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In Memoriam.

Alexander M'Leod Milligan.

Born in Ryegate, Vt., April 6, 1822.

Died in Wyoming Territory, May 7, 1885.

J. W. PFATT & SON, PRINTERS, 75 TO 79 FULTON ST., N. Y.

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DEDICATION.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE

REV. A. M. MILLIGAN, D. D.,

AS A

TOKEN OF LOVING REGARD AND GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE, BY THE BEREAVED

AND SORROWING PEOPLE OF HIS CHARGE, THE REFORMED PRESBYTERIAN

CONGREGATION OF EIGHTH STREET, PITTSBURGH, PA., OF WHICH

HE WAS THE FIRST PASTOR, FROM MAY 14, 1866, TO MAY

7, 1885, THE DAY OF HIS DEATH, THIS LITTLE

VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

Biography.

"I am distressed for thee, my brother; very pleasant hast thou been to me; thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women."

This lament of King David over his friend Jonathan, beautifully expresses the deep feelings and tender emotions awakened in many hearts, among the family, kindred, congregation, church and the wide circle of Christian friends and acquaintances, by the early decease of Dr. A. M. Milligan. To gratify the desire of many who loved him, and to whom his friendship, his love and many endearing relations were a benediction, the following brief sketch of his life is written.

Alexander M'Leod Milligan was the first-born child of the Rev. James Milligan, D.D., and of Mary Trumbull his wife, and was born in the town of Ryegate, Caledonia County, Vermont, on April 6, 1822. His father was the son of John Milliken and of Margaret Milligan, who lived and died on the banks of Loch Doon, Scotland, on the south border of Ayrshire, and near the village of

Dalmellington; he came to this country in his boyhood, graduated at Jefferson College in 1809, was pastor of Covenanter congregations successively in Ryegate, Vt., New Alexandria, Pa., and Bethel, Ill., and died in the 77th year of his age. His mother was the daughter of Elder Robert Trumbull, a Scotchman from Galloway, who deserted from the British army and joined the American revolutionary army in New York, and of Lucy Babcock, a direct descendant of the Mayflower pilgrims; she was the first white child born in Orleans County, Vermont, and died at New Alexandria in the 66th year of her age.

At his birth he was dedicated to God for the work of the ministry, and was called after the eminent Dr. Alexander M'Leod of New York. An Aunt taught him to read the summer after he was two years old, and, though fond of boyish sports, and called mischievous, he made rapid progress in the New England common school, and under his father's instruction had read the Hebrew Bible and the Greek Testament before he was thirteen years old. He attended the Craftsbury Academy several terms, and made such progress here and in the

private lessons at home that he was ready to enter college when sixteen years of age. But the removal of the family in 1839, from Vermont to New Alexandria, Pa., delayed his advance, and two years afterward he entered the Western University of Pennsylvania as a Sophomore.

About this time in the development of grace, rather than in any sudden regenerating change, which probably had taken place in his infancy, a manifest spirit of religious devotion became a marked feature of his character. There was still the same active, joyous spirit, readiness for youthful pleasures and fondness for society, but there was constant self-restraint, with careful choice of companions and growing earnestness in religious duties. He had determined to prepare himself for the ministry; frequently led in family worship, took part in prayer meetings, discussed religious topics with intelligence and Christian experience; and in the spring of 1840, publicly confessed the Saviour, uniting with the Reformed Presbyterian congregation of New Alexandria, of which his father was then pastor. Thenceforward his example, his influence and his constant effort were directly used to

encourage piety among his young companions. In special degree he was earnest in encouraging young men to enter the ministry, and not only his own brothers, but many other young men, both in the earlier and later years of his life, received through him either the first impulse or final determination to make the ministry of reconciliation their life work.

To gain means for the prosecution of his collegiate studies, he taught school during the winter of 1840-'41, in the Broad Ford district of Derry township, near Blairsville, Pa. It was a very difficult school to manage, the scholars being chiefly large boys and young men who boated on the canal in the summer time, and were the terror of teachers in the winter. By his strength and courage, his genial disposition, his tact in management and his ability as a teacher, he so won the confidence and good will of his scholars that any who were unruly were kept under restraint and either behaved themselves or left the school. The school directors gave him the credit of having the best school, both in its order and progress, which had been kept there for years. In college he gained

the approval of professors as a diligent student, developed popular talent as a speaker in the literary society, and gained the esteem and friendship of his fellow students. In an unhappy controversy with the college board, Dr. Bruce, the president, with some of the professors, was led to organize a new institution, Duquesne College; he followed them and graduated from Duquesne in June, 1843. The breach was afterwards healed and he was recognized as an alumnus of the University, and for several years before his death was a member of its board. In his graduation speech he struck the keynote of his life and character. The Catholic riots in Philadelphia had recently occurred and had excited much hot controversy. He chose for his theme, "The Majesty of Law," and so ably treated the doctrine of civil government and its duty in such religious questions as then and since have been agitated between Protestants and Catholics, that his address was widely published; his views called out both approval and condemnation, and his ability and power as a speaker and leader in public affairs were recognized.

In the fall of the same year he was taken under

the care of Pittsburgh Presbytery, as a student of theology, and entered the Seminary of the R. P. Church in Allegheny City. Dr. James R. Willson was then professor of Theology, etc., in the maturity of his attainments and power, among the thirty, if not of the three, chiefest theologians and pulpit orators. At his feet no student ever sat with more reverent regard than A. M. Milligan; and honoring him as a Gamaliel among professors, loving him as a father and a man of God, he studied him as a model and listened to his instructions as to an oracle. Dr. Thomas Sproull, who still lives in a venerable old age, was professor of Church history, &c., at the same time. His fellow students in the seminary were Samuel Bowden and Joshua Kennedy of '44, Oliver Wylie of '45, J. C. Boyd and R. B. Cannon and Josiah Dodds of '46, Wm. A. Acheson and Thomas M'Connell and Samuel Sterrett of '47, R. J. Dodds and H. P. M'Clurkin of '48, John French and L. B. Purvis and J. B. Williams of '49 and Joseph Hunter and N. R. Johnston and J. M. M'Donald of '50. Nine of these preceded him to the heavenly rest, and eight are yet alive. He was

a member of the class of '47, and was licensed by the Pittsburgh Presbytery April 14, 1847.

As a licentiate his labors were largely in important centers, to which he was sent by the Domestic Mission Board to cultivate societies newly organized. Wherever he preached he made a favorable impression by his social Christian character and by his pulpit power and unction. He labored among the vacancies for a year and a half, preferring this to an earlier settlement, which he might have had, as it gave him an opportunity to visit the Church, become acquainted more widely and gain experience, and because he could not decide between different fields where he was sought as a pastor. He had calls from St. Louis, Cincinnati, Buffalo and New Alexandria, and would have had others had he not discouraged congregations from making them. His choice of New Alexandria, as also were all his subsequent changes by acceptance of calls, was finally made by an appeal to God for direction in the ordinance of the Lot. To this course he was led after long and earnest wrestling with God; then having spent a day in fasting and humbling himself before the Lord, and in constant prayer and

supplication for divine direction, and that the mind and will of God might guide him in the matter, he cast the lot and New Alexandria was designated as his field. He always felt that this was proper, that he had been divinely guided in this respect, and that others might profitably use the same ordinance, if only they did it solemnly and with intent to implicitly follow the Lord's will thus made known.

In 1847 he was married to Miss Ellen Snodgrass, daughter of Hon. John Snodgrass, of New Alexandria. They lived happily together for twenty-one years, when her death, which came suddenly in 1868, threw a dark shadow over his life, and under which for many months his spirit was greatly troubled and his heart was humbled before God. Nine children were given to them; two sons died in infancy; his youngest daughter, Lizzie, lived to develop a beautiful Christian character and died triumphing in Christ in the 16th year of her age. The second daughter, Mrs. Ellen Blanchard, wife of President Blanchard of Wheaton College, Illinois, was suddenly taken away by heart disease in October, 1884; beloved by all, and mourned over

by a multitude who followed her remains to the grave, her untimely death deeply affected her father already stricken with his fatal malady. Thus dear ones had gone before to draw him heavenward with silken cords, and to welcome him to the distant shores of the better land and home. There are five surviving children: Mrs. John Gregg, Mrs. David M'Fall, and an unmarried daughter; also two sons, A. M., Jr., and O. B. A. M. had completed his theological studies, and was a full licentiate before his father's death; and O. B. had completed his second year in the seminary, and was acting as superintendent of the Sabbath school in Pittsburgh Congregation. In 1872 he was married the second time to Miss B. A. Stewart of New Alexandria, who with Christian faith and love cheered the later years of his life, with patience and tenderness ministered to him through the weary months of his final illness, and on the over-land train, in the wilds of Wyoming, while journeying homeward, closed his eyes in death. He was a devoted husband, an indulgent father, a loving brother, a faithful friend. In all these relations he had his full share of both joy and sorrow, was

chastened and sanctified, and was made a blessing to others. Jesus alone can fill with comfort the aching void in stricken hearts which mourn his early loss.

The ministerial life of Dr. Milligan was spent in three different fields. Having accepted the call to New Alexandria, he was ordained and installed by the Pittsburgh Presbytery which met for this purpose in New Alexandria, on November 23, 1848. The Rev. R. J. Dodds was also ordained at the same time with the expectation of his becoming a foreign missionary. Here he labored as his father's successor for five full years, when, having a call from the Third Philadelphia, or Kensington, congregation, which was organized only a few months before, he accepted it and was installed there on December 8, 1853. After two and a half years of labor here, New Alexandria uniting with Clarksburgh and Greensburgh called him again to the field of his early labors thus greatly enlarged. Accepting their call he was installed pastor of these united congregations, on May 6, 1856, and remained there for ten years.

In all these eighteen years he had the love and

hearty support of all the people in his different charges. His preaching was earnest, practical and powerful, and the divine Saviour and His great salvation were most solemnly presented and commended to his hearers. While gospel themes were the burden of his preaching, he seldom failed to make it bear upon morality in private and public life; and seeking the salvation of men, he did not neglect to utter the divine condemnations against intemperance, slavery, secret orders, and the dishonor done to Jesus by civil society with the approval or consent of Christian churches. He also labored constantly in reform lectures, keeping the community stirred up, educating and leading the gathering hosts who sought the overthrow of public and social evils, gaining the respect and fear of the friends of wicked systems, and also more than once facing mob fury in his efforts. Yet these abundant labors, so untiring was he in effort and physically so strong and healthy, did not prevent the full measure of pastoral work and careful devotion to Bible class, Sabbath school and prayer meeting agencies. Some indeed complained that he was too strong in testimony-bearing to succeed as a pastor;

but the results in all his charges gave witness to the contrary. He brought many into the Church, he trained up her members to be earnest Christians and faithful Covenanters, and he made many friends for our principles among those who were unwilling to make the sacrifices incident to their consistent practice.

As an illustration of his spirit and character, of his sympathy with every friend and worker for Christ, and of his earnest endeavors in season and out of season to advance the cause of Jesus, we give some of his correspondence. The first was with John Brown when republicans and even Wm. H. Seward disclaimed and condemned him, though afterwards they sang as their battle song, "His soul is marching on." The following is his letter and John Brown's reply :

NEW ALEXANDRIA, Westmoreland County, Pa., }
November 24, 1859. }

Captain John Brown,

DEAR SIR: Permit a stranger to address you. I am a humble pastor of a congregation of people known as Scotch Covenanters—a people who refuse to incorporate with this government by holding its offices, or by using its elective franchise, on the ground that it fails to perform the duty required of government either to God or man. It neither acknowledges the authority of God nor protects

the persons of its subjects, and we do not acknowledge it to be the moral ordinance of God for good to man, to be obeyed for conscience sake.

I do not address you from the expectation that you need any promptings to that fortitude which you have so nobly displayed, and which I doubt not is begotten in your soul by the Spirit of God through a good conscience, and a good cause. I have no fears but that your familiarity with the Word of God and the way to the Throne, will fortify your heart against the foul aspersions cast upon your character and motives by purchased presses and parrot pulpits. He that fears God properly need fear no other. Still, I know that the bravest heart may be cheered in the midst of its sore trials by a kindly word from even a stranger, and while you "are surrounded by the bulls of Bashan," it may be some consolation to you to know that there are some orthodox and earnest Christians who regard you as a martyr to civil liberty, and pray for a large outpouring of the martyr spirit upon you, and feel that in such a cause 'tis glorious to die.

Whatever prudence may whisper in regard to the best course, God requires us to "remember them that are in bonds as bound with them."—Heb. xiii: 3. "Execute ye judgment and righteousness, and deliver the spoiled out of the hand of the oppressor."—Jer. xxii: 3. And the Apostle John declares that "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren. But whoso hath this world's goods and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?"—1 John iii: 14, 17. If these are the proper tests of Christianity, I think at least you have no reason to fear a comparison of character, in that respect, with your clerical traducers.

But, my dear sir, you will allow me to urge upon you a rigid inquiry into your motives, to know whether you have taken up the cross for Christ's sake as well as for the sake of his oppressed people. If you have made all the sacrifice for Christ's and his cause's sake, you have the promise of a hundred-fold more in the present life, and in the world to come life everlasting. Your character will be a hundred-fold more than redeemed, and a hundred-fold better legacy will accrue to your family than you could otherwise have left them. I know that your mind is

deeply exercised in behalf of the slave, but I would suggest to you another feature of the "irrepressible conflict" on which you may not have bestowed so much thought: God's controversy with this nation for dishonor done to His majesty. This nation, in its Constitution, makes no submission to the King of Kings—pays no regard to the requirements of His law—never mentions His name even in the inauguration oath of its chief magistrate.

