GENEALOGY

OF THE DESCENDENTS OF

JOHN FERGUSON

A NATIVE OF SCOTLAND

WHO EMIGRATED TO AMERICA
BEFORE THE
REVOLUTIONARY WAR

COMPILED BY
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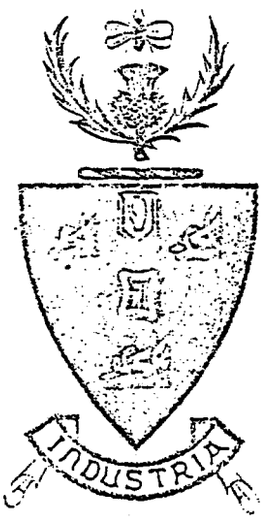
NEWCOMB & GAUSS
SALEM, MASS.
1911


INDUSTRIA

PREFACE.

John Ferguson, the son of Peter and Isabel Ferguson of Duns, Berwickshire, Scotland, who emigrated to America and settled in Newport, Rhode Island, was the progenitor of a large family and the only one of his father's family who had male descendants to perpetuate his name. The following genealogy contains a record of his descendants down to the present time. It is a fact worthy of more than passing notice that his descendants are scattered all over the face of the globe. They are found in the United States from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, in South Africa in goodly numbers, in China, and a record of one marriage in Australia. It is one purpose of this book to bring together and unite in one large family, the present and succeeding generations of his descendants who may feel a just pride in bearing his name.

The opening chapter contains extracts selected from the "Records of the Clan and Name of Fergusson or Ferguson" published by the Clan Ferguson Society of Scotland.

To Mrs. Heman B. Allen (Margaret Eddy Ferguson) of Meriden, Conn., whose interest, helpfulness and intimate knowledge of the different branches of the family, past and present, has been of inestimable value, is here expressed my heartfelt thanks and sincere appreciation, in bringing this work to a successful completion.

ARTHUR B. FERGUSON.

Salem, Mass.
Sept. 26, 1911.

EARLY NOTICES OF THE NAME OF FERGUS, FERGUSON OR FERGUSSON.

Tradition has it that the clan and name Fergusson or Ferguson is among the very oldest of the Highland septs, and that in conformity with the name the race owed its origin to King Fergus. The traditionary pedigrees of the royal house of Scotland, handed down by the mediaeval historians, and associated with the warfare waged with the 'auld enemies of England" by the pen as well as with the sword, place the first Fergus, "the founder of Scotland's monarchy," whose legendary death by drowning off the Irish coast gave its name to Carrick Fergus, as early as three hundred years before the coming of our Lord. Modern research has, however, conclusively established that this Fergus is a mythical personage; but it has as certainly confirmed the fact that the first substantial settlement of the pure Scottish race in Scotland was led by a Fergus who was of royal blood, and whose house had for generations enjoyed regal dignity in Ireland, and was destined to produce, in St. Columbia, the founder of the Celtic Church in Scotland. The arrival on the Scottish shores of the real King Fergus—Fergus Mor MacEarca—took place in the year 498 A. D. He was the true first of the long line of Scottish kings, the attachment of their people to whom is so quaintly expressed by the old Covenanter Baillie:—'Had our throne been void and our voices taken for the filling of Fergus's chair, we had died ere any other had sitten down on that fatal marble but Charles alone.''

His descendants formed the Cinel Gabran, which, with the Cinel Angus and the Cinel Loarn, the descendants of his two brothers, are described as "the three powerfuls of Dalriada'—*i. e.* the three pure Scotic tribes.

The tradition which makes the Ferguson clan one of the purest Scotic races, receives some confirmation from the fact that Fergusson families are found in districts which from an early period are associated with the Scottish royal race, or with specially Scottish traditions. The name was, and is, numerous in Argyllshire, which, as Dalriada, was the earliest seat of the Scots in Scotland, and especially in the districts occupied by the Cinel Gabran; also in Balquhidder, and in Athole, in the neighborhood of Dunkeld, which succeeded Iona as the chief centre of the early Scottish Church, and which was in the vicinity of the chief seat of the Scottish monarchy at Scone.

The term "Clan Fergusa" is found at a very early period distinguishing one branch of the descendants of Fergus Mor MacEarca.

The name Fergus is also associated with the early history of the Scottish Church. It is recorded in the life of St. Mungo, that when on his way from St. Serfs, at Culross, to the scene of his future labours in Strathclyde, after crossing the Forth, he found a holy man named Fergus who lay at the point of death and that after his decease St. Mungo carried his remains to Glasgow where they were laid to rest in the spot on which the Cathedral afterwards rose and which thus witnessed the first of a long succession of Christian burials.

The names Fergus, MacFhearghusa or Fergusson are the same and down to two centuries ago the forms Fergus and Ferguson were used indiscriminately in some families. The name is sometimes derived from *feargachus*, wrathful,

or of a fiery disposition; *fearg* in Gaelic signifying anger or wrath, and *feargach* one of bold, haughty, irascible or imperious temper. It has also been translated "a strong man." According to Logan, it is a personal appellation, in its secondary sense implying a hero, but primarily signifying a spearman, being compounded of *fear*, a man, and *gais* or *geis*, a spear, the weapon carried by the *gais geach*, or heavily armed warrior among the Highlanders. It has been said that "the Clan Mhic Fhearghuis of Athole, along with the M'Diarmids of Glenlyon, are admitted by all authorities to be the oldest clans known in the Highlands." "The name," says Logan, "may vie with any in point of antiquity and honour"; and, after referring to the conquest of Dalriada by King Fergus, adds: "From him as the first and most distinguished of his name, the Fergusons assert their origin, a descent in which the most noble in the land may glory." The late Dr. M'Lachlan, an eminent authority on Celtic tradition and literature, once mentioned that he had come across old women of the name living in Highland huts, whose circumstances were of the poorest, but who rejoiced in pedigrees which put to shame not only the best Norman descent, but even the blood of many chiefs of Highland clans. From Fergus, when it became a prename, not to say a christian name, the generic designation of the "Fergusons" or "Sons of Fergus" obviously spring. "The Fergusons appear as early inhabitants of Mar and Athole where their proper seat as a clan certainly lay originally."

General Stuart of Garth, one of the highest authorities on the Highlanders of Scotland, who was intimately acquainted with all the families of Athole Fergussons and their history, says in his *Sketches of the Highlanders of Scotland:* "The Robertsons and Farquharsons change the

Celtic Mac to the Scottish son as the Fergusons have done, although the last is supposed to be one of the most ancient names of any, as pronounced in Gaelic, in which language the modern name Ferguson is totally unknown." "I have never yet," writes a clansman, "met a Highland Ferguson who did not claim descent from King Fergus, whatever district he came from; they all agree to that." There are two interesting allusions to this ancient tradition. In an interview with King James VI, David Fergusson, the Reformer, was discussing the feuds between the great families. "If you go to surnames," said he jocularly, "I will reckon with the best of you in antiquity; for King Fergus was the first king in Scotland, and I am Fergus-son; but always, Sir, because you are an honest man and hath the possession, I will give you my right." Similarly, in 1765 Henry Ferguson, brother of the poet, wrote: "I am the son of the ancient, the royal Fergus." This traditionary descent is always alluded to in the old songs on the gathering of the clans in which the Fergusons are mentioned.

"Ferguson or Fergusson," says Anderson in *The Scottish Nation*, "was the surname of a Highland sept which had its seat on the borders of the counties of Perth and Forfar, immediately to the north of Dunkeld, and the distinctive badge of which was the little sunflower. In the roll of 1587 they are named as among the septs of Mar and Athole, where their propor seat as a clan originally lay, having chiefs and captains of their own. "The Fergussons" says one authority, "followed the Dukes of Athol." The clan badge has also been said to be the poplar, and also the bog myrtle, but the "Fergusson country" proper was undoubtedly in the vale of Athole and Strathardle.

"The Athole and Strathardle Fergussons" writes a clansman, "have from time immemorial claimed to be the most

ancient clan known in the Highlands, a claim which the other old clans of the district have never disputed, the second place being always given to the old M'Diarmids of Glenlyon. The universal tradition is that they are descended from King Fergus the First." General Stuart of Garth observes that the Duke of Atholl possesses a very extensive property in Athole, but the district has been for centuries called the country of the Stewarts, Robertsons, Fergussons, etc." "The Clan Ferguson in Athole," writes Mr. Charles Ferguson, "were always reckoned the biggest and strongest men in that country of big men. A story is preserved in our family of one of my ancestors "Semus Mor," or Big James, who, when a mere lad, along with his father accompanied his clan to the north on an expedition against one of the northern clans. They were successful and carried off a lot of cattle among which was a fine black bull which Semus Mors" father had taken after a tough fight, in which he slew its former owner and his five sons. Coming down by the river Tarff, at the head of Glen Tilt, the bull got restive and sprung down on to a ledge of rock overhanging a deep pool. Semus Mor jumped after it and tried to save it; but his father heard a splash and knew the bull had gone over the rock. As he saw his son's head appear coming up the rock, he said, in a sneering tone, "The soft grip of a baby; if you had been your father's son you would have kept your grip." To which Semus Mor meekly answered,—"I have all I had," and threw the bull's horn at his father's feet. He had caught the bull by the horn just as it sprang over the rock, and held it hanging by main strength; but the horn broke and the bull fell over, fortunately into deep water, and was safely recovered. When old Fergusson saw the horn and understood how matters stood, he was quite pleased, and said, "The clan Fergus have not degenerated yet."

The Bibliography of the name records good work done in various departments of literary effort and eminence achieved in various fields of energy. The reputation for wisdom in council, as well as power in the pulpit, enjoyed by the minister of Dunfermline, was inherited in the succeeding century by the minister of Kilwinning and a goodly array of works upon religious subjects attest that the gifts of the latter as an expository writer have descended to later divines of the name. In Robert Ferguson the clan produced a leading Scottish poet who stands only second to Burns as a singer in the Lowland vernacular; but it had also its Gaelic poetess in Christina Ferguson of Contin Ross-shire, whose lament for her husband, a Chisholm of Strathglass, slain at Culloden, ("My loved young fair one") is one of the most beautiful and pathetic poems in the Gaelic language. In Sir Samuel Ferguson it can claim one who has been described as the national poet of Ireland. The profession of law, the practice of medicine and surgery, the study of architecture and archæology, of botany and of other sciences have all been pursued with success and devotion, nor is the name unknown in the service of art. It has taken an active share in the public life of Ceylon, pursued its fortunes with credit and success in the last century in Poland, and attained high eminence in philosophic and legal writing in Holland as well as in the diplomatic service of the sovereign of the Netherlands. Dr. Adam Ferguson records that when he visited Voltaire "the French philosopher saluted me with a compliment on a gentleman of my family who had civilized the Russians," referring probably to an earlier Scottish Ferguson whom, in his history of Russia, he described as helping Peter the Great to calculate eclipses and as establishing at Moscow schools of geometry, astronomy and navigation.

It is right that a word should be added as to orthography of the name to which both Fergussons who require two *s's* and Fergusons who are satisfied with one are nowadays generally sensitive. In the past however the form is found varying in the same families, and instances exist at the present day in which one form is used by one brother and the other by another. The family of Dunfallandy seem to have consistently maintained the spelling "Fergusson" which appears to be the oldest and represents most accurately the translation of the Gaelic. It cannot however be said that either form is wrong, or that the presence or absence of the second *s* settles descent and it may be urged that the pronunciation is better indicated by the form "Ferguson" and that Professor Adam Ferguson committed no crime when he dropped his Father's second *s* on the ground that it was unnecessary and therefore unworthy a philosopher.

THE TARTAN OF THE CLAN.

The tartan of the clan is the most beautiful of all the Scottish tartans, the *set* being a dark purple blue traversed by black and green bands and upon the green a *sprainge* or white stripe edged with black and two red stripes one on either side of the white.

The *Suaicheantus* or badge given by the books is the little sun-flower (or rock rose). Helianthymum marifolium or in Gaelic Ros-greine. It has however been said that the poplar and also the bog-myrtle was used as a badge.

The Arms which are always given as those of the clan are azure, a buckle argent between three boars heads couped, or.

PETER FERGUSON.

Peter Ferguson, the father of John Ferguson who was the original settler of his branch in America, must have been one of the sons of Lawrence and Janet Ferguson and a brother of Rev. Adam Ferguson, the minister of Logierait. He must have been born in Perthshire about the year 1670. He early entered the army and served in the Scots' Grays under the Duke of Marlborough all through Queen Anne's wars. At the close of the war he married, and, with his wife Isabel, settled in Duns, Berwickshire. They had a family of several daughters and two sons Adam and John. Adam was born in 1730 and John, July 18th, 1736. John was but three years old when his father died. From the circumstance of Peter Ferguson having been so long away from his father's family and dying in the Lowlands while his own family was young and dependent, they were cut off from intercourse with their father's family, which in those days was difficult and infrequent. In after years the brothers, Adam and John Ferguson, removed to America and settled in Newport, Rhode Island. There they found a Capt. Robert Ferguson who had formerly been commander of an English East Indiaman, a brother of Professor Adam Ferguson, the historian, who proved to be their own cousin. This fact identified their father, Peter Ferguson, as one of the sons of Lawrence and Janet Ferguson, who lived in the parish of Moulin in Athol, and a brother of Rev. Adam Ferguson, the minister of Craithie who was born Aug. 4, 1672. In a letter written by Sir Adam Ferguson, son of Prof. Adam Ferguson, in 1840 he states that his grandfather (the Rev. Adam Ferguson) "the minister of Logierait" was a younger son of the Laird of Dunfallandy (styled Baron Ferguson) also in Athole.

JOHN FERGUSON.

JOHN FERGUSON[1]. Original settler was the son of Peter and Isabel Ferguson and was born July 18, 1736 in Duns, Berwickshire, Scotland. Duns was the birthplace of Boston, the author of "The Four-fold State", McCrie, the historian of Knox, and other distinguished men of modern times; not to mention the more notable John *Duns* Scotus, who derived his named from this place. It is the largest and most important town in the county of Berwick. A part of Duns Castle, in the vicinity, is said to have been built by Randolph, Earl of Murray, in the time of Robert Bruce.

John Ferguson married Anne Sandlins of Scotland, April 26, 1767, in London, England, probably just before his first emigration to America. She died April 4, 1772 in Newport, Rhode Island, aged 33 years, without children. He married (second) Anne Green of Rhode Island, Jan. 1st, 1775. She died Oct. 16th, 1775, leaving an infant son who lived but seven weeks. She was 24 years old. He married (third) Anne Briggs Tabor, Apr. 18th, 1776 in Newport, Rhode Island. She was the daughter of John and Margaret Briggs and was born Sept. 17, 1747 in Little Compton, Rhode Island. She married (first) David Taber and they had several children. David Taber and the children all died. She died Feb. 13, 1829 in Newport, Rhode Island.

John Ferguson and his brother Adam emigrated to America and settled in Newport, R. I. several years before the Revolutionary war and there engaged in the tobacco and snuff business and became proprietors of Bissell's Mills in Narragansett. Adam Ferguson was married in Newport, June 10, 1776 to Mercy Hix. They had several

daughters, but no sons. After the breaking out of hostilities John Ferguson decided to return with his family to Scotland. He left Newport for New York, Oct. 25, 1779 and was followed by his wife and two children May 17, 1780. His infant son died while they were in New York. On the 31st Aug., they went on board a sailing vessel, Capt. Andrew Sandlins, commander, and sailed from Sandy Hook for London, Sept. 4, 1780. They arrived in Ireland the 9th of Oct. and at London the 16th of Oct. They sailed from London on board the Almy the 27th Nov. and arrived at Berwick, Dec. 8, 1780. He removed from Berwick to Duns May 31, 1781. Here he was engaged in business as a tobacco merchant and here most of his children were born. After a residence here of nearly twenty-six years, war again caused him to emigrate to America the second time. His cousin, Capt. Robert Ferguson had returned to Scotland and his property in Newport had been confiscated during the Revolutionary War. His brother Adam, whom he left in Newport, when he returned to Scotland had died. He left Duns with his family Mar. 24, 1806, arriving in Glasgow, Mar. 26. He left there Apr. 24, arriving at Grenoch the 25th and sailed for New York, on board the ship Fanney, Capt. Tayler, May 2, 1806, arriving at New York May 26th. He left New York July 5th reaching Newport the next day and went to Providence to live on Sept. 12th, 1806. He died in Newport, Nov. 20, 1820.

The children of John and Anne (Briggs) Ferguson :—

2. Anne[2] born Feb. 14, 1777 in Newport, R. I., died Sept. 28, 1846, in Brattleboro, Vt.
3. Peter[2], born Dec. 4, 1778 in Newport, R. I. died June 17, 1780 in New York, N. Y.
4. Margaret[2] born May 6, 1781 in Berwick, Scotland, died Apr. 18, 1814 in Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

5. Isabel[2] born July 2, 1782 in Duns, Scotland, died Dec. 20, 1782 in Duns, Scotland.
6. Mary[2] born May 11, 1784 in Duns, Scotland, died Sept. 26, 1790 in Duns, Scotland.
7. Elizabeth[2] born Aug. 13, 1787 in Duns, Scotland, died Aug. 16, 1855 in Brattleboro, Vt.
8. John[2] born Dec. 9, 1788 in Duns, Scotland, died Nov. 11, 1858, in Whately, Mass.
9. Peter[2] born Sept. 3, 1790, in Duns, Scotland, died Jan. 28, 1845, in New Orleans, La.
10. Adam[2] born Dec. 6, 1793 in Duns, Scotland, died Nov. 23, 1796, in Duns, Scotland.

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Margaret Ferguson,[2] born May 6, 1781, in Berwick, Scotland; died Apr. 18, 1814 in Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; married Nov. 14, 1813 in Newport, R. I., George Reid of Scotland.

The child of George and Margaret (Ferguson) Reid was:—

11. William Reid[3], born April 5, 1814; died May 9, 1849 off New Orleans, La.

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John Ferguson,[2] born Dec. 9, 1788, in Duns, Scotland; died Nov. 11, 1858 in Whately, Mass.; married June 7, 1813 in Newport, R. I., Mary P. Hammett. She died June 30th, 1818. Married (second) Apr. 28, 1819 in Providence, R. I., Margaret Snow Eddy. She was born Nov. 12, 1794 in Providence, R. I., and died May 6, 1871, in New Haven, Conn.

A sketch of the life of John Ferguson is best given in a letter which he wrote to W. S. Tyler, D. D., Professor of Greek in Amherst College, who preached his funeral sermon.

Whately, Oct. 18, 1858.

