IN MEMORIAM

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
FUNERAL ORATION
BY
W. H. BELLOWS, D.D.

NEW YORK:
Religious Newspaper Agency.
The Metropolitan Pulpit & Homiletic Monthly.

This periodical, with the October No., 1877, was greatly enlarged and improved. It is the very greatest value to every minister and to every one preparing for the ministry. It is full of hints, from our ablest clergymen as to the best and most effective methods of sermonizing. It contains criticisms on faulty styles of preaching, illustrations of homiletical rules, homiletical comments on portions of Scriptures, condensations of leading sermons preached each month by the most eminent divines in New York, Brooklyn and other portions of this country, Canada and Europe. These condensations are, in large part, prepared by the clergymen themselves for this publication. They give, in brief, the entire sermon, presenting the line of thought, divisions, illustrations, etc. Thus the entire sermon may be comprehended almost at a glance.

The Rev. Hyatt Smith expresses this idea in a note to us:

"In your Pulpit you give the drift and spirit of the discourse; and it is just this which makes your periodical a welcome visitor to my study. As I run over its pages, I get a bird's-eye view of the gospel battle-field, and see my brethren of different denominations fighting the fight of faith, in various ways, for the common victory of Christ."

For a similar reason, Dr. Cayler, in a letter to us, pronounces the publication "very valuable."

In our reports of sermons, in this publication, all considerable denominations and all sections of this and other countries are represented, so that an opportunity is given for the study of all styles of sermonizing. What can be more important to a clergyman than this? It enables him to learn from his brothers, as do lawyers from their fellow lawyers in their law journals. In this is the advantage to scientists of scientific monthly, to doctors of medical periodicals, to farmers of agricultural papers, to artists of art journals. Are clergymen alone to refuse to learn from one another, to be isolated, to be shut up to their own narrow experience, because of a poorly instructed, childish fear that they may harm their independence, endanger their originality? The Hartford Religious Herald, in noticing this objection, says that: Truly independent and genuine preachers will not be troubled with this fear. Rev. J. C. Cole, one of the ablest and most conservative preachers in England, in a lecture to clergymen in London, recently said:

"Do you ever read the sermons of Spurgeon? I am not a bit ashamed to say that I often do. I like to gather hints about preaching from all quarters. * Preachers ought always to examine and analyze sermons that draw people together."

The Popularity.

We have received, literally, thousands of letters from clergymen, in this and other countries (of the number are presidents of colleges, professors in theological seminaries, editors of some of our ablest religious journals) commending most highly this monthly, especially as now improved.

"Says one, a professor in a college:

Your publications are most valuable in perfecting styles of preaching. They will mark an era in the history of the American Pulpit."

"Says another: "There may be a better work of this kind published somewhere, but I have never seen it."

"Another: "I do not see how your improved Pulpit can be improved."

"Another: "Your hints, your comments upon Scripture, the elucidation of rules of homiletics are most helpful, and cannot but prove of great benefit to clergymen everywhere and of every variety of experience."

"Another: "A clergyman's magazine of this nature must have an inscrutably good effect in widening and deeping and refining the culture of the clergy. It brings us together, and not anything so reduces people as association."

Of the many comments which have appeared in the religious press, we quote the following from the October number, just issued, of that ablest of American quartlies, The Presbyterian Quarterly and Princeton Review:

"It speaks well for our friends, the enterprising publishers, and for the ministry of the day, that they are meeting with such decided success in the several works they have undertaken. A year since they started The Metropolitan Pulpit, which has already reached a circulation of 6,000 copies, and is to be doubled in size in future issues. Six months ago they issued the first number of The Complete Pulpit—a much larger work—which has already reached a circulation of about 4,000 copies. And now they have published the Homilet, which bids fair to attain something of the immense popularity which it has in Great Britain. The success of such works is a marked indication of a new and rapidly dawning spirit in the Church. Happily, our preachers of all denominations are not content with the modes and attainments of the past, but are reaching after all the light and help available in order to improve upon them."

Subscription price, per year, $2.00; Single Number, 25 cents.

RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPER AGENCY, 21 Barclay St., N. Y.
Oration at the Funeral of William Cullen Bryant.

Delivered in All-Souls' Church, New York, June 14, 1878, by Henry W. Bellows, D.D.

