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THE

BIBLIOTHECA SACRA

ARTICLE I.

EDWARDS AMASA PARK.

BY PRESIDENT JEREMIAH HAMES RANKIN, D.D., LL.D.

THE men that have the largest dimensions after they are dead, are earth's great educators. They still teach in what they taught,—transmitting themselves through memory, through heredity, through printed books. They sow not the seed that shall be, but bare grain. This is especially true, if their pupils also, shall have become teachers and preachers. Thomas Arnold of Rugby, Samuel Harvey Taylor of Phillips Academy, impressed themselves upon lads fitting for college, who were to go to Oxford, Harvard, Yale. This was excellent work; a great opportunity. But, academy days and college days over, the choicest young men of the period,—morally, perhaps intellectually,—stood at the doors, we will say, of Andover Theological Seminary. It was a great period, and great teachers were there to greet them. Among others were:—

William G. T. Shedd, whose life was a series of literary and educational triumphs; who passed from the chair of Rhetoric, to that of Ecclesiastical History, to that of Didactic Theology, and was facile and redundant in them all; who in his youth edited the works of Coleridge the great poet-metaphysician, and in middle life and in his old age published a Church History and a solid system of

Theology; everywhere fresh and vigorous and inspiring in thought, adequate and sufficient for any emergency; and at last yearning in faith's sweetness for the other life, that he might be satisfied as he awoke in his Master's likeness.

Austin Phelps, the great experimental preacher, who always fed men with the bread which comes down from Heaven, the bread that is for kings and priests alike, the showbread of the Kingdom; who, almost universally, addressed himself to Christians, fellow-pilgrims heavenward; who taught his pupils how to make discourses, at once logical, rich, instructive, and powerful; and was himself so eminent a standard of Christian living, of walking with God, that his treatise on prayer, "The Still Hour," may be taken as largely drawn from his own experience.

But thirdly, and first among official equals, *Edwards Amasa Park*, princely in his native endowments, imperial in personality and activities enthroned; a leader in theological thought, the expounder and interpreter of Jonathan Edwards the Great, as really as Daniel Webster was of the United States Constitution; with the Edwards logical and metaphysical gifts, and with rhetorical gifts, such that, if Jonathan Edwards had possessed them, his written style would have been as fascinating and commanding as was his philosophic thought.

There were, also, at this period, four other men at Andover, who would have been notables elsewhere, and who were an honor to the Seminary: *Calvin E. Stowe*, a vigorous thinker and a graceful writer, who brought to Seminary circles Harriet Beecher Stowe, that daughter of Lyman Beecher, that sister of Henry Ward Beecher, who struck the hydra, slavery, a staggering blow in "Uncle Tom's Cabin"; using a scimeter enwreathed in flowers; Professors *Elijah P. Barrows* and *Ralph Emerson*, men unique in the simplicity and severe fidelity of their spiritual life; and Hebrew instructor *Edward Robie*, a man

exact, quiet, modest, and kindly, whose whole life has been sequestered to doing ministerial work in an inconsiderable country-town in New England, of a frozen name, Greenland, and who is still there, bringing forth fruit in his eighties.

He who missed membership in the Middle Class at Andover during the years of Professor Park's administration there, missed what can never return, and what can scarcely be described. When the Professor entered the room, erect and flashing-eyed, his lectures in his hand or under his arm; and, after a brief prayer, cadenced as to music, exact and reverent with apt use of scriptural language and allusion, began the review of the last lecture, calling up the class, man after man,—every mind was on the alert. Then came the lecture in advance. The great Lecturer was like a Leyden jar charged from some electric movement in the skies. First the proposition was read from the lecture-folio on the desk; then, the speaker stepping aside from the desk, came the illustration, the argument, the enforcement, often given with significant index-finger or with emphatic downward gesture, brilliant repartée, agile turn of thought, quotation, epigram; all holding the student to most rapid work in taking notes, and keeping up an interest most engrossing and intense.