God has said He will turn the wicked into hell and all the nations that forget God.—Ps. ix : 17. To His Son, the Messiah, He says, "The nation and kingdom that will not serve Thee shall perish : yea, those nations shall be utterly wasted." —Isa. lx : 12.

If you must die a witness for the "inalienable rights" of man, I desire that you would also set the seal of your blood to a noble testimony for the supreme authority and outraged majesty of God, and with your expiring breath call upon this guilty nation not only to "let God's people go," but also to serve God with fear and kiss His Son, lest he be angry.—Ps. ii : 11, 12.

You have been called before judges and it has been "given you what to say and how to speak;" and I pray that when you are called "to witness a good confession before many witnesses," there may be given you dying words that will scathe and burn in the heart of this great and guilty nation, until their oppression of men and treason against God shall be clean purged out. Noble man! you are highly favored of God—you are raised to a high, commanding eminence, even though it be a scaffold, where every word you utter reaches the farthest corner of the land. Samson-like, you will slay more Philistines in your death than you ever did or could in a long life; and I pray God that in your dying agony you may have the gratification of feeling the pillars of Dagon's temple crumbling in your grasp. Oh! feel that you are a great actor on a world-wide stage—that you have a most important part to play, and that while you are suffering for God, he will take care of you. He sends none a warfare on their own charges. Fear not to die. Look on the scaffold not as a curse, but as an honor, since it has been sanctified by Christ. It is no longer "cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree"—that curse was borne by Jesus

—but “blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness’ sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.”

I still entertain the lingering hope, that this nation will not add to its already full cup of crime the blood of your judicial murder; and I pray God “to hear the groaning of the prisoner, and to loose those that are appointed to death.” I wish to be understood as addressing your companions through you. Should this reach you, will you gratify me by informing me of that fact? I greatly desire to know more of one in whom I feel so deep an interest.

That you may be carried safely through and “saved from death,” or what is better, “saved in death,” is the prayer of,

Yours for Christ and the slave,

A. M. MILLIGAN.

CHARLESTOWN, Jefferson County, Va., }
November 29, 1859. }

MY DEAR COVENANTER FRIEND: Notwithstanding I now get daily more than three times the number of kind letters I can possibly answer, I cannot deny myself the satisfaction of saying a few words to a stranger, whose *feelings* and whose *judgment* so nearly coincide with my own. No letter of a great number I have got to cheer, encourage and advise me, have given me more heart-warming satisfaction or better counsel than your own. I hope to profit by it, and I am greatly obliged for *your visit* to my prison. It really seemed to impart new strength to my soul, notwithstanding I was very cheerful before. I trust, dear brother, that God, in infinite grace and mercy for Christ’s sake, will “neither leave me nor forsake me,” till I have “shown *His power* to this generation; and *His strength* to every one that is to come.”

I would most gladly commune further as we journey on; but I am so near the close of mine that I must break off, however reluctant.

Farewell, my faithful brother in Christ Jesus; farewell.

Your friend,

JOHN BROWN.

With every President from Lincoln to Arthur, he labored privately and by personal appeal, that they might not take the godless oath of the Constitution, but might use the Divine name in it. With Hayes and Arthur he was successful. The following is his letter to Mr. Garfield, and his autograph reply :

M'CLURE AVENUE, ALLEGHENY, Pa., }
 October 25, 1880. }

Hon. J. A. Garfield,

DEAR SIR : I am encouraged to write you from a long and pleasant interview with our mutual friend, Hon. Samuel Plumb, of Streator, Ill. I have deferred writing until assured that you are quite certain to be our next President.

I have no favors to ask for myself or my friends, but I wish to speak a word to you for the honor of our common Lord and Master, and for the welfare of our common country. So far as I can ascertain, you are to be the first Chief Magistrate who, at the time of his election, was a member of a Christian church. I believe that your nomination and election have been providentially brought about in answer to earnest prayer.

Permit me to call your attention to the fact that the framers of the Constitution of our country, in their effort to form a government that should be neutral in religion, have given us a Constitution that is devoid of a single allusion to God, or His law, or His authority in the nation. Even the oath prescribed for you to take when inaugurated to office, does not contain the appeal to God, which is the very essence of the oath. It was so framed in order that an Atheist might consistently swear it ; but can a Christian consistently swear it ?

When Gen. Washington was inaugurated, after the Chief Justice had read to him the prescribed form of the oath, lifting the Bible to his lips he added the words, "So help me, God." From his time till President Hayes, no President,

so far as I can learn, ever used the appeal to God in taking the oath ; but took it simply as framed in the Constitution. Previous to President Lincoln's inauguration, I wrote to him on the matter, and asked him to honor God in taking the oath. He sent me a kindly reply, saying that he would gladly comply with my request, but as he entered on his office under critical circumstances, he did not feel at liberty to depart from the letter of the Constitution. In a private interview afterwards, he expressed his hope that as his first administration had purged slavery out of the Constitution, his second might secure a proper recognition of God in it.

After Mr. Hayes' election, I wrote to him and quoted the history of Washington's inauguration oath, and asked him to follow the example of the Father of his Country. He did so. You will remember that the oath was twice administered to him, and both times he added the words, "So help me, God." I may add that the administration of President Hayes has been distinguished by a high moral tone and character that has never been excelled or equaled in the White House. And the heroic conduct of his noble wife, in setting an example of strict temperance in entertaining the guests of the nation's Chief Magistrate, has entitled her to the lasting gratitude of the sober moral people of the nation and the world, and to the appellation recently given her at a great meeting in London, "The Queen of America."

My dear sir, permit me as a minister of the gospel, to congratulate you and your most estimable wife in anticipation of your coming election, and allow me to express my assurance of the coming fact, and also my confidence that the mere calling of your attention to the matter of the oath will be sufficient to secure from you a proper meed of honor to our blessed Master in the oath by which you receive your commission to exercise supreme executive authority over a great Christian nation.

With distinguished consideration and high regard,

Your most obedient servant,

A. M. MILLIGAN.

MENTOR, Ohio, October 30, 1880.

DEAR SIR: Yours of the 25th instant came to hand, and was read with interest. In the great burden of duties now pressing upon me, I have only time to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, and thank you for its suggestions.

Very truly yours,

REV. A. M. MILLIGAN.

J. A. GARFIELD.

The congregation of Pittsburgh made a call upon him in 1866 to become their pastor. He was comfortably situated, laboring successfully among a united and loving people, and strongly bound by family ties to remain. This time he was guided by the Lot to leave the question as to its acceptance to the decision of Presbytery. This he did. The delegates of his congregation strongly remonstrated. The members of Presbytery were divided; but after protracted discussion unanimously agreed to present the call, which he accordingly accepted. His installation was appointed for Monday, May 14, 1866. He preached his first sermon to them on the previous day; and just nineteen years after these dates his lifeless body was brought back to the city, and his funeral took place.

These nineteen years cover the period of his manhood's strength and power, they were marked

with many tokens of divine love and favor, as well as with afflictive dispensations, and were filled up with those earnest efforts for the cause of Christ and the recognition of King Jesus, which fitly crowned his earlier toil and self-sacrificing zeal for the emancipation of the slave. With unremitting energy he attended every National Reform Convention, and spent days and weeks before them in holding meetings and awakening interest and helping to make them successful. His voice and pen never wearied in pleading that Jesus should be accepted and honored by the Nation. They were, as well, years of harmonious effort, unvarying prosperity and constantly increasing affection between pastor and people in the congregation, which zealously seconded him in all his labors for their own success and for the public interests in which his heart was so much engaged. The College, the Seminary, the Home, and Southern, and Chinese, and Foreign Missions had no warmer, more active and devoted friend; and no one is more inseparably connected with the welfare and prosperity of every one of them. Nothing that concerned the interests of

the Church and the glory of the Saviour found in him an opponent, a cold and indifferent friend or an inefficient worker. At the first Synod he attended he was made a member of the Board of Superintendents of the Seminary, and the last winter of his active life, when Professor Sloane was laid aside from duty, though then physically weakened by the insidious disease which caused his death, he cheerfully undertook to fill his place, and without remuneration, added this to his other labors. A large proportion of the money secured for the erection of Geneva College was raised by his personal effort, in company with the Rev. R. J. George; and they were in New York canvassing for an Endowment Fund and the increase of its Library, when his enfeebled frame gave way and the work of his toilsome life was done.

By his father's example and instructions he was taught to "pray everywhere," "in everything to give thanks," and from his early boyhood he was accustomed to pray about his every-day affairs, and to accept, even trivial good, as an answer to prayer. In his bereavements and personal afflictions the Throne of Grace was his first and last

resort. He had many hair-breadth escapes from death in his youth; and attributing these to the watchful Providence of Jesus, he made conscience of asking His protection and thanking Him for it. In 1874, he was afflicted with a rectal tumor which threatened his life, and from which the surgeons of Pittsburgh and New York decided there was no relief but by a surgical operation, which might be fatal, and even if he lived, would leave him in a feeble and suffering condition. While awaiting the operation, he asked two brother ministers to unite with him in prayer for Divine help, which they did; his congregation also, at his request, held daily prayer meetings. He always attributed his marvelous relief to the fulfillment of the Divine promise, Matt. xviii. 19. (See his own account of it, in *Our Banner*, for 1874, page 175.) Doctor Van Buren, the specialist surgeon, afterward said to him, on finding the tumor wholly gone, "My friend, thank God for this; no human power could have saved your life." In his last illness also, this was his dependence; and the secret of his calm and patient endurance of the terrible prostration of strength which was its

feature, and of the final approach of death, was the fact that in prayer he had committed all to Jesus and was conscious that others were devotedly uniting in supplication in his behalf.

In his childhood, when not more than six or seven, he went with his father to the funeral of a little babe. Drawing back his hand from the cold and clammy face, and shrinking from the ghastly form, his father assured him that the little one should live again, and explained to him the Resurrection; but the child stoutly resisted the doctrine. The next Sabbath's sermon was on this theme, and though he seemed restless under the long discourse, and even inattentive, yet the next day he was heard repeating the points of it to his little sister and insisting upon her acceptance of the truth. This early love of truth, and study of the gospel mysteries showed itself in his entire ministry. He delighted in discussing the great doctrines and delighted his hearers with his clear statements, his convincing arguments and his encouraging applications of their truth. Few men so impressed themselves upon others, and few so little sought leadership and so readily followed

others, if only they were true to the cause and principles that to him were so precious. In 1872 the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by the College of Washington and Jefferson. He was a preacher rather than a writer, yet the pages of *Our Banner* and the columns of the *Christian Statesman* contain many contributions from his pen, which show that his power as a speaker was in his mastery of his subject and his ability to express his thoughts clearly, rather than in the majesty of his person and the music of voice, which so charmed and thrilled his audience. His congregation were thus unified as intelligent and earnest Christians and Covenanters, and not mere creatures of his magnetic influence; while they loved and devotedly followed him, they ardently espoused the truth and cause he so eloquently advocated and so fervently prayed for. Like himself, all his congregation were believers in prayer, as all can testify who ever attended their meetings in the Week of Prayer, or their own week of prayer before each Communion, or their special daily prayer meetings in the times of his or their own afflictions.

During the year of their pastor's lingering death, the congregation were unceasing in prayer on his behalf, much of the time meeting daily for this special purpose; and though they did not gain the direct desire of their petitions—his recovery and return to them alive—yet, doubtless these meetings were instrumental in bringing to him the faith and comfort and joyful hope which sustained him and gained victory in death, and was divinely rewarded in the unity, strength and prosperity which marked the sad year that closed his pastorate without a pastor's care, and which made the Communion, held soon after his decease, the largest in their experience, if not the largest ever held in our Church in this country.

Happily an historical sketch has been found among his papers, a brief outline of a sermon preached on his tenth anniversary as pastor, May 13, 1876. We give it here as his own testimony to the Divine arm which guided and prospered his ministry:

Anniversary Sermon.

PSALM cii. 14—"Thy servants take pleasure in her stones."

PSALM cxii. 6—"The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance."

Much of the Bible is history. Whole chapters are made up of the names of men and women who helped to plant the Church; who returned from captivity, who signed the covenants, who contributed to the Temple, who built the walls of Jerusalem, etc. To-day, sermons are being preached, books written, and fire-proof buildings erected, to perpetuate the history of the Church.

The Reformed Presbyterian, or Covenanter Church, is a well-known body to the readers of history. It is the Church of the Reformation in Scotland. It separated from the Church of Scotland at the Revolution Settlement in 1688, on account of the abandonment of Reformation attainments, and refused to identify with the apostatizing church and nation. In the United States the Church is well known for its refusal to identify with the government on account of its slavery and the infidelity of the Constitution. (See "R. P. Testimony," historical part, page 121, in 1806, written by Dr. M'Leod; also, "Sons of Oil," page 57, Reason 6, by Dr. S. B. Wylie.)

