A GOOD FIGHT FINISHED.

"Now we may call it finished," said my father, to one of his younger children, two days before his quiet departure from this life. He was standing in front of the fine pile of buildings of the Yale Theological Seminary, for which with his own hands he had broken the ground in 1870, and for which and in which his chief work had been done during these last twelve years. "Some time they may add a refectory for the other side of the quadrangle; but now that, at last, we have joined the two buildings with this library, we may consider it done."

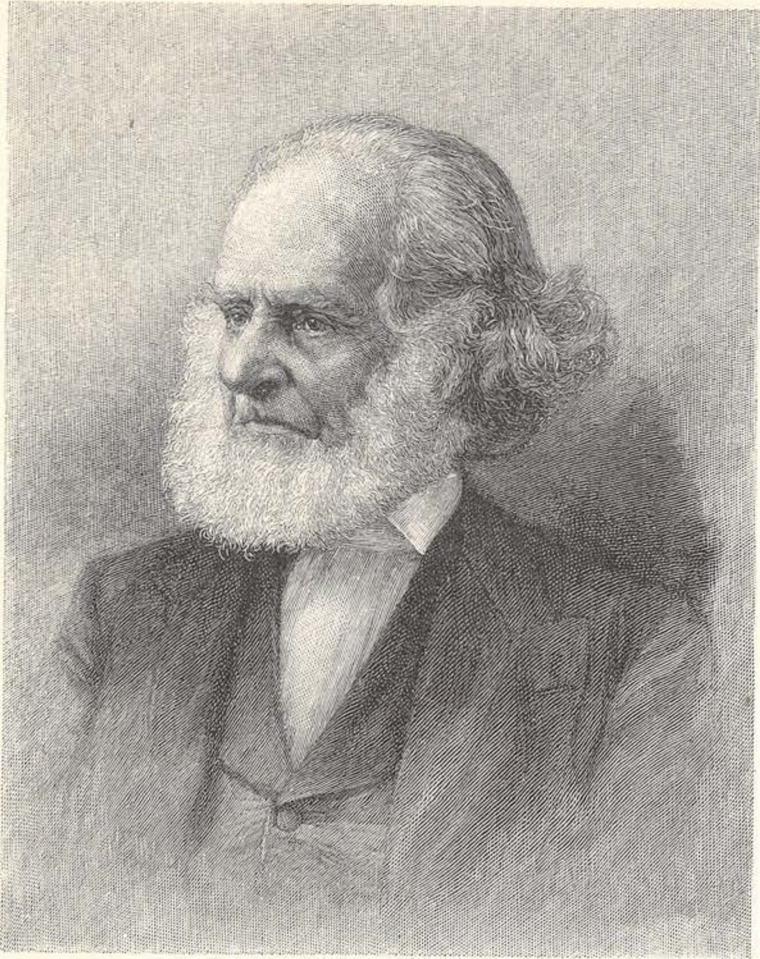
I have no doubt that the satisfaction of seeing this important work approaching a successful conclusion, was an element in the happy content with which, for many weeks, he had been wont to lie down at night not knowing in which of the worlds he was to awake. So many great things for the good of the world, he had not only planned and hoped, but, "begun, continued and ended in God," as to make his career in this respect an exceptionally happy one.

The contrast rises in my mind, as I write, between his life and the short, sad, disappointed life of his own father. David Bacon was a visionary man. I like to use, in a noble sense, that word which it is common to utter with a sneer. The vision which he had was a vision of this world made better and happier through his willing toil and suffering: and to this heavenly vision he was not disobedient. Before the awakening of the modern spirit of missions, with no assurance of coöperation or support, he got himself up from his kindred and from his father's house, and, walking beside the horse that bore his only wealth—his bride of seventeen years old—went out into the wilderness of the North-west Territory to teach the knowledge of Jesus Christ to the savage Ojibbeways. There my father and his eldest sister were born. And when, after great hardships, the mission failed through the absolute cutting off of subsistence, the missionary put that heroic girl, his wife, with her two little children, into a returning wagon, and crept back by slow stages, fording the Alleghany river where now stands the city of Pittsburg.

