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DISCOURSES



COMMEMORATIVE OF THE LIFE AND WORK

OF

✓
CHARLES HODGE, D.D., LL.D.

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE DIRECTORS AND TRUSTEES OF
THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY AT PRINCETON, N. J.

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1879.

ADDRESS

BY

WILLIAM M. PAXTON, D.D., OF NEW YORK,

AT THE

OBSEQUIES OF THE REV. DR. HODGE,

IN THE

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, OF PRINCETON, N. J.,

JUNE 22, 1878.

ADDRESS.

THIS is a sorrow which we all feel: the family which is bereaved of one whom they so fondly loved; the Seminary which loses its Patriarchal head; the Professors who are deprived of one who was to them a father, brother, and helper; the College from which is taken one of its wisest and most experienced trustees; the theological students who mourn for an instructor whom they revered, at whose feet they sat with delight, and around whom they clustered with the fondest affection; the ministers who have gathered here to-day to sorrow for a teacher whose memory binds them in fondest associations with this sacred place; and this whole community—all Princeton—is afflicted with a common sorrow in the death of a citizen whose memory is hallowed in every household, whose name has added to the renown of this seat of learning, and whose life and character has thrown around it the halo of its own glory. But, looking beyond our personal and individual sorrow, we must all feel that this bereavement extends, in its wider relations, to the church, the country, and the world.

When the announcement of the decease of Charles Hodge is made by the telegraph and the newspaper, it will send a thrill of sorrow far and wide. It will be felt not simply in one church, but in many—not in one nation, but in many nations. There are few men in this generation who have linked themselves with the

whole world by so many strong and endearing ties. How many Missionaries in the ends of the earth will hear this message, and breathe a sigh of regret that one from whom they caught the spirit of missions, and from whom the Gospel has sounded out to the ends of the earth, has been called to rest from his labors.

The forty-eight Presbyterian bodies scattered throughout the wide world will feel that a standard-bearer, a champion, a defender, has fallen just in the hour when the battle thickens. The General Assemblies of Scotland and Ireland, who delighted to do him honor at the celebration of his Semi-Centennial, will mourn that the great expounder of the Augustinian theology, and a leader of the world's thought, has passed away. Men of intellect and education of all classes will say that a great man and a prince has fallen in Israel; whilst Christians of many denominations, and all who love the Lord Jesus Christ, will regret that one who taught, by a world-wide influence, that the name of Jesus is above every name, has passed from among the living. Oh, yes! the *world* will feel his loss, and we as individuals realize to-day only too keenly that he is gone.

But he died with his armor on. He was called

“ Like a watch-worn and weary sentinel
To put his armor off and rest—in heaven.”

It only remains for us to recount the incidents of his life, to estimate his worth, and to give thanks for that divine grace which endowed him with so many virtues, and equipped him for so much usefulness.

CHARLES HODGE was born in the city of Philadelphia on the 28th day of December, 1797. His father was Dr. Hugh Hodge, a physician of great promise and

large practice, who died at the early age of forty-three years, leaving a widow and two sons. His mother was Maria Blanchard, of Boston, a lady of rare excellence and endowments, to whom both these distinguished brothers were greatly indebted for their mental and moral culture.

In a brief family record, made shortly before his death, he makes this mention of his mother: "When my father died he left a widow little more than thirty years old, and two children; Hugh Lenox Hodge, aged two years, and the present writer, aged six months. It is no marvel that mothers are sacred in the eyes of their children. The debt they owe them is beyond all estimate. To our mother, my brother and myself, under God, owe absolutely everything. To us she devoted her life. For us she prayed, labored, and suffered." After describing the commercial embarrassments which preceded the war of 1812, by which his mother's income was almost entirely cut off, he proceeds: "This was the time we were preparing for College. Instead of putting her children off her hands, and leaving them to provide for themselves, by sacrificing all she had, and by the most self-denying economy, she succeeded in securing for them the benefits of a Collegiate education. She lived long enough to see both her sons settled in life and heads of families."

In the same record he makes mention of his brother, Hugh L. Hodge, who afterwards became so eminent both as a physician and a Christian. "My brother was far more than a brother to me. Although only eighteen months my senior, he assumed from the first the office of guardian. He always went first in the dark. I never slept out of his arms until I was eleven or twelve

years old. I have now distinctly before my mind the room in which that crisis of my life occurred. I well recollect how quietly after blowing out the candle I jumped into bed and threw the cover over my head. Having lived through that night I afterwards got on very well." But the kindness of his brother was not confined to his boyhood, for this striking record follows: "No Professor in Princeton was ever able to bring up and educate a family of children on his salary. My brother, without waiting to be asked, always helped me through. He seemed to regard me as himself, and my children as his own. Although he rose to eminence as a physician and Professor in medicine, he was revered principally for his goodness."

The early life of Dr. Charles Hodge was passed in his native city, Philadelphia. At twelve years of age he commenced his classical studies in the Academy in Somerville, New Jersey, and afterwards pursued them in a school in Princeton. He entered the Sophomore class in Nassau Hall in 1812; the year in which Dr. Ashbel Green became President of the Institution. About this time his earlier religious impressions ripened into a decided religious character. Upon this point, in the record from which I have previously quoted, he says: "Our early training was religious. Our mother was a Christian. She took us regularly to church, and carefully drilled us in the Westminster Catechism. There has never been anything remarkable in my religious experience, unless it be that it began very early. I think that in my childhood I came nearer to conforming to the Apostle's injunction, 'Pray without ceasing,' than at any other period of my life. As far as I can remember I had the habit of thanking God for everything that

I received, and of asking Him for everything that I wanted. I thought of God as an everywhere present being, full of kindness and love, who would not be offended if children talked to Him." His formal connection with the church was in December, 1814. His friend, Kinsey Van Dyke, was received at the same communion. Soon after a remarkable revival of religion commenced in the College, which Dr. Maclean thinks originated in the impression made upon the minds of the students by the stand which these two young men had taken upon the side of Christ. The pious students were greatly encouraged and stimulated to greater prayer and effort. The result was a divine blessing under which a large number of students were converted and brought into the membership of the church. Among this number were John Johns, afterwards Bishop of Virginia, and Charles P. McIlvaine, afterwards Bishop of Ohio, Rev. Ravaud K. Rogers, so well known in New Jersey, also the Rev. Symmes C. Henry.

Dr. Hodge, in connection with this revival, among much else that is interesting, but which time will not permit us to quote, mentions the names of two students who, he said, were enshrined in his memory as remarkable illustrations of the power of goodness. The one was Charles B. Storrs, son of the Rev. Richard S. Storrs, of Long Meadow, Mass. The other was John Newbold, a member of the Episcopal Church in Philadelphia. Writing of the latter, he says: "For a series of years I acted upon the purpose of not allowing his memory to die out in the Seminary. Therefore once, at least, in three years—an academic generation with us—I held him up as an example. *I wished to make the students see how much good can be done by simply being*

good." This sentence ends the record, and is perhaps one of the last sentences penned by our venerated father. It is a sentence worthy of being remembered, and as his last utterance it should sink into our hearts. "*I wished to make the students see how much good can be done by simply being good.*"

Dr. Hodge graduated from Nassau Hall at the commencement in 1815. On that occasion he delivered the Valedictory, and received the second honor in his class, Bishop Johns having taken the first. The following year he spent in study in Philadelphia, and in 1816 he entered the Princeton Theological Seminary, where Bishops Johns and McIlvaine were again his classmates. The friendship thus begun between these three remarkable men continued through life. Graduating from the Seminary in 1819, he spent the following winter in the study of Hebrew in Philadelphia. This was done at the suggestion of Dr. Alexander, who had first noticed him as a boy in the grammar-school, and having followed him with a watchful eye through his whole course, had now, in his own mind, selected him as a future Professor in the Seminary. Dr. Hodge frequently said that the most startling sentence he ever heard in his life was Dr. Alexander's question, "Charles, how would you like to be a Professor in the Seminary?" Such an idea had never before entered his own mind. In 1820, he was appointed as assistant teacher of the Oriental languages. In 1822, he was elected by the General Assembly to the Chair of Biblical Literature. To complete his preparation for the great life-work which was now opening before him, he went abroad to pursue a wider course of study in the German Universities. Two years were thus spent in Halle, Berlin,

and Paris. His return to the duties of his chair in the Seminary was in 1828.

In 1825, he commenced the publication of the *Biblical Repertory*. It was at first restricted to selections from foreign works in the department of Biblical literature; but on his return from Europe it was deemed expedient to enlarge its scope, and "*Princeton Review*" was added to the title. Assisted by a brilliant and effective corps of writers, the Review soon assumed a prominent position among the leading Quarterlies of the age. Its career is a part of the literary history of the country. It was a great formative power in the theology of the church. It was in this that Dr. Hodge developed his great powers. His articles, characterized by such massive learning and logical force, soon gave him the position of a leader in theological thought. Upon no point of doctrine did his trumpet ever give an uncertain sound. Controversy was inevitable, and his blows were hard, and his logic inexorable, but his discussions were dignified and courteous. It was in this Review that his strength became apparent to the world, and gave him such eminence as a thinker. For a period of forty-three years, from 1825 to 1868, he sustained the intellectual burden of this great review, with no other compensation than the high privilege of making it an organ for upholding sound doctrine and the honor of our common Redeemer.

In the year 1840, Dr. Hodge was transferred to the Chair of Systematic Theology, at the desire of Dr. Alexander, whose advancing age began to require exemption from heavy work. To this Polemic Theology was added at the death of Dr. Alexander in the year 1851. On these departments he bestowed the most assiduous labor of his life. He wrote and re-wrote his

lectures with great care, ever keeping abreast of the advance of the times, and meeting every change in the complexion and hues of public thought, with an aptitude that commanded the delight and admiration of the students. Connected with all these labors he found time to prepare and publish the numerous other works which have commanded the admiration and gratitude of the church.

His commentary on the Epistle to the Romans, which first established for him a European reputation, and gave him a place in the hearts of sound thinkers in all denominations, was issued in 1835.

His "Way of Life," in which the great thinker was made known to the world as the humble and devout Christian, using all his great thoughts to promote humility, spirituality and love, was written in 1841 when lying on his back, during a period of suffering, when it was not known whether the issue would be life or death.

In successive years, his Commentaries upon First and Second Corinthians and Ephesians were published.

