

THE LIFE

OF

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BY

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when the remains were lowered into the earth, and little Jessie's (the only daughter of Dr. James Alexander) grave was still fresh in the same portion of the New Cemetery. It was, as was stated at the time, "a funeral without gloom, which bore the thoughts quite to the verge of heaven. The light of the resurrection and of immortality seemed to dispel the shadows of death and the grave, and the spectators of the scene could say, and no doubt did say, 'Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!'"* But there was one present whose grief seemed inconsolable. It was Dr. Addison Alexander; the giant of intellectual prowess, the terror and admiration of the classrooms. He stood weeping like a child.

"I observed him," says one,† "in the funeral procession, and during the exercises in the church. He sat motionless; his countenance expressive of the deepest grief; until the singing of the hymn

"Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb."

At the close of the second stanza, his whole frame became violently agitated, and several convulsive sobs were heard over the whole house. With a mighty effort he controlled the emotion, and in a few moments he was calm and motionless.

"My stay in Princeton on that occasion was brief, and I did not presume to intrude upon the sacredness of his grief."

It was not long after that he composed the beautiful lines which are given below, and which were labelled on the outside of the envelope that contained them, "Medicine for Luey;" and within—

"LINES 'TO A FATHERLESS GIRL.'

"You asked me, Luey, to express
My feelings towards the fatherless,
And I consented so to do ;

* See a contemporary account quoted in the life of Dr. Alexander, p. 625.

† Rev. B. T. Lacy.

But ere I could redeem my word—
 The solemn tidings you had heard—
 I was without a father, too.

Believe not the calumnious tongue,
 Which says that none except the young
 Are sensible of such distress.
 Though many years have o'er me passed,
 And though the next may be the last,
 I feel that I am fatherless.

The breaking of that 'golden bowl'
 Has caused to gush within my soul
 A spring of sympathy with you.
 I know, with all my mind and heart,
 What once I only knew in part;
 For I have lost a father too.

Though you are young, and I am old,
 Your feelings warm, and mine too cold,
 I need a comforter no less.
 But while I now with you can grieve,
 With you I likewise can believe
 That God will help the fatherless.

And if his care extends to me,
 How strong must his compassions be
 Towards gentler natures in distress.
 The mercy that will not neglect
 The strong man, surely will protect
 The child, and that child fatherless.

Woe to the sinner that 'offends'
 The 'little ones' whom God befriends,
 And whom the Saviour will 'confess!'
 Woe to the wretch who can deceive,
 Or would intentionally grieve,
 The orphans and the fatherless!

But no! thou hast a Father still,
 Who can defend his child, and will
 Her rights maintain, her wrongs redress.

The 'witness of the spirit' gives
 Assurance that thy Father lives.
 Lucy, thou art not fatherless!

What is this life of cares and tears,
 If He in smiles to thee appears.
 Through Christ's dear passion reconciled?
 Each pang and shock while here we roam,
 Is but a gentle summons home—
 The Father calling for his child.

Sooner or later, on his breast,
 Thou shalt enjoy unbroken rest,
 Beyond the reach of earth's alarms;
 Sooner or later, thou shalt win
 The prize of perfect peace within
 Thy Father's 'everlasting arms.'

Meantime, be cheerful and be bold,
 Dear lamb of the Good Shepherd's fold.
 He loves his 'little ones' to bless.
 Though all forsake thee, He will not;
 Though desolation be thy lot,
 He will not leave thee fatherless."

PRINCETON, November 10, 1851.

A friend from Virginia refers very kindly to an interview he had with Dr. Addison Alexander a few months after his father's death; in the "Seminary House," of which he had now become the occupant.

"He was then head of the house. He received me cordially at the door; took me into his study, which he had now removed into the house; invited me to remain to dinner, which I did; and during the hours I remained, was kind, social, and attentive. I saw unmistakable evidences of deep sorrow for the loss of his father."

His hospitality was sincere and gratifying to his many guests. He seemed to feel that he was called upon to take his father's place in these matters, so far as he or any one was able to take the place of such a man, even in what may seem so small a thing; for Dr. Archibald Alexander was one of the most charming hosts in the land, and his death made a void in