All the way to Connecticut the visionary man was pondering a new thought of service to the world. He had noted the first driblets of emigration flowing from New England into the "Western Reserve," and, seeing the scattered families here and there in the wilderness, he had compassion on them as sheep having no shepherd. Looking back as well as forward, he thought of how New England had been settled by organized colonies, bringing with them the church, the school, the framework of government; and there grew upon his mind the vision of an exclusively Christian colony for New Connecticut. He went back alone into the forest and chose a goodly township of land. He made himself responsible, on the one hand, to the capitalists for his returns; on the other hand, to the colonist for the title to the land; and then he set himself to search Connecticut with a candle for the choicest material out of which to build a Christian community. Men laughed at "Bacon's Heaven," but his faith could bear laughing at. In advance of all his colonists, he went out into the forest where there was no road, and beside the Indian trail he built the log-cabin that sheltered his wife and little children. In that cabin, when the settlers had begun to arrive, family by family, in their canvas-covered wagons, the church was organized, and his baby daughter, the first-born child of the wilderness, was baptized. Things looked bright about him for a year or two; and then came the embargo and the war of 1812, arresting business, suspending payments, extinguishing emigration, and leaving him a bankrupt, helpless between the exactions of the Eastern capitalist, on the one hand, and the reproaches of the settlers on the other. He loaded up his wife and little ones once more into a returning emigrant wagon, came back to Connecticut, and died of a broken heart, "not having received the promise."

The boy left thus, at fifteen years old,—the eldest of seven children, to be the mainstay of the family, was not unlike his father in character. He had the same holy "enthusiasm of humanity," the same high hope of what the world was to become, the same faith in God that there was nothing wrong that could not be set right, and the same confidence that he could help to set it right. But what a difference between the two lives! One, a life in which noble plans and labors for God and man seemed to go out in darkness; the other, blessed through all its later years with the visible fulfillment of its best hopes, the consummation of its work.

When the story of this life comes to be told in detail, the biographer will dwell with



LEONARD BACON, D. D.

delight on many incidents of that heroic childhood in the wilderness; and of the successful struggles of the brave, fatherless boy to educate himself and the younger children. But this sketch is to be confined to the principal of those arduous public labors and controversies which were entered into and achieved in the sixty years of my father's public life.

The first and greatest of them was the Slavery Debate. It is a little difficult for us younger men to conceive the fact that, at the time of my father's entrance on public life, there was no Slavery Question. Questions incident to slavery, were, of course, emerging from time to time. But the Slavery Question was not yet; because, on the fundamental point of the morality of the slave system, men's minds were not divided. There were men enough, of course, who did not care whether it was right or wrong; and there were many more who did not see how it was to be got rid of. But that the system was thoroughly bad and wrong was admitted with substantial unanimity, both North and South. In 1818, the General Assembly of the not then divided Presbyterian Church *unanimously* adopted a notable anti-slavery deliverance; and in no body was the thought, culture, and conscience of the South better represented than in that assembly. Within twenty-five years from that time, the mind of the South had been revolutionized. The justification of the system of slavery as there maintained had become an article of political and religious faith, and the Slavery Question was in the high tide of an agitation that nothing could repress until slavery itself had ceased. Several causes had combined to bring about this change. The introduction of Eli Whitney's cotton-gin had added to the value of every able-bodied field-hand, and created an ever-craving southern market for Virginia negroes. In 1831, the negro insur-