His great work, his *Systematic Theology*, the result of all the labor and culture of his life, was prepared after he had reached his seventieth year. It was not the publication of lectures prepared for the students, but a new work in which the thought was re-cast, and the whole re-written, so as to embody the results of his riper wisdom and matured scholarship. This is the work which divine Providence had prepared him to execute, and for the completion of which he was spared to mature old age. For this, his students had been anxiously looking, and when at last it issued from the press, many hearts' thanksgivings were uttered to God for his kindness in permitting him to bestow upon the church

this Thesaurus of thought and learning. This is the work which will transmit his fame to coming generations. His great distinction as a theologian is his logical clearness and the beautiful balance of his mental operations. Some theologians are distinguished for their power in handling single subjects. They seize salient points and prove and enforce them with great cogency; but Dr. Hodge combined with this power the rare faculty of presenting a subject so balanced in its connections with all other subjects, as to exhibit the harmony of the whole system. It was this that made him so useful and satisfactory as a teacher. He was never obscure. He had gone through the subject himself, and was able to lead the student in a plain path. His work will live to mould thought and guide inquiry for generations to come. It is an anchorage that will keep the church from drifting into error. There are times when public sentiment seems to drift by the force of undercurrents; but a work like this is an "anchor sure and steadfast." When epidemical influences have spent their force, and calm thought returns, the exhibition of truth in this work is so clear and cogent that thoughtful minds under its guidance will return to the conviction, that, if the Scriptures are the word of God, then these volumes are the exposition of the system of doctrines which the Scriptures contain.

The event of central interest in the life of Dr. Hodge was his SEMI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION. It was contrary to his own feeling, but it was a spontaneous movement upon the part of the students and friends of the Seminary to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his Professorship. It is so unusual to find one who is spared to complete so lengthy a period of labor, and so many cir-

circumstances of interest and importance seemed involved in it, that he was compelled to sacrifice his personal feeling to gratify the loving impulses of his friends. It was a day long to be remembered. Loving students gathered from every part of the land. Many of them were venerable gray-haired fathers in the church. They had come from their distant homes, drawn by a powerful constraint to look once more upon the face of their aged teacher, and amidst the stirring remembrances of their early days, to express their love and gratitude to one whom God had made to them a source of so much blessing. It was common on that day to hear old men, as they mentioned his name to each other, say, under the stirrings of youthful emotions, "I never so loved any man." Scholars, men of thought and learning, from many spheres, Professors in other institutions, and men of rank and position in other denominations—all came to do him honor. The General Assembly of Ireland sent its delegates with their warmest salutations. The General Assembly of Scotland sent an official address, recognizing his high position, and his claims upon the loyal affections of all Christian people. Professors and representatives from other Seminaries and literary institutions, many of them from other denominations of Christians, were present to unite in a tribute of respect and affection which few men in the history of the world have ever been permitted to call forth. When in response to all this language of compliment and affection, that aged man arose and spoke like a father to his children, in the simplest utterances, often choked by the swelling of emotions; ascribing all honor to God, and showing how little credit he took to himself, attributing the efficiency and success of the Seminary

to his honored predecessors, and setting forth the Scriptures as the source of all truth, and Christ as the centre of all hope, the hearts of all were melted to tenderness at the thought of that grace which can make greatness so humble, and produce of the wreck of the Fall such a beautiful specimen of sanctified humanity.

Dr. Hodge was permitted to continue his labors to the end. Though relieved for the past year by the assistance of his son, he continued the discharge of his duties in the Seminary to the end of the last term; and when the students gathered around him to receive his benediction, he was so well and cheerful that it seemed as though he might be spared to equip still other laborers for the harvest. His last public sermon was at the funeral of his life-long friend, Professor Henry, in Washington City. Shortly after, an attack of pain resulted in a prostration under which he gradually sunk. He was fully aware of his approaching end, and looked for it with the quietude and calmness that characterized his life. It was the event for which his whole life was a preparation. He met death as a familiar friend. He had never been accustomed to talk of his own experience, and his feebleness did not permit him any indulgence of emotion now. Occasional words indicated the direction of his thought. He silently revolved in his mind verses of hymns and passages of Scripture, and he sometimes remarked that his memory was failing, that he could not remember the clauses and connections as he wished. When a member of his family burst into tears at his bed-side, he took her hand and said, "Do not grieve. To be absent from the body is to be with the Lord, to be with the Lord is to see the Lord, to see the Lord is to be like Him." With this simple faith he

passed into the joy of his Lord. It is a comfort for us to think that he was permitted to finish his course, and fulfil his mission in life. His period of labor has not many parallels. He had been a teacher in this Seminary for fifty-eight years, and a professor for fifty-six. Dr. Miller had filled his chair for thirty-six years, and Dr. Alexander for thirty-nine.

Human life is often a record of purposes broken off in the midst, and of usefulness suddenly terminated. The most affecting prayer that David ever uttered was, "O Lord, take me not away in the midst of my days." He prayed against death, he prayed for life to complete his plans and purposes. David had it in his heart to build the temple, but he had to lie down and die long before the work was accomplished; and so it often is. The young man is cut down in the very dew of his youth, just when the vision of life is opening before him. The husbandman has to leave the plough in the furrow, the artist his half-finished picture upon the canvas, the merchant his business just when fortune is within his grasp, the minister has to leave his pulpit just when his heart is yearning to bring other souls into the garner.

But it was permitted our revered father to labor on to the very shades of evening, and to fill out the full measure of human existence. After seeing the plans and purposes of his life consummated, he might have said as the Master did, at least in a modified sense, "I have glorified Thee upon the earth. I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do."

Such is the record of his life. Time will not permit us to enter into a detailed estimate of his character and worth. To the world he is known as a great theologian,

but we who knew him better feel assured that as a Christian he was greater still. His growth and development in intellect and knowledge was only exceeded by his growth in grace. His great thoughts had a reflex spiritual influence in stimulating spirituality and exciting devotion. The truth which he thought, was the truth upon which his soul lived. His conception of God seemed an ever present realization, and the love of Christ was ever warm in his heart. He was always humble, tender, loving, and devotional. With mighty strength of thought he combined so much that was gentle, tender, and emotional, that he always appeared to the students as the impersonation of the Apostle John. He was so sincere that no one ever left his class-room with any doubt of his cordial belief of every word he uttered, or of his deep experience of the truth in his own soul. His heart was very impressible, and the truth often produced within him a sudden gush of emotion. It was this that gave him moments of power in the pulpit. His preaching was ordinarily calm, and his current of thought too deep for popular impression. But there were times when the momentary swell of sudden and tender emotion made him a powerful orator. No one who was present will ever forget an impromptu address which he delivered in the First Church, in Princeton, about the time his son sailed as a missionary for India. His fatherly affection working in unison with his religious feeling, awoke him to a power of pathos which thrilled that whole assembly with a wonderful impulse. Another instance of a similar kind occurred at the funeral of Professor Dod. They had been intimate friends. They were both great thinkers, and had often talked together upon the greatest themes. Dr. Hodge had been with

Professor Dod in his last hours, when his heart had been opened to speak of Christ and his dying confidence. With these powerful impressions upon his mind he arose to deliver his funeral address. Professor Dod had left with him a message for the college students. When he came to that point in his discourse, his heart swelled, and lifting his head from the manuscript, he stood erect, and waving his hand to the students who sat in the gallery, whilst the tears poured down his face, he delivered the message with a gust of emotion that went through that audience like the sweep of a storm through the forest. All hearts were broken, and for the moment were held and swayed by a mighty power. The scene stands before my mind this moment as the most powerful effect of oratory which I have ever witnessed.

To sum up all, I may say that when due allowance is made for his intellect and his learning, after all his chief power was in his goodness. Christ enshrined in his heart was the centre of his theology and his life. The world will write upon his monument GREAT; but we, his students will write upon it GOOD. He was as good as he was great.

There is a picture of Thomas Aquinas which represents him as bowing before a crucifix, when the Master addressing him, says: "Thomas, thou hast written well concerning me. What reward wilt thou have for thyself for all that thou hast done for me?" To this he answers: "Nothing but thyself, Lord." This answer embodies the very spirit and life of our departed father. He wrote and toiled for Jesus, and if he had been asked, "What reward wilt thou have for thyself?" he would have answered:

"Nothing but thyself, Lord."

A TRIBUTE

INTRODUCTORY TO THE

OPENING LECTURE OF THE SESSION OF 1878-9,

PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY,

SEPTEMBER 6, 1878,

BY PROF. CHARLES A. AIKEN, D.D.

TRIBUTE.

WHEN the head of a household has been taken away, a very dear and precious home may remain to those who are left behind, and yet for a time it will be very far from home-like. A great void must be faced whichever way they turn. Reverence misses an object before which it has delighted to bow; affection an object to which it has loved to bring its tributes and render its choicest ministries. Counsel must now be taken for themselves and their common interests by those who, if they have outgrown the period in which they were passive objects of care, have still instinctively submitted all their plans to be moulded by the ripe wisdom, the larger experience, the tender, shielding thoughtfulness that are now withdrawn from over them. To attempt to walk in one's later and more responsible way—in the spirit and in the steps of him who is gone—is not quite the same thing as to walk by the side and under the shadow of one, nearness to whom has of itself developed security and created a habit of dependence.

As we gather here to-day we cannot feel that we are quite at home. A place is empty, a voice is silent; such a place, and such a voice! A feeling of strangeness is upon us all. To be without the presiding presence of him whose connection with the Seminary dates from its fifth year, who was for one generation the trusted and honored junior colleague of its venerated

fathers, and who for another generation was himself its senior Professor, will not easily become natural to us. His character and services have long been a large part of our treasure. And while this blessed past is secure, and while this grand influence is to us more than to any others immortal, we are now by his translation thrown back on what has been spoken, written, lived by him, and cannot come as beforetime for counsel, teaching, inspiration to the living, loving man.

Great has been our privilege, and great has been our pride in his presence. To be under the influence of his broad and admirably balanced views of truth; his ample, well compacted and varied learning with respect to truth and error; his clearness, thoroughness, steadfastness of conviction concerning the truths that are fundamental and vital; his chivalrous loyalty to truth, and above all his determination and power in tracing and exhibiting the connections of all real truth with Him who is "the Truth;" who can estimate the intellectual value to us of all this? But it was more than this that to be near him was of itself an impulse to holiness. To him more than to any other man I ever knew had the grace been given not only to "bring into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ," but to draw the motives of life from Christ, and to find the daily strength and joy of life in Christ. Partly of nature, but more of grace, was his tender love, "passing the love of women;" his most catholic sympathy with all who held to Christ; his scrupulous desire and effort to do generous justice to men whose errors he might still deem grave, and to manifest the charity which Paul commends (and of which his life was a richer exposition than even the prized instructions of the lecture

room and the Commentary) ; his humble, natural forgetfulness and disparagement of himself and of his due. If men here and there, disliking his views of truth, transferred to him their hard judgments of the faith which the church will evermore identify with his name, we can only wish that they had known him better. To us his character and life gave large endorsement to his views.

