

## PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

---

### MEMORIAL OF DR. TAYLOR.

This pamphlet will be forwarded by mail, *pre-paid*, to any part of the country, on receipt of the price (25 cents) in stamps.

---

### PROF. FISHER'S HISTORICAL DISCOURSE.

A Discourse, commemorative of the History of the Church of Christ in Yale College, during the First Century of its existence. Preached in the College Chapel, Nov. 22, 1857. With Notes and an Appendix. By GEORGE P. FISHER, Livingston Professor of Divinity. 100 pages octavo. Price 25 cts. in paper; in boards 38 cts.

The above Discourse will be sent by mail, according to direction, on receipt of the price,—with the addition of a three cent stamp for the paper copies, and *two* three cent stamps for the copies in boards.

THOMAS H. PEASE,  
*Bookseller and Stationer,*  
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Moore, T. V.

17384.10

XP 6483

But a Step between Man and Death.

A DISCOURSE,

DELIVERED AT THE FUNERAL

OF

SAMUEL TAYLOR, ESQ.

IN THE

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,

RICHMOND, VA., FEB. 24TH, 1853.

BY THE

REV. T. V. MOORE.

RICHMOND :

CHAS. H. WYNNE, PRINTER.

1853.

But a Step between Man and Death.

---

A DISCOURSE,

DELIVERED AT THE FUNERAL

OF

SAMUEL TAYLOR, ESQ.

IN THE

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,

RICHMOND, VA., FEB. 24TH, 1853.

BY THE

REV. T. V. MOORE.

---

RICHMOND:

CHAS. H. WYNNE, PRINTER.

1853.



RICHMOND, FEBRUARY 25TH, 1853.

*Rev. and Dear Sir :*

The undersigned in behalf of the members of the Bar, and many citizens of Richmond, respectfully request for publication a copy of your very appropriate and eloquent discourse delivered on the 24th instant in the First Presbyterian Church of this city, upon the occasion of the death of the lamented SAMUEL TAYLOR, Esq.

We are, dear sir,

Very truly yours,

HOLDEN RHODES,  
THOS. T. GILES,  
WM. H. MACFARLAND,  
JOS. MAYO,  
T. P. AUGUST,  
M. JOHNSON,  
P. V. DANIEL, JR.,  
JOHN HOWARD,  
A. H. SANDS,  
PEACHY R. GRATAN,  
G. A. MYERS,  
GEO. W. RANDOLPH,  
R. T. DANIEL,  
JNO. M. PATTON, JR.,  
R. B. HEATH.

---

RICHMOND, FEBRUARY 25TH, 1853.

*Gentlemen :*

In reply to your very courteous request for a copy of the discourse preached on occasion of the funeral of the late SAMUEL TAYLOR, Esq., I would respectfully say, that it will afford me great pleasure to aid thus in rendering an additional token of respect to the memory of one who so richly deserved our respect; and hence as soon as the discourse can be prepared for this purpose, it will be placed at your disposal.

I am yours, &c.,

T. V. MOORE.

*To Messrs. Rhodes, Giles, Macfarland and others.*



*Discourse*  
*3*

## DISCOURSE.

---

I Samuel, xx : 3.—“THERE IS BUT A STEP BETWEEN ME AND DEATH.”

The death of an honest and honorable lawyer is a great public calamity. The importance of the legal profession is so great; its relations to every department of human life are so manifold and deep; its influence on the enjoyment of life, liberty, reputation, and property is so profound, that every man has a direct interest in its purity and elevation. Let its tone be high, its morals pure, and its standard just, and it stands as it has often stood in the past, one of the great breakwaters of human history; a wall of adamant against lawlessness on the one hand and despotism on the other, and is the earthly symbol of that most sacred of the attributes of Jehovah, His unbending and untarnished justice. But if its members be corrupt and impure, and the spirit of pettifogging supplant the spirit of high forensic honor, every interest in society must suffer; for every man is exposed to the power of annoyance, which unscrupulous malice can so readily use in the necessary flexibility of the forms of legal process. And so many are the temptations that may be offered to cupidity and meanness in the transactions of life, that nothing but an elevated tone of professional honor can protect the community from that worse than Egyptian curse, a spawn of mean and malignant pettifoggers, whose stinging annoyances will penetrate every house, and bring all law and justice into disrepute and contempt. Hence, when any one whose influence is commanding, and whose example is pure, is removed from the profession, it is a public loss which ought to be acknowledged by a public sorrow. But when to a professional and public position of the highest character there is

