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In Memoriam



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# In Memoriam.

[Anderson G. Dana]

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HON. ANDERSON G. DANA, M. D.,  
LL. D., a distinguished citizen of Vermont,  
died at his residence in Brandon yesterday.\*



HON. A. G. DANA, M. D., LL. D., died  
at his residence in Brandon yesterday morn-  
ing at 2½ o'clock. Dr. Dana was a distin-  
guished citizen of Vermont. He died full  
of years, and surrounded by the respect and  
affection of the community in which he had  
lived.†

\* *Boston Daily Journal*, August 21, 1861.

† *New York Daily Tribune*, August 21, 1861.

DIED, on Tuesday morning, at half past two o'clock, Hon. A. G. DANA, M. D., LL. D., aged seventy years.\*

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Dr. DANA was a native of Massachusetts, though long a resident in this State. In this death Vermont has lost one of her most distinguished citizens, the medical profession one of its brightest ornaments, the State a true patriot, the Church an intelligent and decided Christian.

Of marked ability as a physician and surgeon, Dr. DANA had mental and moral traits which would have made him eminent in other professions, had he chosen them. His mind, keen in its analysis and logical in its char-

\* *Brandon Gazette*, August 22, 1861.

acter, fitted him for the bar, while a thorough acquaintance with our political institutions, joined to a profound knowledge of national jurisprudence, would have placed him among the first of our statesmen.

His medical brethren honored and loved him, showing their appreciation of his worth by constituting him President of the State Medical Society, which office he held several years.

His fellow-citizens placed him in the State Senate at a time when political preferment meant more than now, — a proof of his political ability and integrity.

And Middlebury College, in whose growth and prosperity he ever took the liveliest interest, — as he did in all kindred institutions and educational enterprises, — recognized his scholarship by conferring upon him its highest honorary degree.

The community in which he lived respected him as an earnest, true-hearted man, and hundreds of families knew him as “the beloved physician.”

As a Christian Dr. DANA was clear and discriminating, — his views being governed by principle rather than emotion.

For the last few years he has lived in retirement, because of an affection of the heart which forbade active employment; but in the quiet of his family he has been growing in those higher graces which constitute the glory and strength of manliness.

His last sickness was short and severe; his death characteristic of the man — the death of a philosopher and a Christian.

We mourn his loss and shall cherish his memory.

## OBITUARY.\*



DR. DANA was descended from an old and highly respectable Massachusetts family, and early in life commenced the practice of his profession in Boston; but, preferring a residence in the country, he took up his abode in Vermont, where, among his medical brethren, he soon received that high consideration to which he was entitled. His physical and mental endurance were almost inexhaustible; and he was untiring in his attentions to the sick and suffering upon whom, in his extensive practice, he was called upon to minister. As a consulting physician and surgeon, his advice was invaluable; his accurate memory, extensive study, and large experience, gave

\* *New York Times*, Sept. 2, 1861. — R.

to his opinion great importance. This notice is written by one who, after thirty years of intimate acquaintance and friendship, pays this grateful tribute to his memory.

Dr. DANA did not confine himself exclusively to his profession, but found occupation for his capacious mind in literary and scientific pursuits, as well as in the study of political economy. The history of the country was to him as familiar as household words; and his acquaintance with the character and acts of the public men of the day, and his thorough knowledge of the party politics and great issues which have from time to time arisen in the country, was unsurpassed. Thus, while eminently fitted, by his broad and comprehensive information, for political distinction, he would not abandon his profession for office; but, from time to time, as a senator, and in other positions in his own State, he had occasion to show the strength of his intellect, and the thoughtful, statesmanlike views which characterized his life.

His reading was extensive and varied,

and his wonderful memory enabled him at all times to use the information thus acquired ; and the free and constant use of facts, anecdotes, and illustrations, gave to his speeches and conversation a charm and interest which never failed to attract and entertain those who listened to him.

The purity of Dr. DANA'S life and character, the high principle which actuated him, the dignity and courtesy of his bearing, and the kindly consideration he showed toward all, has left his name unsullied by a single stain ; and he will be remembered, by those who knew him, as a noble type of a Christian gentleman.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH  
OF  
DR. ANDERSON G. DANA.

*Read before the VERMONT HISTORICAL SOCIETY,  
at its Special Meeting in Burlington, January  
22, 1862, by Rev. BERNICE D. AMES, A. M.*



HON. ANDERSON GREEN DANA, M. D., LL. D., was born September 17th, 1791, at the homestead called Oak Hill, in that part of Cambridge which now constitutes the town of Newton, Massachusetts. His father was Rev. NATHAN DANA, a Baptist clergyman of such liberal views, that, on one occasion, he received the holy communion with a Methodist Church; and when he was called to account for the irregularity, he would only confess that "if he had grieved his brethren, he was sorry for it."

Dr. DANA had five brothers and one sis-

ter who lived to mature years. The latter married Dr. K. Winslow, of Pittsford; the former became well-known business men,—three of whom resided in Boston, Mass., one in Troy, N. Y., and one in Buenos Ayres, S. A., where he was also Vice-Consul of the United States.

Dr. DANA had in his possession a paper containing the lineal history of his family down to a comparatively recent period,—by which it appears that those bearing the name in this country have a common ancestor, RICHARD DANA, who,—according to tradition,—in early life went from France to England to avoid the persecution to which the Protestants were exposed. In 1640, being then about thirty years of age, he came to this country, settled in Cambridge, Mass., where he was married and had three sons, who lived in that town, and died leaving small families. These, with few exceptions, and many of their descendants for several generations, settled in Massachusetts,

and they were represented among the graduates of Harvard College as early as 1718. In process of time the family has become quite numerous, especially in the New England States, and it has furnished many names that have been distinguished in the professions and in public and private life. The subject of this sketch was of the sixth generation in descent from Richard Dana the settler.