Rev. Prof. Tyler, D. D.—Dear Brother; You have requested of me such reminiscences of my life and family, as may assist you in preparing to preach the sermon at my funeral. I mentioned to you that, so far as my father's family are concerned, I am the last of my race, and, so far as regards my own family, I may be regarded as its founder in America. Probably my decendants, for generations to come, will trace back their ancestry to myself as the first of their race. For this reason I shall dwell for a few moments on this view of my family descent, not as affording matter for a sermon, but as an appendix in which my children will feel a personal interest. My father was over fifty when I was born. I was his oldest son and, having long been disappointed of an heir male, was, from my childhood, indulged and allowed my own way, greatly to my own injury. My grandfather was from the north of Scotland and was one of the Duke of Marlborough's army, in the Scots' Grays, through all Queen Anne's wars. When discharged from the army, he married and settled in the south-east of Scotland, in Duns, Berwickshire, where I was born on the 9th December 1788. My grandfather died when my father was three years old, leaving a large dependent family to be cared for by a poor widow, without property, without connexions and without friends. From the circumstance of my grandfather's being from the Highlands and dying in the Lowlands, while his family were so young and so dependent, they were cut off from all connexion with their father's family, until in after life, when my father and his brother were settled in Newport, Rhode Island, where they found a Captain Robert Ferguson, formerly commander of an English East Indiaman, a brother of Dr.

Adam Ferguson, the historian, and an own cousin of my father and uncle. I mention these circumstances that my children may have no difficuly in tracing their descent as connected with that of one so well known and distinguished. My father came to this country, bringing with him a wife from Scotland, and settled in Newport a number of years before the Revolutionary War. There he buried a first and second wife; there he married my mother, his third wife and the mother of all his children. She was a Briggs, a native of Little Compton and accompanied my father to Scotland in 1780, where he remained until 1806, when, at seventy years of age, he returned to Newport where he died at eighty-five years of age. My father and uncle owned the snuff mills at Bissel's Mills, in Narragansett, before the Revolutionary War, where Stuart, the father of the painter first settled, having been brought out from Scotland for that purpose. There his son developed those talents which fitted him to be the painter of that portrait of Washington, which to this day stands unrivalled as the representation of the human face divine. A painting of one of my uncle's daughters, by the same artist, I have seen, and which still remains among some of my uncle's female descendants at Newport, as a memorial of the painter's art on the one hand and of the beauty of the female countenance on the other. I have said that I am the last representative of my father's race now in existence. My grandfather had a number of sons, several of whom reared up families. My father had eleven children and yet, in looking back, there is not a drop of my grandfather's blood which flows in the veins of any male representative of his race, but in my own.

My father's one desire, which brought him to this country at seventy years of age, was to get his two sons out of

the wars. He had gone home to Scotland in 1780 because this was the seat of war against the mother country. "You may be right and I may be wrong," he said to those who urged him to become a patriot, "but I never can lift my hand against my own country." With this same feeling, when war raged in Europe, he returned to this as the land of peace. I was seventeen, my brother fifteen; and for the sake of his two sons, he returned to claim his citizenship in the land of his adoption. Pointing out to me the grave of his first wife and where room was left for himself, and where he now sleeps, between my mother on the one hand and his first wife on the other, in Newport old churchyard, and on a line with the family of his brother, he said, "Bury me here; to you I give a country, for myself I only ask a grave." It has always been on my heart to erect a monument there to his memory and that of my mother. But with my straitened means, I have had so much to do to fit my descendants for usefulness, that I have had nothing to pay in the discharge of my obligations to the dead. I leave it therefore as a dying request to my children. He was eminently a man of prayer. The last day of his life he sat at table with his family, asked a blessing, and then united (himself leading) in family prayer. They assisted him to rise from his knees. He kissed them all, gave them his blessing and died that night. May I not hope, through Infinite mercy, to meet him and others whose memory is very precious, around the throne of God and of the Lamb, to go no more out forever. The thought is very cheering. It makes death seem easy and dying only going home.

I was religiously educated by my parents, who were accounted among the rigid righteous by the lax religionists of their own country. Still, though kept from vice

and of a correct deportment, I had no special seriousness or conviction of sin until two years after I came to this country. My convictions at first were of a very rationalistic kind. A thought flashed across my mind one evening, in company with some young persons of my own age, and where a good deal of envy and detraction were exhibited: How could I spend an eternity in the unrestrained indulgence of such feelings? It was a passing thought but always remembered. A few days afterwards, the Rhode Island General Association took tea and spent an evening at my father's. The conversation was not personal, nor particularly religious. It was afterwards commented upon by our good minister as an opportunity lost. But it struck the right cord in my case. The conviction was fastened upon my mind: a religion which promotes so much cheerfulness and good will is fitted to make me happy. And to this day, the sweet, benevolent expression of Mr. Sheppard's countenance still dwells in my memory as the personification of goodness. From that time I made no secret of my determination. For the sake of my own happiness, I meant to be a Christian. To this end I attended prayer-meetings, read my Bible, practised religious duties and congratulated myself that I was not far from the Kingdom of God. One day another thought flashed across my mind:—You are practicing a great deal of drudgery for the sake of happiness; but if you want to be happy in religion, you must find your happiness in it; you must so love God as to find happiness in loving, praising and serving Him. This cut up all my fancied services by the root. I saw that without a great and radical change in the nature of my being I never could be happy; that there was not the least provision, either in the law or in the mercy of God, for any other way of hap-

piness than that which the law requires and which the Gospel provides for man. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." From that moment, the conviction on my mind was as clear as a ray of light that the controversy between myself and God was a vital one. It had no respect to forms or professions or ordinances. I claimed to do everything for myself, to make my own happiness the chief end of my being. God claims the throne, that all his intelligent creatures shall find their highest good in loving, praising and serving Him with all the heart. I was especially offended with the way of salvation by Christ and justification through Him by faith. I utterly refused to regard him in any other light than as man. The words were constantly ringing in my ears:—What the carpenter's son? Whether they were to be regarded as suggestions or were the bitter expression of my own heart, I leave; but to me they had all the force of a deliberate renunciation of the conditions of salvation and placed me as a potsherd of the earth in controversy with my Maker. The struggle was a fearful one. It lasted for months and now I look back to the time when my proud heart was bowed and my enmity was subdued as affording evidence of my peace with God.

My attention was early, after becoming a professor of religion, directed to the ministry. There was only one thing in the way. My father, as the head of a family, in a strange land, over seventy years of age, was too old to begin the world. I, as his oldest son, was his main dependence and whether he could give me up could be only an experiment. I studied two years reciting to Doctor Tenny, then Pastor of the 1st Congregational Church in Newport, and intending to enter Yale, two years in ad

vance. It was an arduous undertaking and how it would have resulted is still questionable. My father's old age and necessities required of me the abandonment of everything else, that I might be the stay of his old age and the support of his dependant family. I still regard those two years spent in study as having given a character and direction to all my future life. They made me acquainted with the philosophy of language and though I forgot much of my Latin, and more of my Greek, I learned to speak and think and to discriminate; to rely upon myself and to feel assured that I was right, even when I could not have given to others the reason for my own confidence.

Ten years after renouncing my preparation for the ministry I preached my first sermon in Attleboro as a candidate. Those intermediate years were to me years of trial and of change, I probably always had the ministry in view and was always acting on a presentiment that the preaching of the Gospel was the great business of my life. My first sermon was from the text, "The Lord is a man of war." Doctrine, "God's final triumph over his enemies will greatly rejoice his people." The text and sermon were significant. My ministry has been warlike. In Attleboro, where I preached my first sermon and where I labored fourteen years, I found a great deal to do and, with my dear wife to assist me in every good work we accomplished a great deal. I have been often importuned to write out a history of those conflicts in which our ministry involved us, but apostolic example teaches me otherwise. It is only incidentally that the apostle alludes to the trials of his ministry. The Kingdom of Christ is set up in an enemies' country and whoever will carry forward the aggressive designs necessary to its success will find enemies to be subdued and conflicts to be sustained.

The first general attention to religion, under my ministry, was in 1827. This gave a new direction to my own mind and brought me, with all the force of my own energies, into the work of saving souls. I have not sought, in the modern sense of the term, to be a revival preacher. Man can only speak to the ear; it belongs only to God to speak to the heart. But I have labored to bring man to act upon his obligations while standing before God in full view of the perfect requirements of the divine law on the one hand and the sovereignty of divine mercy on the other. And I have often stood amazed at the power of these truths sometimes to awaken enmity and at other times to subdue it. It is easy for the worshiper of nature, in view of the glories of the visible world, to exclaim: Who would not adore the Author of so many wonderful works? And so with the abstract theologian, it is easy, while urging dependence to the utmost limit, to get away from all sense of his obligations. But to stand face to face with that law which requires perfect obedience and knows no mercy, and with that Gospel which casts the sinner upon Him who "hath mercy on whom he will have mercy and compassion," requires heart work and in this sense, "no man calleth Jesus Christ, Lord, but by the Holy Ghost."

The question has often been asked, whether the individual who has been owned of God in saving souls can regard this as evidence of his own interest in Christ. My own answer, in view of my own experience, would be very much modified. I should not feel safe in resting for eternity on such evidence. A minister is never in more danger of falling than when apparently owned of God in promoting a revival of religion. The words of Cowper are applicable to his case.

"How glorious is my privilege,
To thee for help I call,
I stand upon a mountain's edge,
O save me lest I fall."

It is a great thing to be owned of God as an instrument and to be wise in winning souls. It is to us as evidence of our adoption, yet more to lean upon God's provision of mercy, to find that we are in his hands and to love to be there. As a dying man, realizing that I am soon to put off this tabernacle and not knowing what a day may bring forth, I feel that I need a great Savior. I am, in the general, lifted above the fear of death and I look beyond the grave rejoicing that life and immortality are brought to light in the Gospel. I have written out this brief narration, in detached moments, at your request. Whether it will assist you aught in your labor of love, I leave. You will make what use of it you deem proper. I am weary and glad to bring it, as one of my last efforts, to a close. Very pleasant has my long endearing relation to you and your family been to me and mine. That it may be continued and perfected in eternity is the prayer of your affectionate Friend and Brother,

John Ferguson.

Oct. 28, 1858.

He was ordained as pastor of the Congregational Church in Attleboro, Mass., Feb. 27, 1822. One of his life long friends speaks of him as a man of strong characteristics; genuine, earnest and fearless. Never shrinking from the defence of a principle or hesitating to sacrifice comfort or reputation for the defence of a truth. He was heartily interested and entered into all those movements that were for the up-building of the church and for the benefit of the community at large, enlisting the interest of his people

as one of those far-seeing men who had "understanding of the times and knew what Israel ought to do." He rallied about him many warm friends and his fearless denunciation of evil made some bitter enemies. He continued the pastorate in Attleboro between thirteen and fourteen years, retiring Mar. 25, 1835. The precise date of his settlement in Whately was Mar. 16, 1836. He was recommended and introduced to the people by Rev. Prof. Park of Andover Theological Seminary, who had ever been, as his father was before him, a devoted friend of Mr. Ferguson, and an admirer of his character and genius. He was pastor of this people, then united in one church, a little more than four years, retiring on the 7th June, 1840. He was never again settled in the pastoral office. He loved Whately and the charming scenery of the Connecticut Valley delighted him. The hills and valleys reminded him of his native Scotland and he purchased a home here which he retained as long as he lived. A daughter of one of his parishioners, writing of him long after his death says,—"In 1836 there came to our village and was installed as pastor of our church the Rev. John Ferguson, a strong and noble character with the burr of Scotland upon his tongue and the love of nature and nature's God in his heart." "Priest Ferguson" his people called him and his wise, forceful and witty sayings are still remembered. The picturesque scenery of our rocky township was a reminder of his boyhood's home in far off Berwickshire and he was quick to discern the points where the finest views could be obtained. The drive over "Chestnut Mountain," the view from "Dickenson's Hill" and the "Lone Old Oak on the Conway road" were great favorites of his where he loved to take his friends. Naturally he was not long in discovering "Roaring

Brook" with its wild and rugged surroundings for which he conceived a deep and ardent admiration. He came again and again, bringing his friends to enjoy the place and it was he who first named it "The Glen" and now, in all the country-side, no place is so well known and loved or more frequently visited than "Whately Glen."

Prof. Park, in writing of him and his wife, says, "Both he and Mrs. Ferguson were remarkable persons. Mrs. Ferguson was a very handsome young woman. I can see and hear her as I saw and heard her over forty years ago, for I was often in the family. She had a peculiarly pleasing voice and use of language, and was a woman of rare intelligence and wisdom. Mr. Ferguson was a genius. He interested every one who went to him, and was admired and loved by all, except those who feared him. I think he knew no fear of man or the devil. He dared always to speak the truth. His only fear was of coming short of his duty to God; but even that was a filial fear. His wit was keen and often so unexpected. His friends will never forget his stories and his pithy sayings. There was never anything bitter or unkind in his criticisms, but how quickly he could prick a bubble, and how kind, genial and loving his friendship." In the summer of 1842 he accepted a commission as agent of the American Tract Society at Boston. Vermont, New Hampshire, and the northern part of Massachusetts being the field of his labors, until advancing years and the progress of a disease of the heart compelled his retirement to the comfort and security of his own beloved and happy home. The children of John and Mary (Hammett) Ferguson :—

12. JOHN[3], born Jan. 1, 1815, in Newport, R. I.; died Aug. 22, 1888, in Louisville, Ky.
13. MARGARET[3], born Nov. 11, 1816, in Newport, R. I.; died Dec. 19, 1819, in Newport, R. I.

The children of John and Margaret Snow (Eddy) Ferguson :—

14. MARY HAMMETT[3], born Feb. 25, 1820, in Providence, R. I.; died May 24, 1899, in Northampton, Mass.
15. PETER[3], born Dec. 13, 1821, in Attleboro, Mass.; died Oct. 14, 1822, in Attleboro, Mass.
16. PETER[3], born July 20, 1823, in Attleboro, Mass.; died June 30, 1891, in Zanesville, Ohio.
17. WILLIAM EDDY[3], born April 1, 1825, in Attleboro, Mass.; died June 6, 1854, in Mt. Vernon, Ind.
18. GEORGE REID[3], born Mar. 19, 1829, in Attleboro, Mass.; died June 19, 1896, in Wellington, C. C.
19. MARGARET EDDY[3], born Dec. 9, 1830, in Attleboro, Mass.
20. JAMES ANTHONY[3], born Nov. 17, 1832, in Attleboro, Mass.; died Feb. 22, 1858, in New Orleans, La.
21. ANNA BERTHIA[3], born May 3, 1835, in Attleboro, Mass.; died Aug. 6, 1840, in Whately, Mass.
22. ABBIE PARK[3], born April 4, 1837, in Whately, Mass.

12

John Ferguson[3], born Jan. 1, 1815, in Newport, R. I.; died Aug. 22, 1888, in Louisville, Ky.; married Jan. 5, 1849, in Louisville, Ky., Sarah Moore. She was born Sept. 25, 1829, in Louisville, Ky.

In 1829, John Ferguson, when scarcely in his teens, started westward and arrived in Louisville toward the close of the year. Here he remained for several years, engaging in different pursuits, until the promise of Nashville attracted him and he accepted a fine position in that city. His stay there was short, however, and about a month after his arrival he bought a horse and started alone for New Orleans. After an adventurous journey, he reached the Southern metropolis and at once found a position in one of the leading wholesale houses. The drudgery of a subordinate position was far below the

spirit of the enterprising and indefatigable young man, and he launched his energies into a business of his own. New Orleans was then the leading tobacco market of the South, being the gateway through which the products of the prolific plantations of the garden spot of the world passed to the high seas and the vast commerce which they contracted. In these fields the young New Englander entered. and with all the shrewd business tact of his father, combined with indomitable energy and high integrity, he conquered success. At the end of nineteen years he was one of the leading commission merchants of the Crescent city. Then came the Mexican war, and for a time the curtailment, to a great extent, of the trade with the peninsular countries, and fearing to hazard his interests in a city so near the seat of war, he removed them to Louisville, and a short time afterward became a member of the firm of Calmaniel and Forsythe, of old Wall street, then among the largest tobacco traders and steamboat owners in the South. He continued to prosper until the firm was dissolved and the reverses of the South in the late war caused a stagnation of trade. When the South began to recover from the depredations of the invaders, Mr. Ferguson was among the reorganizers of the tobacco market. He afterwards became agent of numerous Eastern and foreign firms, and was probably the largest buyer on the local breaks, when ill-health compelled him to retire from active business. He was the oldest tobacco merchant in the city and one of the fathers of the trade. He saw the market grow from insignificant proportions to the greatest mart in the world. He was a man of great affability and elegant address. His fine business knowledge and high integrity, combined with his social qualities, made him one of the powers of the local market. The children of John and Sarah (Moore) Ferguson:—

23. JOHN MOORE[4], born Nov. 2, 1849, in Louisville, Ky.; died Dec. 24, 1907, in Louisville, Ky.
24. EDWIN HITE[4], born Feb. 13, 1852, in Louisville, Ky.
25. MARY EVA[4], born Oct. 22, 1853, in Louisville, Ky.
26. FRANCIS WILLIAM[4], born Aug. 16, 1856, in Louisville, Ky.
27. JAMES ARTHUR[4], born Jan. 11, 1858, in Louisville, Ky.
28. ELLA DEAN[4], born Feb. 19, 1860, in Louisville, Ky.
29. ROBERT HUGH[4], born Jan. 19, 1862, in Louisville, Ky.
30. LOUIS KINGSLAND[4], born Feb. 25, 1864, in Louisville, Ky.; died June 19, 1909, in St. Louis, Mo.
31. MINNIE[4], born Sept. 19, 1865, in Louisville, Ky.; died July 11, 1900, in Louisville, Ky.

14

Mary Hammett Ferguson[3], born Feb. 25, 1820, in Providence, R. I.; died May 24, 1899, in Northampton, Mass.; married Oct. 2, 1838, in Whately, Mass., Charles David Stockbridge. He was born Oct. 2, 1816, in Whately, Mass., and died Apr. 2, 1872, in Whately, Mass. The children of Charles D. and Mary H. (Ferguson) Stockbridge:—

32. SARAH ANNIS[4], born Oct. 20, 1839, in Whately, Mass.; died Jan. 11, 1865, in Whately, Mass.
33. CHARLES HENRY[4], born May 9, 1841, in Whately, Mass.; died Sept. 14, 1901, in Los Angeles, Cal.
34. MARGARET ANNA[4], born Oct. 13, 1842, in Whately, Mass.; died Sept. 24, 1862, in Whately, Mass.

16

Peter Ferguson[3], born July 20, 1823, in Attleboro, Mass.; died June 30, 1891, in Zanesville, Ohio; married Feb. 15, 1852, in Cleveland, Ohio, Maria Jeannette Bixby. She was born Oct. 14, 1824, in Marcellus, N. Y., and died Mar. 9, 1905, in Salem, Mass.