added private worth and influence, that draw around its possessor the love as well as the admiration of those that know him, the loss is yet greater and the grief yet deeper than any public calamity will ordinarily call forth.

Such a combination of mournful facts brings us together this morning. In the language of another, "the father of the Virginia bar" has fallen; and therefore, not only the bar of Virginia, but the people of Virginia, have met with a loss, the extent of which none but God can know. We who have mingled with him in the amenities of private life, who have set at his feet and listened to his rich and flowing conversation, well know that we shall not soon look upon his like again. It is, therefore, but a fitting tribute to his worth that we should turn aside from our daily walks and pay a tribute of respect for his memory, and love for his name, in the observance of the last sad rites which close his earthly history.

SAMUEL TAYLOR was born in Cumberland county, Virginia, in September, 1781. In infancy his father removed to Kentucky, where the energy of his character and force of his mind gave him great prominence and influence among the settlers of what then was truly the dark and bloody ground. About the age of fifteen he returned to Virginia to reside with his uncle, the late Chancellor Taylor, where he prepared himself to enter on the practice of law, which he did in Manchester about 1804. Thus for nearly half a century has he been engaged in the laborious practice of his profession—a practice which, in his case, owing to the extent of his circuit of engagements, was peculiarly toilsome. From the first, he was characterized by marked traits of mind. Although not favored with a complete education, the wonderful tenacity of his memory, which seemed incapable of losing a particle of its contents, and the great accuracy of his judgment, which seemed rarely ever at fault, compensated for the want of this scholastic training. His intellectual attributes were mainly of that broad, massive,



and powerful kind that fitted him peculiarly for the practice of his profession. His mind was like some broad, massive pyramid, where every part rested on an unmoving basis. Strong common sense, clear judgment, and a retentive memory, were the attributes that always presented themselves to an observer; and over and around them all there played a delicate wit and humor that gilded with a graceful glow the stronger features of his mind, and made him a most charming companion in private life, as well as a most agreeable debater in public. He was repeatedly solicited to accept a place on the bench, for which he was eminently qualified, but always refused, having no ambition for place or power. Had he possessed more ordinary ambition he would have attained more ordinary fame; but his was a simple greatness that had no itching for notoriety, but was always more anxious to be than to seem.

But his most remarkable and memorable qualifications were those of the heart. There never walked the earth one of whom it might be more emphatically said, he is an honest man. Honesty that never brooked a stain; integrity that hated an insincerity as much as most minds resent an injury; a truthfulness that had all the exactness of a photograph and gave back the uncolored representations of all that was entrusted to it, were the uniform manifestations of his character. There was nothing that would strike a stranger sooner than the scrupulous exactness of his statements of fact, which were always made as if given under oath, to be placed on record as testimony in the case then under discussion. This was apparent in his public as well as his private life. He had not one conscience for the forum and another for the fireside, but was in both the same unbending, impenetrable type of honesty and uprightness, incapable of doing that in public life which he would blush to do in private. Hence, when representing the county of Chesterfield in the Legislature, (which he did in both branches of it,) he was elected a member of the memorable Convention of '29-'30.