When eighteen years of age, young DANA commenced the study of medicine. While a medical student, his promising talents and his familiarity with national affairs attracted much attention; and in 1812, when the Democrats and Federalists of Brandon united in celebrating the anniversary of our national independence, Dr. DANA, then twenty years of age, was the orator of the day.

Having passed through the usual preliminary course of study, in October, 1812, he entered upon the annual course of lectures at

the Philadelphia Medical College, which then numbered among its professors Dr. Benjamin Rush, Dr. Philip Syng Physic, Dr. Barton, and others of almost equal celebrity. He left Philadelphia and visited the hospitals in Boston, to acquire a practical knowledge of surgery, and commenced practice in the spring of 1813, while the fearful epidemic of that year was raging. The skill and judgment which he exhibited in the management of this disease, and the accuracy with which he predicted its approach, from the early symptoms in any case, gained the confidence of the people to a remarkable degree. In a memorandum alluding to this well-known disease, he says : “ An epidemic disease prevailed this season in New England and some of the adjacent States, more extensive and fatal than has ever before been known in this region. Its general character was that of the Pneumonia Typhoides of a highly malignant form, and persons of adult age were principally its subjects. In some towns, as many as fifty

fell victims to this terrible scourge. Most of the fatal cases terminated within the first three days, and many were carried off in twenty-four hours after being attacked, and before the disease had put on any other distinctive symptoms than those of the dying state.”

When the Vermont Medical Society was incorporated on the 6th of November, 1813, Dr. DANA was one of those named in the act of incorporation. Of this Society he was elected president, at the annual meeting in 1843, and reëlected in 1844, on which occasion he delivered an address.

He was several times appointed delegate of this Society to the American Medical Association, of which body he was made a permanent member, at its annual meeting in Boston, in 1849. He was repeatedly appointed a Counsellor of Rutland County and delegate to Castleton Medical College; and on the organization of a hospital department of that college, was chosen its first president.

In 1830 he received the honorary degree of M. D. from Middlebury College.

The first public dissection in Vermont was performed by Dr. DANA, in the presence of a large number of physicians. Of this he made the following memorandum: — “In April, 1814, I was employed by Dr. Porter of Rutland to dissect the body of James Anthony, who had been sentenced to be hung for the murder of Joseph Green, a merchant of that town. Dr. Porter had, for the benefit of the profession, procured of the prisoner a bill of sale of his body. Anthony hung himself in prison on the morning he was to have been executed. I had for an assistant a young man named Cazier, who had attended a course of medical lectures in Fairfield, N. Y. We spent two weeks on the subject, as we wished to make the most of it, having but one. About forty different physicians and students attended during the dissection. The tickets of admission, which were three dollars each, were only intended to meet the incidental expenses paid by Dr. Porter.”

Dr. DANA was induced to leave Boston in 1823, and settle in Pittsford, where he resided until 1843, when he removed to Brandon, to spend the evening of his days.

On the 11th of August, 1816, Dr. DANA married Miss ELIZA A. FULLER, daughter of Roger Fuller, Esq., of Brandon, a descendant of one of the Pilgrims of the "Mayflower." Mrs. DANA'S literary productions have associated her name with the poetical writers of her sex. It is to be hoped that a volume of her poems will at no distant day be added to the permanent literature of Vermont.

She, together with a family of seven children,\* survives the husband and father, whose

\* The names and residences of the surviving children are as follows, viz.: William A. and Henry F. Dana, San Francisco; Anderson C. and Charles Dana, New York; George Dana, San Francisco; Eliza A., wife of Rev. Francis B. Wheeler, Poughkeepsie; and Emma, wife of John Howe, Jr., Brandon. The three oldest in the order stated have been

last words, uttered a few moments before his death, were a tribute of affection worthy of the mutual and endearing relations subsisting between them.

In the extensive religious awakening of 1817, Dr. DANA embraced the life-giving truths of the gospel, and on May 4th of that year, united with the Congregational Church in Brandon.

Dr. DANA brought to the profession of which he was a member, a mind of rare abilities, whose quick perceptions, yet calm and careful judgments, were recognized in the most trying emergencies. His presence at the bedside of the sick gave that kind of satisfaction which perfect confidence inspires, — often kindling hopes which his practised eye could not encourage, but meeting the just expectations of others with all the aid which human skill and sympathy could afford.

for many years associated as commission merchants and bankers in San Francisco. Charles Dana established a banking-house in Honolulu, S. I. George Dana graduated at Middlebury College in 1848.

In the diagnosis of a case which from its nature admitted of precise determination, his judgment, though rapidly formed, was almost unerring. His keenness of discrimination in this process was, perhaps, his crowning excellence as a physician. Probably he encountered the personal trials and vicissitudes of life with more fortitude than is generally manifested; but in the emergencies incident to his profession, he retained a calm self-possession which no excitement or alarm on the part of others could disturb.

This steadiness of mind, together with an accurate knowledge of anatomy, made him a skilful operator in surgery,—in which department he had few superiors, except among the specialists or those enjoying the opportunities of the hospital. Yet he was a man of keen sensibilities, of warm sympathies, who, after thirty years of practice, remarked, that he had never witnessed suffering with indifference; that he had never used the knife except under the pressure of necessity, and with a strong effort of the will over the inclinations.

