RELIGIOUS HERALD.

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, MARCH 21, 1895.

Is sectionalism a sin? That depends altogether on what is meant by sectionalism. If by sectionalism is meant hatred of people because they do not live in our section, or the refusal to love them and hold them in fellowship for the same reason, then it is a sin. And we shall rejoice with joy unspeakable when it disappears. North and South, this sort of sectionalism has in other days been rife, but is fast vanishing, and as we come to know each other better it will absolutely disappear. If a few political and irreconcilable malignants remain, they are very quiet and their influence is steadily falling. For the cant of sectionalism the people generally have very slight respect. The Christian's heart ought to be large enough to include the whole world, and certainly he ought to love his once divided, but now happily united, country with "a pure heart, fervently."

But the word sectionalism is of late much used as a term of reproach by persons more sentimental than thoughtful, when it describes nothing more than a real devotion to and peculiar interest in the customs, institutions and people of one's own county, or State, or section. Reacting from the "gospel of hate," which has been too often preached, many have rushed to the other extreme and have established a sort of cult, whose chief tenet is a preference for other customs, institutions and people than one's own. There is a cant of "anti-sectionalism" which is even more repellent and nauseating than the cant of sectionalism. The natural order is for one to be most deeply interested, *ceteris paribus*, in his own community. A genuine patriotism has its root in this fact. It is wholly unnatural for one not to love with a peculiar affection the old home, though ever so humble; the quiet country church, where the pious, though unlearned, pastor taught in the word; the hills and streams with which his youth was spent; the boys and girls who thumbed the same books and romped and raced over the same fields. The passing years, so far from weakening this most powerful sentiment in a healthy nature, will intensify it. We have the highest regard for "untravelled" hearts. They are usually the simple, unaffected, loyal hearts on which reliance must be put in the hour of peril.

It is not meant to intimate that we may not, in entire consonance with the spirit and temper we have just described, admire what is great and good in men everywhere and love men of every race and every clime; but we may love our own the best without incurring the least reproach.

In the article of last week by A. E. Dickinson, D. D., editor of the Richmond RELIGIOUS HERALD, attention was called to the statement in the annual report of the Baptist Home Mission Society that three fires had occurred in buildings connected with the Home Mission schools in the South within the twelve months preceding, and that these fires were incendiary and the result of the prejudice of the whites against negro education. Dr. Dickinson says that it has lately been shown by the published statements of the principals that in two of these cases there was no foundation for the report. We have already referred to this matter, and have mentioned that in two cases the present evidence seems to show that hatred of colored education had nothing to do with the fire. We are sure that it was no indifference to the truth nor any hostility against the white people of the South that led to the statement, and we are very glad that it can be denied, and certainly none will be more glad than the officers of the Baptist Home Mission Society. We believe there is less prejudice among the whites of the South against colored education than there was when the school at Quitman was burned, a few years ago, and the white teachers were treated in a very unchristian way. We have the heartiest respect for those Southern leaders and those Southern newspapers that are never weary of denouncing in the strongest way such occurrences, when they do happen, as these incendiary fires, and as the whipping of a white teacher of one of the Baptist schools in Texas, some months ago, simply because he taught colored children and preached to colored people, or the lynchings, which, we are glad to say, have been less numerous of late. In his own paper Dr. Dickinson thanks us for our statement that the evidence is insufficient to show that the buildings occupied by colored Baptist schools at Little Rock, Ark., and Hearne, Texas, were destroyed by incendiary fires occasioned by prejudice against the education of the negroes, but he asks us to review the case of Columbia, where the principal, Mr. Becker, supposed the fire to be incendiary, and put against this the statement of Mr. Lindsay, pastor of the Baptist church, that "no one in Columbia except Mr. Becker ever supposed that the fire was incendiary," and to indicate on which side we think the evidence preponderates. Well, we should naturally think Mr. Becker would know more about it than Mr. Lindsay, and, as to Mr. Lindsay's statement that "no one in Columbia except Mr. Becker supposed it to be incendiary," Mr. Lindsay said what he could not have known. We hold judgment in suspense.—*The Independent.*

We are very anxious to believe, with *The Independent*, that "no indifference to the truth nor any hostility against the white people of the South" led to the statement; but has *The Independent* noticed that, in spite of the overwhelming evidence of their utter untruthfulness, the charges stand? They have neither been withdrawn, explained, nor atoned for.

By this time *The Independent* will have seen Columbia's response, and that will, we are sure, make a suspended judgment no longer necessary.

Will our good friend, Rev. Edgar E. Folk, editor of the *Baptist and Reflector*, at Nashville, do us the kindness to notice how Dr. A. H. Newman in his History of the Baptists accounts for the spread of Campbellism and Methodism in Tennessee and the great Southwest, and tell us what he thinks of Professor Newman's theory? A few weeks ago we copied in full the statement of the Professor, alleging in substance that the extreme positions taken by Baptists in the Southwest, and the bitterness with which they attacked other denominations, had prepared the way and made it easy for Alexander Campbell, the Methodists and the Presbyterians to win their great victories. Some one in the Southwest ought to reply to this statement, and we know of no better man for the undertaking than the gifted editor of the *Baptist and Reflector.*

Rev. W. P. Hines is assisting Rev. Curtis Lee Laws in special meetings at the First Baptist church in Baltimore,

DR. JOHN ALBERT BROADUS.