During the period in which its sessions were coincident with those of the Legislature, he refused to do, what he had a perfect legal right to do, draw pay for his membership in both. He never would receive but a single *per diem* allowance, obeying the lofty instincts of his fine sense of honor and integrity rather than the canons of custom or the permissions of law. The same inflexible honesty of character made him despise everything like gambling, even when practised according to the severest requirements of the code of honor. He deemed it a dishonesty, and would never allow a card, a dice-box, or any instrument of the art to enter his house. His kindness of nature was proverbial. Never was there a human heart that yielded to the dictates of generosity and charity more promptly than his. Many a widow and orphan, whom he has relieved and cheered by his unobtrusive kindness, will drop tears of unaffected sorrow over his grave, and many a home, brightened by his unpretending charities, will long cherish his memory in grateful remembrance. As a husband, a father, a master, and a friend, we need say nothing of him, as his memorial is indelibly written in the unforgetting hearts of sorrowing survivors.

Of his relations to the doctrines of christianity, but little need be said. He was a firm believer in its truths, a constant reader of its inspired records, and a profound reverer of its institutions. He never avowed himself a full participant of its hopes, although he was in himself an example of many of its precepts, and practised many of its requirements. But his spirit is with a merciful God, who ever does what is just and right. His death was unexpected, and his life may be said to have been a sacrifice to a high sense of professional duty. Having a courage that never quailed before the face of man, no danger could prevent him from doing or saying what he considered he should do, in the discharge of his duty. Like Talus, with the iron flail, he went right forward, not parleying or tampering with any consideration of policy or expediency,

doing and saying what he believed to be right. Thus, following a dictate of his conscience, and doing what he believed to be his duty, he proceeded to Powhatan Court House on professional business, although aware, before he started, that his presence might be of no avail, but determining that at least he should not be the cause of any failure in the case. On his return he was in the finest health and spirits, but after leaving the Danville Railroad cars, and while passing along towards a coach, he made a *misstep* upon the track of the railway, and falling forward, encumbered as he was with a cloak, his head struck upon one of the iron rails, and thus he received an injury which at first seemed slight, but afterwards proved fatal. He conversed rationally until within about a square of his residence, when, owing to some internal effusion of the brain, or the effect of the shock given to his whole system by the concussion, his eyes were closed and his lips sealed in that deep darkness and silence from which he never recovered, but was carried into his house, only to linger for a few hours of unconsciousness, and then die a martyr to his lofty sense of professional duty. Thus has broken another of the few remaining links that bind us to that age of giants that has passed away; thus has been removed one of the last of those bright, undying stars that glitter on the broad shield of Virginia's fame, among which shine such names as those of Marshall, Leigh, Wickham, Stanard, Giles, Johnson, and others, whose memories shall not soon fade from among men. And although in this glittering galaxy of greatness, there may be those whose fame is wider than his, yet among them was there none who had a loftier soul and a nobler heart than he, around whose cold remains you gather this day as mourners.

Without then dwelling further on this particular theme, or adverting to those topics of consolation to mourning friends, which can be so much better applied to the hearts of the sorrowing at another time and place, we turn to the direct con-



sideration of the words that have in this instance received so solemn and striking illustration: "There is but a step between me and death."

In the case of our lamented friend it was literally true, that there was but a step between him and death. A single step was the cause of his death. Nor is his a solitary case. A step, a stumble, the fall of some heavy body from above, a flash of lightning, a bullet, a dagger, a pang of sudden disease, have ushered thousands into eternity. Every organ, every sense, every nerve, may either directly or indirectly open the door of the citadel of life to the last dread enemy. So wondrously adjusted are the balances and processes on which the working of the fine and mysterious organism of life depends, that it has well been said that if it were laid bare to our constant inspection, we would be almost afraid to move, lest we should derange its delicate adjustments. Now, although it is true that death does not come so suddenly to all, yet it is still true of all that there is but a step between them and death. The sudden deaths are only the cases in which this step is suddenly taken. A path may wind hard by the verge of a dreadful precipice, and a man may long walk it without toppling over, yet at every point of the perilous way is it true that there is but a step between him and destruction. Such a path is life. We may long walk in safety along the misty margin that overhangs the dark and deep valley, but at each moment are we exposed to so many causes of disease and dissolution, that it is ever true of us, that there is but a step between us and death. A rolling pebble, a gust of wind, a reeling step, a sudden shock, and we make the dread plunge, and disappear in the dark.