In his intercourse with his medical brethren, whom he often met in consultation, he observed the usual courtesies with an instinctive delicacy, as free from conventional restraint as it was from all appearance of ostentation. There was an intelligence and sobriety in his proceedings befitting the gravest occasions, accompanied by a naturalness and evident good-will which served to disarm all rivalry, and win the friendship, as well as confidence, of his associates.

He always enjoyed the best portion of the practice in his vicinity, which sometimes extended into various towns in three adjoining counties; but he never neglected the poor, or observed the slightest difference in his treatment of one class over another; visiting the rich and poor alike, without sufficient thought of pecuniary results to protect his own interests. Even in collecting his solvent accounts, he manifested a reluctance which was only overcome by a life-long desire not to owe others. He was prompt in meeting his pecuniary obligations, and prob-

ably never allowed a debt that had matured to remain unpaid.

As the practical duties of a physician are limited to a narrow locality, requiring his constant presence, he is, from the nature of such employments, obliged to seclude himself from official stations and the wider fields of influence enjoyed by those in public life. Dr. DANA was no exception to this rule; and only in three instances — once for a short visit to Europe, and twice to attend the sessions of the legislature — was he absent for any considerable time from the appropriate field of his labors.

But he was a man of varied acquirements in other departments than those pertaining to his profession. And his influence upon the legislation and politics of the State, and upon all public measures affecting the welfare of the people, was wisely exerted and widely felt.

From early life he had devoted his leisure time to reading, — generally rising in season to have one or two hours with books before

breakfast, and often spending an hour in the same way after retiring at night. These and other opportunities were irregular and often interrupted, but they were seldom neglected.

As a recognition of his scholarship, he received from Middlebury College, in 1860, the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws.

He was not a very general or miscellaneous reader, — being more inclined to the elementary studies, seeking for principles to determine the issues arising from them; — as he sought for the chemical analysis of medicinal substances, to ascertain their nature and properties; and as he studied the anatomy of the human body, in order to understand its functions. He devoted but little time to the periodical literature of the day, to poetry, criticism, or works of fiction, or to new theories and doctrines intended to supplant the old and established. He was most interested in studying the principles of law and political economy; the history and character of our government, its relative powers, its policy, laws, and treaties, and the political par-

ties and public men of the country. The character of his reading was determined by natural tastes, rather than ambitious motives. That which seemed a hard study to others, afforded him as much satisfaction as the solving of a difficult problem is supposed to convey to the mathematician. At the same time, there was none of that eagerness for books exhibited by many, which renders them restless or uncomfortable when otherwise employed. He was never in a hurry about anything, either in acquiring or imparting knowledge; but seemed in a natural way to improve opportunities for both; having also the rare merit of being a good talker and an equally good listener. He enjoyed the society of others, — adapted himself to their various circumstances or peculiarities, and seldom failed to interest those with whom he conversed.

Believing in the inherent rights and political equality of men, he gave a life-long example of the sincerity of his opinions, by scrupulously regarding those rights, and by

manifesting towards his fellow men all due respect and sympathy.

Originally educated in the Federal school of politics, he acted with the Whig party, and subsequently, in a more restricted sense, with the Republicans; considering that these parties had inherited, in succession, the general spirit and policy of the "fathers," and especially that they were more conservative than their political opponents.

He was, by constitutional predilections, a conservative. Strongly attached to the established order of things, he regarded innovations with a jealous eye, and uniformly discountenanced violent changes and measures. Hence, he was opposed to the Abolitionists, because he thought their doctrines tended to the subversion of the Constitution. He, however, claimed, notwithstanding his conservatism, to have delivered the first anti-slavery address ever given in Brandon.

He was a politician in the proper sense and of the most unselfish kind; actuated by no personal interests, and adopting opinions

whose wisdom and consistency were sustained even amid adverse popular currents, with a steadiness and devotion worthy of an enlightened patriotism.

Probably he was never an applicant for office, and only twice a candidate for the suffrages of his fellow-citizens — in 1840 and 1841 — when he was elected to the State Senate. On entering that body, his familiarity with legislative proceedings enabled him to take a leading part in the business and debates of the two sessions which he attended.

He often presided over public meetings; and, as a speaker, could secure the attention of an audience upon any subject he chose to discuss. Entering directly upon its merits, he would proceed with logical precision, apt illustration, or amusing anecdote, and, when occasion required, by a reference to authorities and an appeal to facts, which no one would venture to dispute who knew the accuracy of his memory.

This facility in speaking did not tend to

remove a natural distaste for writing; and although a good correspondent, and for many years an occasional contributor to the press, he wrote but few addresses. The last of these was written for the Agricultural Fair held in Brandon some five years ago. Owing to his illness at the time, it was read to the Society by Judge June, and afterwards printed.

Many years ago, when a resident of Pittsford, he, in connection with Rev. Dr. Child and the late Thomas H. Palmer, Esq., delivered a course of lectures in that town on Chemistry, accompanied with experiments. These were probably never written. At other times, he delivered addresses on various subjects, — such as politics, physical education, temperance, and the like.

The writer of this sketch has had access to a bound volume of newspapers containing contributions by Dr. DANA, bearing date from 1823 to a recent period. They embrace discussions of a great variety of subjects. There are articles in support of

national Republican and Whig principles ; articles on rendering Otter Creek navigable ; on connecting that river with Lake Champlain by a canal ; against bridging the Hudson at Albany ; and in favor of Vermont railroads ; — showing his interest in the cause of internal improvements.