As a lecturer on Theology, Professor Park was in the highest degree fascinating: "coming forth as a bridegroom from his chamber, and rejoicing as a strong man to run a race"; traversing opinions long held impregnable, defining anew old positions, analyzing views of opponents as with the scalpel of a surgeon, setting forth new hypotheses, his own perhaps, enlivening a weary topic with anecdote or a flash of wit; in the best of temper, perfectly self-poised, as if in playful sword-practice; hearing and answering questions, and holding on to the end, in a kind of triumphal procession of thought, as to the army-tread of rhythmic feet,

and the call of the trumpet. The *other* class-rooms were all instructive and decorous, filled with attentive and faithful students; *this one* was crowded with enthusiasts, strangers, students of other classes, professors from other seminaries, from other countries; ministers out of a place, or taking a vacation; missionaries, visitors from foreign lands, tasting again of this brook by the way; for the time being, all sat entranced as by the magician's spell. Logician, rhetorician, wit, orator, companion, he was,

> "A combination and a form indeed,
> Where every god did seem to set his seal."

In the pulpit, Professor Park was scarcely less the magician. His discourses, like his lectures, moved with logical precision, as a demonstration in Euclid, each topic growing out of the preceding, or struck out from it, as fire is struck from the flint; the fire kindling, as the progress was made, like the fire on a Western prairie, the hearer moving with the rhetoric of the speaker, the discourse culminating at last in some overpowering climax, or gathering its forces overwhelmingly together, in a magnificent *résumé*, as a victorious army is recalled from pressing against a flying foe, and takes possession of the battle ground; the victory won.

Edwards Amasa Park was born in Providence, R. I., December, 29, 1808; his father being Professor of Metaphysics in Brown University, and a Christian minister; his mother, Miss Abigail Ware of Wrentham, a woman distinguished for her wit, wisdom, and old-fashioned ideas as to the discipline of children. The precocious boy relates of himself, that, when he was four years old, he had given to him a miniature hammer, which on one occasion he sought crying about the house, for two wretched hours, and then, to his amazement, found it in his own hand,—an illustration of his power of abstraction. As a boy, he was wonderfully sensitive to religious truth, and much troubled

with the great doctrines of the Bible, on which he afterwards avenged himself; though, again, he tells of himself, that, in order to gain time for the telling of stories, as was the custom of the brothers after going to bed,—fabrications of boy-genius, and not lies—he proposed that they should repeat prayers enough on a single night to last them a week; an arrangement with which their mother's wiser regimen at once interfered; for, with her, sufficient unto the day was the prayer thereof, finding no authority for the proposed amendment in the Lord's Prayer; especially in the phrase "Give us this day our daily bread."

At thirteen years of age, the boy Park was sent to his uncle's family in Wrentham, where he concluded his preparations for college; and at fourteen he entered Brown University, the youngest member of his class. At eighteen he graduated, refusing the valedictory, partly because of what he regarded an act of injustice on the part of the president,—an official so often maligned, but very useful,—and partly because of the expense, which would have been fifty dollars. At once, upon graduation, he began teaching school in Braintree, where he was afterwards to be settled as colleague of Rev. R. S. Storrs, Sr. His close attention to college studies and the work of teaching soon developed in him a predisposition to lung trouble, which he counteracted, partly, as the legend is, by fastening a shingle under his chin; partly, perhaps, by attending medical lectures in New York City; and partly by taking up the gun and the fishing-rod of the sportsman. Young Park entered Andover Theological Seminary in 1828, and graduated in 1831, when he was twenty-three. His feeble health in the Seminary was an embarassment so serious, at one time, that his admiring classmates, having more faith in prayer than in shingles or medical ethics, met together to pray for his recovery; but he fought the battle through, and graduated, president of the literary society of the institution. Probably

not one of those petitioners has been living for twenty years; while he, for whom they prayed, was well started toward the completion of a century— dying at ninety-two.