rection at Southampton, Virginia, followed by a panic of terror and ferocious vengeance on the part of the whites, gave rise, in the next year, to a memorable debate in the Virginia Legislature, on the abolition of slavery, and to a vote in which that measure failed of adoption, indeed, but with a large minority in its favor. This was followed by a reaction, and by the beginning of those cold-blooded justifications of the system of American slavery which soon became characteristic of the national, religious, and political literature. Moreover, the defense of the slave-system had now begun to be instigated, and the show of a successful defense made possible, by false positions, bad logic, and in some cases malignant passions, on the part of abolitionists. Societies were formed—a society of indignant philanthropists in New York, and a society of malignant philanthropists in Boston —which, differing and even quarreling on other points, agreed in these two: first, that the system of laws known as American slavery was wicked (in which they were entirely right); and secondly, that every man invested by those wicked laws with the absolute and awful power of a master, was *ipso facto* a man-stealer and a pirate; and in this they were mischievously and suicidally wrong. They not only exasperated and antagonized such good men at the South as were trying to do their best under an evil system while doing their best to remove the evil, but they invited at this point an easy refutation, and so prepared the way for the ready though illogical inference that, since anti-slavery men were wrong, therefore slavery must be right.

From his college and seminary days Leonard Bacon had been active and earnest in measures looking toward the abolition of slavery. But it was in the early years of his pastorate at New Haven that the slavery question arrived at the pitch of exasperation and entanglement above described. It was then that he took, and defined, and defended against all assailants, that true position on the subject of slavery which he held until slavery had ceased to be.

I once heard him say in debate on this subject, quoting the language of Richard Baxter during the civil wars in England, "Where other men have had one enemy, I have had two." The wrath of fanatical defenders of slavery against him was perhaps less fierce than that of its fanatical assailants. Human nature is liable to no more acute paroxysm of rage than that of the rough-and-ready reformer, who, vaguely conscious that he has justice back of him somewhere, and a wrong before him if only he could hit it, is interrupted in mid-torrent of denunciation by an invitation to discriminate.

Accordingly, when the Anti-Slavery party, writing on their banner their one characteristic tenet, "Slave-holding always and everywhere a sin," came clamoring to the doors of missionary societies and church assemblies, demanding condign excommunication for all slave-holders, and were met on the threshold by a resolute man with a flat denial of their proposition, they were at once outrageously angry. And then, being got between the jaws of a definition and severely pinched, they began to cry out against the injustice of being treated in that way, and declared that, when they said slave-holding is always sinful, they only meant the sinful kind of slave-holding. They formally "resolved, that by slave-holding, this, the [Anti-Slavery] Society understands the holding *and treating* of human beings as property." In short, they talked about slave-holding as a certain class of temperance reformers talk about "the traffic," meaning sometimes what they say, and sometimes meaning something else.

When asked, "Wherein do you differ from the Anti-Slavery Society?" Mr. Bacon answered, citing the above-quoted resolution:

> "Just on this point: I utterly repudiate their definition of slave-holding. I deny that they have any right to make such definition. Their attempt to do so is a fraud upon themselves and upon the public. Such a definition is an abuse of words fit only to juggle with. It is the fountain-head of a perpetual stream of sophistry. Words have a meaning of their own which cannot be set aside by an arbitrary definition. Words, and especially such words as we have to do with in political and moral inquiries, are not like the arbitrary symbols of algebra, which bear any meaning we choose to put upon them for the particular operation in which we are using them. . . . No doubt the gentlemen of the society think they mean by slave-holding what the resolution says they mean. No doubt they think that by slave-holding they mean not only the holding of slaves, but the holding of them as property, and the treatment of them as property. No doubt they are perfectly unconscious of the transparency with which their cardinal sophism shines through the very language in which they wrap it up: 'Resolved, that by slave-holding we mean slave-holding and a certain kind of treatment.' This very series of resolutions shows that, in spite of their unanimous resolve, they do not mean what they intend to mean. . . . The fact is that by that word 'slave-holder' they understand just what other people understand by it, 'the master of a slave'; and then, from their arbitrary definition of slave-holding, they derive the irresistible corollary that every slave-holder holds his slaves as property, and treats them accordingly."