There are also religious articles ; and others evincing his interest in the cause of education, of temperance, of agriculture ; in behalf of the Cherokees and other oppressed Indian tribes ; and treating of quacks and quackery in the profession.

In person he was tall and well-proportioned ; and such was the strength of his constitution, that “ his physical and mental endurance were almost inexhaustible.” He was generally buoyant in spirit, and dignified, though cordial, in manner.

In 1853 Dr. DANA was seized with an organic affection of the heart, which suddenly prostrated him to apparent death. He had been spending a few hours in Castleton, and, about to return, was walking rather hastily

at the time, in company with Dr. Goldsmith, to take the cars. The immediate use of remedies restored him to consciousness ; and although his death was announced by telegraph, he was able to reach home the following day.

This attack was followed by several others ; and he was obliged to relinquish all active practice to his associate, Dr. Olin G. Dyer ; to adopt an abstemious diet, avoid physical exercise, except that of riding in pleasant weather ; and to suppress all mental excitements and emotions tending to increase the action of the heart.

He was, however, for some years, President of the Rutland and Addison County Insurance Company ; and he afterwards collected a large amount of material, and had nearly written a history of Brandon, embracing all the original grants and grantees, the organization of churches and schools, and notices of more than one hundred of the pioneers who settled there prior to the year 1800. In several departments, this history is more

elaborate and complete than the history of any other town in Vermont which I have yet seen. So valuable a contribution to the early local history of the State should not remain exposed to the perils which attend a single manuscript, but should be published by the town of Brandon, or the friends of the deceased author. It would be prized by multitudes, both for its intrinsic interest and as a worthy memorial of a useful and honored life.

During the period of comparative retirement above referred to, his mind was unimpaired and cheerful, though perfectly aware of his critical condition. He had long been a consistent member of the Congregational Church; and though for the last eight years almost entirely prevented from attending meetings of any kind, his religious character grew brighter, and his experience more absorbing.

Always disposed to bear his own troubles quietly, he now appeared patient in suffering, peculiarly affectionate in manner, and en-

couraging to others, as their solicitude for him increased.

Probably the last few years were really the happiest of his mature life. He was disposed to overlook the failures, and magnify the kindnesses of others; and as he got into such harmony with all the world as would tend to increase its attractions, he seemed the more prepared and willing to leave it.

He met his death on the 20th of August, 1861, after an illness of three days, perfectly conscious of every stage of its approach, yet free from alarm, — with the simplicity of a child, and the assured hope of the Christian, “as one who wraps the drapery of his couch around him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.”

A large concourse of people attended his funeral obsequies, on which occasion Rev. Dr. Child, of Castleton, officiated, assisted by Rev. Dr. Thomas, of Brandon. As Dr. Child's able and impressive discourse will probably be published, I forbear making any extracts.

Highly appreciative notices of Dr. DANA appeared in the "New York Tribune," the "New York Times," the "Brandon Gazette," and other papers.

## FUNERAL SERMON,

PREACHED BY REV. WILLARD CHILD, D. D.

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“In my Father’s house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you; I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also.”

THERE is an infinite tenderness, appealing to the very depths of the Christian soul, in the discourse of the Saviour, after the last supper, commencing at this fourteenth chapter of John, and ending with the prayer of the seventeenth. The hour of separation in visible presence from His disciples was just at hand. This was the last time when on earth they should sit familiarly, and converse with uninterrupted freedom together. Most of us have passed through times which will help us in a measure to enter into the feel-

ings of that company, — times when thought is quickened to unwonted energy, and the deepest and strongest feelings of the heart are pressed to their fullest utterance. But there was something grandly unique in this occasion. Never had earth seen before, and never will it see again, such a company at such a crisis, as in that “upper room” in Jerusalem.

To the disciples, understanding only that their Lord was about to be removed, and not apprehending the reasons nor the results, it was an hour of gloomy foreboding. To Jesus, who understood all their feelings, who felt the deepest compassion for their sorrow, it was an hour of the freest expression of all that could enlighten and cheer them, and give them courage and strength for their future work. To accomplish this, He begins His discourse by soliciting that perfect confidence in Himself, without which His words would be powerless to calm and assure them. “Let not your hearts be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in Me.” Imme-

diately following this affectionate appeal is the text, assuring them that though He goes from them, it is by no means to forget them, but still to be as tenderly mindful of them and as earnestly provident of their welfare as before ; and with the desire and purpose, certainly to be accomplished, of at length returning and taking them to His own heavenly home, which would be prepared for their welcome.

And with what admirable skill and tenderness does He commence His address ! What delightful associations does the phrase, “ a father’s house ” suggest to almost every mind ! The sweetest affections and the dearest joys and hopes of life cluster around that familiar abode. Together with the venerated father’s form, there rise up, as we pronounce the charmed words, the images of those whom we have loved longest and best, and to whom we have been most indebted. There life began, and there preëminently our friends and kindred dwell. When Jesus said, “ My Father’s house,” they would not forget how

He had associated them with Himself as their loving elder brother, saying, "My Father and your Father; my God and your God." He quiets every apprehension as to their welcome reception and delightful accommodation, by the simple declaration of the ample room for all His disciples, however numerous, in the "many mansions" of His Father's house. There may be also an intimation to encourage their Christian fidelity and earnestness, that in these "many mansions" there was an adaptation for the distinctive reward of their varied attainments in devotion to Him. But the assurances that He was going away for the purpose of preparing a place for them, and that having done so, He would come again to take them home to abide with Him forever, must have been to them, and must ever be to all true disciples, full of the most delightful promise. That He who made Himself poor, that through His poverty we might become rich; that He who gave Himself to a cruel and ignominious death, that He might give unto us eternal life, having thus accom-

plished our redemption, should return again to His Father's house to prepare for our coming thither, and this with such expressions of affectionate solicitude as if His own joy could not be complete till He had welcomed all His followers to a home which he had gloriously fitted up for their reception. No soul that loves Him, and knows its infinite indebtedness to Him, can fail to be greatly moved by such unparalleled kindness.

