

THE LIFE

OF

JOSEPH ADDISON ALEXANDER, D.D.,

PROFESSOR IN THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY AT PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY.

BY

HENRY CARRINGTON ALEXANDER.

VOLUME I.

NEW YORK:

CHARLES SCRIBNER & COMPANY.

1870.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869,

By CHARLES SCRIBNER & CO.,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the  
Southern District of New York.

## III.

When to the havoc man has made  
 The elements afford their aid ;  
 When nature sickens, and disease  
 Rides on the wing of every breeze ;  
 When the tornado in its flight  
 Blows the alarm and calls to fight ;  
 When raging Fever leads the van,  
 In the fierce onset upon man ;  
 When livid Plague and pale Decline  
 And bloated Dropsy, form the line ;  
 While hideous Madness, shivering Fear  
 And grim Despair, bring up the rear ;  
 When these thy judgments are abroad :  
 " Be still and know that I am God."

## IV.

When messages of grace are sent,  
 And mercy calls thee to repent ;  
 When through a cloud of doubts and fears  
 The Sun of Righteousness appears ;  
 When thy reluctant heart delays  
 To leave it's old accustomed ways ;  
 When pride excites a storm within,  
 And pleads and fights for every sin ;  
 Be still, and let this tumult cease ;  
 Say to thy raging passions, " Peace ! "  
 By love subdued, by judgment awed :  
 " Be still and know that I am God."

" I began another poem in the night which I did not finish. Le  
 voici !

## I.

When by strong love and sorrow led,  
 The women hasten to appear  
 Where their departed Master's head  
 Was laid upon its rocky bier,  
 Desiring there once more to shed  
 The sweet, but sweetly bitter tear ;  
 The joyful words which met their ear,  
 Though by the lips of angels said,

Like idle tales to them appear :  
 “ He is arisen from the dead—  
 He is not here ! ”

## II.

Yet when they saw the cold, hard bed,  
 For his sake to their bosoms dear ;  
 And saw their Master’s body fled,  
 And the cast grave-clothes lying near ;  
 They in their turn to others said,  
 With mingled wonder, joy, and fear :  
 “ He has arisen from the dead—  
 He is not here ! ”

This is without doubt the sweetest and most delicate of all his scriptural paraphrases.

On the way from Florence he had an adventure with an old priest, a young Franciscan friar, and some seculars, the account of which is very entertaining.

“ After I had waited an hour or two the vettúra came to the door and I got in. On the back seat there was an elegant old gentleman, in ecclesiastical costume, with a red ribbon round his hat. I asked him whether he spoke French. He answered, in Italian, that he had never practised it. On the seat opposite to him there was a huge pile of bundles, bags, &c. He laughed and said he had taken two places, one for himself and one for his things. We drove along the street called Pórtá Rossa; and stopped before a coffee-house, where a boy got in about fifteen years of age, dressed in velvet, which is very common here among the lower orders. We stopped again before a church, where a young Franciscan friar joined us and a young priest. The latter sat inside with the old priest and me. The Franciscan and the boy sat in the cabriolet. We did not get away till after 12 o’clock. I found, from the conversation in the coach, that the young priest was in some way dependant on the old one, whom he treated with obsequious servility. His name was Pádre Luigi (Father Louis). The Franciscan’s name was Pádre Leonardo, and the boy’s Bartolomeo Novara. The old man was called ‘Monsignére’ by the others, so that I did not learn his name. The boy was going to a convent in Rome to try whether he would like to be a Franciscan. He was from Genoa, Pádre