At the age of thirteen Peter Ferguson's father removed

from Attleboro to Whately, Mass., and here he grew up and received his early education. He did not enter college, and his occupation was more or less varied. His brother William, at this time, was Chief Engineer of the Cleveland, Toledo and Norwalk Railroad, with headquarters in Cleveland, and Peter went there, where he held a subordinate position with his brother. Having met with a painful injury to his foot, and being unable to travel at the time of his intended wedding, William, who was on a business trip to the East, went to Keene, N. H., and escorted Miss Bixby to his home in Cleveland, where the wedding took place. He removed to Norwalk, Ohio, still connected with the same railroad, and in the fall of 1854 accepted the position as Chief Engineer of the Tiffin and Fort Wayne railroad, and removed to Tiffin, Ohio. His work here was the preliminary survey and road-bed construction of an Air Line Railroad from Tiffin to Fort Wayne, and all the work was through an unbroken wilderness, part of which was known as the Black Swamp. Financial depression caused an abandonment of the project, and he turned his attention to bridge construction and built two important bridges in Tiffin, one over the Sandusky and the other over Rock River. Desiring better facilities for the education of his children, in 1860 he removed to New Haven, Conn., where he continued for a time the work of bridge construction and built the Chapel street bridge over the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad and the swing draw-bridge over Mill River, which were among the pioneer iron bridges of the country. During the Civil War he was employed by the government as superintendent in charge of the reconstruction of Fort Hale, which guards the eastern entrance to New Haven harbor. His next work of importance was the construction of the new station of the New York, New

Haven and Hartford Railroad on land reclaimed from the mud-flats of the harbor, and the constant exposure to which he was subjected was the beginning of rheumatic disease from which he never recovered. He also had charge of the laying out and construction of the junction passenger station at Middletown, Conn. In 1883 he accepted the position as engineer with the then large contracting firm of MacIntire Bros. and removed to Buffalo, N. Y., where he remained until failing health compelled the abandonment of active work, and he and his wife made their home with their only daughter, living with them in Bethel, Conn., and later in Zanesville, Ohio, until his death, June 30, 1891. He was the son of a minister, and inherited a deep sense of morality, honesty and integrity, which in the varied experiences of his life work formed the foundation of a character which developed a strong, self-reliant manhood. He was ever interested in the spiritual and moral welfare of those about him, and a constant and faithful attendant of the Episcopal church. He gave freely of his time and knowledge in matters furthering the work of the church, and in the early days of his pioneer work in the West and during the latter years of his life was frequently called upon as a lay-reader to conduct the church services.

The children of Peter and Maria J. (Bixby) Ferguson:

35. JAMES JOSEPH[4], born Nov. 27, 1853, in Tiffin, Ohio; died Oct. 14, 1854, in Tiffin, Ohio.
36. MARY[4], born Dec. 15, 1855, in Tiffin, Ohio.
37. JOHN WILLIAM[4], born Dec. 19, 1857, in Tiffin, Ohio.
38. GEORGE ROBERT[4], born June 13, 1859, in Tiffin, Ohio.
39. CHARLES EDWARD[4], born Dec. 22, 1860, in New Haven, Ct.
40. ELIZABETH[4], born June 18, 1862, in New Haven, Ct.; died Aug. 18, 1862, in New Haven, Ct.
41. ARTHUR BIXBY[4], born Jan. 13, 1864, in New Haven, Ct.
42. HERBERT ALLEN[4], born Mar. 23, 1865, in New Haven, Ct.; died Jan. 26, 1869, in New Haven, Ct.

17

William Eddy Ferguson[3], born April 1, 1825 in Attleboro, Mass.; died June 6, 1854 in Mt. Vernon, Ind.; married Oct. 21, 1848 in New Ipswich, N. H., Elizabeth Sawtell. She was born Feb. 13, 1823 in Mason, N. H. and died Dec. 25, 1903 in Cleveland, Ohio. He was eleven years old when his father removed from Attleboro to Whately. Here he studied and prepared for college, entering Amherst College in 1841. He easily led his class in mathematics which was his favorite study. He did not finish his college course but took up civil engineering as his profession. He was employed on the Boston water works during their construction and after this work was finished he went West. He settled in Cleveland, Ohio, where he accepted a subordinate position as Civil Engineer and was engaged in the construction of the Cleveland, Columbus and Cincinnati Railroad. By industry and energy he soon obtained the confidence of the railroad contractors in the country and received the appointment as Chief Engineer of the Cleveland, Toledo and Norwalk Railroad. This work finished he then accepted the situation as Chief Engineer of the South Western Railroad, Tennessee and was also a contractor upon it and was engaged there at the time of his death.

The child of William E. and Elizabeth (Sawtell) Ferguson:—

43. ELLA WILHELMINA,[4] born Mar. 25, 1854 in Macmillan, Tenn. died July, 1870 in Cleveland, Ohio.

18

George Reid Ferguson[3], born Mar. 19, 1829 in Attleboro, Mass.; died June 19, 1896 in Wellington, Cape

Colony; married Jan. 20, 1864 in Andover, Mass., Susan Almira Pratt. She was born June 4, 1833 in Andover, Mass.

He went away from home when quite young and took his preparatory course for college at Williston Seminary, Easthampton. When nineteen years of age he entered Amherst College as a sophomore. He was well prepared and held a very high standing all through his college course, graduating with oration rank. His thoroughness in the preparation of class work, his love of the natural sciences, his reserve, through which there glowed the warmth of true friendship, his faithfulness to all claims of duty, his hatred of sham and perhaps, above all, his purity were points in his character which especially impressed his college friends. He had a special fondness for mathematics and the natural sciences and in these he excelled. He graduated from college in 1849 receiving the degree B. A. It was his father's earnest hope that he would study for the ministry but he did not feel ready to take up that profession but was eager to follow his brothers, Peter and William, in their career as engineers and surveyors. He was engaged in this work for nine years and gained an experience of men and of affairs which he never could have attained in the ministry and which, in after years, was of great service in his special work in South Africa. His first engagement was with his brothers, Peter and William, with whom he remained a few months. He then joined a party of engineers sent out to survey the course of a railroad across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec in Southern Mexico. He entered upon the new life in this new land with all the fresh enthusiasm and zeal of a boy. His letters, his diary and a lecture on Mexico, subsequently written, have been preserved and are full of

interest. He left New Orleans for the Isthmus in the steamship Alabama Dec. 10, 1850. He thoroughly enjoyed the out-door life, the rough and tumble of a semi-civilized land and his notes on the people, their customs, the plant life, the geological formations and the animals and birds of the country show how keen and observant was his interest. His diary is full of exciting episodes and visits to strange places and peoples. In November, 1852, he was in Tehauntepec on the Pacific coast, when he was seized with a violent attack of Mexican fever and was obliged to return to the United States. After a journey full of severe hardships and great fatigue, he arrived in Whately on his birthday, Mar. 19, 1853. The fine stimulating air of the Whately hills soon restored his exhausted strength and in a few months he felt able for work again. He joined his brother William in Tennessee but the climate and surroundings proving uncongenial, he soon left to take charge of a section of the Tiffin and Fort Wayne Railroad, which was then in course of construction, and of which his brother Peter was engineer-in-charge. For three years he lived in his brother's home; years of quiet home comfort and influence, so different from the rough camp-life of Mexico. One fact alone was significant. It was a time of quiet growth and, at their close, he gave himself to the ministry. The great financial depression of the year 1857 caused a suspension of the railroad construction and he returned to the old home. Soon after his return came the sad tidings of the sudden death of his younger brother James, in New Orleans. This great sorrow changed the purpose of his life. The ministry, which had been distasteful to him, became a privilege. He went to Andover to pursue his theological studies and on Sept. 5, 1860 was ordained by the Presbytery of Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

as a minister of the Gospel. Prof. Tyler of Amherst College, who had been a life-long friend of the family, preached the ordination sermon. His first pastorate was a country village in the northeast corner of Duchess County, N. Y., hence called North East. This church society which he brought together removed to Millerton, N. Y. and dedicated a church there Feb. 17, 1866. He preached his farewell sermon there on Sunday, March 29, 1874. In 1875 he accepted a call to become pastor of the Congregational church in Torringford, Conn. where he labored for three years.

In 1874, his younger sister, Abby, went to Wellington, Cape Colony, at the call of the Rev. Andrew Murray, to found a young ladies' school after the plan of Mt. Holyoke Seminary in Massachusetts. The desire of a number of young men to be trained for mission work suggested an institution which should be devoted to their training and at the same time be a home for others who might attend the boys' school. In 1877 came an urgent invitation from Dr. Murray to Mr. Ferguson to come to Wellington and take charge of a Mission Training Institute for the sons of the colonists, and in August, he and his family met Mr. Murray in England and they sailed together for South Africa, arriving in Cape Town in September, 1877.

The work Mr. Ferguson was now to undertake was the great work of his life. He felt afterwards, and others saw it, too, that all his previous experience had been in preparation for it. His life in Mexico had given him a knowledge of business matters, and his work as a minister had softened and deepened his spirit, so that he was now a thoroughly practical and an earnest, humble, christian man. He possessed qualities which are not often found together and which were necessary for the carrying out of

his great work—he was a man of the world and yet a man of God. Though the work was to be of lasting benefit to South Africa, it opened humbly enough in a house in Wellington capable of accommodating some twenty boys. Gradually the work grew, and in 1884 a new Training Institute was completed. It was a handsome building, with accommodations for over fifty boarders, with class-rooms and rooms for the use of the family. Though his mission class was his first interest, he was deeply interested in the youths who found a home in the Institute and attended the village school, and valued the opportunity to influence and mould their lives. He was a pastor as well as a teacher and a father. Only once during his nearly nineteen years of service did he take a year of rest, and then he and his wife visited America.

The value of his work may be estimated by this fact: When he came to South Africa, in 1877, the Dutch Church, with its many congregations and great wealth, situated at the very portal of the Dark Continent, supported only three missionaries in what might be called the foreign mission field. New mission stations have been dotted all over South Africa, and a new and promising work has been started on the western shores of Lake Nyassa, in the very heart of the Dark Continent. He began the year 1896 in great weariness, and grew gradually and steadily weaker until he passed quietly to his last rest on the nineteenth of June. The children of George R. and Susan (Pratt) Ferguson:—

44. MARGARET EMMA[4], born Jan. 14, 1865, in North East, N. Y.
45. GEORGE PRATT[4], born Jan. 15, 1867, in North East, N. Y.
46. ERNEST WILLIAM[4] born Dec. 15, 1868, in Millerton, N. Y.
47. MAXWELL[4], born Apr. 15, 1870, in Millerton, N. Y.; died Jan. 14, 1876, in Torringford, Ct.
48. KATIE[4], born Oct. 4, 1872, in Millerton, N. Y.
49. WALTER MILLS[4], born Mar. 17, 1876, in Torringford, Conn.

19

Margaret Eddy Ferguson[3], born Dec. 9, 1830, in Attleboro, Mass.; married June 15, 1854, in Whately, Mass., Heman B. Allen. He was born Mar. 16, 1827, in New Haven, Conn., and died May 28, 1891, in Meriden, Conn.

The children of Heman B. and Margaret (Ferguson) Allen :—

50. Mary[4], born Oct. 25, 1856, in New Haven, Conn.
51. Lilla Maud[4], born Aug. 9, 1858, in New Haven, Conn.; died Apr. 22, 1863, in New Haven, Conn.
52. James Ferguson[4], born Dec. 23, 1860, in New Haven, Conn.
53. Caro Graves[4], born Mar. 1, 1865, in New Haven, Conn.

20

James Anthony Ferguson[3], born Nov. 17, 1831, in Attleboro, Mass.; died Feb. 22, 1858, in New Orleans, La.; married Nov. 27, 1856, in New Orleans, La., Claudia Isabel Churchill. She was born Dec. 8, 1838, in Mobile, Alabama, and died May 27, 1874, in New Orleans, La.

He was the youngest son, and was early sent to Williston Seminary with his brother George to prepare for college. During the summer of 1847, his eldest brother, John, came home from New Orleans for a visit, and proposed that James return with him for a year, enter a business life, and see something of the world. He was but a boy—only fifteen—and his father hesitated. He gave promise of being a brilliant scholar, and his father was anxious he should have a college education. James was very eager to go, and his father finally consented on condition that he return in a year and resume his studies. He came as he promised, but had become so interested in

business, so confident of success, that he pleaded for consent to return. He argued that his father and mother were both growing old. It was not right that he should be dependent upon them when they were every year needing more and more the assistance he could render. It was with great regret that his father finally consented that he should give up his college course and return to New Orleans. With his New England energy and thrift, he was very successful in business, and at the age of twenty-one bought out his brother's interest. He was very prosperous in the wholesale and commission house of Ferguson and O'Dowd. He returned home at intervals, always showing unfailing interest in the comfort of his parents. His last visit to them was in the summer of 1857. During the following winter he contracted a severe cold, which developed into pneumonia, and he died after an illness which lasted but a few days. The following obituary notice appeared in the New Orleans paper the day after the funeral:—

"The remains of the late James A. Ferguson were followed to their last resting place by a concourse of friends who esteemed and loved him while living and deeply lament his untimely end. There are few gentlemen in our commercial community who have been more highly esteemed and respected. None had a higher reputation for straightforwardness, truthfulness and integrity. His word could always be relied upon. There was nothing exacting or grasping in his disposition; on the contrary, he was liberal in his dealings, and was marked by a cordiality of manner in his business intercourse which was the natural expression of a warm and genial nature. He was an honorable merchant, a faithful friend, and exemplary in all social relations"

The child of James A. and Claudia (Churchill) Ferguson:—

54. LOUISIANA CHURCHILL[4], born Oct. 16, 1857, in New Orleans, La.; died Mar. 5, 1910, in New Orleans, La.

22

Abbie Park Ferguson[3], born April 4, 1837 in Whately, Mass.

She prepared for Mount Holyoke Seminary, from which she graduated in the class of 1856. After her graduation, she taught for a time in Ohio and Michigan. Returning to New Haven, she was engaged in teaching until 1869 when she went abroad to travel with and superintend the studies of two young ladies from New York. They spent the winter in Paris and in the early spring left for Hanover, Germany. They tarried for a little in Geneva and were there when war was declared between France and Prussia, and were detained in Switzerland until the victorious German army had passed South and the way was open for them to continue their journey. They were in Hanover when peace was declared and Germany became a united Empire. The great work of her life, for which her other experiences seemed a preparation, came later. More than fifty years ago an English teacher near Cape Town heard, through an American missionary, of the beginning of higher education for young women in America. She came to the United States and took back to South Africa the "Life of Mary Lyon," the founder of Mt. Holyoke College. She lent the book to Rev. Andrew Murray, who said at once—"This is what we want for our daughters." He wrote to Mt. Holyoke for a teacher, Miss Abbie P. Ferguson and Miss Anna E. Bliss, graduates of Mt. Holyoke, went to South Africa together in Sept., 1873, and opened the school in 1874. The institution was named the Huguenot Seminary in memory of the French Huguenots who form so large an element in the country.

The teaching of Mary Lyon—"To go when others are

not willing to go, to do what others are not willing to do"—has always been the spirit inculcated by the Huguenot Seminary. The Institution has been a great blessing to South Africa, from all parts of which its pupils have come. They have gone out as teachers and missionaries through Cape Colony, the Transvaal, Natal, the Orange Free State, to Nyassaland, Rhodesia and the Zambesi River. One has been a missionary in Mombassa, one in Persia, one in Ceylon, one in Japan and one has gone to the Soudan. More than half of the five thousand who have studied in the Huguenot Institution have become teachers. One of the B. A. graduates is Professor of Botany in a young men's college in Cape Colony and is doing research work in the Government Agricultural department and incidentally helping in a little church in the suburbs of Pretoria. One who married a nephew of Dr. Andrew Murray, has helped her husband reduce a native language to writing and has written a grammar of the language, which is authority at all the mission stations where that language is spoken. One has had charge of a circuit of native schools in Nyassaland, training the native teachers; she has lately assisted in forming an educational code for that part of Rhodesia and is to write one of the required text books.

It was five years after the Seminary opened before a class of four graduated in a high school course of study. There have been graduates ever since. The standards have steadily progressed and many in South Africa have learned the importance of advanced education for women. In 1898 a college department was established with one building as the house for students—the gift of friends in America. In 1907, a class building, Ferguson Hall, was erected and, with the help of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, payments upon it were completed in 1909.

The students of Huguenot College are daughters of white colonists, Dutch and English with an admixture of French, Scotch, Irish and German elements. Instructors of the college are nearly all from colleges in America and two of them have written text books for use in South Africa. One of the Professors in the college department is a graduate of Huguenot College, who afterward studied nearly five years in Cambridge, England, and took a higher stand in an examination there than any other candidate. Teachers of the preparatory department are nearly all former students of Huguenot College.

Miss Ferguson has been, for thirty-seven years, at the head of the Institution; President of the College since it was incorporated in 1898. Miss Bliss, since that time, has been Principal of the Seminary. At the close of the year 1910 Miss Ferguson resigned as President of Huguenot College and Miss Bliss was appointed to the position by the unanimous vote of the college council, Miss Ferguson becoming President Emeritus. She does not feel that her work for South Africa is finished, but she will be more free to give herself to many interests for which her responsibilities had heretofore given little leisure. She is deeply interested in the Mission work of the continent, in which eighty of their young women are engaged in different parts of the country. Miss Bliss is seven years Miss Ferguson's junior and they hope to round out the forty years of service.

Dr. Murray, though in his eighty-fourth year, is as clearly and keenly alive to the training and education of the young people of South Africa for the great work to be done on the continent, as when he conceived the founding of this institution forty years ago.

Resolution.

The Council of the Huguenot College hereby resolves to place on record its appreciation of the distinguished services rendered by Miss A. P. Ferguson, M.A. to the Institution with which she has so long and so honourably been connected.

More than a generation — to be exact — for thirty-seven years, Miss Ferguson has stood at the head, first of the Huguenot Seminary as its Principal, and subsequently as President of the Huguenot College which is the legitimate outcome of the older institution.

During this extended period she has given herself to the work with peculiar singleness of aim, with rare enthusiasm, with splendid perseverance, and with excellent results.

From a small beginning the work has grown to its present large dimensions, and Miss Ferguson has been the chief guiding hand through all its development,—her large optimism, born of strong faith, supported courage that never failed, and thus Miss Ferguson, like a far seeing general, has been able to lead her associates.

Her Christian influence has moulded the spiritual characters of scores of Huguenot daughters who are scattered all over South Africa, doing noble work in their individual spheres —This is Miss Ferguson's lasting monument—we think of St. Pauls Cathedral and the inscription to its famous architect, Sir Christopher Wren: "Si quareis monumentum, circumspice," and would apply it to the many young lives which have been intellecturally built up by Miss Ferguson.

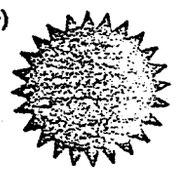
She has rendered great service to the whole country by her constant, earnest plea for the higher education of the daughters of South Africa — indeed she has been the leader along this line.

The College Council rejoices that Miss Ferguson has been spared to see some of the seed sown by her come to fruition, and trusts that her time of leisure may be long and happy.

Though Miss Ferguson has severed her official connection with the College, we are glad that she is to remain in South Africa, and in the midst of the scenes so dear to her heart, and that her mature counsel in the light of a long and successful experience will still be at the service of the Institution.

We desire to give thanks unto God for this His servant and for the years of service she has rendered to the cause of Education at Wellington and through the Huguenot Institution to South Africa.