During the persecutions in Scotland, several Covenanters fled to America and formed praying societies. In 1743, Covenanters in the Colony of Pennsylvania met in Middle Octoraro, and assisted by Rev. Mr. Craighead, who joined them from the Presbyterian Church, entered into covenant. They were afterwards left three years without a minister. Mr. Cuthbertson came to them in 1752, and for 22 years labored alone in America. Revs. Linn and Dobbin came in 1774, and organized a presbytery in that year. Union with the Associate or Seceder Church, in 1782, dissolved the presbytery, and left the R. P. Church again without a minister, except Mr. Martin in South Carolina. Mr. M'Garragh came from

Ireland in 1791 ; Wm. King from Scotland in 1792 ; James M'Kinney from Ireland in 1793 ; Wm. Gibson, with collegiates S. B. Wylie and John Black, in 1797 ; and in 1797 these again constituted the R. P. Presbytery. Thomas Donnelly, Alexander M'Leod, S. B. Wylie and John Black were licensed June 24, 1799, in Robert Beattie's barn, in Coldenham, Orange County, N. Y. S. B. Wylie was ordained in Ryegate, Vt., June 25, 1800, in the church in which my father ministered for twenty-five years. This was the first ordination of a Covenanter minister in America ; but he was not installed in a pastoral charge, being ordained to go with James M'Kinney to South Carolina, to separate the Church from the institution of slavery.

The second R. P. minister ordained in this country, was John Black, and he was at the same time installed pastor of the R. P. congregation of Pittsburgh, in November or December, 1800. I cannot ascertain when the first Covenanter came to Pittsburgh ; but in 1799, soon after his licensure, Mr. Black came here and commenced his labors. Nor can I ascertain when the congregation was organized ; but Revs. M'Kinney and Wylie started on their southern tour in November, 1800 (Testimony, p. 123), and constituted their commission January 28, 1801, in the Brick Church, S. C. (see *Covenanter*, Vol. IV., p. 218). On their way they spent a month near Blue Lick, Va., after a perilous descent on the Ohio, in a flat boat, besides making the rest of their journey on horse-back, stopping and preaching, and baptizing children on the way. On the journey going south, they stopped in Pittsburgh and ordained and installed Dr. Black ; so that it is safe to say that the first Reformed Presbyterian congregation west of the Allegheny mountains, was supplied with its pastor in this city, in November, 1800. The ordination took place in the old Court-House, before a very large and deeply interested audience, and was an event never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

The congregation thus constituted was called the congregation of Ohio ; was more than a hundred miles square (Life of M'Leod, p. 51), including the whole territory west of the Alleghenies, and had about a dozen families scattered over bounds now occupied by three presbyteries (Sprague, p. 31). In 1806 the

congregation was divided into three, called Pittsburgh, Canonsburgh, and Ohio. The first communion west of the mountains was celebrated in the bounds of this congregation, in a beech grove, at the Forks of Yough. At this time, my father, then eighteen or twenty years old, united with the Church. After his examination, Dr. Black and one of the elders urged him to go on and prepare for the ministry. New congregations were gradually formed out of the old one, until the City of Pittsburgh remained the sole charge of the pastor.

Dr. Black was a man rather below the medium height, but strongly built and exceedingly muscular. He was a graduate of Glasgow College, and an excellent scholar, especially excelling in Latin and logic. Dr. Richard Lea, in his "Forty Years Review," calls him "The Great Dr. Black," and says "He was the theologian of the city." He was a bold and intrepid defender of the principles of the Reformation, and attacked fearlessly the evils of his day. His power in the pulpit was everywhere recognized, and commanded an audience and attention. He was always ready to preach, and frequently, on shortest notice, preached remarkable sermons. The elders of his session were John Hodge, W. Gormley, John Armstrong, John Aikin, John Cowan, James M'Vicker and Thomas Smith, the latter of whom alone survives.

Their place of worship was the old Court-House on the west side of the Diamond, on Market street. Frequently they held communions and other services in the Evangelical Lutheran Church, on Sixth and Smithfield streets. But at an early date they erected a church on the site where the present building, still called Dr. Black's Church, now stands on Oak Alley and Liberty streets. When the walls, roof and windows were in their places, the congregation met on Saturday, cleared out the shavings, made seats of boards and blocks, used the work-bench for a pulpit, and had services in it on Sabbath, rejoicing that they could now worship under their own vine.

DIVISION OF 1833.

I have no disposition to revive the controversy, but shall only state that the question between the two parties was whether the charges of slave holding and infidelity were justly made against the United States Constitution, and con-

sequently, whether they could consistently with their principles, vote and hold office under it. Dr. Black went with the party which left the former position and practice of the Church ; and the largest part of his session and congregation went with him. They also retained the church building. About one hundred members, with elders Samuel Henry and James Harvey, adhered to the old ground, and separated from their former pastor and congregation, still claiming to be *the* R. P. congregation of Pittsburgh ; and they were so recognized by the Pittsburgh Presbytery of the " Old Light " Synod.

In 1834, Rev. Thomas Sproull was installed pastor. Again they worshiped in the Court-House and in the Young Men's Hall, corner of Market and Fourth streets, and in such churches as they could secure to hold communions, until 1836, when, a majority of the congregation residing in Allegheny, they erected the church which is still standing in Leacock street, Allegheny. One man stoutly resisted the change of location on the ground that, by change of location and name, the congregation would lose their legal claim to the property which they still held to be rightfully theirs. This man, Andrew Gormly, never united with the congregation of Pittsburgh and Allegheny, claimed to belong to the congregation of Pittsburgh, and every year, as long as he lived, revived his claim to the old property, by warning the present occupants that their title was not good, and notifying them to vacate. When, at last, the case was tried in law, Mr. Gormly's view was proved to be correct, and the suit was lost on the ground that, by change of location and name, they had virtually abandoned their claim, while the party occupying had obtained a title by twenty-one years' peaceable possession. The congregation under the care of their pastor, the present Dr. Thomas Sproull, Emeritus Professor, increased until, in 1866, it numbered 315 members, after having, in 1841, parted with Pine Creek, and in 1849, with Wilksburgh, and certified fifty-eight members to form the

PRESENT PITTSBURGH CONGREGATION.

These fifty-eight members were organized into a congregation, in the Lutheran Church, Seventh street, on October 31, 1865, by the election and installation of Robert Adams, Alexander Adams and Robert Glasgow, as elders.

On March 27, 1866, a unanimous call was made upon A. M. Milligan, which was accepted on April 11, 1866. On May 3d, the two congregations communed together in the old church, in Allegheny, as the last act before their final separation. The administration was by Dr. Sproull, assisted by A. M. Milligan.

The first separate service by the pastor elect was on May 13, 1866, in the City Hall of Pittsburgh. That morning the Prince of the powers of the air held a wild revel among the elements. At the hour the people were assembling for public worship, a terrific gust of wind filled the faces and clothes with dust, and then a dash of rain accompanied with wind that made umbrellas and awnings useless, turned the dust into mud, while vivid lightnings played and thunder rolled. Thus preacher and hearers assembled in that great hall saturated with rain and mire, like a handful of frightened sheep seeking a friendly shelter, and then the gloom of that darkest of Pittsburgh's dark days made it evident that the powers of darkness were abroad, determined to resist the unfurling of the old blue banner for the crown and covenant of Christ, on Fort Pitt where, for thirty years, it had not been displayed. But the little band were not to be thus defeated. In spite of the storm the services went on, and were introduced by the explanation of Psalm xvi. 1-8, which was in the regular course of Sabbath morning exposition, and in which these lines occur :

“Unto me happily the lines in pleasant places fell ;
Yea, the inheritance I got, in beauty doth excel.”

The morning Lecture, also in course, was Hebrews xi. 8-11,—“By faith Abraham, when he was called to go forth to a place which he should after receive for an inheritance, obeyed, and he went out not knowing whither he went.” These passages thus coming providentially, seemed to me like a prophecy of our success. For the afternoon sermon I had selected 1st Corinthians ii. 2,—“I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ and him crucified.” And if I know my own heart, this was my purpose then and is so now. On the following evening, May 14, 1866, I was installed pastor of Pittsburgh congregation, by the Revs. Joseph Hunter and Dr. Sproull.

We worshiped in the City Hall from May 13 till July 29—two and a half

months. From August 5, 1866, till September 4, 1870, we spent four pleasant years in the Fourth ward school-house, on Penn street. September 11, 1870, we met for the first time in our present place of worship, the Eighth Street Church. There was an evident providential intervention in bringing about the unanimity and harmonious co-operation in an unparalleled effort to secure our present commodious house of worship—in the selection of the site amid many conflicting interests, and in the universal manifestation of an unwonted liberality. I know that all were not, perhaps, equally free hearted, but even the least so displayed a liberality which heretofore would have been considered remarkable. I know that some contributed more than the tenth of all they owned; others made large contributions, every dollar of which was borrowed at a high rate of interest; and others toiled extra hours, while all denied themselves luxuries and even comforts, that they might contribute liberally to the house of our God. And now, in a financial panic, such as none of us ever knew before, in answer to united prayer, God has poured out upon us a spirit of liberality so that, by a contribution of more than \$5,000, the last of our church debt has been liquidated.

Our increase in members, considering the sacrifice at which the American citizen casts in his lot in a Covenanter church, has been remarkable. We began with fifty-eight members, and now number, after ten years, 297; while we have lost by removal 116, and by death forty-one adults and thirty-two children. There are now upon our roll 473 names. The additions in the several years have been as follows: 17, 67, 77, 29, 34, 29, 30, 38, 38, 29. [In the subsequent years of his pastorate, the additions have been annually reported as: 28, 40, 36, 27, 23, 40, 25, 35, 18; the last being the year of his entire disability from pastoral and ministerial work. At this date, the entire membership is reported as 350, a decrease of fifteen from the previous report. This shows a steady and healthy increase of membership during every year of his labor.]

The elders with whom the congregation was organized were: Robert Adams, Alexander Adams and Robert Glasgow. On September 28, 1866, two additional elders were elected and ordained: Dr. S. A. Sterrett and John A. M'Kee. In 1871, Daniel Euwer and R. M'Knight were elected and installed. Mr. Euwer has been certified to another congregation; the rest all remain.

The deacons have been as follows : on September 28, 1866, S. M. Orr, M. G. Euwer and Wm. Thursby were ordained deacons ; on February 25, 1869, S. M'Naugher, J. A. M'Crum, D. Chestnut and James Arthurs were ordained ; on July 29, 1872, James Rafferty, J. B. M'Clelland and W. A. M'Clelland. The last two, J. B. and W. A. M'Clelland, have been removed from the Church militant to the Church triumphant ; Wm. Thursby and J. A. M'Crum have removed to the far West ; the other six remain with us this day.

The Sabbath school was organized soon after the organization of the congregation, and has steadily increased until now it numbers 200 pupils and thirty-one teachers. It has at present fifteen Chinese on its roll, and is really performing very effective foreign missionary work for that great celestial empire, while it contributes \$50 per year for the education of a mission scholar in Syria, and has raised over \$100 this year for the education of a Chinaman to missionate among his countrymen either in California or China. Our first superintendent was J. A. M'Crum ; the second was S. M. Orr, and the third, Samuel M'Naugher.

The Ladies' Mission Association has been co-existent with the congregation. It has enrolled a large number of ladies of the congregation as members, and has contributed to various purposes many hundreds of dollars, a large annual sum. To it belongs the credit of educating one of the ministerial members of our Selma mission, Rev. G. M. Elliott, superintendent of the mission school, who bids fair to be an honor to the society that educated him, and a blessing to his race. Half of the means for educating our other colored missionary, Lewis Johnston, was furnished by Wm. Wills, of Wilkinsburgh, and half by the pastor and members of this congregation. The third teacher in that mission has been aided by our Ladies Society, so that in all the members of the Selma mission, we, as a congregation, have a more than ordinary interest. The ladies who have acted as presidents of the society have been : Mrs. M'Kee, Mrs. Sloane, Mrs. Milligan and Mrs. Sterrett.

There are nine societies in the congregation, meeting weekly for prayer. It is in these social exercises that we are most delinquent, in them the weakest pulsations in our organizations are found. Too small a proportion of our people are

regular active members ; and yet, they are not destitute of life, and some of them display a commendable activity. Besides these, our congregational prayer meetings—the monthly, the week of prayer, and before our communions, also in times of trial—have been found replete with pleasure and profit, and in more than one instance, we have received in them remarkable answers to our prayers, fulfilling the promise that what “two of you shall agree to ask in Jesus' name shall be done for you.”

One other institution in the congregation demands a record—our Mute class, to whom Miss Woodside interprets the morning service. Through her instrumentality some thirty to fifty immortal souls, from whom God has withheld the faculty of hearing and the power of speech, receive from Sabbath to Sabbath, the words of eternal life. Nineteen of these have made an intelligent profession of faith in Christ and adherence to the testimony of Jesus, and are enrolled in our ranks. [At the time of his death, thirty-three of these were communicants.]

Since the organization of the congregation it has contributed to the cause of Christ, for the various schemes of the Church, for the expenses of the congregation, and for benevolent and religious purposes, over \$124,000. This includes no legacy or devise, great or small, by persons living or dead, to be placed on interest for after generations. It consists entirely and exclusively of funds contributed ordinarily to the current expenses of the Church and her work ; and is one of the ways of measuring the efficiency of a congregation, and is an answer to the question, Where is your talent and what is it doing ?

