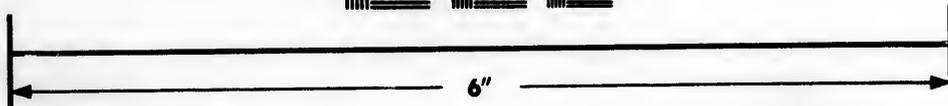
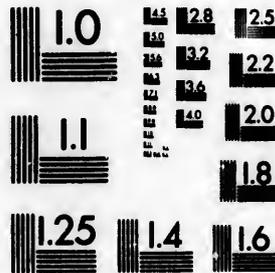


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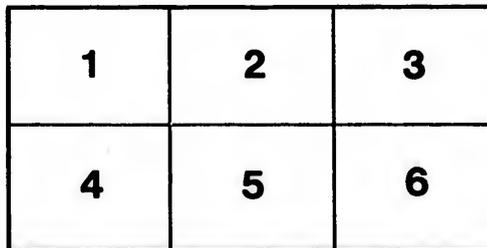
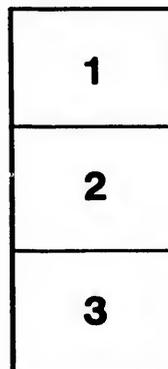
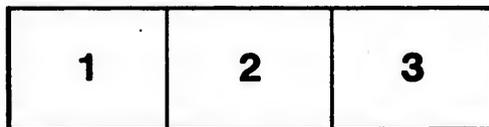
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Your affectionate Pastor—

Duncan Dunbar.

DUNCAN DUNBAR;

THE

Record of an Earnest Ministry.

A SKETCH

OF THE

LIFE OF THE LATE PASTOR

OF THE

MEMORIAL ST. BAPTIST CHURCH,

NEW YORK.

BY JEREMIAH CHAPLIN.

"As poor, yet making many rich." 2 Cor. vi. 10.

NEW YORK:

SHELDON AND COMPANY

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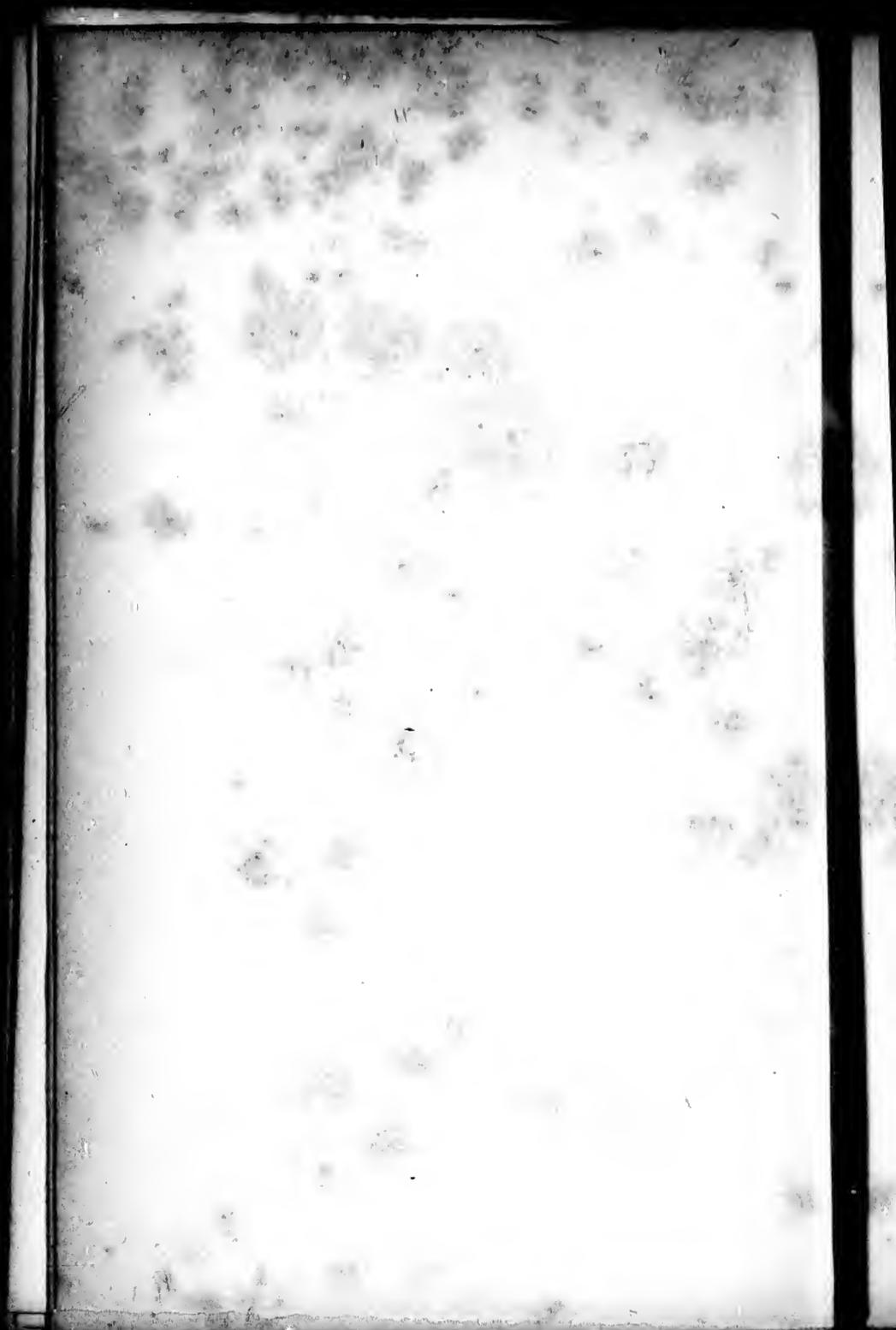
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EARNEST MINISTRY OF THEIR LATE LAMENTED PASTOR

IS AFFECTIONATELY

DEDICATED

BY HIS CHILDREN.



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## P R E F A C E .

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THE lamented subject of this memorial volume left behind him little more which could be used in its preparation than brief notes and journals, and letters, the result of a long and wide correspondence. The main dependence of the compiler has been materials furnished by members of the family, and by friends in Great Britain and America, who had known Mr. Dunbar long and intimately. For the most part, the incidents of his early life and of his ministry have been gathered from the recollections of his children, to whom, at different times, he had related them in his own pleasant and familiar way, for their entertainment, and without any thought of their being made public.

They were, however, treasured in the memory or committed to writing, that they might at least be preserved from oblivion within the circle of which he was so long the beloved centre of attraction.

The task of sketching the life and labors of Mr. Dunbar, — undertaken at the request of the family, — has been to the author one of considerable delicacy, in view of the intimate relations that existed between them; and he has therefore preferred to let the incidents, which form so large a portion of this work, speak for themselves as they came to him from the lips

and pens of others, rather than attempt many reflections of his own.

As far as possible, the language of contributors to this volume has been retained; and the compiler would here express his sincere thanks to friends who have so readily responded to his request for information or letters; and his regret that the necessary limits of the work have compelled him to omit much which he would gladly have inserted.

In preparing this volume, he has aimed not only to gratify relatives and personal friends, but also, and chiefly, as of greater importance, to exhibit an example of singular devotion to the best interests of men and the glory of God, in the hope that, in some degree at least, that example might speak more widely, and incite others to like deeds of piety and charity.

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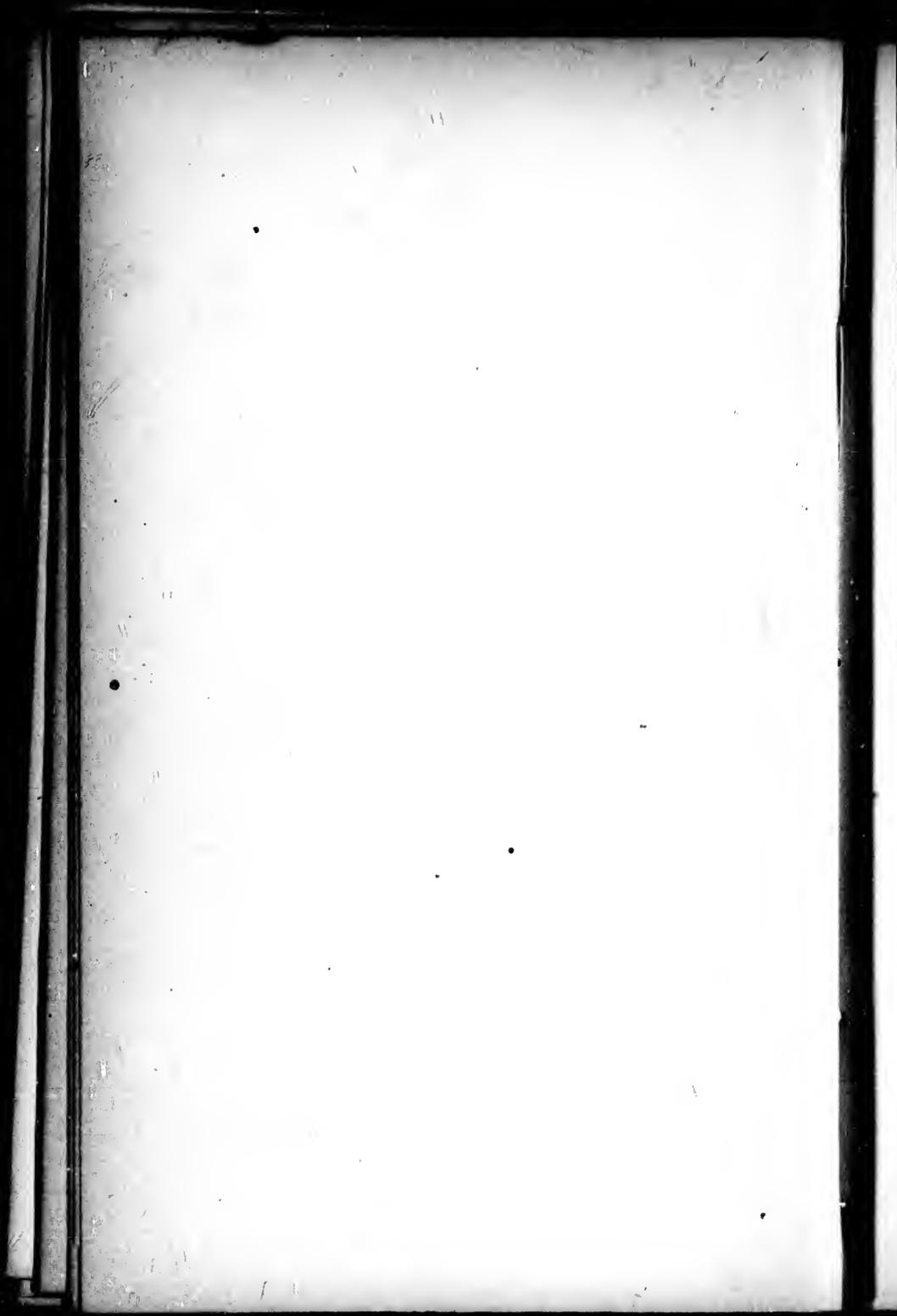


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DUNCAN DUNBAR.

THE

RECORD OF AN EARNEST MINISTRY.



# DUNCAN DUNBAR;

## THE RECORD OF AN EARNEST MINISTRY.

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### CHAPTER I.

*Birthplace — Boyish Sports — Narrow Escape from Death — First Religious Impressions—  
Seeking Ghosts in the Galek Mountains — State of Religion in the Highlands.*

**T**HE river Spey, in the northern Highlands of Scotland, is rapid and circuitous, and dotted at short intervals along its course by little islands. In the background rise high hills, making the region, Strathspey, so picturesquely beautiful, that one who looks upon it will never wonder that the heart of the Highland Scot is so tenderly wedded to the waters, hills, and moors of his native land. Here is Castle Grant, the estate of Lord Seafield, and for many generations the home of the "Grants o' Grant."

Near this castle, on the banks of the Spey, the honored and lamented subject of this memoir was born, and here were passed the days of his childhood and early youth.

His father, Thomas Dunbar, occupied a farm on the domains of Grant, where he passed a quiet, blameless

life, bringing his children up respectably, and giving them all the advantages of education which lay in his power.

The Highland costume and customs prevailed in this region in Mr. Dunbar's boyhood, and the old Gaelic was still the language of the household. Until he was twelve years old, he wore no other dress than the tartan kilt and plaid, still so dear to the heart of the clannish Scot, although now wholly superseded among civilians except as a sporting-garb or fancy-dress.

In his boyhood, Mr. Dunbar was very fond of violent out-door sports, and, by his skill and bold daring, made himself the head of the mirth-loving "laddies" round the Spey. "He was," says a minister, who, a few years since, visited Grantown and heard of him from the aged men who still remembered him, "as wild as the deer on his native hills, perfectly regardless of danger, and a stranger to fear. When quite a small boy, he used to go to the Spey, push off in a boat into the deepest water, and then plunge to the bottom, remaining there till his terrified companions thought he would never rise again. But ere long he would spring into his boat, shake off the water, and then dart again into the river. When he had had what he called 'a gude bathe,' he would run his boat ashore and 'gang hame.'

"At other times, he would catch an unbroken colt and mount his back. The affrighted creature would bound over hill and dale until perfectly exhausted; then he would slacken his pace, and his persistent young rider, having thus become his master, could usually guide him at will. He used to mount any horse he could find, and ride standing erect on one foot, occasionally turning a somersault on his back as he was galloping off at full speed. The last surviving companion of those days says

that he often rode in this way from Grantown to Abernethy, a distance of six miles.

“ Another favorite amusement was to balance himself on his head on the ‘ Bridge of Spey,’ the foaming waters rolling beneath him. Old people, seeing these pranks, were heard to exclaim : ‘ Sure the laddie’ll brak his banes ! Wee Duncan will come to nae gude end ; and e’en, gif his life should be spared, he’ll be gude for naething save a mountebank.’ ”

His equestrian tricks formed a bond of union between him and the young son of the then Laird of Grant ; and so agile and skilled was he in the Highland dances that he was often invited to the castle to take part in this amusement, where he drew forth great praise from the courtly guests. Thus his early years were passed in great frivolity and constant danger.

He was naturally full of spirit, ambition, and love of adventure ; entering into his sports with the same energy and perseverance which characterized him in after life, when these traits were consecrated to a holy cause.

A circumstance occurred at this time, which nearly cost him his life, and to which he used in after years to refer with great solemnity.

In the middle of the Spey, near his old home, is a large rock, from which one can cast a stone into five counties. From this he used to leap when going to bathe. In one of these aquatic exploits, being alone, he was seized with cramp and found himself sinking. He knew there was no mortal helper near, and felt that all was over with him. The cold waters encircled him, and he soon found himself stretched helplessly on the river’s bottom. Perfectly conscious and free from pain, his past life, with all its frivolity and sin, rose before him, and he feared to meet God. He

gave up all hope. But in an instant, there appeared to his quickened vision a form, robed in dazzling white, coming down and floating over him. He felt the grasp of a hand in his hair, and found himself rising to the surface. He opened his eyes again near the rock alluded to, and grasped it eagerly for support. He now heard voices shouting that a boy was drowned, and saw men at a distance, who, having found clothes but seeing no bather, were alarming the neighborhood, that search might be made in the river.

In relating this circumstance not long before his death, Mr. Dunbar said the picture of that white-robed form and the grasp of its hand were as distinct in his mind then as if he had really seen it, and added: "I have often thought of this passage in connection with it: 'Are they not all ministering spirits, sent to minister unto them who are the heirs of salvation?' God was not done with me then. He had work for me to do on earth. And who can tell but he sent an angel from his courts to save me?"

After this, he was troubled with fearful dreams and convictions of sin. Among his papers is the following with reference to this period: "The first religious impression I remember to have felt was at the age of twelve or thirteen years, when hearing a missionary preach near where my father lived. I was so inattentive to the discourse that I cannot remember his text nor any particular truth he advanced. But so it was, that on the way home my soul was filled with horror from a sense of guilt, which I got somewhat over by resolving to give up my play and to read the Scriptures. This I attended to when I reached home. I read that afternoon; but in the night had dreadful thoughts of eternity. This was, however, of short duration; and my mind soon became as

dead and insensible as ever. I do not recollect to have had one serious thought from that time during the space of three years, when I remember hearing one L— D—, a young minister, whose discourse left some impressions, which I think led me to pray for a day or two; but this, too, was soon forgotten."

There was not a little superstition mingled with the sound, practical common-sense of the Highlanders of that day. With this he had no sympathy; even in his boyhood taking great pleasure in showing that he was fearless of "bogles," "banshees," and the like terrific myths; and he often amused himself by playing upon the fears of the timid and credulous.

There was a legend, — we know not whether there was any foundation whatever for it, — that in the days of "lang syne" a company of wild youths used to go to the Gaick mountains, in Badernock, about twenty-four miles from Grantown, every year, on hunting excursions. They would spend several days and nights there, sleeping in a stone lodge built for their shelter. On a certain night, while drinking and carousing, away from all restraint, there came up one of those terrific thunder-storms experienced only in mountainous regions. The lightning struck the lodge, scattering the stones of which it was built, and leaving only a blackened ruin. Every one of the revellers was killed. Their friends, after waiting in vain for their return, sought them in their retreat, but found only their disfigured remains.

Thenceforth this spot became a terror to the people of the region, many of whom firmly believed that on the anniversary of that night the ghosts of the doomed revellers came and danced round a fire among the ruins.

Young Dunbar had heard this stated as a fact from

his earliest years, and when about sixteen or seventeen he resolved to prove the story a fiction. He induced two or three young companions to share with him the adventure and the glory; for it took stout hearts to face ghosts in those days.

Taking their guns and pluids, and filling their knapsacks with provisions, they set off amid the tears and entreaties of their friends, who feared they would be spirited away for their foolhardiness. After a long and weary tramp, "the bold laddies" reached the haunted ruin. They built a fire and ate their supper; and after a merry evening spent in singing, and conversation spiced with jokes at the expense of the ghosts, they wrapped themselves in their plaids and lay down to sleep. Morning broke on the hills, and neither ghost nor goblin had disturbed them. After a few days' sport, they returned home, to the surprise as well as admiration of their friends, and exposed the fallacy of the time-honored legend.

Like excursions were made to the Cairngorm mountains, in search of the agates commonly called Scotch pebbles, many of which, after being polished, are of rare beauty. But it was the wildness and danger of the adventures, more than the ghosts or the pebbles, which gave them their peculiar charm.

It is very pleasant to find in these youthful sports no evidences of cruelty or ill-nature, but many proofs of the genial spirit and benevolent consideration of others which marked Mr. Dunbar's after life. He seems now to have been well satisfied with his religious state, and unconcerned of the need of being "born again." Indeed, his birth in Bible-reading, Sabbath-keeping Scotland, and his "baptism" into the Kirk, were tantamount, in his mind, to the

new birth spoken of in Scripture. The community around him were at that time in a state of spiritual death. All who had been "baptized" in infancy, who had learned the Assembly's Catechism, and who maintained outward morality, were, at the age of eighteen, admitted to the Lord's Supper and received into full communion with the church. Thus every member of society, unless openly profane, impure, or dishonest, was a "Christian;" indeed, it was an open reproach to stand outside the fold. Thousands who were tenacious of the tenets and forms of the church, and pharisaically strict in their religious observances, lived and died without experiencing the power of the gospel in their hearts. They loved the Kirk with the same patriotic fervor with which the Jews of old loved Zion, and resented any innovations upon her polity or doctrines as heresy meriting the severest punishment.

## CHAPTER II.

Lachlin McIntosh — Persecution for Christ's Sake — Peter Grant — Seeking after God — The Laird of Grant — His Justice and Generosity — The Awakened Soul — A Blind Leader — Temptation to Suicide — The Deposed Schoolmaster — Led to the Cross — Peace in Believing.

BOUT this time, which has been termed "the midnight of the Church of Scotland," the brothers Robert and James Alexander Haldane experienced the great change from nature to grace. Henceforth they devoted their wealth and talents to the spread of evangelical religion, particularly in their native Scotland. For this purpose they took under their care pious young men, both Baptists and Independents, to train for missionary work. Among these was Mr. Lachlin McIntosh, a friend and fellow-student of the late honored and beloved Rev. Dr. Maclay, of New York.

It was the custom of these godly men to make tours themselves, preaching Christ in the streets, the woods, or wherever men would listen. Their hearts were touched for Grantown and its vicinity, and they established Mr. McIntosh there. He was not a Baptist, and therefore did not arouse the enmity of the Kirk as the Haldanes themselves might have done on some points. But he preached Christ crucified without asking either the consent or the patronage of the great. Therefore he was looked upon as a heretic, and his meetings were denounced as unlawful con-

venticles. A course of systematic persecution was instituted against the good man and his little flock, and only the greater light of the age prevented their being hunted, like the Covenanters, over hill and muir.

The Laird of Grant was at that time absent on the continent, but there were not wanting men to acquaint him with the bold interference of the zealous missionary, and the disaffection of his few followers toward the Establishment. Of course he, as a good Presbyterian, could not countenance such disorderly proceedings, and forbade Mr. McIntosh to preach in any building within his domains. This was enough for the bigoted partisans who had arrayed themselves against the evangelical movement, and they annoyed and worried this servant of God in ways the laird would never have countenanced. He was not only forbidden to preach in any building on the estate, but the people were threatened not to harbor him in their houses. One man in Grantown was actually fined heavily for giving a night's lodging to the blessed outcast.

The little band now chose a grove, close by the house of Mr. Thomas Dunbar, as their sanctuary; and not a little mirth was spent on them and their worship. The boys of the region, hearing the minister and his views ridiculed at home, felt quite at liberty to make his meetings a place of merriment and rude sport; and not unfrequently did the little grove resound at the same time with the song of praise and the laughter of fools. It was the custom of some of these graceless young "sons of the church" to pelt him with tufts of grass and other missiles while his eyes were closed in prayer. One such scene made a deep impression on the mind of Duncan Dunbar. While the man of God was praying, a lad, darting from behind a tree, threw an egg, which struck him in the forehead. Mr. McIntosh

raised his white handkerchief, and, manifesting not the slightest resentment, wiped away all traces of the insult without ever ceasing his fervent prayer.

Among the youths who came there from curiosity was one of no little importance among his fellows. He paid great attention to his personal appearance, and was looked up to as the leader of the "ton," among the striplings of Grantown. After the above-mentioned insulting attack on the unoffending servant of God, and his awfully impressive prayer, there was a great change in the mien of Peter Grant. Many of the little artifices and ornaments which had called forth the admiration of his associates were now missing. His merry face was marked with great solemnity, and his once mirthful tongue was so silent as to call forth the surprise of all who knew him. The spirit of God had touched him. From that day Peter Grant was an humble and devoted follower of Christ, and it was henceforth his glory to mingle in that lowly band as a brother in tribulation. At these services in the grove, Peter Grant and Duncan Dunbar first met. The former, several years the senior, still lives to mourn the loss of a brother beloved in the Lord. He is, and for long years has been, the pastor of the very church founded by Lachlin McIntosh, in the care of which he is now assisted by his son, Rev. William Grant.

Among Mr. Dunbar's papers we find the following in a schoolboy hand:—

"I now removed to a friend's house far from my father's. Being a favorite of the minister of H—, I received from him the loan of two books, 'The Spectator' and a volume of Tracts, wherein were contained anecdotes of several who had been converted. Their experiences were

interesting, I having never heard of the like before. I read this book until I grew in love with the peace and joy which seemed to possess their souls when they left their former course and turned to God. I now resolved to watch over my temper, and was so much in love with virtue that I sacrificed many of my pleasures; but still I was uneasy. By and by thoughts of the being of a God occurred to my mind, and I began reading the Bible. I soon became convinced that I was a great sinner, and must immediately repent."

Then follow these imperfect notes, never meant for another's eye:—

" Sermon — watch and pray — great burden — overcome with sleep — increasing views of God's holiness — temptation that it is too late — call upon minister — call again — fears of losing my soul and wish that I had never been born — go home — dreams of horror — see my great ignorance — know not what the gospel is — feel my hardness of heart — hear of my brother's illness, and wish his place were mine — go to see him — hear of Jesus' love — feel some wonder, and decide it is no use to try — read Pilgrim's Progress — no good."

But to return to Mr. McIntosh. The Laird of Grant had come back to his Highland Castle, and, hearing such contradictory accounts of him, generously inquired into the merits of the case. While Kirk partisans painted his heresy in glowing colors, many, who had no sympathy with his views, gave him, in justice, a kindly word; and his own adherents, who knew him better than either, spoke of his forbearance, his zeal, and his unfailing kindness to all parties, and pointed to many, who, through his

influence, had been drawn from open sin, and were now virtuous and godly men.

When the noble laird saw that Mr. McIntosh had been a blessing to the community, rather than a curse, as had been represented, he resolved, in the spirit of a true Scottish gentleman, to make amends to him and his little flock for the persecution they had suffered. He therefore gave them land on which to build a chapel, where they might worship God in their own humble way, unmolested. The light that godly man then kindled on those Scottish hills has never been quenched. It has guided many souls to God, and still burns on brightly, showing the path to the celestial city.

Young Dunbar had long been, as we have seen, absent from home, and probably had heard nothing of the little band who had now forsaken the grove, by his father's house, for their own chapel. He still attended the Kirk service, as his parents were rigid adherents of its doctrines and forms. His mother, however, a woman of the tenderest sensibilities, had felt a strong sympathy for the persecuted McIntosh, and he well remembered, after having himself at one time entertained the family by an account of "the sport in the grove," her taking him aside and warning him solemnly to have no part in it, saying, "This is a man of God, my son; be very careful how you treat him."

He was now at home again and about eighteen years of age; when, from what immediate cause we do not know, his attention was turned to the concerns of his soul. He grew suddenly sick of his former cherished amusements, and began to dread the faces of his old companions. He was restless and miserable. He knew not what ailed him, nor whither to fly for relief. His sins rose like mountains,

and he felt the wrath of God abiding on him. He was at last brought to a complete stand. Praying, reading the Bible, and forsaking his pleasures gave no comfort. He formed a resolution bold for those days, — to lay his case before the minister, believing that he, if any one, could heal diseases of the soul. Trembling with the awe which the Scottish minister of that time inspired, but over which the young of our day and country have more than triumphed, he presented himself at the manse, where, being a great favorite, he had so often been honored by a smile and the loan of a book. He was graciously received, and, after much fear and trembling, succeeded in confessing his burden of sin and portraying his anguish on account of it; and implored the minister as a man of God to point him to the path of peace. It seems the worthy man was not taken wholly by surprise, for rumor had already brought to him the suspicion that the young leader in the village gayety was growing melancholy — perhaps losing his mind. So, after listening patiently for some time, he said soothingly, “This canna’ be, Duncan; ye are called by all one of the very best laddies in Grantown. Ye are ill, my young friend, and your mind has taken this melancholy turn.”

His visitor insisted that his bodily health was never better, and that only his soul was sick.

“Now, take my advice, laddie,” said the old man, kindly, “and return to your young companions and your innocent pleasures, and thus throw off this morbid gloom. Otherwise ye’ll surely lose your reason.”

Young Dunbar told him that the very thought of those companions and pleasures and the hours he had wasted with them were as arrows to his soul. The minister looked pitifully at him and said, “I used to

hear you playing the German flute in the garden ; now try that again ; music will cheer ye, and surely there canna' be any sin in a flute."

But, "as vinegar to the teeth, and as nitre to a wound, so is music to a sorrowful heart." The skill of the physician was well-nigh spent ; but a new thought now struck him.

"How old are ye, Duncan ?" he asked.

"Nineteen."

"And ye have never partaken of the sacrament ?"

"Never."

"Well, then, the cause of your trouble is quite plain to me. Ye are the son of worthy Christian parents, yourself an upright lad, bound to set a good example to your companions. Ye have been unfaithful, and God is frowning on ye. At the next sacrament come forward and take your place among the children of God, and after partaking ye will be at peace, I think."

But alas, it was in vain ! The conscience, roused by the Spirit of God, could not thus be lulled back to its carnal slumbers, and he replied, "Oh, sir, I could never dare to do that ! A sinner under the wrath of God and rebelling against his justice, to sit down and commemorate his dying love among his children ! He would surely come out in sudden judgment, and smite me at his table."

After a little reflection, a new solution of the mystery appeared to the minister, and, in a solemn tone, he said, looking keenly into his young parishioner's eye, — "Duncan, my lad, ye have always borne a good name in the place, and been a great favorite, and all point to ye as an example for the young. But I fear, from your present condition, that ye have deceived us all ! Ye must have committed some awful crime, which is tormenting your conscience and driving ye to despair. If this is so, ye may

confess it freely to me, in the strictest confidence, and I will still be your friend. What ha' ye been doing, laddie ?”

“ Nothing in all my life, sir, that I would not be willing my parents should know. It is the sins of my heart, which none but God can see, my rebellion against him, my rejection of Christ, — in short, my exceeding vileness in his sight, which makes me wish I had never been born ! I am so full of sin that I cannot see how God can *possibly* pardon me, and yet remain a just and holy Being.” The minister shook his head mournfully, admitted that he saw no help, and dismissed his soul-stricken guest with the cheering assurance, “ I think ye are losing your mind, laddie.”

Young Dunbar being so well known in the parish, his state of mind soon became a subject of discussion, and not a few of the comments on it reached his ear, causing him very deep distress. A dear and valued friend of his early life, Mrs. McAllan, of Aberdeen, writes, since his death :

“ You must have heard of his awful state of mind before he obtained peace through the blood of the Lamb. He was in Montrose, and one day made up his mind to commit suicide, and thus put an end to his suffering, as he in his desperation thought ; and this was his plan, — to run along on the parapet of the bridge, and then drop down, that it might be thought an accident, as he was known to be fond of deeds of daring and fearless of all danger.”

“ Failing to find any comfort from the minister,” writes a friend, “ he went home, feeling as if he should sink into the earth, and saying to himself, ‘ What shall I do, and whither shall I flee to escape the vengeance of an angry God.’ I think it was on the evening of that very

day that he told a servant—perhaps the only person who would listen to him—the cause of his trouble, and explained to her the danger of living thus exposed to death and hell. On hearing this, and witnessing his anguish of spirit, she at once became the subject of like convictions. He now felt the weight of her case added to his own, and wept and prayed with her. We can easily imagine how a family and neighborhood, unused to such manifestations, would look upon them, nor can we wonder that they should exclaim, ‘Sure, the laddie’s daft.’”

“I think we may conclude,” continues the friend referred to, “that then and there commenced his life-work of awakening, instrumentally, the careless, and winning souls to Christ.”

While in this state of mental agony, he heard that a neighbor had said, “Duncan Dunbar is going crazy like old James——, the schoolmaster, in the mountains. He was taken the same way, talking about his being a great sinner, which everybody knew was not true, and mourning, lamenting, and praying for a long time; and then came a change, when he did nothing but sing and pray, and preach to everybody who would listen to him. Of course the minister could not countenance such irregular conduct, and the parish school was taken from him, and now he lives in great poverty in the mountains; but he talks and sings, preaches and prays, all the same, as happy as a king.”

These words opened a door of hope. One soul, at least, had been in these bonds and was set free; and who could tell but that he also might yet be forgiven and saved? He at once resolved to pay a secret visit to the deposed schoolmaster. One Sabbath morning, before the family were astir, he left the house noiselessly and commenced

his walk of several miles, in the gray dawn. After some hours he reached a group of cottages of the very humblest class ever occupied by Scottish peasants, and inquired for James —. The one low door of the building was ajar, and, as he stood before it, a song of praise and gladness broke the stillness of the Sabbath air. When that ceased, the voice of prayer rose so clear and calm that he felt it was entering the ear of Heaven. It was like music to his soul, for the confessions as well as the desires were his own. After the fervent "Amen," he tapped at the door which led to the one apartment, and a kind voice bade him "come in." He entered, and stood before a gentleman, such as one would not expect to meet in so poor a place.

In Scotland, the parish schoolmaster is no ordinary man, but always a thorough-bred scholar, and usually a gentleman. In most cases such are educated for the ministry, and, either choosing to teach, or failing to get the gift of a living, take this position, second in importance only to the minister's. In most of the rural villages of that noble land young men can be fitted for college in the parish school as well as in a collegiate academy, for only men who are qualified to do this are ever appointed to the place.

Addressing his host, the visitor said, "I'm a stranger to you, sir, and have come for a little advice."

Giving him a cordial greeting and seating him, the old man said, "Ye are very welcome, laddie, to our poor home. If it's business that brings ye, ye must abide till the morrow, for we do none on the Lord's day."

The young stranger then opened his heart and told his errand, while tears ran freely down the old man's cheeks. When the tale was ended, he turned to his wife saying, "Here you see an answer to our prayers; I was one

year," he said, "praying for the soul of my wife, and when God gave me that, we joined together in pleading for one soul more."

Here, in this humble abode, the troubled one was pointed to Christ as the only way of life, and warned not to make a saviour of his prayers, his efforts, his tears, or even of his deep convictions; and the way to heaven by the cross, without "the deeds of the law," was made plain to his mind.

He was now informed that the worthy couple were wont to walk several miles over the heath-covered hills to meet a few disciples, of kindred spirit, for worship. Forgetting the weariness of the way he had already come, he gladly accepted their invitation to accompany them thither. They were Independents, answering to the Congregationalists of New England. Among them and on his way home, his soul was filled to overflowing with the peace of God and the joy of forgiveness. The change was truly from darkness to light, and the glory of the Lord filled his soul as fully as terror had done before. "Shortly after he found peace," writes an honored friend, "he saw his former minister, with whom he was still a favorite. He entreated Duncan not to leave the Established Church, but to stand by him, and to induce others to do so likewise; telling him that he might teach and even preach to the people, but not to leave them!" Then Duncan took the bold step to say "that there was a little band of people here who feared God, with whom he now intended to worship." However little he may have seen or known of Mr. McIntosh's church after they worshipped in the glen, he now discovered the sympathy there was between himself and them, and, like Peter when released from prison, he went to his own company.

### CHAPTER III.

*Aspirations for a Military Life — Residence in Aberdeen — Marriage — Labors as a Layman — Thoughts on Christian Baptism — Desires for wider Usefulness — Sails for America — Low State of Evangelical Religion in the British Provinces — His Labors in New Brunswick and their Results — Call to Ordination by an Independent Church — Increased Trials on the Mode and Subjects of Baptism — Immersion and Ordination — Settlement in St. George — Labors for the Blacks and Indians — Journal.*

**N**OT long after his conversion, young Dunbar went to the academy connected with the Edinboro' University, where he remained a considerable time. On leaving school, his great desire was to enter the army; and a relative, Major Dunbar, and other influential friends, promised to get him a commission.

While waiting for this he left home on a hunting expedition to the Lowlands. At Arbroath he made the acquaintance of Mr. Penman, a dissenting minister of the Relief church, whose views accorded with his own and by whose preaching he was much edified. He invited him most cordially to his house, where he enjoyed true Christian fellowship. On his leaving, Mr. Penman, finding he was going to Brechin, asked him to deliver a letter for Mrs. Penman to a young member of his church, who, with her widowed mother and a sister, had recently removed there. He did so; and the acquaintance thus formed resulted in his marriage to the lady to whom he bore the letter, — Miss Christina Mitchell; an event than which no other proved more clearly God's kindness to him personally, or conduced more to his success as a minister of the gospel. Her gentle, loving nature, and her deep,

earnest piety, made her unobtrusive life one long and beautiful walk with God.

After this little tour, Mr. Dunbar returned to his Highland home. Just then the victory at Waterloo put an end to hostilities, and there was no more call for officers or men. He therefore went into business in Aberdeen, and soon after married. He remained several years in this city, ardent and zealous as a Christian, and preaching as a layman when opportunity offered. Feeling a deep interest in the truth of God, and being an earnest student of the Scriptures, his attention was now called to the mode and subjects of baptism. He was not acquainted with one person holding the views he afterward adopted, and his trials and subsequent decision were wholly the result of reading the New Testament.

Having a strong desire for wider usefulness, Mr. Dunbar now resolved to visit America. He left his native land in June, 1817, and, as a rebuke to the impatient spirit which in our time can hardly brook ten days on the voyage, we insert the following from his meagre journal kept during that time:—

“ I left Scotland for America, June 5th, 1817, Sabbath, in the ship ‘Minerva,’ Capt. Strachan, who treated me with very great kindness. Sailed from Aberdeen. In a fortnight, anchored in Thurso Bay to wait for passengers. Went on shore. In ten days sailed for Fort William. Narrow escape from being upset in a squall while running up the narrow strait called ‘The Sound of Mull.’ At Fort William staid several days. Took in ten passengers, among them Capt. Alexander Chisholm, late of the African Corps, several years in Africa; also a young priest and several other Roman Catholics. Here often went on shore; re-

ceived a letter to James Fraser, Esq., Halifax, to which, as a means in the hand of Providence, I owe more than all the others."

Having arrived in America, he proceeded to the British Province of New Brunswick. We give an extract of a letter from an esteemed friend in Eastport:—

"My mother can distinctly remember his telling her the trials of his mind about coming to America. He believed that his Master had a work for him to do on this continent; and when he landed in Eastport he felt that he had come to the wrong place, and so did not stop here, but passed on to St. Andrews, where the same feeling took possession of his mind. From that place he went to St. George, and, in his own words, when he first set foot on that soil he felt, 'This is the place; I am where I should be.'"

Here Mr. Dunbar was received with the warmth and cordiality which awaited him wherever he went. His heart was full of the work which had brought him over the sea. For a short season he devoted himself to teaching in St. George, his evenings being much occupied in preaching in the village and vicinity. Numbers of his scholars were hopefully converted. Though not yet ordained as a minister, he felt constrained to speak to his fellow-men of the great truths of the gospel, which so powerfully impressed his own mind, as he had previously done, to some extent, in his own country. His labors in this respect were incessant, and characterized by the same ardent zeal which marked his ministry in later years.

A lady, now resident in the States, remarked to the writer that some of the people thought him "eccentric," which may be explained by the wide contrast between his

own flaming zeal and the spiritual deadness which at that time generally prevailed in the Province.

While residing in St. George, Mr. Dunbar made occasional visits to St. Andrews and other places, spending a week or fortnight at a time in visiting and preaching. On such occasions he was her mother's guest, and she distinctly remembers his prayers in the family as being peculiarly fervent and impressive. Once, she said, it seemed to them that the very floor shook under them as they were kneeling, so intense were his pleadings for the impenitent. The impression then made upon her youthful mind was never effaced.

Mr. Dunbar's visits to St. Andrews were very annoying to the Church of England clergyman, a Mr. Mirey, who, writes a friend, "threatened to imprison him for preaching sectarian doctrines, until a Mr. McMaster, a Scotch Presbyterian minister, told him it would be the dearest thing that he ever did."

A pamphlet of one hundred pages, "A Concise View of the Origin and Principles of the Several Religious Denominations Existing, at present in the Province of New Brunswick, by the Rev. D. Dunbar, 1819," contains the following allusions to the reverend persecutor: "Episcopacy is established by law in the Province of New Brunswick; and, although dissenters are tolerated, they are in no wise allowed any help from the Province treasury to build places of worship. That public purse, however (which undoubtedly belongs to dissenters as well as churchmen), is always open when one, two, or three hundred pounds are wanted by a few individuals, in any part of the province, to build an *Episcopal* church. This partiality is not to be ascribed to any defect in the established laws of the Province, but proceeds from the

management of affairs in the House of Assembly, — a matter which dissenters will, no doubt, keep in view at the next general election. The lukewarm indifference of the *church clergy* has opened the eyes of many already; and Providence seems to have sent one gentleman of that order (in *mercy*), to the county of Charlotte, who, if spared, will soon unmask *himself* and *his brethren*. He is likely to make more dissenters in one month than all the ‘sectarian’ ministers in the province have made for years.”

Mr. Dunbar’s sphere of labor becoming extended, and his zeal and success attracting much attention, the Independent Church in Sheffield, N. B., invited him to become its pastor; which invitation he accepted to the extent of preaching to them, *without administering the ordinances*. The church were desirous that he should be ordained, and wrote him, while he was staying for a time in St. John, expressing their dissatisfaction at his delay. From his reply, we learn that this arose from his having the subject of baptism under serious examination. But he expected ere long to arrive at a decision, and more than hinted at the result. At length his mind found rest in the scriptural doctrine of believers’ baptism, and he was immersed by the Rev. Mr. Griffin, of St. John, in the harbor of that city, October 31, 1818, in company with Mr. (now Rev.) J. Bunting and others. He was ordained at that time or immediately after.

It is interesting to know that about this time Mr. McIntosh and his whole church in Grantown became Baptists, and pastor and people were immersed in one day; and there a numerous band are still bearing their testimony to the primitive simplicity of this significant ordinance.

Mr. Dunbar’s change of views on this subject did not

lose him either the esteem or confidence of his brethren of other denominations. The church in Sheffield commissioned him, when leaving for Scotland the next spring, to procure for them a pastor, which he did to their satisfaction.

After this, Mr. Dunbar preached in various places, chiefly in St. George, where he became pastor of the Baptist church.

"The original church," writes a friend, "had nearly lost its visibility, and its members were like the church in Sardis; but your father, after his change of sentiments, called them together and told them he had a call from St. Davids; but if even ten of them would unite and form a new church, he would stop with them, even though he should have to live in the most frugal manner with barely the necessaries of life. He did stay; and there was such an outpouring of the Holy Spirit as is seldom seen; and most who came into the church at that time were men of earnest, heartfelt piety."

From the journal which follows, some idea may be formed of his labors in this place and elsewhere. It also shows how his heart was affected by the religious destitution of the region, and how much he was interested in the formation of a missionary society for the evangelization of the Province, including the Blacks and Indians.

"*Sabbath, March 14.* Was very earnest with God this morning for the help of his Spirit to give me a clear view of the doctrine of internal grace and the Spirit's work upon the hearts of his people, and particularly because the very foundation of this essential truth is attacked by Mr. —'s new notions, which seem to be gaining ground. Was much straitened until a few minutes before I entered the pulpit. Read one chapter of 1st

John, and, in connection, lectured from fifty-first Psalm. I can truly say that the Lord heard and helped me. From these portions of Scripture I was enabled to show the necessity of feeling a lively sense of our daily sins, and of confessing them to God, praying for his Spirit to apply the cleansing influence of the blood of Christ to our guilty consciences.

"In the evening, preached to the black people, at the house of Mrs. S., from Isaiah xli. 9: 'Thou whom I have taken from the ends of the earth, and called thee from the chief men thereof, and said unto thee, Thou art my servant; I have chosen thee, and not cast thee away.' Found great comfort in my own mind. Many of the poor blacks attended, and some were in tears. Encouraged them with the prospect of an African church, and appointed another meeting for them to-morrow evening.

"Spoke to the black people again from 1 John iii.: 'Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God!' Having given liberty to any who might wish to speak, a poor negro woman rose and declared that she had come five miles the day before to seek the Lord, in consequence of a strong impression on her mind. While speaking to her of the love of God and of the blood of Christ as the only sure foundation to rest upon, and of the great danger of delusion, she fainted away.

"Strong prejudice against the blacks in St. John. But why all this? Oh, wicked heart!

"I think of establishing a missionary residence, for Indians or Blacks, where ministers may spend one month each to labor with and improve them; the only way to clear expenses and make them independent."

Thus was his great heart ever beating with pity for those who had no helper, compassionate toward the sorrowful and outcast.

“Strong in faith when I awoke, to speak from Matt. xxv. 39, 40. After breakfast and a solitary walk by the seaside, went to church and spoke from the above words. The Lord helped me. Thought how many there were of God’s people in this Province who were spiritually hungry and thirsty and naked, and recommended missionary efforts to Christians. Proposed a collection for that purpose and promised to preach to the young people in the evening.

“Did so, and was much helped in my exhortation to them to share their privileges with others and proposed to them to unite in a society. Preached from Acts xvi.: ‘Men of Macedonia,’ &c. How many in this very province wanted help, &c. *One rich professor went out of the meeting when I spoke of the iron chest, and Judas’ bag!*

“*Sabbath.* I find it good for a minister not to take notice of every seeming, or even real, neglect. While sick, some, of whom I hoped much, came not to see me, but in church I took occasion to speak kindly to them, taking no notice of anything. This seemed to gain, &c. They appeared conscious of the neglect, and acknowledged it. I said all was well. They kindly invited me to their houses. May the Lord give me ‘the wisdom of the serpent,’ &c.

“I visited several families, and overcame my usual diffidence so far as to speak something in every place, and found it profitable for myself. Lord, in my zeal for thy cause let me speak though kings should hear.

“I give thee my soul this night, dear Saviour; accept and keep it.”

## CHAPTER IV.

Formation of the New Brunswick Evangelical Society — Sails for Great Britain — Journal — Arrival in Glasgow — Hindrance in his Work — Kind Reception and Sympathy from Dr. Chalmers, &c. — Journal — Letter.

**I**N the spring of the year 1819, a society was constituted under the name of "The Evangelical Society of New Brunswick," embracing three religious denominations, and numbering among its supporters some of the most eminent Christian men in the Province.

It was deemed advisable that Mr. Dunbar should visit Great Britain in behalf of the Society, to obtain funds and missionaries.

He accordingly sailed from St. John in the "Marcus Hill," June 19, 1819.

From a journal which he kept at this time we make a few selections:—

*Wednesday, June 19, 1819.* Arrived at St. John. In afternoon went on board with my black boy. I desire to be useful on board this ship. I pray that God may give me zeal and also favor in the eyes of the captain that I may have access to the crew.

*Sunday.* In the morning great desire to have my heart softened with love to the perishing souls of the many around me in this ship, but feel it as hard as adamant; was, however, determined to follow duty, and consequently at

twelve, having obtained the captain's consent, all hands were mustered on the quarter-deck. All were silent and attentive. Read and sung part of a hymn, prayed and expounded. Was very languid in my own mind, and had no great freedom of speech. Oh that God's Holy Spirit might follow what has been imperfectly said, that the name of Jesus might be glorified, and at least one poor soul be released from bondage.

"May God give me wisdom, that I may know how to be all things to all men!

"Administered some medicine to two sick men on board.

"*Monday.* Beautiful day, but no wind. Felt grieved to hear the crew swear and blaspheme, and spoke plainly to one K., from Greenock. He acknowledged his wrong and was thankful for the admonition. Spoke much to another, who has been sick for some time and is recovering. He confessed his having some serious thoughts while confined, and this was ground for my entering into serious conversation with him. Encouraged by having embraced such an opportunity. Many suggestions to my mind: 'You are only a passenger; you need not care for those on board; if you can conduct so that none can charge you with anything unbecoming your profession, that is all that can be expected,' &c.

"If the Lord will, I resolve to devote every Monday to reading, and conversing, where opportunity occurs, with the crew; and Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, to writing; Saturday to self-examination, and prayer for a blessing on the approaching Sabbath.

"Oh that I could live alone to God! I have thought to-day that I did not love at all, and I fear that thought is true. Oh for grace to conquer my old nature!

"At evening I took up Watts's Hymn Book, and while

reading several hymns, I did sensibly experience in my soul a degree of love to the Saviour, and could have given the whole world that my love were stronger, my evidence clearer, my faith more active, my corruption subdued. It came forcibly into my mind that this comfortable frame must have been produced by the Holy Spirit and that it was an answer to prayer, for I was praying in the morning for this very thing. I think, while in such a frame, how glad would I be to have an opportunity of preaching the gospel to thousands. Oh that my dear Saviour would manifest his love to my benighted soul! Oh that my dear wife were present to share in my joys!

“*Monday.* Nothing interesting during the last week; almost a perfect calm, and my patience truly put to the test, as my desires for a quick passage are very great and my hopes extremely sanguine; but the Governor of seas shall do his pleasure, and he knows what is best for his creatures. May I be enabled to say from the heart, ‘Thy will be done, whate’er betide.’

“Oh, how hard to bring an ungrateful heart to a fixed confidence in God, to a sense of his love, to a hatred of sin, to a pure love of holiness!

“*Sunday.* Crew assembled at twelve o’clock; preached; great attention for an hour and a half. While I sang, prayed, and read from the second to the thirty-first verses of Prov. i., and discoursed from Gen. xxii. 10, I was encouraged to hope the Lord would bless his word to some. How should I feel encouraged? was God to manifest his love to any of these poor outcasts! I was earnest with my Saviour in the morning, that I might be helped to speak and feel a sense of the worth of their souls. In some measure, I trust, he heard me.

“The captain himself was very attentive, and as he has

been reading the life of Col. Gardiner, which I gave him a day or two before, I took occasion to speak with him freely after dinner while walking together on the quarter-deck."

Mr. D. reached Glasgow, August, 1819. While here, he was the welcome guest of Donald Macdonald, Esq.; and the friendship between them was only interrupted by the death of the former. Immediately on his arrival in Scotland, Mr. D. commenced his labors in behalf of the Missionary Society. His having become a Baptist now raised a serious obstacle in the way of his mission. A Mr. W., who had gone to New Brunswick from Ireland, endeavored to undermine his influence, by writing to Dr. Chalmers and other clergymen of the Presbyterian Church in Glasgow, that Mr. D.'s purpose was to raise funds "for making schism in the church already established in the Province."

The subject was investigated by several Presbyterian ministers, particularly by Dr. Love, Dr. Burns, and Dr. Chalmers and others, of Glasgow, all of whom warmly sympathized with Mr. D. in these trying circumstances; and the result was a most hearty endorsement of him by these distinguished men, as a devoted minister of Christ, and of his work as eminently important.

With these credentials he resumed his labors for the Society, visiting various parts of Scotland, England, and Ireland, and meeting with very encouraging success. He was taken kindly by the hand; welcomed to the pulpits of his brethren of various denominations, and encouraged to plead his cause. Two or three men were found ready to consecrate themselves to missionary work in the Province and to accompany him on his return.

During his absence from N. B., from June, 1819, to

Oct. 1820, when he left Glasgow for America, he kept a journal, devoted chiefly to a record of the religious exercises of his mind. It will appear from this how faithful he was with his own soul, and how, through severe spiritual conflicts, God was preparing him to become eminently an experimental preacher.

“*December 8, 1819.* Prayer to God; desire to live unto God.

“Alas, O my Saviour! when shall I be wise? When shall I fear thee aright? Look back, my soul, on B——, B——, A——, Edin——, to Ireland, to Greenock, to Glasgow. Examine the state of the mind at all these places. But oh, that solitary night at N. H.; the promise to God; the prayer put up; the journey to A.; interposition at the moment the most desperate! Surely this is like God; his manner of correcting his people; bitter in the bud; mercies at Glasgow. Helps there from sermons by Dr. Chalmers, Dr. Love, &c.

“Dr. C.’s text, Rom. — The manner of the Spirit’s illumination; what grieved him, what cherished him. Dr. Love, Acts vii. — ‘I have seen, I have seen the affliction of my people,’ &c. He seeth; he knoweth, for he sendeth affliction; but he cometh down to deliver. Improvement; bring trials under his notice by prayer.

“Much talk, even on religion, fosters pride and destroys seriousness. O Lord, for Jesus’ sake, give me grace to think much and speak little. Let me hourly examine myself. Keep me, Lord, from pride and presumption. Let me never be satisfied nor count myself safe except when humble, and calm, and solemn in mind. May I ever value prayer more than I have done.

“*Sabbath, December —, 1819, at Liverpool.* Morning, preached for Mr. Philip, from Isaiah i. 13–16.

1. Blessing turned into a curse. 2. Test of this. 3. Remedy.

“Preached in Spencer’s pulpit. After meeting, stood on his grave; dispersed the snow with my foot from his stone.

“In the afternoon, heard Mr. Philip, from 2 Tim. iv. 18. . . . I have found *this* to be a truth; and may the Lord, by his Holy Spirit, deeply impress upon my mind that if the *means* are neglected grace will not thrive. ‘Watch and pray.’

“*Monday, December* —, 1819. At night, much desire and some feeble effort to wrestle with God; wishing to be placed in some lonely situation; but, then, Satan would find me out. Lord, make me content, and fit me for every duty.

“*Tuesday.* In the morning, rather calm; went out depending on the grace of God. The nature of my duty unfriendly to watchfulness, but I see clearly nothing else will secure victory.

“*Wednesday Morning.* How pressing is sloth when one awakens; how hard to bring the mind to fix upon God; how malicious the devil; how completely he manages my soul and distresses me until I have recourse to God’s Word, the Sword of the Spirit! Lord, for thy sake, teach me more than ever to value thy Word; and, oh, let thy Spirit accompany it for my sanctification! I think it is my desire to live to God; but so light, so vacant, so vain, so unstable are all my thoughts and resolutions, that I dare not promise. Oh for a fulfilment of that Scripture, ‘The Lord will deliver me from every evil word, and preserve me unto his heavenly kingdom!’

“Surely, the tongue is an unruly member, a world of iniquity, set on fire of hell. Lord, deliver me from it.

"*Friday, December 17, 1819.* Hard to keep the vain heart near to God in any duty, especially public duties, in a strange place.