D. G. WALAN, (Chairman)
POLHEMUS LYON, (Hon. Secretary)



Wellington, South Africa,
March the eighteenth,
Nineteen hundred and eleven.

23

John Moore Ferguson[4], born Nov. 2, 1849 in Louisville, Ky.; died Dec. 24, 1907 in Louisville, Ky.; married Nov. 19, 1875 in Louisville, Ky., Mary Johnson Miller. She was born Nov. 1, 1854 in New Albany, Ky.

After taking the course of study at the High School, he attended the Highland Military School at Worcester, Mass., and later the Washington-Lee University, Virginia. On returning to Louisville, he entered the insurance business, under the firm name of Vaughn and Ferguson. Upon the death of his partner, he formed a partnership with Mr. Scott, under the firm name of Ferguson and Scott, which continued until his death. The child of John M. and Mary (Miller) Ferguson :—

55. CARRIE CARROLL[5], born Nov. 11, 1877 in Louisville, Ky.

24

Edwin Hite Ferguson[4], born Feb. 13, 1852, in Louisville, Ky.; married June 2, 1898 in Chillicothe, Ohio, Sophie Fullerton Marfield. She was born Sept. 25, 1872 in Chillicothe, Ohio.

After finishing the course of study in the high school, he entered the Bishop Whipple school in Faribault, Minn. Returning to Louisville, he and two of his brothers formed the commission house of Ferguson, Herndon and Co. A few years later he organized the Kentucky Oil Refining Co., the first cotton-seed oil refinery in Louisville.

The child of Edwin H. and Sophie (Marfield) Ferguson :—

56. MARGARET FULLERTON[5], born Oct. 6, 1899 in Louisville, Ky.

25

Mary Eva Ferguson[4], born Oct. 22, 1853 in Louisville, Ky.; married Dec. 2, 1875 in Louisville, Ky., John E. Churchill. He was born Aug. 29, 1852 in Louisville, Ky., and died Mar. 5, 1881 in Louisville, Ky.

The children of John E. and Mary (Ferguson) Churchill:—

57. MATILDA FLORENCE[5], born Oct. 15, 1876 in Louisville, Ky.
58. EVA FERGUSON[5], born Mar. 8, 1879 in Louisville, Ky.

26

Francis William Ferguson[4], born Aug. 16, 1856 in Louisville, Ky.

After finishing High School, he attended the Highland Military Academy at Worcester, Mass. Returning to Louisville, he entered the National Bank of Kentucky where he remained for a number of years. Later he assisted in organizing the firm of Alvey, Ferguson and Co., manufacturers of conveyors, trucks, etc. He has never married.

27

James Arthur Ferguson[4], born Jan. 11, 1858 in Louisville, Ky.; married Jan. 20, 1887 in Louisville, Ky., Pattie Moore. She was born Mar. 31, 1865 in Louisville, Ky.

He was educated in the Public Schools, and after leaving the High School, became a member of the commission house of Ferguson, Herndon & Co. Later he was associated with his brother Edwin, in the Louisville Soap Co. and for some years was Vice-President and General Manager.

The children of James A. and Pattie (Moore) Ferguson :—

59. ANNIE BURGE[5], born Oct. 16, 1887 in Louisville, Ky.
60. ISABELLA[5], born July 12, 1892 in Louisville, Ky.
61. JAMES ARTHUR[5], born Aug. 12, 1896 in Louisville, Ky.

28

Ella Dean Ferguson[4], born Feb. 19, 1860 in Louisville, Ky.; married Oct. 16, 1888 in Louisville, Ky., Jonathan Duff Reed. He was born April 8, 1850 in Frankfort, Ky.

The children of Jonathan D. and Ella (Ferguson) Reed :—

62. JOHN FERGUSON[5], born July 27, 1889 in Louisville, Ky.
63. WILLIAM MAXWELL[5], born Mar. 3, 1892 in Louisville, Ky.
64. JONATHAN DUFF[5], born Aug. 28, 1893 in Louisville, Ky.

29

Robert Hugh Ferguson[4], born Jan. 19, 1862 in Louisville, Ky.

He attended the Public school, also the Louisville Rugby School. After making a trip through the West, he settled in Alexandria, La., becoming manager of the Sonia Cotton Seed Oil Mills. He never married.

30

Louis Kingsland Ferguson[4], born Feb. 25, 1864 in Louisville, Ky.; died June 19, 1909 in St. Louis, Mo.; married Jan. 8, 1890 in Harrodsburg, Ky., Evelyn Pearl. She was born Aug. 9, 1868 in New Orleans, La.

He was educated in the Public Schools and also attended the Louisville Rugby School. His first business interests were in the Kentucky Refining Co. of which he was the junior partner for many years. Later, he organized the Globe Refining Co. After serving as president of this company for some years, he retired from active business, but remained interested in the oil mills at Hollandale, Miss. until his death.

The child of Louis K. and Evelyn (Pearl) Ferguson:—

65. JULIAN PEARL[5], born Dec. 23, 1890 in Louisville, Ky.

31

Minnie Ferguson[4], born Sept. 19, 1865 in Louisville, Ky.; died July 11, 1900 in Louisville, Ky.; married Sept. 26, 1899 in Wequetonsing, Mich., Isaac Franklin Starks. He was born May 1, 1862 in Woodfort, Ky.

The child of Isaac F. and Minnie (Ferguson) Starks;—

66. FRANKLIN FERGUSON,[5] born July 10, 1900 in Louisville, Ky.

33

Charles Henry Stockbridge[4], born May 9, 1841 in Whately, Mass.; died Sept. 14, 1901 in Los Angeles, Cal.; married Jan. 4, 1864 in Whately, Mass., Laura Hanlon of New York City. She was born Mar. 2, 1843 in New York City, and died Mar. 4, 1874 in Whately, Mass.

The children of Charles Henry and Laura (Hanlon) Stockbridge:—

67. ANNA MARGARET[5], born Nov. 11, 1864 in Whately, Mass.
68. CHARLES DAVID[5], born Feb. 1, 1866 in Whately, Mass.; died July 3, 1899 in Los Angeles, Cal.
69. SARAH ROSELLA[5], born Nov. 27, 1868 in Whately, Mass.
70. GEORGE HENRY[5], born Dec. 14, 1870 in Whately, Mass.
71. HELEN MABEL[5], born Feb. 29, 1872 in Whately, Mass.

34

Margaret Anna Stockbridge[4], born Oct. 13, 1842 in Whately, Mass.; died Sept. 24, 1862 in Whately, Mass.; married July 3, 1862 in Whately, Mass., Eurotas Morton. He was born July 6, 1828 in Hatfield, Mass. and died Aug. 27, 1905 in Hatfield, Mass.

36

Mary Ferguson[4], born Dec. 15, 1855 in Tiffin, Ohio; married Sept. 3, 1879 in New Haven, Conn. George Paull Torrence. He was born June 25, 1854 in Cincinnati, Ohio.

The children of George P. and Mary (Ferguson) Torrence:—

72. Ann Rebecca[5], born June 4, 1880 in New Haven, Conn.
73. Jeannette[5], born Jan. 4, 1882 in Bethel, Conn.
74. Elizabeth Findlay[5], born Aug. 27, 1883 in Bethel, Conn.; died Aug. 3, 1885 in Bethel, Conn.
75. George Paull[5], born Feb. 24, 1887 in Bethel, Conn.
76. Mary Ferguson[5], born June 27, 1893 in Zanesville, Ohio.
77. John Ferguson[5], born May 2, 1896 in Zanesville, Ohio.

37

John William Ferguson[4], born Dec. 19, 1857 in Tiffin, Ohio; married May 26, 1893 in Paterson, N. J., Jennie Beame Cook. She was born Nov. 23, 1864 in Scranton, Pa.

He removed, with his fathers' family to New Haven, Conn., where the earlier years of his life were spent and where he received his education in the public and high schools of that city; taking a course of study preparatory to entering Yale Scientific School. He did not enter

college, but turned his attention to the study of practical engineering. In 1877, he secured a position as rodman in the engineering department of the old Boston and New York Air Line Railroad; remained there one year, and in 1878 was employed in the same capacity in the engineering department of the New York, Lake Erie and Western Railroad. He continued with the latter Company until the early part of 1891, and during that period, was advanced through several grades of promotion to the position of assistant chief engineer of the entire system. In 1892 he began business as civil engineer and building contractor in Paterson, N. J. in a comparatively limited way at first and gradually increased the scope of his operations and the magnitude of his enterprises until he came to be recognized as one of the most extensive building contractors in the East. The business was conducted under his personal management until 1905 and then passed to the proprietorship of the John W. Ferguson Company, incorporated under the laws of the State of New Jersey. During this latter period he has continued at the head of the corporation as its executive and managing officer.

Among the more important of the many structures and edifices erected by the company there may be mentioned the New Jersey State Armory, Hamilton Trust Company United Bank Building, Colt Building and the Meyer Brothers Department Store Building, all in Paterson; the Kings County Power Building, Brooklyn, New York; Hackensack Trust Company Building, Hackensack, N. J.; the Babbitt Soap Factory Building, Babbitt, N. J.; the Babcock and Wilcox Plant, Bayonne, N. J.; the Newark Warehouse, Newark, N. J.; the Glen Mills, and the recent large addition to the already vast building of the Botany Mills, both of Passaic, N. Y.

Aside from his business and personal concerns, he has been closely identified, during his residence in Paterson, with the growth and prosperity of the city in many directions, and has been and still is connected with several of the best institutions of the city; but he never has been in any sense a politician or a seeker after political honors. He was one of the principal organizers of the Taxpayers Association of Paterson in 1903, and a guiding spirit of the policy and excellent good work accomplished by that association; and is now chairman of its executive committee. He holds membership in the American Society of Civil engineers, the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, the New Jersey State Commission of Industrial Education, the Society of Sons of the American Revolution, life member of the General Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen, New York, the North Jersey Country Club and the Hamilton Club of Paterson; the Engineers Club and the Hardware Club of New York.

The children of John and Jennie (Cook) Ferguson :—

78. JOHN WILLIAM[5], born May 12, 1894 in Paterson, N. J.
79. ARTHUR DONALD[5], born Feb. 17, 1899, in Paterson, N. J.
80. JEAN[5], born April 11, 1906 in Paterson, N. J.

38

George Robert Ferguson[4], born June 13, 1859 in Tiffin, Ohio; married Oct. 5, 1887 in Bethel, Connecticut, Camilla Gsantner. She was born Sept. 12, 1862 in East Orange, N. Y.

He received his early education in the Public Schools, in New Haven, Conn., and in the Fall of 1877 entered the Sheffield Scientific School, Yale, where he remained one year. He passed the examinations for and entered

the United States Naval Academy Oct. 1, 1878, graduating June 9, 1882. Unable to endure the required two years service at sea, he resigned from the navy, the resignation to take effect Oct. 2, 1883. He worked as a draftsman from 1882 to 1886 holding this position successively with the New York and New England Railroad the Brady Manufacturing Company of Brooklyn, N. Y., the Riverside Bridge Works, Paterson, N. J., and the Erie Railroad and the Brooklyn Bridge. He was appointed assistant Engineer of the Brooklyn Bridge Feb. 12, 1893 and continued in this position until Mar. 15, 1898. Since then he has been connected with the Department of Bridges of the City of New York. He was a Civil Service Examiner for New York City from Aug. 19 to Dec. 31, 1897. He holds membership in the following societies: The American Society of Naval Engineers, the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers, the American Society of Civil Engineers, the Mechanical Engineers of New York, the National Geographic Society. He is also a member of the United States Naval Academy Graduates Association, Navy Athletic Association and the Hillhouse High School Alumni Association.

The children of George R. and Camilla (Gsantner) Ferguson:—

81. Richard Edward[5], born May 31, 1889 in East Orange, N. J.
82. Jeannette Yvonne[5], born Dec. 3, 1893 in East Orange, N. J.

39

Charles Edward Ferguson[4], born Dec. 22, 1860 in New Haven, Conn.; married Oct. 10, 1894 in Buffalo, N. Y., Alice Augusta Holland. She was born July 12, 1868 in Buffalo, N. Y.

He received his early education in the Public and High Schools and prepared for entrance to Yale. He did not enter College on account of an opportunity to go into business, and in December, 1879, went to work as a shipping clerk for the New Haven Wire Company; remaining with them until the Spring of 1882. He then removed to Buffalo, N. Y., was employed on the improvements made by the Lehigh Valley Railroad at East Buffalo, as a rodman and fireman. In the fall of 1882 he secured a position with the firm of Irlbacker and Davis, Plumbers and Steamfitters, as a shipping clerk and remained with them until April, 1893, gradually advancing in position to that of estimating for all classes of plumbing, steam and hot water heating. In the spring of 1893 he entered into a partnership with Geo. P. Britnall, under the firm name of Britnall and Ferguson, plumbing and heating, which continued about three years. He then purchased Mr. Britnall's interest and conducted the business alone until Feb., 1897. In 1898 he was called back to do the estimating on contracts for Irlbacker and Davis and remained there a little more than two years. He was then employed by the firm of Green and Wicks, Architects, as an inspector of the plumbing and heating work in buildings, and subsequently was employed by the firm of Essenwein and Johnson, Architects, in the same capacity. In the spring of 1902 he left Buffalo and assumed the position as manager with John Rowe & Co. plumbers and steam-fitters in Omaha, Nebraska, remaining there until Jan. 1, 1905. He then accepted a position with Crane and Company in Omaha, where he now is. He became a Master Mason in Ancient Landmarks Lodge, No. 441 F. & A. M. of Buffalo, N. Y. in the spring of 1893.

41

Arthur B. Ferguson[4], born Jan. 13, 1864, in New Haven, Conn.; married June 22, 1901, in Buffalo, N. Y., Lillian Virginia Perry. She was born Jan. 8, 1869, in Rowlesburg, Virginia.

He received his early education in the New Haven public schools and the High School, and entered the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale in the fall of 1881, and was graduated with the degree Ph. B. in June, 1884. He then entered the Medical School of Boston University and was graduated with the degree M. D. in June, 1887. He then located in Salem, Mass., where he has since been engaged in the general practice of medicine.

44

Margaret Emma Ferguson[4], born Jan. 14, 1865, in North East, N. Y.; married June 25, 1901, in Melbourne, Australia, Charles Presswell Tompkins. He was born July 18, 1869, in Chippenham, Wiltshire, England.

The children of Charles P. and Margaret (Ferguson) Tompkins:—

83. MAY WINIFRED[5], born May 16, 1902, in Maffra, Victoria, Australia.
84. GEORGE MAXWELL[5], born Dec. 3, 1904, in Johannesburg, Transvaal.

45

George Pratt Ferguson[4], born Jan. 15, 1867, in North East, N. Y.; married June 14, 1893, in Graaff Reinet, C. C., Isabella Caroline Van Renen. She was born July 21, 1864, in Somerset East, Cape Colony.

He studied at the South African College, Capetown, and was graduated with the degree B. A., with honors, in 1887. He taught for two years as Vice-Principal of Graaff Reinet College, and then studied for the ministry at Mansfield College, Oxford, 1889-1892. He was graduated with the degree M. A., with distinction, in 1892. On his return to Cape Town in 1892, he settled at Uitenhage as minister of the Congregational Church, and held positions of prominence on the school and library committees in the town. In 1899, a severe nervous breakdown necessitated retirement from all active service. In 1904 he resumed work as minister of the Bedford Free Church in Cape Colony, a scattered and influential country congregation, most of the members being descendants of Scotch settlers of 1820. He was chairman of the Congregational Union of South Africa in 1906; Secretary of the same, 1906-1908; Secretary of the Conference on Organic Union of the Churches from 1907 to the present time; Examiner for the Cape University in English Literature and in the History of Religions for the past five years.

The children of George P. and Isabella C. (Van Renen) Ferguson:—

85. Evelyn May[5], born Apr. 22, 1894, in Uitenhage, C. C.
86. George Reid Henry[5], born June 18, 1896, in Uitenhage, C. C.
87. Catharine Regina[5], born May 25, 1899, in Uitenhage, C. C.
88. Edward Sidney[5], born Aug. 28, 1906, in Bedford, C. C.

46

Ernest Willian Ferguson[4], born Dec. 15, 1868, in Millerton, N. Y.; married Aug. 17, 1898, in Riversdale, C. C., Emily Pauline Reitz. She was born Nov. 13, 1872, in Riversdale, C. C.

He was educated at the Wellington public school and at the South African College, Cape Town, and was graduated, with the B. A. degree, in 1888. He went to Johannesburg in 1889, and was admitted to practice as a government land surveyor in 1892. He was instrumental in starting the Institute of Land Surveyors of the Transvaal in 1902 and 1903, and was Vice-President of the Institute in 1908 and President in 1910. He is a member of the South African Association. He has had no children, but adopted the infant daughter of his wife's sister on her death and that of her husband.

48

Katie Ferguson[4], born Oct. 4, 1872, in Millerton N. Y.; married June 30, 1897, in Johannesburg, Transvaal, Michael Seibert Wüd du Toit. He was born Jan. 7, 1869, in Hope Town, Cape Colony.

The children of Michael S. and Katie (Ferguson) du Toit:—

89. Eugene[5], born Apr. 22, 1898, in Pretoria, Transvaal; died Apr. 5, 1899, in Pretoria, Transvaal.
90. Louis[5], born Apr. 21, 1900, in Pretoria, Transvaal.
91. Rene Michael[5], born Mar. 2, 1904, in Cape Town, C. C.
92. Ernest[5], born Mar. 2, 1904, in Cape Town, C. C.
93. Eugenia[5], born June —, 1911, in Bloemfontein, Orange Free State.

49

Walter Mills Ferguson[4], born Mar. 17, 1876, in Torringford, Conn.; married Apr. 22, 1903, in Johannesburg, Transvaal, Olivia Chiappini. She was born Apr. 27, 1876, in Humansdorp, C. C.

He was educated at the Wellington public school and the South African College at Cape Town. He settled in Johannesburg in 1895.

The child of Walter M. and Olivia (Chiappini) Ferguson:—

94. EILEEN[5], born May 31, 1906, in Johannesburg, Transvaal.

50

Mary Allen[4], born Oct. 25, 1856, in New Haven, Conn.; married Oct. 5, 1880, in New Haven, Conn., William Edgar Gard. He was born Sept. 17, 1855, in Springfield, Ohio.

The children of William E. and Mary (Allen) Gard:—

95. ALLEN[5], born July 10, 1881, in Baltimore, Md.
96. MARY[5], born Oct. 21, 1882, in Baltimore, Md.
97. WALTER EMERY[5], born Sept. 17, 1883, in Meriden, Conn.

52

James Ferguson Allen[4], born Dec. 23, 1860, in New Haven, Conn.; married Nov. 2, 1893, in Meriden, Conn., Cornelia Parker Breese. She was born Feb. 9, 1867, in Brooklyn, N. Y.

