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Presbyter of the Diocese of Virginia.
Entered into the Paradise of God
October 14, 1894. This
Tribute to his Memory
is Issued Octo-
ber, 1895.

Presented to

Nannie Tendall Sackett

By Her Friend

Belle Minnegerode

1895

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To know him best, was to love him most.

CHARLES FREDERIC ERNEST MINNIGERODE was born on the 6th of August, 1814, at Arensberg, Westphalia, the seat of government over that part of Westphalia which at that time formed a province of the Grand-duchy of Hesse-Darmstadt. His father was the chief of the administration, but did not remain there long after the birth of this son, because the possessions in Westphalia were exchanged for the province Rhine-Hesse. As an infant he was removed to Darmstadt, where his father was called to preside over the Aulic-Court (Hof-gerichts Präsident). There he passed his childhood and early youth, a child of the city, that rarely saw the bright and open country. Only as a school-boy did he begin in pedestrian expeditions during vacation, under the care of his teachers, to visit the Berg-Strasse, the Odenwald and the Black Forest, and so down the Rhine as far as Cologne. Such travels were the bright days, breaking upon the routine of the school-room, and with his fondness for reading and filling his youthful mind with the treasures of German literature, soon inspired that enthusiasm and longing beyond the present moment for lofty thoughts and aims of life, which exerted so much influence upon his own life. He enjoyed every advantage of a solid and comprehensive education, and he spoke often of that first school to which he went, and where he continued for eight years, as the best school he had ever known (*laudator temporis acti*), where not only the boys had their lessons and recitations during the day, but where their physical development was most judiciously attended to, and where in the evening they returned again to their school-room, to study their lessons and prepare, under the supervision of one of the teachers, the task of the next day. When fourteen years old or nearly so, he entered the "Prima" of the gymnasium at Darmstadt fully prepared in the languages and especially

in mathematics. But the incapacity and indolence of the Professor of Mathematics and the Sciences at that gymnasium caused a great change in his mind and—without advancing any farther in these subjects, he raised upon the basis he had received, the superstructure of the eager study of the classics, of the modern languages, general literature and the history of the world, and this, in course of time, became the great element in his life-studies and the vocation he followed when he became a man. The year following, according to the custom of the Lutheran Church, the established Church of the country, he was confirmed (after a whole year's dry, moral and rationalistic instruction), at the old Stadt-Kirche in Darmstadt. We record this fact, not only because—at least in those days—it formed an epoch in a boy's life and was almost like the *excedere ex ephabis* among the Greeks and Romans; but because he has often himself reverted to that time, and traced his deeper views of religion and Christianity to the impressions made upon him on the the day of his confirmation. The peculiar associations of the German life on such occasions, especially the tender interest of parents and the affectionate and loyal response of the child, together with the protracted but solemn and impressive services, when five hundred boys were confirmed on Whit-Sunday, and afterwards their first communion given them in which they were joined by from two to three thousand friends and relations, were such, he has often been heard to say, that no change of life had effaced those impressions; that they followed him into his university life with all its temptations and distractions, and whose sudden recollection more than once exerted its influence for good.

No one can say, whether the foundation of his future life, as a minister of the Gospel, was not laid there and then. In his eighteenth year he went to the University of Giessen, to study law, especially under the eminent Jurist von Loehrs, next to Savigny in the knowledge of the History of Roman Law. This was in the spring of 1832.

The day of leaving his father's house is to every young

man most memorable. To young Minnigerode, hemmed in by the strict routine and most exemplary duty-life of the parental home, it was a crisis, an emancipation! All the dreams and fond anticipations that had been shut up in his heart were now to receive a wide and free range; that love of poetry and beauty which was the secret food of his life could now assume form; and that love of liberty which had sprung up in his young heart, and been fired by the events of the day, the fascinating influence of writers like Heine and Boerne, and the teachings of the French Republicans, the revolutions in France, Belgium and Poland, at a time when those heroic patriots that fled from the Russian despotism were filling the universities of Germany, when all over the country the cry was heard for constitutional liberty, freedom of the press and fulfilment of the promises made by the kings and princes of Germany in 1813, 1814 and 1815, when they had called upon the youth of the country to drive out the foreign conqueror and save the "Fatherland"; that love of liberty, that patriotism which was ready for any sacrifice, it was but natural that it should now spring into life when surrounded by multitudes of like aspirations. Of course, he joined the "Burshenschaft." It was at that time when that noble fellowship among the very best members of all the German universities began, with the pledge, by a healthy life, a high morality and attention to their studies to prepare themselves for entering active life, as those who would promote public virtue and become in every aspect the hope of the country and the earnest of a better future; it was at the time when that noble and catholic society had fallen under the suspicion of the rulers of the land, and its members were feared as dangerous to the continuance of the old despotism, and were so watched and persecuted that no wonder the estimate of their own importance was increased, and that what could not be pursued openly was cherished and nurtured secretly. It was all but of necessity that the Burshenschaft, if not officially, yet actually, and in its best members, assumed a political tendency, and the most advanced were

ready to offer their services to what to them appeared to be "the down-trodden country."

