

he was inclined to take serious views of life, yet never indulging morbid moods.

For a short time after completing his college course he taught in the Academy at Windsor, Vt. His theological studies was pursued at the Seminary in Newton, Mass. Graduating in the class of 1853, he was ordained in the following December, and became pastor of the Baptist Church in Lawrence, Mass.

It was while pastor at Lawrence that he was invited to a professorship in Acadia College. After serving in that relation for six years he became pastor of the Baptist Church in Saratoga, N. Y. In 1864 he retired from the active duties of the pastorate to become Principal of the Literary and Scientific Institution at New London, N. H., from which place, in 1869 he was called to the Presidency of Acadia College.

*Rev. Everett R. Sawyer, D. D.*



### *Dr. Sawyer as a Teacher*

Where Dr. Sawyer played his part in life's drama, whether in the bustle and hurry of the third act, or in the rapid and solemn consummation of the fifth, it is neither necessary nor possible to know. His part has been played and well played. Now since he has heard the voice we cannot hear and has seen the hand of his Master beckoning him away, we deem it a privilege to say a few words respecting so distinguished a man, so famous a teacher. George Eliot says, "Affection is the broadest basis of a good life," and it is out of affection and veneration that I wish to place a flower on his grave. We are eager to get some insight into a life which was strong, clear, and deep—a life which ever grew upon you as acquaintance ripened. How we should like to know the thoughts and aspirations of the boy as in the glory and enthusiasm of life's morning he chatted and played with other boys—to get a glimpse of the sweet and tender relations of his home-life—to watch the boy's development under the plastic influences of Godly parents—in a word to have some knowledge of the countless forces which played in the evolution of no common man.

Just the other day as I was gazing upon Dr. Sawyer's face, as he lay in his marble sleep amid his books, my mind was very busy. How many things I read in that face—scholar, thinker, teacher, interpreter