"*Sabbath, December 19, 1819.* Oh, the devices of Satan! the danger of *comfortable feelings!* — they make one think he is strong, and then Satan is ready to attack. . . . Some hope in reading the twenty-fifth Psalm, and in prayer.

"*Tuesday Evening, December 21.* . . . This night, O Lord, my naked soul would fall upon thy mercy in Christ, and pray thee, for his dear name's sake, to accept of me, soul and body, as I vowed at N. H. Oh, let me no more wander; sanctify and cleanse me, and prepare me for thy service, in dependence upon thy sovereign grace.

"O God, search my heart; let me know how I can obtain assurance of thy pardoning love. My soul would pant after thee, O adorable Saviour! Surely the recovery of such a rebel will glorify thy matchless grace. . . .

". . . . Do I desire credit for what may be done, or is it my only desire that Christ may be exalted, and sinners saved? O God, make my soul sincere, and pardon all the past!

"*Wednesday, December 22.* To-day very successful in behalf of the Society. . . . O blessed Saviour! guide me by thy word and Spirit, and keep my feet from falling.

"*Sunday, December 26, 1819.* Heard Mr. Philip, from Psalm — Beauty of Holiness.

"*Afternoon.* Preached for Mr. Philip, from Heb. ii. 3. Much fear, but I believe the Lord helped me. Heard Mr. Raffles. Powerful language and choice expressions, but too much motion of the body. Discourse from 1 Cor. xv. It was blessed to my soul. Oh, may all within me bless His holy name! May I ever have the same confidence

that He only designs to refine, not consume me. Faith is surely everything ; all things follow it. O God of mercy, I desire, on this last Sabbath of the year, to thank and adore thee for thy many favors. I would remember my engagements to be thine, if thou wilt keep me. My soul, remember this and fear God. I feel to-night as if I should have strength supplied to bear me up.

“ O my soul, give not up your hold of God's mercy, nor his cause in which you are engaged.

“ *Monday, December 27, 1819.* Awoke to-day in a very comfortable state, with these words running through my mind, ‘ Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.’

“ Spoke at the Lyceum ; was surely helped ; then, oh, what pride ! Lord, guard me against this in future. I seem to hope that He will, at some period, reveal himself to me in love. At times, I am willing to be anything to have Christ, and faith in him ; again, aversion, indifference. Think often I was never converted. Well, now, let me admit this, — if not converted, how awful my latter end, — a hypocrite ! Oh for grace to know this, to taste the joys of salvation and the love of God ! Confused ideas of God and Christ ; too ready to take things at venture and hearsay ; proof of lukewarmness and want of saving faith. All worldly conversation no friend to grace. Word of God very precious.

“ *January 25.* Felt earnest desires after God in prayer ; hard heart, in some measure removed.

“ Surely, nothing short of communion with God ought to satisfy a soul. This morning, I resolved, in God's presence and by the entire help of his Spirit and grace, that I will desire this one thing and seek after it.

“ Surely Hart of London is right in saying, ‘ A true

Christian looks more to *Christ crucified* for comfort, than he does to the subduing and destruction of sin in his heart.' Oh, yes! the latter, I find, may be carried on under a self-righteous covering, and Christ have no room there. None but Christ! None but Christ!

"When conscience charges me with sloth, careless indifference about my soul, I feel a secret wish for the return of keen distress. I think this must be of Satan. In these distresses he finds opportunity of putting in his accusations;—the door is open—accounts are looked into—and when it is a time of general reckoning, he can the more easily forge a weighty charge and give his advice when the soul finds not wherewithal to pay. I do not recollect that I have been prevailed upon to pray for distress; yet he would surely delight to see matters brought thus far, for this would be contrary to all Scripture—to all the Psalms—to the Lord's Prayer, &c. Surely, not distress and temptations so much as love to Christ, will constrain the soul to obedience. Let me be patient, and pray to God *under* distress, but not *for* it.

"*Jan. 28.* Called on Mr. M. Unprofitable conversation. Oh, when shall I be wise? When shall I despise the opinions of men? Some men keep all their own matters, and yet would like to know the minds of others. May I be decided and humble. May I love God's people, his word and prayer. At family worship, read in John iii.—light but no heat.

"*Monday, Jan. 31, 1820.* . . . . Called on Dr. Love. . . . . Oh, how cursed pride runs through my every word and action! Surely it must be destroyed in the bud, if ever. Oh, to attain to a command over my spirit, by

the fear of God and belief in his omnipotence and omniscience!

"*Feb.* 5. Pride will feed upon anything rather than starve. . . . Oh, let me set much value upon prayer! Astonishing the struggles of indwelling sin and corruption, — how subtle the enemy. Watch and pray, O my soul!

"*Feb.* 9. No command of myself; sore struggle in the morning; an army of doubters; unbelief, fear, corruption, hardness of heart; a mighty and painful storm; slow to pray; but prayer relieved me in the course of the day. . . . Pride is first born, then weak, then grows up, and being a little cherished, asks more. What is man? Oh, may it be my inquiry, How do I appear in God's sight? Am I pleasing him or no? Oh, to have assurance of God's love in Christ! Helped when reading Hart's Hymns.

"*Feb.* 10. . . . Convinced by the Scriptures, by Hart, by Dr. Stewart, by conscience, that nothing short of the personal appropriation of Christ's blood and righteousness will do, or will be suffered to support the soul in the day of trial; and by the help of God's Spirit I will seek after this. . . . Oh, what would I give for a touch of Christ's love! Oh, such enmity, such hardness in the heart; such a man of iniquity and ingratitude! . . . If God will have mercy upon me, I purpose to seek after communion with himself. . . . Harp on the willow, indeed. Oh that I might know and feel for poor souls in like distress, and point them to the Saviour! Surely this needs faith divine, a gift from God, — when Jesus hides his face, to trust him. . . .

"Oh, what is man without command over his spirit? What is man without prayer? Empty, proud, vain, hypocritical, exposed to every snare. O my Saviour, how

much I need forgiveness! I see this night, and may I never forget this while I have my being, that I cannot trust myself one moment; that grace, like the manna, will not keep, — must be gathered every day. And I see that grace need not be expected to defeat temptation, unless valued, and sought for by diligent and earnest prayer. Past help will not help in present trials and temptations. . . . . Oh, how generously and mercifully the Spirit urges to compliance! . . . . . Oh, what false logic! Were I less sinful, I could freely come; yea, but not in that event as a vile and empty sinner, ready to perish, destitute of every hope save the mere mercy of God in Christ.

“*Wednesday, Feb. 16.* At Dr. Love’s to dinner; may I, from his behavior, learn humility, — be swift to hear, &c.

“With Dr. Chalmers.

“*March 2, 1820.* When nothing troubles me I am quite careless. Surely I need a thorn in the flesh. . . . . Alas, I almost forget poor New Brunswick! Lord, quicken me!

“Received great help, this evening, in reading the letter from my dear friend, Miss M. Oh, may God hear her prayer! I am encouraged to hope that God will yet have mercy on N. B. Oh, how sweet the spirit of true missionary zeal!

“*Sunday, March 12, 1820.* Felt a sensible touch of love to the Saviour, or rather a most sweet and ardent desire after that love. Oh, this was pleasing! May the blessed Spirit come and make my soul like the chariot of Aminadab. Long have I been in captivity and darkness.

“*March 14, 1820.* Great and kind Providence, — meeting with three young men, all partly inclined to go to N. B. . . . . Oh, when I look back to the origin of the So-

ciety, to all the steps, &c., to the present, I say, surely it is of God. O my dear Redeemer, keep me humble, and make me sincere. . . . Oh, I desire to be His."

When in Ireland, on the business of his mission, Mr. Dunbar's heart was with the lambs he had gathered into the fold in St. George. He writes to one:

. . . . "I hope, my dear young friend, that the deceitfulness of sin has not gained any encouraging victory over your soul; that you are still living by faith on the bleeding wounds of our once suffering but now exalted Redeemer. . . . Do you feel your love to Jesus becoming cold, and your delight in prayer less? If so, take heed, my dear friend; your adversary is thus seeking to destroy you. Pray much and often; tell the Saviour freely what you see and feel in yourself. He is very merciful. He knows what those temptations mean. Read much in the epistle to the Romans. Think much on the sufferings and death of Christ. Remember that

'His wisdom, his power, his faithfulness stand  
Engaged to conduct you in safety to land;  
He will not forget you; he *cannot* forget  
What Calvary witnessed to cancel your debt!'

"I often speak of you to my friends in this country, and you have the good will of many you will never see in the flesh."

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## CHAPTER V.

Returns to Scotland — Black Harry — Embarks with his Family for America — Labors on Shipboard — Provisions Fail — His Faith in God — A Birth in the Steerage — Visit from a Whale — Sufferings from Hunger — God in the Storm.

**H**AVING accomplished the object of his visit to Great Britain with reference to the Missionary Society, Mr. Dunbar set sail, with his wife and three children, for America, in the fall of 1820.

The particulars of the long and perilous voyage are well remembered by his eldest daughter, Mrs. Brush, wife of Rev. William Brush, who has prepared the following account of it, embracing also a few earlier incidents :

“The first event of any importance I can recollect is our dear father’s return from America, when we were all roused from our sleep in the night to see him. In the morning he showed us Harry, the young black man he had brought over to take care of us on the sea. We had never seen a colored person before, and were almost terror-stricken at the strange phenomenon. Father gave us each a piece of silver for him, and made us stroke his black hand and talk to him, till we lost our fears, and very soon we were great friends. Harry was the son of a good woman in St. John, who had in some way procured her own freedom, with the privilege of purchasing her son’s, if she could. When she heard that father was looking for some one to go home with him, she implored him to take Harry, and to beg his friends to buy him. This father did, raising the whole amount. Harry waited on us dur-

ing the voyage, and was most kind, attentive and obedient. Poor fellow ! He suffered all that we did on that terrible passage, reached home, and greeted his mother, a free and happy young man, only to lose his life by the same treacherous element from which we had just escaped. He had gone out, not long after his return, in a little row-boat, in the harbor of St. John, and was drowned within a hundred yards of the shore. The poor heart-broken mother could not rest till she came and lived with us in St. George. I mention Jenny and Harry only to show the deep interest our father always took in the slaves. It began with these two and ended only with life.

“The next event which made any deep impression on my childish memory was the distress and anguish, venting itself in tears, of our grandmother Mitchell at parting with us. After we had all been kissed again and again, and pressed to her heart many times, we entered the carriage, the door was closed behind us, and the horses started. She ran after us, opened the door, and threw herself into the carriage in an agony of grief. It was with great difficulty that she was induced to go into the house while her youngest child was going away from her forever. Her swollen eyes and agonized countenance I shall never forget. That was the last we ever saw of our grandmother. From Glasgow we took some kind of vessel for Londonderry, and had a terrible night on the Irish Channel, the weather being stormy and the waves running high. Dear mother was much alarmed in prospect of the long voyage, when this short one was so fearful ; but the captain assured her that he had often crossed the Atlantic without encountering such winds and waves, and encouraged her to believe that she was seeing the worst of the sea. But how false this kind prophecy proved !

“ We embarked for America on board a ship called, ‘ The Halifax Packet.’ I remember standing upon the deck while father was attending to his luggage, and watching the sailors shovelling potatoes into the hold with a loud ‘ Heave ho !’ at every effort. In my childish curiosity, I asked a gentleman standing by me, what those men wanted of so many potatoes. He replied that the ship had not ballast enough to keep her steady on the sea ; that stones were generally used, but the captain could get none, so they had to make potatoes answer the purpose. We little knew that this lack of proper ballast and the substituting of potatoes for stones was part of the great plan of a kind Providence for saving the lives of all on that ship.

“ I have no recollection of any occurrence on shipboard until we came to suffer from hunger and thirst, except that father used to preach on the Sabbath when the passengers could keep their seats, and sometimes when they could not do so very comfortably, and that he used to walk the deck arm in arm with gentlemen, in earnest conversation, which I have since learned was on the one subject which wholly engrossed his mind, — the salvation of the soul through the blood of Christ. Through this daily prayerful effort, several souls were brought to God, among whom was Captain Leary, a Roman Catholic, who was a passenger. A letter is found among father’s papers, from a young man, written while a student in the Princeton Seminary, referring to his conversation with him, then a little boy, as the means of drawing his attention to his state before God, and leading him to Christ. Some of the sailors were also converted through his instrumentality. Captain Leary was baptized by Dr. Maclay, on his arrival in New York, and is,

we believe, now living to bear his testimony of Christ among those to whose creed of prayers and penances he once subscribed. Who shall know until the day when the books are opened, what results have followed those labors of love on the mighty deep!

“ ‘The Halifax Packet’ proved wholly unseaworthy, and after being out a month, was driven back by wind and wave to within a hundred or two miles of the Irish coast. She was provisioned for only eight weeks, and when the captain saw how things were going and that the passage would be much longer than usual, he began to allowance all on board except the sailors, saying, ‘My men have to work, and they must be well fed.’ Cabin and steerage passengers were put on a level in the distribution, and all submitted to the privation with that sympathy toward each other which common misery induces. At length the day came when the captain was forced to announce that the last grain of rice, barley, flour, oatmeal, meat, and fish had been given out, — nothing remaining between us and starvation except the potatoes in the hold. To add to the terror of our situation, we were now at the mercy of the waves, not knowing in what part of the ocean we were. The compass having been washed overboard, the captain had no means of making his reckoning. Now came the last resort. The potatoes, which certainly had not improved in quality by lying many weeks in the damp hold, were brought up, and each one — there were fifty passengers, and a crew of nineteen men — was allowanced to four potatoes and a gill of water a day! For sixteen weeks we existed on this poor fare, until the sailors became so weak that they could no longer work the ship. The captain then called on every man on board to take his turn at whatever was required to be done.

Then the gentlemen from the cabin and state-rooms as well as the poor men from the steerage, came into the new service, each taking his turn at the pump ; for the ship was leaking badly.

“ I remember well how father used to comfort our dear mother and all the other weak and timid ones who flocked round him during this terrific season. He would repeat portions of Scripture, and sing hymns, and pray with those who sent for him to any other part of the ship—and they were many,—leading the mind up from our trials, to God, who cares for the weakest and most helpless of his creatures. How often did he refer to Paul’s shipwreck, reminding those who listened, that not one soul on board perished, but every one was, in God’s own time, brought safely to land. ‘So,’ he said, ‘I firmly believe it will be here with us.’ He used every circumstance, however trivial, which occurred, to strengthen his own faith as well as theirs. One morning it was announced that a babe had been born in the steerage ; and, strange as it may seem, this caused great joy among all classes in the ship ; and father exclaimed : ‘I do believe that God intends to save our whole company ; for, instead of taking away a single life by sickness, starvation, or accident, he has added another to our number.’ He then proposed that any one who felt that he could spare one potato a day, or even half a one, should send it to the poor Irish mother, who had now another life, beside her own, to save. She had a full supply after this, whoever else was hungry. The boy, by request of the passengers, was named for the captain.

“ One day an immense whale came alongside our ship, and began performing strange antics, not so entertaining to those who understood the danger as to us chil-

dren, who amused ourselves by throwing sticks and bits of paper on his glossy back ; the sea being, at the time, very calm. He had to be very carefully watched for twenty-four hours, lest he might overturn the vessel, by getting under it. The captain told us the whale had mistaken the ship for his mate, and would not leave till he discovered his mistake. After it grew dark, many of the passengers came to our state-room, saying that they could not sleep while they knew he was there making the sea foam around us. Then father reminded them that ' God, who kept Jonah alive three days *inside* of a whale, could surely take care of us who were on the *outside*.' He assured them that not a hair of their heads should perish ; and I doubt not that was his prayer all through the night. About daylight the whale moved off, and left us easy as far as he was concerned.

" How often have I seen our father, in this time of distress, eat the skins of the potatoes that we might have a larger share ; and often he and our dear mother would not taste water for days, lest we should cry for it at night and they have none to give us. When rain fell, which was very seldom, every one ran on deck with a sheet or any thing which would hold water, to catch, if possible, a few drops of the precious liquid. I can call to mind, now, the yellowish-black color of the water, and its tarry taste, from the ropes and rigging through which it passed before reaching us.

" We had a small cabin, with a table of our own, where poor Harry waited on us. Sometimes, when he would bring in the one dish and set it in the middle of the table, father would say : ' Well, Harry, my boy, how do you think the potatoes are holding out ? ' Once, he

replied : ' There are not many left, sir. I looked down to-day when the steward was taking them out.'

" ' Well, Harry,' he answered, ' the Saviour knows all about us ; just what spot of the ocean we are in, and just what we need most ; and he could, if he saw fit, multiply the potatoes in the hold when no one saw him, just as he did the loaves and fishes ; or he could send a vessel alongside, as he has done once ; or he can bring us to shore before the last potato is gone. He will take care of us, Harry.'

" Once, when the dish came in, my little sister said : ' Don't ask a blessing to-day, dear father, I'm so hungry.'

" ' O yes, my dear,' he replied, ' we must ask a short blessing. I will not preach a sermon, but just thank God that we took potatoes instead of stones for ballast ; for, you know, we could not have eaten stones.'

" How vividly come up to my mind the gentle tones of our mother's voice, as she used to quiet our infant fears. In the darkness of the night, when no light could be kept for the wind and spray, and when, as I have since heard her say, she was expecting that every plunge of the groaning ship would be the last, she used to sing to us, —

' The wondering world inquires to know  
Why I should love my Saviour so ;'

' Jesus, and shall it ever be,  
A mortal man ashamed of thee ?'

" And also many of the beautiful Scotch Paraphrases, as, —

' The Lord my Shepherd is,  
My wants he will supply ;  
Through pastures green he leadeth me,  
The quiet waters by.

My soul he doth restore again ;  
 And me to walk doth make  
 Within the paths of righteousness,  
 Even for his own name's sake.

'Yea, though I walk in death's dark shade,  
 Yet will I fear none ill ;  
 For Thou art with me, and thy rod  
 And staff, me comfort still ;  
 My table Thou hast furnished  
 In presence of my foes ;  
 My head Thou dost with oil anoint ;  
 And my cup overflows.

'Goodness and mercy all my life  
 Shall surely follow me ;  
 And in God's house, forever more,  
 My dwelling-place shall be.'

"She used often to gather us around her in her own berth, for much of the time it was too boisterous to sit or stand, and there amuse us with Bible stories. She told us of Daniel, who was safe even in a lion's den, and of the three men who were unharmed in the fiery furnace ; and of Elijah, whom the ravens fed when hungry, — all because God was with them, and cared for them. Once, I remember, she told us many of the names given to Jesus, in the Bible ; as 'Saviour,' 'Immanuel,' 'Son of Man,' 'The Mighty God,' 'Prince of Peace,' 'The Mighty One of Jacob.'

"This last seemed to my childish mind the best of all ; and after that, when the winds would howl louder and the vessel plunge more fearfully than usual, I used to say, 'O dear mother, do tell us about the Mighty One of Jacob !' And, now, as I look back, it seems that I must have had strong childish faith in this Mighty One, who is able to save to the uttermost all who call upon him.

"One scene made an impression on my mind never to be

effaced. We had passed an awful night, and as none were able to sleep, the cabin-passengers had been going about all night to each other's state-rooms, trying, by conversation and prayer, to inspire themselves and others with hope.

"At daylight, our father went on deck to learn the cause of the trouble. He soon returned, saying to mother, 'Oh, my dear, I wish you were able to go on deck for one moment! But as you are not, I must take the children up, one at a time, that they may see the wonderful works of the Almighty God! They will never forget this sight!'

"He then took me in his arms to the top of the cabin-stairs. We were in a tremendous gale; the waves, covered with white, boiling foam, seemed higher than our masts' heads, and the roar of the ocean was truly awful. The laboring ship mounted a tremendous wave, and then went down as if to be swallowed by the angry sea; but soon she rose again on another wave, and then sank to rise again and again. I instinctively turned away, and grasping my father round the neck, implored him to take me down to mother. I was so terrified that he did not think it best to take my little sisters on deck. I remember, while he stood there with me in his arms, as I turned from the sight, he urged me to look at the sea, saying, 'See what a powerful God our God is. He who can make these waves and keep them within their bounds, can prevent their dashing our weak vessel to pieces; and, if he chooses, he can say to them at any moment, Peace, be still, and they will all sink away and lie quiet around us.'

"One day, after we had been out a very long time, it being beautifully clear and calm, the sailors sprang into the long-boat and rowed round the vessel, to see what condition her hull was in. She had before this sprung aleak, so that all the male passengers had had to take their turns at the

pumps to keep her from filling. But, suddenly, from some cause not discovered, the leak had stopped. The examination revealed the cause. They found the whole outside of the ship covered with little shell-fish, called barnacles. They were very hard and glossy, having all the tints of the rainbow intermingled, like those in the pearl-oyster. The shells were so closely set together that they covered the whole sides and bottom of the ship, like a coat-of-mail, forming a mass impervious to water. This was what had stopped the leak, and prevented others. The sailors picked off several barnacles from a part of the hull where they could be spared, and brought them on board for the passengers to see. Father showed them to us, saying, 'You see how God can bring his own carpenters and ship-joiners across the ocean with him, and how he could make them work without even the sound of a hammer or broad axe. This shows that God means to save us from the angry sea.' "

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## CHAPTER VI.

Land Ahead — Wrecked on the Coast of Bermuda — Kind Reception — Letters —  
Preaching on the Island.

**A**T length the potatoes failed; and one day the captain told the passengers that there were only enough in the hold to supply them twenty-four hours longer.

“Amid the sad forebodings which followed this communication, a loud cry broke from the sailors on the deck, echoing through the cabin and steerage,—‘Land ahead! Land ahead!’”

“This was about sunset. The news was too joyful to be believed, until several gentlemen went up as far as they could into the rigging to see for themselves. Our soundings also proved that we were nearing some shore; but the captain feared to approach lest he might be driven on the rocks during the night.

“The flag of distress, which had been floating for months, was first descried from an eminence called ‘Signal Hill,’ on St. George’s, one of the Bermuda Islands. None on board could tell what land we had in sight, neither could the sailors guide the disabled ship into the harbor. So, now, after this bright dream of joy, there were fears that we might be drifted out again to the open sea before help could reach us. Lest the tattered signal of distress might not be discerned, they hoisted, in addition, red

shirts and blue trousers of the sailors and bright garments of the little children.

“The little Independent Church on the island had been looking daily for a ship from England bringing a missionary to labor among them. Some pious women of their number, in their loving, prayerful watch for this man of God, saw our signal, and at once hurried to report, ‘A wreck in the harbor.’

“About two o’clock, P. M., on Saturday, April 13th, 1821, one hundred black mariners, in white jackets, put off from the shore and came to us. They filled two long-boats, and, by fastening ropes to our vessel, towed her into the harbor of St. George’s, the most easterly of the group forming the Bermuda Islands. The passengers, for sanitary reasons, were not allowed to land until after the Sabbath; but the inhabitants could not wait till Monday to relieve us. They came down, bringing fruits, wines, crackers, with every other delicacy they could procure, directing that the clergymen, of whom there were several, with their families, should be first served. The captain, however, through his speaking-trumpet, forbade any one tasting an article without his orders, as the least imprudence would cost them their lives. He then gave each one a quarter of an orange and a teaspoonful of wine, and after a while a little more wine, with a bit of cracker, repeating this until the stomach could bear the nourishment.

“On Monday, the passengers were all taken off the ship, and borne away as the guests of the sympathizing people. The ministers were taken home by the wealthiest inhabitants of the island and entertained like princes. I remember we slept in beds draped with the richest damask hanging from gilded canopies, and ate at tables laden with gold and silver service, and attended by many blacks. As our

garments were nearly all ruined by dampness as well as by the wear of six months on the sea, dress-makers were employed, until our party of missionaries going to the Provinces were fitted out with more than the minister's usual allowance.

"Our dear father preached many times there, and the people flocked round him to hear him talk of divine things.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Donald McDonald, an early and dearly beloved friend of Mr. Dunbar, and whose hospitable dwelling was his home while in Glasgow on the business of the mission, kindly sends a letter, written after this terrible passage by his brother-in-law, Mr. Matheson, a fellow-passenger on board the ill-fated ship. It is dated Sutter Hall, St. George, N. B., the residence of the Hon. Hugh McKay, a warm friend of Mr. Dunbar, and an officer of the New Brunswick Missionary Society.

"Mr. Dunbar preached several times during our continuance on the Island, and gave universal satisfaction to all classes. People flocked from all quarters to hear him, and much praise has been bestowed on him by the editors of the Bermuda journals in two or three of their numbers, one part of which is as follows;—

"Rev. D. Dunbar preached from Genesis xlix. 10. "The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, till Shiloh come; and unto him shall the gathering of the people be." It was one of the most faithful, interesting, and able sermons that perhaps was ever preached in Bermuda. What made it so interesting, was its being so happily appropriate; and, what was far better, it was attended with the divine blessing, and made the power of God to many present. The congregation was very attentive, and deeply affected by the truths they heard. Many could say with one of old, "Lord, it is good for us to be here.""

In another part of his letter, Mr. Matheson says: "By the instrumentality of our godly friend, Mr. Dunbar, in preaching, exhortations, and prayer, a passenger in the cabin, as wicked and profane a person as ever I knew, was, I trust, savingly converted to Christ, sometime before our arrival at Bermuda. The wonderful change, both in his language and deportment, was so remarkable as almost to exceed belief; proving the hand of God to be in the work."

In the memoir of Mrs. Winslow, written by her son, Rev. Octavius Winslow, is a letter from the Rev. Mr. Cross to Rev. John Arundel of the London Missionary Society.

"ST. GEORGE'S, BERMUDA, June 20, 1821.

"I am happy to inform you, my dear brother, that our chapel was opened

“When the wreck was towed into that friendly harbor, the Bermudians all gathered barnacles from her sides as

on the 18th of April, under peculiar circumstances of delight and gratitude towards Him who conducts all things after the counsel of his own will.

“Previous to its opening, my mind was a great deal exercised respecting the service of that important day. I had no brother to whom I could say, ‘Come and help me;’ I stood alone; and my feelings often overwhelmed me. My fears, however, were very singularly dispersed by our kind and ever-gracious God. On Saturday, previous to the 18th, a ship appeared in sight off the island, hoisting signals of distress; and a report was soon circulated that she was full of passengers, and among them several ministers, in a state of starvation, six months from Liverpool, bound for New York.

“On Sabbath afternoon, the ship with great difficulty came within anchorage off the island. Some of my friends went on board with provisions, and found the passengers in great distress, yet filled with consolation, and many of them with joy and peace in believing. As the passengers were no strangers to the language of Canaan, my friends were soon introduced to the Rev. Duncan Dunbar, a Baptist minister, with his wife and three children; Rev. Mr. Grey, a Presbyterian minister, and his wife (to us particularly interesting, because we soon learned that she had been brought to the saving knowledge of the truth from the circumstances of the voyage), and Mr. West, a teacher, a very pious young man, and son to Rev. Mr. West, of Dublin. They stated, in brief, the distressing circumstances to my friends, who would not then listen to their ‘tale of woe’ before they came for some fresh supplies (circumstances prevented the missionaries from landing on the Sabbath, and my duties from seeing them that evening). It appeared they had been at sea nearly six months; for four months they had been on the allowance of five potatoes per day, and for three weeks had had scarcely a drop of water in their mouths. Such were the cries of many of the children on board, that they had been obliged to deny themselves what they could obtain only from the clouds, to satisfy the thirst of the little ones. They were, however, in good health; and were constrained to say, ‘Though we have had nothing, we have possessed all things.’

“The divine presence had evidently blessed the labors of these devoted servants of Jesus to the hopeful conversion of several.

“Early on Monday morning, I went off, with several of my friends, to the ship, and was soon in the midst of the interesting mission family. I found them perfectly happy, yea, rejoicing in the prospect of meeting some Christian friends in a strange country.

“During their stay with us, we had our new chapel opened; Mr. Dunbar preached in the morning, from Genesis xxviii. 17, and Mr. Grey in the

curiosities, and it was said that in spots where they were taken off, a strong man could put his foot through her timbers, so thoroughly were they decayed. She was there condemned, and sold for a paltry sum, to be stripped of her old iron. It will be wondered at that so miserable a craft should have been sent out on a winter voyage, so richly freighted with human life. We have been told by

evening, from Zechariah xiv. 16, 17, to a very full and attentive congregation. The collection amounted to eighty dollars. Our friends remained with us nearly three weeks, and their circumstances and labors made a deep impression on many. Every day endeared these missionaries more and more to the friends of Jesus in this place. Fain would we have said, 'Abide with us, for there is room;' and glad would they have been to say, 'We will continue with you;' but the piercing cry of the red men of the woods, 'No white man teach red man,' had penetrated their hearts. 'For these,' said they, 'we have left all: and for these we must leave you.' They left us on Good Friday, and we are daily expecting to hear of their arrival."

Mrs. Isabella Holt then a resident of the island, but since well known in New York, writes from Paris, where she now resides:

"I was not at home at the time of their arrival in Bermuda, but received from my own honored mother all the particulars of that deeply interesting occurrence. One day a nearly dismasted vessel was seen approaching our little island, sometimes almost going into the breakers, and then passing again into deep water. This process was kept up some time, and then a boat was manned in our beautiful little harbor to go out to the odd-looking craft in the offing. Among those who volunteered first, were two youths of seventeen, John T. Fisher and my own dear adopted son, William George Miller, afterward pastor of a Baptist church in New York city, and subsequently in Essex, Connecticut, whence he departed to his home in the city of many mansions. The ship was found without a rudder, and had been six months at sea, a good deal of the time without rudder or proper masts, drifting hither and thither. On board were Rev. Duncan Dunbar and family, Rev. Mr. Grey and wife, Mr. West, and other Presbyterian missionaries to the British Provinces.

"While they were at St. George's, a little place of worship built by the Independent church, under the pastoral care of Rev. Henry Cross, was opened by my beloved brother Dunbar, who endeared himself to all who knew him, in Bermuda, by his warm-heartedness.

"Not one of that little church now lives on earth, but many of them, I know, live in heaven."

Miss S., of New York, a kind friend of our father's, whose father was a fellow-passenger, that the ship was finely fitted up and well insured, although wholly unseaworthy, and that after the usual time out, not being reported as arriving, the policy was claimed and paid. Eternity will reveal whether or not the love of gold led her owners to bring these awful sufferings and perils on the innocent who trusted in their honor."

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## CHAPTER VII.

Voyage from Bermuda to St. John — St. George — Renewal of Pastoral Work — Preaching in "Gaelle" — Home-trials in the New World — His Generosity — Letter — Crossing the Bay.

**A**FTER leaving Bermuda, we were nearly a month in reaching St. John, where we were most cordially welcomed by the friends our dear father had made there. Crowds flocked to see him, urging him to remain and preach to them. Strong men, when they met him after the awful perils he had passed through on the sea, threw their arms around his neck and embraced him. These friends did all in their power to manifest their affection for him, and for his sake heaped favors on his family. The ladies, knowing that our mother was to begin house-keeping in the New World, presented her with many articles for this purpose. She had never before seen a patchwork quilt, and was much amused by the various combinations of white cotton and bright calico. Several of these were made and sent her as presents before the winter set in. One of these fancy articles surely deserves a place in family history, as it assisted in educating us children. It was made of large pocket-handkerchiefs, some of them printed in India ink, and others in red and blue. They contained the whole of Burns' 'Cotter's Saturday Night,' with pictures representing each scene. In the bitter winter mornings, while the fires were being made, we three little girls used to sit up in bed admiring these

pictures, while I, the only one competent to do so, spelled out the story of the home scene, where, surrounded by her children,

'The mother, wi' her needle and her shears,  
Gars auld claes look amais't a' weel's the new;

'But hark! a rap comes gently to the door,  
Jennie, wha kens the meaning o' the same,  
Tells how a neebor lad came o'er the meor  
To do some errands and convey her hame.

'The cheerful supper done, wi' serious face  
They round the ingle form a circle wide;  
The sire turns o'er wi' patriarchal grace  
The big ha' Bible, ance his father's pride.'

But, sad to tell, every verse and sometimes every line had been cut into to form 'Goosepath,' or 'Job's Trouble;' so, where the last word of a line was gone, we had to guess it out by the rhyme.

"The short voyage between St. John and St. George, N. B., was made in a long open flat-boat. Six or eight sailors sat at one end rowing, while our family occupied the other. Our dear father enlivened the time, which would otherwise have been wearisome, by conversation with the sailors, telling them many incidents of life on the sea, which had come under his own notice, and asking about their different experiences. In the evening, which was one of the brightest moonlight, he sang devotional hymns, and talked to the men of those things which would make for their everlasting peace. My little sisters were both asleep, but I entertained myself by putting out my hands in the water to catch the large white chips which came floating down the river from the ship-yards on either side.

"It was long past midnight when we landed on a sandy beach in front of the residence of Captain Miliken, where

father had promised to bring his family. The large house, standing on an eminence very near the water, was lighted in every part, as if to give a welcome to the eye before the ear could hear it. A most bountiful repast was waiting us, and nearly all the church were gathered there to greet their beloved pastor, and to cause his sensitive wife to forget, if possible, that she was a stranger in a strange land. Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, none seemed in haste to go to their homes. They sang hymns and offered prayer and thanksgiving to God, who, after so many perils and such long separation, had brought pastor and people together again. In those days, when ministers were few, people were hungry for the gospel, and rejoiced at sight of a servant of God.

“I remember many things which convince me that my father’s labors were greatly blessed at that time. People came from all quarters to talk with him of the concerns of the soul. The young, the gay, and the wealthy used to come by night to tell of their distress, having tried in vain to drive away the impression made by some sermon. Then he would tell them it was the Spirit of God working effectually on their hearts, and would warn them not to grieve the Spirit. Often he would read to them such portions of Pilgrim’s Progress as might meet their case, and show them the way in which God leads those He is drawing to himself.

“He had much in his own experience wherewith to comfort and encourage others, having passed through many and strange perplexities in coming to Christ. He used then to preach four times on the Sabbath, three times to his own people, and once to the Highlanders, who came up the river from Masquerine in their long-boats to hear, at the close of the morning-sermon in English, the gospel

in their native tongue. Father never took a seat at table Sunday noon, but stood up, taking some very light refreshment, and hastening back to meet his countrymen. He spent the intermission pressing upon them the necessity of a change of heart, and teaching them precious truths to which they were strangers. He held meetings almost every night in different neighborhoods, sometimes at long distances from home. I have heard him say that, so great was the desire to hear a sermon, he had known poor women to walk five miles through the snow, carrying an infant all the way in their arms, for this privilege. Toward the 'poor Indians,' as he always called them, his heart was drawn out in deep pity; and he preached Jesus to them in the wigwam, by the wayside, or in his own home, which latter place their shrewdness soon showed them was a grand place for beggars! Our dear mother, fancying that they were still hostile to the pale-faces, took great care never to offend them, while her kind heart prompted her to do them all the good in her power. I well remember their frequent and protracted visits, and the great inconvenience they caused in the kitchen. As many as six have come at one time, and, seating themselves on the floor, worked on their beads or baskets, and nursed their *papposes*, as if feeling quite at home! Preparing a comfortable meal for the family was, under these circumstances, no trivial undertaking. If father was in the house, he would go to them, and say, 'Well, brother, sister, what do you want to-day?'

"They would usually reply, 'Ugh, me want pork, me want Indian meal, me want tea, me want sugar;'" and so on to the end of the list of human wants; for they were very indolent, and most persistent beggars.

"Father would always say, 'Come, mother dear, share

your comforts with the poor Indian. God will provide for us; you know there is no want to them that fear him.' Then he would ask them if they had ever heard of Jesus, who came from heaven and died on the cross to save the poor Indian. He would try to show them that they, as well as white men, were great sinners, and needed this great Saviour. They usually replied, 'No, no, brother, me good Indian; me no steal; me no kill white man; me hunt; me fish; me be very good!'

"'Ah,' he would say, 'you want everything but your greatest need, the blood of Jesus, to cleanse you from your sins. Shall I go to your wigwams and tell you more about the blessed Saviour, who loves and pities the poor Indian so much?'

"They would stare vacantly at each other, give a grunt, and an indifferent nod of the head, fill their pipes, and smoke, with their eyes cast on the floor. Often did he go, on these meagre invitations, to their homes, and, with a blanket round him, sit by their fires, no doubt buying their attention with presents, while from the abundance of the heart his mouth spoke of Christ and salvation. He sailed with them in their canoes, and in all ways sought their confidence, that he might lead them to the Lamb of God.

"It was the custom of our father, when going from home for a few days, to take one of us with him for company, as well as to relieve our dear mother. Well do I remember his teachings at these times. When riding through the forests, or gliding with our Canadian pony and sleigh over the frozen river, instruction and amusement were most charmingly blended. He would tell me the names of the trees, and the various uses men made of their wood, from the cradle to the coffin. 'The cross on which our blessed Saviour hung,' he once said, 'was a tree, fresh, and

young, and green, like one of these. God knew exactly on what spot of earth that one would grow, what man should cut it down, and for what purpose it would be used. He knew all this before the world, with its mountains, rivers, and forests, was made.

“Then he told me how God provided for people in countries where trees could not grow for the cold. Fierce winds would blow through the forests of Maine, tearing up great trees by the roots. These would float down the rivers and be carried round by the Gulf Stream to Iceland and other treeless countries. Thus the God who made them grow could send them where he pleased, on his own waters, by his own winds. When riding on the rivers, he used to tell us how God turned the waters into ice, that we could cross where there were no bridges, and that the trout and other fish, which liked the cold, could come to us in place of those which swam off to warmer waters; thus giving us a variety for food.

“Long before we had ever heard of the ‘Botany,’ ‘Philosophy,’ or ‘Natural History,’ over which we groaned in after days, our minds were stored with pleasant lessons in many of the sciences.

“How does the sweet, patient face of our beloved mother rise before me, as she passed through the terrors of that first northern winter, all unused as she was to domestic toil; and often, from the scarcity of servants in those days, dependent for weeks on the young girls of the congregation, who came to aid her for love’s sake.

“Coming as she did from the temperate Lowlands of Scotland, we can hardly realize her trials here. With no stove, furnace or range, but only the broad, open fireplace, — the bread frozen like stone, — the milk a solid cake, and eggs like balls of ice, — it was no easy matter to heat a

house and prepare a warm breakfast for a family of little children. Often have I seen her shed tears at this time, when speaking of her home, her mother and her sister ; but I know they were not tears of repining. She went bravely to the work before her, learning and practising those domestic arts in which it is the glory of American women to excel."

In a time-worn book of memoranda we find an allusion to a visit of Mr. D. to a family whose father had received a severe wound while cutting lumber. To his surprise, he found them in straitened circumstances ; and his heart was deeply grieved for them. He remained, at their urgent request, to tea ; thus showing himself the friend, rather than the patron ; and offered them those blessed consolations which were ever uppermost in his heart. But, after commending them to the never-failing compassion of Jesus, he could not leave them only *saying*, "Be ye warmed and be ye clothed." He says, "I felt constrained to give them a guinea."

The people of the Provinces, at that time, depended almost wholly on England for their family stores ; it being not only expensive, but difficult, to procure them from the States. At one time the supplies were very low in St. George, and the people expecting to replenish them on the arrival of a looked-for ship, belonging to Captain Miliken. After long and anxious delay, news came that she had been wrecked, and her cargo all lost. There was not a little perplexity in the community, as the winter had set in with all its provincial severity, making it almost impossible to team provisions from St. Andrews. There was no sugar in the stores ; and the sick felt the need of this

for their medicines, &c. "Mr. Dunbar," so says a dear sister, then in that church, and now enjoying a vigorous old age, in Eastport, "had, at that time, a barrel of sugar, which he at once began to divide among such as needed it, whether rich or poor. Some one kindly remonstrated, telling him he would need it in his own family before the winter was over; when he replied: 'None of the sick people shall want sugar as long as there is any in my house; and, when this is gone, Captain Miliken will come home in the other ship with more.' And so it was. His bread was always given, and his water sure; and the days were few when he had not enough and to spare to those who needed."

Nearly all those early friends, who loved and labored with him there, have preceded him to heaven; but their children live and remember his hand upon their head, and his genial smile of love. Mrs. McKean, then one of the lambs of his fold, writes of him: "Oh, how many dear memories are called up; but they are like those of a pleasant dream, too indistinct to be committed to paper. I well remember the interest he felt in the poor Millicite Indians, who lived in their little village, a few miles from Eastport, on the Passamaquoddy Bay. They used to come to St. George every year, in their canoes, to hunt, fish, and make baskets. He also visited the Mic Mac tribe, up the St. John river. He thought of taking a little Millicite boy home with him to Scotland, to be educated; but was obliged to relinquish his plan for want of means, after gaining the consent of the parents.

"There were, at that time, a number of Scotch Highlanders living near the mouth of the Magquadavic river, four or five miles from the village. After preaching his sermon in English, he used to repeat it to the Gaelic por-

tion of his hearers in their native tongue. Although I did not understand a word of it myself, the eager countenances of the men and women, as they listened, interested me greatly ; but more especially did the singing of the psalms in Gaelic, which I shall never forget. Aged Highlanders walked between thirty and forty miles to see and converse with Mr. Dunbar, from the parishes of St. James and St. David, not far from the St. Croix river, so great was their love for him and for the music of their mother tongue.

“It was under the preaching of your beloved father, that I received my first religious impressions. Oh, what earnest, loving appeals, what indefatigable labors were his !”

His labors here were very great, among his own people, and those almost beyond reach, whom he had adopted into his flock ; but neither weariness nor danger had power to deter him. At one time, he had an engagement to preach in a destitute place, — probably near Eastport, — which he mentioned as “across the bay.” The waves ran very high after a storm ; and no white man was willing to row him over. Prudence seemed to forbid any attempt at fulfilling his promise. But the same bold spirit which led him in boyhood to mount the untamed colt, and afterwards to dare the ghosts of the Gaick mountain, now impelled him on in a better cause. By the offer of half a guinea, he induced an Indian and his squaw to row him over and back in a canoe. When about half way across, their pulls at the oar ceased, and the canoe came to a dead stop. The waves being very boisterous, he concluded they were resting from the hard toil. They laid down their oars, folded their arms, and muttered some mysterious words to each other ; and then, with their stolid countenances cast down, sat perfectly motion-

less, as if their life's work was accomplished. Being unable to converse with them, Mr. Dunbar tried by signs to impel them forward; but they only stared at him, as if wondering at his earnestness, and muttered again. He tried every device to rouse them, and had begun to think he should lose both his meeting and his gold, when the stoical oarsman growled out all the English he probably knew, — 'More money.' Silver was offered; but he shook his head in dogged obstinacy, never relenting till he saw another piece of gold, when they both caught up their oars, and with desperate labor brought him to the shore. His audience probably never knew how much the privilege of preaching the gospel cost him that night.

"When, at the earnest call of the church in Nobleboro, Mr. Dunbar contemplated leaving St. George, his brethren there were very reluctant to part with him, and only yielded to the plain call of Providence. A friend, not then a professor of religion, said, 'If Mr. Dunbar is going away for a more comfortable support, I will cheerfully give him one half my farm rather than part with him.' And those who knew him believed that he would do it.

"After his departure, a strong effort was made to induce him to return. One of the brethren wrote: 'I have been greatly prospered in my lumbering operations, and if you will come back to us, I will build you a house myself.' These incidents show not only what large hearts there were in that church, but also how deep a place Mr. Dunbar had found in them."

"That little church, constituted with fourteen members," writes Deacon John Mann, of St. George, "has now (1865) grown into five good churches in the region."

## CHAPTER VIII.

Visit to Maine — Preaches at the Bowdoinham Association — Warm Reception there —  
Criticism of the "Fathers."



MR. DUNBAR remained in New Brunswick about two years and a half after his return from Scotland. In September, 1823, he visited the State of Maine as a Messenger from the New Brunswick Baptist Association to the four Associations then existing in that State. Rev. David Nutter, then of Nova Scotia, now of North Livermore, Me., writes of him: "I met with Mr. Dunbar soon after landing at Eastport, and we travelled together, visiting the different Associations. I found him a most kind, generous, and affectionate associate, and we then formed a friendship, intimate and strong, which I trust will last through eternity. His name and memory are still most dear to me. . . . Throughout the journey his labors were highly appreciated, and he received a most cordial welcome in every church where he preached."

Mrs. Catharine H. Putnam, of New York, an early and intimate friend of Mr. Dunbar, and for many years an active member of his church, has kindly furnished the following narrative of her first acquaintance with him, when he was on this visit to Maine, where she then resided:

"I first met Mr. Dunbar in the year 1823, when he came as messenger from the N. B. B. Association. A meeting was appointed (in Brunswick), the evening previous to

the Association, at which were gathered all the most distinguished ministers of the denomination in the State. Some of us were prompt in making choice among them of a preacher for the evening whom we most desired to hear ; but, to our great disappointment, a quite young man, — he was then thirty-two years of age, — a stranger to us all, was ushered into the desk. His text was 1st John ii. 10 : ‘And if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ, the righteous.’ I recollect none of the special points of his sermon, but he had proceeded only a few minutes before our attention was deeply absorbed, and all regret at the selection of the speaker was dispelled. His discourse was throughout a rich feast of the best things of gospel experience. Every Christian present was comforted and delighted, — all wondering how so young a man could know so much of the precious things he had spread before us. This was Mr. Dunbar.

“There appeared to be but one mind among his audience, and several warmly commendatory addresses followed the sermon. It was a season of general rejoicing ; and, so fickle is poor human nature, many among us were now as firmly set against hearing anybody else.

“The next day the subject of discussion in every circle was the evening’s entertainment ; and when inquiry was made who was to be the preacher for the next evening, and we were told of another minister who had been appointed, we all joined in an earnest protest, insisting that we could hear *him* any time, and Mr. Dunbar must give us another sermon just like the last. A gentleman, to whom this was said, promised to use his influence to have us gratified.

“At the hour of meeting we were at the vestry, secretly hoping but hardly expecting that our wishes would be regarded. It was with surprise as well as delight that

we saw the same youthful stranger taking the desk. I do not remember his text, but the aim and design of the whole discourse was to condemn the preaching of the doctrines of grace! The speaker said we had nothing to do with the decrees of God, and that they made no part of the gospel which was to be proclaimed to sinners; that to talk of the doctrines of election, predestination, effectual calling, &c., discouraged sinners from trying to be Christians; and that such preaching was never blessed to their conversion, but rather hardened them in unbelief!

“When he closed his sermon there was a dead silence for a few moments. The venerable array of gray-headed veterans that filled the pulpit on both sides of the preacher hung their heads in blank dismay, till Mr. Nutter, the associate delegate with Mr. Dunbar, arose and addressed the audience. He said he had listened to his dear brother's sermon with deep regret; he was quite sure that if he understood those doctrines which he had so decidedly, and, as he fully believed, so honestly spoken against, he would rejoice and glory in them as the very bone and sinew of the gospel, every part of which was the power of God unto salvation.

“They had heard his dear brother assert that the doctrines referred to were never blessed to the conversion of sinners, and they must allow him to bear testimony to facts which stood in direct opposition to this assertion. His own church in Nova Scotia had been recently visited by a gracious and powerful outpouring of the Holy Spirit. It had commenced under a sermon upon *election*, and during many months the general tenor of the preaching was, without concert or design, of a strong doctrinal character.

“At this point he appealed for confirmation to an aged

minister, who, it seems, was from the same neighborhood, saying that the numerous converts at that time added to his church were the fruit of that particular part of divine truth.

“The events of this evening were deeply humbling to us, as the audience was made up largely of our Methodist and Free-Will Baptist friends, who were not a little surprised to see the choice weapons of our warfare so turned against ourselves.

“It was some time after this that Mr. Dunbar returned to the United States, and labored with the Second Church, in Nobleboro', Maine, now called the Damariscotta church. His friends in Brunswick continued to retain a special regard for him as a man, a Christian, and a preacher, notwithstanding our different views of doctrine. We eagerly availed ourselves of every method of intercourse with him, not only by letter, but frequently going a distance of twenty or thirty miles to hear him preach. This may seem strange to some, as the church in Brunswick was considered rigidly tenacious of the doctrines of grace.

“On a visit to Brunswick, Mr. Dunbar spent an evening at my house, and as he regarded me as maintaining what he considered erroneous views of doctrine, he took the opportunity to exhort and entreat me to consider my ways and be wise, lest I should make shipwreck of faith and a good conscience.

“He said he regarded my views of doctrine to be dangerous in the extreme, and feared they would lead me into a dead, careless, and barren course of life; that I needed the stimulus of a diligent attention to duty, — a conviction that all my comfort and usefulness depended on the faithfulness with which I carried out my obligations as a Christian.

“ This earnest appeal was continued for many hours. Sometimes I would attempt to turn the current of his thoughts by begging him to tell me where he discovered laxity in my practice. All the answer to this was, that he knew of nothing on that ground, but it was the inevitable consequence of my belief, to produce such an effect.

“ A year or two after, he was called to labor in Portsmouth, N. H., in the midst of a strong body of Christians (so called) and of Freewill Baptists. From the great success which everywhere attended Mr. Dunbar, the few Calvinistic Baptists of the place were sanguine in the hope that he would be able to strengthen their cause. Here was a new service for the young minister, whose warm heart had little room for anything but love to Christ and his people, and free grace to rebellious sinners. He now saw that he must be able to defend the Baptist ground of faith and practice, and to his surprise found himself unable to do so. Called to meet the arguments of those who threatened to carry captive the feeble band he was bound to defend, he found it necessary to appeal to the word of God for weapons that were more effective than any he had at command. Hence began a special study of the Scriptures, which resulted in Mr. Dunbar's becoming thoroughly established in all the fundamental doctrines of grace.

“ A few years later, while he was pastor of a church in Chester, N. H., and I was a resident of New York, he visited me at my home, and hardly had we interchanged inquiries respecting the health of our two families, when he said to me, ‘ Sister P —, do you remember that night when I preached so long to you ? ’ ‘ I do, ’ said I. ‘ Well, ’ said he, ‘ my own eyes have been opened, and I now understand what you were then contending for. ’ ”

## CHAPTER IX.

*Providential Detention in Nobleboro' — Strong Faith in God — A Dead Church — A great Awakening — Resigns his Charge in St. George, and accepts a Call from the Second Nobleboro' Church — Arduous Labors there — Results.*

**W**HILE on his visit as messenger to the Maine Baptist Associations, Mr. Dunbar stopped one night for rest and refreshment at a country tavern. Here he noticed a young man, who, after looking intently on him, approached and asked if he were not a minister of the gospel. On being answered in the affirmative, and learning also that Mr. Dunbar was a Baptist, he stated that he was a student from Waterville College, and had been preaching during the vacation in Nobleboro', where the Baptist cause was in a very low state, and that his heart was greatly moved for the people. In the picture which he drew of the deadness of the little church of about twenty members, and the ruin into which they had suffered even their sanctuary to fall, there was little to arouse in their behalf the zeal of one impatient to return to his family and his own flock; but still the student, Mr. Dodge, plead for "only one Sabbath," and at length prevailed. With minute directions as to each road and turn till he should reach the place, he was told to inquire for Dea. Hopkins, who, with his family, were among the few that were mourning over the desolation of Zion.

It was late at night, when, cold and hungry, Mr. Dunbar reached the farm-house of the good deacon. He

knocked and aroused the family, who, when they heard a minister had come, were not long in leaving their pillows to greet and refresh him. Hearty as was their welcome to the man of God, it would have been increased tenfold could they have seen the breaking cloud and the rising beam above him.

It was not long before a bright fire blazed on the broad, old-fashioned hearth, and then the family heard what cause had brought their guest. At this seemingly direct providence, their hearts were greatly cheered. While waiting for the kettle to boil, the good old deacon said to his daughters, "In the meantime you may sing a hymn for the elder;" and they did so. We know nothing of the style of the singing; in all probability it was not artistic; but we do know that the air and the words, both new to Mr. Dunbar, struck a deep chord in his heart.

"O Thou, in whose presence my soul takes delight,"

was the hymn they chose, probably because it met their own case. When they came to the words,

"Oh, why should I wander an alien from thee,  
And cry in the desert for bread?  
My foes will rejoice when my sorrow they see,  
And smile at the tears I have shed!" —

the desolation of the little church he had never seen came over his mind, and he felt a strong desire that her reproach might be wiped away. A great part of the night was spent in singing, conversation, and prayer. When Mr. Dunbar retired he soon fell asleep from weariness. But ere long he awoke with the praises of God on his tongue, and his heart overflowing with love to dying souls. His first impression, on waking, was that some one

had entered his chamber with a light, and it was not until he had aroused himself and looked around, that he was convinced the room was dark. He almost involuntarily exclaimed,

“How can I sleep while angels sing,  
And all the hosts on high  
Cry, glory to the new-born King, —  
The lamb that once did die ;  
While guardian angels fill the room,  
And, hovering round my bed,  
Clap their glad wings in praise of Him  
Who is their glorious Head !”