The stringent measures of the Diet in 1832 hastened the development. In 1833 "the Attental," the attempt at a revolution, was made at Frankfort, the seat of the Diet; the best blood of German universities engaged in it. It failed; and it was fortunate for young Minnigerode (in his nineteenth year) that through the care of a wise friend who watched over him he was not directly and prominently implicated in it. A perfect system of inquisitorial persecutions followed. Arrests were made, etc. But it was just then that, believing they saw the errors committed in that first attempt for which the people had not been prepared, a new and secret society was formed at Giessen, chiefly, with other alliances and the guidance of older heads, by the young men there, and of them, among the first, the subject of this sketch.

They were thoroughly in earnest, and determined upon a course that would make ready the field. A secret paper was established—printed no one knew where—scattered all over the country—no one knew by whom—to call people to a sense of their wrongs, teach them their rights, and bid them prepare for action. "Why, Mr. Minnigerode," I said to him one day, "you are as red as the Commune; downright Revolutionists." "It is true," he said, sadly; "and you know I look upon all this in a different light now. Not because I admit that we were wrong in the spirit and intention. Far from it! But history and experience have taught me that the result of violent revolutions in social or political matters, and the fanatical extreme which makes them possible and carries them on, always fail in the end, lead to anarchy and end in a return to a new despotism. No; we were young fools; but we were heroes in resolution, and lived for, and were ready to die for, what our conscience had told us was right. We were bound to do it; and I tell you even now I can revere that spirit. It is the stuff that every reformer is made of—every martyr, aye, every Christian. Just give him the right direction and the sense of the right

of others, and that spirit of self-sacrifice, and 'counting all things but loss,' for the sake of right, is worth everything. I know it was wrong in more than one way. I know we had no right to put ourselves up as the arbiters of the world's constitution; but I am not sorry that in my first start of a life for something higher than the grovelling things of the day I was one of them." He never blamed the government for taking hold of them and bringing them to trial. Their work really was destructive, a war against the established order; they could not expect anything but persecution and condemnation if they failed. But that is one thing. The cruelty, the falsehoods and illegalities practised against them another!

The work had gone on for a long time, and no clew was obtained. It was gotten by treachery; one of the society was bribed. Young Minnigerode was the first that suffered from it. It was he who was betrayed by "a friend."

Returning from one of the secret expeditions, he was arrested on entering the gates of Giessen under circumstances which made an evasion, a denial all but impossible; and yet it was necessary to avoid a betrayal of the whole thing and all implicated in it. Young and inexperienced as he was, he fought it out. There were trials connected with it greater than bodily suffering and long imprisonment.

He told me once: "I cannot tell you how mean it made me feel to tell the untruth; it was just a warfare between them and me, or rather my cause; and in the conflict of duties I made up my mind to act as if I were at war and had no right to betray my side. The first judge commissioned with my (inquisitorial) process was a fair and good man, and I felt my unhappy condition all the more on that account. 'Why, Mr. Minnigerode,' he said to me one day during a hearing in his office, 'you don't tell me the truth.' I could not stand it, and forgot myself and said: 'Do you think I would do so for *my* sake? I would not tell a lie, sir, to save myself from the scaffold!' The judge was high-minded enough not to set that answer down in the record, but looked

at me sadly, and said in a low tone: 'I know it; you want to save others.'"

All through his trial many efforts were made by friends and relatives to effect his escape, always betrayed by this one traitor. On one occasion a young and beautiful cousin, apparently overcome at parting with him, and, throwing her arms around his neck, slipped a piece of dough in his hand and managed to whisper, though the jailor stood at her side, "Take the impression of the key." All was ready. It was betrayed; and so with every plan made to set him at liberty. How often have I heard him thank God that that scheme of rescue failed. To have escaped and then lived the poor, miserable, forlorn life of those seedy refugees, beggars in foreign countries on the plea of patriotism, that have learned nothing and forgotten nothing! "Thank God, I was saved from that! The trial had to be long and fiery to bring me its blessing."