Upon graduating, he was immediately called as colleague-pastor to Braintree, where he was already favorably known as a teacher of the Academy. To be associated with such a man as Dr. Storrs, Sr., was a high compliment; a man, not so great as his greater son, but still great in goodness and other Christian graces. Whether true or not, the remark, attributed to one of the sage women of the congregation, was possible. It related to the exchange from Dr. Storrs' ministry to that of Professor Park. The lady preferred her old pastor, and she said, "The water of life is the same, indeed, whether coming from an earthen mug or a cup of gold. But we have had the golden cup so long." Professor Park has seldom been thought of as an earthen mug! Three years of service as colleague of Dr. Storrs, convinced the young man that his eyes needed a change, and he spent several months in travel in this country; among other places visiting Niagara Falls, and a great-uncle of his on the summit of the Green Mountains; a man with similar theological tastes to his own, some of whose MSS. I have examined. In 1835, having declined successive calls from Pine Street, Park Street, and the Old South in Boston, he went to Amherst College as Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy. For, God designed him to be a great teacher. His advent to this chair and to the pulpit there, produced an immediate intellectual awakening among the students. They recognized a new force: it was as though a new planet had crossed their horizon. For the first time they listened to sermons they were never to forget. Said the eminent Librarian Spofford to me in 1898, who heard him at this time—in 1835: "Edwards A. Park! is he still living? I heard him as a student at Amherst. The most brilliant man who ever entered the

American pulpit." God made him to shine. He climbed great courses of thought as a meteor does.

Professor Park never sought to be a popular preacher. As people average, he could not have been. He had too much good taste and good sense. It would have required the sacrifice of all his standards of excellence. He was just such a preacher as would attract the thoughtful, the thinking; and especially the thoughtful, the thinking student, whether in college or the seminary. Crowds would follow him, and he would so discourse as to make the sermon an event in their lives; as was the case with young Spofford. But, it required intellectual power and intellectual culture, to appreciate such preaching; and the crowds would be of this class. Much of the rhetorical teaching in colleges and seminaries needs to be qualified by saying: "Do as I say, not as I do"; or, as the son-crab rejoined to his mother, who had reproved him for walking backward, "Why, mother, you walk backward yourself." But Professor Park was such a man as was not only a teacher, but an example. He taught by example. If it was English composition, he was as much a model in it as Macaulay himself. If it was oratory, he was as much a model in it as Webster or Clay. If it was logic, here was one equal to Whately; in mental and moral philosophy, in theology, the student felt that he sat at the feet of a master; a man made after God's idea of a man. The effect of listening to him was always to raise this inquiry, "What shall a man do, who cometh after the King?" The incoming tide had culminated in beauty and power, had broken in thunder. His high ideal was always before him, and he aimed never to fall short of it. Every time he seemed to have kept the good wine until then; by the rod of his mouth always converting what was in the water-pots of other speakers into good wine. As Shakespeare says of King Henry the Fifth:—

"Hear him but reason in divinity,
And all-admiring, with an inward wish
You would desire the King were made a prelate;
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You would say, it hath been, all-in-all, his study:
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle rendered you in music:
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter; that, when he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honeyed sentences."

It is a saying of Pascal, "When we meet with natural style, we are surprised and delighted, for we expected to find an author, and we have found a man." Professor Park in the class-room never could be other than himself. We always found a man. All his gifts and acquisitions, he laid upon the altar of his work there. He could not teach one kind of oratory, and illustrate another; he could not teach one kind of rhetoric, and illustrate another. Professor Park's oratory was, indeed, that of a man of letters. It was so of his rhetoric. From every field of learning he had made classical gleanings, and derived suggestions and inspirations. From those few months of medical study in New York City, he had brought away new ideas, and new illustrations; even from his days of travel behind green goggles. It is sometimes claimed, that Shakespeare must have read law, his legal allusions are so pat and appropriate. Such remarks might be made of Professor Park. He was such an instructor as Cicero describes,—"an instructor who could show his pupils the seats and abodes of every sort of argument." His style was always learned, always rich with adornment; there were jewels of the first water. Indeed, it was impossible for him to speak in a commonplace and ordinary way. This Jupiter never nodded. In his style there was often a

roll, like the roll of thunder, and a lightning-flash, that lit up heaven and earth, till the peal went by.

In 1836, Professor Park went to Andover as Bartlett Professor of Sacred Rhetoric, occupying that chair for eleven years. The same year he married, in Hunter, N.Y., Anna Maria Edwards, the granddaughter of President Jonathan Edwards, that prince of theologians and metaphysicians, at whose feet Professor Park sat, as Saint Paul at the feet of Gamaliel; a woman of keen, flashing eye, and matronly aspect, the wise mother of his two children,—Rev. William E. Park, D.D., the able and long-time pastor of the Congregational Church in Gloversville, N. Y.; and Miss Agnes Park, who, until her mother's death in 1893, exercised a twofold filial ministry toward father and mother, and, after her death and his increasing infirmity of blindness, was to her father, solitary and almost blind, even more like a ministering angel, descending from God.

