13

A GOOD MISSIONARY.

A

SERMON

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH

OF

REV. WILLIAM REDFIELD STOCKING,

MISSIONARY TO THE NESTORIANS.

PREACHED AT

OROOMIAH, PERSIA,

JULY 9, 1854.

BY

REV. JUSTIN PERKINS, D.D.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY JOHN P. JEWETT AND COMPANY.
CLEVELAND, OHIO:
JEWETT, PROCTOR AND WORTHINGTON.
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[*Extract from the Records of the Nestorian Mission.*]

OROOMIAH, PERSIA, July 12, 1854.

Resolved, That we have listened with deep interest to Mr. Perkins's sermon, preached in reference to the death of our beloved brother and associate, Mr. Stocking, and that we request from him a copy for publication.

A. H. WRIGHT, Secretary of the Nestorian Mission.

TO

MRS. JERUSHA E. STOCKING,

AND HER ORPHAN CHILDREN,

THIS BRIEF RECORD OF THE DEVOTED LIFE, THE ARDUOUS AND SUCCESSFUL LABORS, AND THE VERY ESTIMABLE CHARACTER, OF HER AFFECTIONATE HUSBAND AND THEIR FOND FATHER,

IS INSCRIBED

BY THEIR SYMPATHIZING FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.

SERMON.

ACTS 11: 24.

FOR HE WAS A GOOD MAN, FULL OF THE HOLY GHOST AND OF FAITH; AND MUCH PEOPLE WAS ADDED UNTO THE LORD.

FEW names that occur in Scripture fall upon the ear more gratefully, or refresh the believing soul with a more sweet and precious fragrance, than that of Barnabas, the subject of this high, divine eulogium. If his companion in the labors of the gospel was a son of thunder, Barnabas was the son of consolation. If another apostle had more of human knowledge and culture, none had more of the spirit of their Divine Master, and the great essentials for serving and honoring Him; for Barnabas was "a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith." The Bible, always honest and impartial in its commendations and censures, as well as in its statement of matters-of-fact, bestows no higher encomium on a mortal,—it could bestow none higher.

For he was a good man. The transition particle, connecting this verse with the preceding, delicately assigns the reason *why* Barnabas "was glad, and exhorted them all, (the converts,) that with purpose of heart, they would cleave unto the Lord." It was just in character for him to do so. And the same particle, by a remoter reference, may also relate to the motive that influenced the Church in Jerusalem to send him

forth as far as Antioch, when they heard that some of those disciples, dispersed by the bloody persecution in which James was beheaded, had gone to that city and preached the Gospel to the heathen Greeks there, "and the hand of the Lord was with them; and a great number believed and turned unto the Lord." For so important and responsible a mission, — to give the proper direction to this new development of the power, scope, and economy of the gospel, in embracing Gentiles as well as Jews, "a good man, full of the Holy Ghost and of faith," was certainly the one to be selected and deputed.

There is something strikingly beautiful and instructive, also, in the order of the terms which describe Barnabas. He was "a good man, full of the Holy Ghost and of faith." In the brief statement of this exalted eulogium, pronounced on him by Him who can never flatter and never err, we are at once informed of the nature of his goodness and the source of it. It was not the goodness that sparkles and dazzles most the eyes of the men of this world — not martial skill or valor — nor tact for the acquisition of riches — nor even intellectual greatness. It was transcendently higher than all these. It was moral goodness. It consisted in his being full of "the Holy Ghost and of faith" — and thus partaking largely of the divine image — of the likeness of Christ formed in him — of those graces of the Spirit which cluster richly together in such a character — the prominent grace of faith being specified as a leading one, to suggest the whole — that faith which is "the substance of things hoped for and the evidence of things not seen," and so works mightily in the transformation of its possessor, changing him "from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord."

In thus briefly informing us in what the goodness of Barnabas consisted, our text, as I have said, at the same time develops the source of that goodness. It was all divine. The same Bible that pronounces him a good man, elsewhere declares that there is none good — no, not one. But it solves the seeming enigma by connecting, with the lofty encomium which it gives to this apostle, the key to it; he was "full of the Holy Ghost." We have no particular account of the

natural traits of Barnabas, but must assume that, in common with the rest of our fallen race, he was by nature utterly depraved — lost — and that it was because he had, by the grace of God, as a chosen vessel, been made the subject of spiritual renovation, no less than in his being full of the Holy Ghost, as matter of habitual experience, that he was a good man in the exalted scriptural import of that term.