He was overpowered with the view he then had of the great value of the immortal soul, and amazed that he, a sinner saved by grace, could lie down and sleep, while beings who had never sinned were tuning their harps, day and night, to the wonders of redemption. He thought of the days when his own eyes were first opened to the realities of the world to come, and of the anguish he endured on account of his sin against a just and holy God ; and also of the hour of his deliverance, and the joys of forgiveness. And, as he lay sleepless, the remainder of the night, he had such views of the compassion of Jesus for dying man, and his readiness to answer the prayers of his own chosen ones on their behalf, and such strong faith in the promises of God, that he felt an assurance in his heart that God was to give him souls for his hire among these strangers.

A person of weak faith, inclined to “judge the Lord by feeble sense,” would have suffered a fearful fall from such a spiritual height on entering the meeting-house, the following morning. It was almost empty. Satan might have tempted one less familiar with his devices, to look upon the assurances of the past night as the delusions of a half-formed dream. But neither the neglected sanctuary

nor the small audience had power to shake Mr. Dunbar's confidence in what he had taken as the promise of God. He preached in the morning from Mark v. 5-17, with great earnestness. During the intermission, it was noised about that a Scotchman, with a broad accent, was to preach in the afternoon, and a much larger number were present. He spoke again in the evening to a good congregation, and there were then tokens of the Spirit's presence. At the close of the meeting, some, who had lived hitherto regardless of religion, confessed that they were sinners, and asked to be pointed to Christ. The church began to awaken. They saw how the Saviour had been wounded through their inconsistencies. They confessed their sins, and asked pardon of each other and of God. They plead with Mr. Dunbar to remain with them a few days, to visit and preach. He did so, and received cheering tokens that his labor was not in vain. A work of grace then commenced which has rarely seen its equal. In the midst of this, he was obliged to return to his home and family, to make arrangements for accepting the call of this church. Three persons were baptized in his absence, probably by a Mr. Everett, who supplied the church in the meantime. Mr. Dunbar returned to Nobleboro', December 2, 1823, and between that time and July, 1825, eighty-eight were added to the church by baptism. A great many afterward dated their convictions back to this time. This work was one of great power, people flocking from all quarters to hear the preaching and to witness the manifestations of the Spirit. Business was in a great measure suspended, and household cares, as far as possible, laid aside, that the time might be given to the work of the Lord.

Mr. Dunbar made his home at the houses of Col. John Glidden and Mr. Nathaniel Clapp, during the winter;

the crowds who came to converse with him affording these friends ample field for the largest hospitality. In those days it was no easy matter to warm a large house at short notice. It being necessary to do this so often, Col. Glidden purchased a quantity of bark for the purpose, and not seldom did its glow brighten every hearth of that hospitable mansion, while Mr. Dunbar would pass from room to room, speaking and praying with the groups gathered round the different fires. Mrs. Glidden, who still lives, well remembers those blessed days, and says that when nature could endure no longer, Mr. Dunbar sank exhausted and suffering from sore throat and hoarseness. He was ordered to his chamber for rest and quiet; but this last command was more than she, with all her kind care, could enforce. When he heard voices below, he would say, "Just let this one come up," until his room would be filled, while he, sitting up in bed, would preach as earnestly as if in his pulpit.

So evidently was the Spirit of God with him, that neighboring ministers used to beg him to visit their churches, which he sometimes did, until the people of Nobleboro' began to be troubled when they saw him riding on horseback, late in the week, lest he might be leaving them over the Sabbath. They felt that, in such circumstances, no one could fill his place.

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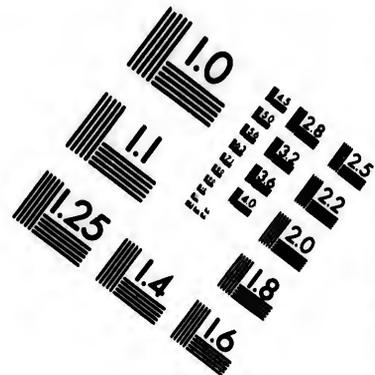
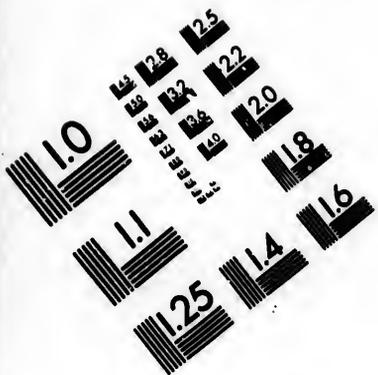
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## CHAPTER X.

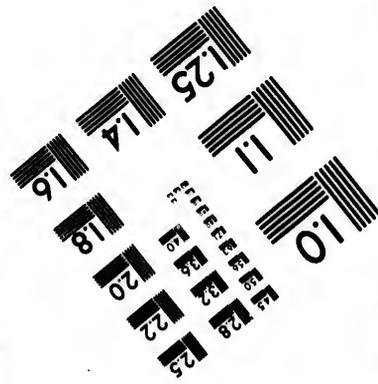
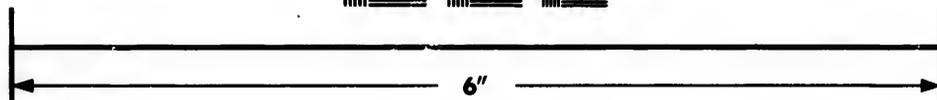
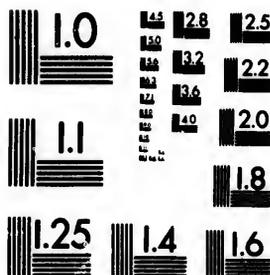
Removes his Family to Nobleboro' — A Minister's Wife in the Almshouse — The Home Sermon — Goes to South Berwick, on Exchange — A great Revival — Letter to Frederickton — Resigns his Charge in Nobleboro' — Is recalled — Resigns pressing his Return.

**I**N the following spring Mr. Dunbar removed his family from one kind home to another, it being very evident that the Lord had appointed his labor in Nobleboro.' Soon after his settlement here, he attended an Association at some distance, where the delegates were most hospitably entertained by the thrifty farmers of the region. At the close of the session a resolution of thanks was passed for the generous entertainment, &c., when a good brother of the church rose and said: "It may not be known to the brethren that the widow of our faithful old pastor, who labored with us so long, is still living. She is now an inmate of the poor-house, and I thought that if the friends would take up a little collection to supply her with such comforts as the town does not provide, it would gratify her very much, especially to know that she was not forgotten by you." There was a moment's pause, when Mr. Dunbar's voice was heard, exclaiming, in a tone of great surprise, "Surely, dear brethren, my ears deceive me! Did the good brother say 'that the widow of the man who built up this church, who toiled for their good, who prayed at their sick beds and at their funerals, under whose ministry they were converted, and by whose hands they were baptized — did he





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say that, amid all this plenty and prosperity, this man's widow had been sent, to wear out her few remaining days in the almshouse ?”

There was a deep silence, when he repeated the question, “ Did I understand the brother ? ” The deacon then rose, with some embarrassment, and said, that as she had *no friends*, and the church were not able to support her, she had gone there as a last resort.

This was too much for Mr. D.'s keen sensibilities, and he said, “ Well, dear brethren, I'm glad for one that our session is over, for I want to go home. I don't want to stay in a town where they put ministers' widows' in the poor-house. Surely, dear brethren, we ministers have anxieties and trials enough with labor and poverty, without adding the fear that, after all this sacrifice for your sake and Christ's, you will, when we are worn out, make our wives town-paupers ! Brethren, you all know that I am not rich ; but I am pastor of a flock that would not wink at such a thing as this ; and let me say that I shall not leave this town while that minister's widow is an inmate of the almshouse ! If no one else takes her out, I will do it myself. I will take her home to Damariscotta in my own chaise, and I'll find plenty there who will give this dear mother in Israel a seat at their fireside for a few days till God comes to take her home. Am I right, deacon ? ” he asked, looking toward his associate from Nobleboro'. The good deacon nodded assent, and Mr. Dunbar continued, “ Well, then, my dear brethren of this church, Sister —— goes with us to-morrow, unless she is at once provided with another home.”

It is needless to say that the church saw the reproach which thoughtlessness, rather than parsimony, had

brought upon them ; and before the delegates left town the widow was provided with a comfortable home.

At another meeting of an Association, there were so many delegates that stabling could not be provided for all their horses, and many were put into pastures. Unfortunately, that of good old Father H. got "cast" in the field, and died. This was a great loss to the good man, who was very dependent on his horse for visiting and preaching in the scattered districts of his rural charge. Mr. Dunbar was announced as the preacher for the evening ; and it was stated, that, at the close of that meeting, a collection would be taken up to aid Elder H. in replacing the horse accidentally killed. With that readiness for which Mr. Dunbar was so peculiar, he announced, as his text in the evening, "And he set him on his own beast." Luke x. 34. Of course, no sketch can be given of the sermon at this late day ; but an aged minister of Maine, who heard it, says it was very interesting and instructive ; and the result proved that it was powerful in accomplishing the end in view. Among other things, the preacher showed how dependent the best and wisest men often are on the humblest instrumentalities in their labors for others. "What," he asked, "could the good Samaritan have done for the man who fell among thieves, whom he found lying wounded and half dead by the wayside, had he been without the faithful dumb servant that bore him to the inn ? He would not, indeed, have passed by on the other side ; for there was no such selfishness in him. He would have poured oil and wine into his wounds ; but still, he would have been obliged to leave him where he found him. And what can the piety and love and zeal of our dear brother H. do for the scattered and suffering ones in his fold, if he cannot reach them ? And

surely he cannot do so, in his old age, without a horse." Then he portrayed a poor family, in the outskirts of the congregation, into which poverty and sickness had come, and where death was hourly looked for. They had no horse to send for the servant of God to come and pray with them; and perhaps one of the little ones is despatched on a weary walk to plead for a visit. By and by they begin to look from the window and to go often to the door, with the restlessness natural in all such cases, to see if the minister is not coming. After a little time, a child is sent up to the top of a hill to look off into the distance for the minister's horse, — everybody knows that horse, — but he comes back to disappoint their hopes. "Brethren, all such families will henceforth look in vain for brother H. to preach in their school-houses, or to pray by their death-beds, unless you make up his loss."

Sufficient money was collected for the purchase of another "beast."

In July, 1825, Mr. Dunbar went to South Berwick, on an exchange, when a religious interest was awakened which prevented his immediate return home. He could not leave the work thus thrown on his hands; so an arrangement was made with the minister of South Berwick for continuing the exchange.

The church in this town was now very feeble, and their place of worship small. But, humble as it was, it became the honored birthplace of many souls, "the house of God and the gate of heaven." During the thirteen weeks of this first visit, twenty-nine were baptized. Having returned to his charge in Nobleboro' to spend two or three Sabbaths, he went back, and the Lord still blessed his labors. But we have been unable to as-

certain the whole number of conversions during this visit.

In a letter to an esteemed friend in Frederickton, N. B., Mr. Jarvis Ring, who, in behalf of his brethren, had earnestly solicited him to become their pastor, Mr. Dunbar writes, under date of South Berwick, Oct. 25th, 1825: "After I read your last letter, and found you were still destitute of the means of grace, I felt, more than ever, anxious to run to your relief; and when I found that my return to this place again was necessary, I begged of the brethren at Nobleboro' to relieve me from my obligations to them; to which they consented, after I directed them to a minister, who, I believed, would answer in my place. My object in taking this step was that I might be at liberty, after the revival should cease here, to go and spend some time with you, if you should still be destitute. I am now, therefore, free from all engagements with any people, except that my conscience and a sense of duty bind me to stay here till the Lord has finished his present work." But this was not in God's plan, and he never went to Frederickton.

The church at N. were at first exceedingly reluctant to comply with Mr. Dunbar's request, indicated in the above letter, and were only brought to consent to it by a tender regard for his conscientious wishes.

Between him and them a warm affection ever existed, as was shown by their recalling him to their pastorate at the end of the first year after he left them, and again fifteen or twenty years later.

From the many kind and pressing letters which urged his return, we select the following, from an old sea-captain, as quite fresh and characteristic:

"NOBLEBORO', Feb. 8, 1827.

"ELDER DUNBAR,

"*Dear Sir*, — With much pleasure I embrace this opportunity to inform you that my family and all our friends are well.

"The year has rolled round, and we have no minister. We are in want; our ship is on the lee-shore; we want a pilot to beat her to windward, among quicksands and rolling stones, into the right channel once more; and we think that we wish for no other than the old pilot that showed us first the channel. We wish to sail with him to the new land that flows with milk and honey. By God's permission, dear sir, we want you and we want your family in this place. You, by God's permission, planted a dear church; and we want you to come and dig about it, and bring it to the harvest. Don't fail to come. Come to *my* house first.

"Your sincere friend,

"FRANCIS TUFTS."

Good old Deacon Chamberlain, of the same church, was also very anxious for his return; and we judge his righteous soul might have been a little vexed by the disappointment of his hopes, for he writes:

"Unless you come back as our *pastor*, I hope you will not come to visit us till we settle one: for, if you do, we shall never be able to unite in another."

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## CHAPTER XI.

Removes to Portsmouth, N. H. — Previous Efforts to establish a Baptist Church there — Strong Doctrinal Preaching — Opposition from "Christians," and Calvinist Baptist Church Formed — Independent Congregational Church embraces Baptist Views — Invite him and his People to unite with them — Helpers raised up — Resigns his Charge — Removes to Chester, N. H. — A Perilous Adventure — Visits New York — Called to the First Brooklyn and the North Beriah (Vandam Street, New York) Churches.

IN January, 1826, Mr. Dunbar removed his family from Nobleboro' to Portsmouth, N. H., at what he deemed the call of Providence, leaving a people from whom neither time nor distance ever weaned him, and going forth to break new ground, with few helpers, where his income would be small and his expenses large, and where the obstacles to success seemed very great. Mr. L. W. Brewster, of Portsmouth, has kindly furnished the following interesting sketch : —

"The church to which Mr. Dunbar came, was established by Elias Smith, in 1802, and was styled, 'The First Baptist Church in Portsmouth.' Mr. Smith's change of views to those which are now peculiar to the 'Christian' denomination, found many followers here, and his sentiments were adopted by his church as a body. In 1825, however, there being considerable diversity of belief on doctrinal points, and much trouble in obtaining suitable ministers, the society was in a state bordering on dissolution.

"At this time a conference was held between the standing committee of the society and brethren Samuel Cleaves

and E. C. Crane, representatives of the Calvinistic Baptists in Portsmouth, which resulted in a union of effort to maintain the existence of the church, by applying to the Massachusetts Baptist Missionary Society for patronage. This being done, Rev. Lucius Bolles, D. D., of Salem, Mass., visited the church as a delegate from that society, to inspect the field and learn the exact state of affairs. The result of his visit and investigation was the sending to Portsmouth of Rev. Mr. Merriam, a Calvinistic Baptist, who, for some months, supplied the pulpit. Upon beginning his labors, Mr. M., for a few Sabbaths, overlooked many of the irregularities which had been licensed under the previous dispensation. But he very soon began to break up the fallow ground and to institute a reform. It had been customary to attend church or not as feelings or inclination prompted; to come early or late as might happen; and to go out at any period of the services with the utmost freedom. These faults were severely rebuked, and soon the decencies of church-going etiquette began to be generally observed, and a regular and respectful congregation listened to the services throughout.

“After the close of his labors, Mr. Dunbar came, and the impress of his preaching and example here is ineffaceable. The years that have crowded between us and him have only exalted him to our view as a God-sent pioneer, who came in the spirit of Elijah. Holding firmly the tenets of Calvinism, and uttering them without restraint, he turned his double-edged sword of election and the Trinity with a strong and fearless hand against the opposing doctrines. It is not surprising that, in such a congregation as his, his preaching should be obnoxious to quite a number. One Sabbath forenoon he preached from the text, Acts xxiv. 14: ‘But this I confess unto thee that, after the way

which they call heresy, so worship I the God of my fathers,' &c. At the close of the service, one of the leading men of the church met him in the aisle with the abrupt salutation, 'If I believed what you have preached, I should never read the Bible, nor attend meeting.' We may judge that the discourse touched upon his favorite doctrine of election; and one of his hearers has said respecting it, that she never, in all her long life of eighty-nine years, heard this doctrine so clearly and beautifully expounded.

"But while he was thus uncompromising in performing what he conceived to be his duty as a Christian teacher, his sensitive nature was easily touched. The remark made upon his sermon touched him to the quick, and that day, at noon, not a morsel passed his lips.

"He found easy access to the hearts of the people. 'He was a godly man,' they say of him here, and those who were most intimate with him love and cherish his memory the most. His pure, upright, earnest, God-trusting life stands as a model of Christian and ministerial excellence.

"The church-edifice in which he preached has since been remodelled, and is now called 'The Temple,' on Chestnut street. He continued to conduct the services here until about the first of June, 1826. At that time, Elder Moses How, of the 'Christian' persuasion, being in town, desired to occupy the pulpit of Elder Dunbar. To this Mr. D. rather objected, from the fact that *he* was endeavoring to establish a Baptist interest in the place, and that he felt that harm would result from allowing any adverse influence to emanate from his pulpit. Finally, however, consent was given, it being understood, it is said, that conflicting doctrines were for the time to be laid aside. Elder How preached accordingly, and, contrary to the expectation

of Mr. Dunbar, took ground in pointed opposition to the tenets of the latter. At the close of the discourse, Mr. D. arose and said, that 'the young man had doubtless done the best he could, and he would reply to him !'

"He shortly after preached his farewell discourse to that mixed people. The house was crowded. The sermon reviewed his ministry there, recalling to the minds of his hearers the eagerness with which they had urged his coming, and the unkind manner in which they had treated him. This closed his connection with that church.

"But he proceeded with his Master's work ; and, on the 11th of June, under the patronage of the Massachusetts Baptist Missionary Society, the Calvinist Baptists assembled by themselves for public worship, for the first time. The place of meeting was the 'Old Assembly House,' on Vaughan street. Mr. Dunbar preached, in the forenoon, from the text, Gen. xxviii. 16 : 'And Jacob awaked out of his sleep ; and he said, Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not.' In the afternoon, he took the seventeenth verse : 'This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.'

"A meeting was soon appointed to take measures for the formation of a Calvinistic Baptist Church. There were present eight persons, — just the number, as Mr. D. pleasantly remarked, that entered into the ark, — namely, Duncan Dunbar, Sampson Sheafe, Allen Porter, Samuel Cleaves, Elisha C. Crane, Susan Parke, Mary Brewster, and Christina Dunbar.

"A call, signed by these persons, was issued for a Council, with reference to their constitution into a Baptist Church. Such a council assembled August 10, 1826, at the house of Mr. Dunbar ; and public services were subsequently held in the Assembly House. The council repre-

sented the Baptist Churches of Exeter, N. H., Portland and South Berwick, Maine, by their pastors and three other delegates. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Thomas B. Ripley, of Portland. The Lord's Supper was celebrated, for the first time, September 3d.

"The hall in which the Society worshipped would accommodate about two hundred persons. It was generally filled.

"During the summer, Mr. Dunbar was accustomed to have a meeting at six o'clock, A. M., in which he occupied considerable time with remarks, two preaching services during the day, and a meeting in the evening; all which would have been no easy task for one whose heart was not in his work.

"It was his custom to spend from fifteen to thirty minutes, forenoon and afternoon, in reading and expounding the Scriptures. This was followed by a sermon, which would now be considered long; the entire service was two or two and a half hours. Mr. Dunbar also preached once during the week.

"In one of his sermons he made use of the following-emphatic language to express his belief in the deity of Christ: 'If Jesus Christ was not the very Eternal God, he was the greatest impostor that ever lived on earth, and the Jews did perfectly right in killing him!' [Lev. xxiv. 16.]

"Mr. Dunbar's preaching attracted hearers from other denominations. This was very soon seriously felt by the Independent Congregational Society worshipping in Pitts Street. Finding the doctrines of the Baptists were becoming more acceptable to his hearers, the pastor of this church was led to change his views to accord to those held by Mr. Dunbar. But it appears that this was a step too far, as this was not the first change of the kind

he had made. He lost the entire confidence of his society, and ere long, by the advice of his friends, he removed to another field.

“Left thus without a pastor, it was not long before an invitation was extended to the Baptists to form a union of the two societies, Mr. Dunbar to preach in the Pitts Street Chapel. The invitation was accepted, and about the beginning of the new year the meetings at the ‘Assembly House’ were given up.

“Mr. Dunbar, however, preached but a few Sabbaths in the new place, before he accepted a call from Chester, N. H., about the last of January, 1827.

“His labors in Portsmouth were more directly blessed to the gathering of a church and its confirmation in the doctrines of grace, than in the conversion of sinners. He was the instrument, in God’s hand, of laying the foundation deep and strong, on which others have since built up a prosperous body, now known as the ‘Middle Street Baptist Church.’

“Yet he never was neglectful of his duty to the unconverted. There was always manifest a deep and tender earnestness in his pleadings with those whose minds were seriously inclined. After lingering a long while at the close of an evening-meeting, in conversation with a young lady, an inquirer, he left her with the remark, ‘O my dear —, if there were but one soul in the whole world needing salvation, and that soul were here, I should be amply repaid for all my labor and trouble in coming from Scotland, to save that one.’

“During Mr. Dunbar’s ministry at the Assembly House, he baptized four persons. In February, however, the month succeeding his removal, thirteen more were added, — ‘one sowing, and another reaping.’”

To show how easy it is for the Lord to raise up helpers for his servants, we cannot omit mentioning a friendship formed at this time, which had much to do with the happiness and comfort of Mr. Dunbar's family in Portsmouth.

While preaching in the Assembly House, he noticed a lady whose dress and manners marked her as a stranger among his hearers. None there knew her; but still she came regularly on Sabbath mornings, and was a most attentive listener. By and by she began to drop in at the evening service, and then she was accompanied by a black man, as a protector. Asking who in town kept such a man-servant, Mr. Dunbar learned that his new hearer was the wife of Captain McIntosh, the newly-appointed British Consul, brother of the Laird of Raigmore, himself owning an estate in Inverness, about thirty miles from Mr. Dunbar's native place.

Mrs. McIntosh went to the Assembly House at first to gratify her ear with the peculiar accent of her native land, and there felt the power of the gospel she heard so plainly and faithfully preached. She sought the acquaintance and friendship of Mr. and Mrs. Dunbar; and henceforth he could have spoken of her as one of "those women who ministered unto me in the gospel." As a lady of rank and fortune, she might, under the circumstances, have acted the part of a patroness toward a feeble church and its minister; but it was not in her gentle nature to do so. The intercourse between the two families was one founded on strong mutual affection. One of Mr. Dunbar's daughters was named after Mrs. McIntosh, at her request. This intimacy was kept up by visiting and correspondence as long as they remained in America; and after their return home, Mr. Dunbar, when in his native land, was received as their guest in Inverness with true brotherly warmth and

Scottish hospitality. After this visit the noble captain wrote to him when at Elgin, urging him to return to them again before leaving the country, and begging him to "try to command a leisure half hour, to commit to paper 'The Bower of Prayer' for Mrs. McIntosh," which, we presume, he had sung to her in her home. But they never met again on earth. The captain and his amiable wife preceded him to the silent land.

Having labored with this church most earnestly and faithfully, he felt it his duty, after a brief pastorate, to resign. A unanimous call from Chester had been brought to him by three of the brethren, who came to urge his acceptance of it. Thither he removed, and was at once at work in a hard field, where the cause was weak, and the opposing influences strong. Of his labors here we have little to mention, except the usual record of fidelity and success. At one time we find an account of twenty-three baptisms within a period of about three months.

While residing in Chester, Mr. Dunbar made an exchange with the minister in Concord, N. H. He went in a sleigh, taking with him his eldest daughter, then a little girl. Late on Saturday afternoon they reached the river at the point where they expected to cross it, but were much perplexed by learning that the ice was so broken up that no horse had been driven over for two or three days. A man who lived near the river, and was familiar with the crossing, advised Mr. Dunbar not to attempt it. But there was no other way to get over, and he went down and examined it for himself. The ice was parted from the shore, and cracked into huge cakes. But with the old boyish spirit of daring, he resolved "to try it." To quiet the fears of his daughter, he said, as she well remembers, "I believe, my dear, that it is God's will that I should

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preach in Concord to-morrow, and this is the only way I can get there; so we will put our trust in him, and I'm very sure he will keep us in safety. An old Indian in New Brunswick once told me how to cross rivers when the ice was weak. I know about how much you and I and the pony and sleigh weigh, and I have measured the distance with my eye; so we will go."

He then urged the pony on with whip and voice; he darted over, the cakes of ice parting as his feet rose from them, and the water gushing up behind them at every step. The next morning the river was nearly clear of ice, and the current flowing freely on. The good man who had warned Mr. Dunbar of the danger, no doubt thought him a madman to run such a risk; but he used his own judgment, decided on his duty, cast himself on God, and accomplished his end. And many times in after life, when there was danger as well as duty ahead, did he, in church discipline or financial matters, take the reins in his own hand, measure the difficulties and the probabilities of success, and then whip triumphantly over! He who seemed rash on one side the river, was often hailed as a hero on the other.

The Second Church in Brunswick, Me., in whose prosperity he felt a deep interest, was now struggling to build a house of worship. A former member, who was at this time residing in New York, wrote them that if they could persuade Mr. Dunbar to visit that city in their behalf, he could without doubt procure aid for them. One of their number made a winter's journey from Brunswick to Chester to appeal to his sympathy, which was quickly moved. Obtaining leave of absence from his people, he went to New York, and was successful in his mission. But Providence designed something more than this by the

visit. So great was the interest awakened by his preaching and his intercourse with the people, that he received calls to the pastorate of the First Brooklyn, and the Vandam Street (New York), churches.

One evening, being at a public meeting in New York, his name was announced as that of a stranger. At the close of the services a gentleman came up to him with a look of surprise, saying, as he grasped his hand, "Mr. Dunbar, when you were wrecked on the shore of Bermuda, I was one of the two lads who first volunteered to go out through the breakers to you, — William George Miller. The sermons you preached while detained on the island made an impression on my mind which was never effaced. I am now pastor of a church in this city, and no house but mine shall be your home while you remain here."

The acquaintance thus renewed grew into an affectionate friendship, which endured till death removed the younger first to his heavenly rest.

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## CHAPTER XII.

*Takes Charge of the Vandam Street Church — Tribute of Mr. W. Seton — Labors in Destitute parts of the City — Formation of the Sixteenth Church — Befriending Strangers — Preaching Christ in the Prison — Efforts for Convicts.*

 **R. DUNBAR** settled with the North Beriah Church, in Vandam street, New York, as pastor, June 10, 1828.

The congregation rapidly increased, and, ere long, the house of worship became too small for them. It was therefore lengthened so as to gain, several rows of pews, and was otherwise improved. But scarcely was the work accomplished, when, amid tokens of great spiritual prosperity, their sanctuary was burned to the ground, with very many other buildings, leaving nearly a hundred families homeless. Mr. Dunbar toiled all the night of the fire, with his brethren, to save what he could from the ruins, and to aid other sufferers. At daybreak he sought his home, accompanied by many poor creatures who had no shelter, and for them he ordered breakfast in the kitchen before taking rest or refreshment himself.

The church was treated with the greatest sympathy and kindness in this the time of their need. Within a few hours they received offers, in whole or in part, of several places of worship, belonging to different denominations. A small church edifice, built for a Bethel, in Provost, now Franklin street, was generously offered them, free of expense, by Mr. F. Merriam, who then owned it. This they gratefully

accepted and occupied, until, by much effort and personal sacrifice, and by the proffered aid of churches of their own and other denominations, with whose ministers Mr. Dunbar was on terms of friendship, they erected a new and better house. They selected another location, — three house-lots, forming part of what was then known as "Shaw's Garden," on McDougal street, at the head of Vandam. There, in their present place of worship, he and the church, with two short interruptions, labored together, amid frequent tokens of the divine favor, for more than thirty years.

When Mr. Dunbar first went to Vandam Street, he found there a large and flourishing Sunday school, under the superintendence of Mr. S. W. Seton, and side by side with him he labored until called home to his rest. Since Mr. Dunbar's death, Mr. Seton writes :

"I send a few recollections of the precious departed, whose memoir you have consented to prepare. I trust it will mirror forth his earnest life, so as to revive his past counsels and examples with blessings to those who 'heard him gladly,' and rejoiced in his refreshing shadow amid heavy burdens of soul and body, while enjoying sanctuary privileges at his diligent and gentle hand ; and also to impress his faithful lessons upon the heart and conscience of those who may have turned thoughtlessly away from the voice of 'the living preacher.' I heard his first and his last sermon to this people. They were alike full of earnestness, energy, and spiritual life ; an embodiment of that Christian experience so fully breathed in the Psalms of David, and so prevailing a feature in Paul's edifying epistles. It was enough for me ; — hidden manna, angel's food. He used great plainness of speech and great earnestness of manner ; such apt and beautiful though some-

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times homely illustrations, that uneducated minds, and even little children, could understand him.

“A smile and a cordial shake of the hand was my last interview, on leaving the Sunday-school room, the last Sabbath he preached. He told me he was going to visit his children J. and M., and invited me to accompany him,— full of life, health, and earnestness of purpose. But, alas, it proved to us ‘the last of earth’ in social intercourse; and now a murmuring sigh comes unadvisedly to our lips; but this is our infirmity. God bless us all, and forgive us wherein we come short of the blessed duty, ‘Thy will be done.’

“Yours with affection more than ever,

“S. W. S.”

“I find,” says Mr. Seton, in another letter, “the first notice of Mr. Dunbar in my Sunday-school Annals, Sabbath morning, October 5, 1828. He preached the Anniversary Sermon of the Sunday school, November 23. His first sermon in Vandam Street was from 2 Kings v. 12: ‘Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?’

“The subject was beautifully and experimentally applied, with unbounded warmth and vigor, and gave the highest satisfaction to all, opening a broad road to favor among the people who were to become the sheep of his pasture.

“In 1836, he went to Europe, and returned November 7th, and was present at the Friday evening prayer-meeting. He went for his health, and came back with it fully established, and with a heart full of ‘new wine.’

“His text, on the Sabbath, was Rom. iii. 23: ‘All have sinned.’ It had been one of the proof-texts of the Sunday-school lesson on the previous Sabbath, and the whole subject

had thus been opened before, to the school. This was incidental ; but the text was no doubt prompted by his pent-up spirit, in travail again for the dear saints of his flock.

“ The Sabbath after his return was observed as a Thanksgiving occasion for our homes, health, and prosperity during the year, and *especially* for the safe return from the perils of the sea and of feeble health, of our precious friend. It was an occasion of the utmost spiritual rejoicing. The church was crowded to its utmost capacity. How solemn, impressive and ardent was the gospel message, from this mere Bible motto ! This observance was by both church and Sunday school. The Sunday-school minute says : ‘ The exercises were both solemn and interesting, and we doubt not did good to all hearts, and we trust many were sanctified by their use, lifting up their hearts for God’s unspeakable gift, and for the good word of life.’

“ The occasion was enjoyed by not a few, who hallowed the celebration with tears of gratitude, in this joyous meeting in the sanctuary, as they

‘ Hailed with thanksgiving a pastor returning,  
Refreshed in his strength, and his lamp brightly burning,’

for the school and the people. The second Sabbath morning after his return, he preached from Phil. iv. 6 : ‘ Be careful for nothing, but in everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God.’

“ This was well fitted for his affectionate heart to his people, zealous that, in home and church affairs, they should make known their joy by prayer and praise. The occasion was one long to be remembered, and is forgotten by me in all its features, as also his *salutation* sermon, on the previous Sabbath, ‘ All have sinned.’” . . . . .

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When Mr. Dunbar went to New York there was a great field for evangelical labor in the outskirts of the city. There was then but one Baptist church north of his own, and the population was rapidly increasing in that direction. One of his deacons, John B. Halstead, had removed to the Eighth Avenue, near Eighteenth street, then quite out of town. His heart was moved for the people, and he resolved to use his influence in establishing worship there. He laid the case before his pastor, who pledged himself to further any plan he might lay out. Mr., afterward Rev., Henry Knapp, who had recently been converted, and had united with the Vandam Street Church, occupied a large homestead on the shore of the Hudson, near "The Old White Fort." He now threw open his house for meetings, and once a week Mr. Dunbar went there, accompanied by several brethren, and preached, to as many as Mr. K.'s hospitality could accommodate, the good word of life.

These labors were accepted; souls were converted, and saints encouraged to attempt great things for God. Deacon Halstead began to broach the subject of a new church. Of course such a movement would involve the loss of several beloved members to Vandam Street, not itself at the time very strong. To Mr. Dunbar, parting with Deacon H. was like losing a right arm for labor, so highly did he value the earnest piety, the profound wisdom, and the active zeal of this blessed friend and church-officer. But he shrunk not from the sacrifice, and went with them, heart and soul, into the work. A little vestry was built, which soon had to be enlarged, and a church was formed, which grew into what is now the Sixteenth Baptist Church. From its incipient state, this "interest" was cherished by the mother church, which

cheerfully gave of her sons and her treasures to aid in planting the standard of the cross in that then new region. The holy and unselfish spirit, — so free from all ambition of being a leader, — which animated the heart of John B. Halstead, made its impress on those who were associated with him, as well as on those he left behind in the old home. No feelings save those of love, we believe, ever existed between these two churches.

Mr. Dunbar's settlement in New York was indeed an entrance into a great field of usefulness, for which both nature and grace had eminently fitted him. Well do his elder children remember the zeal with which he took up the first cases of suffering that presented themselves. At the head of the list stood a decent old man, whom he found suffering from want of work. Near Mr. Dunbar's house, then in Charlton street, close to the old Richmond Hill Theatre, — in days long gone the country-seat of Aaron Burr, — was an alley-way, over which was a rough chamber, with plank floor, reached by a ladder. Here he set up the old stranger at house-keeping, after presenting him with a "buck" and saw, with which to earn his bread. The bare brick walls, the cot bed, the table, chair and stove, composed a palace for the grateful creature, and for months he toiled every hour of daylight, manifesting a sobriety and industry which proved him no subject for the almshouse, from which his benefactor had kept him. During the winter, the old man was sick for a few days, and then it became the mission of Mr. Dunbar's little children to mount the ladder, and carry broth, gruel, and whatever he might need to what their father playfully called, "Robby's Roost." The queer little figure, — clad in light blue cotton, until he earned better garments, — surmounted with a very small, red wig, is one of the

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grotesque pictures imprinted on their memories. They will never forget "Jemmy the wood-sawyer."

One morning, as Mr. Dunbar entered a barber's shop, a young man of superior address, whom he had seen there several times and had taken for a customer, stepped up to him with some diffidence, and offered to shave him.

"But are you a barber?" asked Mr. Dunbar in surprise.

"No, sir, but I am learning to be one," he replied, dropping his eyes, while the color mounted to his brow.

"But why is this, my young friend?" asked Mr. Dunbar.

"Sir," replied the stranger, in tremulous tones, "I cannot dig, and to beg I am ashamed. I came from a good home, and am the son of a respectable family. I have spent my remittances, and, after vain endeavors to obtain a position in a mercantile house, have become utterly discouraged. Day after day I have come here, and this good barber has pitied and tried to help me. I could no longer pay my board where I was, and he has allowed me to sleep here on the lounge, and has sent me food. I cannot accept the bounty of a poor man, while myself strong and able to work; so when he needed help here, I offered to learn his trade, and if you will allow me, I will shave you, sir."

"No, my young friend, I will allow you to do no such thing! Come home with me, and I will see what can be done for you."

After seeing his credentials and inquiring into his character where he had been boarding, Mr. Dunbar took the young man into his own family. Here he remained many weeks, it being a time of great depression in business.

Here he conducted himself like a gentleman, and manifested much gratitude. He at length found employment, and then refunded, as far as was in his power, the money loaned him. He expressed the firm belief that Mr. Dunbar's kindness had saved him from the ruin which so often overtakes unemployed youth in great cities.

Sectarianism was never mingled with Mr. Dunbar's charities; the sufferer was a brother man. That was all he cared to know. Catholic, Jew, and Gentile, alike shared his pity. The last-named young man was a staunch, consistent Episcopalian, and read his prayers, and attended his own services, while eating the bread of his benefactor. But Mr. Dunbar did not wish to buy men's consciences cheap in their day of adversity; he asked no man to sell his birthright for a mess of pottage.

The second year of his residence in New York, a young man, named Richard Johnson, was sentenced to be hung for the murder of a Mrs. Newman, who had cruelly deceived and injured him. He had heard of Mr. Dunbar, and requested that he might be his spiritual adviser. Mr. Dunbar became deeply interested, as did many other gentlemen, in the case, the condemned having hitherto borne a fair character for honesty and industry, and having committed the crime in a frenzy, after great provocation. Every effort was made to save him, but in vain; the majesty of law triumphed over all the appeals of pity, and the minister had only to labor and pray that his poor young charge might be prepared to meet a mightier and yet more merciful Judge than man. Those who knew the kindness of his heart, will realize how keenly Mr. Dunbar sympathized with the agony of the condemned, and how earnestly he prayed and toiled for his salvation during those months that intervened between the sentence

and its fulfilment. Even down to the last hour, he was with him, spending the whole night preceding the execution in prayer and conversation in the cell, and rejoicing, when the sad scene was over, in the belief that one who was deemed by man unfit to live, was, by faith in the pardoning blood of Christ, made meet for heaven. A long paper, containing the sad history of Johnson's fall from virtue, and his sudden descent to ruin, with other writings of interest from his hand, were found among Mr. Dunbar's papers after his own death.

So deeply was the case of this friendless young man felt, and so earnest were the prayers for him at the family altar, that the children entered most painfully into it. Never will they forget the awful anxieties of that, his last night on earth. The tender heart of their mother, alive with pity for every living thing, was so deeply moved that she never thought of sleeping. She gathered her children all in her own room, and while the little ones slept, she, with those old enough to enter into her feelings, watched the hours as they dragged heavily on to the fatal stroke of "four." Every throb of that pure heart bore a prayer to heaven for the parting soul. Like the dying thief, he left earth in the full hope of being that day with Christ in Paradise.

Among the letters preserved by Mr. Dunbar, is one in which the full gratitude of a father's heart is poured out, and blessings called down on him, for his success in obtaining pardons for two young sons, who, through the temptation of evil companions, had been led into their first crime, and been sentenced to the State Prison. His children have no remembrance of the case, and know of this and hundreds of other acts of mercy only from the written acknowledgments of the recipients, or the letters of friends at the time.

There was a respectable widow living not far from his church, an Episcopalian, and an utter stranger to him. She had two sons, one in the West Indies and one with her, both bearing good characters, and having employment in respectable mercantile houses. They were affectionate and dutiful toward her, supplying all her wants. The younger one was invited by his fellow-clerks to join with them in sending flour to one of the islands, where there was at the time a great scarcity. He was looking every hour for the ship which was to bring the semi-annual instalment from his brother for his mother's use. With her consent he agreed to join his companions in the speculation, having not a doubt that the expected money would soon arrive. Day after day passed, and the morning came when the payment for the flour was due; but still there was no sign of the vessel off Sandy Hook. He felt ashamed to withdraw, at so late a time, from his agreement, and was not a little perplexed; when the book-keeper sent him off to the bank to deposit a thousand dollars.

He placed eight hundred and ninety dollars in the bank, and, with the balance of one hundred and ten, fulfilled his part of the contract at once. A young clerk, belonging to another firm, was, at the time, in the bank, and, going afterward to that store, said carelessly to the book-keeper, "I saw — putting your eight hundred in the bank." "But it was one thousand," was the reply. "I am certain," said the clerk, "it was eight hundred and something." The poor youth was called on to decide the question. In an agony of terror he confessed it, and his employers, not hearing all the mitigating circumstances, caused his arrest. He was tried, and sentenced to the Sing Sing prison for two or three years; and, although the money to meet the deficiency arrived before the sentence was carried out, it was too late to save him.

It may easily be imagined into what anguish the poor widowed mother was then cast. An humble neighbor, who had himself found Mr. Dunbar a friend in need, said to her, "Go to Mr. Dunbar; I know that he can help you!"

The heart-stricken woman made her way to his house, where she was met with the tenderest sympathy. The whole story was listened to with such patience as a man of perfect leisure might manifest, but no hopes were held out. He directed her to the widow's God for comfort and support, reminding her how easy it would be for the Saviour, who gave back to the sisters of Bethany their brother from the grave, and to the widow of Nain her son from the bier, to restore her boy who still lived. He said, "I have no influence with the governor, but I know and love a man who has; I will write all you have told me to him, and if he can aid us in the matter, he will do it." The case had now become his own, as did those of all whom he strove to aid or comfort. He first saw the employers, and learned from them the truth of the story and the previous good character of the young man. He then wrote to interest Rev. Dr. Welch, of Albany, in the case, knowing that he could lay it before Gov. Marcy, who was one of his hearers. The kind-hearted doctor had probably used the freedom which friendship vouchsafed him, as far as prudent, already in such matters; but he replied at once, promising to do all in his power for the widow's son. Suffice it to say, that through his influence Mr. Dunbar soon went to that sorrowful home with a pardon in his hand. The distressed woman was in such a state of excitement that he really felt afraid to tell her at once the result of his efforts.

He sat down by her side and calmly told her of the de-

lays and discouragements generally met with in cases like hers ; how many applications were made to the chief magistrate for clemency, and how careful he had to be, lest, by false pity, he might flood the community again with the very felons from whom justice had just saved it.

She saw and admitted the difficulties in the way ; and then he said, " Still, for all this, the governor has the power to do it if he pleases. Now, if you should hear that he would grant your son a pardon, could you bear it calmly, and thank God for so influencing his heart ? " Thus he led her along, and then slowly drew from his pocket the pardon, and said, " Here, poor mother ; you will see your son in two or three days. "

We believe the young man's former employers received him back again, and that his future conduct showed that their confidence in his upright *intentions* was not misplaced.

## CHAPTER XIII.

The Cholera Summer — Letter of Dr. Dowling — Labors with the Sick and Dying — Is Prostrated with the Disease — Returns to his Work — Careful to entertain Strangers — Second Cholera Summer — God's Wing over the People of his Charge.

**M**Y first acquaintance with Rev. Duncan Dunbar," writes Rev. Dr. Dowling, of New York, "was in the summer of 1832, the memorable year of the cholera in New York. I was then a stranger in a strange land, having just arrived, with the wife of my youth and two little children, from England, with the intention of making America my home. We sailed from London in July, 1832, while the cholera was pursuing its way over England. Many were the conjectures whether or not it would ever cross the ocean to America. During our passage of seven weeks, it was the subject of general congratulation that we were placing the ocean between us and the terrible scourge. What was our disappointment, on being boarded by a pilot off Sandy Hook, to hear from him, 'The cholera has been raging for six weeks in the city, where there have been five thousand cases and two thousand deaths. There are now from two to three hundred cases a day. The people are in a panic, and the city almost deserted.'

"Upon our release from quarantine, we found the report too true. As we walked the streets, it was easy to see that the Angel of Death was there. Sorrow and bereavement were written on thousands of countenances,

and funeral processions met at almost every corner. Houses and stores were shut in every direction, the occupants having fled the city. The words of the mourning prophet came to my lips: 'How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people! How is she become as a widow! The ways of Zion do mourn because none come to her solemn feasts; all her gates are desolate; her priests sigh; her virgins are afflicted, and she is in bitterness.'

"It was under such circumstances that I called, the day after my arrival, on my dear brother Dunbar, with a letter of introduction, and found him not only the warm-hearted Christian brother, and kind, judicious adviser, but also, as hundreds besides myself have found him, before and since, emphatically 'The Stranger's Friend.' He welcomed me at once to his heart, his home, and his pulpit. I know that many eyes beside my own will kindle and moisten with grateful recollection, while I testify to the fact that, more than any man I ever knew, did this dear brother follow out the spirit of God's injunction to ancient Israel, of kindness to the stranger: 'Ye know the heart of a stranger, seeing ye were strangers in Egypt.' One of these, a ministering brother to whom he had been as a father, accosted me *thus*, as I entered the place of worship, at Mr. Dunbar's funeral: 'Brother Dowling, do you want to adopt a son?' I did not understand him till I saw the quivering lip and tearful eye, as he looked into the house, hung with mourning, and added, 'I have lost a father,—dear brother Dunbar! He was a father to me.' And similar to these, I am free to confess, were my own feelings when, on the following Sabbath, I preached to my own congregation from the words of Elisha, when Elijah was taken up to heaven, 'My father, my father, the chariots of Israel, and the horsemen thereof.'

“ But my principal object in writing was to testify to the self-denying and arduous labors of brother Dunbar during that terrible summer of the cholera. During the whole season he remained faithful. While most of the ministers, partaking of the general alarm, fled the city, he stood preëminent among the faithful few, who, inspired by a noble, Christ-like heroism, consecrated themselves to the work of philanthropy and mercy. Deterred by no considerations of danger, he visited the sick and dying, comforted the sorrowing and bereaved, counting no sacrifice too costly, no self-denial too great, so that, like his Master, he might go about doing good.

“ Though I was at his house every day, while in the city, I do not think I ever called without his being either absent on some visit of mercy, or else at home with the friends of the dead or dying, who had called on him for sympathy or aid. I heard from him many touching incidents of sorrow, of which he had been a personal and sympathizing witness; but the lapse of thirty years has left the particulars too indistinct for detail. I well remember being introduced by him, at his house, to one poor mourner, who, in a few days, had been bereft of all his family, a wife and four children, by the awful scourge. He had come for consolation and sympathy, and also to ask what inscription he should put on the monument he was erecting over the remains of his lost family.

“ The universal testimony concerning brother Dunbar was: ‘ When the ear heard him it blessed him, and when the eye saw him it gave witness to him; because he delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon him, and he caused the widow’s heart to sing for joy.’

“ I had begun to hope that my own loved family would escape the pestilence ; but, while myself absent from the city, it pleased God to take from me my beloved wife and one of my children. I came back to find her already in the grave, and my child in its coffin. I will add that, while Christ alone was my rock and my refuge, I was greatly blessed and comforted by the sympathy of Christian friends ; among whom was not one more tender and brotherly, not one whose words of sympathy were more effectual in soothing my agonized heart, than the beloved, and now sainted, Duncan Dunbar.”

Mr. Dunbar's elder children remember well how faithfully he stood his ground through all this terrific summer. His church was almost empty ; and he, as well as other ministers, might have followed the people to places of safety. But who would care for the poor, the sick, and the dying, if all forsook them and fled ? He saw the great work of a comforter before him, and gave himself to it. Through streets and alleys, from garret to cellar, he went, often finding the death-bed and the coffin in the same room, carrying bread, medicines, and money for funerals. His door-bell rung incessantly ; and it would have required four or five faithful men to do all the work before him. These were days of severe and painful labor ; nor did the night bring any rest. No sooner was his weary head laid on its pillow, than some panting messenger would ring and say that a dying man, in such a street or alley, wanted Mr. Dunbar to come and pray with him ; or, that a whole family were sick and had no one to care for them. Hundreds of people, whose names he had never heard, received his care and sympathy, in addition to all he had to do for the remaining members of his own beloved flock.

Of course, such incessant labor, fatigue, and exposure to foul air could not be endured long without producing their effects, even on an iron constitution like his. His sympathies being very strong, he suffered keenly with all these afflicted ones. He found himself becoming very nervous, starting at the first touch of the door-bell, and indeed at any sudden sound; and also becoming more easily fatigued than at first. One night, the air being raw and chilly for the season, he returned late from a scene of indescribable suffering, and retired greatly exhausted both in body and mind; but, before he slept, he was called for, and set off with an affrighted guide for another scene of the same kind. Entering an abode of poverty, into which the free air of heaven seemed never to have been admitted, he talked and prayed with a dying person, breathing, meanwhile, an atmosphere which was enough to destroy life without the cholera.

Immediately after returning home, he was seized with all the symptoms of the disease; and soon realized, in his own person, those sufferings he had striven so faithfully to alleviate in others. A physician was at once called; and with the help of medicine, aided by his strong constitution, he soon rallied. He was, however, left in a state of painful nervous excitement; so that he afterward confessed that for months he did not ride in an omnibus without constant terror, and never dared to sit where he could see the horses, as, to his imagination, the poor jaded animals seemed rearing, or running away. But this suffering did not hinder his work. As soon as he could get about, after his sickness, — which was in a few days, — he assumed all that came upon his hands.

His deacons, seeing the effect of the attack still visible in this nervousness, prevailed on him to leave the city be-

fore he should have another. They engaged board for him and Mrs. Dunbar in Hoboken, where he could have pure air, and still hear daily from the scene of his labors. There he stayed — *one night!* No mortal power could keep him any longer. He assured his physician that he could never gain strength while his mind was burdened with the sufferings of so many, and he too far away to help them. Heaven sent the strength he needed, and he went about still doing good; while his house became a home, or partially so, to the families of three or four ministers who landed on our shores in this day of visitation, and also a resting-place for many other weary pilgrims.

One morning, while sick in his bed, he was sent for by an humble member of his church, to pray for her dying husband. He could not rise; but father Norton, an aged minister, who belonged to his church, being there, he begged him to go in his stead. He did so; and, on entering the room, found the poor wife risen from her bed, — where lay a wailing babe only a few days old, — trying to prepare the body of her husband for a decent burial; for the dead carts waited not for ceremony at the doors of the poor that summer. Such scenes as these made him eager to be at his work again; and all through that season, with the exception of a few days, he did his own work and that of many other ministers who were taking good care of themselves in the country.

The second cholera summer opened on the people with great terror, as they had tasted deeply before and therefore knew the bitterness of the cup. In the first fear, the McDougal Street Church appointed a day of fasting and prayer. At the opening of the meeting Mr. Dunbar read the 91st Psalm, and was there enabled to repose full confidence in its blessed promises. Strange

to say, through all that season not even an infant belonging to one of their families died from any disease, a thing unknown before for so long a period in that large congregation.

## CHAPTER XIV.

Voyage to Europe — Visits his Old Home on the Spey — His Intercourse with the People — Labors publicly and from House to House — Interest in Scotch Baptists — A Highland Missionary Meeting — Giving to the Poor, lending to the Lord — A Search for Hidden Baptists — Desire to Labor in his Native Land.

**I**N the spring of 1836, Mr. Dunbar was attacked with an affection of the throat, which entirely disabled him for his public duties. His physician, finding that the disease did not yield to the ordinary remedies, called in a council of eminent practitioners. It was Sunday morning, and, after hours spent together, they decided that a sea voyage, with perfect rest and the fresh air of his native mountains, were the only remedies, and advised that the change be tried with all possible speed. The church, ever kind and sympathizing, entered into the case with their usual spirit, and generously continued his salary, beside making up a handsome purse for his expenses, and insisting upon Mrs. Dunbar's accompanying him, — as he was quite too feeble to undertake the voyage alone. No time was to be lost. He himself had built strong hopes of recovery on the virtues of his native mountain air; but he had not to wait even for this. He had been on the sea but a short time when his symptoms changed; and before he reached the other shore his cough was gone, and he in comparative health. Leaving Mrs. Dunbar and his son — who had accompanied them — with their relatives in Arbroath, he hastened north, impatient to see once more his beloved hills, the dear old Spey, and the few friends whom death had

spared him ; for both father and mother were now gone. He reached Grantown late at night, but could not wait for morning to visit his home, where his eldest brother then lived. Leaving the hotel, he walked to the house and knocked at the door. It seems that the people of Grantown had, for several days, been annoyed and alarmed by an insane man who had escaped from his friends ; and Mr. D.'s brother, not caring to run the risk of admitting him, asked from a window who was there. The reply was, " A stranger, very weary, who wants a night's shelter." He was informed that a good hotel, " The Grant's Arms Inn," was quite near. But still he insisted that he " was very weary, and could go no farther." After a little parley, the brother asked the stranger where he had come from ; and when he replied, " America," the door flew open as if by magic ! That one word was a charm there, as in thousands of homes over the sea, for the sake of the beloved ones who have chosen the New World as their country.

A minister now settled near New York, who in his youth was a member of Mr. Dunbar's church, and who loved and revered him as a father, visited, some years ago, his own native Scotland, and for *his* sake went to Grantown. There he met with many who had known his beloved friend in his early years. He writes : —

" In 1836, Mr. Dunbar made his first visit to his native land after settling in America, and that was a year never to be forgotten in Grantown and vicinity. The clergy of Scotland have always entertained the idea that they must keep the people at a respectful distance ; so that the children grow up not only to reverence, but also to fear, their minister. There was still a terror hanging over the children in Grantown, so that some of them took good

care to keep out of the way when they saw a minister coming. The manner of my beloved friend, so cordial and so familiar, while commanding the respect of all, astonished the people and won their hearts. He went round from house to house, and crowds followed him. He told them of America, where nearly all of them had some beloved friend, related the dealings of God with sinners there, sang hymns, and prayed. When he had once secured the hearts of the people, his conversation became wholly spiritual. He preached every night, and the congregation would sometimes hang around him till after midnight. The little church in Grantown was thus greatly revived and enlarged through his labors, while his heart and that of his early friend, the pastor, were cheered and rejoiced."