Another occasion will, it is hoped, before the session is far advanced, bring before us a more careful and complete tribute to his worth and work, from one whose opportunities of knowing him were exceeded only by the admiration and devotion that grew out of them. But to-day my lips would refuse to utter a word on any other theme, did I not first endeavor (and the more eagerly as one not to this manner born, but adopted into the family) to give voice in a few sad and sincere, however inadequate, sentences to that which burdens the hearts of us all.

From the pulpit we had reluctantly learned to become accustomed to his enforced absence. The necessity is upon us of becoming wonted to his absence from the lecture room, the conference room, the communion service, our faculty consultations, and the thousand forms of individual intercourse with him, in which admiration, reverence, love, delight, gratitude were struggling for ascendancy in us. We gird ourselves for new tasks. His lips and his life have taught us to whom to look both for large consolation and for adequate supplies of grace.

MEMORIAL DISCOURSE

DELIVERED IN THE

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, PRINCETON, N. J.,

APRIL 27, 1879,

By HENRY A. BOARDMAN, D.D.,

OF PHILADELPHIA.

DISCOURSE.

“THE DISCIPLE WHOM JESUS LOVED.”—John xxi. 20.

THE only flaws which even microscopic unbelief claims to have detected in the ethical system of the New Testament, are these two, viz. : that it fails to inculcate the virtues of patriotism and of friendship. Without adverting to the former, it is rather amusing to be told, that the obligations of friendship are ignored by a book which sums up the entire duty of man towards his fellows in the precept, “Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself,” and the whole tendency of whose teachings and ordinances is, to bring the race together in a universal brotherhood. The book, however, goes quite beyond this ; for, not content with enjoining the duty, it supplies numerous examples of true friendship, and among them the most illustrious instance to be found in the annals of our race.

We are not at liberty to doubt that our blessed Lord entertained a strong personal affection for each one of his apostles, Judas alone excepted. But there were three of them whom He honored with special marks of His esteem and confidence. As among the loved, they were the more beloved ; and, as among the more beloved, one was the most loved of all. Peter, James and John were permitted to be with Him when He recalled the daughter of Jairus to life, in the glory of His

transfiguration, in His memorable discourse (to which Andrew also was a listener) on the coming destruction of Jerusalem, and in His agony in the garden. But upon John He bestowed other tokens of His friendship, which were shared by none of his brethren. He was, by pre-eminence, "*the disciple whom Jesus loved.*" So undisguised was this partiality, that this beautiful periphrasis became, naturally enough, his own mode of speaking of himself. Four times over does he use it in his Gospel, and in relations which show that the other apostles understood and recognized the place he held in their Master's esteem. Of the reasons for this preference we are not informed; but it is not difficult to believe that John's character was one to attract the sympathy and affection of his Lord. By nature frank, ardent, decided, courageous, a very "son of thunder," he was at the same time gentle, loving, and confiding, a very "son of consolation." It was both proof and illustration of his position with his Master, that he should have received at His hands that opulent store of gifts and graces which we trace in every line he wrote. Inflexible in his maintenance of the truth, and stern in his rebuke of errorists, the whole strain of his Epistles shows that, like his Saviour, love was the element in which he lived, and moved, and had his being.

Again, what a scene was that at the last supper. We read of it without stopping to picture it to ourselves,—John leaning his head upon that sacred breast, which he could not have done unless Jesus' arm was around him—the attitude, of all others, expressive of tender, mutual affection.

Yet if this impresses us, what must be thought of that wonderful spectacle at the cross, when our adorable

Redeemer, amidst the jeers of the crowd and the agonies of crucifixion, commits His weeping mother to the care of this chosen disciple: "Woman, behold thy son!" "Behold thy mother!" thus putting John in His own place, and joining together in this hallowed union the two people most honored of God at that time among the millions of the race, and whom He himself loved above all others in the world.

Still further honor is to be lavished upon the beloved disciple after his Lord's ascension. Three evangelists were inspired to record the principal acts, the miracles, the parables, and some of the discourses of the great Teacher. But there was still needed a narrative which should be made up mainly of His own words: which should set the God-man more distinctly before us; which should reveal to us more of the inner life of that mysterious nature, and open to us the way for a more intimate communion with Him. When *such* a biography was to be written, who but John could be appointed to the exalted office? Is it fanciful to suggest that he may have written every line of it, with the blessed mother, whom he had "taken to his own house," sitting at his side? And what nobler distinction could have been conferred upon him, than that of being commissioned to write the book of which every Christian, of whatever age or land, would say, "If I must be deprived of all the books of the Bible but one, leave me the Gospel of John."

One crowning token of his Master's love remains. The glorified Redeemer, arrayed in His coronation robes, condescends to visit His aged servant in his exile, to "speak to him face to face, as a man speaketh unto his friend," to draw aside for him the curtain which

hides the future from every eye but that of Omniscience, and to instruct him to depict, as on a glowing canvas, the fortunes of the church and of the world for all the coming ages. He thus becomes the only prophet whose predictions will find their term only when time itself expires.

When the centurion saw the marvels which attended the crucifixion, he exclaimed, "Truly, this was the Son of God." So, when the facts that have now been so inadequately stated are duly considered, every one must be ready to say, "Truly, this was the disciple whom Jesus loved."

And what Scripture could be suggested more appropriate to the present service—a service, I may be excused for adding, which I have consented to share with my brethren, not because I feel myself at all equal to its just requirements, but first, because there are requests which have the authority of commands; and secondly, because an intimate, confidential friendship running through forty-five years, imposes obligations which it were treason to the promptings of one's own affections to contemn.

Having accepted the invitation thus proffered through the courtesy of the venerable Faculty of our Seminary, and of those whose wishes were first of all to be considered, this text immediately offered itself as the proper foundation for the proposed exercise. It is not the sort of Scripture which a stranger to Dr. HODGE—one who knew him only through his writings—would have selected. But you, Christian brethren, among whom he lived and who were in habits of familiar intercourse with him, instinctively think of him as holding the same kind of relation to the Saviour as that to

which the beloved disciple was admitted. It is easy to imagine him, were Jesus again upon the earth, as leaning upon that sacred bosom, clasped by the same loving hand. Nor will one of you dissent when it is affirmed, that could he have been consulted while living, or could his voice come to us at this moment, all the ascriptions of extraordinary talents, of immense learning, of personal worth, and pre-eminent usefulness, accorded to him by the wise and good of two hemispheres, would have gone with him for chaff, as weighed against that simple title, *The disciple whom Jesus loved*. Rare gifts he had of nature and of grace, gifts enlarged and multiplied by unceasing, conscientious study, and carried up to the highest reach of culture. But, like the great apostle, love pervaded and controlled all his powers. The earthly objects of his affection well knew its fervor and tenderness. But it craved, and in Jesus of Nazareth it found, the only Friend who could fully satisfy its yearnings. As his whole theology was a Christology, so love to Christ was the essential principle of his entire being; the well-spring which gave flow and direction to his every current of thought and feeling. And the love of Christ to him was the supreme joy of his life, the secret of that bright, serene atmosphere which always infolded him, and of which even casual visitors felt the charm.

“The disciple whom Jesus loved!” He so loved him as to array him in all the graces of the Spirit with a fulness vouchsafed only to a few among the most favored of His chosen. He so loved him as to endow him with a profusion of noble intellectual powers, and to place and keep him in a position where he could use them to the best possible purpose for the welfare of the church

and of the race. He so loved him as to commission him to become, by common consent, the ablest expounder, in our day, and the foremost defender, of the evangelical faith. He so loved him as to clothe him (not exclusively, but in his measure) with the high responsibility of educating three thousand young men for the Christian ministry, a larger body than has been entrusted to the tutelage of any teacher of the present century.* He so loved him that, although occupying a most conspicuous position "where he could not be hid," and engaged in numerous controversies adapted to evoke whatever of evil there may be slumbering in the breast, he passed through life unchallenged as to his spotless integrity and the purity of his motives, and, in fact, without a single stain upon his character. He so loved him, that having made him an object of universal respect and confidence, of loving admiration and eulogy, above almost any of his contemporaries, such abounding grace was given him that no word of self-complacency ever escaped his lips, nor could the most watchful eye or ear ever detect in his tone or manner any other feeling than that of the great apostle, "Not I, but the grace of God which is with me." And all this for eighty years! Are we not justified in citing as his prototype "The disciple whom Jesus loved"?

This is so easily said, that any friendly tongue might have uttered it. But now that the threshold is crossed, who is to choose our way for us? It is not the preacher, but the biographer, whose pen must be invoked here. That life, so simple in its outward incidents that it may be summed up in a few sentences, wears so many differ-

* His friend, the late Professor Tholuck, may, possibly, be entitled to share this distinction with him.

ent aspects, links itself with so many momentous interests, and blends so indissolubly with the world's progress and the church's glory, that it were unpardonable presumption to attempt to compress any adequate estimate of it within the limits of a single discourse. The pulpit and the press have vied with each other in extolling some of its more commanding features. I shall but follow in their steps, adverting to a few only of the topics which press for a hearing, and, as to a part of these, repeating substantially what has been said before.

How indelible was the impress his character received from the hands of his widowed mother, may be seen in his remark so often quoted, that himself and his brother, HUGH LENOX HODGE, that eminent Christian physician whose name adorns the annals of the medical profession, owed all that they were to their mother. Passing over the experiences of his College and Seminary life, his election by the General Assembly to the Chair of Oriental and Biblical Literature in our Seminary, and his three years of study in Paris, Halle, and Berlin, we greet him as the founder and editor of the "Biblical Repertory and Princeton Review."

Two thoughts must suggest themselves to any one who runs his eye through the successive volumes of this great Quarterly, to wit, the tireless industry of the editor, and his insatiate craving for knowledge. The two were clasped together. He could not be idle. Without the least token of that disquiet and flurry so often betrayed by earnest students, he prosecuted his laborious work with a diligence that never flagged, and a composure which savored more of pleasant pastime than of toil. Even severe bodily infirmity laid no

arrest upon his busy hand and pen.—Let me pause here for a moment to say that as it is not the way of divine Providence to form a character of consummate excellence without the discipline of suffering, so Dr. HODGE'S case forms no exception to this general law. A weakness in the right hip, aggravated by a pedestrian tour through the Alps in 1828, was brought to a crisis and assumed a malignant form while he was wearisomely canvassing the city of New York for funds to build the Seminary-chapel. For five years he had been unable to walk without great discomfort, and this was followed by a close confinement to his couch, attended with intense pain, for four years. It was during this visitation of suffering, which baffled the best medical skill of New York and Philadelphia, that he wrote several of his most elaborate Review-articles, and the major part of that Exposition of the Epistle to the Romans, which instantly raised him to a place among the first Biblical critics of the age. After this, one is prepared to hear that the aggregate fruits of his authorship rival in bulk, and not less in value, those of the great Puritan writers. One of the shelves of my library is graced with the works of John Owen, in twenty-one solid octavo volumes. A kindred series of twenty-one volumes would grace an adjoining shelf, if the works of CHARLES HODGE were collected and published in a uniform edition.