Let us ponder on the meaning of His gracious words, "I go to prepare a place for you." Doubtless there is meaning far beyond all our present power of conception, and yet we may lay hold of some part of their high significance, to fill us now with gratitude and blessed hope, and urge us to prepare to meet Him at His coming.

And first, His going away in the manner of it, was a great essential necessity in preparing an heavenly place for us. The corner-stone of the mansion of our salvation must be laid in the cement of His blood. Bond-slaves of sin, and doomed to eternal perdi-

tion by the curse of God's violated law, only as He in our stead took upon Himself that curse by the cross and bore our sins in His own body on the tree, could Heaven ever know us and welcome us among its holy hosts. The whole of our redemption hung upon what — in that hour, in that anxious group, catching in breathless attention His every word, concealing His own approaching agony — He gently calls His "*going away.*" All that He intended, they thought not then, but in after hours, when they could more calmly ponder upon them, these words should be called up and their dread meaning appreciated with a love and gratitude which should give to that sacrifice the control of their life, and prepare for them an anthem which the arches of heaven shall eternally echo, "Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father, to Him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen!"

Secondly, the preparation of a place for us must necessarily involve the assembling

there of those we love. Holy and satisfied love is indispensable to the perfected well-being of a soul. The objects of our devotion and kindness must be around us in blessed communion and perfect joy, to realize all for which our hearts yearn. And of all objects of love, what to the Christian soul would be transcendently and infinitely above all others? What but his great Redeemer, "who, unseen, he has loved, and in whom, though now he sees him not, yet believing, he rejoices with joy unspeakable and full of glory." The God-man, who, while without presumption He seats Himself upon His eternal throne, can say to man as a brother,—

"Oh heart I made—a heart beats here!  
Face my hand fashioned, see it in myself."

Surely of Him, and to Him, every Christian heart will say without hesitation,—

"Where Thou art is home to me;  
And home without Thee cannot be!"

To go, then, Himself to His Father's house, which He would have the final home of His

people, and to be ready to welcome them there to His presence and joy, was a great and indispensable part of the preparation He would make. With what earnest tenderness does He look to this, and pour out His heart for this in His wonderful prayer: "Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am, that they may see My glory,—the glory which I had with Thee before the world was." There were developments of his mediatorial work which could not be made without His "going away;" and it should not fail to command our gratitude and love to see how His interest in those developments connects itself inseparably with His dear people, as if His own glory and joy could not be complete without their participation. But not alone by His own glorious and lovely presence will He prepare the place, but by the presence also of all whom He loves. And the presence of all His loved ones will be the joy of each. For each of His disciples He is preparing a heavenly home, by all that He is doing to bring

thither His redeemed ones from every nation and kindred and people and tongue under the whole heaven. What He is doing for the accomplishment of this is the great work of His mediatorial reign, in which He is made Head over all things unto His church. For this is exalted a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance and remission of sins. Every soul that He delivers from the slavery and corruption of sin, and translates into the glorious liberty of the sons of God, will add new lustre to the Mediator's crown, and new fervor of joy and praise to each one of all the ransomed spirits. Every saved soul, on its translation to its everlasting home, will be, as it were, a new monumental pillar there set up to the Redeemer's honor, inscribed with all the story of the marvellous wisdom and grace which have made it meet for its honorable place. It will not be merely the presence there of the dear ones whom we loved on earth, nor that we should there see the prophets and the apostles and the noble army of the martyrs. Our study of the his-

tory of the Redeemer's triumphs may begin its vast cycle with those whom earth's experiences made us in some small part acquainted. Some of those who were bound to us by dear ties on earth, and who left us mourning, may be the first to welcome us there, and to set us out, and help us onward in the heavenly life. We know not how this may be. Although recognition is certainly to be expected, and an interest may be brought from a former familiarity, yet we must not believe that we shall carry into the presence of our Lord anything of that family partiality and exclusive fondness which, in our imperfect earthly state, may have wrought for us something of good, though therewith also much of evil. Holy love will then be purged from all selfishness, and we shall desire for ourselves, and render unto others only that which perfect devotion to Christ commands.

“ From Greenland's icy mountains,  
 From India's coral strands,  
 Where Afric's sunny fountains  
 Roll down their golden sands;  
 From many an ancient river,  
 From many a palmy plain,”

they will gather there, all glowing with love to their great Redeemer; His spirit and life informing them; all dear to Him and all dear to each other, because they see each other with eyes and hearts which He has given, and hold dear all that He loves. And it will need the reward of all that He has done for each of that vast multitude in bringing them from their deep ruin into glory, to complete the story of the triumphs of the Redeemer's wisdom, power, and love. All who are received there will enter into His joy; and His joy will be accomplished redemption for all His people.