He prepared for college at the Hopkins Grammar School in New Haven, and was graduated from the Academic Department of Yale College in 1882, receiving the degree B. A. For a short time after his graduation he was with the Meriden Bronze Co., of which his father was President. He then went west and was interested in a cattle ranch in Montana for several years. Returning to Meriden, he became connected with the Meriden Gravure Co., of which he has been President for many years. He is

also connected with different organizations in the city :—is President of the Home Club, Secretary of the Parker Clock Co., and a member of the Highland Country Club. He is everywhere recognized as a man of sterling integrity and uprightness.

The children of James Ferguson and Cornelia (Breese) Allen :—

98. PARKER BREESE[5], born Oct. 31, 1895, in Meriden, Conn.
99. THEODORE FERGUSON[5], born Oct. 28, 1897, in Meriden, Conn.
100. GORDON FERGUSON[5], born Oct. 2, 1906, in Meriden, Conn.

53

Caro Graves Allen[4], born Mar. 1, 1865, in New Haven, Ct.; married June 15, 1892, in Meriden, Conn., Charles Lincoln Lyon. He was born Nov. 7, 1859, in Meriden, Conn.

The children of Charles Lincoln and Caro (Allen) Lyon :—

101. MARGARET FERGUSON[5], born June 22, 1893, in Meriden, Conn.
102. MANSFIELD ALLEN[5], born Feb. 28, 1898, in Meriden, Conn.
103. CHARLES DURANT[5], born Sept. 24, 1904, in Meriden, Conn.

54

Louisiana Churchill Ferguson[4], born Oct. 16, 1857 in New Orleans, La.; died Mar. 5, 1910 in New Orleans, La.; married Sept. 28, 1880 in New Haven, Conn., Peter Gates Riddell. He was born Jan. 13, 1857 in New Orleans, La.

The children of Peter G. and Louisiana (Ferguson) Riddell :—

104. ANGELICA CLAUDIA EUGENIA[5], born Aug. 4, 1881 in New Orleans, La.; died July 28, 1895 in Wellington, C. C.
105. JAMES FERGUSON[5], born Oct. 31, 1883 in New Orleans, La.

55

Carrie Carroll Ferguson[5], born Nov. 11, 1877 in Louisville, Ky.; married April 28, 1897 in Louisville, Ky., John Mason Brown. He was born Feb. 3, 1874 in Lexington, Ky.

The children of John M. and Carrie (Ferguson) Brown:—

106. MARY MILLER[6], born Feb. 4, 1898 in Louisville, Ky.
107. JOHN MASON[6], born July 3, 1901, in Louisville, Ky.

57

Matilda Florence Churchill[5], born Oct. 15, 1876 in Louisville, Ky.; married Nov. 9, 1898 in Louisville, Ky., Herman Danforth Newcomb. He was born Jan. 1, 1872 in Louisville, Ky.

The child of Herman D. and Matilda (Churchill) Newcomb:—

108. JOHN CHURCHILL[6], born Dec. 3, 1899 in Jefferson Co., Ky.

58

Eva Ferguson Churchill[5], born Mar. 8, 1879 in Louisville, Ky.; married Oct. 1, 1907 in "Spring Fort," Jefferson County, Ky., Frederick Whitridge Smith. He was born Mar. 7, 1879 in Baltimore, Md.

67

Charles David Stockbridge[5], born Feb. 1, 1866 in Whately, Mass.; died July 3, 1897 in Los Angeles, California; married June 18, 1890 in Whately, Mass., Marion Graves. She was born Oct. 12, 1869 in Whately, Mass., and died July 24, 1891 in Greenfield, Mass.

The child of Charles D. and Marion (Graves) Stockbridge:—

109. LELAND[6], born June 29, 1891 in Greenfield, Mass.; died Jan. 5, 1892 in Greenfield, Mass.

68

Sarah Rosella Stockbridge[5], born Nov. 27, 1868 in Whately, Mass.; married Dec. 16, 1891 in Northampton, Mass., Arthur J. Hawkes. He was born Aug. 13, 1850 in Deerfield, Mass.

The children of Arthur J. and Sarah (Stockbridge) Hawkes:—

110. MARY[6], born Oct. 24, 1893 in Deerfield, Mass.
111. RALPH STOCKBRIDGE[6], born May 18, 1901 in Deerfield, Mass.

69

George Henry Stockbridge[5], born Dec. 14, 1870 in Whately, Mass.; married June 2, 1904 in Los Angeles, Cal., Lela Gertrude Packard. She was born Feb. 1, 1886 in Ansheim, Cal.

The children of George Henry and Lela (Packard) Stockbridge:—

112. HENRY GLEN[6], born Mar. 25, 1906 in Los Angeles, Cal.
113. ELMER LEROY[6], born Dec. 10, 1909 in Los Angeles, Cal.

70

Helen Mabel Stockbridge,[5] born Feb. 29, 1872 in Whately, Mass.; married Dec. 25, 1906 in Deerfield, Mass., John Quincy Stone, D. D. S. He was born Apr. 16, 1853 in Boston, Mass.

71

Ann Rebecca Torrence[5], born June 4, 1880 in New Haven, Conn.; married Feb. 2, 1910 in Shanghai,—China, William Henry Standring. He was born Feb. 16, 1878 in Newburgh, N. Y. and died Sept. 19, 1910 in Nagasaki, Japan.

The child of William H. and Ann Rebecca (Torrence) Standring:—

114. MARY TORRENCE[6], born Feb. 21, 1911 in Shanghai, China.

72

Jeannette Torrence[5], born Mar. 4, 1882 in Bethel, Conn.; married June 27, 1906 in Marion, Indiana, Archie Price. He was born Nov. 26, 1875 in Troy, N. Y.

The children of Archie and Jeannette (Torrence) Price:—

115. MARY ANN[6], born April 24, 1907 in Marion, Ind., died Feb. 11, 1908 in Marion, Ind.
116. EMILY RUTH[6], born Jan. 29, 1909, in Marion, Ind.
117. ARCHIBALD DAVID[6], born July 3, 1911 in Marion, Ind.

94

Mary Gard[5], born Oct. 21, 1882 in Baltimore, Md.; married Apr. 29, 1911 in Orange, N. J., James Sidney Ames, M. D. He was born Aug. 21, 1882 in Binghampton, N. Y.

THE MEN OF ISSACHAR

A DISCOURSE

DELIVERED IN WHATELY, MASS.

NOVEMBER 15th, 1858

AT THE FUNERAL OF

REV. JOHN FERGUSON

BY

W. S. TYLER, D. D.

Professor of Greek in Amherst College

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST OF THE FAMILY

DISCOURSE.

I. CHRONICLES, xii., 32.—And of the children of Issachar, which were men that had understanding of the times, to know what Israel ought to do; the heads of them were five hundred; and all their brethren were at their commandment.

The book of Chronicles is a concise register of the persons, and summary of the events, that are of chief interest in sacred history. It is, in fact, an epitome of the history of the people and kingdom of God, from the creation of man till the return from the Babylonish captivity—in other words, from the commencement to the close of the old dispensation. It was probably written by Ezra, who, with the counsel and co-operation of contemporary prophets—the last prophets of the Old Testament—closed the canon of the Hebrew Scriptures; and, being written under the guidance and inspiration of the Holy Ghost, it seems to have been intended to "gather up the fragments" of sacred history, that nothing might be lost which ought to be preserved, whether in remembrance of the past or for the instruction of future ages. Hence this is the last book in the Hebrew Bible, and in the Greek of the Seventy, it bears a title which is indicative of its synoptical and supplementary character. Precious in the sight of the Lord is the memory of his saints. "The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance." God has provided for this both in His word and in His works, and under His most wise and holy providence, many an obscure saint, like her who poured the ointment on the Savior's head, will be remembered to the end of time, while "the memory of the wicked," though they may have been among the world's wise men and great men, "shall rot."

The men of Issachar, who are spoken of in our text, re-

ceive honorable mention in a rapid enumeration of those who, after the death of Saul, gathered at Hebron out of every tribe in Israel, to establish David on the throne of the chosen people, as God's vicegerent, and thus (though they could not foresee all those far-reaching issues) to symbolize and prepare the way for the coming and kingdom of David's greater Son, who was also the only-begotten and dearly-beloved Son of God. They were peculiarly qualified for this important service (as God always qualifies His servants for the work to which He calls them) by an "understanding of the times," whereby they knew "what Israel ought to do," and whereby they also exerted a controlling influence over others, or, in the pithy language of the text, "all their brethren were at their commandment."

Several things are worthy of remark in this instructive passage.

In the first place, it may be profitable, and is perhaps necessary, in order to prevent misapprehension, that we dwell a moment on the distinctive character of the class of men who are thus brought before us.

And here we cannot but remark, negatively, that they are *not* the time-serving politicians or the "eloquent and accomplished trimmers" of their day—not the unscrupulous priests or the accommodating Levites, that are alike ready to serve the Lord or Baal, God or mammon, according as the one or the other happens to be in possession of the government—not the political or the ecclesiastical leaders, who decide all great questions by numbers instead of truth and justice, and always go with the majority—not the ministers, whether of the church or of the State, who esteem pay and place more than principle, and bow down before might as if it were right—not the weather-

cocks in politics, morals, or religion, whose chief end, not to say sole office, is to show which way the wind blows. Still less are they the mere hangers-on of a party or a sect, who fling up their caps and cry huzzah to the reigning Caesar, whoever he may be and whatever he may do, provided only they are permitted to share in the spoils, and, if they follow in the train of Christ, do so only that they may "eat of the loaves and fishes," and give in their adhesion to the prevailing form of government and religion, simply *because* it prevails and is fashionable. No such understanding or serving of the times as this, is anywhere commended in the Scriptures.

Neither are they, on the other hand, the radical reformers or the unpractical and impracticable philosophers of the day, who take up a notion of their own and proclaim it as the very truth of God, perchance as more sacred than His truth, more binding than His law, and more stable than His throne; who pluck up the tares with the wheat, and turn up the very foundations of society with the plow-share of reform; who mount a blind fancy or a mad passion, and ride it rough-shod over things sacred and profane, till it plunges its rider in the ditch, or carries him a raving maniac among the tombs, or at best leaves him a solitary and gloomy recluse in the waste, howling wilderness. No such idea of right and reform as this, is inculcated in the Scriptures.

Right is one thing, and radical reform may be quite another thing. What we wish, and properly wish, is one thing, and what is wise, what is suitable, what is practicable, may be quite another thing. A Platonic republic may be a beautiful dream; but if practically carried out, it would demoralize and disorganize society. A socialistic community may look well on paper, but it never works

well. It ought to work well, perhaps, but it never does. Men argue confidently that it *must* work well. But it presents a sad spectacle in real life. Theoretically, the only rightful government over Israel was a theocracy, and when the people first asked a king, God was displeased with the demand, as an infringement of *His* right to be the sole king in Israel. If your sticklers for unchangeable, abstract right, independent of circumstances, had been among the representatives of the tribes assembled at Hebron, they would still have insisted on the indefeasible, inalienable, divine right of the theocracy! But no! circumstances had changed, and the course of wisdom and duty had changed with them. It was now the will of God that David should sit on the throne. And it was because the men of Issachar had an "understanding of the *times*" and of the will of God as indicated by them, that they knew "what Israel ought to do."

On the other hand, time-serving is one thing, and a due observance of the signs of the times is quite another thing. It is one thing to be the willing slave of times and circumstances however out of joint, of men and combinations of men however wicked, of personal and partizan interests however selfish and unprincipled, and it is quite another thing to serve God in our day and generation with a wise reference to the peculiar characteristics and wants of that day and generation. This is just the difference between the true statesman and the mere politician; between the faithful minister of the Gospel and the self-seeking priest or the parish-serving parson; between the good citizen or the good Christian and the blind follower of a schism or a section, a party or a sect. The one is ever ready to accommodate his sense of right—nay, to sacrifice the plainest dictates of duty—to the supposed necessities of his

situation. The other looks at times and circumstances as one among many means of determining what is right. To the one, supposed expediency is the highest standard of duty. To the other, known duty is always the highest expediency.

There is such a thing as a just and happy mean between the two extremes of a blind subserviency to the times on the one hand, and a mad or a stolid indifference to them on the other. "In medio tutissimus ibis." There is such a thing as an inflexible adherence to principle, harmoniously combined with a wise regard to circumstances. It is beautifully shadowed forth in the character of the men of Issachar, who "had understanding of the *times*, to know what Israel *ought* to do." What Israel *ought* to do was the great question. But the times in which they lived were an essential element in the solution. Duty is the end at which they aim. But circumstances are, as the word imports, the medium through which they must arrive at it, the space through which they must pass, and the surrounding objects which they must avoid or encounter on the way. Right is their pole-star; but in traveling towards it, they are necessarily guided and limited by the circumstances in which they are placed, by the nature of the ground over which they have to travel. If the poor slave should lose sight of the North star, he would probably never reach the land of liberty. On the other hand, if he should never look at anything else, he would stumble over the rocks in his path, lose his way among the mountains, or fall into the rivers. While steadfastly gazing at the stars, the ancient philosopher fell into a well and was drowned. Truth is the sun of the moral universe. But if men fix their eyes too intently, or, as Socrates expresses it, irreverently on his direct effulgence, they will lose

their sight. It is in his light as *reflected* from the objects by which they are surrounded in this sublunary world, that they must ordinarily walk. Terrestrial voyages are successfully conducted only by means of celestial observations. But the captain and the man at the helm must mind also the winds and the waves, and the pilot must keep a constant look-out for the rocks and quicksands, if they would bring the ship safe into port. So they who would guide the ship of the State or the church safely on its perilous voyage must not only know the great principles of all law and government, whether human or divine, but must have an understanding of the times in which they live, of the men and things with which they have to do, of the dangers to which they, in their peculiar circumstances, are exposed, and the duties which the necessities of men or the providence of God devolves upon them.

The unchangeable laws of man's nature and the government of God are the foundations on which the moral architect must erect his building, and the archetype after which it must be built, if it is to be enduring. But there are a multitude of changing circumstances and variable elements which he must take into his calculation—such as the site on which it is to stand, the material of which it must be constructed, the particular use to which it is to be devoted, the climate to which it is to be exposed, and all the probable vicissitudes of the weather and the times, which, whether in the process of building or in its subsequent use, it is likely to encounter. The spiritual husbandman must not only understand agriculture and the connected sciences in the general, but he must acquaint himself with the climate of his own locality and the soil of his own farm, and must adapt the seed that he sows, and the time and manner of his sowing to these particular

circumstances, or he will never "come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." To come back to the language of our text, the men of Issachar must have "understanding of the times," of the tendencies of the age, of the onward movements of society and government of the wants of the church and the state of the world, of the workings of men's minds and the longings of their hearts, of the leadings of Providence and the plans and purposes of God, if they would know what Israel ought to do.

Two elements must enter into the character of those who, in any age, would have such an understanding of the times as shall qualify them to take the lead, on a larger or a smaller scale, whether in civil or religious affairs.

They must be real men, esteeming nothing human foreign to themselves, with eyes open to passing events, and minds awake to the problems of the age, and hearts responsive to every heart-throb of our common humanity—in one word, alive in their whole spirit and soul and body to every vital interest of men in their day and generation. This may be called the human element.

But there is also what may be called a divine element, which is still more essential to the character under consideration. They must be men of God, not only reconciled to His law and government, but in lively sympathy with His character and providence and grace, their hearts beating in unison with every pulsation of that heart which bled and died for the salvation of the world, their hands moving in spontaneous obedience to His commands, and all their powers so instinct, as it were, with the very mind and will of God, that, like the living creatures and the wheels of the prophet's vision, they shall see with His

eyes and move at His will and live with His life. We said that the divine element was more essential than the human. It were, perhaps, more proper to say, the divine comprehends the human; for, though the two elements may be distinguished, they cannot be dissevered. God rules in human affairs. All history is the history of His providence. All government is, directly or indirectly, subservient to His kingdom. Christ is head of the church, and head over all things for her benefit. God in Christ is reconciling the world unto Himself. He holds the reins and guides the wheels in all the seemingly blind movements of human society. He governs also in human hearts, causing the very wrath of man to praise Him, and restraining the remainder of wrath. To know the design of His providence is to know what Israel ought to do. To know and do His will is to know and do what is best for the church and the state, for society and the individual. But in order to know that, one must be a student not only of the word of God and His immediate works and ways, but also of the tendencies of human history and the workings of human hearts, which are also "parts of his ways." And if we would be successful students of either human history or divine providence, especially if we would understand them *both* in their natural and proper relation to each other, we must "be converted and become as little children;" for it is only in this attitude and spirit that we can learn anything, since, as Lord Bacon has well observed, "the kingdom of men founded in science, as well as the kingdom of God, can be entered only in the character of a little child." And this is a conversion which not the sinner only, but the Christian and the Christian minister, needs to experience, as did the Apostles long after they began to follow Christ, and that not once only, or twice,

or thrice, but we need to experience it every day of our lives, that we may every day take our place anew as little children at the feet of our Heavenly Father. Then, as by an holy instinct, we shall have "understanding of the times, to know what Israel ought to do."

In the second place, let us observe the commanding and controlling influence which such men cannot fail to exert.

Their influence, like their character, has both a human and a divine element. Men naturally and almost necessarily seek the guidance of those who have understanding of the times and know what they ought to do. And God gives power to those who sympathize and co-operate with Him.

Such men are rare. They possess talents, attainments, powers, which the multitude are conscious they do not possess. Penetration into the future, by way of inference from the present, was recommended by one of the seven wise men of ancient Greece, as the highest achievement of human wisdom. The seeds of the future are already sown in the present, but few are clear-sighted enough to discover them. "Coming events cast their shadows before," but only tall men and far-seeing men discern them on the distant mountain tops. Such a man, therefore, whatever may be his position in society, will be more or less resorted to for counsel. He may not be ambitious for public office. He may not be willing to "lord it over God's heritage." Others may hold the places of honor and profit in the church and in the state. But he will lay his hands on the secret springs of society. In ordinary times, perhaps, he may be overlooked, or purposely avoided. But in times of trial and difficulty and danger, he will be asked to pilot the ship out of the perils in which it has been involved by the incompetence or the recklessness of those who have

assumed the management. When an emergency comes, sensible and right-minded men will instinctively look to him, and "all his brethren will be at his commandment."

Is he a private member of the church? His brethren will come to him with their personal difficulties and their mutual differences; and when perplexing questions arise, which involve the peace and prosperity of the church, she will expect wise counsel from his lips. Is he a minister of the Gospel? Not only his own people will confide in his judgment, but neighboring churches will go to him for advice, and his brethren in the ministry will find in him a counsellor and a friend in every time of need.

In the common affairs of this life, too, whether private or public, such a man will, in one way or another, exert a powerful influence. The neighborhood will trust in his wisdom, and refer their disputes to his arbitration. The town will listen respectfully to his advice. And if such men are not the chosen representatives of the people in the most important legislative, executive, and judicial functions, it is because the times are sadly out of joint, and party interests are preferred to the public good. And when the people discover that they have been duped, and the commonwealth well nigh ruined, they instinctively have recourse to men who have an understanding of the times, to know what they ought to do. The ambitious may be envious of his greatness. The ignorant and vicious may tire of hearing his wisdom and justice applauded, as if it were a reflection on themselves. Even the masses may be induced, in the intoxication of pride and power, to banish him from the State. But when the tide of success ebbs, and troubles come in like a flood, and others are found inadequate to the emergency—then Aristides the wise and the just will be welcomed back by acclamation, to the place of commanding influence.