Professor Park's work, as an instructor in Sacred Rhetoric, prepared him for his work of instructor in Theology, which was to come. The first related to form and manner, the second to order and matter. When we consider him as a writer, an orator, we should say the first position is a fitting one for him. But when we take our place with the students, and listen to his lectures in Theology, we should say, "Never has Professor Park found his true niche, until now." It is customary in these days to underrate systematic theology. But if there is divine reason in revealed truth, the human reason may discover it and assent to it; and if there is divine order in the manner in which the worlds have been called into being, so that we have a true science of geology and astronomy; and if there is an economy of order and logical beauty among the flowers, so that Linnaeus can constitute a science of botany,—surely, with regard to that which is highest in God and highest in man, and their relation to

each other, there may be expected a system of truth, an economy of thought and purpose, both honorable to God and instructive to man; and this the theme of sacred theology. And here was the man whose genius was made to show it. That didactic theology had been brought into disrepute by prolonged abstract disquisitions as to the hidden things of God, there can be no doubt; that the theology of the past had often been irreconcilable with itself, and with first principles of reason and common sense; that Burns's stanza in "Holy Willie's Prayer" had some reason for being,

> "O Thou, wha in the Heavens dost dwell,
> Wha, as it pleases best thysel',
> Sendst ane to Heaven and ten to Hell,
> A' for thy glory,
> And no for onie guid or ill
> They've done afore thee,"—

no one can doubt.

But in the sphere of Theology, Professor Park, the masterful dialectician, came to show how things apparently inconsistent can be reconciled; came, in Milton's phrase, "to justify the ways of God to man!" Take, for example, his "Theology of the Intellect and the Feelings." It came like a revelation. True, he taught the doctrine of election; but not that men, irrespective of their character and deeds, were foreordained to a destiny, which they had no agency in determining, as a man might inherit an estate or a crown, and use them, as a thriftless, lazy lout; but, that they were chosen in Christ Jesus, himself the very fullness of God, and foreordained to good works; works wrought in him and through him, by which they were to be justified before the great white throne. The simple distinction between *natural* necessity, under an economy of which man would be a victim, and *moral* necessity, under an economy of which man would appear restored to God's image, and walking in the newness of life, cleared the

atmosphere. That the Professor did not blink the issue raised by the satire of the great Scottish poet, we see in that wonderful illustration of close-linked logic, hammered out as on the anvil of the gods, namely, the sermon entitled "The Design of God in his Work of Creation"; where he argues, that God created the universe (1) for the sake of promoting his own happiness, (2) in the exercise of his own perfections, (3) in a manner to secure the happiness of his creatures, (4) their holiness, as, through their knowledge of his perfections, he should make them happy in that holiness, (5) especially as he exhibited to them the glory of his attributes in the death of his Son; the consummation of his great plan to promote his own glory. Professor Park's system was this: that God would have all men to be saved by repentance and faith in the Lord Jesus; that no man can be saved who will not repent and believe in the Saviour; that all men have the power to the contrary—that is, to repent, or not to repent; that the greatest condemnation of men is *not* that they are sinners, but that they will not repent of their sins; that as sinners Christ died for them, which is their greatest glory; that they will not come to God, that they may have life; that they refuse to yield to the drawings of the God-man, as he is lifted up,—the mightiest moral force in the universe.

True, Professor Park taught, also, the freedom of the will, in the exercise of which the soul assents to God's purpose in Christ Jesus; plights itself to the Lord, as a bride plights herself to a husband; yields to the supreme motive; accepts the drawings of God's infinite love, crying up to the Father: "Draw me, and I will follow after thee"; answers, to the inquiry of Heaven, "Who will go for me?" "Here am I; send me." It was not a freedom which was only nominal, but a freedom in deed and in truth; a freedom, in which, by God's grace, man lifted himself above himself; a freedom, as when Samson carried off the gates

of Gaza, or tumbled the walls of that temple of heathendom down upon the heads of his Philistine foes though not involving himself in the catastrophe, as did he.