For a year he was the only one imprisoned in that little cell, with scarcely the light of heaven to shine on him, for the window was blocked up. The trial had to be closed; nothing was found out or proved. Then a new betrayal, and his own trial taken up again, and now under the management of the worst, most dissolute, most cruel and false judge that ever became a tool of power. The political prisoners were removed to a new building, expressly built for the purpose. At each refusal on his part to betray his comrades and cause, the treatment became severer. He was put from one room to another, always worse, and at last under ground, where it was light enough to read only in the middle of the day. The painful details of this last and worse cell—this dungeon—where the walls hung with green mold and where he had to resort to every device to protect himself from the rats, is more like a remnant of dark ages than a civilized world. For eighteen months he lived there without a hearing, every day listening to the monotonous sound of the jailor's tread, but always passing the door of his cell, every day hoping and yet fearing—knowing whom he had to deal with—to be taken

before the judge—*for eighteen months!* till his physical strength and health gave way. When at last he appeared before his judge, he saw that all was changed, and many had proved untrue. All hope seemed gone; he did not know what to do. He felt he had no strength left to endure severer treatment, and yet that he could not live under the disgrace and the remorse of betraying anyone. God came to his assistance. He was taken ill, and in an apparently dying condition removed from that prison, the authorities being unwilling to incur the odium of his death, to be imprisoned for two more years in his brother's and then his father's house, where four guards stood day and night around his bed and a company of soldiers were stationed in the house. He did not die, but it was impossible for him to get well in the fearful nervous prostration from which he suffered; and he did not wish to get well, but rather to die than be taken back to that solitary cell and that cruel tribunal. He always thought they never forgave his escaping them, and he was the only one out of the whole number of—he could not say how many—who never yielded one point, and never betrayed one soul!

He had been arrested in July, 1834. The whole trial came to a close and many were sentenced in November or December, 1838, and, under the universal demand of the people, pardoned about Christmas. Still he continued as he was, and only in 1839 was what we would call a *nolle prosequi* entered; but with the saving clause, that if the least suspicion at any time fell upon him, his old trial should be taken up again. That was equivalent to a sentence of exile, for such a suspicion might at any moment be manufactured against him. He understood it in that light; and after having spent a few months in the country to recover sufficient strength to undertake it, on the 1st of September, 1839, he sailed from Bremen for America. As soon as and only when he was on the ocean he felt that he was free—no longer in man's hands, but in God's! And the same Providence that had watched over his prison-life, attended his voyage. The small vessel in which he sailed was out *ten* weeks, but after the seventy

days of his life on board that bark he landed on these shores strong and whole in body and soul. When a man is alone he is with God. His five years of prison-life placed him face to face with his Maker. For a long time he was allowed no other book but the Bible—the book allowed him by the authorities as the dryest reading. He studied it thoroughly, read it through eight times; committed every Sunday portions of it to memory. He would reflect on it, write essays on it in his mind. He had taken it up as a remarkable book, but like any other book of human production; he laid it down and put it in his heart as "God's book," as divine.

And in those long hours of solitude, looking over his past life and seeing how much he had lost, and the trial which had befallen his own family, he determined and promised his Maker that, when set free and again in the world, he would prove that he had not been tried in vain, but make his life, if God would give him grace, a blessing to others.

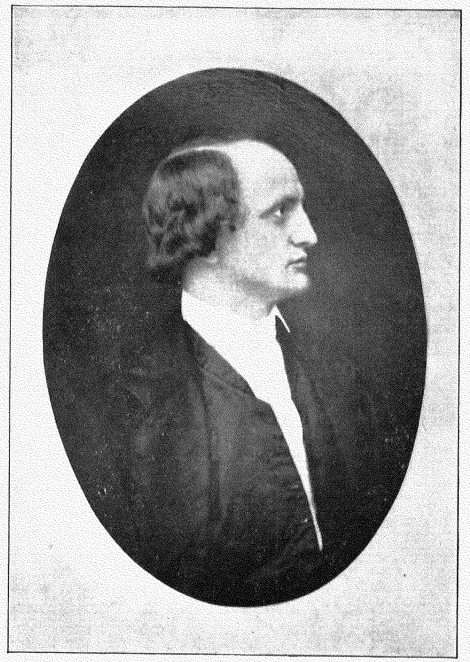
He was free. He came to this country on the 1st of December, 1839, but his promises were not fulfilled at once. Life once more was before him, and it looked too bright, too tempting not to feel its influence. Yet he never lost sight of his resolution and his hope. He came twenty-five years old in age; as regards the world and its ways, the child that he had been before, only nineteen years old when he was cast into prison (and in those days, and in Germany, that age was very young; even the two years spent at the university made him acquainted only with that peculiar and in some measure exclusive way of existence—a German student's life).