And God, unless he has given a people over to destruction, will not only raise up such men as the needful instruments of the public safety, but will give them the needful power and influence. They are emphatically His ministers, bearing His commission, standing in the place which He has assigned them, waiting to know and do His will; and He will see that they accomplish the errand on which He has sent them. He can give them favor in the eyes of those to whom they are sent. He can make even their enemies to be at peace with them. He can turn the hearts of kings and leaders to them, as the rivers of water are turned; or He can make them the instruments of salvation to the people, almost against their will.

We are thus led to consider, in the third place, the unspeakable value of such men.

They are the connecting link between human society and the providence and government of God. They are the open channels through which God communicates the teachings of His wisdom and the blessings of His providence to men. This simple statement is sufficient of itself to show the priceless estimation in which they are held by God, and should be held by mankind.

All that has been said under former heads of their character and influence, goes directly to show their great worth. Nothing else is needed to secure the prosperity and happiness of the community, but that they should have such guides, and should be willing to follow their direction.

The prosperity of any society must of course depend very much on the character and influence of its leader. If the blind lead the blind, both fall into the ditch. And if the blind man be a Polyphemus, he will only stride with the more fearful rapidity to his ruin. The larger the

steamer, and the more powerful the engine, and the hotter the fire, the sooner it will dash on the shore, with a blind man at the wheel, or with a pilot that knows nothing of the coast towards which he is navigating. Even such a giant steamer is our country, with its unparalleled growth of population and increase of material resources, if under the guidance of selfish and short-sighted politicians, blind to everything but their own promotion, or looking at nothing and caring for nothing but the success of their party. And how like a goodly merchant-vessel, under convoy of such a steamer, with all sails set and filled with favoring gales, while the captain and the man at the wheel and the watch, intoxicated with the near termination of so successful a voyage, know nothing of the fatal shore toward which they are advancing only the more swiftly as the prospering breeze more swells the canvas—how like such a goodly merchant-vessel is the business community in times of great commercial prosperity, when all are making haste to be rich, and the very men who should descry the danger, are intent only on making the most for themselves and for the moment of every wind that blows! And how often does the church itself imbibe the spirit of the world, adopt its maxims, and look only at outward prosperity, forgetting that it is the calm which breeds the storm. If now, at such times of unsuspected peril in the church, or in the political and commercial world, there could but arise prophets and seers who are able to descry the danger—watchmen who see the breakers in the distance—pilots who know every rock in the sea and every turn in the shore—and if the many would but heed their warnings and place them at the helm, what frequent and sad wrecks of worldly hopes, and even of eternal interests, would thus be prevented!

The value of such men is greatly enhanced by their very

in proportion to their rareness. Comparatively few aspire to be leaders. The self-relying, leading minds in any community are always a small minority. The mass are content to accept the opinions and follow the advice of others. Still fewer possess that rare faculty of discerning in the present the seeds of the future, which alone confers the power of shaping the future by means of the present —that penetration which the ancient philosopher so highly commended—that understanding of the times which receives such honorable mention in sacred history—that discernment of the signs of the times, the want of which was so severely reproved by our Saviour. And of those who aspire to be leaders, and value themselves on their knowledge of present things, few really know or care what Israel *ought* to do. They leave right, duty, providence, God —the most important objects of knowledge, the chief powers of the universe—all these they leave out of the account. They may understand human nature pretty well, but they ignore the divine government. They may have never so much knowledge, but they have no true wisdom. For "the fear of the Lord is the *beginning* of wisdom." There is no real wisdom but that which consists in knowing and doing the will of God. There is no enduring prosperity in business or politics, any more than in religion, but that which is consequent upon obedience to the ordinances of Heaven. There is no sound policy but that which links all our interests, for this life and the next, to the providence and government of God. Then of course our interests are safe, as that cause to which they are allied and devoted. Then our affairs will be borne on, like the kingdom of Christ, and with that kingdom, conquering and to conquer. Then we shall overcome, and sit down with Christ in His throne, as He also overcame and scarcity, just as diamonds and rare gems rise in value just

sat down with His Father in His throne. The men or the nation that will not serve this king, and fall in with the arrangements of this kingdom, shall be crushed beneath its irresistible onward march. They who prepare the way for its coming, and attach themselves as it comes, shall share in its certain triumph. How invaluable, then, are those standard-bearers among the people who have the discernment to see the track along which the magnificent train of Divine providence is moving, and the time and place and manner in which they and those who follow their standard can best prepare the track and attach themselves and theirs to the train! The wise and good statesman, who, loving his country more than himself, and fearing God more even than the people, looks for no safety or prosperity, private or public, but in obedience to the Divine law; the wise and good citizen, who, fearing nothing but sin and coveting nothing so much as a good conscience, studies to know and do the will of God *as* a citizen, and to lead his fellow-citizens in the same right way; the leader in an ecclesiastical body or a voluntary association, who can see clearly and hold firmly the happy medium between a temporizing policy on the one hand and rash and radical measures on the other, and so guide the great enterprises of Christian benevolence that they shall fall in at once with the tendencies of the age and the providence of God; the father in the ministry or the agent of benevolence, whose influence is felt by all the ministers and churches in his section, as an omnipresent spirit of truth and peace, wisdom and righteousness; the officer or member of the church, whose persuasive lips and more persuasive life holds the church true to herself, true to the demands of her age and generation, and true to the calls of her Lord and Master;—who can calculate the value of the

men who, in any of these ways, show that they have understanding of the times, to know what Israel ought to do, and who thus serve, like Moses and the prophets and apostles, and in some humble measure like our Lord himself, as connecting links between God and men, as media of communication between earth and Heaven?

In the fourth place, let us contemplate the providence of God in raising up such men, as they are needed from age to age.

God does not work anywhere—in nature, providence or grace—without suitable means. And the means are of His appointment, not less than the work which he accomplishes through them. Native talents are His gift, not less than miraculous powers. From Him proceeds converting, sanctifying and illumining grace, not less than inspiration. As He rules in history, so He raises up the men by whom He rules, whether in the church or in the state. Wicked men are made to subserve His purposes. But great and good men are usually raised up for the express purpose of accomplishing a great and good work. And whether the adaptation to their work results from their original constitution, or from education, or from direct inspiration, or from all combined, the preparation is from the Lord. He gave His law by Moses, who was fitted, partly by providential training and partly by direct divine teaching, to be the wisest as well as the most original lawgiver the world has ever seen. For the conquest of Canaan He raised up Joshua, the greatest captain of his age. The Judges rose one after another, just as they were needed and just as they were fitted to meet the emergencies of the chosen people. When David was to be established on the throne, the men of Issachar were not the only men who had "understanding of the times,

to know what Israel ought to do;" but there were men of like wisdom in all the tribes, who, while they knew the present necessities of the people, provided for the perpetual establishment of God's kingdom on earth. The long line of prophets were the reformers of their respective ages, who discerned the signs of the times, warned the people of the inevitable consequences of their sins, and strove to bring them back to obedience to the law of God, as the only stable ground of prosperity and happiness. When some great reformation was to be effected, suitable kings also were placed on the throne, and pious priests ministered at the altar. Even in the captivity, God did not forsake His people, but led them back to the land of their fathers, under the guidance of a bright constellation of prophets; while not only Jewish priests and princes, but heathen kings helped to rebuild the ruined temple. And He ceased to send them prophets only when the cup of their iniquity was almost full, and He was preparing to pour out upon them the vials of His indignation.

The history of the Christian church illustrates the same wise and kind providence. The sacred company of the Apostles; the noble army of the martyrs; the bright array of confessors and defenders of the faith and fathers of the church; the series of the reformers before and after as well as during the Reformation, in Great Britain and on the Continent;—these were all men who had understanding of the times, to know what Israel ought to do, and the marvellous results of their deeds and sufferings flowed directly from the wisdom and fidelity with which they met the demands of the times, and moved in conformity with the providence of God. They struck while the iron was hot, and men's hearts were moulded like wax. They scattered the seed when the soil was

broken up and softened with showers, and God gave the increase.

American history, remarkable in all its aspects, is in none more remarkable than in the men whom Providence has raised up at each successive epoch, and fitted like hewn stones for their respective places, or like wise builders for their several parts, in the spiritual temple. Witness the little model commonwealth on board the Mayflower, and the Pilgrim Fathers of New England.

"God had sifted three kingdoms to find the wheat for this planting,
Then had sifted the wheat, as the living seed of a nation."

Witness also the signers of the Declaration of Independence, the civil and military leaders of the Revolutionary War, all as unique as the war, and one without a peer among the heroes of all ages; the authors of the Constitution of the United States also, and the whole constellation of patriot warriors and statesmen who ushered in the dawn of American liberty. Witness the clergy of our colonial history, and of our Revolution, and of subsequent times, the reformers of theology, the educators of the people, and the leaders in every great social and moral, as well as religious movement, which adorns our country and our age. Who can review any of the marked epochs of our political or religious history, without admiring the wisdom and goodness of God, in that He has raised up just the men who were needed for every emergency—men who understood the signs of the times, followed the leadings of Providence, and guided our affairs along the highway of truth and rectitude where alone rests and shines the blessing of Heaven.

Nor should we overlook, in this review, the many wise and good men whose names do not appear in the records of history, who acted a scarcely less important part,

though in less conspicuous stations; who touched the more remote and secret springs in the breasts of the people, and thus put in motion those innumerable little wheels, without which there can be neither life nor power in the movements of society. Take away the influence of the humbler New England clergy, and New England character and history would have been another thing from what it is. If there is anything for which, more than others, New England and all who have been blessed by her influence should thank God, it is for those humble and holy ministers of the Gospel, little known beyond the bounds of their Association, who have silently moulded the character of their own people, and unostentatiously labored at the very foundations of society and government, as well as morals and religion. And those of this number whose fixed principles and far-seeing wisdom have enabled them to exercise a controlling and yet almost unconscious influence—who, content to be felt without being seen by the public eye or even known to the ear of the public, touch strings that vibrate through all the churches of the Association—the fathers and elder brothers, who, like the men of Issachar, have "all their brethren at their commandment"—these do a work whose value cannot be estimated in time, but for which thousands will bless God through eternity.

My hearers have anticipated me, I doubt not, in the use which I propose to make of my text. The reverend father and elder brother whose death we this day mourn, was one of the men of Issachar, one who "had understanding of the times, to know what Israel ought to do." "All his brethren" were instructed by his wisdom, entertained by his wit, and willingly subject to his "commandment." And Israel mourns his loss with a depth of sor-

row which can be alleviated only by the consideration that he has been taken away by the same all-wise and merciful Providence that gave him to us at the first, and has permitted us so long to rejoice in his presence with us.

JOHN FERGUSON was born Dec. 9th, 1788, at Duns, market town in Berwickshire, in the south of Scotland. His grandfather was from the north of Scotland, and served in the Scots' Grays, under the Duke of Marlboro, through all Queen Anne's wars. His father and uncle removed to America several years before the Revolution, settled in Newport, R. I., and carried on business there together, till, in the Revolutionary War, his father, unwilling to take up arms against the mother country, returned to Scotland, where he remained till 1806, when, to escape the wars of Napoleon, he came back to this country, at the age of seventy, and settled down again at Newport, with his wife, whom he had married in his former residence, and the children who had been born to him in Scotland. The eldest son—John, the subject of this sketch—was then 17 years of age. Adam Ferguson, the celebrated Professor of Mental Philosophy and historian of the Roman Republic, was an own cousin of Mr. Ferguson's father.

Mr. Ferguson's mother was a Briggs, of Little Compton, R. I. She was the third wife of her husband, accompanied him to Scotland during his sojourn there, and was the mother of all his children. She was a godly woman, faithful in the religious training of her children, and strict in the discharge of all religious duties. His father also was eminently a man of prayer. The last day of his life, then eighty-six years of age, he sat at table with his family, asked a blessing, and then led in family prayer. They assisted him in rising from his knees. He

kissed them all, gave them his blessing, and died before the next morning. "May I not hope," says Mr. Ferguson in a letter in which he gives some account of his ancestry and his own early life, and which was written in near view of approaching death; "may I not hope, through infinite mercy, to meet him, and others whose memory is very precious, around the throne of God and of the Lamb, to go no more out forever? The thought is very cheering. It makes death seem easy, and dying only going home."

Mr. Ferguson's religious experience may be best given in his own language. "I was religiously educated by my parents," he says, "who were accounted among the rigid righteous by the lax religionists of their own country. Still, though kept from vice and of a correct deportment, I had no special seriousness or conviction of sin until two years after I came to this country. My convictions at first were of a very rationalistic kind. A thought flashed across my mind one evening, in company with some persons of my own age, and where a good deal of envy and detraction was exhibited. How could I spend an eternity in the unrestrained indulgence of such feelings? It was a passing thought, but always remembered. A few days afterwards, the members of the Rhode Island General Association took tea and spent the evening at my father's. The conversation was not personal, nor particularly religious. It was afterwards commented upon by our good minister, as an opportunity lost; but it struck the right chord in my case. The conviction was fastened upon my mind: This is what I need; a religion which promotes so much cheerfulness and good will is fitted to make me happy. And to this day, the sweet, benevolent countenance of Mr. Shepard, of Little Compton, still

dwells upon my memory as the personification of goodness. From that time I made no secret of my determination. For the sake of my own happiness I meant to be a Christian. To this end I attended prayer-meetings, read my Bible, practiced religious duties, and congratulated myself that I was not far from the kingdom of God. One day, another thought flashed across my mind: You are practising a great deal of drudgery for the sake of happiness; but if you want to be happy in religion you must find your happiness *in* it; you must so *love* God as to find happiness in loving, praising and serving Him. This cut up all my fancied services by the root. I saw that without a great and radical change in the nature of my being, I never could be happy, and that there was not the least provision in the law or in the mercy of God for any other way of happiness, than that which the law requires, and which the Gospel provides for man. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." From that moment, the conviction was as clear on my mind as a ray of light, that the controversy between myself and God was a vital one. It had no respect to forms, or professions, or ordinances. I claimed to do everything for myself, to make my own happiness the chief end of my being. God claims the throne—that all His intelligent creatures shall find their highest good in loving, praising, and serving him with all the heart. I was especially offended with the way of salvation by Christ, and justification through Him by faith. I utterly refused to regard Him in any other light than as man. The words were constantly ringing in my ears: What! the carpenter's son? Whether they were to be regarded as the suggestions of Satan, or were the bitter expression of my own heart, I leave; but to me they had

all the force of a deliberate renunciation of the conditions of salvation, and placed me, as a potsherd of the earth, in controversy with my Maker. The struggle was a fearful one. It lasted for months, and now I look back to the time when my proud heart was bowed and my emnity was subdued, as affording evidence of my peace with God."

We have given this full account of his conversion, in his own language and in all its fulness, because it furnishes the key and the index to his whole life and ministry. His Scotch birth and education, combined with the Hopkinsian influence by which he was at the time surrounded, explain, in some measure perhaps, the peculiar form of his early religious experience; and the type of his religious experience certainly gave shape to his subsequent manner of preaching the Gospel. He magnified the rightful claims of God's holy law, and the righteous sovereignty of God in the salvation of sinners through the Gospel; and he was always afraid of a Christian experience which did not begin with a full conviction of the controversy between God and unrenewed men, and an unconditional surrender of the whole soul to the holy law and sovereign will of God. "I have labored," he says, in review of the characteristic spirit of his ministry, "I have labored to bring man to act upon his obligations while standing before God, in full view of the perfect requirements of the divine law on the one hand, and the sovereignty of divine mercy on the other. And I have often stood amazed at the power of these truths, sometimes to awaken emnity, and at other times to subdue it. It is easy for the worshipper of Nature, in view of the glories of the visible world, to exclaim, 'Who would not adore the author of so many wonderful works?' And so with the abstract

theologian it is easy, while arguing dependence to its utmost limit, to get away from all sense of his obligations. But to stand face to face with that law which requires perfect obedience and knows no mercy, and with that Gospel which casts the sinner upon Him who 'hath mercy on whom he will have mercy,' requires heart work; and in this sense, 'no man calleth Jesus Christ Lord, but by the Holy Ghost.'"

After becoming a professor of religion, his attention was early directed to the ministry. He studied two years, under the instruction of Dr. Tenney, then pastor of the First Congregational Church in Newport, and intended to enter Yale College two years in advance. But he felt constrained to abandon the course upon which he had entered with such high hopes, and return to the pursuit of business, that he might be the stay of his father's old age and the support of his dependent family. Those two years he ever looked back upon as having disciplined his mind, taught him to think, discriminate, and judge for himself, and thus given character and direction to his whole future life.

After ten years of trial and of change, during which he never relinquished the hope, or at least the presentiment, that he should yet enter the ministry, and was in fact all the while preparing for the ministry, under the mysterious providence of God, though in a very different manner from what he himself would have chosen, the way was at length opened, and the desire of his heart was realized. He preached his first sermon as a candidate for settlement in Attleboro, Massachusetts. The text was, "The Lord is a man of war;" and the doctrine which he deduced from it was this, "God's final triumph over His enemies will greatly rejoice His people." The text and sermon were

not only characteristic of the man and his theology, but characteristic of his ministry, which, to use his own expression, was "warlike." Mr. Ferguson never shrunk from the defence of the truth, never hesitated to sacrifice comfort, reputation, or means of support, in the maintenance of principle. Like other such men, he was often involved in controversy and conflict, and not unfrequently made bitter enemies; though he, at the same time, rallied about him more and warmer friends. Some may, perhaps, have doubted the wisdom or necessity of all his battles; but none ever questioned the entire honesty and disinterestedness of his motives. He was ordained Feb. 27th, 1822, and continued pastor of the church in Attleboro thirteen years. These were years of toil and conflict; but they were also years of profitable experience to himself and of increasing usefulness among his people. He labored not so much to produce immediate impressions as to secure permanent results. He looked for genuine conversions only in connection with the faithful preaching of the fundamental doctrines of the Gospel. Religious emotion, religious zeal and activity were, in his view, genuine only when founded in Christian principle; and, if not genuine, by so much as they were greater, by so much were they the worse. He thought almost as little of growth in grace without growth in knowledge, as of growth in knowledge without growth in grace. In their natural and healthy development, the one is inseparable from the other. And he felt deeply the entire dependence of himself and his people upon the Holy Spirit for all right thoughts as well as all holy affections. The first general attention to religion under his ministry was in 1827. This gave a new direction to his mind, and brought him, with all the force of his character and all the energies of his

mind, into the work of saving souls. This was succeeded by other special seasons of revival, which added not more to the numbers than to the piety and strength of the church. When the fruits of a revival were gathered in, so far from feeling that his work was done, and now he might sit down at ease, he regarded that as a season of peculiar trial both to the minister and the people, which demanded of both more than usual watchfulness and prayer and labor. Often have I heard him remark, that a church is never in greater danger than when it has been blessed with large accessions. And in a letter recently written, he says, "A minister is never more in danger than when apparently owned of God in promoting a revival of religion." The words of Cowper are applicable to his case:

"How glorious is my privilege!
To thee for help I call;
I stand upon a mountain's edge,
Lord, save me, lest I fall."