With all his broad Christian charity, Mr. Dunbar was a firm and consistent Baptist, always identifying himself with his own people wherever he went, no matter how insignificant a body they might be. In this visit his heart was drawn out with peculiar tenderness toward the Scotch Baptists, few, and scattered, and rent as they were. When asked to preach for others, whose kind attentions he had received and whose friendship he prized, he would often say, "Ah, brethren, you are large and strong, and do not need me; therefore, what little influence I have must be given to the poor Baptist Church, who do need aid and encouragement." None took offence, but all admired his stern principle and real consistency. God honored him greatly during this visit, and the memory of it was ever precious to him.

While in the Highlands, he was invited to make a speech at a county missionary society. The collection, if we remember right, was taken up before the appeals were

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made, or else slipped into boxes as each donor entered the vestibule. The small amount for a county quite astonished one who had such power over the purse-strings, and was taken for his theme. Addressing the gentleman presiding, — an officer in Her Majesty's service, — he began by comparing the aggressions of Christianity upon heathenism with those of one great nation on another in time of war. "You know, sir," he said, "that money is the sinews of war; what would it avail that you were ordered out with a fleet unless you had money to carry on the expedition? His Majesty would never dream of sending his brave sailors into hostile ports without providing them with sails and spars, provisions, guns, and ammunition. For this he must have money. And so must we have these 'sinews of war,' to carry on the conflict between light and darkness. I am pained that a whole county should raise so small a sum as £ —. I will here pledge my little band of Baptist brethren, few and feeble as they are, to add enough next Lord's day to double the amount." That promise was fulfilled.

During this visit to his native land, he received many tokens of the divine favor in direct answer to the prayer of faith. Having met with a dear friend of his early days, at the time a widow and in depressed circumstances, he felt the duty of aiding her very strongly pressing upon his mind. He was far from home, with his wife and son, and thus under great expenses; and the homeward voyage with its nameless outlays before him. But acting as a faithful steward under the eye of his master, he "gave her," as he said, "a few pounds;" and leaving it with God, he thought no more about it.

A few days after this he was invited to dine with Rev. Mr. Haldane, and as he was leaving him, that gentleman,

himself wealthy, said, "Mr. Dunbar, few ministers are richer than they need be, and your voyage in search of health must prove very expensive; I want you to accept this as a personal gift from me." It was the very sum he had given away at what he believed the call of God. Who can doubt that the Husband of the widow was thus acknowledging the act of mercy performed with such calm and earnest trust in his word of promise, "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord, and he will repay him again."

"About this time," writes a friend, "he passed a night at the house of my father in Aberdeen. On coming in late from a distant part of the city he found that he had lost a sovereign from his pocket. My father offered to take a lantern and return with him to look for it; but he said, 'No, it was lost through no carelessness, and perhaps it may be God's purpose that some poor widow may find it early in the morning, and buy her children's breakfast with it; let it go.' These worthy old people often spoke of this afterward, saying, 'they ne'er saw the like o' him in a' their days. They believed he wad gie awa' his last bawbee til' ony pair body.'

"Strange as it may seem, on the following morning another sovereign, the gift of a friend who knew nothing of the circumstance, took the place of the lost one, in his purse."

While the guest of a noble gentleman in the north of Scotland, a little dinner party was given for him, at which were the principal gentlemen of the neighborhood, both clergy and laity. At table, Mr. Dunbar remarked that he had inquired in vain of Mrs. — whether there were any Baptists in the place, but perhaps the Kirk minister or some one else present could tell him.

A gentleman then said, "There is no Baptist place of

worship here, but there are individuals of your faith. I know one myself, and a very worthy man he is. I will give you his address, and he can tell you all about those brethren of yours," he added with a smile.

"Well, sir," replied Mr. Dunbar, "I'll ferret them out if there are any. I find my people in Scotland have a great habit of hiding themselves in corners."

He was directed to the one discoverable Baptist, and from him learned the location of their place of worship. It was something like this: "Go up — street, till you come to a 'close;' turning in by the store of — —, follow that till you come to a narrower 'close,' and go up that till you see a cooper's shop. Beside that is a flight of outside stairs; go up them, and turn to your right till you come to another flight, and at the head of these ye'll find the room we meet in."

"How long has your church been formed?" asked Mr. Dunbar.

"Twenty years or thereabout, and we've worshipped all the time in yon same room," was the good man's reply.

"How large is your church?" asked Mr. Dunbar.

"We have about twenty-five or thirty members, sir."

"And how large a congregation?"

"Thirty-five or forty; just ourselves and our own children, sir."

"And you are real Baptists, — are you?"

"Oh, ay, sir, we are indeed."

"And you believe that your principles are of sufficient importance to warrant your separating yourselves from your Christian brethren of other denominations?"

"Ay, sir, we do."

"Well, then, my dear man, what are you thinking of?"

You believe that God's will is revealed plainly to you on a disputed point, and that you must bear your testimony on the subject to your fellow-men; and yet you hide yourselves as if ashamed of your sentiments. I have been in — a week, inquiring of every one if there were any of my own denomination here; and not till yesterday could I find a person who had ever heard of one! You see what progress you are making in that 'upper chamber.' You have in twenty years gathered a congregation of thirty-five or forty! If I could stay a little while, I would draw you out of that 'close' into a place where men could find you. I would preach and pray and sing with you till every man and woman should ask, 'Who are these people, and what do they believe, that they are so earnest?' I should let all in town know in twenty-four hours that there was a Baptist church here. If your opinions are of no importance, you should have stayed where the gospel is preached by good men, not Baptists; if they are, you should tell your friends and neighbors your reason for breaking up your old relations. When Christ came to establish the first Christian church, he and his disciples sometimes met in an upper chamber for fear of the Jews; but they didn't stay there comforting each other in the hopes beyond. They went out and preached by the wayside, on the shore, in the market-place, — wherever they could reach men. Now, my dear man, if they had lived and died in that upper chamber, as you are doing, how far do you think their teaching and example would have spread? If your people ever expect to do anything in Scotland, they will have to follow their footsteps."

Soon after this, Mr. Dunbar returned to America, but his heart was full of love to these brethren, and he felt a

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strong desire to see them arise and labor, and become a power for good in the land. He could cry with John Knox, "Give me Scotland, or I die."

It was at this time Mr. Dunbar's full intention to return again with his family and lay the foundation of a mission among his brethren, striving to form the many little scattered bands into regular churches, under judicious and well-qualified pastors. He corresponded with many of the most influential men in the denomination, and received much encouragement from all with whom he conversed. But this was not in God's will concerning him; he had still work to do in McDougal Street. There were very many souls yet to be given him there, and there were storms and darkness before the church, through which he was to stand at the helm and guide her into calmer waters. His Master had drawn out a plan for him, and, although at times he panted for work at home, he fell cheerfully into his own place, not daring to go contrary to the Divine will. His interest in this subject ended only with his life. Other hands must take up the work he planned and carry it to perfection. Whose shall they be?

## CHAPTER XV.

*First Record of Interest in the Negro — Pro-Slavery Riots of 1834 — His Church formed on Anti-Slavery Principles — Associational Letters — The Triennial Convention at Richmond (1835) — A Pious Slaveholder — A Distracted Mother — A Visitor from Florida — His Model Christian — Ned Dudley — Buying Sally — The Rolls Slaves — John D — ; how God rewarded his humble Hospitality.*

**W**HEN Mr. Dunbar was residing in New Brunswick, he received an invitation from the Baptist Church in Frederickton, probably in the year 1819, to become their pastor. From his reply we extract the following:—

“ If God, by his sovereign grace, should add to your number any of the unfortunate sons and daughters of Africa, would you, as a church, be willing, without respect of persons, to treat them as the redeemed of the Lord in all things relating to the ordinances and privileges of the gospel, and to discipline them according to the laws of Christ, when it appeared at any time they abused such privileges as food for their pride? ”

This is the first record we find of Mr. Dunbar's peculiar sympathy for the oppressed people of color. The journal he kept of his labors in New Brunswick frequently alluded to this class in the same spirit. It was of his generous and kindly nature, and also an inseparable part of his religion, as a follower of Christ, to feel for the suffering and outcast of every race and color.

- In New York, he identified himself fully with anti-slavery men, and was at one time president of the New York

City Anti-Slavery Society, never hesitating, in public or in private, to utter his opinion of slavery as a great crime against God and humanity. And this he did when it cost something to be an abolitionist, — when that name was a term of reproach, and not seldom involved persecution. Amid the frightful riots which disgraced New York in the year 1834, and which terrified into silence some noted associates in the anti-slavery cause, he maintained his consistency, continuing through all opposition a stanch and outspoken friend of human liberty.

While the rioters were battering the windows of the Spring Street Presbyterian Church, on the right hand, and the private residence of Dr. Samuel H. Cox, on the left, and alarming the whole city, a cautious brother in Mr. Dunbar's church, knowing that his pastor had recently appeared on the platform, at a meeting of the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, — a meeting which was particularly offensive to the enemies of freedom, — came and offered to unscrew his door-plate, lest the rioters should assail his house, which, with others belonging to obnoxious individuals, had been marked for attack. "By no means, my brother," was the calm but firm reply. "I have done nothing to be ashamed of, and I will not hide my colors."

The church over which he presided in New York was formed while slavery was yet existing in the State, and it held an almost solitary distinction as expressly recognizing the full rights of man. One of its articles of faith declared disfellowship of all who held slaves, or trafficked in human beings.

The annual letters of this church to the Association, after Mr. Dunbar became their pastor, which were written by him, breath the spirit of freedom, and, in the light

of current events (1865), seem almost prophetic. They were not always listened to with pleasure ; for many good men in that day were averse to the agitation of the subject of slavery as threatening the peace of Zion. Some of them warned him, plead with him, and even rebuked him ; but speak he must, and speak he did, whether men would hear or forbear. He lived to see the complete triumph of the views which he so long maintained almost single-handed and amid much reproach.

We select a few passages from these letters, the first dated May 31, 1836 : —

“ In every quarter of the globe tyrants are beginning to tremble, and there is a growing conviction among civilized communities that Bible knowledge and human liberty must perish or prosper together. Ethiopia has long been stretching out her hands unto God for help, and it can no longer be concealed that the blood and tears of her oppressed and enslaved offspring, held in cruel and unjust bondage in portions of our own favored land, have at length prevailed with God. The signs of the times manifestly indicate to every unprejudiced observer that the Ruler of the universe is about to vindicate their rights, and to cover with merited reproach and contempt their unmerciful, avaricious oppressors.

“ Dear brethren, it is known to you that in some parts of our country the privilege of learning to read the statutes of heaven and the record of the glorious gospel of the blessed God is by law denied to the unhappy sons and daughters of injured Africa ; nor is it a secret that pastors and church-members sell to the highest bidder their brethren and sisters in Christ, communicants with them at the table of the Lord ! And when we inform you that it is an article of our faith, in which we have been long and

happily united as a church, 'that no slave-holder, or person that traffics in human beings, is a fit member of a church of Christ,' you will not wonder that, as friends of God and of man, we should in this place congratulate ourselves and you on the evidences which thicken around us that God is about to banish from his churches and from the land the guilt and disgrace which the shameful system of slavery has entailed upon them. Surely, brethren, 'the needy shall not always be forgotten,' for 'God is a refuge for the oppressed;' and shall not we, Baptists, above all people who are blessed with liberty and the free pursuit of happiness, lift up one united cry to the throne of mercy and justice, that liberty, political and religious, may be speedily and universally proclaimed and enjoyed, from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same, until the whole earth shall be 'filled with the knowledge of the Lord?'"

Again, in 1839 :—

"How painful, after having, as a denomination, suffered for our love of liberty and defence of the universal rights of conscience as the gift of God to all mankind, to hear it stated that at the South, the Baptists, both ministers and people, are generally slave-holders; while those at the North usually neglect, as a matter of prudence, to plead the cause of the oppressed! Brethren, has it come to this with us Baptists? No, blessed be God! We have to inform you with gratitude to the compassionate Redeemer, who has all power in heaven and upon earth, that every Baptist Association but one, in all Massachusetts, passed resolutions at its annual session, last year, condemnatory of the horrid system of slavery as it exists in this country. In October, 1837, a Convention of Baptists in New Hampshire, representing

3500 members, unanimously denounced, in strong resolutions, American Slavery as a system of robbery the most aggravated. . . . And, as we have ascertained to our satisfaction, that in every portion of our free States except the cities of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, and some few towns of less note, our brethren have looked at the subject, and are more than beginning to act, we cherish the blessed hope that the guilt and reproach of this cursed system of slavery will soon be wiped away from the escutcheon of American Baptists."

The next is dated May 31, 1842, addressed to the N. Y. Association, meeting with the First Church, Broome street, New York: —

"We moreover hope that the claims of oppressed humanity will not forever be shut out from the sympathies and deliberations of the New York Baptist Association. We are perfectly aware that this department of Christian philanthropy is unpopular in the eye of political partisans, and that time-serving professors of Christianity will contemptuously frown upon the very efforts which the providence of God may put forth to break every yoke and to let the oppressed go free; but, dear brethren, we shall continue to hope better things of you. The holy religion which you profess is emphatically a system of love and mercy, and of good will to men. As sinners emancipated from the tyranny of Satan and the slavery of sin, you represent among men the benevolence and compassion of your great and gracious Deliverer; and as baptized followers of the blessed Son of God, you glory in the oppressed and incarcerated Bunyan, and the insulted, persecuted, and expatriated founder of Rhode Island.

"For the oppression of the poor, and for the sighing of the needy in this land, God has manifestly arisen. His to-

kens are clearly perceived and understood by Christians, philosophers, and statesmen throughout the civilized world, and no man who is at all conversant with the character of eternal justice, the past history of Providence, and the equity of the divine government, can hesitate to augur that the ultimate, perhaps speedy result *must* be the triumph of liberty to every captive, especially in this land. The rod of every oppressor shall then be broken in pieces, and all who are found, either by their marked silence or open sympathy, abetting the enslavers of their helpless fellow-men, shall then be covered with shame. God forbid that your beloved body should be among the last of the associated churches of the Redeemer, to proclaim before heaven and earth that liberty, — civil and religious liberty — is, by the gift of the adorable Creator, one of the most sacred and inalienable rights of man, and that you regard this high principle as extending to all who bear our common nature. *Let it be remembered, dear brethren, that the North Beriah Baptist Church disclaims all participation or responsibility in the act which expunged from your Annual Minutes the harmless but honorable 'Resolution' which, for two successive years, appeared on their pages, recommending prayer to the God of mercy for light and direction upon this important subject."*

In 1835 the Triennial Convention held its eighth session in Richmond, Va. The Rev. Dr. Cox and the Rev. Mr. (now Dr.) Hoby were present, as delegates from the Baptist Union in England. Mr. Dunbar went to the meeting with little love for slavery, but he came home with less. He was the guest of a widow, a lady of position in the church and the world, and who extended to him and the brethren with him the largest hospitality. They had men to

brush their coats and black their boots, and perform all the little services for them, which, in their homes, where labor was honorable, they themselves were accustomed to do. They were now seeing, in domestic life, the sunny side of slavery, and were in danger of coming thence, as other Northern Christians had done, with eyes so dazzled by the false light as to be blind to the dreadful reality. But Providence let them in behind the scenes.

They had noticed the day they took up their abode with this slave-holding sister, a gray-haired negress, sitting on the steps of the back area, wringing her hands and swinging her form to and fro, as if in speechless agony. Seeing her again and again in the same place and attitude, they decided that she was insane, and Mr. Dunbar's sympathy was greatly excited for her. One morning, he asked of a fine fellow who was brushing his coat, and who was, by the way, the son of a prominent gentleman and high functionary, the cause of the old woman's grief.

With a solemn face, and a glance which told how deeply the iron had entered into his own soul, he replied, "She's losing her mind, sir."

"From what cause?" asked one of the brethren, who was listening.

The noble fellow looked around him cautiously, and then replied in a subdued tone, "She had two fine boys, sir, and missus sold them, two weeks ago, to a driver; and they's gone with a gang down to the rice-swamps. She'll never see them again, gentlemen, and she knows it. They say she cannot eat or sleep, and that her mind is leaving her mighty fast."

With this fact and the picture of the poor distracted mother in their minds, these ministers of the gospel which proclaims liberty to the captive and opening of the prison-

doors to them that are bound, had to attend those meetings, where slavery strove to rule the house, shutting the lips of many a Northern Christian, and causing some to bow the knee at her bloody shrine.

One morning, several of the ministers, determining to see the lion at his prey as well as on exhibition for good behavior, agreed to go at sunrise to the caboose, and see if woman-whipping and kindred horrors were unblushingly practised in the United States. They came for Mr. Dunbar to accompany them ; but he replied, " I dare not trust myself there ; for I know I could not stand quietly by and see it. I might snatch the whip, and change victims ! "

The meagre record of proceedings, given in the annual report for 1835, would leave the impression of a united and peaceful session, free from the slightest allusion to the troublesome question of slavery. To outward appearance it was, indeed, unlike those stormy meetings which occurred afterward in Baltimore and Philadelphia, especially in the latter city, when the long-repressed feelings of abolitionists burst through all artificial bounds, and North and South met in hot debate. But silent influences were even then at work, in the hope of compelling the Northern churches to submission, if not to an indorsement of slavery. Public discussion was discouraged, because darkness does not love the light. Mr. Dunbar, like many others in the convention, felt a righteous indignation at these insidious movements of the partisans of slavery, and longed for the threatened division between Northern and Southern churches, as essential to the peace and honor of Zion, and as tending to hasten the downfall of slavery.

Some time after these scenes occurred at Richmond, a friend called at Mr. Dunbar's residence, to introduce " A young ministering brother, from the everglades of Florida."

Of course, the conversation soon turned to the then exciting subject of slavery, the young man manifesting a great desire to enlighten Northern Christians and to soften the views of all fanatics. Mr. Dunbar heard patiently his account of the charms and advantages of the "patriarchal system." The Southerner waxed warm in its defence, proving its virtues, to his own satisfaction, from the Bible, and finally declaring, "When I was a theological student at W., I dropped by books, and shouldered my gun to fight for nullification; and if ever the day should come when it is necessary, I will do the same in defence of slavery."

It was new to Mr. Dunbar to hear a minister talk of fighting with carnal weapons in any cause; but he was shocked to hear one vow that he would do so for a system which he believed to be accursed of God. But the stranger was in his house, and common courtesy forbade him to speak as severely as he might elsewhere have done. When the young man stopped to take breath, Mr. Dunbar said, "Now, my young friend, do you not think I have listened long and patiently to your views?"

"Yes."

"Then, I should like to give you mine, if you will listen as patiently."

The stranger nodded assent, when the friend who brought him, prophesying a long session, withdrew, his guest promising to follow him *soon*.

Mr. Dunbar very kindly, but with a plainness not to be mistaken, then portrayed the system of slavery from every point of view; — as a curse to the negro, to the nation, and even to the South itself. He spoke of the inconsistency of slave-holding Christians, in praying for, and sending the gospel to the benighted abroad, while they had heathen

in their fields, on their carriage-boxes, and in their kitchens.

This was a little more than our theological nullifier was ready to admit; and he cited case after case of slave-holders bribing their blacks to break the laws of the State by learning to read; and, finally, pronounced the whole system Christian and philanthropic, not holding it responsible for the sins of bad masters, any more than freedom should be chargeable with the cruelty or neglect of wicked fathers toward their little ones. "Why," he exclaimed triumphantly, "I could take you, brother Dunbar, to the house of a friend in Richmond" (rather an unfortunate choice of a place, for it was even then an offence in his ear) "where parental care is given to the slaves. The mistress is a leading Baptist lady, of great piety and intelligence. When I stopped there on my way North, she and her daughters gathered the family of blacks in the large dining-hall on Sabbath evening, and taught them lessons from Scripture, many of the men and women answering as correctly as Sunday-school children would have done. This lady is very benevolent to the poor, and very active in the church. An acquaintance with her and others of her class, would, I'm very sure, sir, modify your views."

"What is the name of this friend of yours?" asked Mr. Dunbar, with an arch smile.

"Mrs. —."

"Yes, and she lives in — street, does she not?"

"She does," replied the young man in surprise. "Do you know her?"

"I do; and admit that she is, as you say, a prominent Baptist, intelligent, and active in the church, and also that she is a shrewd business woman!"

The stranger looked not a little confused, and asked, "But where did you meet her?"

"At her own house in Richmond, sir. I was one among her many guests, and we were sumptuously entertained, while attending the Triennial Convention. At that very time there was a gray-haired mother in her house, owned by her, going mad with grief, because this active *Baptist Christian* had just sold her two boys, to be driven like cattle in a gang to the rice plantations of the far South! Did you ever hear of that?"

The young man hesitated, and Mr. Dunbar asked again, "Did you know this?" He admitted that he did, but assured Mr. Dunbar that he did not in the least degree justify her course.

"Ah, but this is the *one* slave-holding Christian whom you have held up to me as a model, an acquaintance with whom was to modify my views of slavery!"

The plumes of this young bird of chivalry drooped not a little when this arrow struck at his high nest; but the calm, fatherly tone of Mr. Dunbar gave him no excuse for pecking at him, or for fluttering off in a passion.

Mr. Dunbar then took out his watch, and asked, "Have you said freely all you wished to?"

"Yes."

"And so have I. Now, it is one o'clock in the morning, and you shall not leave my house at such an hour. Dr. and Mrs. F. will have given you up and gone to bed; so you are my guest for to-night."

To this the visitor cheerfully assented; and Mr. Dunbar said, "I suppose, if I should go to Florida and talk as I have here, they would not thank me."

"Mr. Dunbar, they'd hang you for an abolitionist!"

"They would,—would they? Then see the difference in

the spirit of the two sections. You have said all that is in your heart in favor of slavery, and yet you're not afraid of us. You're going up to my guest-chamber to sleep as quietly and securely as you would on your own pillow at home."

His guest smiled, and replied, "They would bear better with *you* than with an abolitionist, Mr. Dunbar."

"But *I'm* an abolitionist, sir, out and out."

"But you're not like the rest of them."

"Yes, I am, only worse! I am not willing to admit that any man alive abhors this system more thoroughly than I do, root and branch!"

And thus they parted for the night; the stranger carrying to his dreams some faithful wounds, which, we fear, the balmy air of Florida healed but too slightly.

One morning, a few days before Mr. Dunbar's sudden voyage to Europe, in 1836, in search of health, a colored man called to see him, and, as he said his business was very important, he was ushered into the room where Mr. Dunbar lay on a sofa. He introduced himself as "Ned Dudley," formerly a slave in South Carolina, but now a free man; and gave his story thus.

An old Scotch gentleman named Simpson, a neighbor of Ned's master, had a fine estate, but being conscientiously opposed to owning his fellow-men, hired servants from his neighbors. About a year before this time Mr. Simpson fell sick, and Ned, having a good reputation as a nurse, was hired by him from his master, and through long months of suffering, acted in this capacity, fulfilling his duties tenderly and faithfully. Ned, beside being a good nurse, was a good Methodist, and, we doubt not, honored Christ in the eyes of the gentleman, who one day asked him if he had ever desired to be free. "Desired to be

free ? ” Why, it had been the long dream of his life, the aching void which a good home, plenty to eat, and liberty for camp-meetings could not fill. “ Well, Ned,” said the gentleman, “ you have been faithful and kind to me in my suffering, and I shall give you your liberty before I die.” But, alas, he died too soon for that, and left Ned in the dark prison-house, made darker still by the gleam of light which for a little season had streamed in, and then had been shut out. Everything was trusted in his hands for safe-keeping until the arrival of the young heir, Robert Simpson, from Scotland, to take the estate into his hands. An army could not have guarded the treasures more faithfully than did this poor, disappointed Christian slave. After a time the young man arrived, and received the keys from Ned, whom he had resolved to keep by him while settling his affairs. Now this gentleman was no greater admirer of the “ patriarchal system ” than was his deceased uncle ; and not unfrequently did he express his opinion of it in Ned’s presence ; but the poor fellow was too modest to tell of the promise made him by the dead, and to beg the gift of — *himself*. When the estate was settled, and its owner was preparing to return to Britain, his own noble heart prompted him to open the subject, and to ask, “ Would you like to be free ? ” Ned replied as he had done to the uncle. “ Well,” said Mr. Simpson, “ spring on to my horse, and ride over and ask the man what he will take for you.”

Probably that road was never passed over in the same space of time before. Ned was soon back with his answer, when Mr. Simpson, with the noble generosity of the freedom-loving Scot, advanced the sum required, and Ned, jubilant over his good fortune, hid his free papers in his bosom.

But alas for the joys of earth ! No sooner had Ned's brow been crowned with the chaplet of freedom, than he found he must leave South Carolina, and thus separate himself from Sally, the wife of his heart, who was nurse and seamstress in her master's family, and was to them invaluable. But the die was cast, and after a farewell, which nearly broke their hearts, he made his way North, to earn Sally's freedom. On reaching New York, he told his story to some one, who said, "Go to Mr. Dunbar, and he will get money for you to buy your wife." He had accordingly found his way to Mr. Dunbar's house. Among the inducements he held out to undertake the work was this, "Sally is a right smart woman, and she is a Baptist, too, sir."

"But, Ned, my good fellow," replied Mr. D., "you see me here sick ; day after to-morrow I sail for England ; so, gladly as I would help you to buy Sally, I cannot do it."

But still Ned lingered, with the painful expression of "hope deferred" on his face, suggesting again that Sally was a good woman and mighty smart.

His pleading look was too much for the heart thus suddenly shut off from all its work of love, and Mr. Dunbar said, "Well, my boy, suppose you go to England and Scotland with me ? I have plenty of friends there who will gladly give us money to buy Sally."

"I'd go mighty quick, sir, but I've got no money."

"Well, we'll see about money ; you may go down to the ship with me, and see the captain."

Captain F., with the noble generosity which characterizes the sons of the sea, offered to give Ned a free passage if Mr. Dunbar would lay in a little store of provisions for him.

After a short voyage they arrived in England. Mr.

Dunbar had a beloved friend in Aberdeen, Rev. Mr. Brown, of the Episcopal Church, a gentleman of wealth and family, to whose care he felt quite free to consign his sable charge.

Ned was received with the utmost kindness, and Mr. Brown entered with all his heart into the case of Sally, giving nobly from his own purse to insure her freedom. His liberator, Mr. Simpson, also aided in the work. Suffice it to say, that Ned returned to New York before his patron, well supplied with funds for his object. Sally's owner reluctantly consented to sell her to him for a high price, and she was forwarded to New York. She was an interesting, motherly person, quite fair, and of very pleasing voice and manners; and, having served part of her life as house-keeper, was competent to fill any domestic position. She and Ned both went into service, and ere long were able to have a humble home of their own, kept tidy by the good Sally, and cheered by the crowing of a little sable baby, whom the grateful creatures named "Robert Simpson." They maintained a good Christian character, and proved perfectly able to "take care of themselves."

There was a worthy old colored brother, John D——, who used to saw wood and put in coal for Mr. Dunbar. He carried in his breast a twenty years' secret, which he would not that the birds should carol out in Nansimond county, Virginia!

One evening, Mr. Dunbar, needing old J.'s services, descended the steps leading to his cellar-home in Vandam street, and found it crowded with sable guests. Many of them, scorning the formality of chairs, or because the demand exceeded the supply, were seated on the hospitable floor.

"You have company, I see," Mr. Dunbar said.

"Yes, sir," replied the old man. "Is'e found a heap of old friends to-day! They'se just landed in a sloop from Virginia, and I was working by the slip. I knew Uncle Gil the first minute I see him. You see, Mr. Dunbar," he added, with a twinkle in his eye, "I used to live down there myself once. Their master was a neighbor to my old master, and now it 'pears he's died and left them their freedom. But there's no justice in Virginia, sir, for our people. The widow kept them till the year 'lowed for free blacks to get out of the State was gone, and then drove them off without what he willed them. Here they are, sir, without a dollar, and they'se left a lot of their peop' behind for security for their passages up." Here every happy creature drew his free papers from his bosom, with a copy of his master's will. Aggy, the mother of nine children, carried ten free papers and ten copies of the will about her person, as other mothers would hide their jewels.

With the blessed legacy of freedom, their master had also left one third of the personal estate, to convey them to a part of our country where they might enjoy forever, unmolested, the blessing of freedom.

"One of the executors was a Quaker," said one of them; "master knew Quakers were good friends to our people, and he tried mighty hard to get our rights for us; but he couldn't. So now we got to get on best we can, and earn money to send for them we left behind."

Provision was made also in the will for several aged and imbecile ones on the plantation; but these the prudent widow took good care to send North for the others to support.

Mr. Dunbar did his business with John, and departed.

promising to see what he could do for "our poor friends," as he called them.

He at once engaged rooms in Hammersley street for them, and interested many friends in their behalf; but they were not in a waiting mood, and not seeing him the next day, the whole troop, escorted by John's little girl, appeared at his house, filling the door-step and sidewalk, — alarming the astonished family not a little by their entrée. Some one remarked, much to Mr. Dunbar's amusement, that people would surely think he was holding a slave-auction on the stoop. He sent out to a baker's for bread and cake, and fed the multitude before sending them away. The ladies of the church soon clothed them, and their humble quarters were filled, through Mr. Dunbar's influence, with articles of comfort. Soon they were as happy as possible, keeping house as one large family.

Several gentlemen made an earnest but unsuccessful effort to secure the rights of the poor creatures; but the worthy Quaker executor wrote, assuring them that if a suit should be instituted against the estate for the amount left them, there could not be found a jury in Virginia who would give a verdict in their favor. Here the matter ended as far as the poor outcasts were concerned; but who can tell what punishment God may have sent on their oppressors in these days of reckoning? Where are they, and where are their riches to-day?

Having come North on the deck of a tobacco sloop, without bonnets, hats, shawls or shoes, great numbers of the poor creatures took colds, which ended in consumption before the winter was over. They passed through sad scenes of suffering from poverty, sickness and bereavement; but not one of them was ever heard to wish himself back with "missus;" they rejoiced in their freedom,

and all of them proved sober, industrious and grateful. Poor, motherly Aggy, after seeing several of her children laid in the grave, a sacrifice to the cupidity that sent them here half clad, came to her own death-bed in peace. When dying, she begged Mrs. Dunbar to look after Sarah, Rachel, and Jack, which she promised to do. A friend took little R. to Newburgh, and kept her, till she too fell a victim to hasty consumption. Sarah and Jack were taken into Mrs. Dunbar's own kitchen till other places were found for them.

These poor cast-offs were peaceable and well disposed, but their mental training did very little credit to the *Christian* man whose conscience forced him to give them justice only on his death-bed. Very few of them knew their own ages, — one woman telling Mr. Dunbar that she was forty, and that her mother was fifty years old! One of the poor imbeciles, who has outlived nearly all her friends, was cared for by Mrs. Dunbar as long as she lived. It was her custom to go to her for a warm breakfast every morning, — a practice she was allowed to keep up through Mrs. Dunbar's last illness. One morning she came in with the usual earnest inquiries for the health of her patient, untiring friend; a servant told her, with tears, that *she was dead!* and then Meely's loud, uncontrollable wailings filled the house. "Oh! oh!" she cried, wringing her hands in agony, "I got nobody left to take care of me now! nobody to say, 'Hungry, Meely?' nobody to say, 'Got warm stockings, Meely?' nobody to give me warm shawl and a new dress! O Lord, O Lord! I lost my best friend, and got nobody left to say, 'Pocr Meely!'" After piercing anew the heart of every one in that house of mourning, she seemed to exhaust her grief, and suddenly cried out, "I'll see her again; she's only gone up there, to my Fa-

ther's kingdom ! Soon poor old Meely go up there too, and I'll see her. I don't want to stay down here now, when all my friends is in de kingdom ; I want to go there, too !" Her tone and manner were almost triumphant, as she raised her thin, black hands and her tearful eyes to heaven, exclaiming again and again, "I'm going to my Father's kingdom, too !" and we doubt not she will find entrance there, when many who knew their Master's will and did it not, will be cast out.

Poor John, whose generous heart was so out of proportion with his limited accommodations and his small means, little dreamed that his own dark hour was so near at hand. One Sabbath morning, a note was sent to the several Baptist churches, from the City Hall jail, stating that "one John ——" had been arrested by his owner, from whom he had escaped twenty years ago, and that, unless money could be raised to buy him, he would be taken to Virginia the next day. There was some consultation between the members of these churches, and the money was pledged and John released. When the poor Rolls slaves had come homeless to him, he took them in ; and, now that he was in prison, there were not wanting Christian men to go to him, and by their prayers and alms to save him from a return to the dark prison-house of bondage.

The terror caused by his arrest and the terrible suspense of the days which intervened between that and his release was the ruin of his wife, a tall, fine-looking mulatto, full of life and energy. Her reason gave way under the blow, and when he hastened home to surprise her with the joyful news of his deliverance, she did not know him, but went on frantically bewailing his fate. In a few weeks she was so wasted that old friends did not know her in the street ; — another victim to slavery.

## CHAPTER XVI.

Call and Removal to South Boston — Return to New York — Compassion for the Stricken — Charity for the Starving Irish — Letter from Coolany — The Mission of a Word — Labors to make the Poor Independent — The Old Ballad-seller — A Street Acquaintance — A Charge against "Blackwell's Island" — His Gratitude — "Uncle M." — Knowing the Heart of the Stranger — Removal to Philadelphia — to Trenton — Return to New York.



**A**FTER laboring most earnestly and faithfully with the McDougal Street Church for sixteen years, Mr. Dunbar received a call from the church in South Boston. Circumstances at the time caused him to regard this as a voice from God, and we do not believe that he ever regretted his decision in responding to it. He resigned his charge in New York with the deepest feeling; and, followed by the prayers of a large majority of the people, went to his new home. This was in the winter of 1844.

He and his family were most cordially received in South Boston. It was not with this church the time of harvest. There were difficulties and trials among them, which needed just such wisdom and experience as their new pastor brought with him. His was not here, as in most other places, the blessed work of gathering in the sheaves; it was the less pleasing, but equally important one, of preparing the soil for a future harvest. Much of his labor was that of discipline, in which he had the aid and the wisdom of judicious deacons and brethren, and by which the church was both purified and strengthened. In no other period of his ministry did so long a time ever pass without an outpouring of God's Spirit. But he did not,

therefore, regard his work as unavailing, fully realizing that no effort in God's vineyard is without its advantage and its reward.

He remained in South Boston but two years. The McDougal Street Church, being without a pastor, felt that they needed his counsel and guidance. They recalled him, and their deacons came on from New York to press his acceptance. His strong affection for that people, and a belief that the hand of God was in the matter, induced him to resign his charge that he might return to his old field. He left the church in South Boston far more united and prosperous than he found them, well assured of their affection for him as a pastor and their appreciation of him as a minister of Jesus Christ.

His interest in the welfare of this people continued through life, as his many affectionate letters to those in affliction there show. Here he formed numerous friendships which will outlive the brief period of time,—some of which are being now enjoyed in their fulness where there is no more death.

His return to New York was followed by a blessing. God again acknowledged his labors there, and souls were given him as his reward. Again he took up his toilsome work among the poor, the sick and the sorrowful. There were no conceivable cases of trial which were not brought before him, and in no one of them did he seem powerless to aid and comfort. The weakest and most stricken of God's creatures found a patient, pitying friend in Mr. Dunbar. Many will remember how he condescended to the low estate of poor S., the life-long protégé of Mr. Seton; how kindly he used to listen to his vague remarks, soothe his chafed feelings, and encourage the children to deal tenderly with him. Once when S.

saw others following Christ, feeling that he, too, loved him, he came asking to be baptized. Mr. Dunbar felt that this was not required of him, and that a judicious care for the interests of the church would not warrant it. So he put him off very gently, as careful not to injure his feelings as if he had been the wisest man among them, and thought he would soon turn to some other object, and this be forgotten. This, however, was not the case; he came again and again, to be put off each time as gently. When, at last, the poor fellow's ire being a little roused, he threatened Mr. Dunbar that if he did not baptize him pretty soon, he would go off and join the Catholics, Mr. D. did not smile at his folly, but said, soothingly, "You need not do that; think about the Lord Jesus, and try to love him more, and you will see him face to face by and by. He will not cast you off, because you have not been baptized." Even when entering the courts of the Lord's house, he had a word and a smile for any "one of these little ones."

For those whose minds, through sickness or great sorrow, had been broken or turned astray, he had the greatest compassion; always listening with interest to their imaginary wrongs, and trying to turn their thoughts into a more hopeful channel. Many such, when feeling oppressed and crushed, turned instinctively to him as a helper.

Once when Mr. Dunbar went with a party to visit an Insane Asylum, a young man who was walking the hall in a very hasty and excited manner, marked him from the rest, and stepping up to him, asked, "Sir, are you not a man of God?" On Mr. Dunbar answering that he was a minister, the young man said to him solemnly, "I dreamed last night that I saw that river, the streams

whereof make glad the city of our God!" The words, so plaintively uttered, and the worn, but intellectual countenance of the stricken youth, touched a deep chord in that loving heart. His party was forgotten, and Mr. Dunbar stopped to comfort him to whom much study had proved a weariness of the flesh and a disturber of the brain.

Another instance of his tenderness to this class will never be forgotten by the family. They were aroused one night by a tremendous knocking. Mr. Dunbar asked who was there, and learned that the stranger had just escaped from a Lunatic Asylum, and had come to him for protection. The night was intensely cold, and the poor, terrified man was nearly frozen, and very wild; and he declared that if Mr. Dunbar did not come down at once he would break in the door. The ladies were much alarmed, and begged him to rouse the neighbors; but he said, "No; I'll manage him, poor creature." He went down and took him in to the warm parlor, soothed his fears of pursuit, and, instead of calling in the police to take him away in the cold, sat beside him all night, ministering to his diseased mind. In the morning he restored him to his family, who were in great alarm about him.

One day, a few years since, while Mr. Dunbar was boarding, a pale, delicate lady called on him, a stranger and a physician's wife, from the West. Her object was to induce him to examine a manuscript she had ready for the press; and, after many excuses, as being too busy to attend to such work, &c., he found she was not to be put off. So he took her upstairs to his daughter, and opened her papers. They were elegantly penned; but the first few sentences revealed the fact that the author's mind was deranged. It was a mass of incongruous matter on every conceivable subject; and yet, in her present ap-

parently sensible mood, was all important and reasonable to her, and she was very anxious to give it to the world.

Her gentle manner and feeble appearance greatly touched Mr. Dunbar's kind heart, and he gave her the hours in which he should have been resting, rather than repulse her. In the course of conversation she alluded to having been placed, for some inconceivable reason, in a Lunatic Asylum,—from which she had, no doubt, escaped unknown to her guardians. Evening came, but she made no movement to go, and, indeed, did not know the way, in the darkness, to her friends' home in a distant part of the city. Mr. Dunbar interested his landlady in her, who kindly cared for her and kept her till morning. When she left, there was found on her table a beautifully touching note, thanking him for his forbearance and kindness; and, doubtless, the poor, stricken stranger bore, wherever she went, the memory of this to cheer her gloom.

He believed that the true way to deal with such sufferers was to humor their fancies, and the above incidents illustrate the wisdom which guided his sympathies.

When the hearts of the American people were just beginning to be touched by accounts of the famine in Ireland, in the year 1847, Mr. Dunbar received a most touching appeal from a student of the late Rev. Dr. Carson, in behalf of his starving brethren in Coolany, Sligo County. Scenes the most heart-rending were described, in which the aged and infirm, and little children, who could neither work nor flee to more favored parts, were dying of want. Mr. Dunbar was a stranger to them; but some one in the little church had heard of his name and character, and thus sent, begging him, for Christ's sake, to procure them relief.

Then doubtless came up before his mind the horrors of that six months on the "Halifax Packet," when the little ones cried in vain for bread. Pity was a spring for action, and not an hour elapsed between the postman's ring with the letter and his first effort for these brethren of Christ. He went from one personal friend to another and read the letter; and by the next steamer, which sailed a day or two after, he forwarded \$150,—the first assistance that left our shores for those sufferers. While other churches and charitable organizations were discussing plans and proposing collections, the offering of McDougal Street was crossing the sea. Long before the applicants looked for an answer, aid reached them. Their pastor, whose house was the resort of all in distress, wrote that a "dear brother M., a schoolmaster, had just been to him, in great anguish, saying that his children were dying for want of bread." They prayed together, and the pastor tried to comfort the distressed man by telling him that help would soon come from their transatlantic friends. He went away, saying, "We shall surely die!"

Scarcely had he gone, when the postman brought an American letter, with the bill of exchange for £ 31. 1s. 3d. The pastor laid it down on a chair, fell before it, and gave thanks to Him who had remembered their sorrows, and then flew to the agonized father, whose last words to him had been, "We shall surely die!" In his own words, he cried out as he entered the house, letter in hand, "Dear Brother M., *don't die any more!* Here's help from dear Brother Dunbar!"

In a long and touchingly beautiful letter from the church at Coolany, is the following passage:—

"DEAR AND REVEREND SIR, — No language can express our gratitude to you, and the generous, affectionate people

under your pastoral care, for the aid administered to us in this the time of our affliction and calamity! It reached us just as we were sinking under famine, starvation and despair; but not until one of our most beloved, intelligent, and useful brethren had sunk in his sufferings, to rise no more in this life.

“We are thankful for the *names* of our kind benefactors; — they shall never be forgotten by us at the throne of grace, until we meet them on that happy shore where these temporal trials shall be over.

“To give you any adequate description of our desolate country is impossible. A gracious Providence seems to frown upon us. *Our cocks have ceased to crow, our dogs have ceased to bark.* Our strong and athletic men are drooping, and wandering along our hedges. Our once fruitful fields are now waste and fallow. Famine and starvation are moving on apace. Disease and mortality are hourly increasing, and our numerous population declining, not by hundreds, but by thousands, throughout our ill-fated land.

“ . . . . . The humble individual who pens these lines is one of those who have shared your bounty; and he firmly believes that it was the means of saving his life and that of his family. And now, he and a few of the brethren who sit around him meet for this purpose, to assure you that you have secured the gratitude of their hearts, and that their souls’ petition shall ever ascend to the throne of grace in your behalf.”

Signed by John Monahan and four brethren.

This was but the beginning of Mr. Dunbar’s work for Ireland. The money he forwarded after this was always distributed, by his request, “without regard to sect, creed, or party.”

In other localities also, where was suffering from like cause, he felt the same interest ; and there are yet living many who will remember his efforts for the Cape de Verd Islands, when visited by a terrible famine. So fervent were his appeals in public, that, on one occasion, he having led the way, by giving freely, jewels were laid on the plate by those who had not all the money they desired to give. His friend Rev. Mr. H. being in the pulpit with him, and his feelings going beyond his means, rose, drew out his watch, and leaned over to cast it in among the offerings. But Mr. D., who knew his circumstances, quietly took it out of his hand. He never expected others to make the severe sacrifices that he himself did.

To a person in straitened circumstances, he wrote : —

“ I am pushed for time, and write only to say, God bless you all ! Tell your wife to roll up this little picture (a ten-dollar bill), and transform it into a barrel of flour, or chew it some other way, to shut, for an hour or two, the mouth of old unbelief.”

Mr. Dunbar walked the streets with his eyes open to the interests of the strangers he met.

One day he went to pray with a person who was dying, his path being along the river. On his way, his eye met that of a young man who was standing listlessly by one of the wharves. That was nothing strange in a city, where crowds jostle each other and pass, never to meet again. He noticed the face, — that was all, — and then went on, performed his mission in the sick-room, and returned to his home.

After the lapse of a few days, he again turned his steps up town, to inquire if still the sufferer lingered on the shores of time. Again he encountered the same young

man in the same spot. He looked at him earnestly, wondering whether mere idleness, or what other motive, could induce him to plant himself there at an hour when all active men were astir either for pleasure or business. He was minded to speak to the stranger, but lacked an excuse; so he passed him, turning back, however, to take another look at the erect form and fair young face. He carried the stranger's glance home in his heart; and afterward, when all save him were sleeping, while he walked the floor of that study, hallowed by prevailing prayers and unselfish tears, it rose up pleadingly before him. "Who is he? What could his errand be there? Could I have helped him?" — were the questions he asked himself; and then he regretted that he had passed by on the other side, and thus perhaps lost an opportunity of blessing one who needed a friend.

When next time the comforter sought the scene of suffering, what was his surprise to see the young man in the same place for the third time! Then he felt that God had sent him this way, and stepping up to him, said, pleasantly, "My young friend, it is an unusual thing for two persons in this great city to meet as you and I have done three times in the same spot. I will tell you what has led *me* here, and then, if you have no objection, I should like to know why *you* stand thus so often, while all around you are hurrying to and fro? I am a minister of the gospel, and have been on my way, the times we have met, to pray with a dying woman in — street. What were you doing?"

The youth dropped his head, and tears filled his eyes, as he said, "Oh, sir, my errand was a very different one from yours. I am friendless, save for one sister, — a widow, with three little children, — whom I ought to provide for. But I have been out of employment for months, and, al-

though I have left no stone unturned, can find nothing to do by which I can earn even my own bread. My poor sister is wearing her life away at her needle, cheerfully sharing what she earns with me. But I can eat the bread of dependence no longer. I am desperate, and three times have come to this wharf to end my days by drowning! Something each time has held me back; but to-day I must end a life I cannot prolong without cruel injustice to a feeble woman, very dear to me, and already crushed beneath burdens too heavy for her to bear." A wild light gleamed in his eye, as he added, "I must do it."

"No, my son," said the man of God, laying his hand tenderly on the young man's shoulder, "you must do no such thing. God is not done with you yet. Go home with me, and I will supply your wants until I procure employment for you; and then you can repay that dear sister, and perhaps provide for her fatherless little ones."

And he drew him away from the scene of temptation, and took him to that home which had been to so many afflicted and disheartened ones a "door of hope." By the influence of his new friend, who had almost magnetic power over others, the tempted youth soon found employment at his own business; and thus, by that word in the street, was saved to his friends, and spared the guilt of suicide.\*

In no way was Mr. Dunbar's usefulness more promoted than by this habit of speaking to strangers. "The cause he knew not, he sought out."

A few years ago, he noticed a delicate, dejected-looking lady in his congregation, and made an effort at the close of a service to speak to her. She was a member of a Bap-

\* Written for "The Macedonia."

tist church in another city, and had come to New York to reside. She was asked to his house, and Mrs. Dunbar, being touched with her lonely and melancholy state, became much interested in her. Ere long, the stranger confided to her her sad history.

She was an orphan, with a little property, and had, from her earliest girlhood, been engaged to a young man of much promise in the church to which she belonged. He had commenced a course of study for the ministry, and, as his prospects of success were most flattering, of course the future was very bright before her. Thus, through long years of patient waiting, her happiness was closely woven with his progress. But, in an evil hour, ambition, or some other device of the Evil One, tempted him to believe that another than she was more suited to his growing taste; and he forsook the poor, faithful heart that from childhood had trusted in him. He finished his studies, and married, and settled, as a minister of Jesus Christ, in the very city, we believe, where she lived. This crushing of her life's hope was her death,—slow, but certain. Home, where this was ever before her mind, was the last place she wished to be in. She became restless and uneasy; and at length left her home, unknown to the kind brother with whom she lived, and was now trying to earn her bread by her needle, the privacy of her departure preventing any provision being made for her among strangers. Mr. Dunbar wrote to a minister in that city, and learned that her painful story was but too true. All efforts to induce her to return, or even to report herself to her friends, were unavailing; she desired only to hide her sorrows among strangers. Mrs. Dunbar employed her herself, and introduced her to others; but her spirit was broken. Everything that kindness and sympathy could do for her was

done in the few months that she came and went there, but "a wounded spirit who can bear?"

One day, a strange person, at whose house Miss W. lived, called to tell Mrs. Dunbar that she was ill. She visited her at once, but found her insensible. Every attention, with medical advice, was provided, but in vain. God was mercifully drawing her troubled life to a close.

There was little display at that poor girl's funeral. A few strangers, a prayer, a hearse, — but no mourners. One carriage, in which were Mr. and Mrs. Dunbar and the kind friend who so often accompanied the latter on errands of mercy, followed the remains to Greenwood. And thus ended a tragedy for which human law has no penalty.

Mr. Dunbar's sense of honor and justice revolted at the course of the man who had wrought this ruin; and yet so great were his forbearance and pity, that, when asked his name by the writer of this sketch, he replied, "Never mind, — he will suffer enough punishment when he hears of her death, without my giving publicity to his sin. We are all sinners, and if God has forgiven him, and is allowing him to work for him, I shall not interfere."

While he was ever free in *giving*, he was fully impressed with the importance of encouraging the poor to become, by industry and patience, independent. When men of spirit came to him, depressed because they could find no employment, he made it his own business to aid them in the search for it. Hundreds, we doubt not, are living today in ease, and many in affluence, who sought him, heart-sick from hope deferred, and crushed by the cold, rough answers they met in looking for work. While his kind word cheered them, and his delicate "loan" kept them

alive in the mean time, his active efforts and wide influence put them in the road to competency or wealth.

Burns says : —

“ See yonder poor, o’erlabored wight,  
So abject, mean, and vile,  
Who begs a brother of the earth  
To give him leave to toil ;  
And see his lordly *fellow-worm*  
The poor petition spurn ! ”

We doubt if ever an honest, sober man, seeking his influence to get employment, was turned coldly away. So far did he carry this, that his study, in times of depression, often looked like an intelligence office for an hour after breakfast.

“ His love to the poor,” says Rev. Mr. Paulin, “ was without bounds. He would subject himself to any amount of exertion to procure employment for the healthy, and charity for the aged and the sick. Well do I remember his hearing, one night, of a poor widow suffering with her little ones in a comfortless basement. Having no one to send by night, he went himself, carrying a large basket of provisions. But when he reached the wretched abode, there was neither light nor fire. He at once sent out and bought candles, had chips and shavings brought from a carpenter’s shop, and saw the feeble mother preparing the first warm meal her children had eaten in two days. Having made them as comfortable as he could for the time being, he went thence to his evening meeting, there to rouse the never-failing sympathies of the sisters of McDougal Street on her behalf. After that the widow’s family were well cared for as long as they needed aid.

“ I have known many young men, strangers in the city,

to go to him with letters of introduction from ministers and others who knew his noble heart. These were usually in search of situations, and often bore the sad traces only of their better days ; so that their personal appearance was almost a barrier to success. Often has he taken such to a tailor and provided them with a complete outfit, with the understanding that they should settle the bill when able to do so, he becoming responsible for it. But too often he was left to pay it himself ; and the worst I ever heard him say in such cases, was, ' Alas, alas, for poor human nature ! '

" One little incident occurred when I was a young professor, which made an abiding impression on my mind. I went with him to Nassau street, to attend a meeting composed mostly of ministers. Many were already there ; but before the opening of the meeting, a poor-looking man came in, selling ballads. He began at the door, offering them to all as he passed round the room. Some reproved him for selling such foolish things, and others looked sternly at him, as if they, too, thought he might better be at work ; and, I confess, that was my own opinion. Mr. Dunbar sat very near the door, and the man, as he was going out, urged him to buy one of his songs. He looked up in the poor creature's face with a smile, entered into conversation with him, and found that he was a stranger, who could find no work, and was penniless. He had taken his last shilling and bought these ballads, hoping thus to make enough to buy his bread for one day at least. Mr. Dunbar then said, ' Well, my poor friend, I shall buy all your stock, for I admire the spirit that is willing, even in this poor way, to earn rather than beg. No ? ' he added, ' I am a minister of the gospel, and so are all these men. We don't sing such songs as these, -- they are of no use to

us. But they are harmless things ; you may take them all again, and sell them to others, and thus double your capital, and I hope you will soon get better employment.'

"Tears flowed down the poor man's cheeks, giving eloquent expression to the gratitude of his heart, and, as he closed the door, I heard him say, 'God Almighty bless you, sir.' I could not but draw a contrast in my own mind between the indifference of others and *his* ready sympathy ; and I well knew which would have the most salutary effect on the mind and heart of the poor ballad-vender.

"More than once I have carried money to landlords to pay the rent of poor widows, for which Mr. Dunbar had become responsible, and which he then had to meet unknown to any but himself and his messenger."

Mr. Dunbar once met a tall, fine-looking, but overgrown, or rather, as the garments would suggest, *outgrown* youth, carrying a bundle tied in a red silk pocket-handkerchief. As he passed him, he heard a most inhuman noise, which seemed to issue from the bundle. Looking round, he caught the eye of the boy, and asked, "What have you there that makes such sounds, my son ?"

"A chicken, sir," he replied, with a pleasant smile. "I've a sick mother at home, and I've been to the market for this to make broth for her."