He came to this country young, inexperienced and not knowing a living soul; no one to guide or help him. But he determined to become a man. He began to study the language, which he knew only theoretically; and working day and night, never wasting a moment, even when walking in the streets trying to master some difficulty in pronunciation, on he worked, and in three months spoke English fluently, and better than most Germans in Philadelphia,

where he was living. He became a teacher, chiefly of languages, and soon found his level in that society to which by birth and education he belonged. His success was great and lucrative enough. He was warmly welcomed by his compatriots, who had been interested in his politics; but he determined to identify himself with the country of his adoption, and to accomplish this object he cut himself loose in a great measure from German associations—only a few friends of congenial tendencies and disposition. He moved chiefly in the cultivated circles of Americans, and soon formed the acquaintance, personal or by correspondence, of the first scholars in the land. Those at Cambridge, Prof. Wolsey at Yale, the Adamses, father and son, Longfellow and many others, among them Irving, whom he visited at Sunnyside. Above all he became the friend of some eminent young Christians, in whose society his former feelings and resolutions were revived. After having lived this life in Philadelphia for a little more than two years and a half, he obtained the Professorship of the Humanities at old William and Mary College, then in a most flourishing condition. His election was rather peculiar. The faculty desired a Southern man, and if he could not be gotten, one from the North or from England, but were openly opposed to the election of an Irishman or a German. The trustees were under the influence of Dr. Charles Anthon of New York and expected to take his protégé; but such were Mr. Minnigerode's testimonials, coupled with articles in Latin and in English sent on by him, that he was elected on the first ballot, the last in time of a number of thirty-six applicants, and his only real competitor was an Irishman! All conceded that he was thoroughly prepared for the place; and when we remember that his college days ended at the age of nineteen, when he was imprisoned, and all books except the Bible denied him for five years, his fitness to occupy this chair shows not only the thoroughness of his German education but a mind of phenomenal depth and breadth.

During the six years of his professorship at William and

Mary College he worked up his department to a degree of efficiency and high standard which did not fall below that of the University of Virginia. He had been much disappointed at first, for he found the classical studies wofully neglected. He had prepared lectures on Greek and Roman archæology, literature, history, etc., but found himself obliged to teach the boys Latin and Greek. But that work became interesting to him, as he commenced to train his pupils in a three years' course to a respectable standard. It was in those days that he commenced writing a Latin grammar, which he hoped would bring before the whole country the study of the Latin language, with all its critical accuracy and minuteness which German learning had imparted to it and all the logical and philosophical analysis of its laws and syntax which German thought had brought to bear upon it. His friends and the best scholars of Virginia have lamented the cessation of his labors in this respect and urged him to complete it, offering to introduce it at the different universities. Advanced as the work was, he laid it aside for higher duties and what seemed to him more imperative work; and with his many pursuits and engagements he could hardly find time to take up the thread of his investigations, renew the necessary studies, and finish it. The interruption in that work was caused by the last decisive step of his life, which he took in 1844, when he connected himself as a communicant with the Episcopal Church and in 1845 became a candidate for orders. It is always difficult, and for an outsider perhaps impossible, to trace the psychological process by which a man reaches the final choice of his life. Himself alone may be able to trace the steps by which he was led to give up all for the ministry of the Church of Christ. For from the moment he had formed that resolution, he pursued it and followed it out with the Apostle's determination, "This one thing I do." His friends have often heard him say he could do but one thing at a time, and give it as a reason that he did not speak German in his family, that he could not speak two languages at a time, and that for success in his vocation it was absolutely



Chr. Minnigerode

necessary to speak English like a native, correctly, fluently and in all its idiomatic beauty. Yet, as we look over the incidents of his life and watch the development of his character and the experiences of his prison-life, we may find antecedents there which were apt to lead to such results, and can understand the confession he made to some of his friends: "I would have connected myself with the Church sooner if I had not felt that I could not stop there; but once in the Church would also enter the ministry. That made me hesitate." It seems it was the same spirit that in his early days drove him to carry out his convictions of political right in the association he formed with his daring compatriots, which now, when the conviction of the truths of the Gospel had seized his soul, forced him to carry the same Gospel of salvation to others and to become God's messenger to a fallen world. He had married in the spring of 1843 Miss Mary Carter, then living in Williamsburg, and without doubt the piety of his wife had great influence upon his decision, as he always loved to acknowledge the help she had been to him in his ministry.