Here, then, is a state of facts that should arrest our attention. Why is it so? We are surrounded with unnumbered proofs that the great Author of life is a being of infinite goodness, and desires not the suffering of his creatures, and yet he has suspended all that we love and enjoy in life on the uncertain-



ties of a single step. Why is this? Why does the path of life lie thus along the verge of this awful precipice? Why are human hopes, and human hearts, and human homes, all exposed to such a fearful peril? This is a fact so universal that it demands some explanation; and if we can find a theory of life which adjusts itself to, and explains it, we have the strongest presumptive evidence that this theory is true, and worthy of our adoption.

Practically, if not speculatively, there are but two great theories of life, on one or the other of which every man substantially acts; the one, that which makes this life all, and thinks or cares nothing in regard to what may follow it; the other, that which makes this life but the scene of preparation for the life to come; the one the theory of the world, the other the theory of the Bible.

If the first view of life be the true one, then this fact remains a dark, inexplicable mystery. If this is all of man's history, why were its precious things placed in this posture of tantalizing uncertainty? If the banquet of life is all that the soul shall ever taste, why is it a Damocles' feast, over which there is ever suspended the hair-hung edge of this fearful doom? If the present is our all, why those lofty capacities that are ever mocked by the unsatisfying hollowness of all that we grasp? Why is contented enjoyment of the world only purchased by ignoring the undoubted fact that we hold its treasures by so uncertain a tenure, and therefore purchased by a partial abjuring of our rationality? The brute may enjoy the present with thoughtless delight, for the brute knows not that there is but a step between him and death; but man, who knows this fact, has by this very knowledge lost the capacity of this enjoyment, except by a constant oblivion of this undoubted verity, and a constant levelling of the preëminence of his rational distinction. This would be to establish a perpetual contradiction between the facts of his nature, and to make that nature at least a riddle

and a mystery, if not an engine of ingenious torture, relief from which could only be purchased by forgetting, and practically denying the undoubted fact, that there is but a step between man and death. Hence this fact cannot be adjusted to that general theory of life on which the world usually acts, except on the most desperate and brutal Epicureanism, which says, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die:" a refuge which makes God a phantom, man a brute, and the universe an inexplicable accident.

Revolting from these conclusions, we turn to the hypothesis of the Bible, and enquire whether it is more consistent with this great fact? Assume it to be true that this world is but the temporary dwelling place of man; that he is placed here to prepare for a higher state of existence; that the present is but the school, the seed-time, the probationary scene for the future; that time is but the infancy of which eternity is the manhood, and that our condition hereafter is to be determined by our conduct here;—and assume farther, that man is a fallen, sinful being, indisposed to reflect on the high destiny that may be reached by him, and that God has provided a way of reaching that destiny through a Saviour, which He desires man to accept, and that this life is the only period in which this acceptance is possible; and on the supposition that these things are true, does not the fact seem less inexplicable, that there is but a step between man and death? The facts of life should then be so arranged as to lead us to reflect on these great things of eternity; to force them upon our attention, and, as far as possible, to project them among the scenes of our daily life. This, however, can only be done by making the interval that divides the two classes of events but a single step. If there was a barrier between the two that could not be narrowed, and the crossing of which secured sufficient time to prepare for the scenes of eternity, men would be encouraged to postpone all attention to these topics, or preparation for these realities, until they reached



this broad boundary; and thus there would be no such influence of the future on the present as the Bible requires, and as is necessary for the elevation of man's fallen nature, and he would be induced to plunge deeper and deeper into the evils and follies of the world until his nature petrified in its sin. But when he knows that there is no such broad barrier; that he walks side by side along the margin of these high and solemn realities; that they lift themselves beside his narrow path, but a single step from his perilous footing; and that though the ground may crumble long and slowly beneath his feet and warn him of his plunge, yet a single step may rend the veil and bring him face to face before these awful and changeless things, the propriety of preparing to meet them becomes unanswerably clear, the solemn warnings of the Bible acquire a fresh significance and force, and the future, the spiritual and the eternal, begin to mingle themselves in wholesome correction with the absorbing flow of the present, the earthly and the temporal. Hence, assuming the Bible teaching on these topics to be true, we find them to explain this startling fact, and to show us why it not only is, but ought to be true, that there is but a step between man and death.