If the brunt of my father's argument, in the earlier stages of the slavery controversy was directed more against the so-called abolitionists than against the advocates of slavery, it was because he found that the cause of abolition was more endangered and damaged by the former than by the latter. In fact, he

did not consider the wrongfulness of slavery to be a subject of argument.

> "To me it seems that the man who needs argument on that point cannot be argued with. What elementary idea of right and wrong can that man have? If that form of government, that system of social order is not wrong—if those laws of the Southern States, by virtue of which slavery exists there and is what it is, are not wrong, nothing is wrong. Such a book as Wheeler's 'Law of Slavery' leaves no room for any argument to prove that our southern slavery is wrong, if only the reader is gifted with a moral sense. It is therefore taken for granted in these essays, from first to last, that every man has rights, and that our American slavery—which denies all rights to some two millions of human beings, and decrees that they shall always be held at the lowest point of degradation—is too palpably wrong to be argued about. The wrong of that slavery, however, is one thing, and the way to rectify that wrong is another thing. The wrongfulness of that entire body of laws, opinions, and practices is one thing; and the criminality of the individual master who tries to do right is another thing. These essays treat chiefly of the way in which the wrong can be set right."

"These essays"—from the preface to which I have just quoted—had been written at divers times from 1833 onward, and were collected, in 1846, into a volume which has had a history. It is a book of exact definitions, just discriminations, lucid and tenacious arguments; and it deals with certain obstinate and elusive sophistries in an effective way. It is not to be wondered that when it fell into the hands of a young Western lawyer, Abraham Lincoln,—whose characteristic was "not to be content with an idea until he could bound it north, east, south, and west,"—it should prove to be a book exactly after his mind. It was to him not only a study on slavery, but a model in the rhetoric of debate. It is not difficult to trace the influence of it in that great stump-debate with Douglas, in which Lincoln's main strength lay in his cautious wisdom in declining to take the extreme positions into which his wily antagonist tried to provoke or entice him. When, many years after the little book had been forgotten by the public, and after slavery had fallen before the President's proclamation, it appeared from Lincoln's own declaration to Dr. Joseph P. Thompson that he owed to that book his definite, reasonable, and irrefragable views on the slavery question, my father felt ready to sing the *Nunc dimittis*.

I have dwelt so long on this part of my father's life-work, not only for the truth of the history, but for the moral lesson of the history, which is commonly enough perverted. When the struggle was over, and with hard tugging the car of progress had been got through the slough to the firm ground on the other side, the flies who had all along busied themselves with stinging the teamsters and the horses, alighted together on the box and buzzed their mutual congratulations—"It was a long, hard pull; but we did it, didn't we?" In the general good-will and hand-shaking, no one was disposed to disturb their complacency; and indeed, in the latter days of the war, Mr. Garrison's course had been so rational and patriotic that people were disposed to be more than forgiving, and to remember rather the evil he had suffered than the evil he had done. It was not to be asked that praise so freely conceded by a good-natured public should not be cheerfully accepted by a class of people who had long been compelled to rely, in the matter of eulogy, on a system of mutual exchanges. Even the gentle and judicious Mr. Phillips should hardly be blamed for trying the effect of an aureole before his looking-glass, and posing thus as a meek but now glorified martyr. Humane people have no disposition to grudge a comfortable compensation of kind words and complacent assumptions to persons who have had a hard time not wholly by their own fault. Even when these persons take advantage of the general good feeling to give new vent to their ancient grudges, and repeat their obsolete obloquies upon better men, the disposition is strong to say, "Poor fellows! they can hardly help it, the habit is so strong; we need not mind it, for it really harms no one: injurious language has lost all meaning as they use it." But it begins to be evident that the public forbearance is working grave practical mischief. The moral which some people draw from the mistold story is this: that by sweeping denunciation, steady refusal to accept plain definitions and clear moral distinctions, and persistent pelting with hard names, any point can be carried, if you will only stick to it long enough. In almost any assembly of crotchety people—long-haired men and short-haired women—over a scheme for the reconstruction of the solar system, you will hear the appeal to "Remember Garrison, how he began with nothing and a printing-press against the whole nation, and the whole Church, and how at last he succeeded in bringing everybody over to his side." It is really a matter of interest to public morals that the ingenuous youth of America should know the truth of this matter—that Mr. Garrison and his society never succeeded in anything; that his one distinctive dogma, that slave-holding is always and everywhere a sin, was never accepted to any considerable extent outside of the little ring of his personal adherents; that his vocabulary, which had no word but man-stealer and pirate for the legal guardian of a decrepit negro, or for one holding a