The whole country is bending with us, their favored representatives, over the bier that holds the dust of Bryant! Private as the simple service is that consigns the ashes of our illustrious poet and journalist to the grave, there is public mourning in all hearts and homes, making these funeral rites solemn and universal by the sympathy that from every quarter flows toward them, and swells the current of grateful and reverent emotion. Much as the modest, unworldly spirit of the man we mourn shrunk from the parade of public rites, leaving to his heirs the duty of a rigid simplicity in his funeral, neither his wishes nor theirs could render his death and burial less than an event of general significance and national concern. It is not for his glory that we honor and commemorate him. Public fame, for more than half a century, has made it needless, or impossible, to add one laurel to his crown. So long ago he took the place he has since kept in public admiration, respect and reverence, that no living tongue could now dislodge or add to the security and mild splendor of his reputation. For three generations he has been a fixed star in our firmament, and no eulogy could be so complete as that which by accumulation of meaning dwells in the simple mention of his name.

Few lives have been as fortunate and complete as his. Born in 1794, when this young nation was in its teens, he has been contemporary with nearly the whole first century of its life. If no country ever experienced in the same period such a miracle of growth, if none ever profited so much by discoveries and inventions—never before so wonderful as those made in the half century which gave us steam-navigation, the railroad and the telegraph—he saw the birth, he antedates the existence of every one of the characteristic triumphs of modern civilization, and yet he has not died until they became wholly familiar and nearly universal in their fruitful influence! Born and bred in New England, and on the summits of the Green Mountains, he inherited the severe and simple tastes and habits of that rugged region, and having sprung from a vigorous and intellectual parentage,* and in contact with a few persons with

* It is his own father he refers to in his "Hymn to Death":
"For he is in his grave who taught my youth
The art of verse, and in the bud of life
Offered me to the Muses."
whom nature and books took the place of social pleasures and the excitements of town and cities, his native genius made him, from a tender age, the thoughtful and intimate companion of woods and streams, and constituted him Nature's own darling child. It was a friendship so unfeigned, so deep, so much in accordance with his temperament and mental constitution that it grew into a determining passion and shaped his whole life, while in the poetry to which it gave birth it laid the foundations and erected the structure of his poetic fame. What Wordsworth did for English poetry, in bringing back the taste for Nature, as the counterpart of humanity—a world to be interpreted not by the outward eyes, but by the soul—Bryant did for America. One who knew them both, as I did, could not fail to observe the strong resemblance in character and feeling, with the marked difference between them on which I will not dwell. Both were reserved, unsmiling, austere or irresponsive men, in aspect; not at home in cities or in crowds, not easy of access, or dependent on companionship—never fully themselves except when alone with nature. They coveted solitude, for it gave them uninterrupted intercourse with that beautiful, companionable, tender, unintrusive world, which is to ordinary souls dull, common, familiar, but to them was ever new, ever mysterious, ever delightful and instructive.

Few know how small a part intercourse with nature for itself alone—not for what it teaches, but for what it is, a revelation of Divine beauty and wisdom and goodness—had even a half century ago for the common mind. Wordsworth in England, Bryant in America, awoke this sleeping capacity, and by their tender and awed sense of the spiritual meaning conveyed in Nature's consummate beauties and harmonies, gave almost a new sense to our generation. Before their day we had praises of the seasons and passages of poetry in which cataracts, sunsets, rainbows and garden flowers were faithfully described—but nature as a whole—as a presence, the very garment of God, was almost unheeded and unknown. When we consider what Bryant's poems—read in the public schools in happy selection—have done to form the taste and feed the sentiment of two generations, we shall begin to estimate the value of his influence. And when we recall in all his writings not a thought or feeling that is not pure, uplifting and reverent, we can partly measure the gratitude we owe to a benefactor whose genius has consecrated the woods, and fields, and brooks and wayside flowers, in a way intelligible to plainer minds, and yet above the criticism of the most fastidious and cultivated.

But if fortunate in passing his early life in the country and forming his taste and his style in communion with nature, and with a few good books and a few earnest and sincere people, he was equally fortunate in being driven by a love of independenc-
into the study of the law and a ten years' practice in a considerable town in Western Massachusetts, and then drawn to this city where he drifted into the only form of public life wholly suited to his capacities—the editorial profession.