But we have not yet exhausted the significance of this great fact. We have found it to corroborate the teachings of the Bible in regard to the things that are unseen and eternal, that lie without us; but there are other facts within us, in regard to which we may find it equally instructive. Indeed the main fact that seems to be left untouched by it, is the indifference to unseen and eternal things which we have adduced as one of the things demanding this very arrangement. The subtle suggestions of unbelief in the heart awake the enquiry, Why do these unseen things affect us so little, if they be actual verities like those that are seen? If they be real, undoubted existences, why have they not a more palpable influence on our daily life? Two explanations of this indifference to unseen and eternal



things are suggested: the one, that of unbelief, that they have no real existence, but are the mere figments of superstition, and hence incapable of acting powerfully on the general mind, which can be moved only by actual verities; the other, that of the Bible, that man is a fallen, depraved creature, having no taste for these spiritual things, and hence unwilling to ponder, and unable to feel, the force of these high and sacred realities.

Here, then, we are met by the very fact under consideration, which demonstrates the fallacy of the suggestions of unbelief on this point. If death and eternity were divided by some broad region of separation, or if death were removed from the common facts of life by some wide and unchangeable interval, in either case we might suppose that it was the want of reality that made us treat eternal things with neglect, for we would have no undoubted facts, standing side by side with them, to which we could bring our feelings as a standard of comparison. But if we find undeniable realities which occupy the identical ground in relation to us that these eternal things occupy, and which we treat in exactly the same way, we know that the reason for this treatment must be found not in the things themselves, but in us. Such is precisely the case with the arrangement under consideration, by which there is but a step between us and death. Death and eternal things are so inseparably connected that our contact with the one will inevitably be our entrance on the other. Now, by the arrangement under discussion, death is brought so close to life, and so inextricably mingled with all its parts, that it is always true that there is but a step between the one and the other. Life, death, and eternity are thus blended and intermingled in point of fact, however they may be separated in point of thought. But death we know to be a stern and tremendous fact, of which a man can no more doubt than he can of life. We see its awful shadow, we feel its chill breath, and shiver before its dread presence as it passes. But whilst we know it to be a fact, do we

so treat it? Do we recognise its reality in our daily life any more than we do that of eternal things? Do we not treat the one exactly as we treat the other? Now, then, if our neglect and forgetfulness of death is undeniably not because of any want of reality in it, is not this proof positive that the same treatment of eternal things does not arise from any want of reality in them? Is not the conclusion unavoidable that the cause of neglect in each case must be essentially the same?

Here, then, we are brought back by this same fact to the teachings of the Bible on this topic, that it is because man is a sinful being, and has no relish for the things of eternity, that he avoids their consideration, and thus escapes from their power. Were the Heaven of the Bible a Mohammedan Paradise, with its silken pavilions, its beauteous houris, and its gardens of sensuous pleasures; or a Pagan Elysium, with its bowers of bliss and its fields of flowers, where the pursuits of earth should be renewed under a sky that knew no storm, and in a world that knew no grave; were the inheritance of the saints in light a possession that could be obtained without the sacrifice of darling lusts, or the assumption of irksome duties, then would the masses in Christian lands be as fanatically devout as the masses that believe in Mohammedanism and Paganism. Ambition would kindle to win the crowns and palaces of heaven, as it now pants to obtain those of earth; avarice would gloat over the splendor of its streets of gold and its gates of pearl, as it now grasps the glittering dust of earthly wealth; pleasure would pine to revel in those transcendent delights that could never pall and never cease; and pride would be soothed by the thought that no humbling concessions were exacted, but all was arranged in flattering accommodation to the felt dignity and importance of man. Combining elements like these, the masses would burn to possess the heaven of Christianity with as fierce a fervor as that which inflamed the hordes that swept like a torrent of fire from the sands of the desert at the call of the