Although the boy said this with a strong Irish accent, Mr. Dunbar knew by his appearance and address that he was a youth of no common ability. So he asked him :—

"From what part of Ireland are you ?"

"The north, sir, and I'm a Protestant."

"And what do you do for a living ?"

"Nothing since I came here, sir ; for I can get nothing

to do ; so I help my mother while my father's at his work."

" But what could you do if employment could be found ? "

" Well, sir, I was fitting to be a clerk, at home, and I can write the hand of a gentleman ; but indeed, sir, I'll do anything that's honest for my bread, be it what it may."

" Well, my son," replied Mr. Dunbar, " run home with the chicken and make your mother's broth. Come to me to-morrow morning after breakfast, and show me your hand-writing. I will see what can be done for a lad who is willing to do anything that's honest."

The boy and the chicken moved off with improved speed, and next morning the former came and proved the excellence of his penmanship. Mr. Dunbar at once visited his home, and found the mother the victim of a worse tyrant than either poverty or sickness, while the father and son were struggling to keep the home neat and the little ones comfortable. So he took the ambitious youth under his patronage, and soon procured for him a good place in a store. He conducted himself in such a way as gained the confidence of his employers, and soon made himself a necessity in the establishment. Years after this a share was given him in the business. He was ever honorable and upright, as well as dutiful and attentive to his poor parents. He afterwards married very respectably, was engaged in a large and profitable business.

Mr. Dunbar's compassion was boundless toward those who were their own worst foes. When warned not to help any one of this class, because he was thriftless or intemperate, he would sometimes reply, " The more need of somebody looking after him — poor fellow ! He must eat and

drink like the rest of us, and if we can find work for him, that may prevent his stealing; and if he rises above this, who can tell but God will bring him to his right mind and make a man of him yet? God bears a great deal with us, and we must bear with those whose circumstances have been less favored."

Such people fully understood him and made good use of his sympathies. We find a well-written and most amusing letter from an old man, whom we judge Mr. Dunbar and the other gentleman therein alluded to had assisted. He had come from England, and had neither friends, nor money, nor work. After having been helped not a little by the McDougal Street people, he had, it seems, one night, asked a policeman to show him to lodgings. The policeman sent him, probably for good reasons, to Blackwell's Island, where this letter was dated. In the morning, when preparing to return to the city, he was informed that he had been committed for six months as a vagrant. He writes Mr. Dunbar, afterward, that he is treated kindly, and allowed to act in some humble capacity under an assistant warden; but then he brings a bitter complaint: "I have now been here a month, and if you believe me, reverend sir, I have not seen, in all that time, a pint of beer, ale, or any other malt liquor! Now, sir, if yourself, and Mr. Stewart and Mr. Seton would be kind enough to send me up a little money, that I may get a few little *necessaries*, you will greatly oblige, your humble servant, J. M."

Mr. D. always acknowledged and, if possible, repaid the least act of kindness.

Miss Grant, daughter of the Laird of Aucharnic writes to Miss Dunbar: "When your father paid his first visit to Scotland, about thirty years ago, he spoke much to me, as

the eldest of our family, and the one he best remembered, of his obligations to our father, for kindness shown him when a boy, and begged of me to give him some opportunity of returning it, if ever I wished to befriend any lad. This was the cause of L. G. being sent out to him, an almost orphan and friendless youth. You know how much he did for him, fully redeeming his promise to us. I could tell you much of his interest in the Free Church movement in this country, and how he set about finding out ways to help us in our hour of need, and how much we of the Free Church in Forres owed him for assistance. My aunt, the Dowager Lady McGregor, who used to be much with us in Aucharnic, when a young lady, says she remembers your father well as a little boy. She is much interested in your account of his last days. She begs to offer her kind sympathy with mine."

Mr. Dunbar's eldest daughter gives us the following incident: —

"Not long after our removal to New York, an old man presented himself at the house, who had been one of our father's wealthiest and most influential friends when he first came to America. When about to return to Scotland for his family, this man, although not a professor of religion, gave him sixteen doubloons, saying, 'It takes a great deal of money to bring a family comfortably across the ocean.'

"Long years had passed. His wife was now dead, his property gone, his children scattered. He said he had a model of a machine, of his own invention, for breaking ice, to make passage for boats and wished to know if Mr. Dunbar's house might be his home while he presented it for the inspection of scientific men in New York.

"'By all means, by all means,' was the reply; and 'Uncle M.,' as we little ones were taught to call him,

became our winter's guest. The machine proved to be in its most incipient state in the poor old man's brain ; and he had neither money to support himself, nor yet to construct his model. Indeed, his mind was so shattered, that it was unable to bring any idea to perfection. All through that long, cold winter, he had the warmest seat at the fire, and the best at the table. There he would sit all day, talking about his invention to father, mother, or any of us children. If no one would stop to listen, he would talk to himself, explaining it over and over again. If ever we were too noisy, and annoyed him, father would say, 'O children dear ! Uncle M. has seen better days. He has probably been richer than any of you will ever be. And do you not know that he gave me sixteen doubloons when I went across the ocean, to bring you to America ? We must now return this an hundred fold, — in kindness and attention, if we cannot in money. You know God's book says, "Blessed is he that remembereth the poor ; the Lord will remember him in time of trouble." ' And he really made us children believe that it was the greatest honor and privilege in the world to have that demented old man sitting by the fire, talking to himself ; for he would stay nowhere else but beside our patient mother, amid her nursery cares.

As "Uncle M." used to go about, talking to every one who would listen, of his ice-breaker, it may be, that some younger and stronger mind took up his idea, and carried it out to perfection.

The sons of this poor man were neither unkind nor neglectful, but had done all they could to keep him at home. He had, however, become a monomaniac, in the vain effort to regain his lost property ; and all the money they gave him was wasted in castings, &c., for machines

which were never to see the light. So, when they could no longer spare money for his visionary schemes, he left them, and went to New York ; and they knew nothing of him until they heard through Mr. Dunbar. They then came or sent for him, and did all in their power to make him comfortable ; but their efforts to keep him at home proved unavailing. We mention this lest any, knowing of the case, might censure the family unjustly.

“ I was at home on a visit, a few years since,” writes Mr. Dunbar’s eldest daughter, “ when my father urged me to call with him on a physician and his family, who had recently brought letters of introduction to him. We had not gone far, when he said to me, ‘ Look at that poor man and woman, with a child, across the street. By the way they are looking at the houses and numbers, I think they are strangers, — poor things !’

“ ‘ It is very evident,’ I replied, ‘ by the long tartan cloak of the woman, and the tartan pants of the man, that they *are* strangers ; but the city is full of strangers. Let us hasten ; for you promised to be at home very soon.’

“ ‘ Ah,’ said he, ‘ my dear, I know the heart of a stranger ! Let us cross over, and just speak to them. It will cost us very little trouble, and, perhaps, we can show them the place they are looking for.’

“ So, over we went, and father said to the man : —

“ ‘ Well, my friend, you seem to be a stranger. Are you looking for any particular name or number ?’

“ ‘ Ay, sir,’ he replied, ‘ we are strangers, indeed. We are just now off the sea, and canna’ get our boxes off the ship, and have na place to tak’ them to, if we could. A man on the wharf bid us come to this street (McDougal), and we’d find a gentleman that was e’er looking after poor people ; and said that he wad tell us what we’d do.’

“ ‘ There are a great many gentlemen in this street, who are kind to poor people and strangers,’ father said. ‘ Did they not give you the name ? ’ ”

“ ‘ Ay, sir, I have it on a bit of paper here ; ’ and he pulled it out, and read, ‘ Rev. Duncan Dunbar, 46 McDougal street.’ ”

“ Father smiled, and said, ‘ Ah, yes, he lives in *that* house, No. 46. Ring at the door, and tell the servant that you are to wait half an hour, till the gentleman comes in. I will send him to you.’ ”

“ At the appointed time he returned, and, having told the forlorn creatures that he was the one they were seeking, ordered a comfortable lunch for them. Then he went out and hired a room, — probably paying a month’s rent in advance, — and sent them, with directions, to the ship, for their little all. Then dear mother had to go — where she had so often gone before, on the same errand — to the garret, to see if there were not two or three chairs, or an old table, or a bedstead, that she could spare ; and back to the kitchen closets for a few old dishes or cooking-utensils. Before nightfall, the poor strangers were keeping house, with grateful hearts, not having been left homeless a day in the New World. This is but one of hundreds of like acts that his family and friends remember, the full reward of which he is to-day enjoying.”

Some men are benevolent to the *poor* only, leaving others who are in trouble to get on as they may ; but his compassion extended itself to all classes, whether their want was money, employment, or kindness only.

One day, as he was walking in the street, he met a respectable couple, who asked him the nearest way to a certain street. After directing them, he said, with a smile, “ I think you are Scotch, — are you not ? ”

“ Yes,” the good woman replied. “ And I’m sure, sir, you are Scotch, too.” And then she told him that they had just arrived in a steamer, and that their large family were in one of the hotels, while they were seeking a house. They had a list of places they had seen advertised, two or three of which would have suited them ; but the landlords would not let them to a family with nine children. Their last resort was a house in the street they were seeking. If the same objection were made there, they would be obliged to prolong their stay at the hotel, — a thing of no small consequence to eleven persons with limited means. “ Come with me,” said Mr. Dunbar, “ and I will make it all right. I know the agent of this house.”

He then turned his steps homeward, taking these strangers, who needed only a friend, to lunch with him. He heard their history, and entered into the case of each of their children, for whose sake, that they might have the advantages of the New World, they had left a good home in Scotland. He then went with them in search of a house, and, having found one, pledged himself to make good any injury which might happen to it from the nine *children*. These strangers wanted not silver or gold, but only a friendly hand.

In the spring of 1850, Mr. Dunbar was invited to the Second Baptist Church, in Philadelphia ; and being greatly exhausted with labor, and full of anxiety about the debt under which McDougal Street, like too many other city churches, was groaning, he resolved to accept the call. He felt that he might recover strength by a change, and also that a younger man than he might draw in new men to put their shoulders under the burden there. He therefore left his old home again ; and none can doubt that

God's hand was in the step. The Budd Street Church had long been without pastoral labor, on account of the increasing infirmities of Father Dodge, whom they tenderly cherished, and who, having given them the benefit of his strength and vigor, they resolved should end his long and useful life as their pastor.

The church had become somewhat scattered, and the congregation diminished; but there was a strong doctrinal sympathy between them and Mr. Dunbar; and he also felt deeply their generosity and tenderness toward his beloved friend, their aged minister. He decided to accept their call, Father D. being still the nominal pastor. It at once appeared that God had appointed him a blessed work there. The people flowed back to hear the Word of Life; and a revival commenced, in which many were added to the church. The body was strengthened and edified, the truth of God, as he believed and preached it, having long been the food on which they had feasted, and which they still craved.

Here Mr. Dunbar and his family received great kindness, and formed friendships never to be broken. Henceforth, Philadelphia was one of his homes and his Christian friends were like his own kindred. His work here, though important, was brief. He left the church with the kindest feeling; and ere long God called him to a like short but useful ministry in Trenton, N. J., extending from August, 1853, to November, 1854, during which the church was much quickened, and thirteen were added by baptism.

A brother mentions an incident which illustrates the good accomplished by the habit of speaking to strangers. Mr. Dunbar, one day, met a boy in the street, whose appearance interested him. He stopped and asked if he were

a Sunday-school boy, and was answered that want of proper clothing prevented him from going either to Sunday-school or church. Mr. Dunbar, at his own expense, soon removed that difficulty. That boy, thus brought under the means of grace, was afterward connected, and is now a useful member of that church.<sup>1</sup>

After seventeen months he was again recalled to McDougal Street. Great efforts and sacrifices were made by that affectionate people to order their financial matters so as to renew the old relations between them without the pastor again being worried by the church debt. He returned; and very soon God sent among them those whose hearts and whose treasures were alike laid upon his altar, — men who came into the church counting it an honor to bear burdens for Christ's sake. His wanderings in God's vineyard were now ended. The shepherd had come back to the fold his own hand had gathered, to give them his last care and toil, and to receive from them that tenderness and respect which he had so much encouraged toward other ministers of Christ in their old age.

From a letter from Rev. Octavius Winslow, written many years ago, we extract the following in reference to Mr. Dunbar's remaining with his old people, at their earnest request, rather than seeking a new field. After advising him to do so, he says: "Many daughters have done virtuously, but McDougal Street excelleth them all."

In expressing the gratification of his people at Mr. Dunbar's visit in Leamington, where he then lived, and their desire to hear him again before he should sail for home, Dr. Winslow says, "You are not what Robert Hall calls 'a safe supply.' I shall report you at McDougal Street for stealing the hearts of my people."

<sup>1</sup> See Letter from Trenton, N. J.

## CHAPTER XVII.

*Letter on Unwarranted Interference in Church Affairs, and on Minorities Resisting Majorities — Confessions of Injudicious Kindness — Extracts from Letters — Heaping Coals of Fire — Advice to Young Ministers — A Solemn Providence.*

**M**ORE than a quarter of a century ago, Mr. Dunbar received a *nearly* unanimous call from a large and wealthy church at a distance from New York. But it seems there were two dissenting voices to the call, — one in the church, and one in the congregation; and before he had sent any reply, the church-member, more noted for his money than for his piety or intelligence, induced the other to write to Mr. Dunbar, expressing in no measured terms their dislike of both the matter and style of his preaching. If there were any two things which annoyed him, it was to see a minority resist and battle a majority, and to see those not *in* a church meddling with its affairs. Both of these occurring here, he wrote, despite his natural kindness, a plain reply, feeling that he was vindicating Baptist principles rather than his own cause. We make the following extracts from his letter: —

“DEAR SIR, — At a late hour last night, I received a long communication, to which your name is appended. How far your gratuitous interference with the affairs of a church of which you are not a member may be pleasing to God or honorable to yourself, as a gentleman, is not for me to decide; but you ought to know that any church of the *Baptist* denomination, regarding its sacred principles

of independence, would justly rebuke any such officious dictation.

“ My respect for Mrs. —, and my sense of gratitude for your occasional hospitality, forbid me to add what a regard for the peace and prosperity of the cause of Christ in the — Baptist church of — would otherwise constrain me to say on this subject. Ministers *may* be found who will listen to such unworthy arguments as you and your hopeful associate advanced to me, and they *may* suffer themselves to be influenced by your unmanly interference with the scriptural and conscientious prerogatives of a gospel church, and with their own responsibility as ministers of Christ; but surely, sir, you must have mistaken *my* character, if you supposed that I could, for a moment, be swayed in deciding my course of duty by such unholy suggestions as those made by yourself and Mr. —. Had I been at this time (which he was not) in circumstances to listen to the affectionate application of that church, I have very ample and tangible proofs of their attachment to me, both as a friend to the best interests of their souls, and likewise to those precious declarations of God, which constitute the gospel of salvation, and which were never designed to foster the pride of man intoxicated with the love of ‘ style,’ and courting worldly popularity, at the expense of that system of mercy adapted only to nourish ‘ the poor in spirit.’

“ You are much to blame for allowing yourself to be imposed upon by parties who, I fear, have other objects to accomplish than the glory of God and the peace and union of the church, and for your meddling in a matter which, by the practice and privileges of Baptist churches, and by the law of the land belongs in no way to you. I believe the Saviour loves and regards those whom you affect

to despise as incapable of judging what is or is not adapted to meet the wants of their own souls ; and if that church should ever choose a pastor whose style or other ministerial qualifications do not happen to accord with your taste, it will be your privilege to abstain from hearing him ! But beyond that, your interference with him or with the doings of the church will be regarded by all wise and good men as a stretch of undelegated authority, which, in the nineteenth century, an archbishop would blush to assume. I say this frankly for your good. May you profit in future by my candor. As to your associate in this matter, I regard his conduct in a light much more reprehensible. He is a *member of the church*, and is bound peaceably to abide by its decisions, or quietly to withdraw and join some other body.

“ I am sir, yours, &c.,

“DUNCAN DUNBAR.”

So kind were Mr. Dunbar's feelings, that, in the earlier days of his ministry, pity sometimes triumphed over his judgment, in sympathizing with persons who, having been under discipline in other churches, came to him for counsel. Not that ever he censured those bodies for exercising their rights in these matters ; but, if he believed the offending one a child of God, he sometimes used his influence with pastor or people to have him restored to the fold. But in later years he looked very differently on this course, believing, from his own observation and experience, that, with rare exceptions, God gives his churches wisdom to guide them in the exercise of their authority. In speaking on this subject a few years ago, he said : “ Several times in my life have I, believing delinquents to have repented, and thinking they might yet be happy and useful in the Church of Christ, induced those

against whom they had offended to restore them and give them letters of dismission. In nearly all these cases it was soon proved to me and my brethren that I had erred; for no sooner were they warm in our bosom than they turned round and stung us for our injudicious kindness; and became to us just what they were before, 'troublers in Zion.' "

To an absent member of his flock, Mr. Dunbar wrote of this class:—

" Evidently the eye of the Lord is upon this church for good. Those who have vexed and afflicted them first and last, have not greatly prospered, while I can trace tokens of his gracious approbation in various ways upon all who have sympathized with and helped them.

. . . . .  
' God moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform.'

" By the Lord's great and unmerited goodness, here is poor old McDougal Street Church still in existence,— 'faint yet pursuing,' and here is their unworthy old pastor still at their head.

. . . . .  
" Be pleased to thank dear Mrs. — from me for the kind interest she feels and expresses for this people; and tell her not to vex her mind about not being able to do more for them. Tell her that Zion's God and Redeemer will surely send us aid! I hear a voice from heaven saying to them and to me, 'I know thy works, and tribulation, and poverty; and that for *my name's sake* thou hast labored and not fainted.' " \*

\* This was at a time of great financial trial, after one of the divisions in the church. The debt pressed heavily on them, and Mr. Dunbar was making a strong effort among themselves and personal friends outside the

There were two classes of people who, above all others, seemed to have unbounded claims on Mr. Dunbar's pity, — those who had shown him kindness, and those who had tried in any way to wrong or grieve him. His gratitude was excelled only by his spirit of forgiveness. In the early days of his ministry he innocently gained the ill-will of an influential man, who, being under the discipline of the church, tried to justify his disorderly course by making it a personal matter between himself and the pastor. The church, however, pursued its own course, and it being proved that his conduct and spirit were wholly at variance with the gospel, they excluded him from their fellowship. The whole body was too formidable a foe to grapple with ; so the enmity the delinquent cherished against all, he concentrated on the pastor. He commenced a course of annoyances which amounted to persecution, writing insulting letters, and speaking disrespectfully of him as the agent of the church in the matter. Even then God was in the place by his converting Spirit, and the church was robbed in her most beautiful garments ; but this man was not awe-stricken by the majesty of God, nor melted by the love of the brethren ; he pursued his work with a diligence and persistency worthy of a better cause, resolving that the tender relation between pastor and people should be sundered.

Ministers alone can fully realize the painfulness of Mr. Dunbar's situation at this time. Craving, above all things,

church, to reduce it. And he whose heart and hand were ever open to others, met with like kindness for the people to whom he had just returned after a few years' absence. The debt was very nearly paid some time before his death, and since that, those who knew the desire of his heart regarding it have swept it off.

peace in the church, and quiet in his own soul, to do his work with singleness of heart; pitying the nervous anxiety and intense mental suffering of the meek sharer of his trials, to whom the honor of Christ was dearer than life; he was tempted to lay down his weapons and flee before the foe. Then came the fear, lest, like Jonah, he might shrink, through a selfish desire to escape trial, from a burden God had laid on him. He alone, who holds the stars in his right hand, and whose servants are dearer to Him than the apple of His eye, knows the prayers, the tears, the agony of those months. Mr. Dunbar was looking for a token from the Lord; and now, when pressed beyond measure with labors and trials, he received an urgent call to go to the help of the Lord in another place. This was unsought and unlooked for; and he concluded that God had thus answered his prayers for release from a relentless persecutor. He left a large, flourishing church, and went forth to toil with a few brethren, in a community where the Baptists were almost unknown.

But God was not done with this matter. His servant, driven ruthlessly from the people of his heart, had taken up his instruments of toil among strangers, and was breaking new ground, and casting in the seed, from which others were to gather, as they are doing even till this day, the full harvest. But as for the oppressor, who had not feared to put asunder what God had joined together, the glory departed from his house in ways which would have made any human heart pity and pray for him. Far be it from us to draw aside the veil which time and the grave have spread over the dealings of God with this man, from that hour to his death. Our object is to show how grace triumphed in the heart of God's servant, overcoming all feelings of enmity.

Long years had fled, and these two had never met. When the report of the misfortunes of the one reached the ear of the other, he always said, "Poor fellow! I'm sorry for him!" There was no revenge to be gratified, no unforgiving spirit to stand between his soul and God. He read, one morning, of a sad catastrophe which had just occurred, and glancing over the names of the sufferers, who had been brought to New York, exclaimed, "Ah, here is \_\_\_\_\_ among them! He is poor now, and among strangers. I must go down and look after him, poor fellow!"

Some one smilingly suggested, "You certainly do not owe him a very heavy debt of gratitude."

"But," he replied, "I owe a great deal to God, and this is one of his creatures in affliction. Perhaps He has sent him to me to prove my spirit, and also that I may show him how grace can teach a man to love his enemies. This is the way in which we may heap coals of fire on the heads of our foes."

He made this the first business of the day, and found his old parishioner in absolute want of clothing, and every comfort, and without a dollar. He hired a carriage, drove with him to his tailor, dressed him respectably, took him home, and then supplied him with money to reach his family. While he was his guest, questions were asked and answered about the old place and its people, but no allusion whatever was made to the sorrows of by-gone years. A foe was thus changed into a friend; no unkind word ever fell from that man's lips thereafter.

At another period in his early ministry, Mr. Dunbar was toiling hard, and making great personal sacrifices to build a church, which, even at this distant day, confesses its obligations to him, as an instrument in God's hand, for

its present position. He once heard a remark, which went as an arrow to his heart. A brother, one who professed great friendship for him, had said, "Now we are taking a good position, and have a fine house; I think it would be better for us to have a young man from one of the colleges, to draw in a different class of people."

The meaning of this was, that Mr. Dunbar's stern orthodoxy, and his plain, experimental preaching had few charms for the liberals by whom they were surrounded, and who, on account of their worldly standing were regarded as profitable allies, could they but be gathered in. He realized that this was but the beginning of an end; and, having pressing calls elsewhere, he resigned and left,—the church not knowing the reason to this day. Mr. Dunbar was still young in the trials of the ministry, and the opinion and remark of one man affected him more than those of fifty would have done in his later years. Such discouragements hindered his work; and he took to himself, perhaps unwisely, the command of Jesus to his early disciples, "When they persecute you in one city, flee to another."

This, no doubt, accounts for some of his frequent removals at that period. As his faith grew stronger, so did his courage; and he learned to leave the question of his changes with his Master, rather than with one or two men, who might not always be actuated by the purest motives; hence the subsequent permanency of his pastoral relation.

In after years, the brother who wanted a "young man from one of the colleges," found himself in sorrow and disappointment, and in sore need of a sincere friend who could lend him a helping hand. Having never known the cause of Mr. Dunbar's departure from the church to which he belonged, he made his case known to him, and met

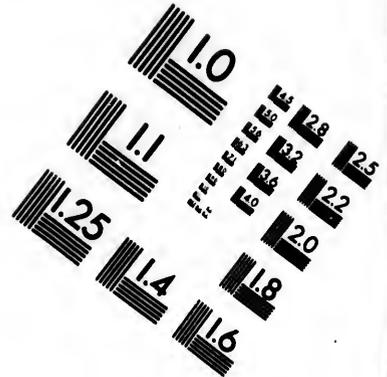
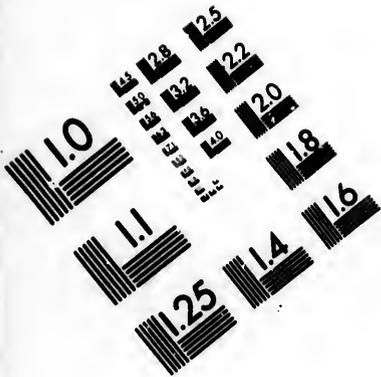
with a brother's sympathy. By money, hospitality, and the influence he needed, he was made to rejoice that ever he had met with Duncan Dunbar.

Early experience made Mr. Dunbar a wise counselor to young ministers. When one would come to him, grieved and annoyed, and feeling that his only way of escape was to resign his charge, he would say, "Do nothing rashly; you'll not get any more trouble that way. Leave this with the Lord, and he will take care of you. He is perfectly able either to remove the troubler, or to take the troubled one to heaven. Just preach as well as you can; keep your own heart right, and tell the Lord Jesus about it. He will make the case his own." Oh, how many heavy-laden pastors have found encouragement and sympathy in his study, and gone thence to take up, hopefully, the work they were before just ready to lay down! One incident we cannot refrain mentioning.

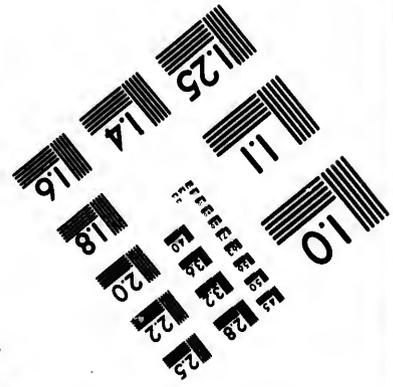
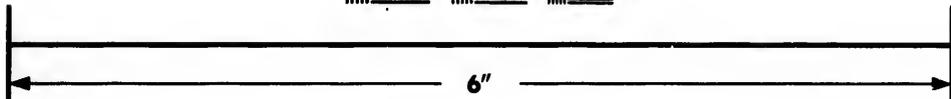
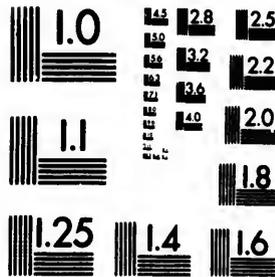
A young pastor, in a large and important field in another city, had been to him several times for advice and sympathy in his trials. His church was united, and the pastor beloved and useful; "but," he said, "I have one man who troubles me sorely, — he drove away my predecessor, and now he's worrying me till I can endure it no longer. I can't work with this constant chafing. I'm going to resign my charge, and if you know of any church in want of a pastor you may mention my name."

"Wait a little, brother," Mr. D. replied. "If you have only *one man* to worry you, you are pretty well off! Brother — is a good man, — one of the Lord's crooked ones; bear with him, and don't be driven from your post. The Lord will take care of him. He can either subdue his will, or take him to heaven, where he'll be easy! Move straight forward, just as if he were not in your way;





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do your own duty, and see if God does not take this affair into his own hand."

The young man then listened to an account of Mr. D.'s own early trials, when one or two men had power to shake him, and of his later experience, which had taught him to leave these matters wholly with God, rather than run from his post. He went away strengthened by finding that no strange trials had befallen him.

What was Mr. Dunbar's surprise to hear in a few days that God had come in mercy to both parties, and in the twinkling of an eye had taken his restless child to himself, where he would be both easy and holy, and left his young disciple to toil — for a season at least — unmolested.

This incident, which occurred several years ago, we have from the lips of the minister himself, and who is still pastor of the church he was then about to leave in discouragement. God had a great work for him there, from which he would suffer no man to force him.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

Dark Days in McDougal Street — The Cloud Dispelled — A New Trial — Direct Answer to Prayer.

**A**LLUSION has been made in the foregoing pages to divisions which at times rent the church of which Mr. Dunbar was so long the pastor; but it is no part of our work to describe or comment on them, and they are mentioned only to show, by little incidents connected with those times, the character of Mr. Dunbar as a man of faith and prayer, and also the sympathy and aid he received from Mrs. Dunbar, in his work. At one time, when McDougal Street Church was sitting in the dust, and her heart failing her for fear, — when, many having slept, the enemy had sown the tares of division, — Mrs. Dunbar, whose sensitive heart longed for love and peace, fled from the tumult for a little time to compose her troubled spirit in the quiet rural home of her eldest daughter. After a few days, Mr. Dunbar, realizing fully and pitying deeply her sensitiveness for the honor of Christ, went up the Hudson to her, to tell her that there was a lull in the storm.

On the morning after his arrival, Mrs. Dunbar said to him, "I am sure, my dear, you must have sat up nearly all the night. I wakened when I knew it must be almost morning, and you still sat reading; and I see the oil is all gone from the lamp. Did you remain up all night?"

"No, my dear," he replied; "I did not sit up quite so late

as that ; but I did sit up till I got my faith greatly strengthened by reading the whole account of the fall of the walls of Jericho. I learned there how easy it is for the Lord to bring about his purposes by means we never would dream of, and would never think of trying. And I read also, in a Scotch paper, which I brought up with me, an authentic account of how the Almighty saved one of his ministers from trouble and strife by taking him suddenly to heaven. It showed me how easy it is for Him to take me away from the troublers, or to take the troublers away from me."

The story, "There's nae strife up there," had made a deep impression on Mr. Dunbar's mind, and tears filled his eyes, as he said, "I believe that my brethren will sustain me, and that God will carry us safely through this trial." And he did so, allowing pastor and people to see more than a score of years together in his service, ere he called him to come up where "there's nae strife ;" and these last were among the most peaceful years of his life.

His weapon of defence in these conflicts was "All-prayer," and he used it with that confidence which insured success. His place was not always an easy one. With the menacing foe without, the trembling peacemaker at home, and a conscience and will in his own breast which never yielded to either threat or entreaty when duty was plain, it required great grace, as well as real tenderness, not to yield to any influence for the sake of peace alone.

Although timidity and nervous anxiety were natural to Mrs. Dunbar, she sometimes rose above them, strong in faith ; but it was always after first passing through waves of sorrow and humiliation before God.

At one time the McDougal Street Church, having quietly and justly withdrawn the hand of fellowship from

an unworthy member, were thrown into no little perplexity thereby. The two deacons, who had borne the unwelcome message to the offender, were threatened with a lawsuit, with heavy damages, for defamation of character. The case was filed and writs served, and although not a doubt existed as to the result, they feared it would prove an annoying and expensive business, causing a notoriety anything but agreeable to a church of Christ. But it had to be met. An eminent lawyer, a personal friend of the pastor, was consulted, and gave it as his opinion that the deacons must take the defensive in the suit, the church assuming all pecuniary responsibilities, as they were acting for them in the matter.

The general opinion was that the movement was an effort to obtain "hush money," by way of a compromise. But both church and pastor, feeling their full liberty to discipline, and, if necessary for God's honor, to expel unruly members, firmly resolved never to consent to this, be the consequence what it might.

So subpoenas and the like papers, which had never been seen by Mrs. Dunbar before, now came to the house, causing her great distress. The deacons and other judicious brethren always sympathizing with her sensitiveness, did all in their power to quiet her fears, by assuring her that it must be well in the end, as the witnesses against the prosecutor for open immorality were so many. But the honor of Christ seemed to her involved in the matter; she could not endure to see the name of that church she loved bandied about in court and in the daily papers.

Sleep fled her pillow, and she gave herself to prayer. We know that for whole days, and nights too, she lived before the throne, pleading with God that, for his own

name's sake, he would not leave his heritage to reproach nor suffer its enemies to rejoice over it. The agony of those hours will never be known by any save Him who was touched by the feeling of her infirmity.

One evening, a gentleman in the congregation, in whose friendship and judgment she had great confidence, called at the house, and, Mr. Dunbar not being in, he asked for her. When she came down to the parlor, the friend said: "Mrs. Dunbar, I've brought you good news. When these people found that the church had no idea of compromising, but were making preparations for a defence, they withdrew the suit; and that will be the end of it."

She said very little but to express great gratitude for the result, and to thank him for hastening to relieve her mind. But when he left, she said to one of her daughters, who was at home, "This is certainly very remarkable! No one can imagine what I have suffered about this affair. It seemed for many days that I could do nothing but pray; and yet prayer did not relieve me of the dreadful foreboding I felt. This afternoon, I went up to my room, feeling that I never could leave the mercy-seat without an answer of peace. And while I was praying, I felt such a calmness come over my spirit as I cannot describe. I felt that God would take the cause into his own hands; that the church was his, and that he would see that its honor was maintained. I did not feel sure that the trouble was to be removed, but that he would take the management of it; and I left it there."

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## CHAPTER XIX.

*Drafts on the Bank of Faith — Care for the Widow and the Fatherless — God's Approval of the Work — Müller's Life of Trust — Discouragement — A Joyful Surprise.*

**M**R. DUNBAR began early to draw on the bank of heaven; and his drafts being honored, he grew strong in faith, and in after years rarely ever halted in any benevolent enterprise for want of money. One of his earliest proofs of God's willingness to give to those who trust in him and do good is mentioned by a friend of his earlier years.

While in the Province of New Brunswick, Mr. Dunbar used frequently to preach in a neighborhood where was great religious destitution, — so far from home that he was obliged to accept the hospitality of a poor fisherman over night. The people in the settlement were all dependent for their bread upon the fish they caught, carrying them to the distant stores and exchanging them for provisions and clothing.

On one of these visits, Mr. Dunbar found the poor man, who had opened his house for religious services, in very great distress, — a creditor having seized his boat for a small debt, and thus cut off his whole means of living. He felt very deeply for the poor father and his helpless family, but had at the time no money, except a sum soon due for rent. Still, their case pressed on his mind; and after much thought and prayer during the night, he rose in the morning, paid the debt, restored the boat, and resolved to trust God for means to meet his own obligation.

Thus, in their affliction, did God reward the humble family who had entertained him when about his Master's business.

There was in his church, at this time, a family in great anxiety about a beloved son, so long at sea that he was almost given up as lost. On Mr. Dunbar's return from the fisherman's village, he found a message waiting him from these friends. Their son had come home, and they sent for him to their house to rejoice with them, and to give thanks for his deliverance from the perils to which he had been exposed.

After the first greetings were over, the joyful mother said, "Mr. Dunbar, when I was in such trouble, hoping and fearing about my boy, I laid away a sum of money I had in my hand, resolving that, if my prayers were answered, I would give it as a thank-offering to the Lord. Here it is, a personal gift to you, his servant." It was more than enough to pay for the fisherman's boat!

Thus for his own wants, and those of others, the spring of heaven's vaults yielded to his touch. This was not a rare case, but one of hundreds, in which God gave him direct answers to the prayer of faith. A few of the many known to those familiar with his daily life are given here for the encouragement of those less strong than he in belief of the promise, "Ask, and it shall be given."

In one of Mr. Dunbar's voyages to Great Britain his generous people had made what they and he thought ample provision for his expenses. But on his return home he found that, from causes beyond his control, he had exceeded this by the sum of four hundred and fifty dollars. True, it was owed to a friend, who would never trouble him; but his noble heart abhorred debt next to sin. It was never his custom to live beyond his means, expecting

his willing people to make up the deficiency. For their sakes, as well as his own, this indebtedness was kept a family secret. Domestic arrangements were all made with reference to sweeping it off at once.

This little sum, which his friends would have cheerfully paid, had they known it, rose up like a mountain to disturb his hours of prayer and of study. He soon felt that Satan was making use of it to hinder his access to God and to weaken his faith, and he resolved, in the divine strength, to throw it off his mind. In alluding to this, which, to those not ministers, may seem a small matter, he used to say, that in no trial of his life did he feel more surely that his heavenly Father had taken up the burden he had cast down before him. There he left it, and went about his work and his charities with as free a mind as if he had thousands at his command. He was now amazed and mortified to see how he had allowed himself to be vexed by such a trifle, when the word of him who made the world was pledged for the wants of his servants.

Shortly after this, he was sent for to attend the funeral of Mrs. T., at White Plains, a beloved member of his church, and a dear friend of his family. He did so; and remained all night at the hospitable mansion of Mr. Gedney, the father of the deceased. In the morning, at request of the heirs, he was present at the opening of Mrs. T.'s will. To his amazement, his name, as her beloved pastor, was in the list of legatees for exactly the amount of the indebtedness.

He said, in reference to this direct answer to prayer, "Dear Mrs. T. knew nothing of this want of mine; but God did, and made her the instrument of providing for it;

not a dollar too little, nor a dollar too much ; but just what I asked him for."

At one time, a worthy young man having procured a lucrative situation in Washington, sent to his distant home for his widowed mother and two young sisters. As they were to wait in New York till he came there for them, they were commended by a friend to Mr. Dunbar's care. But day after day passed, and still there was no word from him. Then came a letter with a black seal, announcing his sudden death! They were among strangers, and almost frantic with grief. The mother was a delicate woman, utterly unable to buffet with the waves of life. The girls were young, and their education not sufficiently advanced to be available as a means of support.

With that consideration for which he was so peculiar, Mr. Dunbar saw that these afflicted ones could never earn their bread either by hard labor or by the wearing work of the needle. So, with the aid of his dear friend and ready helper, Rev. Archibald Maclay, D. D., he found a few generous men who joined them in providing for the present wants of the family, and in paying for the best musical instruction for the eldest daughter, already quite a proficient, that she might be able to teach. Nor did the work end here ; all that sympathy, advice, and religious consolation could do for them was done, causing the heart of the desolate to sing for joy.

At one time, this poor woman could not secure a house unless some one became responsible for her rent. She came to Mr. Dunbar, as to her best friend, in the trial, and he cheerfully gave his name as security to her landlord. Some one suggested that he was not sufficiently cautious, as it was very doubtful whether she could ever meet the amount.

"I cannot help that," he replied. "It may be as you fear, and I may have to pay her rent, in addition to my own, at quarter-day. In that case, I shall just look to the Father of the fatherless, and the Husband of the widow. He will take care of her, and of us, too.

'We have aye been provided for,  
And sae will be yet.'

The time rolled round, and the rent was due. The widow came in great trouble to say that it was entirely out of her power to meet the demand. She was not insensible to the obligation she was under, and wept bitterly at her failure. But Mr. Dunbar comforted her by telling her that he would cheerfully pay the amount, and that God, who knew his motives, would send it back in some way. He put the money in her hand, and said, "If you can ever pay it, you may do so; if not, never let it trouble you, for it shall not trouble me."

Very soon after this, Mr. I., an attendant on his preaching, but not then a professor of religion, called at his house. He said pleasantly, "I came to pay you a little money I owe you, Mr. Dunbar."

"My dear sir," he replied, "that cannot be; for you and I have never had any dealings together."

Mr. I. then told him that some time before, he had sent out a small venture in a ship going to China, and had said to Mrs. I., at the time, "I will give one tenth of the profit, if there is any, to Mr. Dunbar;" and he handed him *just the amount of the widow's rent!*

Mr. Dunbar then related the whole circumstance, and said, "You see how easy such things are to God. The money for that poor widow's rent was on its way from China when I advanced it."

Often, when warned not to give beyond his ability, he

would nod his head, and say, "I haven't forgotten how Mrs. C.'s rent was paid;" or, "I can't spare so much very well, just now; but I'll give it, and the Lord will send a marriage-fee, before long, to make it good." How much those fees were relied on for works of mercy, and how much good they accomplished, will never be known.

Mr. J. N., long a beloved friend and brother in his church, says: "When I was a young man and a clerk, Mr. Dunbar came into the store one day; and the moment I saw his face, the thought struck me, 'I must give Mr. Dunbar something to-day for his poor people.' Not having any money about me, I went downstairs and borrowed a bill, came up and put it in his hand without a word. He looked surprised, and said: 'This is a remarkable answer to prayer, John; for I wanted just this sum for —, and had been asking the Lord to send it to me.'"

A minister, who in his youth was a member of Mr. Dunbar's church, and very often his messenger of mercy to the homes of want, writes: —

"To show his strong faith in God, and his power at the throne of grace, I will relate an incident known to me at the time.

"A member of McDougal Street Church, who was a widow, kept a little store in H. street, by which she supported two or three little ones. One day she came to Mr. Dunbar in great distress. It was the winter of the great fire in New York, when all business was at a stand. She stated that a creditor had just called and demanded a payment which she was wholly unable to make, because, owing to the pressure, she could not sell her goods. The man was greatly enraged, said he was tired listening to such stories, and asked her, with an oath, how she expected him to meet his payments; and told her that if

she did not raise the money by ten o'clock the next day, he would seize her stock, and sell it at auction. And then the poor woman cried out, 'O my dear pastor! what is to become of me and my fatherless children?'

"'Would you have means to pay this debt, if all your goods were sold?' he asked.

"'Yes, four times as much.'

"'I am sorry, my dear sister,' replied the pastor, 'that I have not the amount, or I would pay it for you. I know of but one source whence you can get help in this emergency. I will send you to a rich friend, — I will go with you to him, and intercede for you and see what he will do for us. Promise to go at eleven o'clock to-night to the throne of grace. Do you kneel in your closet, and I will do so in mine; and we will then spread out your troubles before our Elder Brother, and ask him to manage this sad business for us.'

"Cheered by his sympathy, and strengthened by his faith, she went home. At the appointed hour, she awoke her children, and explained the case to them; and then, as if to touch the heart of Jesus by the sight of her defenceless lambs beside her, she took them with her to her closet. Drawing them close to her heart, she implored him to look compassionately on them, and to appear for their relief. At this very time, fervent, effectual prayer was ascending to the 'Husband of the widow, and the Father of the fatherless,' from that study in McDougal Street, hallowed by the frequent presence of the Saviour. No doubt there were cries and tears and pleadings that would take no denial.

"The mother, after much prayer, put her little ones back to bed, and lay down calm in spirit, wondering in what possible way God would appear for her relief.

“Long before the hour named, the creditor came to the door in a state of great excitement. Now her faith was shaken; and in tremulous tones she asked, ‘Why have you come so soon, sir?’

“‘To ask your forgiveness, madam, for my unfeeling conduct last evening. Several who owed me, failed to pay, and I was very angry; but I did not close my eyes last night. Indeed, I never had such feelings before. The case came home to me as if it had been that of my own wife and children. I would rather never see the money than to pass such another night. Take your own time to pay me. I shall never ask you for it again.’”

When “Müller’s Life of Trust” was first published, a daughter, at whose house Mr. Dunbar was visiting, gave him a copy of it. Learning, in the morning, that he had set up nearly all night to read it, she said, “It is a very wonderful book, — is it not, father?” “No, my dear,” he replied; “not *very wonderful*. It only proves that God is as good as his word; that he answers those who call on him in faith. I have had a great many as direct answers to prayer as any recorded there — only I never wrote a book about them.” He did not want Christians to look on such cases as especial miracles, but simply as a fulfilment of His word.

His faith, however, was sometimes clouded under particular discouragements; but God always dispelled the gloom, and often surprised him by remarkable tokens of his grace.

“There was a time,” writes a minister, who was then a member of McDougal Street, “when for months there had been no baptism in the church, and he became much disheartened; for in those days it was unusual for a month to go by without hearing the songs of the redeemed among them. He took this barrenness of his field as a token that God de-

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signed to send him elsewhere, — that his work in dear McDougal Street was ended. He had appointed his usual inquiry meeting several months in succession, but not one anxious soul had come to it, and now he had announced another, and told me, in confidence, that he had laid it before the Lord, telling him that if at this time he should see no evidence of his work being blessed to sinners, he should consider it a token from Heaven that the time had come for him to seek another field. I was greatly cast down at the thought that I might lose my beloved pastor, for I knew not of one in the congregation concerned for his everlasting well-being. During the afternoon, I went down to the church and into the little Bible-class room in the basement, and there alone plead with God that he would pour out his Spirit on the souls of the people. I then opened the Bible, which lay on the table before me, and my eye fell on this passage: ‘Wait on the Lord; be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thy heart; wait, I say, on the Lord.’ I again cast myself on my knees, and poured out my soul in supplication for a blessing on the church. It was one of the sweetest seasons of communion with God, I ever enjoyed. I then went home, and returned in the evening a quarter of an hour before the appointed time. I met my dear pastor at the front gate. He seemed very much dejected, and asked me if I would go in and sit down with him a little while. ‘I told Mrs. Dunbar,’ he said, ‘that if any one called, to say I should probably return in half an hour, for I don’t think there’ll be any one here.’ We passed in together, and when we reached the door of the little room, I tried to open it, but there was some obstacle on the inside. Then we heard a rustling and moving within, a seat was drawn from the door, so as to allow it to open half way, and we

entered. The sight that met our eyes, I shall never forget! The room was full as it could be packed with poor, anxious souls, each of whom had come to ask 'What shall I do to be saved?' They were sobbing and weeping together. In a moment, the astonished pastor was on his knees, and such a prayer I never heard — such weeping I never witnessed. Within a few weeks sixty-eight were added to the church by baptism, nearly all of whom have worn well, while many of them are now among the most useful of the members of McDougal Street Church."

"At evening time it shall be light."

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## CHAPTER XX.

Characteristics of his Preaching — A Sleeping Christian Awakened — Style and Manner — Testimony of a Gifted Mind — Cultivation of Family-Feeling in the Church — A Dream — A Word in Season — Helping Weary Pastors — Letter from a Young Minister — Letter to the Association — Establishes a Weekly Baptist Newspaper in New York — Deep Interest in Missions — Successful Plan to Remove the Debt of the American Baptist Missionary Union — Letter from the Secretary.

**I**N the earlier years of Mr. Dunbar's ministry his preaching was preëminently of an awakening character. He had a sacred passion for souls, and felt a peculiar interest in the spiritual welfare of those whom others neglected. While residing in New Brunswick, his heart was deeply affected in view of the religious destitution which so extensively prevailed in that region, and, in addition to his pastoral labors, he performed much missionary work, particularly among the Indians and colored people. He loved to preach the gospel to the poor.

When he came to the United States, his heart was much drawn out toward feeble churches which were in a backslidden and discouraged state, and he readily yielded to their invitation to visit them. He sought to arouse them to a sense of their sad condition, and to a renewal of their covenant with Christ; and, in connection with this, he made powerful appeals to the impenitent, which resulted in extensive revivals. Hundreds of souls, during this early part of his ministry in New Brunswick, Maine, and New Hampshire, and elsewhere, were brought to Christ, and the churches which he served were established in the faith.

Afterward, during his more permanent settlement in New York, and his ministry at brief intervals, in Boston, Philadelphia, and Trenton, his preaching was more doctrinal, though scarcely less awakening, or less successful in the conversion of sinners.

He loved to dwell upon the doctrines of grace. Indeed, they formed the staple of his discourse, as they were, to use the language of an intimate friend, "the food, the strength, the comfort of his soul to the last feeble breath he drew in the body, when he faintly but distinctly uttered the words, "I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine."

No hearer could ever mistake his theological views. They were strongly held, and clearly stated. The moral depravity and helplessness of man, and his supreme dependence upon the sovereign grace of God; the eternal election of a peculiar people, who had been given to the Son to be redeemed by his blood and justified by his righteousness, as their covenant-head, the second Adam; the special and irresistible influences of the Holy Spirit in the enlightenment and regeneration of the predestined heirs of glory, whereby faith in Christ, as a vicarious sacrifice, is begotten in them unto sanctification and salvation; the deity of the Son and of the Holy Spirit, equally with the Father; — these doctrines, which he believed to be positively and plainly revealed in the word of God, — his only standard of faith, — were constantly exhibited, and with an earnestness which proved how deep a place they had in his heart, and with what sacred jealousy he would guard them from the assaults of error.

Mr. Dunbar's preaching was "emphatically experimental." Doctrine and experience were happily combined. "He delighted," writes one who long enjoyed his ministry,

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“in comforting the mourner, in exposing the peculiar temptations to which the young convert is liable, and in bringing to the light of divine truth the mistakes he is inclined to make in judging of his own exercises. With great skill he drew the line between the work of the Spirit of God in conversion and the natural promptings of the human heart, and never failed to impress the conviction that nothing short of divine power could make us Christians.”

His pungent conviction of sin in early life, and subsequent severe spiritual trials, which led to deep self-examination and prayer, gave him a singular insight into the human heart, the wiles of Satan, and the work of the Spirit, so that he was a true comforter and wise counsellor to troubled souls. There was often great power in his fervent appeals and expostulations.

One evening, a lady who was visiting her son in New York, — a clergyman of another denomination, — attended a Wednesday-evening lecture, with a friend who was a member of the McDougal Street Church. She was a professor of religion and doubtless a Christian, but, like many, living too much out of sight of the cross.

The text for the evening was, “O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself; but in me is thy help.” The sins of backsliding Christians were portrayed in a vivid manner, particularly their ingratitude toward God, and their putting Jesus to shame after all his condescension and love in dying for them. The heart of this stranger was pierced as with an arrow. She went back to her son’s house, but not to sleep; God was dealing with her. She struggled with her feelings as long as she could, and strove to pray, but in vain; the ear of Heaven seemed shut against her cry. At length she felt this burden too heavy to bear

alone, and aroused her son from his sleep to tell him of the informal lecture she had heard, and to cry, "I have destroyed myself."

The young man tried to soothe her, and prayed in her hearing; but he, perchance, did not understand the case. In such agony was she, that he was glad, in the dead of night, to call in a wiser physician. Mr. Dunbar was sent for, and came with the balm of Gilead to bind up the wounded spirit, and to point the backslider to the last clause of his text, "in me is thy help." He held up the Saviour, in whom she had once trusted, as able to forgive to-day as he was ten or twenty years ago.

Thus much is remembered; the life of the stranger thereafter is not known; but, we doubt not, hers was a second and more entire consecration to Him from whom she had wandered while bearing his name and wearing his badge.

Says an intimate friend of Mr. Dunbar: "He was a *practical* believer in *predestination*, referring all current events, and all that have come to pass since the foundation of the world, to the eternal purpose of Him who 'worketh all things according to the counsel of his own will.'"

This was a strong point in his ministry, and made him so effectual a "succorer to many" afflicted Christians. Their trials, he told them, were embraced in the divine purposes concerning them, and, so far from separating them from the love of God, were the revealed evidences of their adoption, the means of their spiritual discipline, and the pledge of their final victory. "All things work together for good to them that love God, and are the called according to his purpose."

His strong belief in predestination did not make him antinomian in his preaching or his conduct. "While," writes one of his friends, Deacon John J. Griffiths, "he

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always held firmly the great doctrines of the gospel, sovereign grace and the eternal love of God to his chosen people, he loved to urge the practical effect of belief in these truths, purity of heart and holiness of life." It was his constant practice to discourse, with earnest particularity, upon the various duties of the Christian life, zealously rebuking sin, at times with the utmost severity, as displeasing to the gracious Spirit, and setting an eminent example of what he preached. He was an earnest worker himself, and urged diligence and activity as a Christian duty. He preached and labored unweariedly, seeking to "pull men out of the fire," improving opportunities which many would have neglected, and, in every possible way, doing good to his fellow-creatures. If the doctrine is proved by the life, then was he sound in the faith; for, "in season and out of season," he served his divine Master, as a child rather than as a servant. He loved to preach Christ and to follow Christ.

His style and manner, as a preacher, were all his own, calculated to command attention even where his doctrines were unwelcome. He was original, natural, earnest, and persuasive. As a sermonizer, he did not follow scholastic rules, but the bent of his own genius; and yet his discourses, though not uniformly systematic in the point of formal divisions, by no means lacked the essential qualities of unity. He always had a distinct aim in view, even when he seemed, at times, to wander from it to follow out some tempting train of thought suggested at the moment. Seldom or never did he write out a sermon in full, — a written discourse hampered him, — but he generally prepared a full skeleton, which he had no difficulty in filling up, even beyond the allotted hour. He abounded in happy illustrations, which gave interest and profit to his doctrine.

We are permitted to record the impression made upon a gifted and cultured mind by his conversation and preaching. The writer, a distinguished literary friend, and connected with a religious denomination widely differing from his own, says:—

“ I went to hear him, at South Boston, when he first went there, my Aunt P. having spoken of him as *her* minister. I heard from him a most extraordinary sermon, from the text, ‘Awake thou that sleepest,’ which he made to be the voice of the Bridegroom to a sleeping church. It was a flood of fervent poetry, — which is the natural language of spiritual revelation in our age no less than in the old Hebrew times, — enough to ‘create a soul under the ribs of death;’ and it did awake that church, at least for a season. I went frequently to hear him; and I never heard anybody approach him in the power he had of making the Old Testament history speak the everlasting truths that make the spiritual life. A sermon on Jacob’s refusal to part with Benjamin touched into life the soul of a person who went with me in a more defiant mood than I ever knew any other, and who abused me, all the way home, for going to hear such preaching. But long afterward, when, broken a good deal by afflictions, I was trying to lead her into true relations with God, I was struck with her exclaiming, ‘*I cannot let Benjamin go!*’ which proved that, in spite of herself, the voice of the preacher had reached her heart.

“ It was a great trial to me, at the time, that I could not get over to South Boston, to hear him read and comment upon the Pilgrim’s Progress, to his church, which he did in the evening; and I have regretted always since that I did not make *desperate* efforts, and overcome all obstacles to it.

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“Mr. Dunbar was a most remarkable person to me. He gave me a new idea of a Highlander. He seemed to me an improvisatore, an oriental soul, an organ of the Spirit; as if he had found a storehouse of jewels, in which he ran riot, and with a fervor of love would have poured them out over all with whom he was brought into contact.