He was ordained deacon by Bishop Johns at Williamsburg at the old Church of Bruton-Parish in April, 1846, and the next year by the same Bishop ordained to the Priesthood. For two more years he remained at the college, acting at the same time as missionary at Yorktown. But in 1848 his connection with the college was severed, and he began to live only for the work of the ministry. The life now opening before him was naturally one not abounding with such events as would attract the outward world and exert any other influence but the silent working of the truth in the hearts of men. And in the exercise of that influence no one ever shrank more from the sensational prominence given to the labors of the Christian minister than Dr. Minnigerode—a prominence which he always thought had a secularizing and thus injurious effect upon the Church and her ministry. And yet few were ever more exposed to it at one time than he. His first charge was a quiet country parish on James River in the tide-water

country of Virginia. He preached at two churches, one of which, "Merchant's Hope," was the oldest colonial church in the United States, certainly in Virginia. It was built in 1656. Here he remained for five years, and his public labors were blessed in rallying many to the Church that had never known or loved it, and uniting in his services Methodists and Presbyterians with the members of his own Church, and he served them all as pastor. But in addition to this, these years of quiet country life (among the happiest he ever passed, by his own confession) became to him the blessed time of study and thorough preparation in his holy calling, and fitted him for the spheres of usefulness which were opened for him by Providence in two of the largest congregations of the land.

Resisting the repeated and urgent calls to remove to Philadelphia and unite with his Church work the control of a religious paper, he accepted at the close of the year 1853 a call to Christ Church, Norfolk, then the largest communion in the Diocese of Virginia, as the successor of Bishop Cummins. Only two years and eight months he was permitted to remain at that post, which was looked upon as, and often called, "The Paradise of Ministers." They were years of unbroken happiness in the success of his work, the all but universal care he had of the poor, and in the love and confidence of his people, which still makes his name a household word in their families. In September, 1856, he removed to Richmond and took charge of St. Paul's Church, where he remained for thirty-three years, until his failing health caused him to resign. This church, the largest in the diocese and first in the South, had suffered greatly and was sadly reduced and disorganized, in part by an interregnum of nearly three years, when there was no regular pastor. The Church revived at once; it was filled with a large congregation and received new life by the new pastor constituting it a Church of Missions both abroad and at home. It soon became foremost in the control and support of the missionary work of the diocese and the almoner to the poor, not only in their temporal wants but in building three or four mission churches, where the Gospel was preached freely, and in connecting with his church, and supported by it, two church Homes, one for female orphans and one for aged and infirm women. Silent as the influence was, it was felt throughout Virginia, and often was it the representative power of the Church in the Board of Missions and the triennial General Convention. These were happy years for him, happier than when his church suddenly was placed in so prominent a position before the whole country that it was spoken of North and South. It was the war between the States, and Richmond's being the capital of the Confederacy, which gave the Church of St. Paul its unsought prominence. There was scarcely a man or soldier from the South that did not visit that church where President Davis was worshipping, also Generals Lee, Cooper, Ewell, Longstreet, and a host of others, whether known in military or civil circles. And yet it was nothing but church-work, religion, which was doing there; no politics in the pulpit, no meddling with secular affairs. It was the preaching of "Christ and Him crucified" that the crowded congregations heard and which influenced many of the leaders and of the unknown privates for good and showed them the way to Heaven. President Davis and many of our generals and officers became communicants, and the influence of the Church was felt far and wide. It may be doubted if the name of any minister of Christ was more generally known in the whole South than that of the Rector of St. Paul's.

From his intimacy with Mr. Davis he was suspected by some of special influence in State measures, but whenever this idea was mentioned it was met with denial and a hardly suppressed smile. In some cases he interposed for mercy, in only one that affected public measures he felt justified to speak to Mr. Davis, and that was when the clamor of the people demanded "measures of retaliation." Then he went to see Mr. Davis in his office, but found there was no need of bracing him up to the Christian's action; he had settled that question himself, and said, "Why, if it were true that wrong had been