Next in the beautiful sequence of this Scripture narrative, we have the fruits of this goodness, in connection with the visit of Barnabas to Antioch, briefly announced in the remaining clause of our text — "And much people was added unto the Lord." We marvel not at such a result of his visit to that benighted, wicked city. A good man — one full of the Holy Ghost and of faith — carries so much of Christ and of heaven with him wherever he goes — is himself such a radiant centre of light and of love — that, however deep the darkness, and rampant the depravity which surround him, he will exert an influence, and that influence will, sooner or later, show itself in turning men unto the Lord. It is so from the nature of the case, and so in the whole economy of the providence and the grace of God.

Our theme is so delightful — the character of Barnabas — "a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith," that we are tempted to linger on the various interesting topics suggested by this brief, but comprehensive text, longer than the object of this occasion will allow. Other and sorrowful meditations claim our attention to-day. The solemn knell of death has come to us from beyond the ocean and told us that our beloved missionary brother has fallen. He who so reluctantly left us one year ago, not without apprehension indeed, yet in the hope so fondly cherished by him and by us all, that a visit to our native land would, under the Divine blessing, so far restore his exhausted energies that he might return to us, and again toil with us in the field of his ardent missionary devotion, is no longer among the living. The sorrowful tidings, so sudden and unexpected to us, his surviving associates, have clothed us in sackcloth, and with good reason made our dwellings, and many a Nestorian dwelling,

a Bochim. A veteran fellow-soldier has been taken from our side. The mournful breach in our thin and feeble ranks yawns affectingly before our eyes, deeply saddening our hearts and the hearts of thousands of the people for whose salvation he had so faithfully labored.

You have requested me to lead your thoughts, on this occasion, in giving some suitable expression to our common grief, and in seeking to derive spiritual benefit from this afflictive dispensation. In fulfilling the melancholy task, I fortunately need not depart far from the bright and hallowed character of Barnabas, as presented in our text, while we briefly contemplate the life and labors of our missionary brother. He too was "a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith." While we would not insist on this in a sense as absolute as in the case of an inspired apostle, still we may honestly and confidently assert it, in a sense as high as can often be predicated of a disciple of the Lord Jesus, and of a Christian missionary. Grateful, then, as well as mournful, may be the hour we spend together, mingling our sorrows and our tears, in this benighted land, while meditating on the great loss we have sustained in the death of our lamented fellow-laborer.

The Rev. William Redfield Stocking was born in Middletown, Connecticut, June 24th, 1810. It was often a playful remark of our departed friend, that he was twin brother of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, both being born, as he expressed it, the same year. Brother, son, or missionary of that Board, he was an honor and an ornament to it in every relation.

It is not our privilege to know much of Mr. Stocking's family connections. His parents died when he was young. We know, however, that he had a godly mother, to whose blessed influence on him in early childhood, he often alluded. And as in the case of many a devoted missionary, so in this instance, the hallowed cause is greatly indebted to the praying mother, who, like Hannah of old, consecrated her child to the Lord from his earliest existence. During my visit in

America, twelve years ago, I incidentally met with the pastor of our lamented brother, to whose affectionate inquiry respecting him, I replied, that he proved himself a good soldier of Jesus Christ. "A fresh illustration," answered the fond pastor, "of the influence of a godly mother's prayers."

Early left an orphan, our brother repeatedly changed his residence and his plans for life; and, like most orphans in such circumstances, he was sometimes exposed to peculiar temptations; from yielding to which, however, he was graciously preserved. Happily he was befriended by his excellent cousin, William C. Redfield, Esq., the distinguished scientific veteran, who, I hardly need say, is little less distinguished as an active friend and patron of the great benevolent enterprises of the age, than among our country's most honored scientific savans. To the close of his life, Mr. Stocking justly revered Mr. Redfield, with a filial affection and gratitude little less than he would have cherished toward a parent.

We have not at hand the means of stating precisely the circumstances, nor even the period, of our departed brother's hopeful conversion. We have, however, every reason to believe that his was at the outset a very hearty and decided self-consecration to God. At about the age of twenty-two or twenty-three, he resolved on commencing a course of study for the ministry; without much pecuniary means at command, yet relying, and with good reason, on the fostering aid and encouragement of his generous patron and relative, Mr. Redfield, whose example, moreover, operated as an invaluable legacy to his young cousin, furnishing an illustrious specimen of a self-made man.