“I am very glad if he counted me as a friend; for I did not know that he ever realized how much he was to me at a certain stage of my experience; for we hardly had a common language, my own intellectual environment was so different.”

But, beyond all natural advantages, Mr. Dunbar's power as a preacher lay in his strong faith and fervent piety. He was preëminently a man of prayer. He *believed* in prayer as an appointed means of securing the divine blessing. To him it was a most real thing to draw near to God.

Mr. Dunbar's entire ministry was greatly honored of God, resulting in the conversion of large numbers, probably from twelve to fifteen hundred, in the various places where he toiled. These results were almost entirely the fruits of his own labors, in connection with the prayers and efforts of his lay brethren. He had a noble confidence in God and God's truth, and never played upon the feelings of men by attempts to “get up revivals.” He was perfectly honest before God with his own soul and the souls of others.

While thus laborious in his own field, he always welcomed the assistance of brother ministers during a season of special awakening. And so he was ever ready to respond to a call from a neighboring pastor; and many are the brethren who will remember with gratitude to God his fraternal aid, at times when abundant labor had

weakened their own hands. He came in "the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ," to assist, uphold, and strengthen the pastor.

Sometime before his removal to New York, he visited Boston, in response to the earnest request of the Rev. Dr. Sharp that he would assist him during a season of revival in the Charles Street Church. He gladly accepted the invitation, and, for several weeks, labored incessantly and to the great satisfaction of the friends of Christ in Boston. We find among his correspondence letters from Dr. Sharp, Dea. Lothrop, Levi Farwell, and other good men gone to their reward, showing how his labors and his spirit were appreciated in Boston in that day.

The writer can never forget how his own heart was encouraged, and the work of God, then in progress in his church in Bangor, Me., was helped forward by the coming, a distance of hundreds of miles, of this dear servant of Christ. He remained several weeks preaching and conversing from house to house, with great fervor and success.

This practice of mutual assistance among neighboring pastors was more common among the "fathers" than, we fear, it is in our day; and it would be greatly to the advantage of ministers and churches could it be revived.

Mr. Dunbar had a great affection for good ministers of Christ, and was especially tender and considerate in his intercourse with those who were troubled because of "false brethren." He entered at once into their case, and made it, as far as possible, his own. The language of Paul he might have taken to himself: "Who is weak, and I am not weak? Who is offended, and I burn not?" He often said, "There is too little brotherly love among

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Christians and Christian ministers in our day ; too much self-seeking ; too little bearing one another's burdens."

He felt great sympathy with his ministering brethren in their pecuniary troubles, and was also pained for the churches on that account. He knew that a man, whose days and nights were spent in planning and contriving to make a small income meet large expenses, could not give his whole soul to the great work of the ministry. He felt this policy to be "penny wise and pound foolish," and believed it better for churches that could say before God, "We have done our utmost," to call on their richer brethren for aid, than to muzzle the ox that was treading out their corn. He believed that in very rare cases did God bring together so much absolute poverty in one church that a *little more* sacrifice could not be made for the comfort of the pastor and the honor of the cause ; and in these few cases he was always willing to help. But how many times was his soul vexed by applications, from places where every man owned his farm and stock, to his and other city churches, where, perhaps, the great majority never dreamed of possessing even a home ! To such applicants he always told the "Miller story," advising them to go home and *try once more* what they could do among themselves.

A worthy miller — we know not the origin of the tale — was once pained by hearing that the minister was going away for want of support, the church having decided they could no longer raise his salary. He called a meeting, and addressed his brethren very modestly, for he was one of the poorest among these comfortable farmers. He asked if want of money were the only reason for this change, and if all were united in desiring the services of the pastor, could they still keep him. There was but one

voice in the reply. The pastor was useful and beloved ; but the flock were so poor !

“ Well,” replied the miller, “ I have a plan by which I can raise his salary without asking one of you for a dollar, if you will allow me to take my own way to do it. I will assume the responsibility for one year. Have I your consent ? ”

Of course they could not refuse this ; although they expressed surprise, knowing the miller to be but a poor man.

The year drew to a close. The minister had been blessed in his labors, and no one had been called on for money. When they came together, the miller asked the pastor if his wants had been supplied and his salary promptly met ? He replied in the affirmative. When the brethren were asked if they were any poorer than at the beginning of the year, each one replied, “ No,” and asked how they could be, when their church privileges had been so mysteriously paid for. He asked again : “ Is any man here any poorer for keeping the minister ? ” and the reply was the same as before. “ Then,” he said, “ brethren, I have only to tell you that *you* have paid the salary the same as you always did, only more of it and with greater promptness. You remember you gave me permission to take my own way in this matter ; and I have done so. As each one of you brought his grist to mill, I took out as much grain as I thought your proportion, and laid it away for the salary. When harvest was over, I sold it, and have paid the minister regularly from the proceeds. You confess that you are no poorer ; so you never missed it, and therefore made no personal sacrifice. Now I propose that we stop talking about poverty, and about letting our minister go, and add enough to his sala-

ry to make us feel that we are doing something." Mr. Dunbar used to say, with a sigh, "Oh for a miller in every church!"

A young grand-daughter, who was visiting him a few years since, answered several letters for him one day when he was indisposed. One of these was from a minister in the state of New York, a perfect stranger to Mr. Dunbar, asking concerning some field of labor, he being about to leave the place where he then was. The reply returned was, as the writer tells us: "There are many places where good ministers are needed; but you should be on the ground to know of them. Come to the city at once. I have now no home to ask you to; but come where I am boarding, and I will introduce you to brethren here. Tell your good wife not to get disheartened; and say from me that unless you are richer than your ministering brethren in general, you are to leave the purse and whatever is in it at home with her. Tell her from me that there is a bank in New York city, on which ministers of Christ can always draw in time of need!"

How many men, who have become poor for Christ's sake, will remember the sunshine which some such letter from his hand, or a like encouraging word from his lip, had brought to them in a dark and gloomy day! He bore, as far as he knew them, the burdens of all these on his own heart, and so fulfilled the law of Christ.

Mr. Dunbar felt a special interest in young ministers; and while they shared, as many of them did, his unstinted hospitality, he spread before them the richer dainties of free, sovereign, distinguishing grace, the conversation often extending far into the night.

"I find it very pleasant," writes one who was thus

avored, "to recall those many talks with which he favored me, and in which his deep experience welled out so richly and instructively. No one that knew him could doubt that he was experimentally acquainted with Jesus, and lived in close communion with him. With what hallowed ardor would he extol the riches of free and sovereign grace ! There were points on which we did not agree ; but I always admired the warmth of zeal for truth with which he sought to bring me up to the full measure of what he considered orthodox. There was always an unction, characteristic of those talks, that refreshed like the dew of morning, and made me greatly revere and love him. Religion was ever his favorite theme, and particularly experimental religion ; but to him the doctrinal was scarcely distinguishable from the experimental, so thoroughly were the great truths of the gospel the aliment of his inner life and his inspiration to action. That genial flow of humor, and that quaintness which provoked a smile every now and then, in his most religious discourses, whether in the parlor or in the pulpit, did not interfere with the moral impression, and was an attractive feature and kept alive the interest."

Mr. Dunbar's views of doctrine, and his earnest zeal in their defence, appear in the following Annual Letter to the Association : —

"BELOVED BRETHERN IN CHRIST,— When, in the providence of God, Baptist churches became sufficiently numerous in this western hemisphere to admit of their forming distinct associations, it was regarded as a matter of sacred importance, that each church uniting in such a social ecclesiastical compact should entertain and avow the same views of the character and government of God ; his sovereign, distinguishing grace in the redemption

and complete salvation of his chosen people; the nature, design, and extent of the atonement of the Lord Jesus Christ; the total depravity of human nature; the invincible operations of the Holy Spirit upon the souls of elect sinners; and the certain glorification of the 'church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood.' In those days, care was taken to define, 'by printed associational articles of faith, the glorious fundamental doctrines of the word of God, and the holy tendency of those doctrines, when cordially believed and experimentally felt, to promote the joy and hope of regenerated souls, and to produce the fruits of *that holiness*, without which no man shall see the Lord. Presuming, dear brethren, that Jehovah's revealed method of saving lost sinners, and the moral qualities of *right* and *wrong* in matters of faith and practice, could not change their character with the lapse of time, this church has, in its annual epistle to your respected body, for a succession of years, solemnly and affectionately expressed a fear lest restless philosophical speculations, popular, ever-changing religious theories, or a conformity to applauded customs, should tempt the churches of this Association to depart from the truth of God, as revealed in the Holy Scriptures. In our letter to you, of 1837, we frankly stated the apprehension we then cherished, that a growing disrelish of Bible sentiments and Bible morality was manifesting itself in certain portions of our beloved denomination. . . . The faith once delivered to the saints is not considered by many of sufficient importance to be contended for or vindicated. The simple avowal of a few general articles of our Baptist faith is, in many places, a sufficient passport into the fellowship and sisterhood of associated churches. Other cardinal truths, involving the sovereignty and veracity of Jehovah, the covenanted sub-

stitution and sacrifice of the blessed Redeemer, and the glory of his cross, may be embraced or repudiated at discretion, without any breach of fellowship. And in regard to the obligation which, by the moral law of God, we owe to our fellow-creatures, we fear that the departure from Bible morality is no less alarming. For instance: the poor laborer may be robbed of his wages, his person and family subjected to unmitigated bondage and oppression, and his immortal mind forbidden to feed upon the precious pastures of divine revelation; all these injuries may be tyrannically practised upon the humble, defenceless disciples of the merciful Son of God, by members of the same church, and ministers of the gospel of peace; and yet such members and ministers are regarded as proper objects of Christian *fellowship, sympathy, and respect*; while the tears and groans of their unhappy victims are *unheeded*, and those who plead their cause are viewed with suspicion and often treated with contempt. These, dear brethren, are some of the abuses, in principle and practice, now tolerated in our denomination, which justly grieve and alarm us, in view of the justice of Zion's God, and the retributions of a judgment to come.

“We desire, however, to unite with you in praying for the purity, the peace, and the prosperity of the churches of Christ, throughout our land and the world.”

In laboring for the purity of doctrine and practice of his church in New York, ever so dear to him, Mr. Dunbar relied much upon the coöperation of his deacons, among whom were men of great worth and solidity of judgment. One of them, Deacon J. J. Griffiths, writes as follows:—

“Mr. Dunbar had the interests of this branch of Zion very near to his heart, as his frequent private and official

meetings with his deacons testify. He loved them, and relied on their judgment, and they depended very much on his advice and experience. They were all united in him, and during a period of ten years, at the frequent official interviews when the interests of the church were spoken of, there was an entire unanimity of feeling and of action between him and them."

In reviewing Mr. Dunbar's ministry of nearly half a century, the genuine affection which always existed between him and the churches he served is worthy of note. To three of these he was called three times, and by all was ever welcomed as a beloved friend and minister of Christ.

Mr. Dunbar's zeal for the defence and spread of God's truth in its purity and fulness, and his desire for the progress of his own denomination, led him, soon after going to New York, to encourage the commencement of a weekly newspaper, which he himself edited gratuitously, — "The Baptist Repository," published by Mr. E. Tripp. It has since passed through many hands, and borne many names, the New York Baptists having never from that time been without a denominational paper.

To what has been said of Mr. Dunbar as a minister of Christ, it should be added that he was deeply interested in the extension of evangelical truth in the world. He was an early and a fast friend of the American and Foreign Bible Society, and was for many years a member of its board of managers.

He was an active and liberal supporter of Foreign Missions, and deeply interested in the work of the Missionary Union. His anti-slavery spirit had been sorely tried, during the days of the Triennial Convention, by the union of Northern and Southern churches, but he hoped the day

of separation would come ; and none rejoiced more than he in the triumph of principle over policy, in the formation of the American Baptist Missionary Union, — a *free* organization for the spread of a *free* gospel.

When the debt of \$36,000 lay as a heavy burden upon the Union, his heart was distressed at the crippled influence of the society, and the dishonor cast on God ; and it was at his suggestion that the plan was adopted which proved so successful in the liquidation of the debt.

One morning, early in February, 1859, the corresponding secretary of the Union, being then in New York, called at Mr. Dunbar's house ; after the usual courtesies, Mr. Dunbar said to him, " Doctor, I'm a little surprised to see you this morning, for I've been lying awake nearly all night thinking of you and the Union and the missionary debt, and I believe I've got hold of a plan that will pay it."

He then went on to say, that after his family had retired to rest, the night before, he had taken up Dr. Wayland's Missionary Sermon and read it through, not finishing it until long after midnight. It made such an impression on his mind that he could not sleep. " The debt," he said, " seemed such a small thing to press upon all the Baptist communicants in the Northern States, that I felt ashamed of it, and lay trying to devise some plan by which it might be swept off. A small fraction from each church-member would do it ; but suppose we get thirty-six thousand individuals to give one dollar each, the work is done ! If there are any in our number too poor to do that, their richer brethren will make it up."

The plan struck the secretary favorably, and he promised to suggest it to the Board. But Mr. Dunbar, always fearful of " red-tape " delays, and now impatient for a trial

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and a result, demurred a little, saying, "The Board will think well of it, I know; so I shall give the first instalment," and drawing out that inexhaustible green purse, he placed in the secretary's hand a gold dollar each for himself and Mrs. Dunbar and the two children at home with him, calling on a daughter who was then on a visit, to do the same, and pledging — as he always dared to do — the McDougal Street Church for her share in the good work.

The secretary returned to Boston, presented the plan, which was adopted, and then issued circulars to the above effect. The dollars flew in rapidly, — the simplicity of the thing at once making it a "people's movement." It became to Baptists "our debt," and not the debt of a few rich men who might get rid of it as best they could.<sup>1</sup> Mr. Dunbar's own people gave far more than each man his dollar, and their pastor crowned the sacrifice by laying

<sup>1</sup> We insert the following letter from the secretary to Mr. Dunbar, written a short time after the plan was put into operation: —

"MISSIONARY ROOMS, Boston, March 28, 1859.

"MY DEAR BROTHER, — I came to the Rooms this morning, after the labors of the Sabbath, not a little exhausted and careworn. But your letter, so full of good things, has renewed my spirit and strengthened my heart for the battle. As I read on, I said, this is too good to be true; the Lord is answering before we called upon him, and crowning our labors before we put forth effort. To his name be the praise.

"From all quarters there come expressions of approval of the plan, and a readiness to take hold and carry it into effect. I may be too sanguine, but I believe that we shall succeed, with God's blessing, and find thirty-six thousand persons who will give their dollar each for so desirable an object.

"I think you need have no misgivings on the score of being made too prominent. Talk the thing up with the pastors, and tell me of your success."

twenty-five dollars from his own purse, in addition to all he had already done, as the last on the altar. The result is known. In the words of the secretary, "The Union was freed from an incubus which had crippled its energies for the last fifteen years."

Nor was Mr. Dunbar's interest confined to foreign missions. The heathen of our own land had a large share in his pity and his prayers.

From the time that he first saw the red men, he never lost his interest in them. For the Mic Macs of New Brunswick and the Penobscots of Maine he labored personally; and, in after years, interested himself greatly for the Cherokees and other tribes under the patronage of our Missionary Union. The name, Indian, was a passport to his heart, and the sorrows and oppressions of this people were to him a source of real grief and anxiety; for he believed that, with regard to them, as well as to the negro, God would call us to account. Many will remember when Rev. Evan Jones brought Oganaya to New York, in the year 1835, how he took him by the hand, seeking not only to benefit, but also to gratify him. At his suggestion, the young men of McDougal Street Church presented him with a watch, as they did also to more than one other Indian visitor. The ladies, also, sent many presents to his wife and family, while a kind friend painted his miniature, which was a matter of great surprise and delight to him, he never having seen such a thing before. And these same acts were repeated again and again for strangers of the same class. Mr. Dunbar often said that a man always thought more of himself if he had a good watch!

About twenty-five years ago he met, — in the street, we believe, — Andrew Meaux, chief of the Mic Macs, and his wife. They were in deep poverty and distress, and wan-

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dering helplessly in the great, strange city. An unprincipled man had induced the poor creatures, by fair promises, to accompany him to England and exhibit themselves in dances and war-whoops, as new to them, probably, as they were to the English. They did so; and hardly had they ornamented themselves in blankets and moccasins, feathers and beads, than they were prostrated with small-pox. The hope of his gain now being gone, the heartless wretch forsook them. Amid strangers, and in the very deepest poverty, their two children died, causing them as much anguish as a like affliction would do wiser parents anywhere. A few merciful men, hearing of their sad condition, sent them to New York, where they landed without means to reach their tribe. God guided them to Mr. Dunbar, and he accepted the charge. Every provision was made for their comfort; but the poor mother's heart was full of her children, and she wept when she spoke of them.

While they were in the city, Mr. Seton had a little gathering of the Sunday-school children, for their benefit, at which were sung hymns and songs written by him for the occasion. One of these is well remembered by those who joined in its notes when children, beginning, —

“Chief Andrew Meaux.”

Money was raised to take the strangers home and to supply them with numberless comforts. Their voyage had been a most painful and unprofitable one; but the sympathy and benevolence they received in the McDougal Street Church did much to soothe their disappointment. Nor were their spiritual wants forgotten. Mr. Dunbar, and others interested in them, strove to instruct them, and to lead their troubled minds to the compassionate Saviour. It was,

after all, the soul preëminently which Mr. Dunbar sought to benefit ; and often did he use the good things of this life as means whereby to gain the heart of the sufferer, and thus lead him from the trials of life to the peace and joy found only in Christ.

We find a copy of a hymn, which he used often to sing, and sometimes to repeat, when pleading for the red men. We do not know its author, but insert it here as another plea for a race which will soon be no more : —

**“THE INDIAN’S APPEAL TO AMERICAN CHRISTIANS.**

“ I dwell with the tempest, I’m rock’d by the storm ;  
 No pillow of luxury come I to crave :  
 Sole lord of the brute, in whose furs I am warm, —  
 Yet pity the red man, ye sons of the wave.

“ Ere the wide-spreading ocean, now rolling so blue,  
 Your forefathers bore from afar to our shore,  
 These forests comprised all of pleasure we knew ;  
 Then pity the red man, thus happy no more !

“ Ye dwell at the fountains of mental delight,  
 Where streams intellectual deliciously roll ;  
 And when the rich banquets so freely invite,  
 Oh, pity the red man — he, too, has a soul !

“ Oh, teach him the name to Christians so dear, —  
 Your passport to mansions of glory on high ;  
 That name which supports you, in death, without fear,  
 Declare to the red man, and teach him to — die.”

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## CHAPTER XXI.

*Wise to Win Souls — Preaching at the Gaming Table — The Children's Minister — Sympathy with the Little Ones — Playfulness — Incidents — Extracts from Letters.*

**W**ITH Mr. Dunbar the ministry of the gospel was not viewed as a mere "profession." It was in his heart to serve Christ and his fellow-creatures, not only on the Sabbath, or in the pulpit, but during the week, whether among his own people or among strangers. By the wayside, at a casual visit, in the cars, or on shipboard, he was ever the minister of Christ; careless of the set conventionalities of office, and ready to do a kind deed, to speak a sympathizing, instructive, or warning word, as the occasion suggested; and especially solicitous, in all his intercourse with his fellow-men, to lead them to the Saviour.

He had a rare and happy way of giving a religious turn to conversation. The recital of some striking incident in his own life would often lead the minds of his listeners to themes far different from what they had anticipated at the outset, and which were calculated to make deep religious impressions.

Once, when going up the North River, a sudden shower, about sunset, drove all the passengers from the deck into the cabin. Here they surprised a party of gamblers round a centre-table, whither they had drawn two or three unwary youths. After a little pause at this interruption, they went on shuffling their cards, "when," says one who

was present, "a gentleman rose and went up to them. He looked on as if with interest in the game; and soon one of the number offered him a seat, saying, 'Will you try a hand with us, sir?'

"'No,' replied the gentleman, who I then learned was Mr. Dunbar; 'I do not know the name of a card. When I was young, I had a great many games which I enjoyed as much as you do yours, and I now love to see all young men happy.' He then told them of his early life in the Highlands of Scotland, with its wild sports and its hairbreadth escapes, until quite a group, besides the card-players, had gathered round him. The young men ceased playing, and gave him all their attention. Soon he spoke of a time when he grew sick of these pleasures, and was dissatisfied with himself; when he felt that he was at enmity with God, and that unless converted and reconciled to him, he must be eternally lost. He told them of the despair into which he fell, and of his 'fearful looking-for of judgment,' and then of the manner in which Christ revealed himself as the Way of Life, and of the change this made in all his prospects and pursuits for this world.

"By this time the cards had all been slipped into the pockets of the owners, while the man of God, having gained their ear, preached Christ to them. Even those who, under other circumstances, would have scoffed, now listened with interest and attention, and all treated him with the greatest respect. But had he felt that he did well to be angry at sight of sin, and harshly rebuked the gamblers, threatening to expose them, he could not have held them a moment to listen to the story of Calvary. Thus was he ever wise to win souls. The stand he thus firmly and decidedly took, commended itself to the Christians present there. They all gathered round him, like a

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family, to talk of home and common interests. And while the storm raged without, they enjoyed a blessed season, speaking of the glories of Him they loved, and singing songs of praise to his name.

“His brave advocacy of his Master's claims gave him an opportunity to do good to many who never went to the house of God. Eternity will reveal the result of that evening's labor. Thus was he ever sowing beside all waters.”

It may readily be inferred that Mr. Dunbar excelled as a *pastor*. His genial disposition, his ardent piety, his great experience in “cases of conscience,” eminently fitted him for this part of ministerial labor. In this work he was unwearied, not only in his own congregation, but in the wider circle of the needy, neglected, and sorrowful, especially in New York. Many such made great lamentation over him at his burial, for they had lost a friend indeed.

In that important, but difficult and much-neglected part of a pastor's work, ministering to the children, Mr. Dunbar was very successful. They loved him, for he sympathized with them in their little joys and trials, and ever had for them a pleasant and instructive word, and often gave them little tokens of his affection. By his gentle and winning ways he was instrumental in leading many of these lambs to the “Good Shepherd.”

He always interested himself in the innocent pleasures of the young, and was ever devising plans for their profit and amusement. His kind smile and cheerful tones have left impressions, never to be effaced, on hundreds of little hearts.

A lady, who was much with his children in her youth, says, “I well remember the charm he had for the young.

Whenever we were planning a visit to his house, we chose an evening when he would be at home, that our pleasure might be enhanced by his company."

One of Mr. Dunbar's deacons, who frequently went with him in his visits of mercy, says he noticed in him traits of character very uncommon even among the benevolent. More than once he has gone with him to the home of poverty and sickness; and, if little children were passing their time wearily in the sick-room, which, perhaps, was their only one, or if they were disturbing the sufferer by their noise, Mr. Dunbar would leave him a few moments to converse or pray, and, after a short absence, return with toys for the little ones, that they might be amused and quieted. Nothing pleased him more than to be smiled on or spoken to in the street by children whose names he had to ask.

A little grandson of four or five years, noticing that a brother and three cousins were named "Duncan Dunbar," came to his mother one day, saying he wanted *his* name changed. When asked what he wished to be called, he replied innocently, "I want to be named 'Grandpa Dunbar,' too." He felt that an honor was being unjustly kept from him.

H. L. W., a dear little boy in the family, whom his grandfather loved very much, spoke of him, after his death, as a *very rich* man. When told that he was not rich at all, he expressed great surprise, saying, "Why, he always had his pockets full of pretty things for little children."

When, a few years ago, Mr. Dunbar's portrait, painted by Verbryck, was placed in a window of the store where it had been framed, a friend of the family, passing by, and not knowing it was there, saw a group of children

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gathered around the place, and heard little voices joyfully exclaiming, "Oh, that's Mr. Dunbar, that's Mr. Dunbar!" proving both the success of the artist and the love of the children.

Gifts of the children to himself always went by their names. He spoke of "the little Smith's dressing-case," "little Georgie's snuff-box," — the silver one he carried with him to the last, — "little Willie's porte-monnaie," &c. Amid all the confusion and sight-seeing of his last visit to Europe, he did not forget the dear boys at home, — who were gathering stamps and coins, — but sought eagerly for rare specimens to grace their collections.

He thus closes a letter to a member of his church, absent with her family for the summer: —

"And to the two dear little members of my congregation, the *princess* and the *duchess*, give my warmest love. When are their dear little hands going to write me that *epistle*, promised last winter? When shall I hear that their dear little hearts are beating with love to the blessed Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ? When will they ask and urge me to baptize them in his name?"

When the excellent *carte-de-visite* of Mr. Dunbar was shown to one of his little grandsons, only four years old, he at once recognized it, although he had not seen the original for many months. "That's my dear grandpa," he said, "with his cane in his hand." The spectacles in the other hand being very indistinct, some one asked him what they were. "Oh," he said, "that's a stick of white candy for little children!"

A nook in his desk was always supplied with penknives, scissors, marbles, picture-books, and china dogs and cats, — a little store, on which to draw for the benefit of his juvenile friends. Sometimes, when asked, "Where did

you buy that?" he would smile, and say, "Of a poor Jew, a son of Abraham, standing on the corner of the street. He said he had sold nothing this morning; so I bought these, and told him other customers would follow me. Poor Jew! You know the blessed Saviour was a Jew." No nation, no color, no religion, however false, kept a fellow-creature outside the pale of his sympathy.

In a letter to one of his married daughters, Mr. Dunbar says, playfully: "What shall I send the children, in the shape of playthings for New Year's? You know that children are children, the world over. I love to make them happy, especially when it can be done at so cheap a rate. The *value* of a present never enters their heads or hearts — but the color, the shape, and the oddity. If one manages aright, he can make many of them happy with a single dollar. Have they a stock of cats, dogs, and lambs? Let me know. If you begin to think that grandpa is becoming a child himself, never you mind! The children and I understand one another, and that's enough!"

In a more serious strain, he writes to a beloved granddaughter: —

"MY DEAR, GOOD C.,— I received your nice, modest little letter, and I thank you for it. Your mother says you are a good girl, and grandpa believes that and *more too!* I believe you are a monument of God's mercy and grace, and that, long after I am dead and gone to my rest, you will be in a position to exert an influence in favor of the cause of the Lord Jesus Christ in the world.

"It is very late at night, and I am much exhausted with the heat, and the weariness of my evening lecture; so, hoping you will excuse my short epistle, I must close with

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love ; — much love to your father, mother, and the dear boys.  
Your affectionate grandfather.”

Mr. Dunbar was very careful to promote a family feeling among the members of the church. At the close of the weekly lectures and prayer-meetings, he would come down from the desk and greet the brethren with a grasp of the hand and kind words, encouraging them by his own genial example to interchange these tokens of affection among themselves. He wished them to regard each other as members of a family, and to feel an interest in whatever related to their mutual welfare. His quick eye detected a new face in the congregation, and he sought to awaken a home-feeling in the heart of the stranger. Sometimes, when introducing a new member, he would say, “This is brother —, from the church in —. He has come among us, and you must welcome him, and do him all the good you can. He builds houses, or, he keeps a store. When you want anything in his line, go and encourage him. ‘Do good to all men, but *especially to them who are of the household of faith!*’” Hundreds, we are sure, now in comfortable circumstances, can look back to such words as these for their first success. Thus was he truly a pastor to the flock, in temporal as well as in spiritual things.

Not only did he pay special regard to strangers himself, but he encouraged and urged his brethren to do so, both in their homes and in the sanctuary, and thus have many been brought into the fold of Christ. One of the brethren relates the following remarkable incident :—

“A man who was perfectly regardless of religion, and not even an attendant on the means of grace, dreamed one night that a person appeared to him and said, ‘Go to Mr. Dunbar’s church.’ On awakening, he remembered hav-

ing heard of a minister of that name, and resolved that sometime he would go to hear him. Accordingly, one Wednesday evening, he went into the vestry and heard the lecture without the least feeling.

“When the meeting was over, a good brother who had noticed the stranger, stepped up to him, gave him his hand, and welcomed him there. He also invited him to come again. This little courtesy, it seems, gratified him so much, that on going out he resolved to accept the invitation. He came again, and then God met him. His attention was arrested, and ere long he was brought to Christ, and baptized into that church.

“A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver.”

Mr. Dunbar did much to promote the happiness of others, not only by acts of kindness toward the needy and afflicted, but by the habitual sunshine of his genial disposition. There was about him a playfulness and humor, never inconsistent with true Christian dignity, which made his presence a pleasure in all circles.

One day the mother of a beloved member of his church came over the ferry from Hoboken, to call on his family. She was urged to remain to tea, Mr. Dunbar telling her that he would send word to her son's counting-room that she was there, and he would come and take her safely home. She consented, and he sent a messenger to the Iron Works to say that a lady who knew Mr. N., and was greatly interested in him when a boy, was at his house, and wished to see him; and that he must remain to tea.

With all speed, Mr. N. dropped his pen, and went down, only to be excused, as he did not feel himself exactly respectable, coming as he had from his counting-room, where

the dust was flying about. This he said at the door, to Mr. Dunbar, who, however, would take no excuse, but insisted upon his coming in.

"But," asked Mr. N., "who is this lady?"

"I can't tell you," he replied, "for I want to see if you will know her now; you knew her well when you were a boy."

"Well," said Mr. N., "I will go home first, and I promise you I will return in time for tea."

But no; Mr. Dunbar assured him he could not let him off, and that he was quite well prepared to meet the lady. So, greatly against his wishes, Mr. N., was ushered into the parlor to be introduced to — his mother! to the no small amusement of all who had seen his first embarrassment.

It was the practice of Mr. Dunbar, when union prayer-meetings were held at the McDougal Street Church, to invite those from a distance, home to tea with him, that they might be near for the evening service.

On one of these occasions he had filled his parlors to his heart's content, when a lady called at the door, asking for Mr. Dunbar. She had known him when a child, and having now come to New York, felt a desire to see him. When presented to him, she looked a little confused, and said, "This is not the Mr. Dunbar I asked for; it is the old gentleman I wish to see, — your father, I suppose."

His wonderfully youthful figure and face were often the subject of remark, and Mr. D. saw at once that his guest had been expecting to see a bowed and gray-haired grandsire.

"Oh, yes," he said, giving her the hand of cordial welcome, "you shall see him. Go with my daughter, and

lay off your things, and when you come back the *old* gentleman will be here."

After some little time, no old gentleman appearing, she ventured to ask for him again. Mr. Dunbar then said playfully, "Have a little patience till we go down to tea, and you will find the *old* gentleman at the table."

When the company took their seats in the dining-room, the stranger looked around; but seeing no venerable face, asked for him again, when Mr. Dunbar himself was presented to her as the veritable man she sought. She, remembering him as the father of a family when she was a little child in Bermuda, had expected now to meet an old man tottering on the verge of the grave. When, however, she became satisfied that the hale, vigorous, and active pastor was he who more than forty years ago seemed to her a man in middle life, she was amazed, and wondered what charm it was that thus defied the power of time.

Once, when going up the Hudson, with one of his daughters, a lady asked her, on deck, if she would take the chair next her *husband*, and give her the one she then occupied.

The daughter made the exchange, and said, "She thinks you very young, father." "Oh, no, my dear," he replied; "she probably thinks me an old fool with a young wife."

To a young lady of his congregation, when absent, he wrote among other items of news:—

"Since this was commenced, I have been down to the church, in the face of a dreadful rain-storm, to marry Mr. — to Mrs. —; and, would you believe it? pitiless and pelting as were the rain and lightning, the body

of the house was full. Saint and sinner were there, gray hairs and infancy, vying with each other in profound eagerness to see the bride. May the Lord help and reform poor human nature! Had this been a meeting, appointed and extensively noticed, for the purpose of calling on God for pardon and eternal life, how many think you would have ventured from their sheltered homes on such a night?"

To a daughter, visiting in New England, he wrote:—

"I cannot be so cruel as to urge your sudden return home if you are enjoying yourself; but for those everlasting 'societies' and 'picnics,' let them go to Jericho! I am sick of them! 'Fools make feasts, and wise men eat of them.' It is a drudgery which the Yankee ladies love to impose on themselves, and in which they pay dearly for the pleasure of killing themselves."

## CHAPTER XXII.

Changing Enemies to Friends — An Opposing Husband Won — An Angry Visitor Converted — Making Peace — Comforting the Aged and Lonely — Regard for the Sensibility of the Poor — God's End of the Purse.

**M**R. DUNBAR was remarkable for his power of conciliation, and for adapting himself to the character and circumstances of those with whom he came in contact.

If ever, in his jealousy for God's honor, he seemed to make an enemy, he sooner or later changed him to a friend. Many who left him in the times of trial in the church, came back, renewing the bonds they had broken.

In want, sorrow, sickness, or perplexity, they sought in vain for another heart or hand like his. Many of these returned to the dear old fold to die within its enclosure. Many, who had gone to other churches, sent for him when dying, and desired that his voice might be the last heard above their sleeping dust; and not a few, who, differing widely from him in views of discipline, had imagined their affections weaned from him, were among the truest mourners over his dear remains, beneath the pulpit where so long he had called sinners to repentance, and confirmed and comforted the saints.

His power was equally strong in overcoming the opposition of the unconverted. At one time a lady, who had not been a church-goer, became deeply concerned for her

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soul, and imagined that she was losing her mind. A friend advised her to consult the minister in McDougal Street, which she did; and very soon she found peace, and then desired above all things a place among God's people. But when she broached the subject to her husband, he thought she was beside herself. The Baptists were a people he had only heard of; and the idea of his wife being immersed in the Hudson river, before a crowd of curious people, was not to be for a moment entertained. She heard the voice of her newly-found Saviour, saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it;" but across the path of duty stood one to whom she, as a wife, felt bound to submit herself. When she came to Mr. Dunbar with this new grief, he said calmly, "Leave that with me. I will make that right with your husband." He sought him in his place of business; found him reading his morning paper, and was received most graciously as a stranger. When, however, he announced his name, a little restlessness was seen under the effort politeness made to hide it. He, not appearing to notice this, said, "I presume, sir, you are aware that Mrs. — has been again and again to my house and my church."

"Oh, yes, yes."

"And she has, of course, told you the great change which has taken place in her feelings with regard to her state before God?"

"Oh, yes; but it wont last, sir; it will all pass away when the excitement is over."

"But she believes she has been born again, and that old things have passed away with her, and all things become new."

"But my wife is very fond of gayety," persisted the gentleman; "and it will not be three months before she is

again in the ball-room. I don't want her to join the church and be a hypocrite!"

"Well, my friend," said Mr. Dunbar, kindly, "you can safely leave this with her own conscience before God. She feels it a duty laid upon her to honor her Saviour by a public profession, and I am sure you, who have always been a kind and indulgent husband, will not tyrannize over her in this solemn matter."

"By no means," replied the gentleman, blandly. "I have never been a tyrant in my family; and if she is resolved on this, I will not interfere, although it certainly seems to me a very foolish step."

The lady was baptized, and lived long years to prove that the change which drew her from the gay world into the fold of God, was a real one; and after a painful sickness, of long duration, her husband saw her die in the triumphs of the faith which she professed.

And in scores of such cases, Mr. Dunbar won, by his genial manner and kind words, the free consent of opposing husbands and fathers for those wishing to unite with God's people.

A young lady called on him one day, in no lovely mood for a stranger. She announced, with not a little spirit, that her mother *had been* a member of the — church, but was recently excluded. She extolled her as a pattern of virtue and piety, and denounced the church in scathing terms; adding, that, "she had come to him as one of the oldest pastors, to ask if that was the way Baptist churches always treated their members who chanced to differ from them; if so, she had had enough of them."

Without appearing to notice the tone of sarcasm, or the flashing of anger, Mr. Dunbar said he could not decide on

the right or the wrong of the case, because he knew none of the particulars. She then went on to say, that, "in a matter of discipline, her mother had taken very decided ground against the church, and not yielding to the majority, had kept agitating the subject until they withdrew the hand of fellowship from her," probably for an unwarrantable use of her tongue.

Mr. Dunbar gave the young stranger all credit for her affection, and her regard for her mother's honor. He talked to her in the kindest and most fatherly manner, and when she rose to go, took her hand, saying, "You came to me *to-day*, my young friend, grieved and anxious for the reputation of your mother; I hope the *next time* you come, it will be with anguish for your own soul; that, seeing yourself lost and condemned, by reason of sin, you will come, to ask, 'What shall I do to be saved?' Your own state before God should outweigh all other thoughts and interests." And with a most solemn charge to seek her own soul's salvation, he dismissed her in a mood softened toward him, however much she might have felt incensed against his denomination.

A week or two passed, and again she came to him; but this time it was under a burden of guilt her proud spirit could no longer bear. His last words, on the former visit, had been as arrows to her heart, and from the hour they were spoken, she had had no rest. In the same merciful spirit he led her to Christ, as the great burden-bearer. After a little time, she found peace in believing, and was baptized into his church.

While so anxious and active for the well-doing of the young under his influence, Mr. Dunbar, remembering the folly of his own youth, was very lenient towards those who

erred through temptation or thoughtlessness, never forgetting, that,

“To step aside is human.”

Being on a journey at one time, he stopped on his way to visit a family once attendants on his church, and whose children were dear among the lambs of his fold. He found them in great affliction. One of their young daughters, on whom many fond hopes were centred, had eloped from her home with a play-actor, to whom they learned she was married. The mother and sisters were heart-broken, trembling for the frail foundation on which her happiness was built; but the father, feeling that his authority was also set at nought, was indignant at her course. Mr. Dunbar had come just in time to act as peace-maker between the injured parents and the erring child. She had sent home for permission to visit them, and, this being refused, had asked for her wardrobe. Her father felt that she had forfeited all claim on her family, and allowed no response to be made to this request; and there the matter was resting.

Mr. Dunbar, while he justly censured the giddy girl, remembered that she was little more than an impulsive child, and that if she had thrown away her happiness, she was to be pitied as well as blamed; and he encouraged her friends, by representing the case as far from a hopeless one. “Who can tell,” he asked, “but by judicious treatment now, she may see her ingratitude, and her husband be drawn into some nobler path, where he may yet be an honor to the family?” He volunteered to make peace between them. He visited them at their hotel, and found the wayward child, although not sorry for her choice, penitent that she had so deceived her parents. The young

actor, who, we believe, was honorable and upright beyond his class, excused his course only on the ground that it was his sole hope of securing the child of such parents. He made all the apologies and pledges required, listened attentively and respectfully to Mr. Dunbar's advice, and promised to follow it. Thus reconciliation was effected. Ere long, permission was given to the daughter to visit her parents, and when the wound was a little healed, she was received back as an erring child.

Of all classes of mourners, widows had an especial place in his sympathies. The very word, "widow," had talismanic power to open his heart, and, when there was need of it, his purse also. There were two or three of this class in the "Old Ladies' Home," in whom he was much interested from having known them before their going there. One of them, on the first Sabbath morning she spent at the Home, was greatly cast down; and, although there was to be preaching in the chapel, felt that she could not leave her room. She gave vent to her murmurings, saying, "Here I am, in my old age, separated by death from my beloved children and my affectionate husband, far from the friends I love, and from my church-privileges." Her soul was in great heaviness. She resolved, however, to go to the service. But when she took her seat, she could not help weeping over her mournful lot. But soon, to her joy, Mr. Dunbar entered the desk! He gave out as his text, "The Lord hath utterly separated me from his people." "Ah," he said, "each poor, lonely heart here cries, 'that is for me. I had just been saying those words, as I remembered the days gone by, when I walked with my husband and children to the house of God. But they are gone, and I am shut out even from the communion of the saints, among whom my lot was cast, — my pastor, the dea-

cons, and the brethren ; I am comparatively alone, few left to care whether I live or die.' 'These were your thoughts," said he, "and I do not wonder at them. I have come this morning to bring you a message from the Comforter, my sisters." And his words were like healing balm to all those poor, wounded hearts, as he drew their minds from the sorrows of age and loneliness in the wilderness up to that home where they should so soon meet the Saviour and the ransomed ones who had gone before them.

Another of these widows, Mrs. J., a lady by birth and education, had a large place in his kind heart. He met her first soon after his removal to New York, under circumstances, to her, of great trial and humiliation, and received her into his own home, where so many sorrowful ones before and since found a refuge. Here she was converted and was baptized into the fellowship of McDougal Street Church. She remained with Mrs. Dunbar until her desire for usefulness was gratified, and she went where her services were fully appreciated. Her humility and piety made her a blessing wherever her lot was cast ; but when the infirmities of age began to gather upon her, she chose this quiet resting-place, as she had neither children nor home. We find many beautiful letters expressing her gratitude and affection. Mr. Dunbar often went to "the Home" to cheer her and others with the bright prospect beyond the dark river. He has passed over before them, and is now enjoying the rest for which they are longing.

About six years ago, several cases came to his knowledge, of persons who had hitherto been in good circumstances, suffering for the time from want of employment or from the expenses of sickness. At a communion season he mentioned this, saying, "There is a fund in the

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hands of your deacons, dear brethren, for the benefit of several aged sisters who have long been cared for by you and who have a perfect claim on you as the Lord's poor. It is a matter of course with them, as they never expect again to earn their bread, and have none but you on whom they can rely. But there are those among your members that you little dream of, who, for certain reasons, are passing under a cloud in their temporal matters. They do not care to come before you as applicants for aid; but a little private help, just for the time, would comfort them greatly. I wish you would make me your steward in this matter, and trust me with a little fund of my own, to be given at my discretion. It will make me feel very rich, and you will never be any poorer."

After the service, many gathered round him and put into his hands three, five, and ten dollars, as they felt able. When he returned home, he showed his long purse, saying, "That end belongs to the Lord." One of his daughters, who was at home on a visit, remembers his speaking of the cases he meant to relieve, saying, "You would all be surprised if I told you where I am going to send a ton of coal to-morrow." But none, save Mrs. Dunbar, did ever know where the contents of that end of the purse went; but we know it was never empty. Thus he sought ever to save the feelings of the needy, and to keep up their self-respect.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

Letters of Sympathy, Condolence and Friendship, to Mrs. Charles S. Stewart — To Deacon and Mrs. Dexter — To Mrs. D. — Letter Acknowledging a Present — To Rev. Dr. Kennard.

MONG Mr. Dunbar's letters of friendship, illustrating also his pastoral character, are several to that beloved and now sainted woman, Mrs. Charles S. Stewart. The following was addressed to her while she was attending the sick-bed of her only brother, then in Washington : —

“MY DEAR MADAM, — Most sincerely do I regret the distressing providence which has, for the present, placed you beyond a personal participation in that sympathy, which unfeigned gratitude, as well as duty, dictates on my part.

“But, dear Mrs. S., ‘It is the Lord; let him do as seemeth him good.’ I know that in view of all the vicissitudes through which a wise and gracious God has called you to pass within the last few years, you may exclaim, ‘I am the *woman* that hath seen affliction.’ Nevertheless, it still remains a faithful promise, ‘Whom the Lord loveth, he correcteth; therefore despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, neither faint when thou art rebuked of him.’

“I know the sensibility of your heart. I have seen it exemplified on more than one mournful occasion. I have also seen that as thy day, so thy strength has been. The

God of Jacob has been your refuge in seasons of affliction and sorrow heretofore; and depend upon it, dear madam, he will not at this time leave you comfortless.

“ I cannot believe that this sickness is unto death; but that the Son of God may be glorified thereby. Oh that God would graciously answer my poor petitions that his soul may live, and that his life may be prolonged! You cannot conceive how I have felt for the last few days about him. I cannot banish from my mind the hope that dear Mr. S. will yet sing among the disciples of Christ as poor Newton did:—

‘Next door to death he found me,  
And snatched me from the grave  
To tell to all around me  
His wondrous power to save.’

“ I trust the Saviour is choosing him in the furnace of affliction, and that he will soon exclaim, with the King of Israel, ‘ It is good for me that I have been afflicted,’ &c.

“ Let him think on the sickness of King Hezekiah. He was sick *unto death*, and yet God removed his malady, pardoned his sins, and added to his life *fifteen years*. Oh, tell him of that precious blood which cleanseth from *all sin!* If his conscience is yet burdened, and the adversary is tempting him to despair of mercy, remind him of the invitation of the Lord Jesus, ‘ Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.’ ‘ All manner of sins shall be forgiven unto men.’ ‘ Come, let us reason together, saith the Lord. Though thy sins be as scarlet, they shall be made white as snow.’ God has found a ransom! Christ suffered, shed his blood, and

died for sinners. His obedience, sufferings, and death constitute, in the view of Divine Justice, a propitiation, a perfect atonement for all the sins of such as are made sensible by the Spirit of God that they are guilty and condemned, and unable, of themselves, to meet the awful demands of Jehovah's violated law. This, you know, is what constitutes the gospel's glad tidings to perishing sinners, — 'By the obedience of one shall many be made righteous.'

"Oh, let your dear brother reflect much on the amazing love of the Son of God, the Friend of Sinners! Above all, let him ask the Holy Spirit, for Christ's sake, to work in his soul that faith which is the gift of God, and which enables the poor penitent to call Christ, pardon, the promises, and *eternal life, his own!*

"Again, for yourself, dear Mrs. S., I have only to add, that your case strongly reminds me of Mary, when her brother Lazarus was sick. 'Lord,' said she, 'if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died.' Remember what she added: 'But *even now* I know that whatever thou wilt ask of God, God will give it thee.' O my dear sister, child of affliction, acquainted with grief, bereaved by death of your beloved father and mother, tell the compassionate Jesus that your brother, your only brother, is sick. I know that you do this, but do it again, and be not discouraged. Remember how Jacob wrestled, and how he prevailed; also the importunity of the widow before the unjust judge. Ask in faith without wavering; God is very gracious, and who can tell . . . ? May the Great Physician undertake his case; then all will be well. Give him again the grateful love of an unworthy servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, to whom he has been a kind and affectionate friend. If my imperfect prayers can

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be admitted before the throne, through the intercession of the glorified Mediator, your heart and the hearts of all your beloved family will soon rejoice over a brother restored to perfect health, and also redeemed."

"I felt last Monday morning as if I *must* start off to see your brother. I have had very singular impressions respecting him, for which I cannot, at present, account."

Soon after this the faithful pastor was summoned to Washington, to what appeared to all the bed of death. But those prayers of faith were not to be denied; those "very singular impressions for which he could not account," were evidences that they were accepted and answered. That painful illness was not unto death, but for the glory of God, and for the pastor's own exceeding joy. The life spared was consecrated to God, and for many long years Mr. Dunbar found strength, wisdom, and companionship in labor, in him for whose recovery he had so agonized with God; and when about to be taken away from the people of his love, he said to him, and to others of the church who stood around him, and who urged him to throw off all care and to compose his mind, "I will leave my soul in the hands of the Lord Jesus, and the church with you."

Mr. Dunbar wrote to Mrs. Stewart on the occasion of the death of a dearly beloved sister:—

"Alas, my dear sister, that so soon after we saw you so joyful in the sanctuary of the Lord, and at the table of a Saviour's dying love, you should be called, by the decisions of his wise, but inscrutable providence, to mourning and lamentation. . . . My prayers have

ascended to the Father of mercies, that this new and unlooked-for affliction may be graciously sanctified to you personally, and to all the surviving children of beloved parents now no more.

“ ‘How vain are all things here below !’ and oh, how good God has been to you as well as to her immortal soul, to give you such an evidence, long before death approached, that your ‘dear sister H.,’ as you all loved to call her, had passed from death unto life by the power of the Spirit of God. You firmly believe that she died in the Lord, and that it is now well, eternally well, with her soul. No vexation of spirit can ever more disturb her peaceful repose in heaven. Her last sigh has been heaved, her last tear shed. *Here* we suffer grief and pain ; but in the mansions of glory above, the Lamb, who is in the midst of the throne, leads them to fountains of living waters, and God wipes away all tears from their eyes ; ‘the former things have passed away.’

“ I was deeply afflicted to hear that the news of Mr. S.’s sudden illness at B. had fallen upon your ear before you had scarcely taken your last look of an endeared sister’s mortal remains. When I heard of this after the evening lecture, I thought of you in connection with the sad experience of a man greatly beloved of his God, and yet greatly tried : you remember his exclamation when addressing the Most High in a day of excessive grief,— ‘Thou hast afflicted me with wave upon wave !’ But I well knew that he, the Lord, would be with you, as with the sufferers of old in the fiery furnace. Have you not felt the everlasting arms placed underneath and around your poor, wounded, careworn heart during this, as well as former bereavements ? Oh, how tender are the mercies of our covenant God, our incarnate Redeemer !

'In all thy afflictions, thy Head feels the pain ;  
Yet all are now needful ; not one is in vain.'

" May the Lord Jesus be with you, and may you come out of this new furnace, like ' gold seven times tried.' "

From a letter of sympathy written by Mr. Dunbar, in 1852, to Deacon and Mrs. Dexter, of South Boston, on the death of their only daughter, we make the following extracts :—

" . . . We know the depth of such a wound as that which a wise and gracious God has inflicted on your hearts ; but we also know how wonderfully the tender-hearted, compassionate Jesus can support the sinking spirits of surviving mourners, and, in spite of themselves, dry up and wipe away all their tears ; and, knowing this by sad and sweet experience, we could and did implore and beseech him, that he would in like manner visit and relieve and heal each of your wounded hearts. . . .

" Oh, how affecting, and yet how cheering, to think of that dear, sweet, dying child saying to her weeping father, ' I want to go to Jesus ! ' . . . No doubt, my dear brother and sister, that her precious soul is now mingling in seraph strains with the holy and happy multitudes who surround the throne of God and of the Lamb, beholding and adoring the dear God-Man who said, ' Suffer the little ones to come unto me.' Well, there she is, looking at the wounds in his hands and feet and blessed temples, and at his bleeding side ! . . . Till a few days before her translation to glory, the blessed God, her Creator, suffered her to enjoy the sweet, innocent pleasures which childhood is mercifully permitted to indulge in, in this vale of tears. Her days of sickness and pain were comparatively few, and soon ended. God ordained that from a dear, fond mother's lips, from a father's family prayers, in His

sanctuary, and in the Sabbath school, she should hear the name of Jesus. Yes, with her own eyes, before death was suffered to mark her as one of his early victims, infinite wisdom designed that she should see and read her Redeemer's name, and something of his love and of his sufferings and death on the cross. And just before he took her home to his bosom, and to his everlasting kingdom of glory, the Holy Spirit was sent to bring all these things to her remembrance. . . . And now it is all over. She is forever happy and secure in the arms of God her Saviour. Her work on earth is done; but you will say, 'What work?' Oh, did she not with her dying breath preach and proclaim Jesus? She was sent to do that very thing which thousands upon thousands who have lived to a great age have never been known to do, living or dying — she confessed the Son of God, her confidence in him, and her dying desire to go to him.

"I have no doubt that this heavy stroke from the Lord's merciful hand, painful and sad as it may now feel, will be sanctified and blessed to each of you for your good. May it also be sanctified to us, your affectionate, sympathizing friends.

'The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.'

"Your very affectionate friend,

"DUNCAN DUNBAR."

In January, 1864, when the father of this dear child was suddenly removed from earth, Mr. Dunbar wrote thus to his afflicted widow: —

"MY DEAR, AFFLICTED, AND BEREAVED MRS. D., —  
. . . . Oh, how mysterious and inscrutable are the ways of God, and his dealings with the children of men!

"I deeply and sincerely sympathize with you and your dear sons in the loss of such a husband and father, and yet since it was manifestly the Lord's will at that time and in that way to call to his rest in the kingdom of heaven his dear faithful servant, why should you, my dear, afflicted sister in Christ, why should his now fatherless children sorrow as those who have no hope?

"You know, and all who knew dear Deacon Dexter will admit, that he was a man of God; that the Lord Jesus honored and employed him long in his vineyard on earth. You know also that he was honored and beloved, and will long be lamented by many true friends of the Saviour far beyond the bounds of the one church where God assigned him his work for so many years of his life. I can assure you that dear Mr. Dexter's worth was appreciated far beyond what you or any of his immediate family or even himself could hear of or know. But you know how sadly his loss will be felt in the church at South Boston. . . . I do not wonder, and surely I do not blame you, my dear Mrs. Dexter, if you mourn and long mourn the loss of such a husband, and your dear sons the loss of such a father. They will long lament the want of his wise and prudent counsel and safe advice even in the affairs of this life. Happy now for them that they uniformly sought and yielded to the advice of such father! . . . He has indeed left them a great, a double inheritance, a good name and a good example. His prayers for them and for you are now *ended*, but they are not yet all *answered*. You shall, as long as each of you lives, reap returns from heaven for the many petitions which his heart and lips sent there before him for you all. You and they are by no means the only ones who weep and mourn over his departure.

I too, have lost a friend. I am sure that I loved him, and I have abundant reason to believe that he loved me. . . . Well, all we can say is, 'The Lord took him.' I have not a moment's doubt that he is now with Christ and all the redeemed in the mansions of glory. I know the Lord will sustain you. You have tried him before in days of calamity and sadness. . . . We all love and pity you, and a gracious God will surely sustain and heal your wounded heart."