Death in Louisville of this Honored and Beloved Minister.

NUMEROUS TRIBUTES TO HIS WORTH.

Dr. Hoge's Sermon—Letters from Presidents Strong, of Rochester, and Weston, of Crozer, from Profs. Harris and Boatwright, Drs. Randolph and Tupper, Professor Frank Smith, and Others.

Dr. JOHN A. BROADUS, preacher, teacher, scholar, beloved and honored throughout the land as few men ever are, passed away, at his home, in Louisville, Ky., at 3.40 A. M. on Saturday.

John Albert Broadus, son of Colonel Edmund Broadus, of Culpeper, a prominent man in his community, and member of the State Legislature, was born January 24, 1827. The family is of Welsh extraction, and the name seems to have been originally Broadhurst. He entered the University of Virginia when about 20, and was graduated Master of Arts in 1850. After teaching a year in Fluvanna, he returned to his *Alma Mater* to be assistant to Dr. Gessner Harrison, professor of Ancient Languages, giving special attention to Greek. About this time he also became pastor of the Baptist church in Charlottesville, and after two years of double duty gave his whole time to pastoral work. In 1855–'57 he was chaplain to the University, returning to his pastorate at the expiration of of the two-years term.

In 1859, at a meeting of the Southern Baptist Convention held in this city, it was determined to establish a Theological Seminary at Greenville, S. C., and four of the ablest men in the denomination were chosen to fill the chairs. These, named in the order in which they have since died, were William Williams, of Georgia; James P. Boyce, of South Carolina; Basil Manly, Jr., late of Alabama, but then in charge of the Richmond Female Institute, and John A. Broadus. It is not invidious distinction to say that among these four Broadus soon became the best known and the most popular with all classes of people. Boyce was, in many respects, the head, Broadus the heart of the Seminary.

During and after the war, Dr. Broadus had many calls to pastorates in Richmond, New York, and other important centres, with whatever salary he should choose to name. The trustees of Richmond College, in reopening the institution in 1866, pressed him to accept the presidency. To every such call his answer was that he had given himself to the education of the rising ministry, and could not desert his post at a time when the infant institution, having lost all its endowment by the war, was struggling for existence. In 1877, the Seminary was removed to Louisville, Ky., and, having now passed through nearly twenty years of severe trials and great want, entered upon a career of prosperity, having to-day larger classes than any other similar school in America. Dr. Broadus was at first professor of New Testament Interpretation and of Homiletics. He had subsequently filled other chairs temporarily, and since the death of Dr. Boyce, in 1889, had been president of the institution.

Dr. Broadus was twice married. His first wife was the accomplished daughter of Dr. Gessner Harrison. She bore him two daughters, one of whom is Mrs. Abrahams, of Columbia, S. C. His second wife, Miss Sinclair, of Charlottesville, survives, with three daughters and two sons. The married daughters are the wives of Professors Mitchell, of Georgetown College, and Robertson, of the Seminary.

Dr. Broadus was never a man of vigorous physique. Several times he had been brought apparently near the grave by the strain of hard work and more wearing anxiety. Nearly a year ago, anxious friends began to fear that his health was failing. There seemed to be a complication of diseases, affecting especially the action of his heart. A week ago some pleurisy developed, and in the enfeebled frame, with organic disturbances, disease found an easy prey.

We cannot now successfully attempt any adequate estimate of his invaluable life and services. For years to come our people will be thinking of him as one of the rarest and noblest of men.

He was easily first among his brethren, although he would have been last to claim such a distinction. In wide and accurate scholarship, and in the rare faculty of interpreting its results to the popular mind and heart; in a singular and felicitous union of scholarly tastes and habits with the most remarkable practical sense and a notably correct and well-balanced judgment; in a large and useful knowledge of books and men; in a remarkable command of virile and limpid English, both in spoken and written discourse; in the power to bring things to pass and to enlist others in his enterprises without appealing to any lower motive; in a self-forgetting devotion to a great work, when tempted most subtly and agreeably to go elsewhere; in the ability to impress himself upon others and to perpetuate his influence with them; in a beautiful combination of self-reliance and genuine modesty—in all these and many other respects, Dr. Broadus was unsurpassed, and perhaps it would not be extravagant to say unequalled.

We shall not be able for years to come to estimate our loss. No man will fill his place and no man will do his work; and yet the work will be done and the place will be filled. Some one whom he has trained will take up a part, and some one else another part, and, inspired by his counsel and influence, and under the gracious benediction of his memory, the work will go on. Let us devoutly thank God for such a man—so wise, so sweetly simple of heart, so loyal to Christ and his word, so gentle and affectionate in his spirit.

Some twenty-five years ago Dr. Broadus became an associate editor of this paper, and he continued to write for it until his death. Of late his feeble health and multiplied duties have made his contributions more infrequent, but "J. A. B." have always been initials whose presence at the close of an article insured for it a careful reading. Perhaps the last article he ever sent to a newspaper was that printed in the last issue of the HERALD. In this, with his usual clearsightedness and conservatism, he dealt with some matters of current interest. It was noticed

of his absence from the approaching meetings at Washington, and such a possibility was contemplated by us all with profound anxiety. He will not be there, but his gracious influence, his blessed memory, will abide with the Convention, in which he was so prominent and honored a figure.