Having mentioned his "Romans," it may be worth while to quote just here an observation he made to me several years later. "Our rule here is to urge Addison (his familiar way of speaking of Dr. J. Addison Alexander) to do whatever we can find he is *willing* to do. After much solicitation, he has now consented to unite with us in preparing a Commentary on the New Testa-

ment; Addison to take the Gospels and the Book of Acts, his brother James the Pastoral Epistles, and I the other Epistles." It is by reason of this arrangement, that we now have among our choicest Biblical treasures, Hodge on First and Second Corinthians and on Ephesians, and Alexander on The Acts, St. Mark's Gospel, and the earlier chapters of St. Matthew. How sadly the scheme was brought to an end by the inscrutable Providence which removed Professor Addison Alexander in the very prime of his days, needs not to be related here.

Recurring to the "Repertory," it will not be amiss to repeat a remark which fell from the editor's lips in the year 1865, to the effect, that he "had carried it as a ball and chain for forty years, with scarcely any other compensation than the privilege of making it an organ for upholding sound Presbyterianism, and the honor of our common Redeemer." How characteristic of the man; and what a reproach to the church he loved and served so well! That he should be willing to endure all this unrequited toil and sacrifice for the cause of truth and the well-being of others, was in keeping with the whole tenor of his life. If he had any fault in this direction, it lay in an excess of self-forgetfulness. The nobility of his nature raised him even above the maxims of ordinary prudence. Never but once in all my intimate relations with him, did he allude to the very large pecuniary sacrifice which his professorship had involved; nor did he add a single word of complaint. But his glory herein is our shame. It is not meet that a great and opulent church should receive priceless benefits at the hands of one of its servants whom it shackles with a ball and chain for forty years.

Our present concern, however, is with the Repertory simply as an index to the stores of knowledge garnered by its editor from so many fields, old and new, near and remote. The venerable Dr. Alexander once said to me, "My son James has always been a sort of walking Cyclopædia." A cursory examination of the *Review* will show that this was no less true of Dr. HODGE. More than one hundred and forty essays from his pen enrich its pages. In these he has dealt with almost every leading question in theology, in ecclesiology, in metaphysics, in church policy, and in public morality, which has emerged out of the conflicts of the last fifty years. A retired student, in close and habitual communion with the master-minds, ancient and modern, in the realms of Biblical criticism and theology, he was no pent-up recluse who saw nothing and cared for nothing beyond the sphere of his own professional engagements. His sympathies were as broad as our common humanity. And so vigilant an observer was he of events, that nothing of importance escaped his notice as he looked out through the loop-holes of his retreat upon the great Babel.

His visitors were sure to find him as much at home with the questions of the day, scientific or literary, political or financial, domestic, foreign or international, as though these had been his special study. Deep thinkers are apt to be poor talkers. It was pleasant to sit down with a man who without being like Madame De Stael, simply "admirable in monologue," could interest and instruct you upon any topic you might propose. But of this hereafter.

Of the several categories to which his contributions to the Repertory belong, his annual review of the pro-

ceedings of the General Assembly was sought for with special avidity. The tone of these articles, although never arrogant, was uniformly judicial. The court having gone through its docket and made up its record, had adjourned. And now, in the quiet of his study, with all the pleadings before him, he calmly examines every leading case, with unvarying candor presents the arguments pro and con, and sums up the whole, and pronounces judgment with such an appeal to settled principles, such discrimination, and such force of reasoning, that he usually carries the church with him, whether his opinion be for or against the action of its supreme tribunal. Instances have not been wanting in which his single pen has, with triumphant success, controverted a judgment sustained, after long debate, by a two-thirds majority of a large Assembly. His position recalls that of an illustrious statesman, to whom for so many years the country was wont to turn for counsel in seasons of threatening conflict, and who won for himself that proudest of civic titles, the "Defender of the Constitution." It was with a kindred feeling the Presbyterian Church was accustomed to turn to our beloved Professor, whenever the supremacy or integrity of *our* constitution was menaced, whether from without or from within. It were extravagant to assert that our entire communion always acquiesced in his utterances; this has never been the manner of any Presbyterian body in respect to any uninspired teacher. But no one will challenge his *predominant* influence in moulding and controlling the general sentiment of the church on controverted questions of doctrine and policy.

It was a necessity of the times that the tone of the Repertory should be largely polemical. It had barely

entered upon its second year as a repository of original essays, when a theological controversy commenced, second in importance only to that which signalized the ill-starred birth of Unitarianism in Massachusetts. It sprang from a source outside of our communion, but had for its material some of the central doctrines of the Westminster Confession. The assault upon these doctrines was based, as it has often been, upon a false philosophy, which begot inevitably a false exegesis. Divine sovereignty, the nature of sin, hereditary depravity, the relation of Adam to his posterity, the work of the Holy Spirit in regeneration, the nature of the atonement, these were the grave questions involved in that great debate. Of course the Repertory could not look on with indifference, when a bold and organized attempt was made to subvert the fundamental principles of the Calvinistic system. The proffered challenge was instantly accepted. Not to refer to his coadjutors, Dr. HODGE responded with a series of masterly articles on Regeneration, Imputation, and Justification, which left the friends of the ancient faith nothing to desire. The first of these articles was written in the year 1830, in the thirty-third year of his age (long before it became his official duty to teach theology), and the last in 1839. The church hailed the rising star with thankfulness to God. He was already in their eyes a learned and accomplished theologian, from whose after life, should he be spared, the most beneficent results might be expected. He was spared, and the church garnered from his husbandry even a richer harvest than she would have dared anticipate.

Having taken up his pen in defence of the primitive faith, the course of events forbade him to lay it down.

The post-Reformation attacks upon the Pauline theology were neither more vigorous nor more subtle than some of those which now emanated from a region once dominated by the *Saybrook Platform*. So far from wearying of the combat thus forced upon him, he waged it with a growing energy which showed how much his heart was in it. While he did not court the strife, it is impossible to read the articles he published on one and another of its ever-varying phases, without feeling that, in vindicating the truth as it is in Jesus, he was breathing a congenial atmosphere. Some of these disquisitions are nowhere surpassed in the religious literature of the age, as examples of great astuteness, discrimination, the capacity of broad generalization and incisive logic, combined with copious knowledge, and instinct with unvarying candor, and a fine Christian spirit.

One of these qualities, which it may be allowable to emphasize, because the rarest of all virtues among controversialists, elicited from that eminent scholar who represented the Lutheran church at the "Semi-Centenary," a generous compliment. "In taking up the doctrines of a church differing from his own church, Dr. HODGE treats them with candor, love of truth, and the perfect fairness which characterizes all his dealings with that which he is not able to maintain."*

As Dr. Krauth, in making this remark, had special reference to his *Systematic Divinity*, then recently published, it may be added that every chapter of this great work illustrates the author's candor. No adversary or errorist ever suffers at his hands from a prejudiced or in-

* He said to me that evening that few utterances of the day had afforded him so much gratification as this frank acknowledgment from Prof. Krauth.

adequate statement of his case; nor has occasion to complain that the writer misses the true issue or argues it upon grounds which are not thoroughly legitimate and trustworthy. But this is a theme upon which we cannot dwell.

For the first eighteen years of his editorial life he filled the Chair of Biblical Literature in our Seminary. Through the co-ordinate exercise of these very diverse functions, a gracious Providence was training him in the best possible way for what was to be the crowning work of his life. No man can be a great theologian who is not on the one hand a thorough exegetical scholar, and on the other an adept in dealing with the various forms of error which have divided or corrupted the church. And it is as a "great theologian" that Dr. HODGE has made his mark upon the age, and will be known to the coming generations. How much the age demanded just such a teacher, must be apparent to every thoughtful observer.

The disposition to magnify the evils of one's own times seems to be inherent in human nature. Solomon had occasion to note this weakness: "Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were better than these?" The explanation is obvious. The evils of the present are all around and upon us; those of the past are seen only in the distance. That real Christianity should always and everywhere encounter hostility is a matter of course. It is not of the world; *therefore* the world hateth it. "I came not to send peace, but a sword." There have been lulls in the contest, and the weapons and modes of attack have varied indefinitely, all the way up from an imposing and treacherous ritualism, to the wholesale slaughters conducted by Pagan

princes, and the diabolical tortures of the Inquisition. But it is impossible to mistake the leading characteristics of the present age. Unrivalled even by the years which followed the Reformation, as a period of intense mental activity, this closing half of the nineteenth century is distinguished by a towering pride of intellect, an impatience of authority, an irreverence and audacity of speculation, unknown, save in individual and local examples, to any former age. "Modern thought," as it styles itself,

"Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep."

It neither "fears God, nor regards man." In truth there is no God but blind force and motion. The Bible is a myth. Man has been self-evolved—body, soul, and spirit—remotely out of an ethereal mist, immediately out of a baboon. Nay, not "soul and spirit," for in any proper historical or psychological sense of the terms, he has neither. Death is annihilation. Christianity is merely one of many religions—all invented and kept alive by priestcraft. Sin, repentance, moral accountability, a final judgment, immortality, are implements for holding men in bondage to superstition. These, and such as these, are the axioms of "modern thought."

"A thousand demi-gods on golden seats
Frequent and full,"

propound them with oracular dignity, and send them forth to comfort and bless, or, as may be, to bewilder and confound, a benighted, enslaved, and suffering world.