The year 1836 found Mr. Stocking in the academy at Monson, Massachusetts, nearly fitted to enter Yale College. Then went forth from the missionary house in Boston a pressing call for more laborers for the Gospel harvest, which was ripe and falling into the ground. In the lack of ordained missionaries, our Board at that time called for a large number of well qualified teachers for the Sandwich Islands. The Macedonian cry reached Mr. Stocking's ready ear, and deeply

affected his feeling heart. And the great difficulty of obtaining men led him solemnly to institute the inquiry, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" which he prayerfully pursued, until he was led to decide, with the advice of judicious friends, that it was his duty — somewhat advanced as he was — to relinquish his fondly cherished anticipations of college and theological study, and of becoming a preacher in form and in name, and join the large reinforcement for the Sandwich Islands in the capacity of a teacher. This change of purpose cost him a great sacrifice of feeling; but he made it cheerfully, when satisfied that such was the will of the Lord Jesus, to whom he had unreservedly consecrated all that he had and all he was.

On a visit to Monson, while in America, at the time I have mentioned, I heard Mr. Stocking spoken of by the venerable pastor of that village, Dr. Ely, and by many others who had known him there as an academy student, in terms of the greatest respect and Christian affection, — his devotion and activity as a Christian being particularly and very gratefully remembered; and that Christian regard was ever heartily reciprocated by our brother toward them, at whose hands he had experienced much kindness during his sojourn among them.

Soon after Mr. Stocking's appointment to the Sandwich Islands, an urgent application reached the Prudential Committee of our Board, from the Nestorian Mission, for a superintendent of our educational operations in this field. Mr. Stocking was selected, from the large number of estimable men then under appointment for the islands, for this important position; and neither the Prudential Committee nor the Mission have ever had occasion to regret the selection, but great occasion to rejoice in it.

In December, 1836, Mr. Stocking was united in marriage with Miss Jerusha E. Gilbert, of Colebrook, Connecticut, of whose eminent worth, as a wife, a mother, a friend, and a missionary fellow-laborer, we could all heartily speak in much stronger terms than her characteristic modesty and self-distrust would excuse while she remains among the living.

Soon after their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Stocking embarked, January 7th, 1837, at Boston, in the brig Banian, for their distant field, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Holladay, also destined to this mission, and several other missionaries on their way to stations in Greece and the Levant. Their liberal missionary outfit had been furnished to them gratuitously by their generous friend, Mr. Redfield, — a favor peculiarly grateful and timely, both for them and the sacred cause, in that year of great commercial reverses, and the very straitened resources of our Board. This was by no means the last benefaction of Mr. Redfield to Mr. Stocking and to our mission.

The Banian touched at the islands of Malta and Syra, on its way to Smyrna, at which places our departed brother made delightful Christian and missionary acquaintances, the recollection of which he ever afterward very gratefully cherished.

From Constantinople our new associates requested that Dr. Grant or myself would meet them at Erzroom, and conduct them over the long, tedious, and more or less dangerous part of their land journey between that city and Oroomiah. Sickness in Dr. Grant's family at that time, determined the question in favor of my going. Leaving home May 3d, I reached Erzroom on the 13th of the same month, and while shaking hands with Mr. Brant, the British Consul, at whose house I dismounted, our missionary, Mr. Johnston, then of Trebizond, entered the room and announced the advancing party, Messrs. Holladay and Stocking, and their wives, as just without the city, he having accompanied them from Trebizond. The coincidence of our thus meeting, the same hour, and almost the same moment, — I from the distant East and they from the far West, — without any previous concert with regard to the time of our meeting, was, to us all, a most interesting Providence — one of the landmarks on our missionary pilgrimage on which memory loves to look back, after the long period since elapsed, and read the Ebenezer then thankfully inscribed upon it.

On my first introduction to our new fellow-laborers, in that strange Turkish town, (not then the residence of a mission-

ary), by our good friend, Mr. Johnston, whom I had before known, I need not say that I was very pleasantly impressed with their estimable worth, nor least of all that of our now departed brother. And had I at that time been told by an angel that I should one day be called to preach his funeral sermon, my mind would as soon have rested on the text I have now chosen for that purpose as any other; nor have our sixteen years of very intimate missionary intercourse diminished my thus early formed impression of him, that he "was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith."

Leaving Erzroom May 20th, we reached Oroomiah on the 7th of June; nothing of special interest having occurred on the way, if we except a personal adventure of our brother and his companion with a straggling Koord, armed to the teeth, and seeking for plunder, who arrested them when they had advanced a mile or two in front of the rest of the party. Mar Yohannan, who accompanied me to Erzroom, seeing them in the distance waylaid by a Koord, hastily galloped to the spot and soon relieved them. Their situation, in that exigency, not the most comfortable for those fresh from America, unused to such scenes, unable to speak to the ruffian, and entirely in his power, was well calculated to try their courage; and it should in justice be recorded of them, that they manifested great calmness and self-possession on the occasion.