We content ourselves with this simple and inadequate mention of our friend, in order to let others testify their regard for him.

IN RICHMOND.

When the news of Dr. Broadus' death reached Richmond, the tidings quickly spread over the city, and the expressions of sorrow were universal. We have simply gathered a very few of the incidents, which we give below, which indicate the universal esteem in which he was held.

Dr. Cooper, on Saturday, sent, on behalf of the First church, to which Dr. Broadus was always very tenderly attached, and in whose pulpit he often preached, to the delight of the city, the following telegram to Prof. A. T. Robertson, Louisville: "The First church of Richmond sorrows in the departure of one whose name and work are now crowned with glory." Tender allusion was made to Dr. Broadus at the morning communion service, and the church joined in special prayer with Dr. Tupper for the bereaved family and Seminary.

At Leigh Street, Dr. W. L. Wright, preaching from the text, "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars," closed with an allusion to Dr. Broadus' life as a beautiful illustration of the text, and referred particularly to the parting words of Dr. Broadus to the Seminary class of which Dr. Wright was a member: "In a little while we shall sit at the feet of the Great Teacher and learn and learn and learn."

Rev. H. A. Bagby, at Calvary, preached from the words, "And they recognized them, that they had been with Jesus," and called attention to the deep spiritual life of Dr. Broadus, which savored always of the companionship of Jesus.

At Grace Street church, Rev. Eldridge B. Hatcher preached, and at the morning service paid a brief, but tender tribute to the dead minister and teacher.

Just before the sermon at the Second church, Dr. Landrum, with great emotion, announced the death of Dr. Broadus, and special prayer was offered for the family. At all the other Baptist churches some mention was made of his death, and the bereaved family and friends were remembered in prayer.

At the Baptist Ministers' Conference, on Monday, a committee was appointed to prepare a suitable minute of the death of Dr. Broadus for insertion in the records of the body. Arrangements were made for a memorial service, to be held at the First church on next Sunday afternoon. Following is the programme: Dr. Hatcher will preside, Dr. Hiden will speak of Dr. Broadus as preacher and scholar, Professor Harris will speak of him as teacher, Dr. Landrum will represent the Seminary students, and Professor Thomas will tell of the closing hours in his life.

Of course, many telegraphic messages went from Richmond to Louisville on Saturday. Rev. R. J. Willingham, our foreign mission secretary, sent the following to the Seminary faculty: "Our leader has fallen. Before God we bow. The nations of earth have lost a friend. But think! Boyce and Broadus and Manly and Williams reunited above! Love to the dear family."

Richmond College sent the following, addressed to Dr. W. H. Whitsitt: "The trustees, faculty and students of Richmond College unite in mourning the irreparable loss sustained by all who are engage in the work of Christian education. A life of laborious usefulness is ended in peaceful rest; the ripe sheaf is gathered for the heavenly garner; the bright light is lifted above the clouds of earth to shine as the stars forever and ever. Please convey to all connected with the Seminary our sincere fellowship in their bereavement, and to the stricken household our heartfelt sympathy in their desolation." Signed by Dr. C. H. Ryland, for the trustees; Professor H. H. Harris, for the faculty, and G. F. Hambleton, for the students.

A WISE COUNSELLOR.

My personal acquaintance with Dr. Broadus began when he was pastor in Charlottesville and I a student at the University. The earliest conversation that is distinctly recalled was about my course of study and some work in his Sunday school. In seven and thirty years, during which the disparity between our ages has been diminishing and our relations becoming closer, there have been very many occasions to seek his advice on all sorts of questions that have arisen in my life and in my work on classic Greek, connected as it was with his on New Testament interpretation. Leaving, therefore, to others to speak of his wide and accurate scholarship, his genial and attractive piety, the unique eloquence of his simple diction, his strong, conservative common sense, his exalted usefulness in public life, I may, perhaps, be permitted to enter the penetralia and say something of that which stamped his impress on hundreds of lives even more deeply than any sermon or book—his quiet influence as a counsellor with younger men.

He was sympathetic. No matter what the trouble, he would listen, take time, if necessary, to consider carefully, make due allowance for another's weaknesses, and give an honest opinion, equally free from the dogmatism of superiority and from the flattery of self seeking. He sometimes lovingly reproved, never reproached, and—rarest of virtues—seemed to forget what advice he had given; at any rate, he did not subsequently tell anybody whether one had followed his advice or not, nor say, when evil came, "I told you so."

His advice was good, for the excellent balance of his powers gave him rare common sense, and a decidedly practical turn. His keen black eyes seemed to penetrate men's very souls, and show him what they could do, what they need not attempt, while his loving heart suggested always the most favorable construction of any doubt. On questions involving principle, he did not hesitate to be short and decisive; on matters of mere expediency, he offered fraternal advice, to be weighed and estimated; yet failure to follow it was apt to be regretted.

The motives to which he appealed to enforce what he recommended were never sordid or selfish, but uplifting and healthful—such as would not only lead to expedient action for the present, but would tend to make one permanently better. And this, not in grave homilies, but in cheerful conversation, in which a skilful question about the difficulty would often flash a new light and lead one seemingly to solve his own perplexity.