family of slaves in transit for a free State with intent to emancipate them, never became part of the American dictionary; that the sophistry with which he spent a life-time in trying to confuse plain distinctions had little effect except to give acrimony and plausibility to the defense of slavery; and that the final extinction of slavery was accomplished in pursuance of principles which he abhorred, by measures which he denounced, and under the leadership of men like Leonard Bacon in literature and the church, and Abraham Lincoln in politics, who had been the objects of his incessant and calumnious vituperation.

Another great conflict in which my father was conspicuously engaged from the beginning of it, and which he saw through to the end, was the famous Old School and New School controversy in the Presbyterian Church. In a threefold conflict,—between a rigidly conservative and a progressive theology, between exclusiveness and liberality in ecclesiastical administration, and between a Celtic and an English or New England element of membership,—it was natural enough that his sympathies should be with progress, liberty, and the Yankees. But how it was that he, a young man in another denomination and in a remote part of the country, should happen, at the crisis in the Presbyterian Church, to be a leader, and sometimes an official leader, of business and debate in its most intimate affairs, is worth explaining.

The triple cause of division, which already in the last century had occasioned a temporary rupture in the Presbyterian Church, began to work violently when, at the instance of the eminent Rev. Dr. James P. Wilson, young Mr. Albert Barnes, of New Jersey, was called to be his successor in the charge of the First Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia. A sermon by Mr. Barnes had lately been printed which enunciated the distinctive tenets of the New England "improved Calvinism" as against the Scotch theology; and this sermon became the occasion of a controversy that agitated session, presbytery, and synod, and at last, in 1831, reached the General Assembly, meeting in Mr. Barnes's own church.

Not long before this time, the rule had been adopted that "delegates from corresponding bodies" should be admitted to all the rights of membership in the General Assembly; and so it happened that, when a committee of ten was to be raised to consider the case of Mr. Barnes, Leonard Bacon, not thirty years old, from a Congregational church in Connecticut, was a member of it as well as of the judiciary committee. For many years he was the sole survivor of it. The position which he took on that committee and in the debates which went on in the Presbyterian Church until the disruption in 1838 and after it, was not without significance or consequence. But one incidental result was a delightful one to him: it brought him into a relation of warm personal friendship with a man whom he reverenced for his holiness of spirit, even more than for the qualities of his intellect—with Albert Barnes.

The "Old School and New School Controversy" was substantially one debate, whether in New England or outside of New England, in the Presbyterian Church. And, wherever it raged, my father was outspoken in defense of his own clearly defined opinions on the metaphysico-theological questions involved; but his most strenuous contention was in favor of liberty and against that ecclesiastical narrowness which necessitates schism. By and by the larger liberty prevailed; and, after thirty-one years of division, the Presbyterian Church was one again. In the church in Pittsburg where the reuniting had been achieved in 1869, my father was present as a member at the meeting of the General Assembly in 1878, when a tablet was unveiled in memory of that event. It had been forty years since the disruption—forty-seven years since the stormy meeting in which Mr. Barnes's sermon was impeached for heresy. It had been seventy-three years since, a little boy, Leonard Bacon crossed the unbridged Alleghany and threaded the woods where Pittsburg stands. There was a hush of deep respect in the crowded Assembly when he was called on for a speech upon the event commemorated in the tablet; and there was a profound sense of satisfaction in his heart as he responded:

> "It was an event in which the stern, heroic spirit of John Knox held communion with the milder spirit of John Robinson, and in which the traditions of the siege of Derry were mingled with those of the *Mayflower*. It was fit that those two streams of nationality, which constitute the Presbyterian Church as we now have it in this country, should here meet and flow onward in a single stream. May the reunion be perpetual! It was asked at the time, and may be still, What was the meaning of it? It was not the result of diplomacy. It is deeper than that. It means that here, in the presence of this venerable Assembly, I may unchallenged pronounce the saintly name of Albert Barnes, and that means a great deal."