Arabian prophet, and as indomitable a courage as that which poured the children of Odin from the dark forests of the North. But when heaven is a place of holy hearts, and holy joys ; a place whose outward splendors, surpassing though they be, can only be enjoyed by an inward sanctity ; and when a title to its possession is to be obtained only by an humble penitence, a self-renouncing faith, and a holy obedience to Jesus Christ, then is it that its scenes begin to fade away from the languid eye and the undesiring soul into a dim and powerless distance. Hence we may listen to the whisperings of unbelief as long as we turn our eyes away from the solemn fact that meets us in the text, and suspect that our indifference to eternal things arises from their unreality, but this unbelief must vanish before the test of a stricter logic as we look more closely at the fact that there is but a step between us and death.

Now, then, if we find the fact named in the text inexplicable on any other hypothesis than that of the Bible ; if we find that the two adjust themselves to each other with all the fine and faultless accuracy of a preëstablished harmony ; if we find that facts within and without us, in the present and in the future, are perfectly intelligible on the supposition that the Bible teachings are true, and unintelligible on any other supposition, we have a new and surprising proof that the God who arranges the one has also inspired the other. Earth thus answers back to heaven ; God in His works endorses all that is said in His word ; the very grave from its hollow depths gives echoing response to the solemn accents of the Gospel ; and the warnings, commands, and entreaties of the sure word of prophecy, to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, to repent and return to God while it is called to-day, and to seek Him whilst He may be found, all receive a most impressive confirmation by the solemn fact which the word and the providence of God unite in declaring to us this day that there is but a step between us and death. Hence it is with a renewed confidence that we



come this day to press upon your hearts the offer of salvation in Jesus Christ, and to beseech you to give instant and earnest heed to its provisions of mercy. When the Spirit and the Bride say come; when the path of life and the plunge of death say come; when heaven and earth, the Bible and the grave, the crowded hearts of the living and the hushed hearts of the dead, all unite in saying come, surely to refuse to come is a folly and a crime for the expression of which words are almost inadequate.

Standing, then, above the remains of our honored and lamented friend, I turn, in conclusion, to you, who have been his compeers in the same honorable and toilsome profession, and with all respect, and yet with all fidelity, would I press upon you the warrant and the warning of the Gospel. Like him we this day mourn, you are mortal, and like him you are also immortal, and like him you may be summoned unwarned from the passing scenes of the one stage of being to the unchanging realities of the other. Are you ready for these dread realities? Are you prepared for this solemn summons? If not, I beseech you to make ready for the messenger whose step shall so soon be at your door. If you had a case in any of the courts involving seriously the interests of a client, the calling of which was wholly uncertain, and yet which when called must be tried, you would esteem it a blot on your professional reputation to neglect due preparation for it, and thus expose your client to the hazard of injury and loss by your want of readiness. And yet in such a case the loss accruing might only be of some worldly wealth which industry could soon retrieve, and contentment soon forget; or the injury suffered, only a temporary wrong which an appellate court could rectify, or an approving conscience endure. But the case for which we urge you to prepare is immeasurably different in every aspect and relation. In it you are to act not for another, but for yourself. In it are involved not the petty and passing interests of time,