It was no accident that made Bryant a politician and an editor. Sympathy with individual men and women was not his strong point—but sympathy with our common humanity was in him a religious passion. He had a constitutional love of freedom and an intense sentiment of justice, and they constituted together his political creed and policy. He believed in freedom—and this made him a friend of the oppressed, an enemy of slavery, a foe to special and class legislation, an advocate of free trade—a natural Democrat, though born and reared in a Federal community that looked with suspicion upon extensions of the suffrage and upon the growth of local and State rights. But his love of freedom was too genuine to allow him to condone the faults even of his own party, when freedom's friends were found on the other side. He could bear, he did bear the odium of his unpopular conviction, when what was called the best society in New York was of another opinion and belonged to another party—and he could bear with equal fortitude the ignominy of lacking party fidelity, when his patriotic spirit felt that his old political friends were less faithful than they should be to freedom and union. The editorial profession enabled his shy and somewhat unsocial nature to work at arm's length for the good of humanity and the country; and I can conceive of no other calling in life that would have economized his temperament and faculties so fully in the public service. His literary skill, his industry, his humane philosophy, his sentiments of justice, his patriotism, his love of freedom here found full scope without straining and tasking his personal sympathies, which lacked the readiness, the tact and the geniality that in some men make direct contact with their fellow-creatures an increase of power and of influence. What an editor he made you all know. None could long doubt the honesty, the conscientiousness, the elevation and purity of his convictions or his utterances. Who believes he ever swerved a line, for the sake of popularity or pelf, from what he felt to be right and true? That he escaped all prostitution of his pen or his conscience, in his exposed and tempted calling, we all admiringly confess. And what moderation, candor and courage he carried into his editorial work. Purity of thought, elegance and simplicity of style, exquisite taste and high morality characterized all he wrote. He rebuked the headlong spirit of party, sensational extravagances of expression, even the use of new-fangled phrases and un-English words. He could see and acknowledge the merits of those from whom he widely
differed, while unbecoming personalities found no harbor in his columns. Young men and women never found anything to corrupt their taste or their morals in his paper, and families could safely lay the *Evening Post* upon the table where their children and their guests might take it up. Uncompromising in what his convictions commanded, and never evading the frankest expression of his real opinion, however unpopular, he was felt to be above mere partisanship, and so had a decided influence with men of all political preferences. His prose was in its way as good as his poetry, and has aided greatly to correct the taste for swollen, gaudy and pretentious writing in the public press. He was not alone in this respect, for none can fail to recall the services in this direction of Charles King and Horace Greeley, not to name less conspicuous instances. But Bryant's poetic fame gave peculiar authority to his editorial example, and made his style specially helpful and instructive. That he should have succeeded in keeping the poetic temperament and the tastes and pursuits of a poet fully alive under the active and incessant pressure of his journalistic labors—making his bread and his immediate influence as a citizen and a leader of public sentiment by editorial work, while he "built the lofty rhyme" for the gratification of his genius and for the sake of beauty and art, without one glance at immediate suffrages or rewards, if not a solitary, is at least a perfect example of the union in one man of the power to work with nearly equal success, in two planes, where what he did in one did not contradict or conflict with what he did in the other, while they were not mingled or confounded. Nobody detects the editor, the politician, the man of business, in Bryant's poetry, and few feel the poet in his editorial writings—but the man of conscience, of humanity, of justice and truth, of purity and honor, appears equally in both. This is somewhat the more remarkable, because affluence, versatility and humor are not characteristic of his genius. It is staid, earnest, profoundly truthful and pure, lofty and perfectly genuine—but not mercurial, vivacious, pro- tean and brilliant. Like the Jordan that leaps into being full, strong, crystal-pure, but swells little in its deep bed, all its course to its sea—admitting few tributaries and putting out no branches, Bryant's genius sprang complete into public notice when he was still in his teens; it retained its character for sixty years almost unchanged, and its latest products are marked with the essential qualities that gave him his first success. Never, perhaps, was there an instance of such precocity in point of wisdom and maturity as that which marked "Thanatopsis," written at eighteen, or of such persistency in judgment, force and melody as that exhibited in his last public ode, written ten at 83, on occasion of Washington's last birthday. Between these two bounds lies one even path, high, finished, faultless,
in which comes a succession of poems, always meditative, always steeped in love and knowledge of nature, always pure and melodious, always stamped with his sign-manual, a flawless taste and gem-like purity—but never much aside from the line and direction that marked the first outburst and last flow of his genius.