While my father's theological controversies were always for peace, they were always for peace through liberty. Never once, I believe, will he be found to have aimed at peace through an agreement to be silent about differences, or through a make-believe that there were no differences. And the peace that he lived to enjoy through his most happy old age was a stable one. He saw the once hostile theological schools of

Connecticut coöperating in fraternal emulation, and his bosom friend, Bushnell, canonized in the affections of Christian people wherever the English language is read, as saint and doctor of the Church.

I do not know of an important public question which has come up during these sixty years, in which my father was not a disputant. He was first, or among the first, to inaugurate the movement for cheap postage in America, and he followed it up by pertinacious criticism that refused to be put off with the delusive half-measures with which the friends of the reform were to be appeased. He fought, week after week, in many newspapers at once, as well as in public speech, against the folly of eternal greenbacks, not as a folly only, but as an immorality. And he lived to see it extinguished in the resumption of specie payment. Every political question was to him a moral question; but it was the distinctively moral questions in politics that kindled him to fervid heat. It was like him, that—when his children found him, in the early morning, in the brief and not ungentle pang that released him from this earthly life—there should be lying near him on his table an unfinished article against the Mormon iniquity, with his pen beside it, as he had left it the evening before.

He had inexpressible delight in seeing the fair fruitage of the seed that his martyr father had sowed in tears. Several times, in the course of his life, he went to Tallmadge, Ohio, and saw the glorious beauty realized that his father had beheld only in prophetic vision. On the last two occasions, some of his sons were with him. We stopped at Hudson and talked with survivors of the pioneers, about the events of the few months when the missionary had his family among them; and we went out to find the site of the log schoolhouse, and heard one aged woman tell about that famous school exhibition when there was a dialogue out of the "Columbian Orator," between William Penn and Hernando Cortez on the Treatment of the Indians, and how little Leonard Bacon, as William Penn, carried off all the honors from big John Brown, who was in favor of severer measures. Poor John Brown!—how well Bacon remembered Brown's father, that could not speak for stuttering, except when he rose to pray in the prayer-meeting; and remembered John himself, and interceded tenderly with Governor Wise, of Virginia, to spare the old man's life, after the affair of Harper's Ferry!

And thence we drove down the straight road, due south, to Tallmadge. The people of the town came out with us in a multitude, the next day, to look for the site of the old log-cabin by the Indian trail. My father was the first to find it. He knew it by the clear spring—overgrown now with weeds and bushes—that bubbled up in the old cellar. Behind was the hill-slope that they cleared the first season, building mighty fires; and he remembered the calcined bones of the rattlesnakes that they threw into the fires. In front was the forest of great trees—they stand there yet—through which ran the Indian trail. There, the first winter, it was great sport to the two little children to watch the browsing deer, and to rap on the window-pane, and see them turn their white tails and scud into the forest. It was less like sport to hear the howling of the wolves at night. Happily they were too young to know all it meant when the master of the house was gone, and the gangs of prowling Indians came to the door to ask for a drink; and when, at evening, the young mother tugged with all her strength to drag a heavy chest over the floor for a barricade.