As a friend, Mr. Dunbar was firm and affectionate. Where he loved, he loved to the end; and when death removed his friends, his interest still lived for their children and even for their grandchildren, he always feeling that these had a strong claim on him for the sake of the dead. In times of sorrow and perplexity how many such have found in him a father and a consoler! In this sense his family was a very large one; but there was always room in his heart for more.

To a member of his church, residing on the Hudson, Mr. Dunbar wrote in acknowledgment of a present:—

"MY DEAR, GOOD BROTHER,—It was very kind and considerate in you to send your poor old pastor and friend such a valuable present of the fruits of the earth. I pray that 'your barns may every year be filled with plenty.' . . . Your present is doubly dear to me, as it gives tangible assurance that you think of me although too far distant to profit by my pastoral labors. . . . I certainly desire to see you and to make the acquaintance of that young lady whom you have chosen to make your companion for life. May the God of Abraham bless you both and make you helpers of each other's joy, in your pilgrimage through a world of

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strange vicissitudes, to 'the rest that remaineth for the people of God.'

"By the way, what of that Baptist interest you and I were to inaugurate at R. ? I believe, however, the attempt was only to be made *when I became too old to be of any use in the city !* I hope you are both living near to God, by much secret and family prayer, and by much reading and meditation of the Holy Scriptures. Cast all your cares on the Lord Jesus Christ. He careth for you.

.....

"Don't be discouraged either for the ultimate salvation of our dear country, or the final triumph of the cause and kingdom of our blessed Redeemer.

'Loud roaring, the billows would thee overwhelm,  
But skilful's the Pilot that sits at the helm ;  
His wisdom, and power, and faithfulness stand,  
Engaged to conduct thee in safety to land.'

To show the brotherly feeling Mr. Dunbar cherished toward ministers with whom he was on terms of intimacy, we give extracts from letters to one of his oldest and most endeared friends, Rev. Dr. Kennard, of Philadelphia:—

"MY VERY DEAR BROTHER KENNARD, — This is Monday morning. Your note by the poor Irish lad was delivered to me yesterday. I thank you for this and for every opportunity you may afford me of showing any kindness to strangers in the name of the stranger's God ; and I thank you, in the name of the good Samaritan, for all that you are doing from time to time for such homeless, friendless creatures. 'Blessed is he that considereth the poor ; for the Lord will deliver him in the time of trouble.'

.....

"I know your time must be occupied, you dear working soul ; but cannot you lean your poor, tired head upon the

sofa, and dictate to one of my dear young friends who call you 'father,' and let her write? I want to know how you are now.

. . . . .

"Keep up your courage, you dear man; for I have no idea that your work in the Saviour's vineyard is done yet, by a great deal! May the Lord Jesus be with your spirit!

. . . . .

"God willing, I will be with you at the Philadelphia Association, and can preach for the friends at Budd Street the first Lord's day in October. Of this, please inform them. Say, also, that I sincerely sympathize with them as a church, under their present deprivation of the faithful labors of their dear, afflicted pastor. May the God of love graciously sustain our beloved brother Dodge, now a prisoner and a sufferer! If it be the Lord's will, may he yet be restored to his people, and spared to his dear family for a great while to come. If the dear man is in a condition to be seen and spoken to, by all means do me the additional favor to call and convey to him these expressions of my love and sympathy. The day may soon come, my dear brother, when a sorrowful wife and children will bend over you and me, and behold us suffering and sinking, without the power to relieve us, or to prolong life.

. . . . .

"Since my return home, my hands have been more than full, visiting the sick, and trying to dispose of some five or six strangers whom the God of the stranger has thrown upon me, as he lately sent upon you poor brother ———, with scores of others, no doubt, of whom I know nothing. But *He* knows all about it, and if they are dear to the Lord Jesus, as most of those who favor us with

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calls in their distress profess to be, the day is not far distant when he will say unto you, before angels and men, 'Inasmuch as ye have done to one of the least,' &c., 'ye have done it unto me.' May you be like David's ox, — 'strong to labor' in such work; may neither of us be 'weary in well-doing.' Surely it ought to be regarded as a mark of God's approbation, when he sends little *jobs* of this nature to do for him. Think of this!

.....

"I am very sorry to learn, my dear brother, how poorly you have been. Blessed be your gracious Physician, I hope to see you again in the land of the living.

"Thank, for me, the young lady whose nimble quill so handsomely figured upon the sheet I received from you before the last; and do not let me forget to send love to little Miss B. God bless you all!

.....

"Much joy to you and dear Mrs. K. on the loss of a daughter and the gain of a son, since I saw you last. May the Lord abundantly bless the dear young pair, and have them continually under the shadow of his wing!

"If I don't visit you soon, I fear some of the rest will be running off from their mother! I must go on and see about these matters!

"Oh, my dear brother, how gracious the Lord is and has been to your family and mine, so far! Instead of losing our children by death, as many parents do, He is disposing of one now, and one then, where we know they are happy, and where we can see and hear from them. He has graciously begun with yours, and will doubtless go on, as he has already with mine." . . . : . . . .

## CHAPTER XXIV.

*Tenderness as a Father — The Midnight Prayer — Family Letters.*

**M**R. DUNBAR was a most prayerful and affectionate father, tenderly regardful of the temporal and spiritual interests of his children.

“A few years since,” writes one of his daughters, “I was at home, sick and suffering intense pain. One night my dear father said to me, ‘Now that you are a little easier, I want you to lie down in your mother’s bed. When a little child, you used to think you would be well if you could only sleep there. Try it to-night, and see if it does not help you. I will sit down beside you and read; if you need anything, you can speak to me.’ I did so, and tried to bear my intense suffering quietly. He thought me sleeping. Long after midnight, he closed his Bible, and prayed in an audible whisper in Gaelic, of which, of course, I understood not a word. After this, he prayed in English, and that earnest, agonizing pleading I shall never forget. This was, doubtless, the hour devoted to supplication with reference to his own spiritual needs. The words were few, but often repeated: ‘O God, have mercy, have mercy, have mercy, upon me! For the Lord Jesus Christ’s sake, have mercy upon me. I plead for mercy through the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ alone! Have mercy, have mercy upon my soul!’ As I lay upon that pillow, hallowed by his prayers and midnight communings with God, my tears

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flowed fast, and I thought, 'If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall I, so weak and faithless, appear?' Then he slipped softly out of the room to seek sleep elsewhere, that I might find what rest I could beside my tender mother. Notwithstanding all the loving-kindness which has followed me since the day I have called another house than his 'my home,' I have often, often looked back and longed to be a child again, that I might enjoy the love and perfect sympathy that were ours when little children."

The following letter was written under a little touch of home-sickness perhaps, after leaving New York for the first time, and before his family had joined him:—

"SOUTH BOSTON, Jan. 12, 1844.

"MY DEAR K.,— You cannot conceive how thankful I felt for your kind letter. I really began to feel solitary, sad, lonely and homesick; and your note, though short, was worth fifty dollars to my poor, careworn mind. Write often.

"I feel as if the ties which had been cementing me for many years to those tried Christian friends in New York were now, at least for the present, all burst asunder. 'I am like a sparrow upon the house-tops, *alone*.' The account you send me of the great kindness of our friends to you in my absence makes me wish I were near enough to thank them a thousand times for the deep interest they lately manifested in the welfare of the church, and the unwearied and affectionate sympathy shown to us as a family. I now begin to fear that we never sufficiently knew and appreciated their worth as faithful, steadfast friends. Do not fail to express to dear Mrs. I. my most grateful thanks for her kindness since I left. May a gracious

Providence richly reward her! Tell her, her dear husband was waiting at the steamboat to see me off, the day I left New York. For that mark of his kind respect, and the generous message which he whispered in my ear as he parted with me, I shall ever love and remember him. May I soon be called to New York to bury him with Christ in baptism!"<sup>1</sup>

To one of his daughters he writes:—

“HOME, Tuesday Evening.

“MY DEAR,—We are all sorry you are suffering from that cruel inflammatory rheumatism; but try and exercise all the patience the Lord may give you in answer to prayer. Be sure and keep up your spirits, trusting in the goodness of the Saviour, who knows what *bodily pain* is, as well as mental distress, and that of the most overwhelming, excruciating nature. . . . Surely he has not divested himself of the power with which he healed ‘all manner of diseases,’ when here on earth—nor are his bowels of compassion shut up, which so readily moved here at the sight of human suffering. It was long after he took his seat on the mediatorial throne that his blessed spirit directed an apostle to write, ‘Is any afflicted?—let him pray.’ I tell you, my dear daughter, it is not a vain thing to ask the Lord Jesus now in heaven to heal our bodily diseases! He often sends these, for they are his servants, to bring us by necessity to speak to ‘him. He loves, oh! he loves to hear from souls that he has redeemed; and when all things go well with them here, they have often little or nothing to say to him. Hence he sends off, as despatches from his presence, some mental or corporeal affliction, just to compel us to open our mouths *wide*, that he may get to himself glory in our

<sup>1</sup> These were the friends at whose house Mr. Dunbar died.

grateful thanks and praise for filling them. Depend upon it, it is even so. Ask Him, then. 'Ask, and you shall receive.' 'Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, the Father will give it you.' . . . .

"HOME, Tuesday, 1 o'clock, P. M.

"MY DEAR DAUGHTER,— In hasty reply to *one* part of your welcome letter of yesterday, let me say, 'for I love to heal broken bones,' cheer up, you poor, dear soul. Your very consciousness of deadness and darkness and unfeelingness and want of faith, love, confidence, gratitude, *every* thing, is to me a very clear proof that God the Spirit has put *life* into your soul, to see, to feel, to condemn yourself. Did ever *one* child of Adam since the fall, see and acknowledge, and lament or disapprove of such things as grieve you, *except* those souls that are savingly quickened by God's grace, to see, 'the plague of their own hearts?' 'To will is present with me, but how to perform.' &c. 'Tis a great part of the *sanctifying* work of the Holy Spirit, to show *regenerate* souls the emptiness, the vanity, the vileness, the hardness, the stupidity, the ingratitude, the desperate wickedness of their own hearts, that they may be driven *by necessity* to Jesus, the crucified, — to his blood, his merit, for justification before God, having *nothing* in themselves on which they *can* lean or rely, and to *see* and *feel* this, or else they will *never* appreciate the Lamb of God as he is set forth in the gospel. Oh for time to say more! My poor heart is *full*. God's presence attend you! . . ."

To one of his children, who while absent from home indulged a trembling hope in Christ, Mr. Dunbar wrote:—

"NEW YORK, Wednesday Noon.

"MY VERY DEAR —, Your affectionate letter to your mother and myself was received yesterday afternoon. We bless God, my dear —, that your thoughts are still occupied

with the concerns of your soul; for we knew that your visit, under circumstances so exciting, had a tendency to dissipate gracious impressions and lead you to grieve the Spirit of God. It will, however, tend to convince you, by painful experience, that 'the heart is deceitful above all things,' and that you have need every moment to 'watch and be sober.' For,

'Of all the foes we meet,  
None so apt to turn our feet,  
None betray us into *sin*,  
Like the foes we have within.

'But let nothing spoil your peace,  
Christ will also conquer these;  
Then the joyful news will come,  
Child, your Father calls, *come home!*'

"You will yet learn more and more of the weakness, the vanity, the sinful forgetfulness of the soul, after all that the blessed Spirit of a Holy God has done in opening your eyes and changing your will. I beg of you ever to remember, however, that your pardon and the justification of your soul before God is one thing, and the sanctification of the powers and faculties of that soul is altogether another and a very different thing. The first of these, pardon and justification, we obtain and may be assured of, from the moment we really believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. It is altogether on his account and for his sake that our sins are forgiven, and that God becomes at once and forever reconciled to us, — notwithstanding all we have ever done to offend him, and notwithstanding our remaining ignorance, imperfection in holiness, and proneness to forget and wander from him in our minds and affections. The sufferings to be endured and the spotless and holy obedience to be rendered to Jehovah's righteous law, before pardon could

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come to us rebels and transgressors, were all endured and rendered for us, and in our stead, by the Lord Jesus Christ, God's only dear and well-beloved Son. Hence the plain meaning of such precious Scriptures as the following: 'Christ suffered for us, the just for the unjust.' 'Christ loved us, and *gave himself for us*, an offering and a sacrifice to God.' 'Christ *died for our sins*.' 'We have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of our sins.' 'He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities.'

"Now, my dear, if you believe this, you will feel that you are justified by faith (or believing), and will assuredly feel that you have peace with God, through the Lord Jesus Christ. But the *sanctification* of your soul, as I said before, is quite a different matter. To procure for guilty, lost, and hell-deserving sinners of mankind, *free* and full pardon, acceptance with God, and eternal life, the blessed Son of God had to act and suffer and *die*. And whosoever believeth this record or testimony concerning him, shall never perish, but have everlasting life, as the free gift of God, for Christ's sake. But, after the soul believeth, after the disposition of the mind and heart is turned toward God and holiness, the work of sanctification has to be carried on by the Spirit of God, and is at best but a work *just begun*. It will sometimes be going *forward*, in the judgment of your feelings, and sometimes going *backward*. There is so much corruption yet remaining in the heart, to be purged and overcome, that when you discover this, and long to be rid of it, Satan, who is a *liar*, will strongly impress upon your mind that there is no grace at all in your heart — that God never awakened or called you by his Spirit — that you need not hope to be saved or accepted of God while such contrary feelings are

existing in your soul ; and that you must be holy and pure and perfectly free from all these contrary things, before you can hope that Christ will save you or hear your prayers.

“ Thousands of poor, trembling, sincere souls, have been painfully tossed upon these billows, without comfort and but little hope, just because they neglected to learn, from the word of God, the great and important distinction between the work of Christ for our *salvation* and the work of the Spirit for our *sanctification*. When Christ gave up the ghost on Calvary, the work of our *redemption* and *salvation* was finished and completed *forever* ; nothing more is to be done by Him, and nothing *can* be done, by any of us sinners, to make that great salvation more secure. We receive it and the comfort of it, by *believing, believing, believing*. ‘ He that *believeth* shall not come into condemnation.’ ‘ He that *believeth* shall not make haste.’ ‘ He that *believeth* shall not be confounded.’ ‘ By *faith* (*believing*) ye stand.’ ‘ It is by *faith*, that it might be of GRACE.’ ‘ It is *faith* that purifieth the heart’ — that ‘worketh by love’ — that ‘overcometh the world’ — and ‘without *faith* it is *impossible* to please God.’ We must look unto Jesus by prayer, as the Author and Finisher of this faith. It ‘cometh by hearing.’ You must, therefore, as a new-born babe, desire (read and meditate upon) the milk of the word, that you may grow thereby. When the work of sanctification is carried on in your soul, you will often feel the remaining hardness of your heart, your dreadful ignorance of the things of God and of your duty. You will also feel sinful inclinations rising up within ; you will murmur and be impatient, and you may even fret against God for creating you or anything else, or for allowing sin to enter the world. You may, moreover,

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feel tempted to question whether there is a God, or whether all that is revealed is not a mere fiction. You may be left to *fear* that you have done despite to the Spirit of grace, and that you need not hope, evermore, to enjoy comfort or peace of mind; and to feel that religion is irksome, without any pleasure; and that you had better give up at once and go back to your former enjoyments. But all this comes from the wicked one, of whose devices you are yet comparatively ignorant.

“You are but a babe in Christ, in knowledge, in experience. Search the word of God. ‘Think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you.’ ‘Now, for a season, if need be, you are in heaviness through manifold temptations.’ ‘But the Lord is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able, but will, with the temptation, also make a way of escape, that ye may be able to bear it.’

“Read this hurried epistle over and over, and oh, may the Spirit of all grace show you that your salvation depends not on what you feel, but upon what you *believe*, — even upon Jesus Christ and him crucified, — ‘the end of the law for righteousness, to every one that believeth.’

“God bless you, my dear child, and ‘give you joy and peace in believing.’ Take a great deal of love and sympathy from your affectionate mother and sisters. We shall all remember you before the mercy-seat.

“Your dear and very affectionate father,

“DUNCAN DUNBAR.”

On the death of his only sister he wrote: —

“MY OWN DEAR DAUGHTER, — I thank you for your sympathy and affectionate remembrance in my late be-

reavement, — the death of my poor, afflicted, and only sister. God has graciously borne me up as on eagle's wings above all that has ever befallen me; but this last knock at my door sounds louder than many former admonitions of his providence. She was my junior by two years; since she is taken, why am I left?

“Perhaps I may be spared a good while to take care of her poor invalid orphan, Willie, and also of my own dear M. Why, dear me! I really feel that the more the Lord lays on my shoulders, the broader and stronger he makes them! As my day, so my strength is.

“Love to all *my* boys, from their affectionate

“GRANDFATHER.”

To one of his family, who was in trial and perplexity he wrote:—

“Surely, my dear ———, one line, though written hastily, and with pencil, is better than no letter at all from poor ‘Grandpa.’ Well, I am somewhat better as to the hurt I got from the pole of the omnibus. My cold is also better, so that I preached once last Lord’s day. Oh, how I did wish that you and dear ——— had been with me to nurse me a little!

“As to your own affairs, — ‘do nothing rashly’ — (town clerk of Ephesus). Keep still, believe, hope, wait. ‘To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose.’ ‘The Lord reigneth,’ let that be enough for you! One said, ‘He knoweth the way that I take; when he hath *tried* me, I shall come forth,’ &c. ‘My soul, wait thou *only* upon God. From *him* is all my expectation. Blessed is the man that trusteth in him.’ God bless you.”

To another of his daughters he wrote, in a time of spiritual trial:

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“Come now, my dear daughter, let me have a long letter from you at once. I want you to believe that Jesus loves you, that he died to redeem you, and that while you feel it in your heart to come unto God the Father by *him*, he will never cast you out nor forsake you.

‘He could not have taught you  
To trust in His name,  
And thus far have brought you,  
To put you to shame.’

“I want you to begin and read through the New Testament, slowly, thoughtfully, and prayerfully. Short, ejaculatory prayers to God the Holy Spirit, for understanding of what you read, will, insensibly to yourself, nourish, strengthen, and tranquillize your whole soul.

“Alas for my want of time! The foregoing was written late Friday night; on Saturday I had not a moment to finish it, and now it is late on Sunday night, after three services. If I leave it till morning, I shall again be interrupted.

“We fear your dear sister — is not permanently better. May the Lord pity and relieve her! We can all pray for her, and the Lord Jesus may graciously heal her, as he healed thousands by his silent power from heaven, and also by his word and touch when here on the earth. Oh, what a mercy from his hand, to be free from bodily pain, and from distraction of mind! ‘Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits!’”

In another family letter he asks, “What do you think of grandpa’s plan for sweeping off that missionary debt? I trust the churches which are delinquent in this \$36,000 matter, will come forward at once, and put their shoulders under the wheel, till it is banished as a thing that *was* but *is* not.”

## CHAPTER XXV.

*Afflictions — God's Presence as the Comforter — His Mother's Death — A Great Sorrow at Home — At Evening-Time it is Light — The Pure in Heart see God — Letter after a Great Bereavement — Letters of Sympathy.*

**M**R. DUNBAR'S domestic affections were very strong, and God dealt mercifully with him, sending but seldom the shadow of death to his dwelling. A little twin boy died in St. George, N. B., an infant of weeks; and not again for fifteen years afterward was the circle broken. Then his mate, a youth of rare beauty and promise, was called very suddenly from earth, shortly after his return from Europe, whither he had accompanied his parents. This last was a terrible stroke to the family, who had allowed their hearts to become very closely entwined about this son and brother; but to Mr. Dunbar it was one of God's special visitations. He remarked, afterward, that when he first looked the danger in the face, he feared that the trial would prove more than he had grace for; that he might be left to wound the Saviour, — whose supporting love he had so often recommended to others, — by a want of submission to his will. But with the affliction came strength to bear it. So sensibly was he supported that he felt, in closing those dear, beautiful eyes, with his own hand, that, had God called him to yield all the eight instead of one child only, he could have done it without a murmur, so righteous and merciful did his will appear to him.

Previous to this last bereavement, Mr. Dunbar's parents

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had both died in their Highland home. When the news of his mother's death reached him, he wept like a child. "I have always felt," he said, "that if ever a day should come when every other door in the world were shut against me, hers would still be open." Years and distance had not weakened his memory of her love. "His mother," writes a Scotch minister, "fell a victim to her Highland hospitality." A poor stranger came to her house, complaining that he was very ill. He had been at the fair, selling almanacs, and was on his way home, but could go no farther. He had fallen into merciful hands when he sank at her door. All others were alarmed at the disease that soon showed itself, and fled from him; but she, with her own hands, administered nourishment and medicine, and did all that mortal could do to save him; but it was unavailing. He died, and was buried among strangers, in the church-yard of Grantown. A fortnight afterward, she, having taken the infection, closed her own work on earth. Such was the woman, who, in her narrow sphere in that remote Highland home, reared this man of God to be the consoler of many, the friend of the stranger, the helper of the needy. Doubtless the seed of pity and gentleness, sown in childhood, sprang up into that harvest of mercy by which so many were fed and comforted in the nearly half a century of his philanthropic labors. In this view, no woman's sphere is narrow who has one child to train for life.

For nearly twenty-four years after the loss, by death, of his son, Mr. Dunbar's family remained unbroken. As his children scattered, it was to make many homes, from each of which they all looked back to their father's house as still *the home*, by way of preëminence, until its doors were closed forever by the hand of death.

In 1859, a sorrow, like unto no other sorrow they had ever known, was sent by an unerring Providence. Mrs. Dunbar, whose domestic and Christian life had been one of rare beauty and consistency, was called to her rest. Her piety was deep and earnest, strongly marked by that charity which thinketh no evil, and by a keen and tender sensitiveness for the honor of Christ and his cause; and yet so great were her humility and self-distrust, so deep her consciousness of indwelling sin, that she did not always enjoy that full assurance of acceptance, which is the privilege of God's chosen, but was the subject of many doubts and fears. This was her infirmity; but it is cheering to know that, a few years before her death, these clouds were all dispelled from her mind, and that, henceforth she lived more in the light, till she ascended to the home where is quietness and assurance forever. The summer previous to her death, being in Massachusetts with one of her daughters, she alluded to those habitual doubts and to her fear of death as things gone by. She said, "One day in searching the library for a book, I laid my hand on a little, old tract, called 'Venture on Him.' I was struck with the title, and slipped the tract into my pocket to read at my leisure. There was nothing in it I did not know before; but, while reading it, the way of salvation seemed plain, and acceptance with Christ so sure to those who sought him, that I wondered how any one could doubt his willingness to save."

A few months after this, her scattered children were gathered at home to stand round her dying bed. Then this little passage in her experience was mentioned, and the old tract sought, but not found. Probably she had placed it in the hands of some one, who, like herself, was seeking to be taken more fully into the light.

During the previous winter, Mrs. Dunbar had been confined for many weeks to a darkened room with an inflammation of the eye, and necessarily put on such low diet as greatly to reduce her strength. In March, however, she was able to leave her room and go to that of her daughter, who had been ill at the same time. She, being weak, was accompanied upstairs by her dear friend of more than thirty years, Mrs. Mary Parsell, who now resided in the family. They spent a cheerful half-hour there, and then left. But as she descended the stairs, Mrs. Dunbar was deceived by the gas-light, and, missing the last step, fell on her side. She at once felt that she was injured, and with her usual disregard of self, she said, "Oh, don't tell M. that I am hurt! Poor father will be discouraged; he will think now that I am never going to be well again!"

On his return from the evening meeting, Mr. Dunbar called in his physician, who at once expressed great fears of the result. These proved to be but too well grounded. A fever, excited by the injuries, soon set in, and she began to sink, although not herself conscious of it. When told by one of her daughters how alarming her case was, she seemed a little surprised, but replied, calmly, "We must just submit to God's will, my dear; I am not afraid of death." And that was the last allusion she made to it.

On Sunday morning, March 11, 1859, after nine days of suffering, she passed away to the rest and joy of the sinless Sabbath. No spirit ever had less of earthliness to cast off in its upward flight than hers, and few who moved so quietly below ever left so wide a void in the home, the church, and among the poor. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

Mr. Dunbar wrote thus to one of his daughters, who had returned to her own home after the death of her mother :—

“MY DEAR DAUGHTER,—I knew it would cheer you to hear that *those of us who are left* are doing well, and that the Lord is sustaining us under our heavy bereavement. I have just a moment this morning, before company and calls begin, to say that dear M.’s health is improving, though slowly, and that God’s goodness is wonderfully displayed in her case and mine, causing us to mount up above all that has happened ; in which grief you and your dear husband were such deep sharers. I do hope, my dear, that you will try to surmount your sorrow, and forget in a measure your sad loss of a dear mother, in the consideration that ‘it is well,’ eternally well, with her.

“I can truly say that I am more and more reconciled to what the Lord has done, by the belief that she died in the faith of a glorious resurrection with the Son of God when he shall come the second time to gather from the four winds the precious dust of his redeemed. And it ought to comfort you, amid your doubts and fears, to know that to a far later period of life than that to which you have attained, her mind was habitually perplexed with painful doubts and fears about her conversion and her eternal state, but that for the last few years the Saviour favored her soul with clearer views of his own all-sufficiency, and that she gradually ceased looking, as she had long done, to her own unworthiness and conscious imperfection and unbelief. Her mind was more intensely occupied in reading and thinking of, and looking at, the Lord Jesus Christ as he is set forth in the Holy Scriptures.

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“It is the mistake of thousands who are really regenerated, to be seeking for that in their own hearts and lives which God and his justice finds only in the great Mediator. God is well pleased with what his own dear Son has done and suffered; and if you and I and millions more will only be satisfied, and thus believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, *we shall be saved!* So the book of God declares. That is

‘ ——— the word of truth and love,  
Sent to the nations from above;  
Jehovah here resolves to show  
What his Almighty power can do.’

“Let me hear from you very soon. I do not feel sad and lonely; so you must not worry about your dear father. I love you all more than ever. Give much love to G. and the dear boys. I hope they have all escaped the contagion you feared. If so, say to God, as David did, ‘O thou Preserver of men!’ God bless you all.

“Your very affectionate father,

“DUNCAN DUNBAR.”

To his youngest daughter, absent on a visit, he wrote: —

“Sunday night, eleven o’clock.

“DEAR M.,—I thank you for your two good letters since you left me. . . . I am very tired. It was our communion, and I baptized and preached all day without any help; and I will only say that I am truly sorry that your health is not more improved. May the Lord give you patience and submission to his holy will, my dear daughter, and all will be well in the end.

‘ Though painful at present,  
’Twill cease before long;

And then, oh, how pleasant  
The conqueror's song !'

Hear the blessed Saviour saying, —

' Compare thy grief with mine,  
Think what my love for thee endured,  
And thou wilt not repine.'

Remember that the Lord has all power in heaven and on earth to heal diseases and to forgive sins.

" K. and myself, with two of her children, will leave here, the Lord willing, on Tuesday, by the Norwich route ; so you will know when to look for us at ' The Corner.' I must preach there for J. the last Lord's day in August, although I ought to rest all the time given me as a vacation.

" I have been attending to the iron-fence around the last resting-place of your dear mother ! Oh, how I miss her ! Never before, till since you left me, did I realize the depth of my bereavement. The Lord has, in mercy, kept it at a distance from me ever since the day of her funeral, and I have tried to avoid alluding to her often for your sake. But now that you are absent, the fountains of my heart have spurned the former control, — although I seem to hear her constantly saying to me, —

' Weep not for me when you stand round my grave.' "

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## CHAPTER XXVI.

Physical Constitution — Sails for Europe — Arrival — Sight of the Heather — First Sabbath in Scotland — The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper — His Interest in America — A Church in a Hotel — The Baptistry — Visit to Arbroath, Brechin and Aberdeen — The Memory of a Voice — Reaches Grantown — The Queen's Chamber — Her Majesty Scorned by a Highland Lass — Peter Grant — Sabbath Services — A Highland Welcome — Castle Grant — The Haunted Room — The Laird of Dairey and his Scotch Paradise — Elgin — Inverness — Tour of the Caledonian Canal — Aban — Staffa — A Perilous Adventure — The Trosachs — Back to Edinburgh — York — London — Paris — Homeward Voyage — A Gale at Sea — Home Again — Fresh for Labor — Growing Meet for Heaven.



**M**R. DUNBAR'S physical constitution was as nearly perfect as often falls to the lot of man ; so that through life he set at naught many of the laws of nature in a way that would have sent most men to an early grave. It was long his custom to turn night into day, by beginning to read and study after all others had retired to rest and the house was quiet, — one and two o'clock in the morning being his usual bedtime. This habit he probably acquired from stern necessity, as, by day, his time was so fully occupied and interrupted as to prevent retirement.

He was equally regardless of regularity in his meals ; often, when going from a sick-bed to a funeral, and from some society meeting to the home of poverty, forgetting his dinner, and not touching food between breakfast and tea. This strength of constitution he always attributed to the hardy manner in which he was reared in his Highland home. When wanting but six years of fourscore, his form was erect, his step firm, his eye bright, his hearing perfect.

and his heart young ; so that any stranger would have pronounced him a vigorous man for sixty years. To this may be attributed the vast amount of labor he performed, — labor which would have crushed three men of ordinary powers.

The latter years of his life were laden with increased toil ; and sometimes he complained of weariness, which was new for him. He felt the need of rest from the labors of the pulpit and the cares of the pastorate, and often expressed a desire that he might “once more visit dear old Scotland.” Friends, both in his own church and out of it, encouraged him to go, for his own sake as well as in the hope that a sea-voyage might restore health to his youngest daughter, who would accompany him. On the first of August, 1863, they, with a young friend, sailed from New York in the steamer “City of London,” Captain Petrie. After a voyage, rendered very agreeable by the kindness of the genial captain and the company of intelligent passengers, they reached Liverpool, and went directly to Scotland. After leaving Edinburgh, Mr. Dunbar caught sight, for the first time, of the heather, — that simple flower, so dear to the heart of every Scot. It seemed to put new life in him ; and he could hardly keep his seat in the car, so anxious was he once more to grasp it, as in the days of his boyhood. Nor did it lose its charm by the daily and hourly sight. Every sprig he saw was a joy to him. He remembered the love he bore it in childhood, when he used to lie in a bed of it on a slope near his father’s house, and, buried among the blossoms, roll down to the street, in his sport. It now seemed to him like the face of an old playfellow, or of a long-lost, familiar friend. That and the thistle were ever very dear, as the emblems of the land he loved so tenderly.

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It was remarkable that one, loving his own land with such fervor, should have so large a place in his heart for his adopted country. He did not love America less, but Scotland more; and was as sensitive when a disparaging word was said of one as of the other. He once remarked to a friend, that he loved to live in America, but that he should like to die and be buried in Scotland.

The first Sabbath in Britain was passed in Anstruther, a very old town on the German Ocean. Here he visited, and was most hospitably entertained, at the house of Mr. Todd, whose relatives were connected with McDougal Street Church, and "talked a little" to the brethren there; — he was forbidden to *preach*, as his leave of absence was for rest.

Scotch Baptists celebrate the Lord's Supper every Sabbath morning; and the simplicity with which it was administered here was new to the ladies of the party. On the table were placed cups, already filled, and on a plate, four half-slices of bread, one of which was passed by one deacon to another, who, having broken off a piece for himself, passed the slice — not the plate — to his next neighbor who, in his turn, gave it to another; and so on, till all were supplied. The communion was enjoyed as that of the saints. But a question rose in their minds, whether the mode was primitive as well as simple; whether, to Baptists, professing to follow their Pattern, even in the *smallest* things, the sight of *pouring* the wine and *breaking* the bread would not be more suggestive of the flowing blood and broken body of Him whose death they commemorate.

During this journey, wherever he might be, Mr. Dunbar made it a point, as a subject uppermost in his mind, to present correct views of the great struggle then going on in America. His intense hatred of slavery was combined

with great love to his adopted country, and he never lost an opportunity of denouncing the one and pleading for the other. He often conversed upon this ever-fresh theme till far into the night. When travelling, he would introduce the subject, by offering his snuff-box to some sensible-looking fellow-passenger, saying, "Will you take a pinch of snuff which has just come from America?" At this word, all ears were open, and a warm discussion would ensue, continuing, sometimes, for hours,—he always contriving, when he reached his station, to have the last word through the car-window. If ever he was absent from the ladies under his care longer than the appointed time, they knew that he had fallen in with friends who needed enlightening on what he considered the one great movement of the day.

When stopping at a hotel in Dundee, being anxious to find the widow of a Baptist minister, to whom he had a letter, he asked a waiter if he knew any persons of that denomination in the city. He replied, that the proprietor of the house was one of them, and at once brought him to Mr. Dunbar. He belonged to a little band bearing the name of "Baptist," but differing materially from the body so called among us. They believed the gospel to be "free," and therefore denounced a paid ministry as "hirelings;" and held other views peculiar to themselves. Mine host visited Mr. Dunbar in his private parlor, and they discussed their differences at considerable length. We believe he did not "hold to" houses set apart for worship,—the church, of which he was *one* of the several pastors, meeting in a hall on the lower floor of the hotel. He took Mr. Dunbar and the ladies down to see it (a long room, with pine benches), and said, pointing to the corner, "Yon is the baptistery." After looking around in vain for

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it, they were shown a rough box, which had probably been extemporized for some rare occasion, — for this class of Baptists do not make very large reprisals from the kingdom of Satan, but remain much as they have been for long years, — as Mr. Dunbar payfully expressed it, — “A fold of five sheep, four of whom were shepherds.”

He met with, and talked to, his brethren at Arbroath, where the only remaining relatives of Mr. Dunbar reside. Here they noticed, with pleasure, that at church, very many of the sisters had in their hands tiny and exquisite bouquets. When they were seated, an aged woman behind them leaned forward, touched Miss Dunbar, and handed her her own flowers, — a beautiful welcome to a stranger. Here Mr. Dunbar left, as elsewhere, a brother's memory, so that his death, the following year, caused sorrow to that little band. A kind and sympathizing letter from two of them to the family expresses their feelings on hearing of the sad event.

He visited the fine castle of Brechin, on the South Esk, and very near it saw, and pointed out to his companions, a house which awakened memories of the past, — the one in which he first met the wife of his youth, when he went, as before mentioned, to deliver a letter from her pastor, Mr. Penman, of Arbroath.

Soon after this, the party went to Aberdeen, and, after visiting the University, the Cathedral, and other places of public interest, Mr. Dunbar rode to the house where his family resided at the time he left them on his first coming to America. The same name was on the door-plate, but it was that of a stranger, who had never heard of their visitor. Thus our homes remain, when we pass away, to those who come after, — teaching a lesson of human frailty. The places here that knew the meek one whose

spirit seemed to pervade these scenes, know her no more. Wearing with the changes of earth, she had found a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

While in Aberdeen, Mr. Dunbar called at the dwelling of old and valued friends, not knowing whether either of them was living. When a servant opened the door, his voice was heard by Mrs. McA., who, with a friend, was in the parlor. She exclaimed, "That is Mr. Dunbar, from America. I know his voice, though I have not heard it for twenty-three years!" Thus are the voices as well as the faces of those we love treasured up in the chambers of memory.

When they reached Grantown, his native place in the Highlands, Mr. Dunbar engaged rooms at the principal hotel, — his relatives being all gone, — taking special pains to secure the "Queen's Room" for the ladies; who, however, were too thoroughly republican to rest any better on the pillows because a royal head had pressed them. It seems that Her Majesty, when travelling in Scotland, had sent forward messengers to engage rooms where she might rest *incognito*, and save herself the weariness of being stared at and publicly honored. When she reached Grantown, of course the people at the hotel knew by the length of her train that she was a noble lady; but they had not a suspicion of the great honor being done to their house.

When her private table was spread, a waiting-girl presented herself, but the Queen informed her that she preferred being served by her own attendants. This touched the pride of the Highland lass, and, her spirit rising above her position, she replied tartly, "Oh, ay; but I've served finer leddies nor *ye*, mony a time."

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settling the bill and seeing the servants revealed her rank. And then the poor, proud lass was terror-stricken, lest she might be beheaded, or otherwise put out of existence, for her impertinence.

It was Saturday evening when Mr. Dunbar's party arrived at Grantown, and a messenger was at once despatched to the aged and honored Rev. Peter Grant, to say that a gentleman and two ladies wished to see him at the hotel. He had given up the manse by the church, to his son, the associate pastor, and had moved a little way out of the town. He, however, walked the mile, and presented himself before the strangers. His eye was dimmed by the flight of more than eighty years, and twenty-three had passed since last he had seen the friend of his youth. It was not, therefore, strange, that he did not at first recognize Mr. Dunbar, who tried for some time to make him recall the face and voice. But in vain. At length, he asked, "Have you received any papers from America, lately?" At the word, "America," his eye kindled, and he exclaimed, "Oh, ay; but it's very wonderful!" And then the two embraced, and kissed each other.

After reviewing the past, with its long line of dead, and the present, with its sorrows and its joys, and talking over many topics of interest to themselves alone, they came to speak of their families, when Mr. Grant stated that he had ten children! Mr. Dunbar could boast of only seven. And again Mr. Grant was in the ascendant, for he had forty grandchildren; Mr. Dunbar had only twenty-three. Then, as a crowning glory, Mr. Grant told them that he had one great-grandchild! It was the turn of Mr. Dunbar now to triumph over him, as he had *three* little lambs of the fourth generation in his home over the sea.

This patriarch of Grantown is a dear, lovable old man,

on whose calm face is written, "Peace and good-will to men." This meeting, so near life's sunset, gave real pleasure to them both. Mr. William Grant being absent, his father was to preach at home, and gladly availed himself of Mr. Dunbar's help. At twelve o'clock, the first service commenced, which was in English, and which the visitor conducted. Following this, without any intermission, came a discourse to the older people in Gaelic, and immediately after this, the Lord's Supper, concluding at four in the afternoon. Then, again, in the evening, was a service from six to eight o'clock. How would the impetuous spirit, which complains of forty-minute sermons and ninety-minute services with us, brook this "*dwelling* in the house of the Lord?" We fear the Sabbath would be more a weariness than a delight, as it seems to be with the godly Scot.

Extreme fatigue prevented Mr. Dunbar's companions from attending the services during the day; but at six o'clock they rode to the church, and found that the cordial soul-welcome given to the servant of God, was, for his sake, extended to them. Casting away all the hollow forms of etiquette, the brethren and sisters pressed around them, shaking hands, and speaking words of kindness, — a fresh and touching scene in a world so full of formality and coldness. From the oldest women, — two or three of whom, having outlived their own generation, wore full-bordered caps, without bonnets, — down to the very youngest, all gave these Americans a greeting they will not soon forget. Nor were they overlooked by the male portion of the congregation, but received from them all, at the church-door, the hand of welcome.

On Monday morning, the door of the private parlor at the hotel was thrown open, and an old woman

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ushered in, who wished to speak to them. She proved to be one of the aged sisters they had seen at church, in the broad-frilled caps. She said she had come to shake hands with Mr. Dunbar and the ladies again, and to tell him how much she had been comforted by his preaching. She was poor, and nearly blind; and she had hesitated some time before coming, because, she "knew very well they would have so many visitors of a different class." She gave the ladies two little, half-worn hymn-books as keepsakes; but it was with the greatest difficulty they could induce her to accept a little silver as a token of remembrance. She seemed very grateful for the kind words given her; and asked them if, when they were writing from America to the minister, they "would please to send their compliments to Margaret Grant." And we know this humble request was not forgotten by him whose heart was open to the weakest and humblest of God's children. Her wish was gratified; she was remembered over the sea.

While visiting at the manse, where were gathered several of the aged minister's children and grandchildren, a daughter referred to one of Mr. Dunbar's former visits, which was attended with a great blessing to the little church. She was at the time quite careless about her soul, and felt no little opposition to the work of grace then going on; so that when she saw her sister take a seat at the Lord's table she felt real anger and enmity toward her. Mr. Dunbar rose at the moment and gave out a hymn, and her attention was arrested by the first line. Every word in the sermon seemed an arrow pointed at her. At the close of the service, one of the brethren of the church asked her if she was not one of the class alluded to — impenitent sinners. This simple question served to deepen

the impression, which was so powerful that she shook and trembled until she thought all eyes were fixed on her. Her brother William was affected in the same way, though neither mentioned it to the other. The result was that both of them were brought at that time, with many others, into the fold of Christ.

Mr. Dunbar's party with their friends, visited Castle Grant, around which in his mind clustered so many recollections of boyhood, with its wild joys and its hairbreadth escapes. After entering the gateway they rode through the beautiful and well-stocked deer-park to the castle, which, however, seemed to the Americans more like a large mansion-house, having neither turret nor tower, and lacking the grandeur we attach to the idea of a castle. They entered first the armory, the wall and ceiling of which were covered with coats of mail, shields, swords, pikes, &c., all artistically arranged, with which the Grants of long ago defended themselves and their castles from the invasion of rival clans.

A stuffed fox, with that wily look which belongs of right to the race, stood at the entrance; and hollow coats of mail, hanging around, seemed like grim sentinels guarding the descendants of their liege lords of generations gone by. Going up the stairway, pictures of Scripture and warlike scenes, and portraits of Grants innumerable met the eye. The rooms were remarkable for their size and ancient appearance more than for their magnificence, the arrangements being suggestive of comfort rather than of display. There were chairs covered with close worsted work, and high bedsteads draped with curtains of the same; and a large carpet in wrought medallion pattern;—much of this the work of the fair fingers of the ladies of this long line of Grants. But the flight of years has dimmed the colors,

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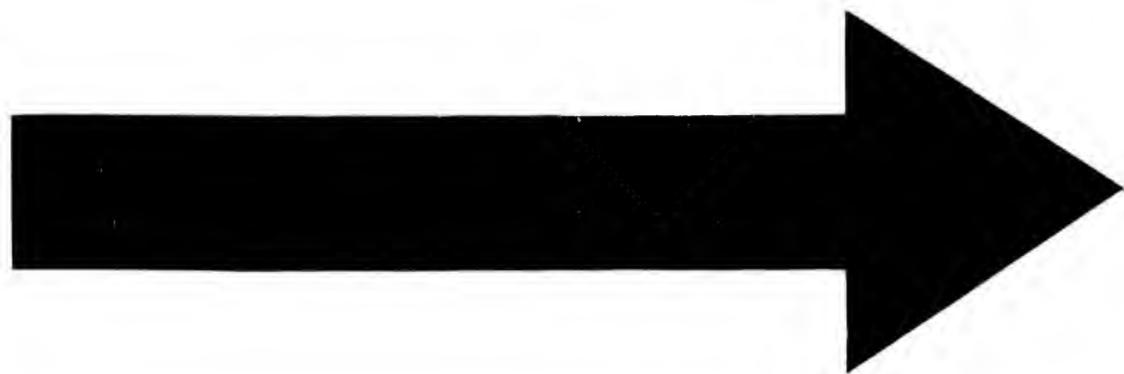
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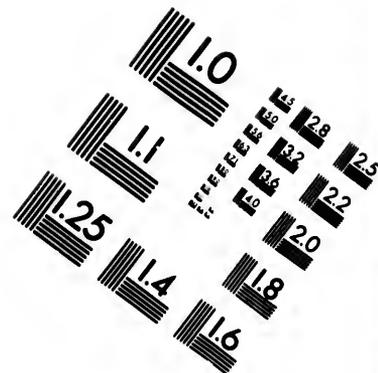
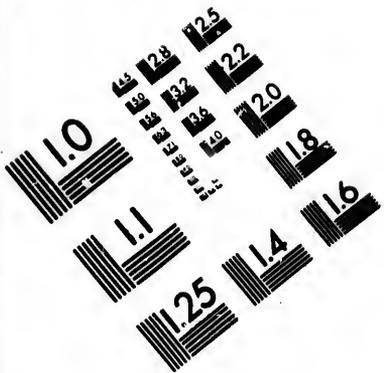
as it has also the eyes of those who once hung delighted over it.

They visited what is called the "haunted room." A former Laird of Grant once occupied this as his own apartment, but on one occasion, the house being full, it was given over to a guest. A tame deer, which was a great pet with the laird, and which was allowed free access to his room, stole in one night and made his way to the bedside, around the sleeper, who, putting forth his hands, felt the hoofs and these appendages were suggestive of any but a welcome visitor, and the alarm they caused and the mirth incident upon it gave its name to the chamber.

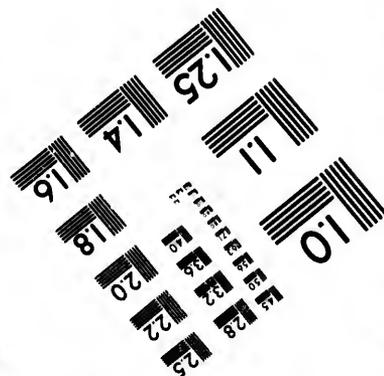
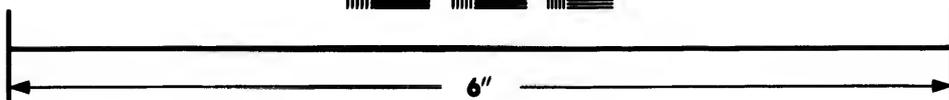
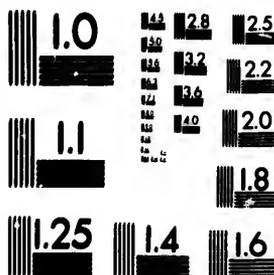
The room of the little lord, then absent with his parents, interested them much, pervaded as it seemed to be with the sweet presence of innocence. Child-life is the same essentially everywhere. The things which amuse the prattler of the cottage charm also the pet of the castle. Pictures cut from illustrated papers were on the walls just as he left them, and all around were treasured trifles that proved how little is required to make a child rich and happy. To one who loved the young, as did Mr. Dunbar, these were very touching, and we doubt not, as he looked back on the child's ancestry and remembered their many noble traits, he blessed his tiny lordship, who would all too soon forsake this pleasant nursery for the cares and temptations incident to his rank in life.

From Grantown Mr. Dunbar went to Forres, to visit valued and honored friends there. This town is beautifully situated on a natural mound so regular as to look almost as if thrown up by art. A fine ride brought them to the estate of the Laird of Dalvey, where they were most cordially received and hospitably entertained. The place





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is a Scottish paradise, which seems to have quite escaped the ruin Adam brought on nature's glory. The grounds are laid out in "ribbon beds," with flowers of every hue and variety. One large hot-house was devoted entirely to fuchsias, which hung from the glass above and around, like grapes from the vine, and which the genial laird bestowed with a lavish hand on his delighted guests.

The museum on the estate is filled with rare and beautiful things from every land. From the centre of a pond filled with every variety of lily, rises a pagoda in which several families of ducks find shelter when weary of their sports in the water. One of these ducks was a South Carolinian, which sat on the little island, hanging her head very mournfully, the laird said, because she had just become a widow. But the American ladies knew a better cause than that, and believed it was for very shame at the conduct of her native State!

Here in a cage as large as a summer-house was a huge American eagle screeching out his plea for his country and his faith in her triumph, in the ears of the kind-hearted laird. There was an ominous contrast between his proud confidence, and the cowed humility of the duck of the "chivalry."

The charms of Dalvey House, and the kindness of its owner, will ever be held in grateful remembrance by those of the party who still live.

At Elgin, after visiting the family of a dear, deceased friend of other days, — Mr. Peter McDonald, — Mr. Dunbar took his companions to the ruins of the cathedral, the most stupendous in Scotland, around which clusters much of tradition and interest.

Thence they went to the beautiful city of Inverness, the former home of Captain McIntosh, where they passed

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several days. Its natural charms are very great, the waters of Loch Ness flowing through it, bordered on either side by grounds like those of fairy-land, these being connected by tasteful little extension bridges. Here rise, beyond the loch, the mountains of Craig Phadrich and Tom na heurich, or the "Hill of the Fairies."

The party made the tour of the Caledonian Canal, which connects the five lakes, forming a water passage of sixty miles from the German to the Atlantic Oceans, by the noted mountains of Ben Nevis, Ben More, Ben Cruachan, and Cairngorm. Stopping at Oban, they took a fine steamer through the Sound of Mull to the wondrous Cave of Staffa, passing the ruins of many churches and castles, powerful and grand in times long gone by. Leaving the sound, the conflicting channels made the waves more boisterous than they were at any time on the passage over the Atlantic; so it was impossible to reach the cave in the steamer. Taking small boats, they approached it by the back mouth, the waves as they thought forbidding any attempt to reach the main entrance. The vigorous among the tourists — there was quite a large party — clambered around the sides of the cave on the rugged blocks of stone, holding by a rope fixed there for the purpose, and thus made their way to the front. For this exploit, however, all had not strength; and Mr. Dunbar, unwilling to deny the pleasure to any one, bribed the boatmen to brave the billows and meet the others at the main entrance. Though repeatedly driven back after having nearly reached it, they were at last rewarded for their perseverance by a full view of this stupendous work of nature.

On their return to Oban, the tourists stopped at the famous island of Iona, — "The Holy Isle," — in the early

ages a seat of sacred learning, and saw the ruins of the cathedral and abbey. The next day they passed through the Sound of Jura, the Crinan Canal, Loch Tyne, and the Frith of Clyde, to Glasgow. Here a week was passed visiting places of interest; and here Mr. Dunbar renewed and enjoyed again old friendships and tender recollections.

From Glasgow they made the tour of the Trosachs, passing scenes immortalized by Scott in "Rob Roy" and "The Lady of the Lake," visited Sterling and Dumbarton Castle and returned to Edinburgh in about six weeks from the time they left it for the North. Here they went to the Castles, where is still exhibited the regalia of Scotland, — the crown, the sceptre, and the sword of state.

When here, a quarter of a century before, Mr. Dunbar had visited and preached for Mr. Haldane. He was now gone from earth; but his pulpit was filled by Rev. Mr. Tulloch, the son and also the son-in-law of men whom Mr. Dunbar had known and loved in the early days of his ministry. For him he preached, or, as he still said, "*talked* a little." Every step he had taken in Scotland had served to brighten the oil of love, and to strengthen the desire for the advancement of the Baptist cause in Scotland. Still he was "ready for either," to go there and toil, or to stay in America, and cheer on those who did so. He felt the scattered materials in all the small places too valuable to be lost, and still believed that they would become a strong denomination, if they could but yield their minor differences, and come together on a common scriptural platform.

From Edinburg, Mr. Dunbar and his companions went to York, where they visited the Minster, the finest specimen of Gothic architecture in Europe, and afterward to London, where they spent several weeks enjoying the

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wonders of art, seeing places of historic interest, and listening to ministers whose names are familiar to us in America.

Writing from London, Mr. Dunbar says : —

“ I cannot feel thankful enough that there are yet so many left on earth to care for and love me. I never realized this before as I have done in reading the letters received from each of you, my own dear, dear daughters. May the Lord spare and dispose all your own children to return you the like kindness in your own days of loneliness and old age ! God bless you all ! ”

Again, in a joint letter to two sons-in-law, he writes from the same place : —

“ Dear J. and G., I hate to speak of myself ; but must say to the praise of the divine goodness, that I feel my health wonderfully improved by the climate and the rest I am having. I have my cares, especially about dear M. and the church ; but all these and the interests of my own soul I can now and then — *only* now and then — cast upon Him who has done such great things for me and mine ever since I have had a being on his footstool. I must say here, that I shall ever retain a grateful sense of your kindness first and last to me and mine, — the living and the beloved dead. We often speak of you since we left home, — I mean since we left *New York* ; for I have *no home* now, — I only ‘live out.’ The Lord reward you both, and *the children you took away from me!* ”

“ Divide this letter among yourselves in the two families, and believe me your affectionate father.”

From England the little party went to France. While attending the ladies to places which most interested them in Paris, Mr. Dunbar’s own tastes led him to examine the

city with the great public works then in progress, that he might know what Napoleon was doing for his people. He was pained at the perfectly Sabbathless appearance of the city on the Lord's day, — the open stores, the rumbling teams, and the sounding hammer proving it a perfectly godless place. He expressed great surprise when he looked in, on a week-day, to the Catholic churches, to see the congregations composed almost entirely of females, — there being but one or two men to a hundred women, and these oftener there as beggars than as worshippers. He spent no holy time in viewing magnificent architecture, or in listening to artistic music and popish mummeries, but made his Sabbaths, as at home, holiness unto the Lord. He heard and preached for Dr. McClintock, at the American Chapel.

He did not enjoy his sojourn in France as he had done that in England and Scotland; as, being a stranger to their language, he could not enlighten the subjects of Napoleon on the great interests at issue in the American struggle. Neither could he find much sympathy among our agreeable and courteous countrymen whom he met at his hotel; for they were all bitter foes to the Union, although not warm enough friends to the Confederacy to stay at home and aid her in the conflict.

The party, after spending a few weeks in Paris, returned to London, whence, after a few days, they took the steamer for New York, having been absent nearly five months.

