

ARY REVIEW, has entered into the unchangable record of history. He was the founder of *Hours at Home*, which was, in a sense, the parent of *Scribner's Magazine*; and the richness, variety, and marvellous success of the *Homiletic Review*, none know so well as the twenty thousand readers who study its pages.

Beside all his occasional papers, published in the leading magazines and periodicals, he wrote the "History of the Cross," and edited a new edition of the "Life of David Brainerd." He had also written a voluminous work on "Books and Authors," which has not yet appeared in print.

Such are the brief outlines of an intellectual life that extended over half a century. He was thrice married; his first wife was Miss Amanda Carpenter; his second, Miss Jane E. Lamberson; the third, Miss Annie Clarke, who survives him, as do also his five children.

We have never known a man of *larger capacity for work*. No one who knew him would have suspected that he was far on the way toward four-score years. And there was not the slightest sign of intellectual decadence. Up to the last his mind worked with all its pristine vigor and versatility. To the very day when paralysis struck him, he seemed as fresh and young, mentally, as in the years of early manhood, and he actually worked from fifteen to eighteen hours out of every twenty-four.

He was an *embodiea conscience*. Duty was his polar star. Indeed, he had but little patience with anything wrong, ignoble, dishonest. In his vocabulary the word "expediency" was not found. Right was his only might, and principle his only policy. There were those who possibly construed as severity what was only an uncompromising adherence to right and righteousness. Low moral standards and equivocal moral practices could find with him no toleration, and but little forbearance.

Religiously he was a thoroughly *angelical* disciple. He knew no theology but the old theology of Paul. That was good enough for him. He regarded the new notions creeping into the doctrinal beliefs of our day as signs of degeneration and disintegration. He believed implicitly the Word of God and the whole of it, and bowed in humility before the mysteries he could not explain. To no work of his life did he give himself with such absolute heartiness as to the editing of a REVIEW whose grand object was to promote a world's evangelization. He was especially desirous to live till he might see this, the last and most precious work of his life, established on a basis of permanency and having a world-wide circulation.

As a man, especially in his own household and within the circle of intimate friends, we cannot in these pages undertake to photograph his character. There are some secrets that cannot be unveiled to the common eye—they refuse to emerge from their privacy; they lose