It was by petitions from this congregation and the First New York and the First Philadelphia, that the Synod was moved to enter upon the solemn act of covenanting ; and it was in this house that, in 1871, the solemn scene transpired in which Synod swore the Covenant with the oath of God.

The Rev. N. R. Johnston, of Oakland, California, by request, has furnished the following account of the last months of Dr. A. M. Milligan :

The greatness of the loss which you and I and the whole church have sustained in the death of our dear brother, cannot be estimated. Since his burial and my return home to see the room he occupied, the chair on which he sat, and the bed on which he lay, all vacant, I am sad; and when I think of the work which he did, of the places he occupied, and of the work which he might have done, if he had been spared in health, I mourn for him every day. My account of the last months of brother A. M. Milligan's life, as they were spent in California, must be brief.

On reaching Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. Milligan rested a few days, enjoying the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Swizer, old friends, formerly of Philadelphia. Before departing, Dr. Milligan was able to enjoy a ride among the orange orchards in the suburbs; and by the kindness of Rev. Mr. Nevin, the U. P. Missionary among the Chinese there, to visit a newly-married Chinese man and wife, at their Christian home. Before coming to Los Angeles it had been their purpose to spend the winter there or at Santa Barbara, but as they could not procure suitable accommodations, they

promptly accepted our invitation to come to Oakland. He never regretted his change of purpose ; but often said he thought the hand of God had led him hither.

For several months after he came, he seemed to improve in health ; though mourning the death of a daughter, he became cheerful, ate heartily like a convalescent, and gained strength so perceptibly that he, as well as we, became hopeful of his ultimate recovery. At first he enjoyed carriage rides and occasionally car rides into the suburbs ; but the sitting posture gave him such pain the drives became less frequent. He slept far more, however, than a healthy man, and more frequently. During the morning hours he often sat in the sun on the eastern piazza, calling it his "sun-bath." Much of his time was spent in conversation, in reading and writing letters to his friends. In the family he was always pleasant and in conversation never trivial though always cheerful. And until a short time before the last, his mental powers, except memory, continued in their full vigor. His deep concern about the benevolent work of the church was ever manifest. His lively interest in the

reformatory movements of the country did not diminish; and on themes suggested or lessons taught by our weekly Bible lesson, he was always conversable.

Though at no time able to kneel in prayer, he always joined with us in family worship, and until near the last "took his turn," leading in prayer while sitting in his easy chair. We who were so highly favored in being led by him will never forget how far he was from formality in prayer. Every psalm sung and every chapter read, or the conversation in which we had been engaged before worship, suggested new blessings for which to ask. No two prayers were the same, they were rarely even similar; and almost never was the church or her work forgotten. Right well did he love Jerusalem. And oh, how much was his heart set on the dear flock from which he was so far and so long separated.

The only time Dr. Milligan attended any public evening meeting was during the New Year's holidays, when, in our Mission Chapel, the members of the Mission enjoyed a social festival. He not only greatly enjoyed the exercises and

the company, but by request, spoke in the sitting posture, with energy and lively interest. The address was wholly to the Chinese of the Mission; it was full of instruction and sympathy, and was the last address he ever delivered. He was able to attend public worship only once; it was a Sabbath, on which a baptism occurred. The sermon preached was the last he ever heard. It was from the Golden Text of that day, Acts xxiii. 11: "And the night following, the Lord stood by him and said, Be of good cheer, Paul." On coming home, he said that was just what he needed to hear; and I think he almost considered it as an indication of his restoration to health, and that he would be permitted to return to preach the gospel again to his beloved flock. It was not given to our brother to know, that ere long he would be taken away from weakness and sorrow here, to enjoy the fellowship of loved ones who had gone before, and of those members of his flock who were already in the heavenly fold.

Not long after this, his health began to decline, as formerly. Receiving letters from friends

in the East, who urged him to go into Southern California, he thought it advisable to go to some drier and warmer locality. Accordingly, accompanied by his ever loving and faithful wife, he went to Los Gatos, a small inland town at the eastern base of the Santa Cruz mountains and in the Santa Clara valley. While there, he lodged in the house of the Rev. Mr. Moody, pastor of the Presbyterian church, but formerly of Craftsbury, Vt. Growing worse instead of better, he remained only two or three weeks, and then went to San José, the capital city of that county. Here he lodged, at first, with Mr. John Fleming, formerly an elder of the first R. P. Congregation, New York, living near the city, then with a family in the city. Everywhere he received only very kind care; and while in San José he was greatly favored by the fraternal attentions of Rev. Dr. Calhoun, pastor of the U. P. Church. But during all the time, his health was becoming feebler; unable to retain food, growing weaker and no longer able to sit up, it became manifest that there was almost no ground of hope for his recovery. Climate, however warm and

sunny in winter, could not give health and strength to a body suffering from a disease subsequently discovered to be incurable.

The last time I visited him at San José, I found him exceedingly feeble and scarcely able to take any food. He was glad to see me, but his cheerfulness was gone; I think his hope of recovery was almost gone. The next week, by the kind and strong help of Mr. Fleming, he was brought back to Oakland. We carried him into the carriage and into the cars and into the house, and we laid him upon the bed from which he never arose, except when lifted. He was so exhausted that it seemed as though his end was near. He said that his old promise, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be," on which he had so long leaned, seemed to fail him now. "My strength is all gone," he said; then added, "and yet, I know it will be made good to me in some way."

When they left San José, it was with the purpose of starting home the following Monday. Meanwhile, I invited Rev. Dr. Wythe, M. D., a professor in the California Medical College, to

come to see Dr. Milligan. After a visit or two, Dr. Wythe advised that the journey be deferred another week. The feeble man, so anxious to be home with children and friends, consented with reluctance. A week passed, and he was no better, but growing worse. Following advice, another week of waiting passed; but while the body was growing weaker, food being rejected and no medicine doing any good, the desire to be at home grew stronger and stronger. No more books were read, no more letters were written, no more family prayer was uttered. Familiar with the Psalms, he sang from memory; in that voice, once so eloquent, there was music yet, and we hope that in the heart of the singer there was harmony with the will of the Chastiser. His conversation, more than ever before, was in heaven. The time was short, and he seemed to know it; and yet his hope of ability to make the journey home, still continued. The physician thought he might survive; we all hoped the homeward travel might revive him; it was resolved to attempt it. A telegram from Mr. Gamble, a friend in Topeka, Kansas, informed

him that his brother, Rev. J. S. T. Milligan, would start for Oakland, on the next Monday, to help to take him home. With little hesitation, he directed a dispatch to stop his brother, and saying, "Brother Johnston is going with us, and we will start on Monday." We sent the dispatch and hastened to prepare for the journey, not knowing what trials were before us.

A sad Sabbath passed. We had to defer the start until Tuesday. Dr. Wythe called to see his patient and to bid him farewell. At a former visit he had prayed with him, a sweet prayer to the loving Father for the dying son. At this last visit, taking that hand, once so strong, now so feeble, he said: "Farewell, brother; 'the Lord bless thee and keep thee: the Lord make His face to shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee and give thee peace.'" On Tuesday, May 5, we carried our dear brother into the cars and laid him on the bed of the drawing-room, previously engaged. Two days and nights passed, days and nights of pain to the sick and of anxiety to the watchers. Into that drawing-room no stranger entered; no

hand had ministered to the wants of the sick but those of his wife and of his friend ; no physician was there but the Physician of the soul. Time would fail to tell, memory could not recall the conversation of those two days ; though they were days of suffering, many sweet words were spoken, words of faith and hope and love. On the morning of Thursday, May 7, traveling in Utah and approaching the Wasatch Mountains, still covered with snow, I called his attention to their majesty and beauty, and raised his head that he might see them. "They look like mist," was the reply as he laid down his head. The mountains in the Land of Beulah were not far beyond, but we saw them not.

Arriving at Ogden, about 8 A.M., we had strong men carry him from one train to another, but with great difficulty. The change, with so much effort, was almost too much for endurance, causing great pain from exhaustion and lack of breath. The end was evidently not far away. On sped the east-bound train of the Union Pacific R.R. The hours passed, —hours of suffering, hours of heavenly conversation, hours of prayer. What could we do but endure? And he endured without a complaint ; only words

of trust or of triumph came from the lips of the sufferer. What could we do but wrestle with the Compassionate One? How could that loving wife drink the expected cup and under such circumstances? But we could not avoid or hasten or shorten the journey. Every hour took us nearer the desired home; but, O! how lonely! How far from loving and beloved children and brethren! The night came on, the shadows of those dark mountains were deep; not far beyond was the Dark Valley. To the weary traveler there was light beyond. Soon after, his dying words: "Precious Jesus; my God, my God;" and the final, "O! no, not forsaken." A gentle sleep like that of a child came over the sufferer. It was the sleep in Jesus. The spirit was passing over into that land where the inhabitant never says, "I am sick." Already it was away among the "spirits of just men made perfect."

Who could break the silence—the long silence that followed? Ere the departure of the spirit we had tried to commit it to Him who had prayed, "Into Thy hands I commend My Spirit." The watchers having waited the flight of the redeemed

soul, now became mourners, and yet trying to say in silent submission, "Thy will be done!"

What followed is known; if not, it may remain untold. Let us, who survive, and who soon must pass through the same dark valley, work while the day lasts. Already, to some of us, the shadows lengthen rapidly. Hope says there is rest yonder.

Yours, in sorrow,

N. R. JOHNSTON.

The death of this dear Brother was caused by a disease known as Addison's disease of the kidneys, so called from the physician who discovered it in 1856. Its cause is unknown; it is incurable; it is indicated by the diminished supply of blood corpuscles and death usually comes by a steady decline of vital power, without any revival of strength. In his case, for at least six months after the symptoms manifested themselves, he performed his usual and even added duties. Twice he rallied from almost utter helplessness so far as to attend church, to travel among his friends in his own carriage, and to

walk about feebly on his staff. Evidently this was the answer to the many prayers which went up constantly in his behalf to the Throne of Grace. The Great Physician in love gave him time to set his house in order, made his affliction a means of grace to all concerned, satisfied him and his friends with the shortening of his days, and kindly relieved from the shock of a sudden death. His latter end was marked by a multitude, who, along the entire width of the Continent and from across the ocean, watched its coming; his decease was not in a secluded chamber, but on the great highway of nations; and the triumphant peace of the perfect and upright man in Jesus had a visible attestation before many witnesses.

He preached his last sermon before the First New York Congregation, on the evening of March 9, 1884. The text was: "I know that my Redeemer liveth;" and as many have since said, it was spoken as a dying man to dying men. His strength failed before he was through, and with great difficulty he reached his brother's house. The next day he went home, took his bed, lay for months like a helpless babe, rallied awhile during summer's heat, lost his

strength in the cool autumn, started to California lying in the berth of a sleeping car, on November 4, 1884, stopped for ten days in Kansas City with Mr. Augustus Trumbull, where a change for the better began, and proceeded to California in comfort. The hopes of the Winter failed in the Spring; the journey to the earthly home, after two days of weary and painful travel, was exchanged for a peaceful one toward the Heavenly Home. From the Rocky Mountains, whose splendid scenery he was unable to enjoy, he was transported by a heavenly convoy in triumphal procession to the glorious mountains of God's holiness, and received up into glory by Him, whom all his life, with undying ardor, he loved and labored to crown as King. He beholds the glory of the Lord, is changed into the same image, and "is made perfectly blessed in the full enjoyment of God to all eternity."

Oh, how often with beaming eye and throbbing heart and consecrated lips and voice, he sang those grand Communion hymns of the inspired Psalter, the 24th, the 45th and the 72d Psalms. How many believing Communicants he has borne

away on the wings of a sanctified imagination, guided by these sacred songs up to the undrawn Table above, to the Communion of the redeemed and glorified saints in "the general assembly and Church of the First-born, which are written in heaven;" and with them has seen the King in His beauty and drank of the rivers of eternal joy!

Now we mourn the silence of those lips; we have sadly given back his body to mother earth; the grave holds it, and we water the green sod over him with bitter tears.

But no; he is not dead, he is only gone before. He is with Jesus. He has joined that vast assembly, the goodly fellowship of prophets and apostles and martyrs and departed saints. His voice still mingles with the voices that in sweet harmony and holy confidence and joy are singing the marriage song of the saints. And when, through the pious labors of the called and chosen and faithful, among whom his name and efforts are not the least, King Jesus takes the nations and ascends in glorious triumph, then, he with the celestial voices leading the earthly choirs in the rapturous melody of joy, shall celebrate His

triumph. Let it be our earnest desire to be workers for that blessed consummation; then, with our dear departed Brother, we shall have part in the Grand Coronation of the King of Glory, shall sing the song of redeeming love and wear the Crown of Everlasting Life.

Though dead, our Brother yet speaketh; and we cannot better close this sketch of his life than with the letter which he wrote to his congregation from New York, when awaiting the surgical operation, mentioned above. In its clear light, we can read his title to the mansions in the skies; and with assurance we await the hour when we shall meet beyond the river. It was as follows:

NEW YORK, April 7, 1874.

To my Dear Flock.