The third night out, which was that of Thanksgiving at home, the ship was struck by a tremendous gale, and went over at once on to her side. A mast was twisted off like a twig, and its weight seemed bearing her down to destruction. The confusion on deck, with the running

and shouting and sawing, together with the shrieks of the passengers, who rushed about half-clad in the darkness, made the scene truly terrific. The bulwarks were carried away, and the ship's side was stove in by the falling mast, so that the water was rushing into the steerage, creating great terror among the poor emigrants crowded together there. There were two Catholic priests on board, — one in the steerage, and one in the cabin; and this alarm gave them plenty of business. In the midst of the confusion, one of these arrayed himself in his canonicals and went down to "confess" the frantic creatures, who believed their last hour had come. One poor girl, who was on her way to a new home with an aged father, became perfectly distracted, and remained a maniac as long as her fellow-passengers kept sight of her, — a sad ending of bright hopes.

At the first alarm, and before Mr. Dunbar had left his berth, a strong man, who had, before this, seemed to have little fear of God before him, rushed into his state-room and implored him to rise and pray for him. Others, who had more self-control, were as glad to listen to his words of comfort and encouragement. When he could disengage himself from them, he went to his companions to let them know the extent of the damage, and to urge them — had it been necessary — to be calm. Then ladies from the next state-rooms ran in; and he, in perfect composure, led their minds to Him who is the only refuge in time of peril.

This gale continued five days; the ship, being somewhat disabled, laboring terribly to mount the billows, and the water at times threatening to put out the fires. All through these days, Mr. Dunbar's little Bible was his constant companion; and, as he read, he marked many passages referring to the sea and its dangers, and to God's

care of those who upon its troubled waves, put their trust in him.

When it became calm again, and the immediate fear was over, those who had manifested such alarm and begged for prayers, and had followed the godly man about as if safe in his shadow, became very brave. One of these, seeing the Bible alluded to lying on the cabin table, took it up, and, turning over the leaves, saw the marked passages, when he said, jestingly, "Some folks were pretty well frightened in the gale, I should think, by the way they marked up this book!"

And yet he was glad, on that night of fear, to catch the tones of a praying voice, and to grasp the mantle of a man of God!

The voyage was protracted to sixteen days by the boisterous weather and the condition of the ship; and, much as Mr. Dunbar loved the sea, he was rejoiced once more to reach home and greet his family and his beloved people. Invigorated by the rest he had enjoyed, he at once entered fully into the work he loved, not as an old man rousing himself to a final effort, but with the energy of one just putting his hand to the plough.

Amid all the changes and enjoyments of his absence, he did not forget the poor pensioners he left behind. Just as he was leaving his home for the steamer, a forlorn stranger had called to beg for his interference to save her from imprisonment, — unjust, according to her statement. It was his last hour at home, and he could only commend her to some other merciful man for help and pity.

Almost the first word he uttered, on again entering his own room after the voyage, was to his nephew, "Well, Willie, what became of my poor *client*. Were you able to keep her out of prison?"

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One of his sons-in-law said to him at this time, "Why, father, you do not look a day older than when you left."

"My son, I did not go to Scotland to grow *older*," he replied with a smile.

Soon after his return, he visited his children in Massachusetts. Not one of his grand-children had been forgotten in his travels, but each had a little keepsake from over the sea. No trouble was too great, if thereby he could make young hearts happy. Long and vainly will they look for another such friend to sympathize in their feelings, and to meet their childish wants, as if he himself had never grown old.

He performed all his labor through the following winter and spring with his usual energy, only that he occasionally complained of weariness, and was more willing than formerly to lie down during the day for rest. Those beneath the same roof with him, who were wakeful in the small hours of morning, heard from his study his strong cries unto God. Shortly before his prayers on earth were changed for praise in heaven, did the dear friend, in whose dwelling the mortal put on immortality, hear his voice breaking the stillness of night with pleading and groanings which could not be suppressed. Who shall know the burden of those prayers, which now are ended? The country that he loved, the church so dear to him, the children of his heart, the poor, the sick, the dying, the souls yet in sin, for whom he must, in a measure, give account, — all were then, doubtless, borne upward on the wings of his faith. Who will now love these as he loved? who pray for them as he prayed? and who, in their hours of darkness, prevail as he prevailed? God help the weak, when the strong staff and the beautiful rod is broken!

## CHAPTER XXVII.

Attends the Missionary Meetings in Philadelphia—A Silver Wedding—A Visit to Yonkers—Increase of Labor—A Last Parting.

**I**N May following Mr. Dunbar's return from Europe, he attended the anniversaries of the Missionary Union and other societies in Philadelphia. He was then in his usual health, and enjoyed greatly the reunion with his beloved ministering brethren, and also with the members of his former flock. Even here, personal ease and gratification were forgotten; and, to the disappointment of many who were hoping for a share of his company in their homes, he assumed work when he should have given himself up to rest. At the earnest solicitation of friends he went to Allentown, Pennsylvania, to preach for and encourage a little church in which, from its organization,—truly a day of small things—he had been greatly interested. He also preached for his grandson, Rev. Morris Sutphen, of the Spring Garden Presbyterian Church, in whose pulpit his genial spirit and sound orthodoxy always found a welcome. Here he labored and enjoyed not a little; and after visiting and blessing his *three little great-grandchildren*, he returned to his home where there was work awaiting him enough to try the powers of one just putting on the harness. It might seem as if the toils of nearly four score years had won for him the right to rest; but he neither asked nor desired it.

As the season advanced his labor at sick-beds and fu

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nerals increased, the larger portion of it being beyond the bounds of his own congregation. One Sabbath he preached twice, and at six o'clock in the afternoon attended a funeral a long distance from his home. As he entered the house of mourning, he was told that another dear child of the family was very ill with the sad disease which had laid this one in its coffin — diphtheria. After the solemn services, he hastened home to tea, and thence to his evening meeting, which he conducted, as was his custom, with remarks and exhortations, longer than the sermons of our younger ministers, — work enough, one would think, for a single day! But hardly was he seated for rest in his study, after his return from the vestry, than he was again sent for. The other child of that stricken family had died, and they desired to have its funeral at ten o'clock at night, that the two little forms might be taken away together by an early morning train for burial at a distance. He was at this time also a constant visitor at the sick-beds of several strangers. All this he accepted as a part of his ministry, which was, in his view, to men and not to one particular church only.

About this time, Mr. Dunbar was sent for to attend a silver wedding given by the Reformed Dutch Church of Bedminster, New Jersey, to Rev. William Brush, their pastor and his son-in-law. Thither he went full of spirit, and found himself surrounded by a beloved circle of children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren. The richly laden tables were tastefully spread on the lawn in front of the beautiful parsonage, with the skill as well as profuseness in which the ladies of that region excel.

When the out-door entertainment was over, the host of friends, who had gathered to congratulate their pastor on God's mercy to him and his family, passed into the parlors, where was spread out, in glittering array, the silver-plate,

with other rich and beautiful things they had brought, to show that his work was appreciated among them. After some preliminaries, Mr. Dunbar was called on for a speech. Of this we can give no minute sketch. He said, "This is a silver wedding, friends, which I presume means that your pastor has invited us all here that he may present each of us, his guests, with a piece of silver! He then told them that many years ago, when visiting at a friend's house with his eldest daughter, he met a young student from Rutger's Seminary, who conceived a great attachment for *him*. He soon called on him to borrow a theological book, which he read in an inconceivably short space of time and brought back! At this visit he asked the loan of another work from Mr. Dunbar's library, which in its turn was read in a wonderfully short space of time, and exchanged for another! And thus his books went and came, until he began strongly to suspect they were never read at all! And soon the young man ceased to be satisfied with his books, and wanted his daughter! That young man, he told them, was now their pastor, and the rest they knew.

Mr. Dunbar, by his cheerfulness and pleasantry, made himself the charm of the hour; but this opportunity, like all others which came in his way, was seized on to impress on the minds of old and young their obligations to God for temporal and spiritual good, and their solemn relations to him. With Mr. Dunbar, an innocent merry-making was always turned to as good account for the benefit of others as was any solemn event. He never forced religion rudely forward on any occasion; but brought it in gently and with such a charm as made it always seem natural; and thus was his Master welcomed and honored in many a place, where, with another's introduction, he might have been thrust out without a hearing.

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One of his daughters visited him about this time, and he greatly enjoyed talking with her of his voyage and his travels abroad ; but more particularly of the beloved dead whose memory, ever precious, was brought up anew at the family meetings, where their presence was so sadly missed. His time was now much broken up by applications for help of all kinds, and he requested her to make several calls for him on family friends, and also on some of the sick, to explain the reason of his not coming. He was greatly troubled by hearing, on his return from Philadelphia, that his dear friend and efficient helper, Deacon G., was ill, and he could not wait till his leisure came, to learn that he was better. Never will his messenger forget the gratitude expressed in his countenance, when told that this good man was restored to his usual health. That gratitude extended to the one who brought the news, and he thanked her again and again for thus relieving his mind.

This daughter accompanied him on Sabbath evening down to his meeting. His theme was Heaven ; and his own remarks and prayers, as well as those of the brethren, were fervent and impressive. Mr. Dunbar gave out and joined in singing that beautiful hymn appreciated only by those who, having given themselves to God, are longing for the time when they may serve him perfectly day and night in his temple :—

“ We speak of the realms of the blest,—  
That country so bright and so fair,—  
And oft are its glories confessed ;  
But what must it be to be there ? ”

At the close of the service, the flock gathered as usual around the desk ; for we believe no one was wont to leave

the McDougal Street vestry in those days without taking the hand of the pastor ; — like a scattered family meeting at night around their father, each to recount his progress through the day, and to learn of the prosperity or the trials of the others.

On leaving the place and walking homeward, Mr. Dunbar remarked, " This is a long walk for an old man like me ; but that is *all* ; I am as comfortable as I can be ; they are all so kind and attentive to me."

" He now complained often of being tired, and would frequently say, " I am getting to be an old man," — a new admission for him. When going to lie down in the day for rest, he still always requested to be spoken to when any one called for him. Often he would be disturbed two or three times by the door-bell before he could find an hour for sleep.

There were no idle moments in those few remaining days of his blessed life.

He went up the Hudson, about this time, to meet a little party of children and grandchildren at Yonkers, and there seemed as youthful in spirit as ever, entering heartily into the amusements enjoyed with such a keen relish by the young. At the table, where was gathered a little social party, he interested them there by relating incidents in his early ministry, proving how certainly God will aid those, however weak and feeble, who resolve to establish churches to his glory, proving his statements by referring to the Eastport and South Berwick (Me.) churches, and also many others where men and women resolved to make personal sacrifice for Christ's sake. He also gave some accounts of great revivals in the past, particularly the one in Nobleboro', mentioned in the preceding pages.

At table he asked pleasantly of the pastor of the Yon-

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kers Church, who was present, "Brother C., are my children here kind to you?" and, on being answered to his satisfaction, he smiled, and said, "That is right. If ever the time comes when they are not so, you must come down to the city and let me know, and I shall come up and see to them. Ministers' children know the trials of a minister, and of all others they should be good parishioners."

And once again in a few weeks he repeated this visit for a change and rest. The weather was exceedingly hot, and he was urged to remain at least one day longer; but he could not be prevailed upon, as "his hands were so full." He visited the families of Mr. Stuart, Mr. Trevor, and Mr. Jacob Hays, all of whom were then or had been members of his church in McDougal Street. The mother of Mr. Hays, a friend long and highly esteemed by Mr. Dunbar, was at the time very ill, and he expressed great fears that if he did not go then he might never see her again in life. Well was it that he pursued his own way and made these visits; for they were the last to those dear friends, who for so many years had welcomed him to their homes with cordial and affectionate hospitality.

When Mr. Dunbar's children, who had been visiting in New York, left for New England with a little family party, he met them at the Boston boat some time before the hour for sailing, and sat with them on the deck, talking in his most sprightly and entertaining manner. Never did he seem more full of life and energy than when he there spoke of his projected visit to them, and sent messages of love to those at their homes. But the victor's race was almost run, and the crown, unseen by our poor vision, was even then descending on him;—so soon to become a king and a priest unto God.

This parting was not in gloom or in tears, dearly as this father was loved by his children ; for they did not realize, that his age, added to all the other uncertainties of life, made another meeting on earth doubtful. It was only regarded as saying "good-by" for a few weeks, until his summer's vacation should give him time to visit them, and "to grow young again in the bracing air of New England."

But for them there was to be no meeting again, until the one in that home where they shall go no more out forever and where :—

"They who have safely gone before,  
Whose feet grow weary never more,  
Receive in that dear land of bliss  
All their souls panted for in this ;  
And their enjoyment ours shall be  
When we have crossed the crystal sea."

Amid the waves and storms that for six months beat around the frail "Halifax Packet," when wreck and starvation seemed vying with each other for the prey, there rode another bark, bound for the same port. In the first was the man of God in his early strength, girded for the strife, panting for victory in his Master's cause, and unwearied in his efforts to win over his foes ; on the other a young sailor-boy, regardless of his eternal interests, and anxious only to escape the dangers of the sea, and to reach the desired haven. The same gale may have filled their sails, the same waves washed their vessels' sides in the darkness ; but they did not see each other's faces then. Long years after this, however, they met as pastor and hearer in McDougal Street, and a strong personal friendship grew up between them.

Years ago, when Mr. Dunbar's family were about him, he was at the house of this friend, Mr. George H. Irwin,

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with Mrs. Dunbar, at a social visit. He made some remark on the large hospitality of his house, and said, in his peculiar manner when in pleasantry, "When I have no home of my own I shall know where to come." Mr. Irwin replied, "If that time ever comes, you shall have a home here, Mr. Dunbar." Neither of them dreamed that the contract thus playfully made would ever be fulfilled; but, long after this, when Mr. Dunbar sought permanency elsewhere in vain, this door was open to him; and here he found a home in place of the one death had destroyed.

For a few short months these kind friends ministered to his wants, and bore patiently with the poor, the sorrowful, and the erring who came seeking their unwearying helper; and then the angel of death visited their dwelling, clothed in no terror, and bore him away to the joys of his Lord. No strange hands were allowed to minister to his wants; no harsh sounds to break upon his ear; but everything that love and kindness could do was done to save his life and to soothe his departing spirit. The gratitude of afflicted children and of a bereaved church will ever be theirs, and the prayer that they in their old age and dying hours may be cheered by the same tenderness which they manifested toward this beloved and honored servant of God.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

*His Last Sabbath — Illness — Only Christ — Anxiety for the Church and the Country — A Blessed Visit — Setting his House in Order — The Valley made Light — Visions of Glory — Safe at Home — Funeral and Burial — Funeral Sermon.*

**I**N Sabbath, July 16, Mr. Dunbar preached as usual to his own people. In the morning his text was Psalms xxxvii. 3: "Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed;" and in the afternoon, the last clause of the 10th verse of the 81st Psalm: "Open thy mouth, and I will fill it." He spoke with his accustomed vigor, and most impressively; a dear friend saying as she walked home, "If I should never again hear Mr. Dunbar preach, I shall remember what I have heard to-day through life."

On Monday night he was attacked with dysentery, accompanied by faintness, and not being better the next day, his daughter living in Jersey City, was sent for; the youngest one being at the time absent from him on a visit. She found him suffering very severely, but patient, submissive, and resigned to God's will.

"All Monday night," she writes, "I, with our kind friend, Miss L., watched with him. He never for one moment slept, but prayed incessantly for patience and strength to bear all that might be laid upon him.

For three days and nights his sufferings were extreme: he was nervous and much excited, so that it was very dif-

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ficult to keep him quiet. He once said "Oh, I wish I had all my children about me!" It was proposed to send at once for them; but he replied, "not yet: I do not like to give them a false alarm."

Everything that affectionate daughters and sons, physicians and friends could do, was done for him; and on Friday the 21st, he seemed improving, but said to his son-in-law, Rev. Mr. Parmly, "Sometimes I think I shall never preach again, and it becomes a solemn thought whether I have done my whole duty and am accepted in Christ! O my son, preach Christ! None but Jesus can do helpless sinners good." On Saturday he continued better. On Sunday, in her efforts to keep him quiet, his daughter asked if she should read aloud. "No," he said, "my brain is too restless." Then she asked, "May I repeat some of your favorite hymns?"

"Yes," he replied, "say your dear mother's hymn: —

'Ye angels who stand round the throne—'

adding, with deep feeling, —

"I want to put on *my* attire,  
Washed white in the blood of the Lamb.'

You and dear Mrs. I. think I ought to keep still; but since I have been lying here, suffering in the body, I have had such views of eternity, such a sense of my sinfulness! My whole life appears now one continued scene of rebellion against God! How solemn to appear before the Judge of the whole earth! But my sins are not laid to my own charge! The blessed Redeemer stands between the naked sinner and his offended God."

Then he began to plead with Christ that he would intercede for him with the Father.

His daughter said, "Father, it must now be a great

comfort to you that you have brought so many souls, instrumentally, to Christ, and comforted and encouraged so many fainting saints." "Oh," he cried, "that is nothing!

' Knowledge alas, 'tis all in vain,  
 And all in vain our fears,  
 If love be wanting there.' "

These remarks were not made as if he doubted his interest in Christ; but rather to show how fully he trusted in his blood alone, aside from all works. The one sacrifice for sin, which he had so long preached to others, was now his own sole and perfect reliance.

As the hour for the prayer-meeting drew near, he said, "See, my dear, who of the family are going to-night.<sup>1</sup> — I cannot; but oh, if God would only permit me once more to stand before that dear people, I would talk to them as I never talked before! Oh, how I would lament my past

<sup>1</sup> So important for the life of the church did Mr. Dunbar always consider a regular attendance of the members on the devotional meetings, that in one of the Association letters, he asks the body to decide the question, "What course shall churches pursue toward those of their members who, living convenient to the place of worship, and being in perfect health, habitually absent themselves from prayer-meetings, shun the society of their Christian brethren, and choose that of the world?"

The following year, in accounting for a large number of exclusions, the letter states that the fellowship of the church was withdrawn, in nearly all these cases, for absence from the prayer-meeting and, for refusing, when perfectly able to do it, to aid in sustaining the ordinances of God's house.

In the year 1847, Mr. Dunbar's people were able to make the following statement in their associational letter, comforting indeed to one whose views of discipline were as rigid as his: "No case of discipline has called for the action of this church since we last addressed your respected body and for months before, except one — the exclusion of a brother residing in a distant part of the Union, and of whose conduct we were apprised by the faithfulness of a ministering brother in that region; and in disposing of this case, God graciously bestowed on the whole church, including the immediate family of the delinquent, 'one heart and one mind.'"

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unfaithfulness, and ask their forgiveness! Oh that I could look on their faces just once more, — the dear friends who have been so kind to me all these long years!

“If the Lord spares my life, it will be months before I can preach again; but He who has the hearts of all men in his hand, will provide for my wants. My dear sons and daughters all say I *must* rest. I will go to Newton first, as soon as able. G. and M. will nurse me; and J. is so near. Mary can go with me. How I am blessed!”

During these first days of his illness, his mind seemed pressed with care about the country and the church. He asked every one who came in if there was any news from the army, and always inquired who was at the prayer-meeting. One evening, one of the young brethren came in after the meeting, to watch with him. He asked by name if one and another were there; when answered repeatedly in the negative, he drew a heavy sigh, and exclaimed, “Oh, why will they not be faithful!”

“We were now,” writes his daughter, “much encouraged, the physician assuring us that he was still improving; his years and his unwillingness to remain quiet seemed the only things against him.”

In the first week of his illness, a young member of his church, who watched with him, says, he asked, about day-break, “What o’clock is it?” and being answered, “Five,” he repeated those beautiful lines, —

“Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear  
My voice ascending high;  
To thee I will direct my prayer,  
To thee lift up mine eye.”

He then engaged in prayer most fervently, thanking God for the preservation of life during the night, and asking that this sickness might not be unto death, but for the

glory of God and for the accomplishment of his purposes ; but added, " Nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done, O Lord." He prayed for the church, that God would give the members sound judgment rightly to understand the truth and to stand firm in the faith once delivered to the saints. He implored God to be with the sick, to comfort the sorrowing, to bless the Sunday school, and to bring sinners unto Christ. He plead for the country, whose interests ever lay so near his heart, that God would send peace, — peace with righteousness, — that we might have a proper settlement of our troubles according to God's will ; that brother might no longer shed the blood of brother. When, nearly exhausted, he exclaimed, " O Lord, I know not where to stop, but thou knowest all our wants ; display thy power and accomplish thy purposes, for the sake of Jesus Christ, thy blessed Son, our blessed Saviour."

During the same night he said, " James, I have one request to make of you. When you meet with any member of the church whom you believe to be a *praying* member, ask him to pray that this sickness may not be unto death, but for the spiritual good of myself and the church ; that it may awaken us all to more earnestness in God's cause, and more anxiety for impenitent sinners. I should like to live a little longer, that I may be enabled to wipe off the rust that has been accumulating for years upon me. But it may be the Lord is done with my unworthy services, and is about to remove me. Perhaps this is best ; ' His ways are not our ways, nor his thoughts our thoughts.' "

This young friend replied, " Your thoughts are not your people's thoughts ; they all think you have been very faithful, and do not see how you could possibly have been more so." Mr. Dunbar shook his head and smiled, as if to say, " that is but the verdict of your affectionate heart."

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During these days of weakness and suffering he seemed drawn with peculiar affection toward all around him. Every ring of the bell excited him, lest some one might go away disappointed at not seeing him or at least receiving a message from his lips. A neighboring pastor, beside whom he had labored long, and for whom he had great respect and affection, called one morning to inquire for him. Prudence forbade the admission of company into his room ; but when he learned that Dr. W. had been and gone without his knowing it, he was greatly disappointed, and could not rest until the kind friend with whom he resided offered to go to his house, explain to him that very few were allowed to go in, but that, had he known who was there he should have insisted on seeing him ; and also to get the promise of a visit on the following day. Thus toward all his friends he felt more love, as the parting hour drew on. Another ministering brother, to whom Mr. Dunbar was most tenderly attached, called one day during his illness, and manifested such an affectionate interest in all his personal matters as to make his visit a great blessing. When he left, Mr. Dunbar said to the daughter who was with him, while tears filled his eyes, " My dear, the Saviour could not come to me in person to-day, so he sent dear brother Osgood to comfort me ! "

Again it was proposed that all his children should be sent for ; but he said, " Wait till I am a little stronger. " When his youngest daughter returned from Yonkers, she was greatly shocked at his appearance and at seeing her brother-in-law lift him in his arms, like a child, from the bed to the sofa. But when his bed was arranged, and he replaced in it, she saw less change than when she had first entered his room. He seemed so like himself that she wondered she had felt any alarm. He

thanked Mr. W. for lifting him so carefully, and speaking to him, but looking at her, said, "When she needs a little recreation and country air, you always take her away from me; but the moment I need her you bring her back!" And after that, through the remaining days of his illness, he would often reach out his hand to clasp hers, repeating over and over again, "O Mary! O Mary! O Mary!" When she had been ministering to his comfort, he would exclaim, "There is so much for a child to do for a father!" Once, he said to her, "They were all as kind to me as they could be, before you came back; but O Mary, I missed mother! I missed mother!"

For a few days he remained much the same, — his symptoms not being considered dangerous; but he seemed unnatural much of the time from the effect of opiates. When free from them, he talked incessantly, one subject following another in quick succession, sometimes clearly, but again as if the mind were wandering. Places and persons at the ends of the earth occupied his thoughts, and every one's troubles became his own. He worried a great deal about the poor, talked of all the societies in which he was engaged, expressing hope that things would be so managed that those for whose benefit they were formed might get all the money intended for them. The smallest matters became intensified in his mind. One day he worried much about the photographs of dear friends, — the late Hon. Joseph Taylor and wife, — which Mrs. T. had promised him, but which he had failed to get by missing her when in Philadelphia. He requested his daughter to write at once for them, and to ask all the minute particulars of Mr. T.'s sickness and death, his exact age, and all that he said in his last hours. She left the room to write; but scarcely

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was she seated in the study, when he called her back, asking with a grieved look, "Why did you leave me here an hour alone?" He then dropped asleep for a moment, and on waking asked if the letters he had just dictated had all been written. Thus that day passed, and not a moment was found to write for the photographs. The very next morning a letter came, and he was greatly rejoiced, on opening it, to see the faces of the friends on whom his mind had been so fixed. He called for his spectacles, and examined the pictures over and over, as also the beautiful letter which accompanied them. And thus through his sickness his smallest desire was mercifully gratified.

When wakeful and conscious, every breath was spent in audible prayer, exhortation, or recitation of favorite hymns. The constant endeavor of those around him was to keep him quiet, according to the strict orders of his physicians; and he would strive to regard their wishes, when reminded of the importance of rest; but in a moment his lips would overflow with the themes with which his soul was filled. He would not allow his youngest daughter out of his sight, even though two others were beside him. On waking he always wanted to take her hand, once saying, as he did so, "Something tangible, something tangible! There surely must be something tangible left of earth!"

One morning, feeling much encouraged about himself, he said to this daughter, "Close the door just half way, my child." She did so, thinking it had been too light or too cool for him. But he motioned her to the bedside, and said, "Just kneel here for a moment and thank God that I am so much better." He wanted all the deacons and brethren who came to inquire for

him, to come into his room and pray, but this, of course, could not be allowed, when his brain was so active, and his other powers so weak. Once, on being told who had called, he requested that a list might be kept of all who did so, that, when he recovered, he might not think any one who had taken this trouble had been forgetful of him.

He called again and again for his desk, and after each effort to write, would sink exhausted ; but no sooner was it removed, than he had it brought back. When told that he would soon be well, and have time enough to attend to all these things, he said, "I'm better now than I ever expected to be ; and perhaps I may get well, though for so many days I've been lying at death's door. If it is the Lord's will, I should like to live to do two or three things more ; but if not, I feel that everything has conspired to make this the best time for me to die ! But I cannot rest till these little things are attended to, lest I may not recover."

He then gave his daughter several sums of money to be given to friends who had been kind in his sickness, wishing each to select some little keepsake, as he could not go out to do it himself. He seemed distressed lest she might not make them understand his motive so as to accept the gift. When he was told that they promised to do so, to gratify him, he manifested more pleasure than at anything during his illness. He then requested twenty dollars, the balance of a little sum he had promised the young church in Allentown, Pa., to be laid aside, with directions for sending it. He gave his daughter his life policy, regretting that it was not for a larger sum, and showed all the receipts, and explained the business to her, saying that, if he recovered, he should not rest till he increased it ;

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adding tenderly, "You see your father thinks of you." Thus he continued to converse, in a perfectly rational, although somewhat excited manner, until so overcome that he slept for hours.

All business matters for himself or others, were left in perfect order. In closing his own, he said, with an expression of gratitude, "O Mary, what a mercy to owe no man a dollar!" There was no mourning that after so long and laborious a life he had laid up no treasures for his children; but gratitude that he had been enabled to deal justly with all men. Such is the unselfish spirit of the true minister of Christ.

About five o'clock in the afternoon of Thursday, the second week of his illness, the air became very sultry and oppressive, and he sank into a state of disturbed exhaustion. His daughter left him from twelve at night till five in the morning, with one of his brethren whom she knew to be an excellent nurse. About that time he became excited, begging to go "into the street, on to the Atlantic — anywhere!" He asked, in pleading tones, "Couldn't I go in a carriage, if the horses just walked down the avenue?" When reminded that he was so weak that he sometimes fainted when his head was raised, he said, "Oh, yes, you told me that yesterday, and I forgot it." It was but a moment before; but he had lost the power of reckoning time.

When his daughter was fanning him, he suddenly lifted his hands, and raising his eyes upward, with a beautiful expression, and as if he saw a form invisible to those around him, exclaimed, "Whose child is it? Whose child just going to glory?" And with his tones gradually softening, he added, "And its wings just touching the border."

He was told that he was dreaming, and that it was only the fan which had accidentally touched him. "Oh, no," he said, "Oh, no, I see it; its wings just touched the border. Again he said, as if looking into the unseen world, "Col. Fuller, of Connecticut — forty years ago."

When the physicians came in the morning, they saw a great change, and feared effusion of water on the brain; but hoped it might be but the effect of nervous depression after the great efforts of the previous day. Stimulants kept up the pulse for some hours, when it began gradually to fail. He lay in a stupor all that day and the next night, only rousing himself to take his nourishment and medicine. Once during his last night he called, as if missing the sweet presence, "Mother! mother!" And again he asked, "Is there a harp here?" He was answered, "There is no harp here." But it occurred to his daughter that he might mean the little hymn-book, used in his vestry, and that was brought. He then asked her to read the hymn, beginning: —

"Servant of God, well done."

There were but three verses in the book, and he asked for a copy of Montgomery's poems. This not being at hand, he repeated the whole hymn, as if to see whether he could apply it to himself. After his death, a copy of it, in full, was found in a drawer of papers which had not been unlocked for months.

When his children were by him, he would say repeatedly, "O my son! O my children! O my son, my son!"

Toward evening, on Friday, after having lain long in a state of stupor, he spoke out, when his daughter asked, "What did you say, dear father?"

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He replied, "I was saying, 'Thou, Lord, knowest me by my name.'"

After this he said no more until just before he died, when the word, "Happy, happy!" was repeated distinctly. All clouds had vanished; and his soul was even then basking in the smile of Him, whom, not having seen, he had so long loved and honored.

All the absent children of Mr. Dunbar had been summoned to him by telegraph. Those nearest, reached his bedside in time to see him pass away; but the others only came to hear the sad words, "Too late." He fell asleep in Jesus on Saturday morning, July 28, 1864, and ascended to meet the beloved who had gone before him to the rest that remaineth for the people of God. Bitter as was the anguish of this parting, it was no small comfort to his childrer his church, and his friends, to think of the exceeding joy with which he would greet the hundreds of ransomed souls God had given him while here, and join with them in hallelujahs to Him who loved them, and who gave himself for them.

During the three days preceding his burial, the house was one scene of weeping and lamentation. Until far into the night, members of the church and other personal friends gathered around the beloved form for a last, tearful look; many, particularly the aged, the afflicted, and the poor, feeling that earth could never fill the place now made void. The sobs and tears of the lambs of his fold, whom he so tenderly loved, were a beautiful tribute to his memory.

His funeral was very largely attended from the McDougal Street Church; Rev. Howard Osgood, at the request of the family, taking charge of the services. A just and beautiful eulogy on Mr. Dunbar's character,

was delivered by Rev. W. R. Williams, D. D., than whom no city pastor knew him better, they having labored side by side for more than thirty years. Drs. Somers, Dowling, Anderson, and others, took part in the solemn services; and many other ministering brethren mingled their tears with those of the bereaved family and church.

When the remains were placed beneath the pulpit amid the tears and sobs of the multitude gathered there, a strange lady came forward, and placed in the hands of one of the deacons a cross made of his own beloved heather, from his native hills, with a request that it might be laid on the breast of the sleeper. Well was it that he who loved both America and Scotland with the heart of a patriot, should rest in the dust of the one, with the flowers of the other above his heart.

From the church the remains were borne to Greenwood, and laid beside hers whom he had so sadly missed, in his hours of health and happiness, as well as on his dying bed. But being dead he yet speaketh, by his long, loving, and useful life, as well as by his peaceful death, to his family, his church, and to the community in which he was so widely known, bidding them all to work while the day lasts, for the night cometh in which no man can work.

At the request of the church, Rev. Dr. Anderson preached a memorial sermon a few weeks after his death, his theme being, "A Blameless Ministry." He gave a sketch of the life and labors of the departed, and showed, in a manner highly gratifying to those who loved him, his earnestness, ability, and fidelity, from his birth into the family of God even to the end, when he fell asleep, with his armor bright from service, and his lamp trimmed and burning.

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It was most touching to witness the many poor, aged, and sorrowful, of all nations and colors, who gathered with bereaved hearts at his funeral. Each one had a secret buried in his heart of the charity he had received from that hand now cold in death; of the gentle, encouraging word from those now silent lips. Those nearest the coffin, who mourned him more deeply than all others, were greatly comforted by the tears of these whom he used to call so tenderly, "our poor friends."

## CHAPTER XXIX.

Letters from Early Friends — Tribute of Rev. Octavius Winslow, D. D. — of Rev. Howard Osgood — Mr. W. H. S. J. — Deacon Griffith.

ONE of Mr. Dunbar's earliest friends in America writes to the person who had informed her of his death:—

“I received your letter last evening, and was not a little shocked at the intelligence it contained. Dear Mr. Dunbar! *Is* it true that I shall never meet his kind, genial hand-grasp again?—never again look in his benevolent face? Alas! I feel that I have sustained a personal bereavement in his death. He was one of the very few *old friends* left me, and now *he* is gone! Gone to his unspeakable reward, I doubt not. But what a loss to his church, to the community in which his influence was felt only for good, to his circle of bosom friends, and last and most of all, to his sorrowing children!

“Forty-two years have I known and loved our venerable friend; and in all that time I have felt no abatement of my interest in him, nor seen any inconsistency on his part to diminish my respect and esteem. It is no small comfort to me now, that I aided in granting him the desire of his heart, — to revisit his native land last year. I recollect saying to him in my letter on that subject, that probably, at his time of life, he could hardly hope to repeat the visit, and urged that as a reason why he should

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allow himself ample time. Little did I think how near his journey's end he was! I had always imagined he would live to a very advanced age; but he is through with his toils, and has already, I trust, received the welcome, 'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'

"How your mother and E. will miss him. The latter felt for him almost the affection of a child. As to my own feelings, I can hardly analyze them at present. I shall feel more *alone* in the world than ever before. Your mother is now all that is left me of 'auld lang syne;' and I tremble when I think by what a frail tenure that last link remains unbroken. . . . N. S."

Upon hearing of his death, Rev. Dr. Kennard wrote to one of the family: "For thirty-three years, he was my faithful, sympathizing friend and adviser. I know not the man on earth I loved more than I did your honored father; and when he fell by the death-shaft, I was deeply affected. When I had the pleasure of meeting him in our May meetings, we little thought how short his time was. I deeply sympathize with you all in your affliction in the loss of a loving parent. But your father's God is also your God, and will be your guide even unto death."

Rev. Octavius Winslow, D. D., of Bath, Eng., was a most valued and beloved friend of Mr. Dunbar. For years they kept up a correspondence, beautiful both for its spirituality and its affection, under the significant names of "David" and "Jonathan."

Dr. Winslow writes: "Mr. Dunbar's history in its earlier and more interesting incidents was strangely blended with the family recollections of the writer." (Here follows a full account of the wreck of the "Hali-

fax Packet," when Mr. Dunbar became the guest of Dr. Winslow's honored grandmother, Mrs. Grant, on one of the Bermudas.)

"It was no inhospitable or unchristianized shore to which the famished missionaries were thus driven. Whitefield, the great apostle of his age, had years before sought repose and health amid its citron groves and balmy breezes. The traces of his sojourn lived still in the precious fruit of souls converted to God through his labors. A Christian church had been gathered, which, though small and feeble, was holding up the lamp of God's truth amid much spiritual darkness and religious formalism. Their minister, being about to dedicate a new chapel, longed and prayed for the sympathy and aid of his brethren in the ministry. God heard his prayers and guided to them the distressed vessel bearing these missionaries just as their sanctuary was ready for the solemn service of dedication. God, who comforteth them that are cast down, cheered the heart of his servant by the coming of Mr. Dunbar and his associates. Mr. Dunbar preached one of the dedication sermons from Gen. xxv. 19.

"Such, briefly, was the event, so signally exhibiting the finger of God, from which is dated the commencement of an intimacy between the beloved subject of this memoir and some dear to me, who now blend their spirits with his before the throne of God and the Lamb, in the perfect and eternal fellowship of heaven.

"The pen of a long-existing and warm friendship attempting the portrait of such a devoted servant of Christ as Mr. Dunbar, is, necessarily, in danger of exaggeration. The original appears to the eye of the admiring artist so beautiful and faultless, that, whatever defects there may be in the statue which the chisel moulds, the ideal is the

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only and prevailing conception of the sculptor's mind. Mr. Dunbar was no ordinary man. His natural character was itself a study, composed of some of the noblest elements, and adorned with some of the rarest traits, of humanity. Even apart from divine grace, his natural organization would be considered by many, one of the most faultless of the species. He was princely great. Possessing one of the kindest hearts, combined with one of the most generous and high-minded souls, sweetened with a disposition extremely amiable and winning, it was 'the daily beauty of his life' to increase the happiness and promote the well-being, temporal and spiritual, of all who were privileged to participate in his friendship and appeal to his sympathy.

"In sketching the Christian character of one possessing such native loveliness, it is often as difficult to distinguish nature from grace, as to define where the rays of the rainbow commence or terminate. But Mr. Dunbar's religious character was an exception to this rule. The grace of God in him was so strongly marked, his Christianity was so fully developed, his holy and consistent life stood out in such bold relief, that, lovely as he was by nature, that loveliness was eclipsed by the transcendent beauty of holiness which clad and adorned him. The Holy Spirit moved upon him in early life. He was brought to know the plague of his own heart, to feel that he was a sinner, and to see that the amiable instincts of nature were not holiness; that the works of righteousness, which his own obedience wrought, were, in the sight of the holy and heart-searching God, but as 'splendid sins.' Discovering the moral leprosy, failing of peace with God by the deeds of the law, and with a guilt-burdened conscience and a heart bowed with sorrow, the same divine Spirit who convinced

him of sin discovered to him the remedy, and led him to 'Christ, the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth.' In faith receiving Christ, he passed from the gloomy region of guilt, into the meridian sunshine of God's forgiving love. Henceforth, until his sun went down, cloudless and glorious, his path was that of the just, shining more and more until lost in perfect and eternal day. This was the foundation of his remarkable efficiency and usefulness as a preacher, and of his high moral position in the Christian church as a man of God. Apart from experimental religion, a renewed mind, a Christ-adoring soul, a loving heart and a holy life, the ministerial vocation, the most exalted and useful, as the most solemn and appalling with which mortal can be invested, becomes rather a badge of shame than the insignia of honor; a calamity, rather than a blessing; a weight, sinking its blinded and unhappy possessor into the deepest woe, rather than pinions of light and love floating him to the highest pinnacle of glory and bliss.

"The spirituality of Mr. Dunbar was above the ordinary standard. He was remarkably a man of prayer. When he closed the sacred Book, and turned from man to address himself to God, his real forte and true power were conspicuous. It was then that he appeared in his highest glory.

"His varied approaches at the Throne of Grace, — in the pulpit, at the church meetings, at the administration of baptism, presiding at the Lord's Supper, at the ordination; above and beyond all, in the season of affliction, at the bed of sickness, at the couch of languor, in the house of mourning, — will long be precious and fragrant in the memories of thousands who will hear that fervent voice pouring forth the solemn utterance of a loving, sympa-

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thizing heart no more. Were we to search the hidden spring of his personal piety, ministerial power, consistent walk, and his honored reputation as a pastor and Christian, we should perhaps find it in his prevailing power with God in prayer.

“It were trite to remark of Mr. Dunbar’s ministry, that it was decidedly *evangelical*. And yet in a day when many assume the title but as the badge of a party, adopting and wearing it apart from that high scriptural order of ministerial excellence which the term implies, it is of the utmost importance that, in sketching the character of Mr. Dunbar, this essential and all-commanding feature should assume its distinct and proper position in our portrait. As a preacher, he was preëminently evangelical. The gospel trumpet, as blown by him, gave forth no vague, uncertain sound. “Christ crucified” was the grand theme of his ministry, the central object, around which were draped in graceful festoons all the great fundamental doctrines, precepts, and promises of the gospel. The doctrines of grace were precious to his heart, and formed the staple of his ministry, imparting a living power to his preaching and to his life. I will not say that he preached the doctrines of Calvin or of Paul, but emphatically the doctrines of Christ; truths revealed by Christ, taught by Christ, of which Christ was the author, substance, the sweetness, and the glory. Those divine truths which abase the sinner and which exalt the Saviour, which promote the sanctity and comfort of the saints, and build up the church of God, were faithfully and effectually preached and holily exemplified, and formed the beautiful mosaic in the ministry and life of our departed friend.

“I cannot conclude this imperfect sketch without a reference to a marked feature of Mr. Dunbar’s personal Chris-

tianity, — his Christian catholicity. No man ever held his distinctive principles with firmer tenacity or more uncompromising loyalty to the Lord Jesus Christ, and yet with greater breadth of Christian tolerance and love than did my beloved friend.

“Conscious of human infirmities while in the body, — and to no eye were they more visible than his own, — he is now mingling with the ‘spirits of just men *made perfect* ;’ and, washed from every sin in the atoning blood, he is now, ‘without a fault,’ before the throne of God and of the Lamb. Very pleasant hast thou been to me, my brother !”

Rev. Howard Osgood, a dear friend and neighboring pastor in New York, writes of Mr. Dunbar : —

“In a time of deep trial God sent to me his beloved servant, Rev. Duncan Dunbar, to refresh me with his sympathy, support me with his counsel, and by his example to confirm me in the truth. He had long been conversant with wounded hearts, and had learned from the Chief Physician how to treat them, — an art known to few. Himself tried by long experience and comforted of God, he was able, by revealing that experience, to comfort those who were cast down. He knew what it was to have the sufferings of Christ abound in him, and he had received in himself the priceless reward of such service, — the overflowing consolation of Christ, and the delight of imparting that consolation to others.

“This may explain the seeming inconsistency between his experience and his appearance. No one would ever suppose, from any outward sign, that he had been trained by bearing heavy crosses ; yet, were the burdens and trials he had borne summed up, men who do not know the secret of the Lord would be astonished that he ever smiled.

Cheer and joy and happiness beamed from every feature. His presence was a rebuke to gloom. His life was an epistle of God against murmuring. A childlike, harmless playfulness of spirit imparted a genial warmth to every word.

“He loved the gospel. It was every-day glad tidings to him; for, in his sight, Duncan Dunbar was the greatest miracle of God's grace. Every day he found something new in it for his soul's nourishment. To him the gospel narratives were not merely histories of Christ's walking and talking and dealing graciously with men; but they were also prophecies and promises, sealed with the blood of the Lamb, — of a similar, daily, personal presence with his people in all ages. They were living oracles, — not merely the basis of a logical system of divinity, but the fountain of the power of endless life. While he held with great distinctness and firmness that system of doctrine known as Calvinistic, because the Bible taught it to him, and he most truly believed it, yet he did not pretend to bound God's revelation by man's logic. His faith was far higher and deeper than his logic. The truth first entered his heart and so affected his intellect. His faith led and directed his train of reasoning.

“His whole intercourse with his friends gave proof of this abiding and ever-deepening love for Christ and his gospel. He was deeply learned in the school of personal experience with Christ. ‘He wakened his ear to hear as the learned,’ and He gave him ‘the tongue of the learned to know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary.’ His learning was profitable both for this life and for that which is to come.

“Under the cross, Jesus had taught him to discern the devices of the natural heart, deceitful above all things and

incurable. He knew it as the skilful pilot knows the reefs and eddies and uncertain currents of some dangerous channel. He knew it for himself and for others also. Endeared as he was to those who heard him preach the Saviour he loved, he became knit in indissoluble bonds to those to whom he ministered. He was a pastor for the heart. Those who drew near to him could not fail to see and feel that, while his deepest affections were given to Christ, no human sorrow was there in which he did not sympathize, no human joy which did not awaken a responsive chord in his heart. None gave their hearts more unreservedly to Mr. Dunbar than little children; for children often discern the heart with clearer vision than those who are older.

He was strong in those traits which endear a man to his brother; his sympathy was cordial, earnest, active; it was proved by actions as well as by words. No self-denial was too great for him to bear, if he could alleviate a woe, or add to another's joy. His affections clasped tightly around his friends; he had no ear for the whisperings of suspicion. Faithful and true, his friends always knew where to find him. His word was his bond, no matter how much unexpected trouble it brought him to fulfil it. It could be relied on to the last jot and tittle.

Generosity was both a necessity and a principle with him. The love of Christ, which filled his heart to overflowing, made its way to the world in a channel of generosity. The last few dollars in his pocket were given as cheerfully, and pressed as eagerly upon the poor, as if he had a balance of a hundred thousand in the bank.

The following letter to one of the family, from a gentleman of piety and culture in the Episcopal Church, shows

how Mr. Dunbar was esteemed as a man and a minister outside of his own denomination : —

“ I cannot refrain from expressing to you the deep feelings I have experienced in learning of the death of my greatly esteemed friend, the Rev. Mr. Dunbar. My recollection of him is associated with many of my earliest and tenderest memories ; and though I have been privileged to meet him only at long intervals, there is no Christian minister I have ever known who so spontaneously commanded my highest respect for his faithful standard of duty, and the hearty earnestness of his devotion to its every requirement. I have loved to recur to him as beautifully illustrating, in his entireness of sympathy with all his people, my ideal of a true, earnest, and devoted minister of Jesus Christ. My earnest sympathies go out for those who have known him in the tender relations of home. It is a rare blessing to have had the guidance and fellowship of such a parent, and I can imagine the deep shadow that the removal of such a genial, cheerful, hopeful spirit, will cast on those who knew him best in these relations.

“ To those of my own relatives, to whom for years he has been at once a pastor, a cherished friend, and an almost daily counsellor, the blow is indeed one the severity of which time will but slightly alleviate. But for himself, how much cause for gratitude there was in all the circumstances of his life ! Was he not blessed more than usually in his Christian and social relations, in his family, in the duration as well as in the active and effective usefulness of his life, and the cherished memory he bears to all who ever knew him ?

W. H. S. J.”

A valued friend in the Budd Street Church, Philadelphia, writes : —

“ The Lord abundantly owned and blessed the truths preached in such kindness and love by our dear, departed and beloved pastor. The precious seed he sowed was like bread cast upon the waters, to be found after many days. Very many, who have since then related the dealings of God with their souls in their first awakenings, say that they were first convinced that they were sinners and felt their need of a Saviour, while sitting under Mr. Dunbar’s ministry. He did, indeed, preach the truth in sincerity and simplicity, and God owned and blessed his work.

“ Never shall I forget the deep sorrow we felt when our faithful friend and pastor resigned his charge of our church. We bless the Lord that ever we were privileged to become acquainted with him, and that he inclined his heart towards us, and gave us a place in his affections.”

The following letter from Trenton, New Jersey, will show the esteem in which Mr. Dunbar was held by the church over which he presided for a short time there.

“ His stay with us, though short, is remembered by the church as comprising a most interesting portion of her history. Being ripe in years and experience, and withal a man full of the Holy Ghost and good works, the relationship of near kindred manifested itself between him and the elder brethren. There was great similarity of views between them, and they reposed implicit confidence in his judgment in matters of church polity and other subjects relating to the progress of the Redeemer’s kingdom. This affinity was never more apparent than in Mr. Dunbar’s social intercourse with the class alluded to, most of whom have now joined company with him in the better land. Our church has been blessed with other good pas-

tors, younger in years, and on this account it may truly be said that none of them during the same length of time ever had so great an influence.

“With the younger portion of the church, the feeling towards Mr. Dunbar was of a different character. They did not consider themselves his immediate associates, as did the older members of the family. They regarded him as a father, and cherished an earnest desire to follow whither he might lead the way ; and from trustworthy data in our possession, that following ever was to know the Lord. It is a most gratifying fact, that not one of this class whom it was his privilege to lead to the Saviour, has become weary of the journey, or turned from God, — a convincing proof of the thoroughness of his teaching, and the great caution he displayed in encouraging applicants for admission to the church. He aimed to have all such thoroughly indoctrinated in the great truths and principles which form the basis of Christian belief and character.

“But perhaps with none were these feelings of love and attachment stronger than with the Sunday-school children ; and groups of them gathering around the minister was no uncommon sight. On one such occasion, I distinctly remember, as he stood by the stove in our quaint old lecture-room, with many a bright eye throwing back the reflection of his cheerful, animated face, Mr. Dunbar, in giving them one of his pleasant greetings, suddenly straightened himself up, and, with great ardor, preached them a pithy discourse on church extension, saying, ‘I tell you, girls and boys, the end of this old building has got to burst out, or a new one push it out of the way altogether.’ Sure enough, it was but a little while and the ‘pushing-out-of-the-way’ process was enacted ; and now, our beautiful lecture and Sunday-school rooms

occupy the site, and to this day the young folks (children at that time) make pleasant allusions to Mr. Dunbar's sermon by the old stove.

"During Brother Dunbar's sojourn with us, we had none of those large in-gatherings of souls with which, at times, God deigns to refresh his church; but we had the Word preached with power and in demonstration of the Holy Spirit. The church grew in grace and in the knowledge of our blessed Saviour; the understanding of the people was enlightened, and their judgment convinced. The seed he sowed was well selected and good; and, divining, perhaps, that the great Husbandman might not very long permit him to hold the sower's commission in this part of the great field, he would, at times, with great pathos and impressiveness, call attention to the sad fact that sinners seemed to be tardy in accepting of the Crucified, assigning as a reason, that, perhaps, he was not faithful enough to the charge committed to his hands. And then, under the influence of considerable emotion, as though looking back over the way in which God had brought him and gathering encouragement from the retrospect, he would give his audience the benefit of his thoughts, the burden of which seems to be this: that although he might not be reaper, some servant of God would. The closing up of the last sermon that he ever preached in the pulpit of the Baptist Church of T—— was in these words (and spoken, too, with deep emotion): 'Finally, dear brethren and sisters, I rejoice that the time is soon coming, when both sower and reaper shall meet together, in the kingdom of God.'

"How prophetically significant and true! Duncan Dunbar and Lewis Smith are now at home in the kingdom of God. The sower and the reaper have met, and are resting from their labors. During the short period he was

our pastor, he buried with Christ in baptism thirteen joyful converts, and welcomed to the church by letter, from other churches, fifteen.

“ I should fail to do justice to the sainted man, if I omitted to mention his visitation of the flock. It was, for the most part, regular and systematic ; and not to see his familiar face, at specified times, was a disappointment. The kindness of heart and the sympathetic tenderness evinced on such occasions won for him among us the appellation of the ‘ Good Shepherd ; ’ and those of his flock who survive him accord to him the original distinction, of having ‘ no equal, in this respect, in all of the list of good pastors that we, as a church, have been favored with. ’ ”

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In reviewing the life of this good minister of Jesus Christ, none can fail to acknowledge his unselfish devotion to the interests, temporal and spiritual, of his fellow-creatures. Much of this was, no doubt, the result of natural generosity and sympathy ; when these were sanctified to God they became a great power, constraining him to labor in season, and out of season, for friend and foe.

Those who loved Mr. Dunbar most, — who sat at his table, and dwelt beneath his roof, — do not regard him faultless. Some prudent persons pronounced him too impulsive in his sympathies, and prodigal in his charities. Others considered him stern in his views of church discipline, and unduly tenacious of the doctrines of grace, and of the ordinances and polity of his church. To his views of truth and convictions of duty he held fast, and for them he plead with a persistency peculiar to his nation, and not always agreeable to those who differed from him. These were what would have been called by some, Mr. Dunbar’s

frailties; but all must admit that if not virtues they surely "leaned to virtue's side."

And even had there been very marked imperfections in the Christian character we have striven to delineate, it would avail little to record them in these pages. Our object has been to present traits worthy of emulation and to glorify God's grace, by showing how much can be accomplished by one life consecrated to his service.

The Christian's life, viewed in its results, never ends; "his works do follow him;" like good seed yielding fruit as the years roll on until the full harvest shall be gathered in on high. Mr. Dunbar's own words, in regard to a sainted friend, "His prayers are all ended, but not all answered," were prophetic of his own. When nature was sinking, and those whose love would fain have detained him here, plead with him to remain calm and try to rest, his soul was pressed with anguish for the impenitent. When the hand that never shrunk from labor was palsied in death, he dictated a letter to a young and feeble church, and enclosed therein a gift, — almost from the borders of heaven. It was forwarded after his burial, and received by that people as a voice from the eternal world. From his death-bed, as well as from his pulpit, he had preached Christ; and his work of love was rewarded. This *last sermon* was the means of salvation to several souls, and thus was his heart's desire granted, "to die with his harness on."

Mr. Dunbar left six daughters, a son, and a nephew, — who was as one of his children, — twenty-three grandchildren, and four great-grandchildren. Three of his sons-in-law and a grandson (in-law,) are toiling in the profession he loved and honored, and two grandsons are just putting on their armor for the same glorious work.

Will not those who loved this dear, departed servant of God pray that his mantle may rest upon these, and that their's may also be acknowledged in the final day as "an earnest ministry."

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

" The voice at midnight came ;  
He started up to hear ;  
A mortal arrow pierced his frame, —  
He fell, but felt no fear.

" At midnight came the cry,  
' To meet thy God prepare !'  
He woke, and caught his Captain's eye ;  
Then, strong in faith and prayer,

" His spirit, with a bound,  
Left its encumb'ring clay ; —  
His tent, at sunrise on the ground,  
A darkened ruin lay.

" 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 Saviour's joy."

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