Think, then, what personal interest you have, Christian disciple, in every accession to the kingdom of your Lord. Every conversion in every nation of this wide world is a part of the preparation which Christ is making of a place for you. And each of His dear ones whom He takes home is another addition to "the spirits of the just made perfect," who are to welcome and gladden your coming thither. What interest especially does

this throw around your *personal* efforts for the salvation of others! How precious to you will be the souls which you have been instrumental in bringing to Jesus! When for Christ's sake you love this work, and freely give to it time, talents, property, and life, you will find, as surely as your Redeemer liveth, that you have made to yourself friends who, when you fail, will receive you into everlasting habitations. Oh! were men wise to understand this, they would think less of fitting up and garnishing the earthly abodes from which they must soon be borne away, and more of enriching and glorifying their eternal home. In this their Lord will acknowledge them as workers together with Him. He declares that they who are wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and forever.

Let us pass now to the last clause of the text. "And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and take you to myself, that where I am there ye may be also."

How entirely to the believer does this change the whole aspect of death! The dissolution of "our earthly house of this tabernacle" may be by methods painful and sad. It may be rent by sudden and rude violence, or it may be worn and wasted by the slow process of decay. But the eye of Christian faith sees in the process, however conducted, the hand of a pitying, loving Redeemer. How vast the difference between viewing these pains of dissolution as produced by a sympathizing friend who has borne them himself, —

"And in His measure feels afresh  
What every member bears,"

or as conducted by a blind and senseless fate, or by some malignant and ruthless enemy that gloats over every inflicted pang. And then what a relief does faith bring to all the painfulness of the process from the end to which it is tending. We can rejoice in the probe and the knife of the tender, skilful surgeon, when health is to be the issue. And while we can feel that our dear Redeemer is "tak-

ing us to Himself," we can trust to His gentle hand every fibre and nerve of the dissolving body, even to the loosing of the silver cord, and the breaking of the golden bowl. The observant mind will often be filled with sacred awe and gratitude, to notice in the chamber of the dying Christian, that, while to the eye of sense are revealed but the miserable sights of ghastly death, yet nothing of all this gloom is seen by the departing; but instead thereof, the presence of Him who is the resurrection and the life, and opening visions of the glory to be revealed. At such a time, and to such a heaven-taught spirit, there is no looking to the dark horrors of the grave, but joy in a present Saviour, and a blessed assurance of going home with Him. No shrinking horror at sinking into the unconsciousness of ages, or falling out of the arms of Jesus for a long dark night, "to lie in cold obstruction and to rot," but a departure from all the sins and sorrows of earth, to be with Christ, — a leaving of the dissolved earthly tabernacle, to enter the house

not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, — a being this day with the Lord in Paradise.

Let us never, then, think that the claim of our Redeemer for our grateful love had filled its measure, when He bowed His head to die upon the cross. For each of His redeemed ones, He is now working with all His wisdom, power, and love, in making them meet for His Father's house, in adding new beauty and joy to its welcoming aspect, and one after another translating them thither. Seeing, then, we believe such things, and look for such things, what manner of persons ought we to be in all holy conversation and godliness? How unworthy for them to mourn as if they had no hope, whose pious friend their Redeemer has taken to Himself, and who is expecting His coming to consummate an eternal reunion in His Father's house.

The subject on which we have been meditating derives to us a deeper interest, from the providence of God which has assembled us to-day. This is not the time nor the place for a eulogy of the venerable and beloved

man whose funeral solemnities we are called to attend. But respect for the memory of a life of distinguished usefulness and true worth, and the natural grief of loving friends, may be indulged in their simple utterance. Dr. DANA has occupied a somewhat wide sphere of influence and usefulness in his earthly life. And in all the places which he has been called to fill, intelligence and integrity have waited upon him and guided his steps, and esteem and honor have rewarded him. He has ever been distinguished for a true patriotism, a generous and well-informed love of his country, and a liberal regard for all institutions and influences tending to the progress and highest well-being of society. In the legislature of this State he has occasionally held an honored place ; and in those political councils for which the times passing over us have called, his accurate intelligence and sound judgment have often been influential. In his peculiar profession, he has ever held, through a long life and in a wide sphere, a distinguished position. And I know that I

shall speak the sentiments of many families in the large field of his professional practice, who hailed his presence in the day of sickness as inspiring all the confidence mere human skill can give, when I apply to him the description which Paul gave to his companion and friend Luke, and say "The beloved Physician." Of his more private and personal relations, if propriety allowed, there is no necessity that I should here largely speak. The affectionate husband, the tender and wise father, and the faithful friend, has his witnesses around his coffin; and we will lay down the lifeless body in which he has walked before us in the last resting place, with only those silent tokens of sympathy with each other's memories and griefs which best become such an occasion. But Dr. DANA was, we rejoice to believe, that highest style of man, a Christian,—a sinful man hoping for salvation through our Lord Jesus Christ. The evidences of his adoption into the family of Christ have had a clear manifestation in his advancing age.

Just before entering upon the last year of his life, he gave expression to the devout feelings of his heart in the following paper, which was carefully folded with others and placed in his private secretary:—

“*Sunday, December 30, 1860.*— ‘What shall I render to my God for all his kindness shown?’ Through His mercy I have been spared to enter upon the closing Sabbath of another year; a year distinguished for its blessings to me and my family, as it has been in the preservation of each from severe sicknesses or other judgments. With feelings of gratitude let me exclaim, ‘What shall I render to my God?’

“While I have labored under a serious organic affection of the heart for more than seven years past, having been several times prostrated to apparent death, and constantly admonished of the *peculiar frailty* of my hold upon life; still I am now comparatively comfortable, while attempting to record this humble, but I trust sincere, expression of gratitude to the Giver of all good, for his signal

mercies through the past year to me and my beloved wife and our dear children.”