While "modern thought" is thus running riot through the realm of scientific research, it has found another field for the exercise of its puissance. In a less gross,

but still autocratic and impious spirit, it has entered the church—not the domain of Socinianism, which it has always controlled unchallenged, but the communion of the faithful. Protesting its loyalty to our divine Lord, it sits in judgment upon His word, as it would upon the ethics of Aristotle or the *Novum Organum* of Bacon. The inspiration of the sacred penmen is reduced to a precarious and fallible illumination. Eighteen centuries have come and gone without settling a single fundamental truth, not even the being of a God. The cardinal doctrines of the gospel—those which are deposited in the ark of the covenant, which have been enshrined in the creeds of all the historic churches, and sealed with the blood of “the noble army of martyrs”—these doctrines are treated as if they were mere vagrant *opinions*, born of yesterday, and of no binding obligation excepting so far as they may commend themselves to our personal intuitions. The last paper which Dr. HODGE wrote for the press, was an elaborate and vehement protest against the arrogant assumption here referred to. It was in reply to an essay published in a leading religious journal, in which it was said: “The first question (concerning an alleged Scripture doctrine) is not the exegetical, but the ethical one. We want to know what God says; but it is impossible to believe that God says anything which *our moral sense tells us He ought not to say!*” And then the sponsors of the ancient faith are told that they do not at all “understand the depth and momentum of the current of thought now sweeping underneath the surface and throughout the religious world.” Dr. HODGE’s comment on this taunt is as follows: “We have no belief in the momentum and current here mentioned. The surface of the ocean is sel-

dom perfectly smooth. There is always a ripple, and sometimes waves 'mountains high.' But a few fathoms deep all is calm. It is so with the church. There are always 'diverse winds of doctrine' sweeping over its surface, producing ripples which none but those who make them think much about. The church as a whole is secure, and the truth is secure. There is no danger to the truth from 'currents of thought.' The only danger is from the decline of piety. Men do not firmly adhere to doctrines of which they have not experienced the power." Then follows a masterly dissection and refutation of the pernicious principle which it is the object of the essay to defend.*

As a matter of course the type of theology which the reigning "spirit of the age" arraigns and denounces with special imperiousness, is that which *we* revere as God's truth—the system which "has underlain the piety of the church in all ages; the great granitic formation whose peaks tower toward heaven, and draw thence the waters of life, and in whose capacious bosom repose those green pastures in which the great Shepherd gathers and sustains his flock."† These doctrines evoke the same hostility now as they did when preached by St. Paul. The boasted "culture" of our day can no more endure them, than would the culture of Athens and Rome. The jibe still is, "What will this babbling

* Dr. Hodge's article fills five columns of the *Independent* of May 9, 1878. Writing to me from Washington the week following (May 15), perhaps the last letter he ever wrote, after speaking of Professor Henry's death, he refers to the communication here mentioned in these terms: "How I was able to write it during the confusion of our Examination week, the meeting of the Directors, &c., I do not know, as it made my head ache to read it in print."

† Dr. Hodge, in *Bib. Rep.*, 1851.

say?" Plain enough it is after eighteen centuries, that that babbler had his say, and that he said it to some purpose. But the race of scoffers never learns anything; and so the experience of Mars' Hill is perpetually repeated. Nor has the fresh outbreak of this spirit in our time been without effect. Its rationalizing influence is telling upon the church. There has been a disposition to tone down what are regarded as the rugged features of the Calvinistic system; to suppress its more obnoxious demands; to accommodate it to the advanced thought of this polite age; and, whether of purpose or not, to sap the popular faith in the supernatural origin of the Scriptures, divine sovereignty, and, generally, the affiliated doctrines which constitute, in Scottish phrase, the "marrow of the Gospel." Without any formal league among the high contracting parties, numerous agencies, materialistic, philosophical, and ecclesiastical, are at this moment, and long have been, confederate against the ancient Pauline and Augustinian theology. As the inevitable consequence, that theology has relaxed its hold upon some important denominations which once gloried in it, counterfeit imitations, mere caricatures, palmed upon the world in its name, have excited prejudice against it; and even among its friends it has been largely misapprehended.

Considered with reference alike to the scientific skepticism of the day, and the earthward tendencies of thought within the church, there was no want of the age more urgent than an exposition of the system of theology contained in the Scriptures, able, learned, and comprehensive; embracing a re-statement of the Augustinian Creed, with a full discussion, from the evangelical stand-point, of all essential topics, and a candid and

effective refutation of the prevalent heresies in philosophy and morals. It might be unwarrantable to say that there was but one man living, who had been endowed with all the gifts and graces required to do this work as it should be done. But rich as the Church is in illustrious scholars and divines, there was but one man to whom the great confraternity of Calvinistic theologians, among the English-speaking peoples, would have been willing to confide this task. His pre-eminent fitness, as well for this service as for the various functions devolved upon him in another sphere, is shadowed forth in a miniature portrait of him, graphic and beautiful, drawn by a loving pen: "Great tenderness and strength of emotion, and the power of exciting it in others; an habitual and adoring love for Christ, and absolute submission of mind and will to His word; a chivalrous disposition to maintain against all odds and with unvarying self-consistency, through all the years of a long life, the truth as he saw it; crystalline clearness of thought and expression; and an unsurpassed logical power of analysis, and of grasping and exhibiting all truths in their relations."*

To this outline it must be added that the profound problems pertaining to the being, attributes, and government of God, and man's origin and destiny, had been his life-study. He had long been in familiar contact with the great leaders of thought and founders of schools, Classic and Christian, transcendental and pantheistic. He had examined and analyzed not only the ancient and stereotype forms of error, but every important scheme of philosophy, of historical criticism, and of science, down to the latest divinations of the Dar-

* Rev. A. A. Hodge, D.D.

winian augurs. And with all this wealth of learning, and all these exalted powers trained to the loftiest pitch of dialectic skill, he brought to the study of the BIBLE the humility of a little child. To use his own words respecting Dr. Addison Alexander: "He believed in it just as he believed in the solar system. He could not help believing. He saw so clearly its grandeur as a whole, and the harmonious relation of its several parts, that he could no more believe the Bible to be a human production, than he could believe that man made the planets. He never seemed to have any doubts or difficulty on the subject. Although perfectly familiar with the writings of the German rationalists and skeptics from Ernesti to Bauer and Strauss; they affected him no more than the eagle is affected by the dew on his plumage as he soars near the sun."*

Such was the man whom God raised up to supply what was confessedly the great want of the Church. How well he has supplied it needs not to be told in this presence, nor, indeed, in the presence of any communion, the world over, which acknowledges the Reformed faith. It is not to be denied (as already hinted) that Calvinism had come to be more or less distorted, diluted, exaggerated, and therefore misrepresented, even among its professed friends. They may now, at their leisure, learn what Calvinism is, and the no less indispensable lesson, what it is not. With equal effect does his Theology address itself to the magnates of the learned world, and to that great body of educated youth who are prosecuting their quest of truth amidst influences eminently hostile to the claims of revealed relig-

* Discourse at the re-opening of the Seminary Chapel, September 27, 1874.

ion. With neither of these classes would common-place thinkers be allowed a hearing. But here is a work the author of which is the peer in learning, in breadth and comprehension of mind, in metaphysical acumen and in the power of logical ratiocination, of the greatest of the applauded scientists and philosophers of the day. Immediately on its re-publication in Scotland, an astute critic, who had no sympathy with its teachings, said of it: "There is manifest throughout the volume the presence of ample knowledge. There is no book learning on any of its vast range of subjects, which the learned author would not appear to have read, and also, with more than ordinary success, digested. Hegel himself is not too subtle for his apprehension; Huxley not too trenchant and logical for his dialectic to face." A work like this cannot fail to be of essential assistance to the many able and accomplished men who are perplexed with the phenomena of our condition, and honestly seeking a way out of the labyrinth; while it lies athwart the path of the various materialistic schools, an obstacle which can neither be eluded nor removed. Assuredly to ignore such a work, or not to attempt an answer to it, will be to confess it unanswerable. We revere it, then, as a majestic and indestructible dyke against the devastating tides of error, which are everywhere menacing the defences of the Christian faith.

But this Theology is something more than a bulwark against error—more than a guide for the perplexed, a shield for the timid, and an arsenal for the unarmed. Its chief mission is higher and nobler still. It is the only work on systematic theology in any language which comprises the latest results of sound Scriptural exegesis, expounds with competent learning, and in an evangeli-

cal spirit, the august verities of the sacred Canon, and reduces to cobweb the skeptical speculations of modern philosophy and science. A work clothed with these attributes becomes a necessity to the Protestant ministry of every name. They cannot afford to be without it. Still less can it be dispensed with in the Halls of divinity established by the Calvinistic churches at home and abroad. May I be pardoned for quoting on this point a brief paragraph from the words of congratulation which it fell to my lot to address to Dr. HODGE on behalf of the Directors and Alumni of our Seminary, at his Semi-Centennial Commemoration?

“Your Theology must soon become the hand-book of all students of the Reformed faith who speak the English tongue. Where you have taught scores, you will now teach hundreds; and where you have taught hundreds, you will teach thousands. Thus, through your pupils dispersed over the four quarters of the globe, many of them engaged in laying the foundations of Christianity in pagan and Mohammedan lands, and through this great work comprising your mature views in the noblest of all sciences, is your influence extending in ever-multiplying, ever-widening, concentric circles, until the mind is awed in attempting to conceive, not of its possible, but of its certain results, as the ages come and go. That you should live to see this mighty mechanism in motion—to guide into so many of its countless channels this broad stream from the fountain of living waters, is a distinction so rare and so exalted that we cannot but look upon you as a man greatly beloved of God, and honored as He has honored scarcely any other individual of our age. When He has thus spoken, we have no right to be silent.”

This prediction, uttered seven years ago, has been in process of fulfilment ever since. His work has become, in form or in fact, a text-book with many important institutions in America and Great Britain. It is probably, at this moment, a more efficient factor in shaping the theology of the rising ministry of our churches, than any other uninspired production. Nor this only. It is clearly destined, in the hands of faithful missionaries, to become a leading authority in framing the earliest formal and permanent Creeds of numerous peoples, on their emerging from barbarism into the light and liberty of the Gospel—a force in the fashioning of national character, silent and tranquil, but more benign and more powerful than laws and literature combined.

But it is time to come nearer home, and commune with our beloved Professor here in this Seminary. It may suffice to say in respect to his methods as a teacher, that the rare intellectual gifts of which we have been speaking, found full play in the lecture and class-rooms. The same acumen in piercing the husk and the shell, and detecting the hidden kernel of truth; the same marvellous power of analysis; the same skill in dissecting off extraneous and impertinent issues, and going down to foundation-principles; the same candor in dealing with adverse opinions; the same rigorous logic; these and their kindred qualities, informed with the kindest spirit, and blended with a tone and manner all gentleness, were daily illustrated in his official intercourse with his students.

But there was something still higher and better than all this. The motto inscribed over the portals of this School of the prophets by those who established it, and which its Directors and Professors have guarded with

such jealous care that the lapse of sixty-seven years has not eroded, nor even moulded the device, was, "TRUTH AND HOLINESS—TRUTH IN ORDER TO HOLINESS." Piety first, then learning. Thorough intellectual culture, but culture inspired, controlled, and hallowed by supreme consecration to God. This was the paramount aim of those venerable men to whom God, in his great love and mercy to our church and to our race, confided the government and instruction of this Seminary at its birth.