done by our enemies, that would not justify us in doing so too." He was called by some the "Rebel Preacher." He was a rebel if that means true and loyal to the State to which he had sworn allegiance, and would call upon people to adhere to principle, do their duty and look to God for help in the hour of distress and danger; but of the thousands and thousands that heard him preach for four or five years, no one ever heard him preach anything but the Gospel, "the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth." The war drew to a close. The people of Richmond will never forget that Sunday (the 2d of April, 1865) when our lines were broken at Petersburg, and Richmond had to be evacuated. A large congregation was at St. Paul's, President Davis and the highest members of the administration being present. During the service a despatch was brought to Mr. Davis. Quietly and with his wonderful self-control he waited until all were on their knees, drew his cloak over his shoulders and left the church. After a while another and another and yet others were called out. The people became alarmed; all knew it would be a day of decision. It was a bright sunny day like that which had witnessed the victory of the first Manassas; there were but few who had not their misgivings. Dr. Minnigerode closed his address and immediately was himself called out, the provost marshal of the city wanting to consult him in the emergency about some notices. When he returned to the chancel the congregation, seized by a panic, was rushing out. He called them back, and giving notice of a meeting of all arms-bearing men in the Capitol Square, bade them to remain and continue the services. About two hundred and fifty remained to the communion, that solemn, solemn communion, no one knowing what had happened, and yet all feeling that it was perhaps the last sacrament they were to celebrate in that church and perhaps on earth. He said afterwards, "the most solemn communion I ever knew except one," and that was this: After the capture of Mr. Davis and his imprisonment at Fort Monroe, Dr. Minnigerode, as his pastor, made application to be permitted

to visit him. No attention was given to it by President Andrew Johnston. Another handed in in October or November met with the same result. It was only by a personal interview with the Secretary of War that permission was obtained. Dr. Minnigerode visited Mr. Davis once every fortnight, and in that chamber of his imprisoned friend and parishioner, with a grated door on one side and two windows right and left, three soldiers looking at them all the time, they spent the days together. During the life of Mr. Davis Dr. Minnigerode did not feel at liberty to draw the veil from those sacred interviews or give an account of his negotiations with Secretary Staunton and the remarkable incidents of his visits to Fortress Monroe. The memorial sermon, preached by him at St. Paul's Church, Richmond, December 11, 1889, on the occasion of Mr. Davis' death, so full of interest and historical incident, is still fresh in the minds of those who heard or read it. No one else could have done such justice to the man imprisoned there! I have heard him say that these visits were strictly pastoral—nothing of the past and present sufferings. He visited him as God's messenger of peace; and when, after a day's conversation and prayer, he proceeded to administer to him the Holy Communion, though God alone was present, yet all around seemed to be impressed, and an unnatural silence reigned. In the adjoining room the commanding general, Mr. Davis' jailer, stood at the mantelpiece, his face in his hands—the soldiers had been ordered to stand still, and they stood like statues—and there was a stillness and awe over all which could be felt. "That was the most solemn communion I ever partook of," he said. When at last Mr. Davis was set at liberty, and Dr. Minnigerode accompanied him in the carriage (stopped by old negroes who, with tears in their eyes, would shake hands with him) to the Spotswood Hotel, and the two friends present could not help crying on each other's breast, Mr. Davis led the way into the next room and said, "Mr. Minnigerode, first pray with us and thank that God to whom we have prayed together in my prison." Such were the politics prac-

tised by Dr. Minnigerode. The war was followed by a wonderful awakening in Richmond, and the Episcopal churches banded together for common work and common prayer, especially among the poor and in new missionary fields, and it is in such works that Dr. Minnigerode spent the remainder of his life in Richmond. He was not only active in what concerned his own church but took the liveliest interest in every outside work. He was prominent in Foreign and Domestic Missions, an ardent member of the Bible Society, being at one time its president. He was one of the first and most efficient chaplains to the Theological Seminary. It was the last public office which he held until within two years of his death. He was one of the visitors to William and Mary College, and his interest never flagged in the *alma mater* of his adopted country nor in the church of Bruton-Parish, where he was confirmed, ordained and married.

He was universally considered to be a preacher of great force and originality. The breadth of his culture enabled him to cope with the "isms" of the day and at the same time to present the truth from various points and illustrated in new ways. But the characteristic of his preaching was, as stated before, that he preached Christ in all His fulness—preached as to perishing souls and from an experimental knowledge of the struggles as of the comforts of the Christian. His style was chaste, dignified and full of fire. Few perhaps preached more earnestly from the heart and were carried away so fully by their subject, so utterly forgetful of self and possessed by their message. As a *Pastor*, in the truest sense of the term, lay one of his greatest means of good. Few have left such a record, and there are thousands to rise up and call him blessed! In season and out of season, in joy and in sorrow, he was ever present with them. It was not only this God-given sympathy and power to understand the hearts of men, but he counted all sacrifice of self as nothing, where others needed him. I remember one instance which clearly recalls the man. He was summoned to the house of a family suddenly plunged in such overwhelming grief that he almost

shrank from going, feeling that even he could not enter there. When he returned home and his wife asked him what he had said to comfort them, his answer was, "I wept with them."