Arrived at his missionary field, Mr. Stocking immediately applied himself to the acquisition of the difficult language of the Nestorians, and with such ability, good judgment, and success, as soon to establish the impression that he possessed a mind of a very high order; and though, for the sake of Christ and the cause of missions, he had curtailed the ten years' course of public training enjoyed by his clerical associates, to a period of three years, yet, from vigor of native talent, — great personal energy, his ardent piety, and indefatigable devotion, — he was not a whit behind them, as a competent missionary laborer.

The number of our village schools then being small, Mr. Stocking, as soon as a moderate knowledge of the language

would enable him to labor, took charge of our Male Seminary, until then under my superintendence; and from the first he assisted Dr. Grant in the care of those few village schools. And on the failure of Dr. Grant's health, already seriously impaired, Mr. Stocking also became the treasurer of the mission. The labor of these three departments, superintending the seminary and the village schools, and the care of the mission treasury, he ably and vigorously performed till 1840, when he was relieved in the seminary by Mr. Jones, — the department of village schools having become onerous in proportion to the increase of their number from the five or six with which our brother commenced, up to forty or fifty. The management of our mission treasury, also, became complicated and quite laborious with the progress of our various operations, and in our relations to other mission stations. Yet Mr. Stocking sustained the latter about fourteen years; and the care of the schools, with occasional temporary assistance, until a few months before his departure for America. How long have we all felt, and how often have we remarked, that his labors were Herculean, — and his principal department, the village schools, in the arduousness of the physical effort it involved, and the moral wear and tear of patience and forbearance, in superintending so many teachers, — not a few of them unreasonable, and often unfaithful, — was altogether too severe for the strength of one man! But, alas, where was a helper to be found! The time and energies of what other member of the mission were not also fully tasked!

How patiently and heroically did Mr. Stocking sustain all his severe burden for the long period of half a generation, — indeed, till his strong frame bowed under it, and dire necessity compelled him to yield! Where is the by-road, in all this province, which he has not often threaded, in all states of the weather, and at all hours of the day, to visit village schools? And where is the Nestorian of Oroomiah, young or old, and we may almost say, of the entire people, who did not know him, and revere him as a man, and esteem him as his friend?

Nor were the labors of his particular departments all that devolved on our departed brother. How manifold and varied

were the miscellaneous tasks which he also had to perform! Was a chapel, or school-room, to be erected or repaired, or was an advancing reinforcement of the mission to be met and conducted over the plains of Armenia and the mountains of Koordistan, in their ignorance of the languages and customs of the country and the dangers of the way, involving a journey of at least eight hundred miles, both ways, who of our number was so ready and so efficient for any such task, at all times, as Mr. Stocking? He was most emphatically, from first to last, a hard-working man. And the missionary, who visited Oroomiah about the time of his arrival here, and after observing our various departments of labor in vigorous and harmonious operation, facetiously wove the different members and their employments into a scheme of the conjugation of a verb, would doubtless soon, on further acquaintance, have assigned the place of *verb active* to our departed brother.

The nature of Mr. Stocking's employments leading him to mingle almost incessantly with the people, enabled him to acquire remarkable facility in the use of the native language; — not so much, indeed, the grammatical precision and niceties of it as some of his associates whose departments led them to devote more time to study and books, — but that familiar and forcible command of it which made him mighty in wielding the sword of the spirit in that new garb, whether in colloquial intercourse or more formal addresses; and in both, how true was it of him, that he was instant in season and out of season!

In the summer of 1840, when Mr. Stocking had been in the field about three years, he commenced a Sabbath school in the village school-room at Geog Tapa. The place was at length found too strait for the assembly, who, under the wing of the good bishop, Mar Elias, then adjourned to the village church. And the congregation soon becoming charmed with Mr. Stocking's addresses to the Sabbath school, urged him to deliver to them all more formal discourses on the Sabbath, which he could not refuse to do. Other villages, following the example of the large and influential village of Geog Tapa,

soon threw open the doors of their churches, and called on the missionaries to enter them and preach to large and delighted assemblies. The call for the preaching of the Word, on the Sabbath, thus becoming so urgent and extensive, that the clerical members of the mission could not, by any possibility, fully meet it, the idea naturally and very properly occurred to Mr. Stocking, of becoming a preacher in name, as the providence of God had made him in fact. His characteristic modesty prevented him, for some time, from introducing the subject to his brethren; but the proposal, when made, was soon cordially entertained by them, for though, as a layman, he was already one of the most efficient and successful laborers in the field, we could not doubt, in the circumstances, that the Lord called him to the work of the ministry.