Let me put this before you in its most authoritative form. In the lucid and exhaustive sermon preached by Dr. Miller at the inauguration of Dr. Alexander (Aug. 12, 1812), he used this very solemn language: "When I cast an eye down the ages of eternity, and think how important is the salvation of a single soul; when I recollect how important, of course, the office of a minister of the gospel, who may be the happy instrument of saving many hundreds or thousands of souls; and when I remember how many and how momentous are the relations which a Seminary intended solely for training up ministers bears to all the interests of men in the life that now is, and especially in that which is to come. I feel as if the task of conducting such a Seminary had an awfulness of responsibility connected with it, which is enough to make us tremble. Oh, my fathers and brethren! let it never be said of us on whom this task has fallen, that we take more pains to make polite scholars, eloquent orators, or men of mere learning, than to form 'able and faithful ministers of the New Testament.' Let it never be said that we are more anxious to maintain the literary and scientific honors of the ministry, than we are to promote that honor which consists in being 'full of faith and of the Holy Ghost,' and the in-

struments of 'adding much people to the Lord.' The eyes of the Church are upon us. The eyes of angels, and, above all, the eyes of the King of Zion are upon us. May we have grace given us to be faithful!"

What rapture would have filled the breast of the revered father, could the record which we now make have been spread before him on that day, that three thousand men would be trained within these walls for the sacred ministry, under the ceaseless influence of the lesson he enforced with such persuasive eloquence. No teacher ever occupied one of these Chairs who has lost sight of it. It is the guiding star of the distinguished scholars and divines who constitute the present Faculty. These brethren, his honored associates, will bear willing testimony to the beneficent power of Dr. HODGE in keeping the Seminary up to this its loftiest mission. It cost him no effort to hold this end ever in view. And a man who walked with God, as he did, could not fail to exert a healthful influence upon all who approached him. His very presence was felt by his students as a benediction—a means of grace, carrying with it a silent rebuke, an encouragement, a stimulus to watchfulness and fidelity—according to their individual needs. A personality like this has a power all its own. It is something different from talent, learning, eloquence, dialectic skill, affable manners, or all these combined. You cannot see it. You cannot define it. But you can and must feel it. No one could sit down with Dr. HODGE without feeling it—perhaps more sensibly than with almost any one they will have known. And these young men felt it, not only in "his opening prayers which seemed to constitute his class-room a Bethel, and the savor of which was as the incense of morn to the soul, wooing it

upward to communion with God,"* but through the entire routine of the daily lecture or recitation, and, no less, in their familiar visits to his study.

If this were true of his ordinary converse, what must be said of his "Sunday-afternoon *talks*" in the Oration? The older graduates of the Seminary love to dwell upon this conference as it was conducted by the two senior Professors of their day. It was here, especially, that Dr. Alexander displayed that deep experimental knowledge of the human heart, and of the Gospel as the only remedy for its corruptions, for which he was so pre-eminent. He seemed to have studied every phase of character and every type of the Christian life. It mattered not whether the subject were joy or sorrow, temptation or triumph, the hope that saves or the hope that deceives, trust or despondency, faith or works, life or death,—you soon saw, in listening to him, that it was familiar ground to him, and that, wherever you were, he had been there before you. How could we help reverencing a man whom we felt, as soon as he began to speak, busy about our hearts, and who would go on opening one ward after another, until we began to fear that there was not a secret chamber he might not enter, and lay bare all that was in it? This rare gift descended to his successor. Dr. HODGE'S addresses at this conference, colloquial in form, but, as now appears from his memoranda, carefully premeditated, reveal the same familiarity with the intricacies of the human heart, the same aptitude in dealing with questions of casuistry, and the same felicity in

* See an admirable article in the "British and Foreign Evangelical Review," by his distinguished pupil, Professor Watts, of the Assembly's College, Belfast.

portraying the hopes and fears, the snares and conflicts, the trials and encouragements, of the Christian warfare.

One of his favorite pupils* has brought him before us at this service, in a sketch as beautiful as it is life-like :

“No triumph of his with tongue or pen ever so thrilled and moved human hearts as did his utterances at the Sabbath-afternoon conferences in the Seminary Oratory, which will live in the immortal memory of every Princeton student. A subject would be given out on the Sunday before, generally some one which involved practical, experimental, spiritual religion—such as Christian fidelity, love of God’s word, prayer, the Lord’s Supper, the great commission. After brief opening services by the students, the Professors spoke in turn; but Dr. HODGE’s was the voice which all waited to hear. Sitting quietly in his chair, with a simple ease which seemed born of the moment, but was really the fruit of careful preparation, even with the pen, he would pour out a tide of thought and feeling which moved and melted all—solemn, searching, touching, tender—his eye sometimes kindling and his voice swelling or trembling with the force of sacred emotion, while thought and language at times rose to a grandeur which held us spell-bound. Few went away from those consecrated meetings without feeling in their hearts that there was nothing good and pure and noble in Christian character which he who would be a worthy minister of Christ ought not to covet for his own.”

It was these familiar descants on the inner life of the soul, even more than his profound discussions of the sublime theories of theology, that disclosed the real secret of his greatness. The key to his whole charac-

* William Irvin, D.D., of Troy, N. Y.

ter, intellectual and moral, lies in the extraordinary measure of divine influence which was granted him. "If a man love me, he will keep my words: and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him." The remarkable phraseology here employed by the Saviour, which has no parallel in His other recorded utterances, clothes the promise with a significance beyond our grasp. But here, if anywhere, was one to whom it was given to enjoy the priceless distinction it conferred. Manifest it was to all eyes that the Father and the Son had come to him, not as a wayfaring man, to tarry for a night, but to *abide* with him; or, translating this unusual language into familiar phrase, that the Holy Spirit was given to him in a very unwonted measure. Rarely, if ever, did any one hear him speak of his own religious exercises; but this were as superfluous as to ask the harvest-moon where she gets her splendor. His daily walk betrayed the secret; and the Oratory, beyond all other spheres, showed that the "hiding of his power" lay in that indwelling of the Spirit which made his life an habitual communion with God. In these exercises, as in his prayers—above all, his prayers at the family-altar—the Christological type of his piety constantly appeared. Not Rutherford himself was more absorbed with the love of Christ. Around this central sun, and so near to it as to be always aglow with its beams, his whole being revolved. Christ was not only the ground of his hope, but the acknowledged sovereign of his intellect, the soul of his theology, the unfailing spring of his joy, the one all-pervading, all-glorifying theme and end of his life. When Bengel lay a-dying, a friend, standing by his bedside, pronounced over him these words:—

“Lord Jesus, to Thee I live; to Thee I suffer; to Thee I die: THINE I AM, in death and in life. Save and bless me, O Saviour, for ever and ever: Amen.” Upon hearing the words *Thine I am*, the great expositor laid his right hand upon his heart, and fell asleep in Jesus. There is but one formula which so well sums up and defines the religious character of our revered Professor: “To me, TO LIVE IS CHRIST; and to die is gain.” And here in this Conference, where his every tone, and look, and utterance, was instinct with his love to Christ, did he most fully realize to those around him their conception of “the disciple whom Jesus loved.” When his addresses come to be collected and published,* they will constitute, though merely in outline, a body of practical and casuistical divinity inferior to no work of its size and compass in our language.

Let me not be understood as depreciating the labors of his colleagues, whether in this or any other department of the Seminary life. In the Oratory, as everywhere else, they were in perfect sympathy with him; they were just as conscientious and faithful; they seconded all his efforts for leading the students up to a closer and still closer “imitation of Christ;” and as they shared with him the responsibility, so they will share with him the imperishable reward, of having successfully trained a very large body of young men to become able ministers of the New Testament—perhaps the very highest function which God ever entrusts to mortal hands.

This incidental reference to our corps of Professors conjointly may fitly introduce a further observation on the subject. In a sermon already quoted, Dr. HODGE,

*As they now have been.

speaking of Drs. Alexander and Miller, says: "It often happens that men are very pious without being very good. Their religion expends itself in devotional feelings and services, while the evil passions of their nature remain unsubdued. It was not so with our fathers: they were as good as they were pious. I was intimately associated with them, as pupil and colleague, between thirty and forty years. In all that time I never saw in either of them any indication of vanity, of pride, of malice, of envy, of jealousy, of insincerity, of uncharitableness, or of disingenuousness. I know that what I say is incredible, nevertheless it is true; and it is my right and my duty to scatter these withered flowers upon their graves. Most men have reason to rejoice that their bosoms are opaque; but these holy men, as it always seemed to me, might let the sun shine through them."

This is a very remarkable statement. It is doubtful whether its counterpart could be supplied from the annals of any literary or theological institution the world has seen. Yet is there one thing even more remarkable—viz., that without going beyond this record, a third man should be found in whom all those virtues shone with the same undimmed lustre; that in the judgment of those who were the most confidentially associated with its author for fifty years, every word he has here written is as strictly applicable to himself as it was to his venerable colleagues. Who ever saw in CHARLES HODGE the slightest taint or token "of vanity, of pride, of malice, of envy, of jealousy, of insincerity, of uncharitableness, or of disingenuousness"? Is it extravagant to say that the contemporaneous presence of three men in the same Faculty for two score years, any one of whom

might have sat for this portrait, is a marvel to which no parallel can be found? What hath God wrought for this Seminary and for the church made so much richer and better by the lives and labors of these holy men!