Happy the man that knows his own powers—their limits, and their aptitudes—and who confines himself rigidly within the banks of his own peculiar inspiration. Bryant was too genuine, too real a lover of nature, too legitimate a child of the muse, ever to strain his own gift. He never made verses, but allowed his verse to flow, inspired by keen observation and hearty enjoyment of nature, watching only that it flowed smoothly and without turbulence or turbidness, which his consummate art enabled him perfectly to accomplish. Never, perhaps, was a natural gift more successfully trained and cultured, without losing its original raciness and simplicity. Nothing less than the widest and deepest study of poetry, in all literatures, young and old, in all languages and schools, could have enabled him to keep his verse in such perfect finish for sixty successive years. He knew all the wiles of the poet, some of which he disdained to practice—but of no man in his time was it less safe to assume ignorance or neglect of anything that belonged to the poet's art. His knowledge of poetry was prodigious, his memory of it precise and inexhaustible. He had considered all the masters, and knew their quality and characteristics. But marked as his own style is, it is marked only with its native hues. There is no trick in his adroitness—no artifice in his art; nothing that tires, except it be the uniformity of its excellence. Considering how long his genius has been known and acknowledged, and how thoroughly he represents the old school of Dryden in his purity and fastidiousness of language—it is, perhaps, not to be wondered at that his popularity, as a citizen and a man, has even somewhat eclipsed his immediate popularity as a poet. I think him fortunate in not having the popularity of novelty, of fashion, of sing-song verse, of morbid sentiment, of mere ingenuity thinking, or some temporary adaptation to passing moods of popular feeling, whether in universities or in social circles. He curiously escaped, if indeed his truthful genuineness of nature did not give him an original defence against it, from the introversive, self-considering, and individualistic temper which has characterized much of the poetry of the highest academic culture in our time. Either he was born too early, or he emigrated from New England too early, to fall under the influence of this morbid subjectiveness; or his active and practical pursuits kept him in the current of real life, and near to the universal feeling of men. At any rate—
—free, rational, as his genius ever was—there is not a suspicion of the skeptical or denying element in his works. He is not sick nor morbid, nor melancholy, nor discouraged. Sentiment enough he has, but no sentimentality; awe of the Infinite, but no agnosticism; a recognition of all human sorrows and sins, but no querulousness, much less any despair. He loved and honored human nature; he feared and reverenced his Maker; he accepted Christianity in its historic character; he believed in American institutions; he believed in the Church and its permanency, in its ordinances and its ministry; and he was no backward-looking praiser of the times that had been and a mere accuser and defamer of the times that are. This made his poetry, as it made his prose and his whole influence, wholesome, hopeful, nutritious; young, without being inexperienced; ripe, without tending to decay. The very absence of those false colors which give immediate attractiveness to the clothing of some contemporary poetry, gives his undyed and natural robes a fadeless charm which future generations will not forget to honor. Every one must notice that great immediate popularity is not a good augury for enduring fame; and further, that poetry, like all the products of the fine arts, must have not only positive quality, power and harmony, but must add to these freedom from defects. It is strange what an embalming power lies in purity of style to preserve thoughts that would perish, even though greater and more original if wrapped in a less perfect vesture. What element of decay is there in Bryant's verse? How universal his themes; how intelligible and level to the common heart; how little ingenious, vague or technical; how free from what is provincial, temporary, capricious; how unflawed with doubtful figures or strained comparisons or new and strange words; how unmarred by a forced order or weary mannerisms! He is a rigid Puritan, alike in his morals and his vocabulary; there is scarcely a false foot, a doubtful rhyme, a luckless epithet, a dubious sentiment anywhere to be found in his works. And, perhaps nature withheld from him what is called an ear for music only to emphasize his ear for rhythm and save him from the danger of a clogging sweetness and a fatiguing sing-song.