Amidst the deep sorrow of to-day, this is our most precious consolation, that while the places of earth which have known him so well will know him no more, the place which our dear Lord has prepared for him, and prepared him for, has welcomed him to go no more out forever.

Let us give all diligence to go and join him there in the home of the Blessed.

GONE forever! days are passing  
    Into weeks of lingering pain,  
This sad truth still deeper tracing  
    In my heart, and on my brain.

From our hearth and home forever,  
    Silent o'er the threshold borne,  
From the ties so hard to sever,  
    From each fond endearment torn.

. . . . .  
There's another home before me;  
    Oft I seem to see thee there,  
With the Saviour smiling o'er thee,  
    And my soul is hushed in prayer.

Then, my spirit bending lowly,  
    Unto Him my all doth yield;  
And the night, so calm and holy,  
    Closes round me like a shield.

SLOWLY came the shadow o'er me,  
 Darker, deeper, day by day,  
 Till the wave that upward bore thee,  
 Rose and wrapped us in dismay.

Heavenly peace was on thy pillow,  
 Blessings from those pale lips fell,  
 Turning back from death's dark billow,  
 With another fond farewell.

Then away I saw thee drifting,  
 Felt thee from my side withdrawn,  
 Knew the scene from time was shifting  
 In the darkness ere the dawn.

Here how dark! but day was breaking  
 Over thee on worlds of bliss;  
 When the sleep that knows no waking  
 Closed thy weary eyes on this.

---

THOUGH we fondly loved when starting  
 Side by side through life to go,  
 Better love was ours when parting  
 Where the unfathomed waters flow.

Dead, and there is no returning  
 From that undiscovered main ;  
 Beacon lights our love is burning ;  
 Dost thou see them ? Are they vain ?

Oh, how vain is all this anguish.  
 Could I call thee from the skies ?  
 Could I bear to see thee languish,  
 Or the sadness in thine eyes ?

---

To the lowly bed they made thee,  
 Oft I go to soothe my grief ;  
 But I look not where they laid thee,  
 For the thoughts that bring relief.

In the dust that form will perish ;  
 But the spirit is not there.  
 And the love for thee I cherish,  
 Soars above — I know not where —

Somewhere, in those realms of glory,  
 Mortal eye hath never seen ;  
 Somewhere, dwelling on the story  
 How thy robes were washed so clean.

THOU art done with sin and sorrow;  
 It is mine to suffer on,—  
 Mine to hope on some bright morrow  
 I may wake where thou art gone.

I'll not think it sad or lonely,  
 With such blessedness in view,  
 If I may but enter only  
 Those bright gates of glory, too.

I and mine, if we, forgiven,  
 May but stand before His face,  
 All the eternal years of heaven  
 Seem too short for Jesus' praise.

---

ERE yon pale moon her crescent fills  
 Again, I'll bid my home adieu,  
 And that green grave among the hills,  
 Where oft I wish I slumbered too.

Oh, changing moon, thy beams were bright  
 With glancing wings celestial blent,  
 When, on that last sad farewell night,  
 The angel watchers came and went.

All darkly thou shalt wane again,  
 All glorious yet ascend the skies;  
 How long, how long to wax and wane,  
 Ere from the dust that form shall rise.

I go, but not as I have been ;  
 I miss a hand that clasped my own ;  
 A gulf divides the now and then ;  
 Henceforth in crowds I go alone.

No, not alone ; for those most dear,  
 The kindest, best, are with me still ;  
 But oh ! forgive, though many a tear  
 Should fall, ere love its law fulfil.

---

THE autumn leaves how fast they fall ;  
 The fitful winds are moaning low ;  
 So fall the sere leaves of the soul,  
 As from my home I sadly go.

Oh, mingled memories, dark and bright,  
 Thick as the leaves in Otter's Vale,  
 Ye cover all things else from sight,  
 And turn these quivering lips so pale.

'Tis meet I slowly should retrace  
 The pathway where our lines were cast,

As, hovering near thy resting-place,  
 My spirit wanders through the past.

Through joy and sorrow, hopes and fears,  
 And looks and tones that cannot die,  
 Fond memories of the o'ershadowing years,  
 So deep, so deep they round me lie.

For thee thy robes are stainless now,  
 Trailing no dead leaves of the past;  
 No aching sorrow clouds thy brow;  
 No grief comes sighing on the blast.

---

“GOOD-BY, old home!” peace dwell with thee,  
 And sunshine linger round thy walls;  
 May love thy guardian spirit be,  
 Till in the dust thy ruin falls.

May the offerings on thine altar laid,  
 Bring blessings ne'er to pass away,  
 On all beneath thy roof-trees shade,  
 Till childhood's sunny locks are gray.

Farewell! with spring I may return,  
 But thou, alas, wilt come no more;  
 And come or go, my heart will yearn  
 To see thee in the open door.

And oh! farewell that silent home  
 Where thou wilt sleep despite my tears.  
 Sleep on, beloved, till I come  
 To rest with thee till Christ appears.

And when that glorious morn shall break,  
 May we, with all our loved ones, rise  
 Forgiven, absolved for Jesus' sake,  
 Crowned, and immortal in the skies.

---

A WINTRY robe above thee gleams,  
 Whiter than aught save His alone;  
 So pure, so softly shed, it seems  
 Some shadow of the Great White Throne.

Like brooding wings above the nest,  
 His shadow shields thee night and day;  
 Secure the precious dust shall rest,  
 While the long ages pass away.