If one were called upon to specify the most conspicuous feature of Dr. HODGE's religious character, next to that pure love with which his whole nature was transfused, it would be his *humility*—perhaps the most distinctively Christian grace in the whole garniture of the believer. Here was a man clothed with brilliant intellectual gifts, an accomplished scholar, laden with generous stores of the choicest learning, his utterances on all ecclesiastical and dogmatic questions listened to by a great church with a deference accorded to no other living teacher, lauded by eminent theologians in Europe and America as “the theologian of the age,” and the constant object of undisguised and loving reverence to all around him, yet modest and unassuming as a child—never asserting his consequence: never obtruding his opinions; never courting a compliment; never saying or doing anything for effect; never challenging attention to himself in *any* way.* Of course he could not be blind to the homage which was paid him from every quarter; but his own estimate of himself was framed by quite another standard. His vast learning taught him that he had barely crossed the border of that boundless domain of truth which stretches off in every direction into the infinite; and his habitual feeling was

* One of our Directors, long since gone to his reward, was a most vivacious and agreeable talker. Dr. Hodge said to me one day, “Have you noticed a curious fact about Dr. —?” “What is it?” “He never talks about anything but himself, and yet in *him* it never strikes you as egotism.” This was true. I cite it simply as showing his pleasant way of dealing with an infirmity which had no place in his own character.

that of La Place, who, being complimented, when near his end, on the splendor of his attainments, replied, "What we know is very little; what we do not know is immense." So in respect to his personal piety. To all eyes but his own he had approached as near to "the stature of a perfect man in Christ Jesus" as any, the most favored, of those saints whose names the church has embalmed. But so clear was his apprehension of the spotless holiness of God, so transcendent his views of the love of Christ and the debt we owe Him, and so inwrought his sense of the turpitude of sin, that he could only think of himself as a poor, miserable sinner saved by grace ineffable, whose best services were utterly unfit to be presented to God, whose purest aspirations were too impure to be accepted save through the ever-prevalent intercession of our great High Priest. Here, indeed, was a clear intimation that the path he was treading lay close along the suburbs of the heavenly city. For the inevitable effect of a near discovery of the divine glory must always be what it was with Isaiah and the beloved apostle—to overwhelm the soul with a sense of its own vileness. Therefore it was that our dear Professor was ever "clothed with humility"—*clothed* with it: it covered him like "a raiment of needlework"—covered all the powers of his mind, all the treasures of his learning, all the wealth of his affections, all that made him great and good, loving and beloved, all that moved us to look upon him as one given to the church (may it be allowed me to say) to shew how much a Christian may, even in this world, become like Christ.*

* May I illustrate this point by one or two incidents not related at the delivery of the discourse.

About a year before his death we were one day talking together, and

Fidelity to the truth constrains me to emphasize the thought, that the spirit here delineated is the logical out-come of the Calvinistic theology in its thorough and pervasive contact with a powerful intellect. With the world, especially with the lighter cohorts of the world of letters, this theology is the symbol of pride, bigotry, and austerity. That these traits are sometimes exhibited by professed Calvinists, as well as by people of other creeds and of no creed, is not denied. Nor is it denied that there are fierce Calvinistic lions who are *never* turned into lambs. But that the legitimate tendency of the system is in that direction, and *that* with an energy unknown to any other belief, it would be easy to prove both from an analysis of its elements and from the annals of the church. Let it suffice to say, that its grand, characteristic feature, that which in the judgment alike

I was saying, "You ought to be a very happy man. Consider what you have accomplished, and the universal feeling towards you—" "Now stop!" said he, with a wave of the hand. "All that can be said is, that God has been pleased to take up a *poor little stick* and do something with it. What I have done is as nothing compared with what is done by a man who goes to Africa, and labors among a heathen tribe, and reduces their language to writing. I am not worthy to stoop down and *unloose the shoes* of such a man."

Again, in the course of a letter written in January, 1878, and breathing in every sentence the same spirit, he says: "It is a delusion. It is not what I am, but what God's providence has done with me, that you have in the eye of your imagination. Had I been settled in a retired parish, nobody would *ever have heard my name*."

At his Semi-Centennial Commemoration (April 24, 1872), the highest tribute ever paid to a minister of the gospel in the United States, the entire afternoon was taken up with the laudatory addresses of representative men, speaking for their respective institutions and Christian denominations, at home and abroad. He was reclining, the while, upon a sofa at the rear of the platform. When it was over, I said to him, "How did you stand all that?" "Why," said he, with a pleasant smile, "very quietly. It didn't seem at all to be me they were talking about. I heard it all as of some other man."

of friends and foes distinguishes it from all other schemes, is, that it exalts God and abases man. Its fundamental principles are these two, viz., man's utter depravity, ruin, and helplessness; and salvation by grace through the mediation of Christ, sovereign, free, and unmerited, from first to last, in every stage, and at every step. These principles received into the heart with an enlightened and cordial faith, must necessarily foster low thoughts of one's self, meekness, benevolence, and the whole train of sister-graces. A cloud of witnesses might be summoned to show that this is no mere speculative conjecture, but the actual and ordinary result where the doctrines in question are clearly apprehended and lovingly embraced. Among these witnesses would be found very many in different lands whose seraphic piety, profound learning, and unwearied labors, have illumined the times in which they lived. It will be germane to the occasion to mention, by way of example, two names which must have place in any enrolment that claims to include the ten most illustrious thinkers and authors known, outside the circle of inspiration, to the Christian Church. Augustine and Jonathan Edwards were as humble and lowly in spirit, as they were resplendent in their intellectual strength.

This train of thought is suggestive of another trait of Dr. HODGE's character already glanced at. His home was in the empire of the affections. Never did a more kindly, loving heart throb in a human bosom. There were those of old who said to the Master, "Thou hast a devil." What wonder that some of their successors should charge the disciple with bigotry, intolerance, malignity? All they knew or cared to know, was, that he was the accredited defender of a theology they hated.

although as ignorant of it as were the Pharisees of the Saviour's teachings. This "antiquated theology," "antiquated," we admit, for it dates back to the apostles, yes, and to prophets and patriarchs, has always been the abhorrence of free-thinkers and latitudinarians of whatever name. Princeton, its chosen sanctuary, is, to the eyes of the Eastern Magi, covered with a pall of Cimmerian darkness. No flowers of Paradise bloom there. The only Flora known to its rugged soil is thorns and brambles. Accustomed as they are to associate with its avowed creed ideas of narrow-mindedness, virulence, and the like, they must needs take it for granted that the Pontifex Maximus of this creed was the very incarnation of these amiable qualities. Had they charged simply that he was resolute in maintaining his opinions; that he would make no compromise with what he believed to be error; that no adverse array of numbers, talent, official station, or personal vituperation, could repress the frankest expression of his sentiments on all fitting occasions; that, in a word, truth was dearer to him than life, and he would have stood for it like Luther at Worms, with an empire or a world in arms against it: had this been the indictment, no one could have traversed it. But when it comes to be a question of tone and temper, it is a different matter. Here he was a very child. Not one of his various eulogists has failed to advert to this feature of his character. Addicted as he was to laborious study in the grandest fields open to our research, and capable, beyond most men, of scaling the heights and sounding the depths which define the limits of human thought, he entered with a lively zest into the current talk of the hour, the amusements of children, the petty news-gatherings of his

visitors,—nothing, indeed, was too trivial to interest him.

In society, he was no monopolist like Coleridge and Macaulay, but, as already hinted, he was certainly one of the most fascinating of talkers. A very noticeable thing about him was the facility with which he would pass from the lightest to the gravest themes. Abounding as he did in anecdote, no boy enjoyed a good story more. Grim Calvinist as he was said to be, his airy spirit revealed itself in a tide of humor as inexhaustible as it was refreshing. Wit he had, no less; as many a remembered pleasantry, and many a sentence in his polemical essays will attest. But this keener weapon was kept more in reserve. It was wit as refined and sweetened into humor by sympathy, tenderness, and affection, that set off to such advantage his massive intellectual powers, and sparkled through his conversation like the shimmer of the moonbeams upon the rippling lake. This beautiful gift—for such it surely is—never degenerated with him into irreverence, coarseness, or buffoonery. It never carried him so far away from the cross and its sublime verities, that he could not pass at once, and without violence to his own feelings or those of others, from the sprightliest to the gravest topics; from the commerce of small talk bristling with amusing reminiscences and brilliant repartee, to the discussion of some subtle question of metaphysics or theology, or the luminous exposition of some controverted scripture. Whatever the company or the theme, he was always natural. He never paraded his learning; never introduced a topic for the sake of “showing off” upon it; never assumed, in his intercourse with his students or others, an air of superiority. His world-wide fame

brought to his hospitable door numerous visitors from remote states and foreign countries; and nothing surprised and charmed them more than the perfect simplicity and the quiet, unostentatious manners of the man whom they had been accustomed to look at from a distance with a sort of awe. With that inborn refinement and courtesy which came of his gentle blood, he aimed at drawing out his guests while he listened; and, it must be said, he added to his many other graces the rare accomplishment of being a good listener, even where there was not much to listen to. If they thwarted his purpose and constrained him to do the talking, it was certain to be in a strain which would run out the hour-glass very swiftly, but without one word designed for self-laudation. All the more surely did it win their homage. For it is a law written as well upon the heart as upon the inspired page, "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted;" and when we meet with a person of rare powers or of signal usefulness, who loses sight of himself in his concern for the welfare of others, we instinctively pay him the tribute of our loving admiration. How could Dr. HODGE's visitors help carrying away this feeling with them?

In one of Dr. Chalmers' *Sabbath Readings*, there is a touching allusion to himself. He is commenting on the devoted friendship between David and Jonathan, the latter of whom he styles, "my beloved Jonathan," and speaks of him as, "on the whole, the most engaging character, and perhaps the most perfectly drawn of all the merely human personages whom either profane or sacred history has recorded." Depicting the mutual love of these two friends, he adds with a sort of pathos, "I feel a void in my own heart from the want of an

object on whom I might concentrate this affection in full, loving him 'both in the flesh and in the Lord.' (Philemon xvi.) There is a shyness, or coldness, or want of full and free congeniality about me, in virtue of which I feel that my capacity for the enjoyment of social intimacy has not been met by aught that is adequate for my entire satisfaction in this way." Our beloved Professor labored under no such disability as that which is here so feelingly confessed and deplored (though in the judgment of some who knew him well, without reason*) by the illustrious Scotchman. He was formed for friendship. His nature craved it. He could not do without it, and happily he was not put to the trial. I do not now refer to that home which was blessed and brightened with his presence, and where his loving heart found full scope and verge, and was in turn enriched by the reciprocal in-flow of a love as tender as his own. There was a circle outside of this upon which

* It was my high privilege to spend with Dr. Chalmers the last evening but one of his life, Saturday, May 28, 1847. At sunrise on the ensuing Monday, the cry rang through Edinburgh, *Dr. Chalmers is dead!* Not to go into the details of that memorable interview, let it suffice to say, as bearing upon the passage in the text, that I have never received a more cordial and hearty greeting than that with which, taking both my hands in his own, he welcomed me to Morning-side. He had returned from London only the day before, and spoke of himself as being in unusually good health. All the benevolence of his character came out in his genial smile. His courtesy, his affability, the tones of his voice, the graciousness and even warmth of his whole manner, as he talked with me of grave questions with which the Free Church Assembly, then in session, was likely to be agitated, and the kindness with which, on my rising to leave, he pressed an invitation for us (the ladies of my party had remained at the hotel that evening) to breakfast with him, first on Tuesday and then on Monday morning—all this made a lasting impression upon me so grateful and so vivid that I cannot at all *take in* that disparaging estimate of his own social nature which I have quoted from his "Sabbath Readings."

he lavished his warm affection. No niggard in his generous sympathies, his kindly wishes went out towards all whom he knew; and there were many who shared his love. But with him, as with us all, there were a chosen few whose place came next after his own household. Among the names which were oftenest on his lips were those of JOHNS and MCILVAINE, NEVINS and B. B. WISNER, DOD and JAMES ALEXANDER, and VAN RENSSELAER. All these preceded him to the better country. The first two were his fellow-students at Nassau Hall, and the first four were his companions in the Seminary. A brilliant constellation in the moral firmament—collectively, with the addition of him who was *facile princeps* among them, they represented as much of mental power and brilliant imagination, of keen dialectic and exquisite taste, of racy humor and quick sensibility, of liberal letters and commanding eloquence, of Christian activity and usefulness, and, above all, in all, and through all, of humble, earnest piety, as could be found among any similar group selected from the entire rolls of our Seminaries and Colleges.