By a resolution of our mission, the chairman called from its members an ecclesiastical council, by whom, on the evening of March 31st, 1841, Mr. Stocking was examined as a candidate for ordination. The feeling of all present, on that interesting occasion, was, that a candidate, fresh from a theological seminary in America could hardly have sustained a better examination. In connection with his arduous labors, he had systematically pursued much biblical and theological reading, and had thus, during the four years of his missionary life, been a rapidly growing man; and being also a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith, he was well furnished for the ministerial work.

On the 18th of April, 1841, Mr. Stocking was ordained in the Nestorian church of St. Mary, in the city of Oroomiah, by the council who had examined him, and who were heartily welcomed to the use of the church, for that purpose, by the Nestorian ecclesiastics. Present on the occasion, were Nestorian bishops, priests, and deacons, and a large concourse of their people, all of whom were very deeply interested in the services to them so novel, and at the close cordially welcomed our brother, as a duly authorized minister of the Lord Jesus, to the whitening field of the gospel harvest among them. Their welcome was evinced by advancing and kissing Mr.

Stocking, in the manner common at their own ordinations, — Mar Elias and Mar Yohannan leading the way.

It was the privilege of the speaker to preach the sermon on this unique occasion. And as illustrating the pressure of the call that induced our brother to request ordination, and his fellow-laborers to carry that request into effect, as well as our confidence in his fitness for the great work to which he aspired, we may be permitted, in this connection, to introduce an extract from that sermon.*

"To our brother, who is this day to be consecrated to the holy work we are contemplating, our subject prompts me to address a few words.

"My brother, you have not come to this place and this hour, without solemn and prayerful reflection. You have, I feel confident, viewed the gospel of salvation, so far as a mortal can view it, with something of a due estimation of its incomprehensible greatness and glory.

"You have also viewed the preaching of the gospel as a great and fearful work, to which frail men could never dare aspire, were it not that God calls them to undertake it. You tremble, I doubt not, on the threshold of this solemn consecration, — involving responsibilities so awful, so overwhelming. For your encouragement, permit me to refer you to Christ's assurance to the apostle, 'My grace is sufficient for thee.' Rely on his arm. Lean on his bosom. Such is the blessed privilege of his ministering servants. I may also refer you to the decision of the ecclesiastical council who are about to ordain you, that we have confidence in you as one worthy, and qualified, and called of the Lord, to take part in this ministry. Nor does our confidence arise more from the result of your recent examination, conducted by this council, than from our previous acquaintance with you — our knowledge of your Christian character, and especially of your

* From 1 Cor. 9: 16. — "For though I preach the gospel, I have nothing to glory of; for necessity is laid upon me; yea, woe is unto me, if I preach not the gospel."

devotion — your ardent, untiring, and well directed zeal in Christ's service, in the missionary vineyard. And you have doubtless found it gratifying to your own mind, in canvassing your call to the ministry, to add one striking indication of Providence, summoning you to this work, to some or all of those which I have mentioned, — an indication which is found in the wide doors for preaching the Gospel in the churches of the people to whom we are sent, which have been thrown open to us in such numbers, and with such importunity, that you, as well as we who are duly authorized to preach, have for some time been constrained to enter these doors, and address, in an informal way, the listening, famishing congregations. These circumstances, so inexpressibly interesting to every pious mind, must have been peculiarly so to your own, and have doubtless led you to feel, with the apostle, that a necessity is laid upon you — yea, that woe is unto you, if you preach not the Gospel.

"You have a call, my brother, we believe, from God, to preach the Gospel. Listen to it, and receive the high commission, with trembling distrust in yourself, but with strong confidence in God.

"With Paul, we believe that you will ever say, and deeply feel, 'though I preach the Gospel, I have nothing to glory of' — and will rejoice to ascribe all the glory, both of your high and holy vocation, and of your success in it, to Christ alone, knowing that we receive this treasure from Him, and only as earthen vessels.

"Go on, my brother. Study to adorn and magnify the sacred office. Never tire in Christ's service, nor shrink from its difficulties. Though arduous it be, He is ever with His faithful servants, even unto the end of the world. Be strong in the Lord — (not in yourself) — in the Lord, and in the power of *His* might. 'Expect great things from God; attempt great things for God;' not for yourself, but for God. Christ strengthening you, you can do all things. May He ever keep you as in the hollow of His hand, and sustain you by His Almighty arm; and ere he shall call you from your toils to

your final account — to your rest and reward, may He give you many souls as seals of your ministry, and a crown of your rejoicing in the day of the Lord."