DEAR BRETHREN.—My physician has directed me to make all my arrangements as a prudent man would on going into a battle or on a sea voyage. And I feel that my preparations for such an ordeal will not be satisfactory to myself without a few parting words with the precious people for whom I have lived and labored. I have heard with unspeakable gratification of your holding meetings for prayer on my behalf; of the earnest, fervent, and, I trust, effectual prayers you have offered up on my behalf. Your kindness and affection overwhelm me. I can bear trials and hardships without murmuring; I can endure coldness and cruelty without complaint; but your tenderness, love and sympathy have utterly unmanned me, and made my eyes a fountain of tears, and my heart as weak as a child's.

May God Almighty bless you, and return into your bosoms all the kindness you have shown to me. It is about eight years since my settlement among you as your pastor, and, to my knowledge, there has never been an interruption of the most cordial and kind relations between you and me; and your self-sacrificing generosity has often reminded me of what Paul says of the Galatians: "That if it were possible, you would have plucked out your own eyes and given them to me." When I look back to our small beginning, less than sixty gathered in a little group in that great City Hall, and how many adverse circumstances seemed to come like assaults of the adversary to discourage and crush us; when I think of the unparalleled growth of the congregation, and the unexampled efforts to erect our church, I can only say: "How hath the Lord wrought; hitherto hath the Lord helped us; to God be all the glory." It has been my ambition to have an earnest, working church rather than a large, or wealthy, or aristocratic church. I would have the band that musters with me more valiant for truth, more ready for duty, more devoted to the Master and His cause, than any other; and I have tried as your leader to set you an example and to urge you on. Dear fellow-soldiers, what a blessed work to gather souls into the fold of the great Shepherd, to build up the kingdom, and to erect a palace for the king of kings! What a happy welcome to the spirit world: "Well done thou good and faithful servant, enter into the joys of thy Lord." I have endeavored, and, I trust, not in vain, to fire your ambition and inspire your ardor for such a race and such a crown.

And now, dear brethren, whether I am to be taken from you or restored to you again, I trust that my ministry will prove not to have been in vain in the Lord, and that whether I meet you again on earth, or we meet first in heaven, we shall meet each other with mutual joy and gladness and congratulations. When I am asked, "Where is the flock that was given thee, thy beautiful flock?" that I can answer: "Here am I and those thou hast given me, not one missing, not one lost, like a flock of sheep going up from the washing, whereof every one beareth

twins and not one barren among them." And when you are asked for your teacher, that you will point me out with pleasure and bear loving testimony to my fidelity. I have endeavored conscientiously and because of my love for you to be with you in your affliction, and to mingle my sympathy and tears with yours; and if I have not been with you in your prosperity as you and I could wish, it has been because other and more important work for the Master deprived me of that pleasure. I confess to a great deal of weakness and infirmity, to many shortcomings and failures, to many sins and transgressions; but in taking a review of my life, I can honestly say that the aim and object of it has been to serve Christ and his Church, to build up his cause and bless his people. I pleaded for the oppressed when it cost comfort and character to do so; and I have labored in the cause of National Reform, pleading for Christ's crown, when it was very unpopular, at my own expense and without compensation. I mention these things partly for my own sake, as they are part of my evidence that I am a child of God, and partly for your sakes, as it is this that has limited my ability to do you service, and in so far you have been sacrificing with me for Christ's cause. And now, my dear brethren, it is very hard to say farewell, even when the hope greatly preponderates that it is not for ever. I trust, with strong confidence, not in the skill of my surgeons, although they are the most skillful. I can find it but in the great Physician. I believe in the efficacy of prayer, and I know that many earnest and fervent prayers are offered up for me by dear brethren in the ministry, by my family and my flock. I know that what is good the Lord will give; not only for me, but also for you. I may be permitted to feel that to abide in the flesh is more needful for you, as well as for myself and my family. I am calm in this confidence, and look forward to my trial without quailing, knowing that He in whom I have trusted is faithful.

I wish to bear my testimony to the truth and importance of our whole Covenanting system, and my confidence that, substantially, it will ultimately prevail. Although in my boyhood I shrank from the cross, yet in my man-

hood I have gloried in it. And I trust that whether I am spared longer or shorter, whether I am permitted to stand in my lot and see it triumph or not, that my congregation, like a fortress frowning defiance, with its banner for Christ's crown bravely floating, will stand as a monument to the fidelity of him that founded it, till it catches the first rays of the rising Sun of Righteousness and flashes back the glory of the kingdom of light and of God's dear Son. I rejoice that I have lived to see the emancipation and enfranchisement of the slave, for whose liberty I gave twenty of the best years of my life. I thank God that I was granted the privilege of standing among my brethren with uplifted hand to swear our American Covenant, and that you were honored to witness and participate in that blessed work in our place of worship. For this opportunity I labored and prayed ever since I was a student in the Seminary; and when it was attained, I felt I could die contented. And when worn out and weak I sat on the platform of our last National Reform Convention and looked in the faces of that great company of noble men and women, so earnest and devoted to the work, unable to do more, I felt that if my work were done, and I should never again lift my voice in its behalf, it had reached a point of power in which it no longer needed my feeble pleadings. In the glorious uprising of the women of our land against that giant evil of intemperance, I think I see the beginning of the end. The Spirit of God has gone forth, the Almighty is at work, a short work will the Lord make on the earth. I thank God he has permitted me to bear an humble part in all these glorious struggles and to march under that banner which I know will triumph gloriously.

And now I cast my congregation, my family and my precious immortal soul, I cast all upon the care of my covenant God. I rest in Him with confidence, for I know whom I have believed. More than once He has fulfilled my special promise "as thy days thy strength." And now farewell, but not forever; but if forever, fare ye well. To my precious charge, my dear people.

From your loving pastor,

A. M. MILLIGAN.

The Funeral.

Dr. Milligan gently fell asleep in Jesus on Thursday, May 7, 1885, at 8 P.M., while in the overland train, soon after it passed from Utah into the wilds of Wyoming Territory. The body was carried on the same train twelve hours to Cheyenne, where it was embalmed and coffined, and thence, remaining in Omaha over Sabbath, it was brought on to Pittsburgh, arriving on Wednesday, May, 13. The next day, from an early hour, the body lay in the Eighth Street Church to give to friends an opportunity to look on the loved face. Crowds thronged the building, and, among the rest, many colored people. Before the body had arrived, a colored woman came to learn about the funeral of the "good minister, who was the colored people's friend," affectionately kissed his portrait which had been placed in the pulpit, and going away, informed her friends, who came to weep over the remains of the honored advocate of the rights of their race.

An immense concourse filled the church and overflowed into the street during the funeral services. These were conducted by the Rev. Dr. McAllister, of Geneva College, at Beaver Falls. Prof. D. B. Willson, of the R. P. Theological Seminary, offered prayer. President George, of Geneva College, read the Scriptures. Dr. M'Allister made the principal address, and was followed with brief addresses by Dr. J. T. Cooper, of the U. P. Theological Seminary; Rev. W. C. Burchard, a Presbyterian pastor near Dr. Milligan's late residence; Prof. W. P. Johnston, of Geneva College; and the Rev. N. R. Johnston, of San Francisco, who had accompanied his friend and the remains in their sad journey. Prof. T. Sproull, D. D., of the R. P. Theological Seminary, closed with the benediction. A long procession of sorrowing people followed the remains to Bellevue Cemetery, where in life he had selected his place of burial. By request of the Pittsburgh congregation, Prof. J. R. W. Sloane, D. D., preached a memorial discourse in their church, on Sabbath evening, September 20, 1885. Through the favor of the authors we have the following reports of the addresses and discourse, furnished by request:

Address by the Rev. David W. Allister, LL.D.

"By it he being dead yet speaketh."—HEBREWS xi. 4.

No man's influence ends with his earthly life. Of every one of the departed, as well as of Abel, it may be said, "He being dead yet speaketh." But not of every one of the vast multitude that have gone down to the grave can it be said, as of Abel, that he being dead yet speaketh "by faith." To speak thus is to perpetuate the testimony of a believer for generations after the living voice has been hushed in death. Abel testified in his life to the truth, revealed after the fall, that without shedding of blood there can be no remission of sin; and from his martyr lips, dissolved into dust, that truth has sounded down through the ages, and rings in our ears to-day. Our departed brother testified for the truth of God during many years of earthly life; and now, when the trumpet tones of the voice that thrilled us are stilled by death, we yet hear the man himself speak, and generations to come will hear him speak of the honor of the Master.

Let us first take a summary view of the life by which the deceased still speaks to us. [For these facts the reader is referred to the fuller memoirs of this volume.]

And now it remains to be asked, How does this life speak to us to-day? As in the case of Abel, it is "by faith." Faith was the inner vital principle which sought and obtained outward expression. Faith was, in this life, the substance or assurance of things hoped for, the evidence or proving of things not seen. It included confidence in the testimony of the Scriptures concerning the Saviour, reception of Him, and reliance upon Him; acceptance of the Word of God as the ultimate authoritative standard of human conduct; belief in the Bible's revelation of unseen and eternal verities, and trust in the Divine promises concerning the future. There are various aspects of the faith which was the vital force. In attempting to analyze the expressions, in outward living, of this voice of faith, we can add nothing to the memory of the departed by exaggerated eulogium. Let us seek to hear the life-voice just as it speaks to us—the voice of one who was what he was by faith in Christ.

First among the expressions in this life of faith was *fidelity*. When faith receives Christ as a Saviour, it enthrones Him in the life as well as in the heart. It carries with itself fidelity to Jesus as lawgiver and king. Faith in the truth of the Bible will express itself in a life of loyal obedience. A genuine inward conviction that the Word of God is of supreme authority in all departments of human life, will be accompanied by the practical acknowledgment of that authority. To the law and to the testimony the appeal will ever be made. A candid examination of Dr. Milligan's life leaves no shadow of doubt on this point. His fidelity, his faithfulness, his sincere acceptance of the authority of the word of Christ, was one of the most prominent traits,—if not the most prominent trait of his character. No consideration of small minorities, or large majorities, of popularity or unpopularity, influenced him. No weak vanity exalted the precedents of his own past life above the standard of Divine truth. He was ready to condemn his own former action, or to oppose friend and brother, whenever his convictions of truth required such a course. In all his public life, in both civil and ecclesiastical

relations, in the most momentous of questions, and in comparatively minor matters, his sincere aim was to be guided by that Word which he had taken as a lamp to his feet and a light to his path, and to prove loyal to Christ's crown and covenant. It was this same fidelity to truth that kept Dr. Milligan from every deceitful, underhanded, or even uncan- did course. He was the frankest and fairest of antagonists, because he did not think of his own honor, but of the honor of the Master, and the claims of His truth. In favoring or opposing any cause, in intercourse with friend or foe, his fidelity kept him free from all duplicity.

Another expression of faith uttered in our hearing to-day, is that of *fearless courage*. In proportion as the heart and soul are moved by faith, they are unmoved by the fear of man. Faith realizes the presence of the Master as a protector. Its eyes are open to perceive that the Angel of the Lord, with all his attendant hosts, encamps around them that fear Him. It may be said of our departed brother, as it has been said of the reformer Knox, whom that brother held in highest admiration, that he never feared the face of clay. Howling

mobs, threatening personal violence, and endangering life, were as impotent as ridicule and opprobrium, to swerve him from the path of duty. In the dark days, when the anti-slavery reform was scorned and hated equally with, or worse than the slave for whom he pleaded, the eye of Dr. Milligan never quailed, and his voice was never hushed. To his faith One was present whose name and truth he dared not dishonor, and in whose keeping he knew that he was safe from every foe. The same courage and fearlessness marked his advocacy of anti-sectarism and national reform.

How clearly and powerfully does this life of faith speak to us by its *affectionate sympathy*. A rare gift indeed is that power which manifests, awakens, and evokes the deepest and warmest feelings of the heart. Love and sympathy must be felt by a man himself before he can stir them into active exercise in others. And this is the very sphere in which faith works. It works by love, or energizes in love. Faith gives to a man a perception of the worth of the souls of his fellow men; it makes him bear constantly in mind that the young, as well as the old, have souls to be lost or saved. It supplies

consolations adequate to the bitterest sorrows of human life. It can be truthfully said, that no more loving and sympathizing heart beat in the ministry of our church, than that of this beloved brother. Many a young man, his soul made to vibrate in response to this sympathy, was, by this man's, won to the work of an ambassador of Christ. Loving all, old and young, sympathizing with all, whether in joys or sorrows, Dr. Milligan was beloved by all, and in his affliction he had the sympathies and prayers of all his brethren and friends, as few men ever had. This magnetic power of a warm heart and sympathizing nature, expressed in every look and gesture and tone of voice, explains as much as anything else the fact that, more than any other minister of our church, he was sought for on sacramental occasions.

Once more; the faith of our honored brother speaks to us in the *devoted activity* of his life. A life of unbelief is limited by the horizon of time and sense. The highest powers of such a life are the motives drawn from the present world. The life into which faith does not enter, feels no holy impulse from above. It is a stranger to the power

of an endless life. Its activities, even in the sphere of domestic virtues and patriotic effort, are of this earth. No enterprise for human welfare, for individual, or family, or national advancement, which fails to recognize God's truth concerning man's higher nature and destiny, can kindle the flame of devotion, or sustain the tireless efforts known to the life of faith. Here, too, the voice of the departed speaks in clearest tones. His faith purified his heart from worldly and selfish motives, and overcame the seductions of the world. With a strong and abiding conviction of his own responsibility as one having to render an account, he labored incessantly, in season and out of season, as a pastor, as a preacher, as an officer in the church, as a citizen; by tongue, by pen, by generous contributions and self-sacrificing toil. Let church courts, the cause of national reform, the college, and above all, this congregation, attest the devoted activity of this life of faith. Rejoicing to spend and be spent in the Master's service, this indefatigable, heroic worker wore out that sinewy frame which was almost an ideal of symmetry and strength.