Take the volume of Professor Park's published discourses, and read only the titles, and the footnotes that indicate where they were delivered, and see how large a part, in a single decade, he had in the dedication of churches, in the ordination and installation of ministers. His advent on such occasions glorified them; he was always the bright particular star. Broadway Tabernacle in New York was dedicated in 1859, and Professor Park was there; Jacob M. Manning, his favorite pupil in Andover, was installed as assistant pastor of the Old South, Boston, in 1867, and Professor Park was there; Leonard Swain, who wrote original hymns for the Sabbath Hymn Book, as pastor of the Central Congregational Church in Providence, was installed in 1852, and Professor Park was there; George P. Fisher, as pastor of the Church in Yale College, New Haven, in 1855, and Professor Park was there; Hiram Mead was ordained pastor at South Hadley in 1858, and Professor Park was there. Before the Governor and Council in Boston, he preached the Election Sermon in 1851; showing the great debt of the state to the pulpit; while in his fascinating Convention Sermon on "The Theology of the Intellect and Feelings" already alluded to, in the same city, he showed the two great contending schools in theology, not only that a master was there, but after this psychological arbitrament, their differences might all be hushed to peace as by the song of the angels; Old School and New School might sit in heavenly places together; might lie down together, as the lion and lamb of prophecy, while a little child should lead them.

Professor Park says of President Edwards, that he determined not to be the greatest poet of his age, in order that he might be the greatest metaphysician. It is not

derogatory to President Edwards, to say, that, in poetic endowment, in the gift of a majestic imagination, in the power to create beautiful and impressive imagery, to lighten electrically in the high places of debate, Professor Park was not one whit behind himself; nay, more, that only in Professor Park's interpretation of him does President Edwards come to his full kingdom in the world of thought. Professor Park once playfully wrote me, that if Admiral Dewey deserved a *house* for his Sunday morning work in the Philippines, he thought that he deserved one, for his interpretation of President Edwards. And much as did Professor Park's pupils wait for the publication of his Lectures, exactly as he delivered them, exactly so much did they wait for that "Life of President Edwards" in which the great pupil of Edwards should make clear and plain the utterances of the great metaphysician.

The last summons to his long reward was slow in coming, as though the dread messenger were hovering with outspread wings over his long-time residence, and were purposely delaying for the completion of these two unfinished labors; still, amid the shadows of almost complete blindness—making grim sport of his desolation as he compared himself to "John Milton" and "Mr. Homer"—he toiled on. To day he wrote anew what pleased him yesterday, but what was to be recast again to meet a severer standard; while scarcely anything wholly satisfied his severer standard.

On his ninetieth birthday, nearly two hundred of his former pupils addressed to this great teacher letters of congratulation. This occasion was largely the work of a few who called to see him, such as Mr. and Mrs. Cook. Appropriate sonnets written by President Rankin were read to the Professor by Mrs. Joseph Cook. Of the occasion itself, Mr. Cook writes to the author: "Your noble sonnets were received by Professor Park yesterday with emotive

lips and suffused eyes. Mrs. Cook read them to him, as she sat at his right hand in the North parlor. He was greatly moved by our singing of what he calls his favorite hymn—'When I survey the wondrous Cross.' This hymn, he said, he repeated oftenest to himself in the sleepless night-watches. It was a pathetic and memorable occasion. The printed account of it will certainly enrich your associations with the greatest of Edwardians since Edwards." These are the sonnets read by Mrs. Cook. May I be pardoned, if I quote them?

I.

The places that once knew thee, know thee still,
Great teacher of the grace of sacred speech;
Thyself the standard that we fain would reach.
The sunset-clouds pavilion yonder hill,
Illume the walks, entranced with thee we trod;
The trees, thus winter-gemmed, above our head.
How many a comrade from us Heavenward sped,
Our saints and sages on the hills of God!
We greet thee still, loins girded, faith sublime,
Dawn-fronting, on the century's rising edge!
Again our love and loyalty we pledge,
As thou dost wait thine own appointed time;—
Poor are the limping syllables we frame;
Enough of words! Our hearts beat still the same.

II.