How faithfully have the injunctions thus given to my younger brother, more than thirteen years ago, been executed; and how much have our highest hopes of his efficiency and usefulness, then cherished of him as a preacher, been surpassed!

Having become an ordained minister of the Lord Jesus, those of us then in the field remember with what ardor and devotion he entered upon the discharge of that high calling; while he abated as little as possible from the duties of the other departments of labor already on his hands, which he still retained and faithfully performed.

As an impressive preacher in the Syriac language, Mr. Stocking soon had no superior in our mission, and probably no equal. How do the many solemn scenes rise to our recollection, when we have heard him address crowded congregations like a Boanerges! How, in seasons of revival, have we seen such congregations moved, as the leaves of a forest before the winds of autumn, under his ministrations, which were emphatically "in demonstration of the Spirit and with power!" How do some of the most solemn texts of the Bible still ring in our ears, as illustrated and enforced, on such occasions, by that man of God, so eloquent and mighty in the Scriptures! Such texts, for example, as the following: "For we must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad." "For the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord." "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." "Ye do always resist the Holy Ghost." "Now then as ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us, we pray you, in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God." Perhaps no sermon has ever been preached among

the Nestorians, with such subduing, overcoming effect, as the one repeatedly preached by him from the text last named. And we wonder not to hear, that simple-hearted females, in a Nestorian village, themselves unable to read, since the tidings of his death reached us, while repeating, with deep expressions of grief, the leading thoughts of some of his sermons, mention very particularly what they designate the *Ambassador Sermon!*

As illustrating the solemn scenes in which, as a preacher, Mr. Stocking often participated, permit me to introduce, in this connection, a notice of a Sabbath at Geog Tapa, at the most interesting period of the memorable revival of 1849. The notice is from his missionary journal of that period, in which, with characteristic modesty, he does not state who was the preacher of the sermon on that occasion. It was the one to which I have now particularly alluded.

He says: "On Sabbath morning a special messenger was sent to the city (from Geog Tapa), requesting Mar Yohannan and myself to come to the village and aid them in the services of the day. On reaching the place we found a large assembly at the house of Mar Elias, listening to an exhortation from priest Abraham. Mar Yohannan was called upon to address the assembly, which he did in an affecting manner, not having before seen them since the change in his own feelings. He spoke of himself as the chief of sinners — as having led more souls to destruction than any other of his people — and as being all covered with their blood. In regard to the sheep, or people of his diocese, he said, the fattest he had eaten — the poorest he had cast away — the lame, the maimed, and the sick, he had wholly neglected. He declared that an awful weight of sin rested upon him; and he entreated them no longer to look to their bishops for salvation, but repent immediately and turn to God. At the close of an earnest appeal, the younger priest Abraham, the acting priest of the village, arose and made a very humble confession of his sins, as their priest, in leading them quietly along in carnal security and unbelief, and next to the bishops, as stained most deeply with their blood. In a most pathetic manner he

entreated them, one and all, to attend to the salvation of their souls.

"In the afternoon, the congregation assembled in the church, which was densely crowded; and a number, unable to enter, retired to a neighboring school-room, where a meeting was conducted by one of the young men from the seminary. After singing the hymn commencing,

'Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,'

prayer was offered by Mar Yohannan. This was followed by the reading of select portions of Scripture. The preacher chose as his text 1 Cor. 5: 20. During the latter part of the discourse, a considerable portion of the great assembly, comprising bishops, priests, deacons, and the melik of the village, and the people, were deeply affected. Several short addresses were then made, by Mar Yohannan and others, calculated to deepen a conviction of the guilt and danger of sinners unreconciled to God, and to guard them against relying upon any audible expressions of grief for sin."

Such was the awful solemnity pervading the interest that attended the services of that day, that it was usually afterward designated, by the people of the village, as the *Pentecostal Sabbath* at Geog Tapa. In many such affecting scenes has our departed brother participated during the last eight years of his life.