but the dread and stupendous interests of eternity. In it you are to stand not before the tribunal of a fellow worm, whose feeble and fallible decisions may be resisted and reversed if wrong, or borne with sustaining resignation if right, but before that dread tribunal, the judgment throne of the living God, from whose unchangeable decisions there lies no appeal, and from whose eternal sentence there exists no escape. And before that tribunal as you are, in your sins, you must be condemned—you are condemned already. But your condemnation is not yet hopeless or final. There is an advocate provided, an advocate who has never lost a cause, and who has never forsaken a client; an advocate who this day offers himself without money and without price as your friend, your surety, your Saviour, even Jesus Christ the righteous. He asks no costly oblation, no earthly price; He offers himself freely, and asks you simply to entrust your case to His hands, to cast yourself upon His great surety work, and you shall be safe. Oh, will you not take Him at His word? Will you not accept Him as your advocate, your protector, your Saviour, your all? Will not your neglect of this powerful advocate, thus so freely offered, and your heedless hazarding of that tremendous fate from which you are removed but a single step, be a crime the most suicidal and a madness the most amazing? In the view of that dread bar before which we are so soon to meet again, I now warn you to beware of this insane neglect, and submit to the summons of God in His gospel. Disregarding this summons of mercy, there then remains for you nothing but the summons of wrath, the fearful looking for of judgment; and it is with no delight in the utterance of terrible things, but in felt fidelity to the truth of the living God, and the interests of the undying soul, that I say to you, not only that there is but a step between you and death, but also more sadly and solemnly, that there is but a step between you and Hell.





~~17384.10~~

XP6483

3

THE EPITAPHS

OF

OSGOOD JOHNSON, M.A.,

BY PROF. J. L. KINGSLEY,

YALE COLLEGE,

AND OF

SAMUEL H. TAYLOR, LL.D.,

BY PROF. EDWARDS A. PARK,

ANDOVER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

1875  
1875

1875 *H. S. 23.*  
With Compliments of  
SAMUEL B. NOYES.



H. S. E  
OSGOOD · IOHNSON · A · M · DART.  
APVD · ANDOV · SCHOLAE · PHILLIPSIENSIS  
ARCHIDIDASCALVS  
VIR  
EGREGIIS · ANIMI · DOTIBVS · INSTRVCTVS  
OPTIMIS · DISCIPLINIS · ERVDITVS  
QVEM · AD · MIRVM · PVLCHRI · RECTI · QVE · SENSVM  
CVM · PRIMVM · NATVRA · TVM · RATIO · AC · DOCTRINA  
FINXIT  
IN · IVVENTVTE · ERVDIENDA  
NEMINI · SECVNDVS  
SEV · AD · LITERAS · MENTEM · IVVENILEM  
INFORMARE · VELLE  
SEV · AD · HONESTATEM  
FIDVS · CONSTANS · INTEGER  
AB · OMNI · SIMVLATIONE · ALIENVVS  
SPE · CHRISTIANA · GAVDENS  
MORBO · LENTO · CONFECTVS · E · VIVIS · EXCESSIT  
DIE · IX · MAII · ANNO · SACRO · M · DCCC · XXXVII  
AETATIS · XXXIV  
VXORI · LIBERIS · DISCIPVLIS  
BONIS · OMNIBVS  
TRISTE · SVI · DESIDERIVM · RELINQVENS  
HOC · MONVMENTVM  
PRAECEPTORI · OPTIMO  
DISCIPVLI · SVI  
IN · TESTIMONIVM · GRATI · ANIMI  
P · CC



SAMUEL HARVEY TAYLOR.

Born October 3, 1807.

Principal of Phillips Academy  
from 1837 to 1871.

Six thousand pupils  
were under his care from 1829 to 1871.

Surrounded by his Bible Class  
on Sabbath morning, Jan. 29, 1871,  
he fell and died  
in the vestibule of Phillips Academy.

The Alumni of the Academy rear this monument.

[*On the reverse.*]



Bold, resolute, firm,  
strong in body and in mind,  
he spake with authority.

His skill in letters;  
his love for the wisdom of the ancients;  
his veneration for law, order, duty;  
his enterprising, vigilant, and faithful life  
made him a man of mark.

As an editor, an author,  
versed in affairs  
not less than in various learning,  
he won laurels  
which he laid at the feet of his Lord.  
Hundreds of his pupils  
paid him their tribute of gratitude  
while he lived,  
and made great lamentation over him  
when he died.