It is the glory of this man that his character outshone even his great talent and his large fame. Distinguished equally for his native gifts and consummate culture, his poetic inspiration and his exquisite art, he is honored and loved to-day, even more for his stainless purity of life, his unwavering rectitude of will, his devotion to the higher interests of humanity, his unfeigned patriotism and his broad humanity. It is remarkable that with none of the arts of popularity a man so little dependent on others' appreciation, so self-subsistent and so retiring,
who never sought or accepted office, who had little taste for co-operation, and no bustling zeal in ordinary philanthropy, should have drawn to himself the confidence, the honor and reverence of a great metropolis, and become, perhaps, it is not too much to say, our first citizen. It was, in spite of a constitutional reserve, a natural distaste for crowds and public occasions, and a somewhat chilled bearing toward his kind, that he achieved, by the force of his great merit and solid worth, this triumph over the heart of his generation. The purity of the snow that enveloped him was more observed than its coldness, and his fellow-citizens believed that a fire of zeal for truth, justice and human rights, burned steadily at the heart of this lofty personality, though it never flamed or smoked. And they were right! Beyond all thirst for fame or poetic honor lay in Bryant the ambition of virtue. Reputation he did not despise, but virtue he revered and sought with all his heart. He had an intense self-reverence, that made his own good opinion of his own motives and actions absolutely essential. And though little tempted by covetousness, envy, worldliness or love of power, he had his own conscious difficulties to contend with, a temper not without turbulence, a susceptibility to injuries, a contempt for the moral weaknesses of others. But he labored incessantly at self-knowledge and self-control, and attained equanimity and gentleness to a marked degree. Let none suppose that the persistent force of his will, his incessant industry, his perfect consistency and coherency of life and character, were not backed by strong passions. With a less consecrated purpose, a less reverent love of truth and goodness, he might easily have become acrid, vindictive or selfishly ambitious. But he kept his body under, and, a far more difficult task for him, his spirit in subjection. God had given him a wonderful balance of faculties in a marvelously harmonious frame. His spirit wore a light and lithic vesture of clay—that never burdened him. His senses were perfect at fourscore. His eyes needed no glasses: his hearing was exquisitely fine. His alertness was the wonder of his contemporaries. He outwalked men of middle age. His tastes were so simple as to be almost ascetic. Milk and cereals and fruits were his chosen diet. He had no vices, and no approach to them, and he avoided any and everything that could ever threaten him with the tyranny of the senses or of habit.

Regular in all his habits, he retained his youth almost to the last. His power of work never abated, and the herculean translation of Homer, which was the amusement of the last lustre of his long and busy life, showed not only no senility or decline in artistic skill, but no decrease of intellectual or physical endurance.
Perhaps the last ten years of his life have made him nearer and dearer to his fellow-citizens than any previous decade; for he had become at last not only resigned to public honors, but had even acquired a late and tardy taste for social and public gatherings. Who so often called to preside in your public meetings or to speak at your literary or social festivals? who has pronounced as many hearty welcomes to honored strangers, unveiled as many statues, graced as many occasions of public sympathy? who so ready to appear at the call of your public charities, or more affectionately welcomed and honored on your platforms? All this, coming late in life, was a grateful, I might almost say a fond surprise. He had wrapped himself in his cloak to contend with the winter wind of his earlier fortunes, and the harder it blew (and it was very rough in his middle life) the closer he drew it about him. But the sun of prosperity and honor and confidence that warmed and brightened the two closing decades of his life fairly melted away his proud reserve toward the public, and he lay himself open to the warm and fragrant breeze of universal favor. He was careful, however, to say that he did not hold himself at the public's high estimate. In a long conversation I had with him at Roslyn, two years ago, he showed such a surprising self-knowledge and such a just appreciation of popular suffrages, that it was impossible to doubt his genuine humility, or jealous determination not to be deceived by any contagious sentiment of personal reverence or honor springing up in a generation that was largely ignorant of his writings. Yet he fully and greatly enjoyed these tributes—and more and more, the longer he lived.

Of Mr. Bryant's life-long interest in the fine arts; his large acquaintance with our older artists and close friendship with some of them; of his place in the Century Club, of which he was perhaps the chief founder, and of which he died the honored president, I could speak with full knowledge; but artists and centurions both are sure to speak better for themselves in due time, as the city and the nation surely will.

I must reserve the few moments still left me to bear the testimony which no one has a better right to offer to Mr. Bryant's strictly religious character. A devoted lover of religious liberty, he was an equal lover of religion itself—not in any precise dogmatic form, but in its righteousness, reverence and charity. What his theology was you may safely infer from his regular and long attendance in this place of Christian worship. Still he was not a dogmatist, but preferred practical piety and working virtue to all modes of faith. What was obvious in him for twenty years past was an increasing respect and devotion to religious institutions and a more decided Christian quality in his faith. I think he had never been a communicant in any
church until he joined ours, fifteen years ago. From that time, nobody so regular in his attendance on public worship, in wet and dry, cold and heat, morning and evening, until the very last month of his life. The increasing sweetness and beneficence of his character, meanwhile, must have struck his familiar friends. His last years were his devoutest and most humane years. He became beneficent as he grew able to be so, and his hand was open to all just need, and to many unreasonable claimants.