As a teacher Dr. Broadus combined the excellences of three men by whom he had been strongly influenced—Gessner Harrison, the patient, careful seeker after principles; Wm. H. McGuffey, the quickener of sluggish intellects into activity, and Ed. H. Courtenay, the clear-sighted lover of exact statement. As a friend and adviser he combined these classroom excellences with that personal magnetism which infused something of itself into that which it attracted.

I had anticipated spending next week in his home, with many hours of sweet conversation; but the time of his departure was at hand, his crown had been fully wrought; shall we, who so loved to sit at his feet here, weep that he is gone to sit at the Great Teacher's feet forever?

AN IMMEASURABLE LOSS.

The Death of a Good Man a Grief to Christendom—Dr. M. D. Hoge's Glowing Tribute to Dr. Broadus.

The following admirable sermon, by Dr. Moses D. Hoge, of this city, was prepared for his own congregation on Saturday evening and preached on Sunday afternoon, without the slightest expectation of its publication. One of the editors of the RELIGIOUS HERALD chanced to attend that service and found an opportunity to get a stenographic report from which the publication is made.

Jeremiah xlviii. 17: "*All ye that are about him, bemoan him; and all ye that know his name, say, 'How is the strong staff broken, and the beautiful rod!'*"

I do not know whether it is my good or evil fortune, but I cannot speak at all on any subject in which I am not immediately interested. Yesterday, when a letter came to me from the office of the RELIGIOUS HERALD informing me of the death of the most distinguished man in the Baptist church in the United States, and perhaps in the Baptist church in the world—a man with whom circumstances had brought me so often into closest association—I was so profoundly affected by the loss which the church universal had sustained that I began to think of what a deprivation it was to all Christendom when a great and good man dies, and I kept revolving that theme until I found I could do nothing else than make it the subject of the discourse which I am going to deliver to you this evening.

I do not think that this is the place for it, or that I am the person to attempt a full delineation of the character and services of Dr. Broadus. This will, no doubt, be done by some one competent for the undertaking, and in some church where his brethren congregate and where his own voice has oftentimes been heard. But, as introductory to what I wish to say about the common calamity, I would simply say that perhaps we have lost the most accurate of scholars in some departments of sacred literature. I do not know, but I think it very probable, that he could have repeated a large portion of the New Testament in the Greek. There was scarcely any department of theological literature in which he had not made attainments; and whatever the department might be, the attainments were accurate and profound. He never came to this city, when it was advertised that he would preach a sermon, that I did not go to hear him, unless providentially hindered. I always considered hearing a sermon from him an event in my life. In addition to his power in the pulpit, perhaps the greatest, the widest source of his influence was through his published works, and especially through his Commentary upon the Gospel of St. Matthew. I do not know whether that formed the field of his widest influence either, for we never can measure the results of the influence of the man whose office it is to instruct young men for the holy office of the ministry. For many years this has been his chosen pursuit, and this is the calling in which God seems to have eminently blessed him, even as God for this calling most eminently trained and prepared him.

For about twelve years, once in the year, I have met with him in our International Sunday-School Lesson Committee; and, as I had occasion to say to a brother that I see in this house this evening, who asked me once with regard to what had been done at our last meeting, there was one department of our work in which Dr. Broadus was worth all the rest of us together; and that this was no exaggeration will be understood when I say that he was the only man of our committee of fifteen who came prepared with his scheme of the lessons already formulated, written out wholly or so planned that he was ready to lead and guide through the whole discussion.

We always met at the same hotel, because we could not afford to be separated; and we always took our meals at the same table, that we might resume our work immediately after the recess; and when we were gathering at the place of rendezvous, as we were greeting each other, the first question would be: "Has Dr. Broadus come yet?" And, after it was known that he was present, there was a feeling of satisfaction that the work would be safely and well conducted.

Well, with these memories of the man, and with the profound impression that these memories awoke with regard to what the church loses and to what Christendom loses when the great and good are taken, I could not but prepare this discourse; and, although most hastily prepared, it contains some views on this subject which lie near my heart.

THE ROYAL REGISTER.

In the first place, let me say that the Bible contains a register of the regnant men of the world, the kingly men of the world. I call them the kingly men, not because of hereditary rank or power, or earthly influence; but because of the services rendered to their race, by which the intellectual and the moral progress of mankind has been advanced. But out of this register and beyond it, and continually adding to its length, come the great and good men that have lived since the canon of Scripture was closed.

We are told that not many noble men, that not many mighty men are called into the kingdom of our Lord; but that refers to men who are noble according to this world's gradation of rank, according to this world's estimate of what constitutes might. There is no nobility like that of spiritual excellence; there is no might like consecrated genius; there is no power like simple goodness! Even unregenerate men bow before the majesty of virtue, and in their hearts feel, "How awful goodness is, and in her shape how lovely!" We have reason to thank God that in all generations since the days of the apostles and confessors and martyrs the church has been blessed by the truly noble and the truly mighty. I know of none that so deserve these titles as those who have been endowed by nature with splendid capacities, and whose powers have been strengthened and illumined by varied learning, and who have consecrated all these gifts to the service of God and the spiritual welfare of mankind. No, there are none that so deserve to be called the mighty and the noble!