Again; this life of faith, in memory of which we

are gathered to-day, speaks to us by its *confident expectation of the triumph of the truth and right*. The hopefulness of a man's life and labors is, to some extent, a matter of natural disposition. To a far greater extent, it is a matter of faith. The cause of the oppressed, simply as such, may be, and often is, a seemingly hopeless cause. But when faith understands that it is also God's cause, there is assurance of final victory. Dark as the prospects of any movement on behalf of the Lord's kingdom may be to the eye of men, faith lays hold of the sure Word of Prophecy, and confidently anticipates the dawn, and even the glories of the perfect day. To all who thus labor in the cause which is God's own, and which is, therefore, certain to triumph, there is unspeakable comfort and blessedness in their work. "The joy of the Lord is their strength." How fully Dr. Milligan entered into this joy in his laborious life, only his most intimate friends will know. The flame of his own personal assurance of salvation dimmed not, as the wan and weary body gave way to disease. He was sure that in every conflict the promise he had chosen in early youth, as the motto of his life, would be

fulfilled ; that as his day was, his strength would be. In the long conflict with slavery, he never once doubted that God would give deliverance to the captive. In our work for national reformation his eye caught glimpses of the coming glory of the King of kings, and his ear heard prophetic voices proclaiming that the kingdoms of this world had become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ. No discouragement could damp the ardor or quench the zeal of such a worker. For the coming of the Master's kingdom he ever believingly prayed, and in full expectation of that coming he lived and labored and died.

Speaking thus to us all, shall we not give heed to his voice? Let its utterances help deepen the lessons taught by the Master himself. May we be inspired to live more diligently a life of faith in the Son of God.

And may this bereaved congregation, these many mourning relatives, these grief-stricken children, this desolate widow, hear the voice of the Comforter, while they hear, also, the voice of the departed loved one, who being dead yet speaketh to them all in lessons so tender, and faithful, and helpful in the way to that rest upon which he has entered.

Address of the Rev. W. C. Burleigh.

The journey is ended. The burden is laid down, the voice is silent, and the weary man rests from his labors and his works do follow him.

He was a noble standard-bearer in the Christian church; clear, strong, positive, sound in his views of truth; inflexible in his adherence to what he believed to be right; unassuming in his intercourse with brethren of the ministry; a genial neighbor; an eloquent preacher; a faithful pastor; a son of consolation in the chambers of sickness, sorrow and suffering; an example of patient endurance under bodily infirmity; a devoted husband and father; the friend and patron of education; and an enthusiastic advocate of moral reform.

Who can portray the loss of such a man to the family and relatives,—to this Church for which he so zealously labored,—to these two cities and to the entire Church!

But there is comfort in the thought that earth's loss is heaven's gain. The committed talents are now returned with usury, and receiving the wel-

come of the faithful servant, he has entered into the joy of his Lord. "In Thy presence is fulness of joy; at Thy right hand there are pleasures forevermore."

"When the shore is won at last,
Who will count the billows past?"

That we can thus contemplate our brother in the full enjoyment of bliss unending, crowned with glory and immortal life, is an unspeakable comfort and a cause of thanksgiving to the "God of all comfort, who comforts us in all our tribulation."

Would neighbors and friends, — would the members of this congregation magnify the name of this revered minister? Would you show the greatest respect for his memory? Then, "those things which ye have both learned and received and heard and seen in him, *do*." Let his counsels, instructions, entreaties, warnings never be forgotten. Follow him as he followed Christ, heeding his teachings and imitating his virtues.

This providence, proclaiming as it does the vanity of human life, ought to be laid to heart, and should lead us to set our house in order and make us more intent in doing the Master's work.

Let it, therefore, be our great concern to so live, that, like this honored servant of God, we, too, when the end shall come, may finish our course with joy, and obtain the crown and the glory which await all the faithful.

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Address by the Rev. Prof. W. P. Johnston.

Dr. Milligan had been vice-president of the Board of Trustees of Geneva College since its removal to Beaver Falls. He was steadfastly friendly to the College. He was working in its interests, laboring to secure funds for its Library and Endowment when sickness overtook him in New York. Occasionally he came to see us at our work, and the boys gave no more hearty welcome to any visitor than to M'Leod Milligan, if he entered chapel at the hour of the morning prayers. His two sons graduated from us. The father had the ministry in view for his sons when he sent them to college; and he lived long enough to hear one of them preach, and to have

the other preparing for the same work in the Seminary. We, who knew his desire, owe it to this dear man, whose body only is here,—we owe it to this man of God—to follow, to encircle, to gird about with sympathy and prayers, these his sons, that they may do the work that he wished them to do, and so far as he himself was able, prepared them for doing. Our desire is that they may share largely in the success that followed the father. “Instead of the fathers, may God take the children.”

I was thinking a moment ago, when the brother was speaking, what the grace of God could do for a life. Indeed, the help of God does wonders for anything with which it may have to do. It gives to the sky the brightness of the aurora and glory of the dawn; can put darkness out of the world by the light of its stars. Divine help will make a tree a thing of beauty amid the blossoms of May, and branches heavy with fruit under the sun of autumn. We must magnify the divine grace that made this life what it was. M'Leod Milligan's life was a successful life; for,—the reason is a plain one—he was a

good man, "full of faith and the Holy Ghost."
 "Ye have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit."

Some one has said that "three things are necessary to make a hero—intellect, character, health. A moral purpose compelling, a vivid mind to plan, and a well-built machine to execute the plan." This would describe our friend. "The elements were so mixed in him that nature might stand up and say, this was a man." The highest issue of life is an action and not a thought. This life was full of action. Our brother has not left much in writing by which we may judge of his worth. He was so busy. He went anywhere, everywhere, if he could only speak for God or for man. It was said of Sir Philip Sidney that, "his life was poetry put into action." We may say of our friend, that his life was grace put into exertion. He might have lived these many years yet, if he had taken life as easily as many of us do.

We were talking with a friend, since the tidings came of this death, who was a member of Third

Philadelphia when Mr. Milligan came to be its pastor. Two or three weeks were allowed to pass and then classes were organized in Scotch history and vocal music; and the pastor led both these classes. Much has he done, in that busy life, by which he will long be remembered. This man was not only honored and esteemed for what he did, but loved by hosts of people for what he was. I question if any other minister in our Church in this land, has given his name to so many children when in baptism they were dedicated to God. It will be a long time before we see his like again.

Away up in the Northland they put away the dead amid the singing of some such words as,

“Gone to a realm of sweet repose;
 Our convoy follows as he goes.
 Of toil and moil the day was full.
 A good sleep, now; the night is cool.
 Ye village bells, ring, softly ring,
 And in the blessed Sabbath bring,
 Which from the weary work-day tryst,
 Awaits God's folk, through Jesus Christ.”

God said, “You are tired, my son; come home.”
 He has gone home.

Memorial Notices.

From many memorials of the deceased, the following testimonies to his character and worth are selected from those of public bodies with which he was more closely connected.

Action of the Board of Deacons of Pittsburgh Congregation.

The Board of Deacons of the Reformed Presbyterian Congregation, Eighth street, Pittsburgh, took the following action in reference to the death of Rev. A. M. Milligan, D. D., as recorded in their minute book, pages 252 and 253 :

WHEREAS, Our Heavenly Father, in his wise and inscrutable providence, has called our late pastor, Dr. A. M. Milligan, from the field of labor so long and ably filled by him, to which he devoted himself

with such earnest endeavor and untiring zeal for the welfare of the congregation committed to his care and for the advancement of Christ's cause throughout the world ; and

WHEREAS, We, as a Board of Deacons, desire to place on record our appreciation of the loss we sustain in the death of our pastor ; therefore,

RESOLVED, 1ST. That in this dispensation of God's providence we are called to mourn the loss of a most affectionate and faithful pastor and personal friend.

2D. That in the congregational work devolving upon this Board, we have ever been encouraged by his cordial support and friendly counsel, and are honored in having been associated with one so eminent for his fidelity and success in Christian service.

3D. That in his earnest Christian character, his faithful performance of duty, his boldness for the truth, his devotion to the right, and his unswerving opposition to wrong wherever found, his gentle disposition and pure life, we recognize what the

grace of God can do for man, and are assured that our loss is his unspeakable gain, and we pray that God may bless to us his ministrations, and sanctify to us and to the congregation, and to the Church, the loss we so deeply feel.

4TH. That we earnestly sympathize with the family of the deceased in their sorrow, and pray that the gracious presence of the Comforter may abide with them.

Action of Geneva College Board.

* * * He was more than ordinarily endowed in body, and mind, and heart, with those qualities that make a kind friend, a genial companion, an earnest and efficient worker, a highly gifted orator, and an earnest minister. These superior elements of character and capacities for work, he brought with sincere devotion into the relation he sustained to Geneva College, and as a member of its Board, he was seldom, if ever, absent from its meetings,

never silent when his voice was needed, never discouraged when others faltered, never withheld time, means, influence or effort, that were needed for its interest or welfare.

It was in an effort to enlarge the endowment of this institution, and it was his last work on earth, that his strong and robust frame yielded, and he became the victim of the disease that took him from his place of usefulness to his home and his reward. Realizing our great loss in his removal, in that we no longer have his wise counsel, his inspiring encouragement and efficient labors, we will exert ourselves to renewed zeal in carrying on the work he had so near at heart, and will strive to catch the spirit of his *hope*, whose star never set in his sky, of his *faith* that never wavered, and his *zeal* that never flagged.

And while his pure and self-sacrificing life needs no eulogy that we could give, or monument of marble or bronze to make his virtues live in the hearts of those who knew his excellence and worth; yet as it is most fitting that his memory shall be enshrined and perpetuated in this institution by a monument more precious than silver and gold, and

in order that his friends may have an opportunity to honor his name, we pledge ourselves to earnest effort to secure a memorial to him that shall produce good fruits in the cause he loved so well, by the endowment of a chair in this institution, to be called the Dr. A. M. Milligan Chair.

N. M. JOHNSTON,	} Committee.
W. J. COLEMAN,	
J. A. M'KEE,	

Action of Western University, Pa.

WESTERN UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA,

ALLEGHENY, June, 1885.

To the family of the Rev. A. M. Milligan, D. D. :

At a recent meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Western University of Pennsylvania, the Hon. Felix R. Brunot presented and read the following memorial, which the Board unanimously adopted

and placed on their permanent Records, in Vol. III. :

* * * Dr. A. M. Milligan was a man of fine presence, firm conviction, and brave as the Apostle Paul in the advocacy and maintenance of whatever he believed to be right. In no case could his sense of duty be modified by the fear of popular censure or shaped merely to win popular favor. His connection with this Board began June 3, 1872, when he was elected a member. In giving this date, the secretary writes: "His record shows a regular attendance upon committees. I loved him as a man faithful and true to his convictions, a friend of all races of men, bright in intellect and affectionate in heart." Those of us who have known him and have met him from time to time, can appreciate these truthful words, and to serve the purposes of this brief memorial, we need only add that we shall not soon cease to deplore the loss in Dr. Milligan of a genial and courteous member of the Board of Trustees, a wise counsellor, and a man whose death is a most serious loss to the institution we serve.

(True copy.)

Jos. F. GRIGGS, Secretary.

Action of Pittsburgh Presbytery.

The Pittsburgh Presbytery, with which he had been connected through his entire ministry, except the three years he was in Philadelphia, adopted the following :

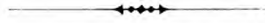
Dr. A. M. Milligan, the faithful Presbyter, the able defender of Bible truth, the eloquent preacher, the beloved pastor, the genial friend, and the loving husband and father, fell asleep in Jesus on May 7th, 1885 ; therefore,

RESOLVED, 1ST. That this Presbytery bears testimony to the personal worth of Rev. A. M. Milligan, who had been for over thirty-three years a constituent member of this court, and we recognize the deep loss which we, as a Presbytery, have sustained in the death of this co-presbyter.

2D. That we recognize in his able defence of unpopular truths, in his labors for the rights of God and man, in his zeal for the blood-bought principles of the Covenanter Church, and for his

bold and uncompromising hostility to all error and evil, an example worthy of our imitation.

3D. That we extend to the bereaved wife and children, and to his stricken congregation, our sympathy, and commend them to the care of the widow's God, the Friend of the fatherless, and the Shepherd of the sheep.



Action of the Reformed Presbyterian Synod.

In the death of the Rev. A. M. Milligan, D. D., the Church sustains a loss almost irreparable.

Under a deep sense of sorrow that such a beloved brother and such an efficient laborer is removed from us at a time when so much work is needed, Synod wishes to bear testimony in his behalf and in perpetuation of his memory.