He was gifted with a knowledge of human nature which often led to his being consulted on questions of great delicacy and tact; and yet he combined with it the simplicity of a child, that truest test of greatness! Until his health broke down he was wonderfully sound in body, fresh and youthful in spirit, and he ministered to a large and well-organized congregation, whose help and ever ready response to his appeals held up his hands as Aaron and Hur did those of Moses of old; and though earthly annals cannot record what passes under such ministry in the souls of his people, they form an everlasting record in the book of God's remembrance.

In May, 1889, owing to his failing health, he resigned the Rectorship of St. Paul's, Richmond, and was retired as Rector Emeritus. He moved to Alexandria, where he spent the last six years of his life. His intercourse with Rev. Dr. Norton of that city and the warm friendship existing between them formed one of the brightest spots in his closing years. I have heard him say it was a privilege for which he thanked God to listen to the profound teachings of that holy man, and that he considered him for a *constancy* the best preacher he ever heard.

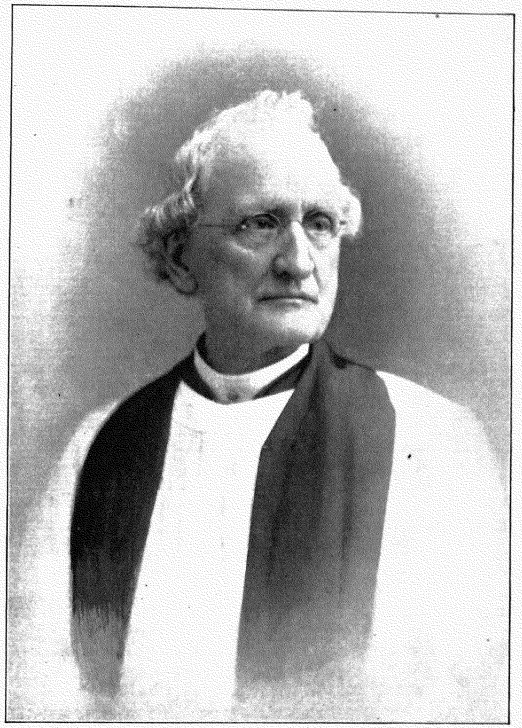
Dr. and Mrs. Minnigerode celebrated their golden wedding at their home in Alexandria May 13, 1893. It was an occasion of unusual interest and made doubly so by the tender love and loyalty which their friends delighted to offer them. "They came from all quarters—from dear old St. Paul's and other Richmond churches, Virginians residing in Washington, friends from Alexandria, professors and students from the Theological Seminary, the neighboring clergy, distinguished soldiers of the Confederacy, reviving the memory of the intensest chapter in the long life of holy service of God and man. It is seldom that such a gathering is seen, and never was one more thoroughly imbued with that hearty sim-

plicity and refinement which are the combined expression of true religion and perfect breeding. Everything was informal, though in perfect taste, and softened by the sympathy of every member of the company with the tender grace of the occasion. Congratulatory letters and telegrams continued to pour in all day, even from across the water.

"In a wholly unstudied way, the Doctor's son, Rev. James Minnigerode for the children, Dr. Norton for Alexandria and the Seminary, Dr. McCaw for his old people of St. Paul's, and Major Stiles for the people of Richmond of all creeds and churches, gave expression to the loving congratulations and fervent benedictions which all present and many more absent so heartily indorsed. The last-named gentleman read a letter to Dr. and Mrs. Minnigerode from Rev. Dr. Hoge, which was one of the most perfect and perfectly appropriate of Dr. Hoge's many letters of personal affection. The devotion of these two representative Christian ministers has been prolonged and beautiful, and all the power and richness of such a friendship was brought out in this matchless letter. There was a spontaneity, an exquisite grace, mingled with an intensity of sentiment about the whole occasion which it would have been difficult if not impossible to reproduce in a purely American home. To one who deeply enjoyed it all it seemed to be the blending of the most perfect spirit of Christianity with the higher home life of Germany.

"No lovelier couple than Dr. and Mrs. Minnigerode have ever graced and blessed the life of this city, and it is a great pleasure to their many friends that an occasion so full of tenderness to them should have made such an impression of tender beauty upon all who were privileged to witness it."—*Richmond Times*, May 16, 1893.