A few months after our visit, when the citizens of Tallmadge sent my father a deed of the plot of ground containing the little ruin of his father's cabin, he felt somewhat as Abraham may have felt when he took the title-deed of the cave of Machpelah—all he ever owned in the land of promise. In the last June before he died, the Tallmadge people sent again for the son of their Founder, and escorted him with bands of music at the head of a procession of farmers' wagons a mile long, to the site of the old cabin, where, on the base of the ruined chimney, had been laid a noble bowlder of granite, thus inscribed:

HERE
THE FIRST CHURCH IN TALLMADGE
WAS GATHERED IN THE
HOUSE OF
REV. DAVID BACON,
JAN. 22, 1809.

JUNE 2, 1881.

It was a fitting incident in the closing year of my father's life. He returned from that pleasant, homely festival, well assured that when his children's children should come to show their children the scene of that heroic life in the wilderness, the spot would not have been lost from the memory of men.

My father's services to history were very great, though this part of his life's work bore less the mark of completeness than other parts. His earliest important work of history, "Thirteen Historical Discourses" (1839), was followed by multitudinous historical articles and discourses, many of them on commemorative occasions. By common consent,

he seemed to be recognized, in all his later life, as the historiographer of New England Puritanism. His latest important volume was "The Genesis of the New England Churches," which he would have been glad to follow with the Exodus, and so to complete a Pentateuch of Puritan history. His latest pamphlet, reprinted from the "New Englander" for November, he was sending out to his friends on the last day of his life: it was a beautiful painting of domestic life in New England a hundred years ago. And on his study-table, beside the unfinished article on "The Utah Problem," lay another, also unfinished, on the Antinomian controversy in New England two hundred and fifty years ago. My father had an individual, personal love for each one of the saints and heroes of New England history; but I am sure that it never occurred to him that he was one of them.

I have found, in a drawer of his table, some of his old college declamations, and am touched with the fervid warmth of the boy's hope and expectation that the conversion of the whole world to the faith of Christ was about to be achieved. This, after all, was the one inspiration, the one plan, the one conscious purpose of his life. He conceived it, measured it in its majestic magnitude, set himself about it as a thing to be accomplished. It possessed his mind when he was a boy of twenty in the theological seminary, and some of the best of his poetry was of that period and on that theme. It was then that he prepared the first collection of hymns for missionary meetings printed in America, in which his own verses were among the best and most enduring. His ordination to the ministry was to the work of an evangelist, that he might take up the work that had dropped from the fainting hands of his missionary father. And it was with reluctance that he yielded to the arguments and urgencies that demanded his services for the church at New Haven, which he served in the Gospel for fifty-six years. But he was reconciled to the change when he came to apprehend, as he did each year more and more distinctly, that the work of the Gospel and the Church in all the world is one work. He in his pulpit, amid the elms of New Haven Green and under the shadow of Yale College, was carrying forward the same great enterprise in which his seminary friend, Eli Smith, was toiling under the heights of Lebanon, and his protégé, Peter Parker, in the hospital at Canton. And they felt it as well as he. Missionaries, the world over, relied on him as a counselor and sometimes as an advocate. His most characteristic powers were never so conspicuous as in impromptu debate; and his most memorable debates were made on the floor of the American Board of Foreign Missions. In New Haven, a monthly missionary meeting was held on Sunday evenings, in which several of the principal churches and their pastors united; and it was at those "monthly concerts" that he was accustomed to unroll, from month to month and year to year, the panorama of the whole world's current history — wars, diplomacies, revolutions, discoveries, councils, missions, revivals — in its bearing on the one controlling thought of his life — the advancing reign of Jesus Christ over the human race. There are many graduates of Yale College who will testify that the "monthly concert addresses" of Dr. Bacon were to them not the least important part of their liberal education.