* * * Dr. Milligan's last sickness and the peculiar circumstances of his death are known to only a few in the Church. Hoping to derive benefit from the climate of California, he spent the

winter in that State, where he remained about six months. During the first two or three months his health improved a little, and his friends became quite hopeful; but subsequently it steadily declined. Fearing that he could not hope for recovery, and anxious to be once more at home, and among the beloved people of his charge, accompanied by his wife and a ministerial brother, he departed from Oakland, Cal., on Tuesday, May 5. In his protracted sickness he had become so feeble that he had to be carried into the drawing-room of a sleeping car. Little more than two days of travel had been accomplished when disease gained victory over the body, and the redeemed spirit was called home to God.

During the last weeks of his sickness, and especially during the hours of the last day, when he expected that the end was drawing near, the faith of the sufferer became triumphant. Such expressions as: "Let me rest," "Let me die," "Sweet Jesus," "Precious Saviour," were often on his lips. When reminded of the fact that the brethren of his charge were, at that very hour, assembled in prayer, and probably asking that he

might be permitted to reach home, he said: "I know it, and their prayer will be answered"—meaning that he would soon be at his heavenly home. A little while before his departure, he fell into an unconscious sleep, which continued more and more peaceful until he slept in Jesus. From the drawing-room of that sleeping-car, passing over the Rocky Mountains, no earthly friend being present, except his sorrowing wife and the accompanying friend of his youth, passed away into the presence of the throne of God and of the Lamb, a noble soul, long loved and honored in the Church. One whom we thought we could not spare has been taken away in the vigor of mature manhood, from a field of labor to which he was so well adapted. Duty calls us, now sorely bereaved, to silent submission to the will of the Head of the Church.

Few ministers in the Reformed Presbyterian Church exerted such an influence for good. Many thousands have been influenced by the truth uttered so eloquently by his lips, and now multitudes mourn his death. He was a natural-born orator; and his great gifts as a public speaker were consecrated to the Master whom he served so earnestly.

Majestic in person, rich in vocabulary, fluent in style, towering in imagination, and bold in his utterances, whether in the pulpit or on the platform, he was always heard with admiration, and he always had great power to persuade and control his hearers. Because of his eloquence as a preacher, and as a lecturer, many sought his help in the public advocacy of the truth, and he was always ready to respond to such calls without complaint of being over-burdened. Few men in any of the churches were regarded as his peers on the platform; and the death of one so gifted as an orator, and so capable of incalculable good to the cause of truth and right, is a cause of profound sorrow.

He was a genuine Covenanter, a true and tried friend of reformation principles, a lover of our Zion, always bold and uncompromising in the propagation, as well as in the defence, of the distinctive principles of the Church. He was a friend of peace. Though often warm in the advocacy of his own views of debated questions, yet oftener was his voice heard in urging measures that he hoped would reconcile contending parties

and promote the peace of the Church. He was a reformer, a warm friend and advocate of many reforms. Especially was he a bitter enemy of slavery, and a constant friend of the slave; fearless in his testimony against oppressors, and earnest in his plea for emancipation, and, all the while, bold in his testimony against the iniquity of a pro-slavery Constitution and the wickedness of a slave-holding government, ever urging the duty of dissent therefrom, he was an abolitionist worthy of all honor. In the yet unwritten history of the anti-slavery reform, his name will stand in close proximity with those of Garrison, and Phillips, and John Brown.

Probably it was in the cause of national reform that he rose to the grandest heights of eloquence and power. On that platform he will be most missed. Few, if any, there wielded such influence over the admiring multitudes ever eager to hear him. The educational institutions of the Church had no more devoted friend than Dr. Milligan. In laudable efforts in behalf of both the college and theological seminary, he ever labored untiringly. In the boards of both these institutions his vacant chair will long be draped in mourning. Moreover,

he was always a warm friend of missions, both foreign and domestic; and he was anxious that the gospel might be preached to the destitute. He pleaded especially in behalf of the Church's mission to the freedmen of the South. The mission in Selma, Ala., has probably lost one of its warmest friends. In like manner he pleaded especially in behalf of our mission to the Chinese in California. During the last months of his life, which were spent in that State, he became greatly interested in the work among that people. His last public address, which was one of great earnestness, was to a mixed assembly of Chinese, partly heathen and partly Christian, in our own mission in Oakland. The last public use of his pen was in advocacy of an enlargement of our mission work among the Chinese women of San Francisco, and almost the last persons upon whom his dying benedictions fell, were the Chinese Christians of the mission, who came to sympathize with him and to weep at his bedside.

But to the preaching of the gospel our lamented brother was most eminently adapted. It was the work of his life. The many thousands who, during

the thirty-eight years of his ministry, heard him, heard him only to admire and to be enthused by his preaching. The impression made upon the hearts of many thereby will long continue. Except by his own family, the death of Dr. Milligan is mourned most of all by the numerous members of his own pastoral charge. For them he long labored in love and in hope. That he might once more be among them, he had a great desire to return home ere his death. His desire was not granted. The divine Shepherd called him to a higher and holier communion. The fold on earth is without the loved shepherd. Great is their loss and intense their sorrow. With them, as well as with the sorely bereaved family, Synod sympathizes most deeply. Their loss is ours, and with them we will endeavor, in our deep sorrow, to say "The will of the Lord be done."

N. R. JOHNSTON, }
 R. J. GEORGE, } Committee.
 J. A. M'KEE, }

The Blessed Dead.

BY THE REV. J. R. W. SLOANE, D. D.

A sermon in commemoration of the character and life-work of the Rev. A. M. Milligan, D. D., delivered by request of the Reformed Presbyterian Congregation, Pittsburgh, in their church, Eighth street, by the Rev. Prof. J. R. W. Sloane, D. D., on Sabbath evening, September 20, 1885 :

TEXT: "And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."—REV. xiv. 13.

I have chosen this encouraging verse from one of the most encouraging chapters in the Bible, as peculiarly appropriate to the circumstances which have called us together. These appear to me to be fitting words as we endeavor to pay our final tribute of respect and love, and erect our memorial to one who so confidently anticipated the triumph

of Christ's cause, who bore himself so valiantly in its conflicts while here, and who now sings as we confidently believe, the new song of the hundred and forty and four thousand before the throne.

The chapter opens with a magnificent vision of a great multitude, a definite number put for an indefinite, the sound of whose praises is as the voice of many waters and as the voice of a great thunder, mingled with the voice of harpers harping with their harps. These are the valiant ones who follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth, who have been redeemed from among men, who are without guile and without fault before the throne of God. Then follows the vision of the angel flying in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation and kindred and tongue and people. To this succeeds the vision, lurid with tempestuous wrath, of the doom of Babylon and of all those who have received the mark of the beast in their foreheads and their right hands. Then in close proximity, comes this benediction from heaven, which the apostle is commanded to write; an encouragement for all time to those who have proved faith-

ful to the cause of Christ — “Blessed are the dead,” etc.

This text has doubtless a time allusion, but not a time limitation. It may be divested of the merely temporal and local, and, appropriately and without any violence, applied to all the faithful servants of Christ, but especially to those who have been valiant for the truth, and faithful in His cause, even unto death. They go to the presence of God, to the immediate fellowship of Christ, to the society of saints and holy angels, to the rest that awaits them in the heavenly mansions, to the reward of all their toils; their works follow with them to the higher service of the true Tabernacle, the heavenly Sanctuary, where His servants serve Him day and night in His temple.

But without dwelling farther upon the fulness of blessing contained in this text, I proceed to speak for a little, on those traits in our dear departed brother, which entitle us to believe with an assured confidence that he has entered into that rest, and is at this hour in the full enjoyment of this most perfect blessedness. I pass by the events of his early life, and do not propose to dwell, however

attractive the theme, upon the incidents of an intercourse of forty years, closer and more intimate than has been common even between brothers according to the flesh, that I may dwell upon those elements of character which distinguished him as he moved within his family circle, among his beloved people, his brethren in the church, and his fellow men in the world.

I. HIS PUBLIC LIFE.

1. *Our brother was an eloquent, devoted, and successful preacher of the Gospel.* He was, first of all, and above all, in the true sense of the word, a *preacher*. To this work he was set apart from his earliest years by the prayers of pious parents; to this he was devoted by a personal consecration, and set apart by the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery; and in this work he delighted and was at all times ready to spend and be spent in it. For this work he had special endowments. Full six feet in height, possessed of an unusually powerful muscular system, strong, active and vigorous, his large and well proportioned head was supported

by a correspondingly large and well proportioned body. We all remember that wonderful voice—musical, flexible and powerful, and completely under his control—now soft and low like the tones of a flute, and now, rising into clarion notes that penetrated and thrilled; few orators have possessed such a vocal instrument. His mental action was often astonishingly quick and rapid; when in his best vein, he could summon all his powers and call them into action with a celerity that was unequalled. Often in a public meeting, when something was sprung suddenly and unexpectedly, he rose to the occasion with a rapidity that was truly astonishing; he thought best upon his feet. Often in preaching, an unpremeditated thought would enter his mind, take entire possession of him, and his audience would be carried away whithersoever he would, dazzled and almost bewildered by the burst that came with the suddenness of the electric flash, and with something of the power of the thunderbolt.

He was in the fullest sense of the term, a magnetic speaker. His charm of manner fascinated all classes, and children delighted to hear him, even

when not specially addressing them ; the youthful element was never absent from his audiences. Of him it was specially true that the common people heard him gladly. He was particularly effective on communion seasons ; he esteemed them opportunities for revival, and endeavored to give them this character. He was accustomed to say that he liked to see a communion well watered with tears. He appeared to me to rise to his greatest height in conducting the communion service proper ; the morning service seemed, instead of exhausting, only to prepare him for it. From the time that he began in the afternoon until he concluded his part of the work with the address to the first table, there was a dignity, an appropriateness, a power, and an unction seldom equaled.

That he was much sought for as an assistant on communion occasions, is well known. The people of other congregations always anticipated a pleasant and profitable season when they learned that he was to be present, and in this they were seldom disappointed. It is a proof of the deep impression which he often made, that more than one young man in the church traces his first inclination for

the pulpit to hearing him preach. In seeking for the elements of his power, in addition to those already indicated, we may mark his thorough sincerity of speech, the directness of his manner, the glowing fervor of his style, aptness of illustration, and a goodly measure of that pulpit baptism that we call unction. The results of his work as a preacher, await the revelation of the great day. The record is on high.

2. *Our brother was a laborious, prudent and affectionate pastor.* He was a good shepherd that cared for the sheep, unremitting in his concern for and care of the flock. The people of his various charges, Kensington, New Alexandria, and Pitts-burgh, bear unanimous testimony to his diligence in this part of his work, and his delight in performing it. This function of the ministerial office, as all agree, is second only to the preaching of the word. We cannot agree with those who consider it more important, and would place it in rank above it. In the great work of saving souls, the first place must be given to the preaching of the Word. This is the rank it occupies in the New Testament,

and in the judgment of the Church. Christ was above all a preacher; His disciples were preachers; the Apostles were all preachers. This was their chief work, "for after that in the wisdom of God, the world by wisdom knew not God, it pleased God by the foolishness of preaching, to save them that believe."—1 Cor. i. 21. The Church makes especially the preaching of the Word an effectual means of the conversion of sinners. But next to this in importance is the pastor's work, and in results next by no great distance. This, too, is preaching in a sense, preaching from house to house. A certain general said his only strategy was to throw a shell and then go and see where it struck. It is this close contact with the people that enables the true pastor to know the needs of his people and to address his preaching to their necessities.

Mr. Milligan knew his people, was familiar with all of them, sympathised with them in all their trials, and was literally "gentle among them as a nurse cherisheth her children." He had the faculty of gaining the affections of young people, strongly developed. The children of this congregation, we suspect, never hid themselves when they heard that

the minister was coming. There was little or no complaint that the young did not unite with the Church. No one who has looked from this pulpit on this congregation, as it comes to the communion table, but has been struck with the large number of young persons, and some of them very young, who were in full membership. Few pastors will be able to render so good an account of the condition of the flock, when called upon to give it back to the good Shepherd from whom it was received. When the stranger, in the great church of St. Paul, in London, viewing the memorials of departed greatness, asked "where is the monument of Sir Christopher Wren?" he was answered: "*Look around you.*" So when we are asked for proof of these qualities in the only pastor which this church, as a church, has had, we say, "Look around you; look at this congregation, built up under his fostering care during these nineteen years."

3. *He was a genuine and devoted reformer.* There is no word more abused in our day. Every noisy demagogue poses before his miscellaneous crowd as a reformer. Reform in the political sphere

is simply, for the most part, the cry of the party out of power hungering and thirsting for the spoils of office, the hobby on which they propose to ride into position and influence. The one whose absence we lament, was a reformer in this sense—that he espoused every cause which seemed to him right, without regard to whether it was popular or unpopular, whether it had for its advocates many or few, whether its advocacy was to bring fame or reproach, whether it promised to be successful or unsuccessful. It was quite true of him, as some one has said, that he never waited to count heads, never delayed to ask if any of the rulers or Pharisees believed on him. True, in this he but lived up to the traditions and spirit of the Reformed Presbyterian Church; but not everyone that bears this name stands out so distinctly as a standard-bearer with the principles that she espouses blazoned so brightly on the old blue banner, or carries so heroically the old flag into the thickest of the fight.