So calmly sleep beneath the sod,  
 And thou, blest spirit, wait on high.  
 This mortal too shall rise to God,  
 And put on immortality.

I KNELT beside thy grave again ;  
 And though my tears fell fast and free,  
 It soothed the weary weight of pain  
 That on my heart lay heavily.

I knew the flowers would come and go,  
 Leaves o'er thee fall, and dew-drops weep ;  
 That summer's bloom and winter's snow  
 Would ne'er disturb thy peaceful sleep.

But the solemn woods, the cloud, the stream,  
 And all these scenes dear memories trace ;  
 These grand old hills still dearer seem,  
 For guarding thy last resting-place.

---

POOR human love, what shrines it rears,  
 With fond memorials overspread ;  
 While hearts beat time to falling tears, —  
 The measure of life's solemn tread.

Yet, like the sunshine on the hill,  
 While shadows in the valley lay,  
 Those silent lips shall teach us still,  
 While groping darkly on our way.

And these are not the bitter tears  
 That hopeless sorrow sheds in vain;  
 A few short days, a few swift years  
 Alone, and loved ones meet again.

Such hopes shall cheer the darkest tide  
 That bears me on to that blest shore.  
 Love that the grave hath sanctified,  
 Grows brighter, purer evermore.

---

WITH longings vain I stretch my view  
 Through rifted cloud and stiller skies;  
 Above the purple and the blue  
 The towers of those blest mansions rise.

Oh, land of beauty! land of light!  
 In rays of glory veiled so deep,  
 No mortal eye can bear the sight,  
 No mortal power the vision keep.

And if one so unworthy may  
 But hope at last that land to see,  
 Welcome the trials of the way  
 That leads me on to Heaven and thee.

THE days return, the solemn days  
 The last 'twas thine on earth to see ;  
 And now through sorrow's mist I gaze  
 On all they wrought for thee and me.

In youth they saw us hand in hand  
 Beside the altar pledged for life ;  
 And there at last they saw me stand  
 When thou wert done with toil and strife.

They witnessed many a smile and tear, —  
 Life given and life recalled again ;  
 Along their pathway trails the bier,  
 But Hope smiled ever on the train.

One year ago, one little year,  
 Together still we journeyed on ;  
 We knew that all was changing here,  
 But not how near thy sands were run.

I did not see the swelling flood,  
 I did not hear its sullen roar,  
 Till on the very brink we stood, —  
 Alone, alone I left the shore.

OH how my heart longs to recall  
Each morn and even as it passed,  
While darkness gathered like a pall,  
And o'er my life its shadow cast.

Yet, all unseen by other eyes,  
The sign, the sorrow, it was mine ;  
While sunbeams from the upper skies  
Along thy pathway seemed to shine.

A holier light thine eye revealed, —  
It hovered round on lip and brow,  
As love's pure fountain, all unsealed,  
Sent up rich streams to overflow.

Then came sublime that perfect peace, —  
Life's care dismissed, its robes laid down, —  
With parting breath thy blessings cease,  
Unfinished borne to Jesus' throne.

NIGHT unto night, and day to day,  
 Is numbered o'er since thou wert here ;  
 Oh, till thy smile had passed away,  
 I never, never knew how dear.

As bright the sunlit mountain's brow,  
 As cool the shadows of the glen ;  
 Soft sunsets o'er the landscape flow  
 In blended beauty now, as then.

But the glory of the morn is gone,  
 And crimsoned eve comes mournfully ;  
 A light is quenched that round me shone, —  
 A heart lies cold, once all to me.

So, when the stately mountain pine  
 Lies low in dust before the blast,  
 The sun may rise and stars may shine  
 On all around as in the past.

But the songs that through its branches rung  
 No summer splendor can recall,  
 And the fragile vine that round it clung,  
 Lies torn and bleeding in its fall.

THE autumn crowns the year again,  
 A golden haze spreads far and wide,  
 Hovering o'er mountain, hill, and glen,  
 In solemn grandeur magnified.

The summer's bloom alone is gone,  
 Deep, full the green upon its breast,—  
 The richest raiment now put on,  
 Ere lying down to final rest.

So, in the autumn of thy days  
 Didst thou in manhood's noblest prime,  
 On heights attained from whence to gaze  
 O'er loftier hills than those of time.

Life's journey o'er, its work well done,  
 Claspings beloved ones to thy breast,  
 Fold up thy robes, thy staff lay down,  
 And, calm as leaves fall, sink to rest.

. . . . .  
 A monument gleams in the sun,  
 That speaks of worth, that tells of woe;  
 It points to heaven, where thou art gone,  
 But the shadow falls where'er I go.

And mine ere long with that will blend;  
 A dark, cold river lies between.  
 But the stone still points where shadows end,  
 In glory which no eye hath seen.

---

COME glorious Hope, bid Faith arise,  
 Till on our path the day shall dawn  
 That lights the plains of Paradise,  
 Where those we loved and lost are gone.

Though visions sweet our souls surprise,  
 We dare not look toward yonder throne,  
 Where incense veils the dazzling skies  
 Around the ever-blessed One;

But gaze with quickly beating heart  
 Where in our dreams the palm-trees rise,  
 And seem in some fair bower apart,  
 To catch the gleam of loving eyes, —

Where haply stands, with claspèd hands,  
 Some angel whispering, "Cease to mourn.  
 The love ye lost, of priceless cost,  
 A thousand-fold shall yet return."

Love, Hope, and Faith, stronger than death,  
Help us to say Amen, Amen, —  
To work and wait the voice that saith,  
“Lo! all is lost and found again.”