But the fruit of Mr. Ferguson's ministry in Attleboro was seen chiefly in the gradual increase of the numbers of the church, in the steady growth of its members in knowledge and piety, in the first introduction of Sabbath Schools, Maternal Associations, and kindred means for the religious instruction of all the children and youth, and in the inauguration of that system of Missionary and other enterprises of benevolence, which have since become the characteristic glory of our age. He entered heartily into all these movements, as one who "had understanding of the times," and he enlisted his people in them as one who "knew what Israel ought to do." He was greatly beloved by the larger portion of his church. But there was a large party in the parish who wished a younger, more modern, and more popular man, and a prophet who would prophesy smooth things; and in the Spring of 1835, he was dismissed from his pastoral charge.

In the spring of 1836, he was settled in Whately. He was pastor of this people, then united in one church, a little more than four years, and then dismissed, on the 7th of June, 1840. The history of his ministry here is very similar to that already given of his ministry in Attleboro—a history of earnest and faithful labors, followed by valuable and permanent results, but not satisfying the parish as a whole, and so ending in his dismission. He might, perhaps, have done what was done afterwards—he might have rallied his numerous friends about him, and divided the parish. But while he could march through fire and through water, in the discharge of a manifest duty or for the maintenance of a great principle, he could not contend one hour for himself—he would not engage in a controversy which might even wear the appearance of being carried on for his own interest. So he quietly stepped aside, and for the remainder of his life (with the exception of a brief interval of absence), he stood to this people and their pastors in the relation of a dismissed minister. How well he acted his part in this trying relation is better known to you than to me; though, if the question were put to vote, I am confident, *well done* would be the unanimous response of pastors and people.

Mr. Ferguson was never again settled in the pastoral office. He labored for a year and a half in Lanesboro, and received a call to settle. But he declined it. His peculiar talents and far-seeing wisdom fitted him for another and, in some respects, wider sphere. While pastor of a particular church, he was the informal and almost involuntary bishop of a wider diocese. The churches looked to him for wise counsels, the pastors for paternal advice and fraternal co-operation. Father Ferguson—the title by which he was long known—was expressive not so much of

his age as of his relation to his ministerial brethren. Especially if any church or pastor, or any church *and* pastor, were involved in difficulties, from which they saw no way of extricating themselves, they had recourse to Father Ferguson. He was invited far and near, to sit on councils and to give advice in difficult ecclesiastical questions. He was very often solicited to appear as advocate before ecclesiastical courts, and many a time, as he has done this, have the coolness and shrewdness, the wit and wisdom, with which he advocated the cause, extorted the admiring exclamation: What a lawyer he would have made! He *was* indeed a lawyer; but, unlike the great Athenian orator, it was almost always in the defence, and that usually of the weaker party. His sympathies inclined, if either way, to the unpopular side. He was always ready to grasp his shield and poise his lance for the injured and the defenceless. In such cases, he snuffed the battle, like the war-horse, and fought with all the chivalry, and I may add the courtesy of a Christian knight. He was already extensively known (as he afterwards became more widely known), as the champion of the oppressed.

At the same time, he was known everywhere as a lover and maker of peace. Many a distracted church has been indebted to him for the restoration of order and harmony. Many a family and neighborhood, reconciled by his mediation, have been ready to exclaim, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

But he was now to be placed in more favorable circumstances for the exercise of his peculiar vocation, and to exercise it in a still wider sphere. In the summer of 1842, he accepted a commission as agent of the American Tract Society at Boston. Vermont and New Hampshire were the chief field of his labors, though he often presented the

cause also in the central parts of Massachusetts. He magnified his office—he delighted in his work as an agent of benevolence. It was not, however, his ambition to see and tell how much money he could pour at once into the treasury of the Society. As in the pastorate, so in his agency, he labored for permanent results. Like a wise husbandman, the question with him was how he could make the *field* most *fruitful*, and so most productive, for a series of years. He never burnt over the ground merely to scare up the game. He never killed the goose that laid the golden eggs. If he could accomplish little present good in any particular place, he took care at least to do no evil. Hence he encountered little of that prejudice which attaches to many agents. Wherever he went, he was welcome to the parsonage, the pulpit, the platform, and the homes of the people. The minister found in him a comforter in his trials, a counsellor in his perplexities, a helper in his labors. The minister's family felt that they had entertained an angel unawares, who dropped jewels from his lips, and shook treasures from his wings. The people were not plucked—not cozened into giving, but instructed and enriched. He taught them the principle and breathed into them the spirit of benevolence. He would fain lead them first to give themselves to the Lord Jesus, and then to give their money for Jesus' sake.

Nor were his labors confined to the mere routine of an agent for the Tract Society. If there were divisions in any church, he labored to heal them. If there were alienations between any minister and his people, he did what he could to reconcile them. If there were poor churches, where he could expect to receive little or nothing in return for his labors, he taught them by example as well as precept, that it is more blessed to give than to receive. If

he fell in with a revival of religion, he labored to promote it, not only on the Sabbath, but also, if circumstances did not forbid, through the week. When his immediate work was not pressing, he would sometimes turn aside for weeks together, and aid some brother who was in feeble health, or who, for other reasons, craved his assistance, in the blessed work of winning souls to Christ. Conway, Hatfield, Enfield, Amherst, and not a few other churches, will long remember his visits and labors of love among them. The young men of the College were glad to see him in the Chapel pulpit, and in the weekly lecture. The officers of College, from the youngest to the oldest, enjoyed his calls and visits as a rich treat, and were at once instructed and entertained by his conversation. No minister ever had occasion to regret having invited him to labor among his people. He left behind him, not the trail of the serpent, but the track of a seraph, radiant with the light of truth and bright with the beauty of beneficence.

His official duties led him often to attend conventions of churches and anniversaries of benevolent societies. He made a point of attending his own Association, and was often present at other ministers' meetings. There he was in his element. His heart was warmed and his mind excited by the sight of his brethren; and wit and wisdom, in beautiful harmony, flowed from his lips, flashed from his eyes, and gleaned from all his features. In short, his appointment to this agency was only an extension of his diocese. Father Ferguson was the Congregational Bishop of Vermont and New Hampshire—a true successor of the Apostles, not lording it over God's heritage, but exercising a truly apostolic care over the churches, and showing a father's love for the younger shepherds. It was under such circumstances and in such relations that he displayed

in its perfection that understanding of the times of which we have spoken, and of whose nature, influence, and value he was a living illustration. He saw with a kind of intuitive sagacity the precise situation of the individual, the church, or the society with which he had to do; and he seldom erred in his judgment of the course of duty and expediency which the circumstances demanded. If all the officers of the American Tract Society, in Boston and in New York, had been equally wise, it might have been better for themselves and better for the Society. To the last of his long life, he kept himself well informed of the state of the church and the world, interested in the course of events, in political changes and the vicissitudes of nations, sympathizing with reform and progress in society, morals, and religion, and delighting above all in whatever betokened the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom. All these onward movements, whether in the political or the religious world, were marred by the imperfections and follies of men; still he saw the hand of God in them, and whithersoever that hand beckoned, he was ready to follow.

But advancing years and the progress of a disease supposed to be a disease of the heart, aggravated if not occasioned by constant exposure and fatigue, at length rendered it necessary for him to retrench his labors and dwell more in the comfort and security of his own beloved and happy home. He therefore resigned his connection with the Tract Society. Still he continued to preach almost every Sabbath. He now became more than ever interested in the feeble churches, especially of those hill-towns, once the birthplace and nursery of ministers and missionaries, but now so drained of men and money by constant emigration, that they need assistance in the support of the

Gospel among themselves. He could not bear to see these hives of industry and thrift left desolate—these fountains of Christian piety and benevolence dried up. He stirred up his Association to systematic efforts in their behalf. Appointed chairman of a Committee of the Association on the subject, he labored with his tongue and his pen to enlist other Associations in the same good work, appealed to the Massachusetts Missionary Society for more liberal appropriations, and undertook to supply, in person or in some other way, several of the feeble churches in Hampshire county. The last sermon he ever preached was in one of these churches (Wendell). This was in July last. About the same time, he attended for the last time the meeting of the Franklin Association, where he had the unspeakable satisfaction of seeing his son licensed to preach the Gospel. He had been deeply interested in the Great Awakening, for which, more than even for the appearance of Donati's comet and the laying of the Atlantic telegraph, the year 1858 will be ever memorable. He attended a large part of the prayer-meetings in his own neighborhood; and his prayers and remarks on these occasions, so devout, so instructive, so tender, so fresh from daily communion with God, and so full of the spirit of Heaven, will never be forgotten by the pastors or the people of Whately. Among the blessed fruits of this good work was the hopeful conversion of his son, whom he had educated at college, in the fond hope that he would be a minister, but who, for several years, disappointed that hope by engaging in secular business. When he saw that son converted and licensed, he felt that his work was done—he should leave behind him one who would not only bear his name but carry on his work, and he could say, in the language of old Simeon, Now lettest thou thy servant

depart in peace! Such was his last winter's work—such his summer's harvest! Delightful work! Blessed fruits, but the *first* fruits only of a more glorious reward in Heaven!

Very soon his disease began to assume a new form and a more threatening aspect. He was brought very low. He rallied, however, and was able to visit his friends in neighboring towns. But he felt that his departure was at hand, and he made arrangements for it. A letter, addressed to the preacher, dated on the 18th of October, and designed to furnish some facts for use on the present occasion, begins with the same firm, compact, square, and straightforward handwriting, in which he always wrote, and which was so true an index of his character; but as he advances, writing a little from time to time for ten days, that strong hand becomes daily more and more tremulous, and the lines grow crooked and slant downwards, affording too clear indications that the writer is going, serenely but surely, down to his grave. "It is a great thing," he says, near the close of the letter, "to be owned of God as an instrument, and to be wise in winning souls. It is to us as some evidence of our adoption; but it is more to lean upon God's provision of mercy, to feel that we are in his hands, and to *love to be there.* As a dying man, realizing that I am soon to put off this tabernacle, and not knowing what a day may bring forth, I feel that I need a Great Savior. I am in the general lifted above the fear of death, and I look beyond the grave, rejoicing that 'life and immortality are brought to light in the Gospel.'"

The warmth of his heart, the wealth of his affections, flowed out at this time in innumerable expressions of tender love for his family and friends. He loved to dwell upon what his "dear, dear wife," his beloved and de-

voted children, and his choice, familiar friends had been to him, and rejoiced in the anticipation of meeting them in the perfect love and blessedness of Heaven. The following extract from one of his last letters to his son at Andover, is so characteristic that I cannot withhold it, though it may seem almost to obtrude upon that sanctuary of the affections, "wherewith the stranger intermeddleth not."

"You could do me no good by coming home; and your time is so precious that I do not want a day should be lost. Meanwhile, it it not the end of life to die. It is a great satisfaction to me to be instrumental of introducing you into the ministry, as the last public act of my life. It reminds me of Elijah delegating his prophetic office to Elisha, as his last act before his ascension. There is an almost immeasurable difference between the two cases. And yet I rejoice that I have a son who, after long delay, has thus been given me. It is a bright ray of light shinning out upon the darkness. I would rather you should be a minister of Christ, than a king on the throne. * * Go on, my son, let no man take thy crown. In life and in death you are my joy, if you stand fast in the Lord. And, while mourning over your dear brother's early departure, I feel that what was death to him is life to you. Thus God manifests his sovereignty. Oh, the height and the depth of the love of God, which passeth knowledge. When I advise you not to come home, it is from no feelings of indifference; but having given you to the Lord, I feel that I have no right to interrupt your progress. Dear children, you are all very dear to me, and I dwell with fond delight upon all your endearing traits of character and excellence."

His letters to his daughter breathe the same spirit of affection for his family, joy in God, and calm, sweet antic-

ipations of Heaven. In one of the last, he says, "If this is the Valley of the Shadow of Death, it is pleasant to die. I am now in the calm latitudes, and see less of earth and more of Heaven."

Very similar was the uniform tenor of his remarks to those who stood at his bedside in his last days. A few days before his death, he said to Rev. Mr. Seymour, who was an almost daily visitor of his sick room: "It is a solemn thing to die and appear before my Judge. But my work is done, and if I knew that this was the last night of my life, I do not know as I should feel any fear. In my Judge I can trust. Under the shadow of his wings I can rest. There is much in life to attach me to it. My children and children's children render life desirable, but my work is done."

He never omitted family prayers during all his sickness. The last time he prayed with his family, was on Monday, Nov. 8th, just before the operation was performed, which, it was hoped, might afford him temporary relief from a severe dropsical affection, but which he was sensible might have a different result. From that time his strength failed more rapidly, and he went down steadily to the banks of the dark river, leaning on the arm of the Savior, solemn yet serenely trusting, and ere he was aware, he had passed over and entered the heavenly Canaan. He died on Thursday, Nov. 11th. Had he lived another month, he would have been seventy years of age.

"Servant of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.

The pains of death are past,
Labor and sorrow cease;
And life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

Soldier of Christ, well done !
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Savior's joy."

The time forbids any extended and formal analysis of the character of our departed brother. Nor is it needful. His stout and massive frame, which often reminded me of Luther's, and which, like his, seemed made, Atlas-like, to support the heavens, is familiar to you all. This not only enabled him to endure the almost prodigious labors and hardships of his long life, but gave a higher tone to his mental and moral strength and courage.

His mind, like his body, was massive and strong. It grappled fearlessly with the most difficult subjects. It triumphed easily over the most formidable antagonists. His logical powers, strong by nature, were strengthened by constant and life-long exercise. At the same time, he seemed to see the truth almost by intuition. His thoughts and words were scarcely less remarkable for the rapidity with which they started from the bow, than for the directness and force with which they reached the mark.

His heart was as large as his mind and body. Nay, if there was any inequality, it was the largest part of him. It was an overflowing fountain, whose outgushings not only animated, but suffused his whole being. His face beamed with emotion as well as intelligence. His voice, his attitudes, his whole person, bespoke a great soul, in which thought was plentifully mixed and warmed with feeling. Nor was his temperament sluggish, as is often the case with large organizations. On the contrary, it was uncommonly active and lively. He was naturally sensitive and excitable, though his sensibilities were controlled by a strong will, and his passions governed by Christian principle.

Like most men of such physical and mental constitution, he was self-relying, firm in his convictions, unshaken in his resolutions. He made up his mind for himself, in view of all the facts, without much regard to the opinions of others. And when he had come to a decision, he was not easily induced to swerve from it—he changed it only in obedience to strong reasons. Yet he was ever ready to bow before the truth; and before the God of truth, he was humble, teachable, and reverential as a little child. He did not know what it was to fear man, *any* man, however great and good, or however bold or bad, he might be. Luther himself was not more fearless. He seemed incapable of fear, except in that one relation in which it is commended and *commanded* in the Scriptures. He trembled at the word of God, and lay low, as a worm of the dust, in His awful presence. Even this, however, was a filial fear. He was, indeed, a worm of the dust, sinful dust and ashes. But he had a Father in Heaven. There were, indeed, difficulties in the providence and government of God, which he could not fathom. There were dangers besetting his earthly footsteps, from which his own wisdom could not escape. There were enemies to his eternal salvation, which his own strength could not conquer. But it was enough for him that his Father was on the throne. This was his Father's world—as he often beautifully expressed it, it was "his Father's earth, his Father's hell, his Father's heaven." A child-like trust in Divine providence blended harmoniously with an awful reverence for the Divine character. He felt no anxiety about himself or his, any more than he did about the ark of God. He was careful for nothing, because he had cast all his cares upon God.

His wit was as proverbial as his wisdom and piety, and

so intimately and beautifully associated with them, as almost to form part and parcel of them. Keen as a Damascus blade, with equal ease it cut the finest web of sophistry and pierced the strongest mail of logic. Sometimes quick and unexpected as a flash of lightning out of a clear sky, at other times it rolled up visibly in clouds, and burst in thunder and storm. Yet was there in it never a trace of malignity or bitterness. He hurled no poisoned darts. On the contrary, his keenest shafts were winged with kindness. They lighted up their whole track through the subject, but they left no envenomed sting rankling in the heart. His wounds were the wounds of a friend. Nor was his wit ever trifling or frivolous. It was dignified and earnest, as became his profession, at the same time that it was playful and genial as his generous nature.

A volume might be filled with his smart and pithy sayings, witty as Hudibras, and sententious as the apothegms of the Seven Sages. They are still current among the people to whom he ministered. They linger in the memories of his ministerial brethren. They are graven on the hearts of his friends. They dropped from his lips unstudied and spontaneous, in conversation not less than in public address, in the circle of his family and friends as frequent and as rich as in the great congregation. Conversation was not a study with him; but it was his delight, and he made it not less the delight than the instruction of those who conversed with him. He must be very dull, who could pass a half hour with him without being a wiser, better, happier man.

His nature was eminently social and genial. In this respect, he was like the great German Reformer to whom we have more than once referred, not at all, of course, in the way of comparison, but only of illustration and resem-

blance. Strangers could not fail to discern his fulness, his warmth, his originality. His friends admired and loved him, not only for the brilliancy of his social qualities, but also for the disinterestedness and devotion of his friendship. There was nothing, sin only excepted, which he would not do or suffer for his friends. He loved them as himself. Nay, he would sacrifice himself for them, and shield them, though the arrows which were aimed at them, fell in showers upon him.

What he was in his own family, as a husband and father, neighbors and friends could guess from what they saw and heard in their casual visits, and our hearers can infer from the tone of his letters, from which we have taken extracts. But the members of the family, the heart-stricken wife and the bereaved children, alone can tell all the depth and truth and fervor of his love. And even they will learn to know all the riches of his mind and heart, only when they find by experience what a blank is left by his removal.

His education for the ministry was defective. Just half of his life was spent in the laborious prosecution of secular business, for the support of an aged father. But he went about his *business* with his eyes open and his mind awake. He observed men and things; he studied them; he reflected on them, till knowledge was transformed into wisdom. He studied himself. He knew himself; and in the knowledge of his own mind and heart, he found the key to the minds and hearts of others. The book of his own heart, the book of human nature, and the book of God, were the chief sources of his theology.

At the same time, he read every thing he could lay his hands upon, and what he read he remembered, digested and appropriated—made it his own. He does indeed say

that he forgot in no small measure, what he had learned of the Greek and Latin languages. But the discipline remained, and he always set a high value on it. So far from thinking slightly of academical learning, as too many self-educated men do, he toiled and denied himself, that he might send his sons to College ; and when the Trustees of Amherst College bestowed upon him the honorary degree of Master of Arts, he was gratified with it as a testimony that he had attained in another way the essential results of a public education. Whether he would have been equally gratified, if they had conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity, I have my doubts ; but I have no doubt that he deserved that degree better than a large proportion of those who have received it.