From the first, he actively engaged in anti-slavery work, preaching and lecturing in the most outspoken manner against that “sum of all villainies,” American slavery, bringing upon himself from the corrupt

political parties, and from a pro-slavery, time-serving Church much of obloquy, receiving his full share of what has been happily termed "the world's highest honor, its *reproach*." He was an Abolitionist in the full sense of the term, and although not connected with any anti-slavery society, advocated the duty of "immediate, unconditional, and universal emancipation," and wherever and whenever his voice could be heard, called upon the nation to a speedy repentance, under pain of the infliction of divine judgments. How completely he and all of the same mind, have been vindicated by the results, need not here be enlarged upon. Only those who remember the state of the public mind when Mr. Milligan first entered on public life, can appreciate what was involved in becoming an abolitionist.

The anti-secret movement found in him an ardent advocate from the first. He was always ready to lift his voice against masonry and all the progeny of which it is the prolific parent. His speech in this city against the wickedness and illegality of the oaths administered by these associations, was said by those who heard it to have been among his ablest efforts. He was from the first an ardent

advocate of temperance in the form of total abstinence for the individual, and later, of prohibition for the State. He never swerved from these positions either in principle or practice, including also, among his temperance principles, decided opposition to the use of tobacco in all its forms. Though not prominent as a temperance lecturer, all knew exactly where to find him on that subject.

The reform which had his whole heart, which enlisted all his sympathy, to which he gave his strength, for the advancement of which he spared neither time nor money, was that which seeks to bring the nation to an acknowledgment of God, of Christ as King, of God's law as of supreme and binding authority in the affairs of nations. This great movement, which embraces all other legitimate reforms, and which is necessary to secure for them both power and permanence, by linking them inseparably with Christianity, he advocated with a zeal, earnestness and effectiveness, that made him a leader and a prominent figure in all the great conventions. Nowhere will his presence be more sadly missed than on the "National Reform" platform. So contagious was his enthusiasm, so encouraging

his words, so unwavering his faith in the ultimate triumph of the cause, that his very presence was an inspiration and a power. In the Synod of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, we all expected him to lead in this cause and to rouse the Church to ever new energy. It was said of Burleigh, when he came on the battlefield of Drumclog unaccompanied, that he himself was a host. Mr. Milligan was himself a host. Among the works which followed with him none will be more likely to advance him to a place near to Him "who hath upon His head many crowns," than his sincere efforts while here to bring this nation to add the crown of its subjection to the many which He already wears.

4. *Our brother was a devoted Reformed Presbyterian.* Not in the usual sense which men attach to the word sectarian, but in the sense that he was a faithful son of the Church in which he was born and of which he was a minister. His love for her was one with his love for her Head, and his attachment to her never waxed cold. In the confidential intercourse of these forty years, no

word that would indicate even a faltering in his devotion to the Church, or her principles, ever fell from his lips in my hearing. To her he was entirely devoted. Few could so enter into the spirit of the Psalmist when he said: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth." He preferred Jerusalem above his chief joy. He was zealous in his advocacy of all the Church's schemes, a member from time to time of her boards, a trustee of the college, and heartily in sympathy with all her efforts to advance Christ's kingdom. At the same time, he loved and enjoyed the society of the good of all denominations. He was greatly interested in the Ministerial Association of this city, and a member of the Board of Trustees of the Western University. One of the noblest tributes to his memory is that of the Board of Trustees of the University of this city. A constant attendant upon Church courts, he took a prominent part in all the deliberations, was always heard with respect, and frequently on the floor of Synod, when advocating some great scheme like

the college, the seminary, national reform, or missions, rose to such heights of eloquence as carried all before him.

II. HIS PERSONAL CHARACTER.

We must now consider for a little, those personal traits out of which this character, as a public man, was developed. An English writer of very considerable reputation, has given to the world, somewhat recently, an essay, which he entitles the "Manliness of Christ." Without any criticism on the essay, it is sufficient to say that the idea is suggestive. Our Saviour was a man, with all the elements of a most perfect manhood, the true man, the ideal man, a perfect man; but we must never forget, the God-man. Union to Christ, the example of Christ, and the indwelling of His Spirit restore the lost image of God in His children; and while they recreate them in that image, they restore the nobler elements of our nature which had been lost by the Fall. Our brother was characterized by manliness. He was a manly man, a man among men, noticeable for

this quality in all positions in which he was placed. We pass by those physical endowments to which allusion has been made, to dwell for a little upon those elements of a moral and spiritual character for which he was specially conspicuous. Asking a friend who had opportunity for knowing him intimately, what he considered his special characteristic, he replied, sincerity.

1. Then let us emphasize this quality. *He was, indeed, a sincere man*, a candid man, frank, honest and truthful. With a good share of sagacity, he was yet open as the day, without any of those qualities that belong to small men, as they do to small or weak or mean animals, which we call craft or cunning. He had no concealments and was ready at all times to give a reason for his course in any matter. He expressed his opinions with all the candor of one who was thoroughly persuaded in his own mind. If he had any plans or schemes, they had no relation to personal advancement or aggrandizement, but to the welfare of the Church and the advancement of the cause of Christ among men. He had no sympathy with Mr. Byends, and knew well that he would reach

his goal by the straight path and not by seeking by-ways; and if at any time he erred, it was an error of the head and not of the heart. His words were the representatives of his thoughts and convictions, and had neither any ulterior nor sinister object in view. Words were used by him to express and not conceal his thoughts; and one while hearing him did not feel that while one thing was spoken another was meant. He was, as is common to all men, sometimes mistaken, but his mistakes were those of a man thoroughly sincere in his views.

2. He was a *faithful* man. This was manifest, not only in the maintenance of a consistent Christian life, but in a faithful adherence to the principles of the Church as embodied in her standards. We have noted this aspect of his character in speaking of his public life; he faithfully declared the whole counsel of God, not only by an advocacy of Reformation principles, but by strenuously insisting upon those principles which were particularly applicable to the questions of the hour. He held his Covenant vows sacred,

and did not knowingly or willfully depart from their obligations. He was faithful in rebuking sin in those of his own charge, not hesitating even in the case of those to whom he was strongly attached, nor failing to condemn practices, whether in business or other matters, which he believed were not conformable to the divine law. From temperament, as well as conviction, he leaned to the side of leniency in the exercise of discipline, not willing to "break the bruised reed nor quench the smoking flax." Anxious to seek the lost sheep, having compassion on the ignorant and them that are out of the way, he delighted, as a spiritual physician, in the healing rather than the surgical art, although not shrinking from the latter when necessary, not willing that the lame should be turned out of the way, but that it be healed rather. As a pastor he showed fidelity in his oversight of the flock, visiting from house to house, catechizing, paying special attention to the poor, the aged, the infirm, visiting attentively the sick, and not shrinking from any exposure; ready, like the good Shepherd, to give his life for the sheep.

3. Closely connected with these traits was, also, his *courage*. It was shown in ways already indicated, in the espousing of unpopular causes in full consciousness of the obloquy that would be incurred. No cause was more unpopular, and none, apparently, more hopeless than the anti-slavery cause in the years immediately preceding the war. "On the side of the oppressor there was power." Apart from personal danger, which was not always absent, it required no little courage to face the obloquy that was *never* absent. When John Brown, that strange instrument in the hand of God for hastening the day of the final overthrow of slavery, was captured in that undertaking that seemed to have no element of wisdom in it, and was condemned by the half-insane and wholly-frightened authorities, of Virginia, to death by the gallows, Mr. Milligan sat down and wrote to him an encouraging letter, while in prison awaiting his execution. To this letter, the old hero replied in one characterized by that peculiar dignity, piety and simple eloquence so characteristic of him. When he had occasion to change his mind on a certain point relating to the application of the Church's

testimony, he had the courage, the nobility, to come out and state it over his own signature.

When, a few years ago, his life was in danger, and the best medical skill of this city and of New York agreed that his only hope was in a surgical operation of the most difficult and critical character, in accordance with your wishes, and my own inclination, I went to New York, either, if permissible, to bring him home, or, if that were not possible, to be with him in his trial. I found him perfectly calm, and entirely free from nervous tremor or excitement—this on the day set for the operation. In speaking of the operation, which, as all believe, was only rendered unnecessary by an answer to your prayers, but which the best skill thought his only chance for life, one of the very best surgeons of New York City, said to me: “His case is rendered more hopeful because of his courage; his *morale* is perfect, he has no fear!”

His life was spared. A few years more of active usefulness, and fruitful in results, were added to it, spent in the Master's service with more than the previous devotion, more toward the last than his waning strength would have warranted; preach-

ing, reading lectures in my place in the seminary, going on a mission to the East, in behalf of the college, in the success of which he took so deep an interest, proved too much for his remaining strength. Having preached for the last time, in his brother's church, in New York, on the text, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," he came home to enter no more on those labors in which his life was spent, and in which he delighted. In the early spring of 1884, he took his bed. It was about the very time that he became too weak to visit me, that I recovered sufficiently to visit him; and many hours we spent together. I draw the veil of silence over those interviews when I walked through the valley, and when, by reason of returning health, I visited him when under the shadow.

4. It remains to speak of what belongs to him as a Christian, and Christian minister, his *real goodness*, his *genuine piety*. This had many elements. Mr. Milligan was *benevolent*. It is questionable whether any in the Church contributed relatively a larger proportion of their means to the cause of Christ. This is not the place to enter into detail

on a matter like this. Sufficient to say, that a full proportion of his income found its way into the Lord's treasury, and I think it is not known that any good cause appealed to him in vain. Persons who did not expect anything from him, or even ask it, were often surprised by his bounty. His piety was manifested in his faith and devotion, his fervor and zeal in the Lord's cause. In those days to which I have alluded, he delighted in prayer and in conversation about the future home. He was calm, full of hope and joy often, and resigned, although desirous to have lived, if it had been the Lord's will, a little longer for the sake of his family and the Church. He met death, at last, with perfect composure.

I must close this sketch. Going to California, not by the advice of his physician, as most of you know, but with the hope that he might be benefited by a change of climate, although encouraged for a time, our hopes were doomed to ultimate disappointment. Finding that his strength was rapidly declining, and anxious to spend his last days with his children, his friends, and among the people of his flock, he attempted, in company with her

who had so faithfully and tenderly ministered to his every want, during those months of increasing weakness, and with his lifelong friend, the Rev. N. R. Johnston, with whom he had made his home for the most part, during his stay in California, to return. The journey was too great for him. We know the rest! As that train swept on toward the earthly home, another—sent down from the heavenly mansions—hovered over it. On the mountains that bind our continent as with ribs of rock, like Moses on Pisgah, he had visions of God and of the heavenly Canaan; he saw the King in His beauty and descried the land no longer afar off. Like the Master on Tabor, he underwent his transfiguration, and, in prayer, breathed out his spirit into the hands of his heavenly father. The earthly train bearing to us the mortal body, with the earthly friends, reached this earthly home; but the released spirit ascends, Elijah like, the chariot of fire.

“ Its drivers were angels on horses of whiteness ;

Its burning wheels turned upon axles of brightness.

On the arch of the rainbow the chariot is gliding ;

Through the paths of the thunder the horsemen are riding,—”

upward, onward, to the everlasting gates, to the

jasper walls, into the city of God, to the Mediator of the new covenant, to the spirits of the just made perfect. We hear with the ear of faith the "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter into the joy of thy Lord."

We have not designed to draw a sketch of a perfect man, but of one who, like others, was compassed with infirmity, who was conscious of sin, but who sought forgiveness through the blood of Christ. After a certain communion season, he said: "I do not know whether there was anything special about this communion above others, but I never before had so clear an assurance that all my sins were forgiven, as when sitting at that table." Not a perfect man, yet, as we find them in this world of sin, few have attained nearer to the divine standard. There are few persons with regard to whom those who knew him best have less to regret. No longer young, yet not in the ranks of the old, he was taken away while in the full career of usefulness. His sun went down while it was yet day. Few have loved the Master more tenderly, or served Him more faithfully.

We bow to the infinite wisdom and goodness.

His course was fulfilled, his work in the Lord's vineyard was done ; his race was run and his battle fought ; he was ready for the messenger, for the final rest and the eternal crown. We do more than bow, we rejoice. Father in heaven,

" We bless Thee for the quiet rest Thy servant taketh now ;
We bless Thee for his blessedness and for his crowned brow ;
For every weary step he trod in faithful following Thee,
And for the good fight foughten well and closed right valiantly."

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
DEDICATION - - - - -	3
BIOGRAPHY - - - - -	5
LETTER TO JOHN BROWN - - - - -	16
REPLY OF JOHN BROWN - - - - -	19
LETTER TO PRESIDENT GARFIELD - - - - -	20
ANNIVERSARY SERMON - - - - -	29
HIS LAST MONTHS. By Rev. N. R. Johnston - - - - -	36
LETTER TO HIS CONGREGATION - - - - -	51
THE FUNERAL - - - - -	55
ADDRESS BY DR. D. McALLISTER - - - - -	57
ADDRESS BY REV. W. C. BURCHARD - - - - -	66
ADDRESS BY REV. PROF. W. P. JOHNSTON - - - - -	68
ACTION OF THE BOARD OF DEACONS - - - - -	72
ACTION OF GENEVA COLLEGE BOARD - - - - -	74
ACTION OF BOARD OF WESTERN UNIVERSITY, PA. - - - - -	76
ACTION OF PITTSBURGH PRESBYTERY - - - - -	78
ACTION OF R. P. SYNOD - - - - -	79
MEMORIAL SERMON. By Dr. J. R. W. Sloane - - - - -	85

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