"Here, then," some will say, "were an undertaking and a hope so vast that they must needs be disappointed. The life that is devoted to a project so immense as the conversion of the world to Christianity dooms itself to end in a consciousness of failure." I do not suppose that the expectations of my father in his boyhood, as to what he might live to see of the advancement of "the kingdom of righteousness, peace, and joy," were definite. They were rather infinite. But if any one had drawn before him the picture of the changes that should come over the face of the earth during the period of his active service as a minister of the Gospel, the daring faith of the young theological student might have staggered at the vision. The "American Board," mother of all our organizations for foreign missions, was then a feeble infant, whose little strength seemed, nevertheless, sufficient for all the work that it was possible to do in the existing condition of the world. Its first missionaries were repulsed from the shores of India by the authority of Christian England, and they might have explored the coasts of many a continent and the islands of many a sea with small chance of encountering a more cordial welcome. Sailing toward the Levant, the associates of his fervid prayer and song in the seminary lecture-rooms — Fisk, and Parsons, and Eli Smith — would have been warned away from every port of Europe, as if the Cross which they bore had been the yellow flag of pestilence; they found under the Crescent of Islam a contemptuous toleration that was more than Christendom would concede. My father had hardly completed twenty-five years of service as pastor at New Haven, when it became his good fortune to traverse the whole extent of the Turkish Empire in Syria, Mesopotamia, and Armenia, and witness everywhere the springing of the seed that had been sown through

all those years of hope deferred and heart-sickness, the harvest of which has since been ripening visibly before his eyes. Returning through Europe, he witnessed on every side the cruel exultation of the restored despotisms over the recent overthrow of the Revolution. He watched this triumphing of the wicked, and waited as they that watch for the morning; and presently "it passed away, and lo! it was not; he sought it, and it could not be found." Slavery and the slave-trade had sealed one continent against commerce and missions; and he lived to see slavery and the slave-trade extinguished, largely in consequence of his own labors, and to see the dark continent shot through with lines of light. I may not further dwell upon the often reiterated, but always amazing catalogue of the wonderful things wrought during this sixty years "in the name of the holy child Jesus." No eye scanned it more intently or more prophetically; no tongue or pen could sum it up more eloquently than his. But I may speak of two names on the map of the world, which, in his youth and down to within the recent memory of his children, had been the symbols of hopeless heathenism and resistance to the Christian light, but which are now identified with the brightest hopes and triumphs of the universal church. Standing by unchallenged right with those who stood nearest to the coffin, in which his sons lifted that dear and noble form to carry it in great triumph to the burial, were two youthful faces whose Oriental tint and contour marked them, among the kinsfolk, as of strange lineage, but who loved to call him Father, and whom he had loved and cherished in his own home as his own children. No tears of a sincerer grief dropped upon his happy grave than those of the Christian young man from China, and the Christian girl from Japan, who had learned of the power of the Gospel through his words and prayers and holy life.

Leonard Woolsey Bacon.

"O WIND THAT BLOWS OUT OF THE WEST."

O WIND that blows out of the West,
  Thou hast swept over mountain and sea,
Dost thou bear on thy swift, glad wings
  The breath of my love to me?
Hast thou kissed her warm, sweet lips?
  Or tangled her soft, brown hair?
Or fluttered the fragrant heart
  Of the rose she loves to wear?

O sun that goes down in the West,
  Hast thou seen my love to-day,
As she sits in her beautiful prime
  Under skies so far away?
Hast thou gilded a path for her feet,
  Or deepened the glow on her cheeks,
Or bent from the skies to hear
  The low, sweet words she speaks?

O stars that are bright in the West
  When the hush of the night is deep,
Do ye see my love as she lies
  Like a chaste, white flower asleep?
Does she smile as she walks with me
  In the light of a happy dream,
While the night winds rustle the leaves,
  And the light waves ripple and gleam?

O birds that fly out of the West,
  Do ye bring me a message from her,
As sweet as your love-notes are,
  When the warm spring breezes stir?
Did she whisper a word of me
  As your tremulous wings swept by,
Or utter my name, mayhap,
  In a single passionate cry?

O voices out of the West,
  Ye are silent every one,
And never an answer comes
  From wind, or stars, or sun!
And the blithe birds come and go
  Through the boundless fields of space,
As reckless of human prayers
  As if earth were a desert place!

Julia C. R. Dorr.