There are some men whose endowments are such, and whose natural and acquired capacity for usefulness is such, that they are compelled to occupy stations of eminence. Their own humility, perhaps, would induce them to prefer obscurity, but those who recognise their capacity for usefulness will not allow them to remain in obscure stations, and, when once elevated, will not allow them to abandon their posts. These are the acknowledged leaders in the State; these are the lights and landmarks in the church; these are the grand pillars in that temple which God is rearing in this world to the glory of his grace. When such men are called away, then all the people become immediately conscious of a great chasm, a great blank—the mighty void which has been made in the world; and then they bemoan the man, and then they say, "O, how is the strong staff broken, and the beautiful rod!"

GREATNESS A COMMON HERITAGE.

It is said that the grave of a great patriot, or philanthropist, or reformer, may be found in

that patriot, philanthropist and reformer as if his dust had been committed to their soil for guardianship. Some men are greater than the countries in which they were born. They did not derive their greatness from having been born in the country. The country is great because they lived in it, and the world, with one consent, unites to pay them profoundest homage. So, too, the lamentation of the people when an eminent servant of God is called away is not confined to the denomination to which he ministered. And the reason is that no denomination is as large as Christendom. The true church of God is greater than any denomination in it. By the church of God I mean the whole company of the redeemed on earth, and that company knows no sectarian limits; it knows no geographical boundaries. The true church of God is composed of those that bear certain relations to one another because of certain relations they bear to Christ. The one true bond of union between true Christians is faith in one Lord. He is the head, they constitute the members of the body, and they form one great entity, one great corporation, with one life, derived from a common source, or, as the apostle expresses it: "We, being many, are one body in Christ, and members one of another." No; no one denomination can monopolize the gifts of God to his church; no one denomination can say, "This revelation was made for our illumination;" no one denomination can say, "The divine attributes of wisdom, and power, and justice, and goodness, and holiness, and truth were meant to encircle us, even as the mountains stood around Jerusalem;" no one denomination can look at the dear, sad cross of Christ, standing alone in its ineffable glory, and assert a monopoly in a single ray that beams from it.

THE GIFT OF GOOD MEN.

Among the great gifts that God has given *to* men is the gift *of* men; and among all the gifts with which God has enriched his church, one of the greatest has been the gift of consecrated men, for they are the instrumentalities by which the church has been moulded and guided and prospered in all the generations of the world. And since this is so, all that constitute Christendom have a common interest in the services of the good and great, and have a common sorrow when such are stricken down. All of the splendid literature of the past is the heritage of the whole family of God. It is a part of the inheritance of his redeemed people all over the earth. Chrysostom, Augustine, Massillon, Jeremy Taylor, Baxter, Whitfield, Wesley, Andrew Fuller, Thomas Chalmers—what communion can circumscribe the influence of these men? Does not Bunyan still guide all pilgrims who inquire the way to the Celestial City? Does not Milton still sing in the ear of all who weep for paradise lost and who long for a name and place in the paradise regained?

During the last decade, the church of God in the United States and in Europe has lost a greater number of eminent men than it has probably lost in any period double or thrice that length of time since the commencement of this century. And since these bereavements have been so conspicuous, I think they make a call upon us for special consideration. They constitute sad epochs in church history, and they call for profound contemplation.

ARRESTED WORK.

In one sense it is true that "the workman dies, but the work goes on." It is true in the sense that God, in his omnipotence, can always find instruments for the carrying out of his purposes to completion. Moses and Aaron may drop away before the pilgrims have reached the promised land, but Joshua is there, ready to supply their places; and holy Samuel gomes on in his day to lay the foundations of justice and order, and then David comes to establish the Lord's people in their inheritance. The strong staff and the beautiful rod may be broken, but the rod and the staff of the Good Shepherd, never! The golden candlesticks may have their lights extinguished, and yet the temple glows with the radiance of the divine glory. And when the church is made desolate by the death of her beloved sons, then the church can still lift up its voice—tremulous it may be, but still can lift up its voice—and say: "Lord, *thou* hast been our dwelling-place in all generations." But mark the fallacy that often attends the proverbial statement that "the workman dies, but the work goes on." It does in the sense I have stated—that the divine purpose cannot be thwarted, but goes on to completion. But the death of the workman often arrests the work and puts it back for an age. Some men have died during these ten years, and none have taken their places, in the sense of filling the place. I will not enumerate the losses that the American church has sustained, lest I might seem to reflect upon the success of the men that have been called to occupy the positions that were vacated by death; but I may look abroad, and I will say that no one has been raised up to take the place of Christlieb, of Bonn University; of Bersier, in the city of Paris; of Liddon, in England; or of Spurgeon, in—what shall I say?—I will say in *Christendom*, for he belonged to Christendom rather than to any particular country. Who does not know that sometimes the death of a great statesman arrests measures or a governmental system that was devised and calculated to promote the order, the progress, the prosperity of a people—it may be for an entire century! The man died, and on that very day his thoughts perished. Who does not know that in the crisis of a nation's fate the death of a distinguished leader has made the independence of that people impossible for all coming time! When you say "the workman dies, but the work goes on," remember how often, when it does go on, it goes on after being long retarded and repressed. The expulsion of the Huguenots from France destroyed the balance-wheel of that kingdom or republic, ever vibrating between the two; and, this balance wheel lost, France has been in a state of unstable equilibrium, oscillating from one extreme to another, and the great work which the reform leaders would have performed for France has been, humanly speaking, made impossible for the present, at least. The Reformation broke out twenty times before Luther was born, and was put down; Arnold of Brescia was put down; Savonarola was put down; the Lollards were put down; the Hussites were put down; and, after Luther died, persecution arrested the further progress of the Reformation in almost every part of Europe where that persecution was waged.