Tomorrow comes to his majority
Son of thy son, born of the self-same brood,
To tempt with eagles, thought's high altitude,
And bring times out of tune to harmony.
We place approving hand upon his head.
God make him quick to learn and apt to teach;
Let grace divine drop from his liquid speech.
"So like, sire of his sire," oft be it said,
"Recast, but in the same ancestral mould."
To equalize the time and cure earth's pain,
God gives and takes, and takes and gives again,
Disclosing still his wisdom manifold;
While after years become as years before,
Till He shall come who standeth at the door.

After the reading of these sonnets, these are some of the messages sent on that occasion by different alumni:—Professor Alexander V. G. Allen of the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, wrote: "A great part of our best training comes through admiration of the teacher. It was your signal gift and rich endowment to be such a teacher as to command the unbounded devotion of your pupils." Dr. H. N. Barnum of the American Board, of Harpoot, Turkey: "My debt to no other man is so great as to you." President J. H. Barrows of Oberlin, the winged and angelic nature, we have so lately lost: "I am full of pride as an American,that our country has produced a great theologian, who is also a man of letters." Dr. James L. Barton, Secretary of the American Board: "Professor Park is the most affectionately remembered and broadly revered theologican and teacher in this land, or any land." "Professor George N. Boardman, Chicago Theological Seminary: "I still turn to the notes taken in my student days for suggestions and arguments concerning the faith delivered to the saints." Rev. Dr. James Brand, Oberlin, Ohio: "There have been three kingly men whose influence abides with me through the years, who have helped my own life, and to whom I owe an immeasurable debt—Theodore Woolsey, Charles G. Finney and Edwards A. Park, and the greatest of these is Park." Dr. A. H. Clapp, Secretary of the Congregational Home Missionary Society: "To no other man am I so deeply indebted; and through all these years I have thanked you with all my heart." Joseph Cook, LL.D., the famous Boston Lecturer: "Foremost of living American theologians, whose instructions have confirmed hundreds of pupils of two generations in zealous loyalty to that vital orthodoxy, which is the only hope of the world."

But an estimate of Professor Park's work would be imperfect without allusion to his life-long connection with

the BIBLIOTHECA SACRA. This gave him his hundred arms that extended to all parts of the literary, scientific, and theological world. Here he found a channel through which to issue his select discourses, his critical opinions of books and events. Here he assembled in phalanx the brilliant scholars that took their cue from him and followed his lead. Here he fought battles with giants that dwelt in other strongholds of thought, crossing swords with the representatives of Princeton, and drawing the attention and admiration of the best thinkers of Europe, who, indeed, in him, came to know Andover as the great German Universities are known. Three eclectic biographies he also wrote,—of Samuel Hopkins, the great pupil of President Edwards; Nathanael Emmons, whose sermons constitute a theological system; William Bradford Homer, the perfect flower of Andover culture, who died so prematurely, as some cankered rosebud, but whose life by Professor Park makes fragrance in the libraries of a thousand American pastors.

Professor Park's friendships with eminent men have been world-wide. When he visited Europe and the East, everywhere he formed and renewed delightful acquaintances. His unique and brilliant work had prepared his way before him. In Germany, it was Tholuck and Müller and Hengstenberg whom he sought. In England, it was Gladstone and Bright and Dean Stanley; and the foreign missionaries everywhere! For had he not girded them for their work, taught them their art? What must it have been to him, to regale his classic taste with the Parthenon in Athens, with St. Peters in Rome, with the architectural and classic beauties of Venice and Florence. Each one he left, casting a longing, lingering look behind.

What is called liberal theology has made literature of its own. It is a literature of which every American is proud. No one recounts to himself the work of Emerson,

Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, all clustering around a Cambridge center, without thanking God for it. It is pure, elegant, inspiring. Longfellow died, as amid songs sung by American school-children, who will recite some of his poems and hymns to the end of time. It is the music that the Scottish preacher, Thomas Guthrie, asked for, when he was passing away,—bairns' songs. And who stands in "Sleepy Hollow," Concord, and looks upon that boulder of rose-tinted quartz, unlettered,—because what could be written there?—that marks Emerson's grave, without thinking of the Monadnock from whose heights that boulder came? Hence too came the air, which Emerson breathed. It is the atmosphere of his books. Lowell, who trod heights of song, seldom surpassed, in his "Commemoration Ode," who caught and embalmed the genuine Yankee dialect in the "Biglow Papers," and who, at the court of St. James, was as courtly as ever had been Edward Everett, and well deserved to be counted in the official company which Daniel Webster had most adorned; and Oliver Wendell Holmes, wit, poet, philosopher,—these all group naturally together, and represent the liberal culturé of New England; these men, all descendants, more or less intimate, of an older type of theology, which Professor Park still lingered on earth especially to represent. It is the old Andover type. Gather together the books written by Moses Stuart, Professor and President Leonard Woods, Austin Phelps, William G. T. Shedd, Edwards Amasa Park, yes, and of that gigantic, ponderous, heroic soul, Joseph Cook; add the series of volumes issued as the BIBLIOTHECA SACRA, under the editorship of Professor Park and Samuel H. Taylor,—and has Andover any occasion to blush? Where has there been a contribution equal in volume and weight? And here in Professor Park, culture comes to its most graceful bloom, to its perfect symmetry of character and matter, strength and beauty in

God's sanctuary! Professor Park fulfilled that wonderful agreement and harmony of which Cicero speaks, to quote him again, "that tasteful choice of words, that scholarly array of tropes and figures, that rhythmic movement, that moderate and restrained action, all of which was at once a part of the man, the subject, the occasion." And there he stands and will stand forever, as though in marble or bronze.

For his ninety-first birthday, which the Professor also reached, President Rankin, in allusion to what Professor Park had said about his favorite hymn, "When I survey the wondrous Cross," wrote two other sonnets; which were read to the Professor on this last occasion by his daughter Agnes. They are these:—

Day unto day, and night to jewelled night
Keeps reck'ning of His chariot's long delay;
How slow the days appointed pass away.
How slow allotted time completes its flight,
The silent stars, their radiant march fulfill
My long-dimmed orbs to mark them half extinct,
They burn o'er my benighted pathway still,
As day to day, and night to night is linked.
Blind Homer chanted to the Ægean Sea,
Blind Milton turned to God his sightless eyes,
And sang of nightly-sapphired paradise:
Attuned their souls to sep'rate harmony.
What time I wait, what time night's hours I chide,
I muse on Him, on Calvary who died.

He knows I am but dust, who man became!
The burden of the years, that weigh me down,
Until He come, His grace in me to crown:
He knows it all, who took my death of shame.—
No longer now do I forgotten lie,
The very depths of being in me stir,
From ivory palaces He passes by,
His garments smell of cassia and myrrh;
The sun, the light, the moon and stars are dark,
But, oh, such radiance floods my humble room,
And fragrance rare, as from that garden-tomb,

> And Easter music, as the mounting lark;
> This, from the cadence of His dying woes,
> This comforts me, and brings at length repose.

A few more months of patient waiting, and Professor Park had fallen asleep. And there upon the hilltop, after memorial words from the death-sealed lips of his greatest pupil, Richard S. Storrs, where the old-time sunsets still glow, and where the Andover fathers rest from their labors, he was gathered to his associates in service—Woods and Stuart and Phelps and others. It had been arranged, at his own request, that whatever memorial words were spoken over his dust, should be uttered by his greatest pupil, the second Storrs. But the hand of death was already touching the lips of our golden-mouthed one, and, though the words had been written, they were read by Dr. Plumb; so synchronously these two great men had passed away. Since that memorial service, a veteran who was there, Cyrus Hamlin, hero, saint, diplomat, a man who could turn his hand to the making of steam-engines, the repairing of clocks, the building of college-edifices, the baking of bread; the man who has written one of the most intensely interesting of all biographies,—he too, as well as Professor Park, amid the Beulah-land glimpses of his nineties, had been taken up, like Elijah, in a chariot of fire; the river of death smitten as with Elijah's mantle; so that doubtless these three men formed a celestial trio on the true Mount of Transfiguration, where their raiment glistens, so as no fuller on earth can whiten it. It is like the breaking up of an era. And we may well cry: "The chariots of Israel, and the horsemen thereof."

And so that "marvelous voice" has been hushed on earth; that voice "with its incessant procession of inspiring thought"; "that priestly and imperial figure" has been borne silent along the Seminary pathway, which he trod for a half-century as a prince among men of thought.

