comprehensive words, including all that can be implied in filial trust in God. Let us consider the fact that he careth for us, and what it implies. It is a comforting and glorious fact. The term indicates all that we may desire in the providential and spiritual interest of our heavenly Father for us. His eye is upon us, and his hand is under and around us, by day and by night,—in the house and by the way, on the land and on the sea. This implies his constant protection. Such are the scriptural representations, “The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.” “The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and his ears are open to their cry.” The tender and intimate relations of God to his people, as a Father, and as a Shepherd, his power and grace manifested to all in time of need, are matters of record and inspired teaching.

Not a sparrow falls to the ground without his notice, and “the very hairs of your head are all numbered.” All life is in his keeping, from its lowliest forms up to its highest development. The insect and the angel have God as their protector. Man, in all his walks and journeyings, has almighty aid to uphold him. God holds the sea in the hollow of his hand, that man may traverse its bosom safely. Thus God careth for all his physical creation with a minuteness that includes the smallest want, and a comprehensiveness that embraces all the worlds, in their orbit. . . .
PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF MY FATHER.

BY ALICE C. JENNINGS.

For twenty years the love and care of my dear father have twined their tendrils firmly and strongly around my life; and now that the tie has been sundered, and every nerve still quivers with the blow, a host of tender recollections remain to temper its force,—recollections which are all tender, and in which no jarring note min- gles.

Few, very few, are blessed with such a father,—one who makes the joy or the pain of his child so entirely his own, and whose fatherly love is so hallowed and purified by a love which is divine.

The remembrance of his unwearied attentions during the long illness which cast so thick a veil over my future life is very precious to me. Amid the pressure of pastoral duties he never forgot his suffering child, but found time each day to print a tiny epistle for her to read herself. These little letters are still preserved, filled with such expressions, as, "Papa is tired, but must write a word to his precious sick child;" "The Lord heal my little daughter," and similar sentences. His ardent wish that I might be restored to health was tempered always by a spirit of perfect submission. "How I wish I could have you and dear Alice here!" he wrote to my mother. "But stop: I must not murmur; I will not." Though the strong chains of pastoral duty bound him to his post when no immediate danger threatened, yet we felt that his heart was with us. "I can work, and do any thing,"
he again writes to my mother, who was to both of us a second self, "if you and dear Alice are well; but, if you are sick, I must be with you." And when the weary weeks of convalescence at last ended, and a new and changed life was commenced, my father sought by a thousand fond devices, which only his loving heart could plan, to make the transition from a joyous, happy life, to one of silence and suffering, less painful. I had but to name a wish in order to find it gratified, but to give a sign of pain in order to receive a wealth of sympathy. Subject to frequent paroxysms of the severest suffering, I made many demands on that sympathy. During one of these attacks, he was compelled to leave for a distant city, parting from me most reluctantly. Early the next morning came a pencilled note, written in the cars, and saying, "I have thought all day of your suffering. Wish I could bear the pain for you!"

But higher and holier sympathy than this was ours; for the Christian faith and hope just beginning to dawn in my heart was nourished by no hand so much as by his. And when, five years afterward, the same gentle hand raised me from the baptismal waters, and I looked into his almost transfigured face, I felt that a tie stronger than death had now united us.

As I grew older, and could appreciate his sermons, he would often playfully call me to the study to look at them. Though that pleasant voice I can so well remember was never again to greet my ears, yet, when preaching, so expressive was his face, so full of meaning were his gestures, that I could often follow him closely. He was in the habit of giving me a list of the hymns, text, &c., for the day, that I might, as far as possible,
understand the service; and this he never forgot, however hurried he might be on sabbath morning.

This thoughtfulness was to me his prominent characteristic. It ran like a golden thread through every web of duty, and showed itself in the comparatively uninteresting details of daily life. Circumstances brought us more together, especially during our residence in Westfield, than is usual with father and daughter. His companion at meetings and lectures, and in calls upon the sick, I learned the power of "the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith," and saw, as perhaps few others could see, how truly he was a comforter to those in sorrow.

For my mother and myself his devotion was unfailing. No fatigue or weakness on his part could chill the warmth of his welcome, or deprive us of the loving inquiry for our welfare, which, down to the last day of his life, he always made.

All my little achievements in housewifery or in study he would notice and praise; and, when my health at last permitted me to enjoy school-life, he took intense interest in my progress. When I left in the morning for the city, ten miles distant, his "God bless you, darling!" would follow me all day; and, when I returned at night, I never missed his loving face at window or door. A happier trio than our family at this time, it would be difficult to find. We were mutually dependent and mutually happy, striving to lighten each other's burdens to the greatest possible extent. And of all this my father was the life and soul.

His letters to us, when absent, were frequent, and full of loving thoughtfulness. In his last letter to me (written
nearly a year before he died, from Baldwinville), there is a passage most appropriate and comforting. Alluding to some affectionate remark I had made, he says, "I thank you for your expressions of love; but it is delightful to feel that you have a still stronger love to your heavenly Father. He will be with you when I cannot."

During his last illness, he would frequently ask for me. When I sat beside him, while my mother, who scarcely left his side, took a few moments of rest, he would gaze into my face with a look of wistful tenderness, and hold my hand in a close warm pressure, which said far more than the words he knew I could not hear.

His love to my mother was most ardent; and they exemplified most truly the beauty of a faithful, devoted life, which knows nothing unshared by the other.

His last kiss was pressed upon her lips; and almost his last words were spoken to her. "I have nothing to forgive," said he,—"nothing to forgive. You have been every thing to me!" And so he passed peacefully to his rest, leaving us a rich garland of precious memories to bind about his tomb.