A RAREST GROWTH.

These are great lessons, and they teach us most earnestly to look to God and to beseech him to grant to us true men who can take the places of the great and efficient whom the church has lost—the men who have not only power in the pulpit, but men who have the power of sanctified learning. There is no royal road to learning; the scholar is a creature of the most patient, toilsome and *rarest* growth; and the development of scholars of the highest type should be the aim of our colleges and universities—scholars like Grotius, like Erasmus, like the learned Selden—men who lived at a time when the opportunities of obtaining an education are supposed to have been immeasurably inferior to those enjoyed in our day. How much difficulty is experienced in filling any important position when that position becomes vacant! I do not know of a better illustration of the point that I am now making than that, if a pastor of a great church in a populous city dies, the look all over the

somebody in the foreign land capable of filling the vacancy that cannot be supplied at home. How great a loss it is to a church when men who have spent entire lives in laborious toil, and who know how to study, and who, in addition to their personal influence, have understanding of the times to know what Israel ought to do—when these are taken away, then we may well bemoan our loss, and say, "How is the strong staff broken, and the beautiful rod!"

THE PRESENT PRESSING NEED.

And one reason, perhaps, why I am more impressed with this view of the subject—I mean the church's need of strong men in the sense described—strong men who have made the most of their faculties, who have aspired by hallowed means to make the most of themselves, and still have looked to heaven for all the help they need—men who have spent their lives in toils like these and become qualified for the work—is this: Was there ever a time when the church was so assaulted by enemies so subtle, by enemies who had found so many keys to popular sympathy; assaulted not only by enemies without, but by foes the most dangerous of all others, that get into the citadel—men who deny the plenary inspiration of these Scriptures, that deny the necessity of what they would vilify as the "blood atonement"—the very foundations upon which our fathers built their hopes of life immortal? This is the time that the church needs the men I have described. I know it has been flippantly said that God can do without human learning. Well, if this is so, it has well been replied that he can do without human ignorance. It has been said that God can do without great men; so he can do without little men. But it has pleased him to use men like Moses, like Isaiah, like David, like the Apostle Paul when great world-reformations were needed—trained and endowed men to meet the exigencies. Do you suppose that Timothy, or Barnabas—both of them good men—could have done what the Apostle Paul did—girdle the world with a zone of light and glory, and written epistles which have shaped the theological thought of the world?

I want to say that, when these great losses occur, we have cause to bemoan the common calamity; but we have at least one compensation in the fact that heaven is gaining all that we lose. It is true that in heaven "the Lamb is the light thereof," but the redeemed stand disclosed to view in that light and they reflect it. I do not think that we disparage our Saviour when we sometimes long to be with the great and with the good whom we have known or of whom we have read. Not that we love him less; not that we love them more; but we love them because they are our brothers, and we love them because they shine in the beauty of their Lord, and ours. Death, like a narrow sea, separates us; love spans the intervening waters; affection overleaps the chasm; by memory, by faith, by hope, by longing for reunion, we are drawn upwards, and we love our home all the more because it is filled with those that made our abode in this world bright and pleasant to us. And I might say to those that never had an opportunity, and often regretted it, perhaps, of personally knowing the great and good men of whom they have heard or read so much, that at least they have this compensation—that in the long hereafter there will be time enough for the acquaintance and for the intimacy and friendship of all the immortal dead in the eternal kingdom of the Father; into which kingdom may God, in his infinite mercy, gather every one of us and all that are dear to us!

Let us pray:

Our Father, we bless thee that the life to come, promised to thy children, is not a life of tears! As we stand on these mortal shores our tears fall fast and numerous as the raindrops on the sea. Shrouded in mists, buffeted by storms, the world is often like night to us. Thou canst scatter the clouds and cause joy to come in the morning. We await the coming day, which shall never be followed by a night. Some of thy children have already entered the land of eternal light and gladness. We remember thy servant, our brother, spending his first Sabbath in heaven—in rest, in peace, in glory evermore. We remember, too, those who have been left behind, a while longer to mourn under the burden of fresh bereavement, with eyes too full of weeping to discover, for the time, the hand of love in the sudden removal of one so dear. May they find that hand soft and gentle enough to bind up their bleeding hearts, and thy grace all sufficient as the God of the widow and the Father of the fatherless.

We pray for the young men committed to the care and love of thy servant, to be trained for the holy office of the ministry. Be thou their Teacher, their Guide, their Comforter!

Let thy benediction rest upon all who have heard the message of salvation from his lips in the great congregations to whom he has spoken; upon all his brethren and fellow-laborers in the ministry and in the schools of the prophets; upon all who have been instructed by his published works; upon all the friends to whom the tidings of his decease have brought unexpected grief, in this city and in all communities where he was known and loved, in our own land and in foreign lands. And prepare us, we beseech thee, O! Father of Mercies, when we have served our generation and finished our appointed toils on earth, for the reunions of the heavenly world, where we shall behold thy face in righteousness, satisfied with thy likeness.

And to God, most high, most holy, most merciful, will we ascribe all honor and glory evermore! Amen!



JOHN ALBERT BROADUS, D. D., LL. D.