Two hundred still living pupils have risen up to call him blessed; presidents of universities, professors in theological seminaries, ministers, foreign missionaries,—a galaxy of brilliant and honored names,—have winged their messages of love, and chanted a Benedicite. And Edwards Amasa Park has entered upon the eternities; has entered upon that economy of God's government, which, from his boyhood days, was the subject of his thought; in the blaze of which were here engaged his maturest powers, and where now, with the angels, he veils his face, and cries: "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!"

In the Corcoran Art Gallery, in Washington City, is a sitting statue of Napoleon, as in his last days at St. Helena. His battles are all over. The untamed fire-stealer of Heaven is chained to the rock, while an unseen eagle eats out his heart. The great warrior has an open map of Europe in his lap, as though he were reviewing his past career, his triumphs, disappointments, mistakes.—Professor Park, hearing from his pupils, all over the world, reminds one of this impressive statue. Last days with both of them! He, too, as we may imagine, is reverently and gratefully reviewing the fields of his triumphs, looking at his work done in the strength of his Master; his works that do follow him. Indeed, not a few of Professor Park's pupils have seen the Napoleonic in his face; so that the comparison is a natural one. For illustration, examine the portrait in the volume "Professor Park and his Pupils," of Professor Park at seventy. He, like his Master, came not to destroy men's lives, but to save them. For greatness in Christ's Kingdom consists in being a servant; not in being ministered unto, not in overrunning empires and unseating kings, and uprooting things that still remain, but in preparing other minds for moral and spiritual leadership under the great Captain of salvation,

and in the setting up of a kingdom that shall not be moved, when the fashion of the world shall have passed away. For, "He that doeth the will of God abideth forever."

This is, then, the record of our Andover teacher. For sixty-eight years a professor in Andover Theological Seminary. The first half of the time, to be among the professors of Andover was in itself to be a distinguished man; when such men as Moses Stuart and Leonard Woods had passed across the stage, and had been succeeded by such men as William G. T. Shedd and Austin Phelps. For thirty-nine years he was the principal editor of the BIBLIOTHECA SACRA, the most commanding vehicle of high thinking, of real learning, this country has ever produced. This has been Professor Park's history. To have been of this period, to have occupied these positions, and to have been the most brilliant first among equals; to have taught so many classes; to have embodied so much literature in so many volumes; and to have lived Professor *emeritus*, Editor *emeritus*, Teacher, Friend *emeritus*, for so many years; yes, to be nearly ninety-two years old, and his natural forces scarcely abated,—was an accumulation of distinctions extraordinary for any man.

There has been but a single testimony as to Professor Park's distinguished ability, whether in the class-room or the pulpit, whether in those familiar and peripatetic walks which he so much loved. "He has been a man unequaled." His flashes of thought were like flashes of lightning in a thunder-storm, and before his serious strokes his antagonists often went crashing down like trees before the storm. The progress of his argument was like the progress of a demonstration in Euclid. It led inevitably to the *quod erat demonstrandum*. His illustrations were graphic and witty and illuminating. And better than all, if he did not convince all his pupils, he drew them to himself, he fascinated them. "And

having loved him, they loved him to the end." This intellectual supremacy he maintained unbroken for that long series of years: and, when he resigned his active duties, it seemed rather to be suggested by the period when other men grow old, than by his own age. At ninety, as they talked to him, his old pupils saw the same qualities of mind, the same sagacity and ingenuity, the same startling brilliancy, as when he was lecturing to Middle Classes, whose continual and crowded presence made the Hill famous.

In his treatise on Old Age, Cicero says, "O glorious day, when I shall depart to that divine company and assemblage of spirits, and quit this troubled scene. For I shall go, not only to those great men of whom I have spoken before, but to my friend Cato, than whom never was better man born, nor more distinguished for pious affections." It was Peter, James, and John who met Moses and Elias, when the Master was transfigured on the Mount of Transfiguration. Again, let me say it, as a closing thought, think, think, of Edwards Amasa Park, Richard Salter Storrs, Cyrus Hamlin, yes, and later still and younger far, Joseph Cook, Professor Barrows of Oberlin, together on the Eternal Hills of God! What communings, what inquiries; and all about that decease accomplished in Jerusalem; the triumphs of the Cross; the earth redeemed, the kindreds of men kissing the scepter of the Lamb. "For they are come unto Mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels; to the general assembly and church of the first-born which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than the blood of Abel."