For several years Dr. Minnigerode suffered from partial paralysis, which however did not render him entirely helpless. He revisited Richmond several times during these years, the last occasion being to take leave of his beloved friend, Rev. Dr. Peterkin. He never gave up his habits of study, sitting up at night until two o'clock and studying with



Chs. Minnigerode

all the ardor of younger days. His mind continued clear and bright until unconsciousness overcame him. To those with him he spoke often of his premonition of death. It took such hold of him that on his eightieth birthday (the 6th of August) he wrote his farewell and blessing to each of his children absent from him. On the 16th of that month he had a fall, which, though not causing much suffering, was the beginning of the end. In that sick room there was no disease, only the gradual and gentle passing of a great soul to meet its God. When the silent watchers around his bed realized that that "one clear call" had come, they sang in broken voices *his* hymn, "Just as I am." His eyes unclosed, and, shining with a radiance divine, said plainer than all words, "Oh! Lamb of God, I come!"

He died October 13, 1894. A short service was held at the house by his almost life-long friend Bishop Wilmer, whose beautiful words of eulogy touched all who heard him. His remains were carried to Richmond and placed in his church. All that a tender, loving people, not only of St. Paul's Church, but the whole community, could do expressive of their grief and honor, was done.

He was laid to rest in Holywood. A simple cross of granite, erected by his children, marks his grave, bearing the name, dates and the inscription.

He has fought a good fight. He has finished his course. He has kept the faith.—There can be no more appropriate closing to this little sketch, meant as a memorial to him on this the anniversary of his death, and in appreciation of the love and loyalty of his people, than the resolutions of the Clericus of Richmond, Va.

REV. C. MINNIGERODE, D.D.

At a meeting of the Clericus of the city of Richmond, held in the vestry-room of St. Paul's Church, the following resolutions were adopted and ordered to be published in the *Southern Churchman*, and a copy presented to the family of the late Dr. Minnigerode:

WHEREAS, In the providence and mercy of Almighty God, His faithful servant and our beloved brother, the Rev. Charles Minnigerode,

has been called from his arduous labors in the Church militant to a higher sphere of nobler usefulness in the Church triumphant; therefore, be it

Resolved, First, That we, the Episcopal clergy of Richmond, desire to put on record our feelings of admiration and affection for his large and loving nature and his noble character, and from our sense of personal loss at his removal from our midst.

Second, That whilst that which we call his death is to him the laying aside of disappointment, discouragement and weariness, and the entrance upon fulness of life, it means to all who knew him well the loss of a friend whose presence ever brought the cheer of sunshine, and upon whose fidelity they could always rely. That those to whom he ministered, and who were capable of appreciating his noble and sympathetic nature and his splendid intellectual gifts, have lost in him a pastor whose sympathy came as a healing balm in times of trouble and distress, and whose counsels were ever wise and strong in hours of perplexity, temptation and doubt. That far outside the congregation to which he ministered the influence of his genial and blameless life, of his eloquent and forcible preaching of moral and religious truth, has been a leaven for good in every community in which he has lived. That in a wider circle yet, during times and experiences which tried men's souls, by his courageous and lofty patriotism, he endeared himself to every true citizen of Richmond and of Virginia, and by his unwearying devotion to public service proved himself, though only a child by adoption, a son of whom our State might well be proud—a son whose hopefulness and zeal were ofttimes an inspiration to those who were to the manner born. That Virginia owes to him a debt of gratitude for his noble services to our people in their hour of need and for his godly ministrations to our chief, the late President of the Confederacy, in his darkest hours of isolation, trial and defeat.

Third, That these resolutions are not to be regarded as the perfunctory tribute of formal mourners, as an adjunct to a funeral pageant, or as an honor withheld from a living, throbbing heart, and given all too late to the ashes of the dead, but rather as an expression as true as our poor language can make it of our heartfelt admiration for the pastor, the patriot, the scholar and the man—the man of lofty intellect and of unswerving devotion to duty and of brave and tender heart—the man whom to know best was to love most; whom not only family and friends, but the Church, the State and the world will sadly miss; the man whose removal from his valuable services here we can only interpret by the divine assurance that the laborer is worthy of his reward; that he now rests from his labors, and that he being dead yet speaketh.

Fourth, That it is our earnest prayer that the inspiration of his life

and the fact of his death may stimulate us who remain to more earnest and consecrated labors for his Lord and ours, and remind us that our time is also at hand, and that the night draweth nigh when no man can work.

Fifth, That to his bereaved family, who have lost for a while the loving husband, the tender father, the tried and faithful friend, we tender our heartfelt sympathy, and above all we commend them to the loving care of that God and Father in whom he put his trust, and to the unfailing sympathy of that Saviour into whose immediate presence he has entered, in whose keeping he is forever safe from all that hurts, and into whose likeness he is changed.

REV. P. POWERS, *Chairman.*
Z. S. FARLAND, *Acting Secretary.*