THE UNIVERSITY'S TRIBUTE.

John A. Broadus dead! The sudden tidings have filled the land with sorrow, for surely "a prince and a great man has fallen this day in Israel." To many this world now seems poorer indeed.

You ask me to speak somewhat of his life at this University. The church and the country at large are lamenting the preacher, the writer, the teacher. It is natural for us here to mourn, besides, for our great alumnus, the ornament of our society, the pride of this institution, to whom we have always pointed our students as to a model of all that is excellent in mind and heart and conduct.

He was trained here. He taught here. He spent the first years of his ministry here. He was penetrated with the spirit of all that was best in the system prevailing here, and never wavered in his loyalty to it. He was profoundly convinced that the conditions surrounding our Southern youth make the free, elective system the best, at least for them, in all the departments of culture. Accordingly, when the time came, he, with Dr. Boyce, established the Southern Baptist Seminary on those lines. The great results reached by it seem to have amply justified his views, and the conductors of this great school, unique as yet among similar institutions, appear to have no purpose of changing its policy.

My first meeting with him was in October, 1849, at the students' weekly prayer meeting, then held on Sunday afternoons in the parlor of Mr. Addison Maupin. It was just after my first matriculation at the University. At a certain stage of the meeting, a student of striking personal appearance, and bright dark eyes glowing with the light of intellect, rose to speak and drew the attention of all. I was at once impressed with the force, propriety and simplicity of his brief utterances. There were a maturity and sense in what he said that marked him as no common student. I soon learned that he was John A. Broadus, the son of Mayor Edmund Broadus, who lived on Monroe Hill, near by. We were thereafter thrown much together. We often met at Dr. Gessner Harrison's house, being attracted thither by similar reasons. In that drawing-room young Broadus could gratify, besides, his uncommon taste for and enjoyment of instrumental and vocal music. Indeed, he was quite a singer himself, and while, like some others of us, he had no great voice, *he* more than made up for the deficiency by the thoroughness of his knowledge of the art of music and the precision of his execution—qualities which, as I afterward found, belonged to all that he did in every department of effort. We were both members of what at that day was almost the only outlet of regulated vocal energy, the chapel choir.

He had entered the University in 1846, three years before, and so was looked up to by us as an old student. It goes without saying that in every class you would find him at or near the head. Some persons seem to think that dulness and devoutness go together in college life, and that the feeble end of a class is naturally the Christian end. The example of John A. Broadus, admired by all the students for his talents and respected for his Christian consistency, was of untold benefit in correcting any such impression on their part. None of the wild young men, who knew and honored, although they did not imitate him, could ever in after life believe that excellence as a Christian and excellence as a scholar were incompatible.

The secret of his academic success was that to uncommon talent he joined an equally uncommon industry. His motto then and in after-life seemed to be, as he once phrased it, "*Fear God, and work.*" I am told that when he entered the University he did not know a letter of the Greek alphabet. Such were his power of will and force of mind that, entering the lowest class in that school, he graduated with applause in two years.

He was an active member of the Jefferson Literary Society, the oldest and at that time the greatest of the societies. He was associated in the debates with men who have filled important public stations. Here, too, he was first among equals.

After reaching the Master's degree, he was for

the deepest attachment to him and the profoundest respect for his scholarship and character. He gave expression to this feeling when, many years afterward, he, by appointment, read before the University an address in memory of Dr. Harrison. By general consent, that address is regarded as one of the most beautiful eulogies in our language. It is a model of the highest excellence in taste, reflection and style. Another evidence of his devotion to his beloved preceptor is found in the dedication to the memory of the latter of the crowning work of his mature life, the Commentary on Matthew. The golden sentences of this dedication glow with noble feeling.

To those who had the privilege of knowing Dr. Broadus as a friend, his private virtues often drew attention away from his great talents. His singular tenderness and delicacy, his large generosity, which ministered to every one's need but his own, the lively interest created around the fireside when he made one of the company, all conspired to hide, for the moment, his official and public eminence.

We were often permitted thus to see him, by reason of his visits to family connections in this vicinity. He loved to return to the scenes of his early manhood, where life's struggles began for him, where his honored parents are buried and those very dear to him were born. It is sad to think that these delightful visits are ended and that we shall see his face here no more. To us remains the bright memory of a spotless life of service, rendered often under much suffering. But "he rests from his labors and his works do follow him."

University of Virginia. FRANCIS H. SMITH.

CROZER'S WREATH.

A prince and a great man has fallen this day in Israel. How high we rated him and how much we trusted him, we hardly knew until he had left us. In the shadow of that loss, it is not possible to say anything of the man and his work that will be either adequate to his worth or fairly representative of one's own estimate.

Dr. Broadus was, in the best sense of the word, a scholar. He was not, what that term is too often taken to imply, a narrow specialist; nor had he made the opposite error of taking all knowledge for his province. His greatest attainments were in the textual criticism and exegesis of the New Testament, and in this department he confessedly ranked among the chief scholars of America. The only one of his books that at all represents his labors in this field is his Commentary on Matthew, and that very imperfectly represents them, as it was prepared for popular use, and not for scholars. It is greatly to be regretted that his manifold other engagements prevented him from making us all his further debtors in New Testament exegesis.