The first half or even two-thirds of his life had been a hard struggle with fortune. And he had acquired saving habits, thanks chiefly to the prudence of his honored and ever-lamented wife. But the moment he became successful and acquired the means of beneficence, he practiced it bountifully, indeed, perhaps often credulously. For he was simple-hearted and unsuspecting, easily misled by women’s tears and entreaties, and not always with the fortitude to say No—when only his money was at stake. Indeed he had few defensive weapons either against intrusion or supplication, and could with difficulty withstand the approaches of those that fawned upon him, or those that asked his countenance for selfish purposes. Perhaps he understood their weaknesses, but he had not the heart to medicine them with brave refusal.

He endowed a public library in Cummington, his birthplace, at a cost of many thousands. He built and gave a public hall to the village of Roslyn, L. I., the chosen and beloved summer home of his declining years. When, at his request, I went to dedicate it to public use, and at a proper moment asked “What shall we call this building?” The audience shouted “Bryant Hall.” No, said the modest benefactor, let it be known and called simply “The Hall,” and The Hall it was baptized.

I shall have spoken in vain, if I have not left upon your hearts the image of an upright, sincere, humane and simple yet venerable manhood—a life full of outward honors and inward worth. When I consider that I have been speaking of one whose fame fills the world, I feel how vain is public report compared with the honor of God and the gratitude and love of humanity! It is the private character of this unaffected, Christian man that it most concerns us to consider and to imitate. He was great as the world counts greatness—he was greater as God counts it.

He is gone! and the city and the country is immeasurably poorer, that his venerable and exalted presence no more adorns and crowns our assemblies. But heaven is richer! The Church of Christ adds one unaffected, unsanctemomious saint to its
calendar. The patriarch of American literature is dead. The faithful Christian lives ever more:

"Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my very heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given
And shall not soon depart."

—Bryant's lines "To a Waterfowl."

We are about to bear his remains to their quiet and green resting-place, by the side of his beloved wife—the good angel of his life—in Roslyn, L. I. Let me read in conclusion the warrant for this step in his own poem called "June," which I am persuaded you will feel to be the only fit conclusion of these memorial words:

I gazed upon the glorious sky,
And the green mountains round,
And thought that when I came to lie
At rest within the ground,
'Twere pleasant that in flowery June,
When brooks send up a cheerful tune,
And groves a cheerful sound,
The sexton's hand, my grave to make,
The rich, green mountain-turf should break.

A cell within the frozen mould,
A coffin borne through sleet,
And icy clods above it rolled,
While fierce the tempests beat—
Away!—I will not think of these,
Blue be the sky and soft the breeze,
Earth green beneath the feet,
And be the damp mould gently pressed
Into my narrow place of rest.

There, through the long, long summer hours,
The golden light should lie,
And thick young herbs and groups of flowers
Stand in their beauty by,
The oriole should build and tell
His love-tale close beside my cell;
The idle butterfly
Should rest him there, and there be heard
The housewife bee and humming bird.

And what if cheerful shouts at noon
Come from the village sent,
Or song of maids beneath the moon
With fairy laughter blent?
And what if, in the evening light,
Betrothed lovers walk in sight
Of my low monument?
I would the lovely scene around
Might know no sadder sight nor sound.
I know that I no more should see
The season's glorious show,
Nor would its brightness shine for me,
Nor its wild music flow;
But if, around my place of sleep,
The friends I love should come to weep,
They might not haste to go.
Soft airs, and song, and light and bloom
Should keep them lingering by my tomb.

These to their softened hearts should bear
The thought of what has been,
And speak of one who cannot share
The gladness of the scene;
Whose part, in all the pomp that fills
The circuit of the Summer hills,
Is that his grave is green;
And deeply would their hearts rejoice
To hear again his living voice.
CONNECTION of SACRED HISTORY.


By "Connection of Sacred History" is meant a statement of historical facts in relation to the Jewish nation, which occurred in the period between the close of the Old Testament history and the incarnation of our Saviour, when the history of the Jews in relation to Christ and the establishment of the Christian Church and the organization of the Christian church commenced. To which are added several chapters on the Herodian dynasty and the condition of Judea after it became a Roman Province; closing with the account of the siege of Jerusalem and the final ruin of the Jewish nation.

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XXXVII. The Siege of Jerusalem, third series of attack—The City Taken and Destroyed.
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