Mr. Stocking rejoiced in the privilege of being a preacher to the Nestorians, and ever desired to be regarded as such emphatically, if not exclusively. And when sometimes importuned by his brethren to preach in English, on communion, or other special occasions, he would playfully beg to be excused, by saying to them, "You ordained me to preach in Syriac, and not in English." Yet he generally stood in his lot, in that matter also; and we have all heard from him well written English sermons; and his missionary communications, to the Prudential Committee of our Board, always prepared with commendable care, but not ambitiously elaborated for rhetorical effect, have, I may safely say, been inferior in interest to those of no member of our mission, and probably, of

any other Protestant mission. They have, indeed, been worthy to be regarded as models of the simplicity, perspicuity, and force that properly characterize missionary communications. And it is well said, in the Missionary Herald of June, 1849, in reference to the journal from which I have quoted, that "nothing has occurred in the history of modern missions which is more intensely interesting, than this simple recital of what the Lord has done by His mighty power."

Our departed brother's sermons in Syriac were also well prepared, the outlines being generally written. He never trusted, on stated religious occasions, to the inspiration of the moment, for felicitous, desultory effusions. Yet with all his thorough preparation of his sermons, there was, at the same time, in the delivery of them, a freshness — an unction — an earnestness, and a moving solemnity and power that would often almost place the preacher by the side of a Payson or a Nettleton, in point of pungency and effect.

We should expect that such preaching would be attended with blessed results, and such has been the fact. Not to speak particularly of those results which are well known in the great and immediate object sought by it, the conversion of souls, it has also been interesting to observe its indirect effect in the formation of Nestorian preachers. With such a model, and such a standard before them, many of our helpers have alike surprised and delighted us, by becoming workmen in the ministry of the word, that need not be ashamed, and some of them preachers of much power, with but a limited range of study and training, and after but a short period of Christian experience. How inestimable is the importance of such an influence, exerted on the rising ministry of the Nestorians!

If any man might trust to happy thoughts of the moment, in his public religious performances, Mr. Stocking might have done so. His fine mind was remarkably quick in its operations. No member of our mission was so fertile in laconic, sharp, brilliant sayings, always ready for the occasion. And in his constant, vast, and varied intercourse with the Nestorians, he turned them to wonderfully useful account. Few of

the people have ever made his acquaintance, who have not important religious truths lodged in their minds so firmly that they can never lose the impression of them, and for the reason, that their feelings were roused at the time they received them, by being deeply penetrated with a keen, twoedged lancet, and the truth introduced into the wound.

This dangerous instrument — a sharp and ready wit, except in the hands of a humane and skilful surgeon, was a harmless — nay, a very useful one — as employed by Mr. Stocking; for no sooner was the wound inflicted, than a healing gospel balm was happily applied by the same hand, which, flowing as it always so obviously did, from a heart full of real kindness and benevolent intention, while it blunted not a whit the edge of the truth thus sharply presented, kept the wound from rankling; and in the end, the subject of the faithful laceration was more strongly than ever attached to him who inflicted it; so "faithful are the wounds of a friend."

Mr. Stocking was a man of fervent and effectual prayer, as well as a prince among preachers; and that was the grand secret of his efficiency and usefulness. His daily and intimate communion with God gave a heavenly savor to his intercourse with the people, and an unwonted power to his labors for them. In seasons of revival, and at other times, he never felt that his work was done, when he had addressed the public assembly, however effectively. He was untiring, in his closet — in his study — by the way and from house to house — by prayerfulness — by watchfulness — by exhortation — by admonition, that by all means he might save some. His was emphatically an "earnest ministry;" and under the effect of his preaching, we wonder not that a member of our mission, fresh from America, should have exclaimed, "How different is the direct, pointed, pungent style of the preaching of the missionaries here, from the polished, essay style of many pastors at home!"

Such a ministry we should, almost as matter of course, expect to be eminently evangelical; and such was the fact. The epitome of our departed brother's doctrine — of his teaching and his preaching, might always be given in the

declaration of Paul; "For I determined to know nothing among you, save Jesus Christ and him crucified;" or in the beautiful hymn commencing,

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,"

so often and so rapturously sung by him, which was translated by him into the language of the Nestorians, losing little, if any thing, of its beauty and power, in passing from the English into its Syriac garb. And we must all have been impressed, also, with his thorough mode of dealing with the young convert. How searching and discriminating were the test evidences which he held out, of what constituted "a new creature in Christ Jesus." Neither in his preaching, nor in the instruction of the prayer-meeting or the inquiry room, did he ever give the least quarter to false hopes, or hypocritical pretensions.

From the prominence I thus give to our brother as a preacher, it might perhaps be supposed that a greater proportion of our time during the week is devoted to the preparation of sermons, than is the fact. While we have ever held, as a cardinal principle in our work, that to preach the gospel, is, in every sense, the paramount object, and the first duty, of the missionary, still, less than half our time has been appropriated distinctively to that work. Each member of the mission — our departed associate in common with the rest — has had other collateral departments, engrossing a large share of his time and strength from day to day.