The ties which linked Dr. HODGE with these kindred spirits were never severed nor weakened, except as, one by one, they were sundered by death. It is no disparagement of the others to say that, as Johns was his first love in the order of time, and was spared to him the longest, so his affection for him was peculiarly intense and tender. The friendship born of their early intimacy never lost its aroma. Those who were present at the Semi-Centenary Commemoration, will remember the thrill of pleasure which went through the great assemblage when the Rev. Prof. Packard, speaking for the Protestant Episcopal Seminary of Virginia, re-

marked that on leaving home, Bishop Johns said to him, "*Give my love to Charlie.*" That message told the story: they were boys together at twenty, and they were still boys together at eighty; the presage and exemplar of that blessed fellowship which, after a brief interruption, has now been renewed before the throne. If I quote one further observation of Prof. Packard's, it is with the conviction that the good Bishop, could he have been present, would have said in person just what he did say through his honored representative: "When the history of theology in America for the last fifty years shall be impartially written, the foremost name on the list of those who have deserved well of the Church—that name which will shine in letters of light as the first and foremost name on the list—will, by the almost universal consent of all the churches, be the name of CHARLES HODGE."

The topics with which we have now been engaged, have brought into view the gentler side of Dr. HODGE'S character. There are those who will regard the qualities indicated, as revealing a certain sort of weakness—pardonable, indeed, but still a weakness; and an impeachment, so far, of the title asserted for him by his friends to have his place assigned him among the really "great" men of this age. It is simply a question as to what constitutes true greatness. In the common judgment of the learned world, this distinction belongs by pre-eminence to pure intellect in its loftiest manifestations, as, *e. g.*, in the case of Thomas Aquinas or Kant. Others would enthrone in their Pantheon the men who combine with rare intellectual gifts, rich stores of knowledge, a wide range of literary accomplishment, and a voice or pen that can instruct and fascinate whole

nations—like Cicero or Goethe. Others still, taught in a better school, would have an intellectual Colossus, not only decorated with the triumphs and trophies of genius, but animated by a spirit of genuine piety—devout and conscientious—“walking uprightly, working righteousness, and speaking the truth,” meeting all the claims of justice and equity, and really kind at heart, albeit stern, phlegmatic, unsympathizing. No one would refuse to accord the epithet “great” to the choice spirits who make up any one of these classes; but do they, singly or united, supply all the attributes essential to constitute the *highest type* of greatness? Can it be necessary to answer this question, with the New Testament open before us? The world has seen, since the fall, but one perfect man. If you deify intellectual force, vast erudition, philosophic penetration, here is ONE upon all whose faculties is the stamp of infinitude; whose mind holds in its grasp all time and all space; who guides alike the stars in their orbits, and the pollen that floats through the summer air; and in comparison with whom the magnates of your eulogy are but nursery-striplings. Yet where will you find such meekness, such humility, such affectionateness? What language have you to describe His ineffable tenderness, His gentle bearing towards the erring, His ready sympathy with every form of sorrow and suffering, His overflowing love towards friends and foes, His delight in little children—in a word, that whole life which was in truth a child-life? No one, standing in the presence of Jesus of Nazareth, will have the presumption to deny that we have here the very highest style of humanity; and that these milder graces are just as indispensable to its completeness, as that array of grand

intellectual endowments to which the world pays willing homage.

Now why do I introduce our blessed SAVIOUR upon this scene? Is it that we may challenge for our friend whom we to-day commemorate, the first place among the great men of our race? Is it that we may exalt him above this or that illustrious philosopher or theologian in or out of the church? Far from it. It is simply to show that his true position is among the very foremost of a class never large, and augmented by only a few names in the course of a century, who illustrate the supreme type of greatness—a type which demands the union of the rarest mental power, with self-abnegation, patience, kindness, and a feminine tenderness of disposition. The combination of strength and gentleness in his character was not merely conspicuous; it was transcendent: as among the men whom we may, any of us, have known, it was unequalled—unapproached. It was the admiration of all who met him. It was the charm that captivated his friends. It was the secret of that magnetic power which he exerted over so many hearts. It was at once the fruit and the evidence of his close assimilation to that loving Saviour in whose love he rejoiced with a joy unspeakable and full of glory. The mind struggles in vain to conceive what must be the rapture of such a soul on being received into a world whose very atmosphere is love—into the immediate presence of that adored Redeemer, whose nature is the same as when He *wept* with the sisters of Bethany, at the very moment He was about to command the grave to give back its dead.

Here, then, we have the true criterion of Dr. HODGE'S greatness. It is not questioned that there have been

men of still loftier intellectual culture, nor that there are names still more suggestive of universal knowledge. But no example is recalled in which an imperial intellect, mature scholarship, a creative imagination, acute sensibility, taste, affectionateness, sterling humor, a soldier's courage and a woman's gentleness, the freshness of youthful feeling unimpaired at fourscore, and all the graces of the Spirit, were more exquisitely blended. In the perfect harmony of his mental and moral powers, the purity and benevolence of his life, the wisdom and felicity of his doctrine, and the charm of his conversation, we recognize the *completeness* of a character, the like of which we do not expect to see this side of heaven. From our heart of hearts we render thanks to that God who made him what he was, and blessed the church with his presence for eighty years.

When Dr. Archibald Alexander was about to die, he said to his son, "I have never before seen a time so suitable for my departure." May we not say the same of his revered successor? His great Treatise, for which the Church had waited with many hopes and fears, had been finished. The Seminary, with its full corps of able professors, its increased endowment and new buildings, was never more prosperous. His sons had come to honor, and were already taking up and carrying forward his work. His faculties were in full vigor. And his image, in all its lineaments, was just that which those nearest his heart would most love to hold in lasting remembrance. The completeness of his character found its complement in the completeness of his life. And as faith enjoins, so reason must confirm the sentiment, that in this, as in all His dispensations, God's

time was the best time. With reverent hearts we accept the lesson. But "we cannot repress a sense of privation partaking of desolateness. An animating influence that pervaded, and enlarged, and raised our minds, is extinct. While ready to give due honor to all valuable teachers, and knowing that the lights of religious instruction will still shine with useful lustre, and new ones continually rise, *we involuntarily and pensively turn to look at the last fading colors in the distance where the greater luminary has set.*"*

* John Foster on Robert Hall.

MINUTE

ADOPTED BY THE

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

OF THE

PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY,

AT THEIR

ANNUAL MEETING, HELD APRIL 29, 1879.

MINUTE.

THE Reverend CHARLES HODGE, Doctor of Divinity. Doctor of Laws, was born in Philadelphia, December 27, 1797. He graduated at the College of New Jersey with the highest honor, in 1815. Having spent three years as a student in this Seminary, graduating in the Class of 1819, he was appointed by this Board, in the year following, *Assistant Teacher of the Original Languages of Scripture*. In the year 1822, he was elected by the General Assembly, *Professor of Oriental and Biblical Literature*. In the year 1840, he was transferred to the chair of Didactic Theology. This position he filled until his death, June 19, 1878.

His entire professional life was thus passed as an instructor of students in this institution. About three thousand young men were prepared, largely under his influence and tuition, for the ministry of the Gospel. By these, his name is affectionately cherished as a household word in every quarter of the globe.

From the day of his appointment as Assistant Instructor, he enjoyed the confidence, alike of his colleagues, of the members of this Board, of the students under his charge, and of the entire church. To this confidence were soon added profound respect and admiration; while from the generation who knew him in his ripest years, came the homage of grateful and reverent affection.

The tribute, thus gladly paid by successive generations, was justified by his talents and attainments; by his labors as teacher and author; by his consecration of all his endowments to the service of Christ and the Truth; by his exalted Christian character and his consistent Christian life; by his humility before God, and his love for men.

As a Teacher, whether of Biblical Literature or of Systematic Theology, it was his single aim, as it was his chief success, to deepen the interest of his students in Divine Truth, as revealed in the Word of God, and to impress them with a profound sense of its supreme importance, as against all speculations and theories of the human mind.

As an Author, his large and accurate learning, his wide intellectual sympathies, embracing almost every department of knowledge, his perfect candor, his loyalty to truth, and his imperial mental endowments, entitle him to a place in history among the foremost expounders and defenders of the Faith delivered to the Saints.

These great intellectual gifts, and traits, and attainments, he exercised and employed under the absolute direction of his implicit faith in the revealed Word of God. Standing in the succession of the apostolic and historic theologians of the Church, in virtue of his masterly exposition and defence of the Nicene Theology, the Augustinian Anthropology, and the Reformed Soteriology as announced in the Westminster Symbols, he tried them by, and found their highest defence in their harmony with, the teachings of the Sacred Scriptures; whose plenary inspiration, and absolute authority as the infallible rule of faith and duty, he thoroughly believed and distinctly taught.

His Christian experience was profound and vivid. Like his theological instruction, it was distinguished by its scriptural character. As in the class-room and in his writings, he expounded the *written Word*, in which he implicitly believed; so in his life, he reproduced the spirit of the *living Word*, in whom he trusted as his Redeemer, and whom he obeyed as his Lord.

To his personal character, formed by this Christian experience, and manifested in his relations to the members of this Board, we cannot refer, as we cannot recall it, without profound gratitude to God that we were permitted intimately to know him, and without a deep sense of the incalculable loss that each of us has sustained. His unsullied honor, his unbending integrity, his large affection, his tender sympathy, and his fidelity to every public and personal interest committed to his keeping, endeared him, beyond adequate expression, to all who knew him.

Lamenting our own loss, we mourn the loss of the Church of Christ; and we offer the expression of our sympathy to those most deeply bereaved in his death.

“Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them.”