Mr. Ferguson embraced intelligently and held consistently the Hopkinsian system of theology. He had a veneration for the character and the very person of the pastor and theologian of Newport, which led him to write his life. The venerable Doctor of Franklin was also his personal friend, his honored father. But he never could bring himself to engraft the peculiarities of Dr. Emmons on the system of Dr. Hopkins. He gave great prominence in his preaching, as we have already seen, to Divine sovereignty, election, and the kindred doctrines. But he preached them as the doctrines of the Bible, not as the dogmas of Hopkinsianism. He taught them not as dead formulas, but as practical and vital truths, requiring the cordial submission of the whole heart and life to their subduing and controlling power. Perhaps the most striking characteristic of his preaching was that he made God very, very great, and man very, very small ; and the preaching that does not begin with making this impression on the sinner's heart, seldom ends in bringing him to Christ.

Mr. Ferguson held firmly to the orthodox, Calvinistic, Hopkinsian system of theology, because he believed it to be revealed in the Scriptures. But he had great charity for those who differed from him in their theological views, provided only they held and obeyed the essential truth, as it is in Jesus Christ. He loved all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, and he hated heresy-*hunting* almost as cordially as he hated heresy itself.

As a preacher, Mr. Ferguson was always instructive and impressive, sometimes eloquent and sublime, though his was not what too often usurps the name, but the eloquence of truth and earnestness—the sublimity of simplicity and of nature itself. He never sought after ornament, but there was sometimes a beauty and a pathos in his simple thoughts, which was far beyond the power of words. He was a doctrinal and at the same time an eminently practical preacher—logical, but his logic was set on fire, especially in his later years, when he preached for the most part extempore, and preached, particularly in times of revival, with great unction and power.

To some, doubtless, the Scotch brogue which always betrayed his origin, was a hindrance to the understanding and appreciation of his discourses. But with others, this only imparted to them an air of antiquity, if I may so call it, and a kind of poetical charm. His sermons not only stuck in the conscience like a barbed arrow, but they lingered in the imagination and the memory—the memory of the *heart*—like some grand old tune in the Scotch psalmody.

Mr. Ferguson was a man of prayer. He went from the closet to the pulpit. In the pulpit, he thought not less of his prayers than of his sermons. If in the one he was the voice of God to the people, in the other he was the voice of the people unto God; and both were solemn ser-

vices. Both came forth fresh and warm from his own heart, and both went home together, making one impression on the hearts of the people. He loved to think of himself as *only* the *voice* of God's word and spirit; only the *instrument* of His providence and grace; only an earthen vessel, that the excellency of the power might be of God and not of men. When he had delivered his message, he felt no undue solicitude about the manner in which it was received. He could leave the result with God. It was his to preach the preaching that God bade him, whether men would hear or forbear. He must take heed to offer no strange fire on the altar before the ark; but the ark was God's, and He would take care of His own cause. He was emphatically a man of God. He communed with God daily, in prayer and meditation. He came forth from God to deliver His message; and often did his face shine, like that of Moses, as he came down from the Mount to speak unto the people. He never forgot that he was God's ambassador, sent by God Himself in Christ's stead, to pray men to be reconciled to God, and that he must soon return to God and give an account of his embassy. How many of his numerous hearers listened to his entreaties, will be known only at the judgment of the great day. Not a few, it is believed, will then rise up and bless him as the instrument of their salvation. Some have doubtless gone before him, and have already welcomed him to glory. Others follow after, and he will stand with open arms to receive them. With what hallowed delight will he lay them all, as his crown of rejoicing, at the feet of his Lord —transfer them all, as so many jewels, to shine forever in the diadem of his Redeemer! It is delightful to think of such a man of God standing in the presence of God, dwelling in the light of His countenance, beholding and

reflecting His glory, with all those powers and affections which we so much admired here, perfectly developed and filled to their utmost capacity with *His* knowledge, love, and joy. Verily, "they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever!"

We can scarcely mourn the death of such a friend. It is *not* death. It is only a *departure* from the field of labor to the place of rest, from the battle to the trophy, from the conflict to the crown, from the service of God on earth to His presence in Heaven. Nature must indeed have her tears. Nor does religion forbid them. Jesus wept. None but they who have lost such a husband and father, can tell how great the loss is. When so dear a wife is separated from a husband so honored and beloved, especially after so long a union, "'tis the survivor dies." When such a head is taken away from the family, even though he be caught up to Heaven, the children may well cry after him, "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof!" But, dearly beloved, your cup is mingled with ingredients of the purest and sweetest joy. You cannot mourn long. The man of God had done his work on earth, and was wanted in Heaven. "He was not, for God took him." And there, at the right hand of God, he waits to welcome you to pleasures forevermore. Oh, then weep not for him; but let it be your only solicitude to treasure up his counsels, to imitate his virtues, and to follow his example so far as he followed Christ, that you may meet at length, "no wanderer lost, a family in Heaven."

To the church of which he was a member, to the congregation with which he worshipped, to the people to whom he ministered and with whom he spent the evening

of his days—to you these silent lips speak today as they never spoke before. And their message is just what it has always been, "Prepare to meet your God." As in life, so in death, he entreats you, "Be ye reconciled to God." Oh, if you spurn this last entreaty, what reason is there to fear that God will be your irreconcilable enemy!

Fathers and brethren in the ministry, we all mourn today, as did the prophets at Jericho, when the Lord took away their head. We have all lost a friend, a father, a man of God, who had understanding of the times, to know what Israel ought to do. We shall never again go to him for counsel. We shall never again unite with him in prayer, or listen to his words of wisdom and of love. But we can take up his mantle, and recrossing, as it were, the Jordan which we have passed with him today, labor to carry on his work. Would that a double portion of his spirit might rest upon us! As we can no longer look to him for advice and counsel, it is the more important that we ourselves have understanding of the times, to know what Israel ought to do. The times in which we live are stirring and eventful. Great events follow each other with startling rapidity. Whole decades of ordinary centuries have been crowded into the last half century. And the whole half century concentrates and culminates, as it were, in this year of the right hand of the Most High. And the coming year promises to exceed even the past. Divine influences hang over us like a cloud, and saturate, as it were, the very atmosphere. The bending heavens are full, even to bursting, of spiritual blessings that wait only for the *asking* and the *acting* of the churches. The day of Pentecost has again fully come; and it behooves them to be with one accord in one place, waiting in earnest prayer

for the promised Spirit, and at the same time holding all their property and all their talents sacredly devoted to the service of the Master. It becomes the ministers of the Gospel to be holy men, full of the Holy Ghost and of power, fit leaders of a church fit for the world's conversion. It were a shame, a calamity, and a crime almost beyond a parallel, if Christians, and especially Christian ministers, should fail to discern the signs of such a time, and to welcome the dawning of the day which calls the church to new enterprises, sufferings, and sacrifices in the cause of her Redeemer. God grant that, instructed by the life of our friend and father, impressed by his death, and taught by the Spirit, we may all so number our days that we may apply our hearts unto this wisdom!

GENEALOGY OF THE EDDY FAMILY.

BY MRS. H. B. ALLEN.

To visit Cranebrook, the cradle of the Eddy family, take an early train from London on the Dover railway. Stop over a few hours at the lovely watering-place, Tunbridge Wells. In the afternoon take a train to Staplehurst, six miles from Cranebrook, or stop at Marden, which will give a drive of eight miles. This is in the midst of the great hop region of England. The drive is over the gently undulating Kentish downs, with green lanes winding between hedges of holly and hawthorne and over broad stretches of moorland covered with golden heather.

Arriving at Cranebrook, alight at "The George," an ancient inn. Like all the old houses at Cranebrook, it is built in the old Dutch style; a stuccoed exterior with inlaid timbers; a steep, tiled roof, with eye-like windows and many gables; the lower windows with small diamond-shaped panes of glass; the interior dark, with small, low, irregular rooms, and stairs springing up in the most unexpected places; odd corners and passages where you must walk with circumspection. After a night's rest and a good English breakfast, stroll along the principal street, until you come to the church. Before entering, call on the Rev. Mr. Carr, the courteous vicar, and send for Mr. Wm. Tarbutt, the antiquary and historian of St. Dunstan's Church. The church was built some 600 years ago, in the perpendicular Gothic style, with groined roof,

mullioned windows. and well proportioned nave and aisles. The tower is square and heavy, and a turret is attached to one of the angles and carried above the tower. Here William Eddy was vicar for twenty-six years. Here he preached his last sermon, and in the church-yard without his dust reposes, though the precise spot is forgotten. One memorial of him survives—the old "Parish Record"—Births, Baptisms, Marriages and Burials, eighty pages, all of which are engrossed in Williams Eddye's handwriting; three title pages being richly illuminated.

The name Eddy is Anglo-Saxon, according to "Ferguson's English surnames." It comes from Ead, which signifies "Prosperity." Ede, Eada, Eadig, Eddi, Eday, Eadie, Eady, and Eddy, are variations of the same name.

Charles Eddy, M. A., Vicar of Bramley Hunts, late Tutor and Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, and John Eddy, Collaton Vicarage, Paignton, Devonshire, are English branches of the same family.

William Eddy, M. A., Vicar of the Church of St. Dunstan's of the town of Cranebrook, of the County of Kent, England; a native of Bristol, educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and Vicar of Cranebrook from 1589 to 1616, married Nov. 20, 1587, Mary Fostin, who died Nov. 23, 1816, and was buried in Cranebrook churchyard. Their children were:—

MARY, born Sept., 1591.
PHINEAS, born Sept., 1593.
JOHN, born Mar., 1597.
ELLEN, born Aug., 1599.
ABAGAIL, born Oct., 1601.
ANNA, born May, 1603.
SAMUEL, born May, 1605.
ELIZABETH, born Dec., 1606.
ZACHARIAS, born Mar., 1610.
NATHANIEL, born July, 1611.

John and Samuel left for America Aug. 10, 1630, in the ship Handmaid, and arrived at Plymouth, Mass., Oct. 29, 1630, twelve weeks at sea, spent all her masts, and of twenty-eight cows lost ten. Soon after their arrival at Plymouth, Nov. 11, 1630, they went to Boston with Capt. Grant and Capt. Standish, visited Gov. Winthrop, who termed them "two gentlemen passengers." John Eddy settled in Watertown, Mass., and died there Oct. 12, 1684.

Samuel Eddy, born May, 1605, died in 1685. After he arrived in Plymouth he was admitted to the freedom of that Society and received the oath. Nov. 7, 1637, he had three acres of land in Plymouth set off to him. In 1641 was given six acres of land and thirty acres of meadow. His wife's name was Elizabeth. She died in 1689.

April 3, 1645, he sent his son John to dwell with Francis Gould until he should occomplish the age of 21.

Oct. 7, 1651, Elizabeth, wife of Samuel Eddy, was fined for wringing out clothes on the Lord's Day. The fine, ten shillings, was afterward remitted.

May 1, 1660, Elizabeth was summoned to court to make answer for travelling from Plymouth to Boston on Sunday. She affirmed that she was necessitated to go, on account of the illness of Mistress Soffin. The court excused, but admonished her.

Samuel Eddy bought a house and lot of Experience Mitchell, May 9, 1631, at Spring Hill, at the end of Main street, Plymouth. This house he sold in 1645. He was one of the original purchasers of Middleboro, Mass. He was a large land owner at other places, and in 1631 his assessment was half that of Capt. Standish. In 1633 it was the same.

The children of Samuel and Elizabeth Eddy were :—

JOHN, born Dec. 25, 1637; died May 27, 1715.
ZACHARIAH, born 1639; died Sept. 4, 1717.
CALEB, born 1643; died Mar. 23, 1713.
OBADIAH, born June 23, 1645; died 1722.
HANNAH, born June, 1647; died young.

Zachariah Eddy, born 1639, died 1717, married Alice Paddock, May 7, 1663. She was born Mar. 7, 1640, and died Sept. 24, 1692. He resided in Plymouth, Middleboro, and Swansea.

The children of Zachariah and Alice (Paddock) Eddy were :—

ZACHARIAH, born Apr. 10, 1664; died 1737.
JOHN, born Oct. 10, 1666.
ELIZABETH, born Aug. 3, 1670.
SAMUEL, born June 4, 1673.
EBENEZER, born Feb. 5, 1675.
CALEB, born Sept. 21, 1678.
JOSHUA, born 1680.
OBADIAH, born 1683.
ALICE, born 1684.

Zachariah, son of Zachariah and Alice Eddy, was born Apr. 10, 1664, and died in 1737. He married Mary Baker, Feb. 13, 1683. She was of Swansea, and they moved to Providence, R. I.

The children of Zachariah and Mary (Baker) Eddy were :—

ALICE, born Nov. 28, 1684; died Sept. 24, 1692.
ELEAZER, born May 16, 1686.
JEMIMA, born Aug. 5, 1688.
ZACHARIAH. born Sept. 13, 1691.
ALICE, born Jan. 5, 1694.

Zachariah, son of Zachariah and Mary Eddy, was born Sept. 13, 1691. He married Eunice ———:

Their children were :—

SAMUEL.
ZACHARIAH.
JOSHUA.
BENJAMIN.
JOSEPH.
WILLIAM, born July 26, 1751; died Sept. 4, 1835.
PATIENCE.
ELIPHALET.

William Eddy, son of Zachariah and Eunice Eddy, was born July 26, 1751, in Providence, R. I., and died Sept. 4, 1835. He married Nov. 11, 1771, Hulda Ide. She was born June 11, 1754, in Rhehobeth, Mass., and died Aug. 12, 1788. His second wife was Berthia Hayes. She was born Oct. 1, 1751, and their marriage took place May 12, 1789. She died Sept. 30, 1837.

The children of William and Hulda Eddy were :—

WILLIAM, born Mar. 24, 1773; died July 22, 1805.
HULDA, born Jan. 15, 1778; died Oct, 11, 1828.
JOHN S., born Apr. 2, 1780; died July 29, 1866.
EZRA, born July, 1785; died July 4, 1836.

The children of William and Berthia (Hayes) Eddy were :—

JOSIAH, born May 3, 1790; died Aug. 5, 1820.
MARGARET SNOW, born Nov. 12, 1794; died May 6, 1871.

Margaret Snow Eddy, daughter of William and Berthia (Hayes) Eddy, was born in Providence, R. I., Nov. 12, 1794, and died May 6, 1871, in New Haven, Conn. She married John Ferguson of Duns, Scotland. He was born Dec. 9, 1788, and died Nov. 11, 1858, in Whately, Mass.

This poem was given to me by a fellow apprentice on the 22d of March, 1806, about the time of my departure from my native country to America, to which country I expect never to return.

JOHN FERGUSON, JUN.

PRESENTED BY SANDY LAWRIE,

Duns, Berwickshire, Scotland.

Dear Sir, this is a kind memento
Written by a brither Scott,
Which he has composed and sent you
That he near may be forgot.

A lang farewell unto you, Johnnie,
My ain true-hearted usefu Cronnie,
Still may your way be straight and bonnie
An always free.
An my Gude blessing light upon ye
Though o'er the sea.

Lang hae ye been twa comrades dear,
But now maun part for lang I fear
Which makes true friendship's panting tear
Start to mine eye,
While ye in midst of life's carrier
Maun o're the sea.

Weel, since ye will nae langer stay,
What wade ye have me mair to say
Than wish you weel when far away.
And may you thrive
In Saul and Body every day
While ye're alive.

An when ye cross the raging Ocean,
I will you mind in my Devotion,
And plead your cause wi' great emotion
'Till ye arrive
Like Israel in the land of Goshen,
Like them to thrive,

So when ye're safe a yont the sea,
'Mang your new friends wha'eer they be,
When ye'll be blythe and fou o' glee
To see them a
Then heave a sigh and think on me
That's far awa.

Think on the monny tiresome days
We twa hae spent a Johnny G——s,
Surrounded by enraged foes
Whars cursed spite
Aft Girn'd (to multiply our waes)
But durst nae bite.

And think how aft a down the stream
Wev'e wandert 'neath the moon's pale beam
Whyle conversation turned on J. E. A. N.
Whas worthy name
Made our young hearts wi' love right keen
Burn like a flame.

But all our pranks baith late an air
For to gang thro' would pinch me sair,
For my poor muse can kime no mair
So now I'll end it,
Yet ye'll keep this, wi tentie care
For his sake that pend it.

An when on it ye chance to read
Let auld lang-syne run in your head
Then send your thoughts wi rapid speed
Across the sea,
And wi a heart frae envy freed,
You'll think on me.

Finis.

ADDENDA.

P. 47.—84a. HENRY BEAUCHAMP TOMPKINS, born Mar. 17, 1909 in Johannesburg, Transvaal.

P. 50.—95. ALLEN GARD.

Allen Gard, the son of William E. and Mary Allen Gard, was born July 10, 1881, in Baltimore, Maryland, and died at his post of duty in Ceiba, Honduras, Oct. 27, 1911. He was graduated from the Scientific Department of Yale University in June, 1901, and on July 15 sailed from San Francisco for the Philippines, and was appointed Principal of the Boys' Secondary School in Batangas, Luzon. He established eighteen barrio (district) schools, taught an evening class of native teachers, and also taught the town officials English. Already a linguist, for he spoke French, Italian and Spanish, he set about acquiring the Tagolog dialect, and in a short time was able to converse fluently in the language of the natives and made a study of their customs and needs. His knowledge proved of great value in advancing the cause of education and the purpose of American control on the island during his three years' teaching. In 1905 he went to Zamboanga on the island of Mindanao, and taught under Dr. Saleeby until he earned the recognition of General Leonard Wood, who prevailed on him to enter the civil service. As soon as he mastered the Moro dialect, he was appointed District Secretary of Lanao, and in 1907 was appointed Governor, the youngest and only Civil Governor in the service of the United

States up to that time in the islands. He had commenced to make a dictionary (there is no written language) and to write the "folk-lore," having found an old Moro who chanted the history of the people from before Spanish times. After a successful governorship of nearly nine months, in which he gained the friendship of the Moros by his fair dealing and wise ruling, he headed an expedition to arrest a Moro datto (chief), Amay Maurer, a fanatic, who was implicated in the murder of an American roadmaster. Governor Gard was shot in both legs and an arm, and was carried on the heads of natives over the rough trail to Lake Lanao, eighteen miles; then a launch took him to the military hospital at Camp Keithley, Feb. 19, 1908. He underwent six operations, and was finally sent to the Roosevelt Hospital, New York, to save his leg, possibly his life. After the second operation here he recovered, and when he reported for duty, President Taft, recognizing his past services, appointed him to the consulship at Ceiba, Honduras. During the insurrection at Honduras he was in his first months as consul, and he again showed his ability by establishing and controlling a neutral zone where American and other foreign residents were safe. His diplomacy and alertness were at all times taxed to prevent outbreaks. When peace was restored he was again complimented by the State Department at Washington, and the Honduras government gave him a vote of thanks for his neutrality and diplomacy. He developed tropical fever, which so rapidly undermined his health and strength that he moved his bed to his office that he might continue to serve his country. On learning of his condition, the President notified him of his appointment as consul to Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, where he hoped the climate would speedily return health to a man who had served his country so well.

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