As a teacher he was most successful. A great cloud of witnesses will rise up to bear testimony to the lucidity, the patience, the accuracy, the faithfulness of his teaching. Many learned men lack utterly the faculty of communicating knowledge or of inspiring any love of sound learning in others. Dr. Broadus could do both. Few men could go out of his classroom and fail to put more conscience into their work; slipshod thinking, superficial study, slovenly writing were impossible for them without protests from the inward monitor. From the testimony of his students, one may, perhaps, infer that he excelled as a teacher of homiletics.

Certainly he excelled as an exemplar of the art. One who heard Dr. Broadus for the first time, especially if his taste had been formed by listening to belauded pulpit orators of great pulmonary eloquence, might perhaps wonder why he should be so famed as a preacher. The laudations of some might seem extravagant. Here was a preacher quite unemotional, almost tame, in delivery. His voice seldom rose above the conversational key. He had little action, and that little was hardly graceful. He just talked to his hearers. It seemed one of those simple things that anybody might do. But, after hearing him a few times, one would begin to feel the marvellous spell of the man; he would realize what a silvery flood of choicest English, what shrewd wit, what melting pathos, what fresh and enkindling thought, what richness of Christian experience, what profound knowledge of the Scriptures, was being poured into his ears in that pleasant conversational tone. He would waken to the fact that he had never heard such preaching before in his life; that he was likely never to hear it again save from the same lips. Alas, that those lips are now silenced forever!

Dr. Broadus was a many-sided man. Though a scholar, he was no recluse; though an eloquent preacher, he was also a skilful man of affairs. He had marked social gifts, was a good judge of character, and had much tact in dealing with men. He would have been a very successful politician, had he cared to enter public life, and that without stooping to any of the arts of the demagogue or the boss—simply because he knew how to manage men. It was a sort of sixth sense with him—a sense capable of cultivation, no doubt, but one impossible to impart to a man by nature destitute of it. He was one of the few Baptists equally beloved and almost equally known both North and South, and he gained the affections of Northern people, in the trying years following the civil war, not by pretending to be other than he was, but by always speaking the right word, at the right time and in just the right way. A tactless man would have made enemies at every turn; he made friends, and that without incurring a suspicion that he was insincere or playing a part.

Only those who have known Dr. Broadus intimately in the unrestrained intercourse of daily life can testify adequately to his virtues as a man and his character as a Christian. But all who knew him will remember him as blameless, spotless, courteous, unselfish—as nearly the perfect Christian gentleman as we ever hope to see in this wicked world. As for his place in the denomination, all know it to have been in the first rank. Less conspicuously in the public eye than some, he was a man of wide and strong influence—one to whom all looked for wise counsel and safe leadership. His death is not the loss of Louisville or of the South alone, but of the whole Baptist brotherhood of America. H. G. WESTON.

Chester, Pa.

AN EXTRAORDINARY PERSONALITY.

Not once in a generation appears a man like John A. Broadus. He was a personality most extraordinary, under God, for controlling action, moulding character, determining destiny. His grandest deeds are recorded in immortal lives. Volumes may be truthfully written on his excellence of mind and heart and conduct; on the inimitable lectures he delivered, and sermons he preached and books he wrote. But pen and ink—too gross and limited for spiritual effluence and influence so far-reaching—can never register the life of this departed man of God—well-nigh the last of the greatest Southern Baptists of the nineteenth century.

Richmond, Va. H. A. TUPPER.

HIS KNOWLEDGE OF MEN.

Dr. Broadus knew men. He loved men—particularly young men. Within the limits of a brief conversation he could arouse the noblest impulses and inspire the highest ideals. Few can measure the breadth of his scholarship. When the subject of discussion was modern philology, an auditor might have supposed that Dr. Broadus taught nothing else. In fields of thought not his own he could direct and inspire lesser men. What a teacher he must have been in his chosen department! I have known several teachers the world calls great, but, in modesty, in intellectual sanity, and in power of inspiration, Dr. Broadus surpassed them all. Hundreds are living nobler lives for having known him. F. W. BOATWRIGHT.

Richmond College, Va.

ROCHESTER SORROWS.

Editors Religious Herald,—With the greatest sorrow I learn of the death of Dr. Broadus. It is a loss never to be repaired. He was our most persuasive preacher, and our best teacher of the art of preaching. His work on the New Testament was broad and masterly. His personal character had a charm that can never be forgotten. He has done more than any other man to bind North and South together, for the whole country loved him. He was one of God's greatest gifts to our denomination and to our generation. May God sanctify to us this great affliction! AUGUSTUS H. STRONG.

Rochester The. Sem., President's Office, March 16.

CROZER SORROWS WITH LOUISVILLE.

The tidings of the death of Dr. Broadus cast a gloom over our entire Seminary. The Students' Association immediately met and sent the following letter to the student body at Louisville:

"*Dear Brethren*,—We, the students of Crozer Theological Seminary, in brotherly sympathy for you at this time, when your hearts are bereaved and burdened by the loss of your president and teacher, whom you so loved and revered, desire to assure you that we share with you the sorrow that has come to you in his death. We know that the tender love which he as your friend so freely gave makes your bereavement peculiarly grievous; yet, on account of his broad scholarship, his great service to our denomination, and his ennobling example of loyalty to Christ, we feel that our loss is in the true sense personal. May the Father of Mercies be near you in your affliction, and may the consolation which he gives