We should not omit to mention some of the permanent fruits of our lamented brother's pen; for, strange as it may seem, amid all his other arduous labors, he still found time to contribute something for our mission press. During my visit to America, when there was less strength than usual in the mission to furnish matter for our printing department, he prepared five original tracts, of considerable size, on the following subjects, namely: Repentance, Faith, The New Birth, The Sabbath, and Intemperance; which, next to the Bible, The Pilgrim's Progress, and the Saints' Rest, are among the most important issues of our press. An English translation

of the first-named tract reached the American Tract Society for its approval, while I was in America, and was pronounced by the secretary "one of the very best tracts that could be published in any language." A valuable arithmetic, prepared with particular reference to the village schools, should also have a record in this place, as among the literary labors of Mr. Stocking.

Our lamented brother sustained one very important relation to the mission, in addition to the laborious departments that exclusively devolved upon him, and the vast amount of miscellaneous duties he performed, which we have not yet mentioned. He was, for ten years, the superintendent of the Female Seminary — that bright ornament of our work, which we all justly regard as one of the most interesting, useful, and hopeful branches of our operations. And though the generally good health — the untiring assiduity, and the well-known ability and success of our missionary sisters, Miss Fisk and Miss Rice, who have charge of that important seminary, have rendered it unnecessary to impose an onerous burden on the time and strength of any male member of the mission, yet they well know, and deeply feel, how valuable were the counsels of our departed brother — how prompt his aid and how energetic his efforts, when they did require his assistance. Particularly do they know and feel the great value of his religious influence on their pupils, and of his labors for them and with them, — and more especially in seasons of revival. And they know the worth of that pleasant home, which they so long enjoyed in his kind family. The apartments occupied by the seminary being a portion of Mr. Stocking's dwelling, the forty pupils were also quite intimately connected with his family, where they were always most welcome, and in regard to all of whom he and his worthy companion ever cherished an interest little less than parental. As our sisters, who are at the head of this arduous but delightful branch of our work, contemplate these various intimate relations, so long and so happily sustained, and these ties, so cordially and sacredly cherished, now suddenly sundered forever, we wonder not that the comfortable apartments,

once animated by the cheerful presence of those so dear to them, now laid in the grave, or clothed in sackcloth, far away, should echo to their footsteps the voice of sadness and desolation. Thus bereaved, in a certain sense more deeply than the rest of us, they deserve and have our heart-felt sympathy.

I do not propose, in these brief reminiscences of our departed brother, to attempt an extended or particular analysis of his very estimable character, not even as a Christian, nor as a missionary, further than might be inferred from a very general and hasty sketch of him. A few of his more prominent traits, not yet distinctly noticed, should, however, be mentioned.

Mr. Stocking was eminently a self-denying missionary. He cheerfully undertook whatever labor was assigned him, when it seemed to be the will of the Lord, however trying to flesh and blood. Some of us remember when, more than ten years ago, he was appointed by the mission to make a winter journey, of between five and six hundred miles, to Tehrân, to accompany the Nestorian bishops and assist them in obtaining protection against the wily French Jesuits, who were seizing and appropriating their churches; — we remember how cheerfully he accepted the very self-denying appointment, after it had been declined by several other members of the mission. We remember how anxiously and prayerfully he entered upon the arduous undertaking; and how earnestly he wrote us from Tabreez, on the way, entreating us to pray for him and his companions, pathetically quoting the language of the Psalmist, "O let not the oppressed return ashamed; let the poor and needy praise Thy name!" And we remember, too, how efficiently he accomplished the objects of that self-sacrificing journey. Thus was he ever ready to "endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."

Mr. Stocking was, also, in accordance with the sentiment of our text, as applied to Barnabas, full of vigorous and cheerful faith. He was no doubting, desponding Thomas, hanging like a mill-stone, skeptically and lugubriously, upon the necks of his sufficiently burdened brethren. Even in the

darkest hour he would take hopeful views of every subject. As an illustration of what was habitual with him, in this respect, I may mention his second visit to Tehrân.

Hardly a year after his first arduous journey to the capital, the French Jesuits renewed their warfare on the Nestorians, and on our missions, with redoubled violence, being encouraged to do so by the arrival and by the unscrupulous efforts of an ostentatious French embassy, sent to Persia at the call of those Jesuits. The plot was deep laid for breaking up our mission, by effecting its expulsion from the country, on the charge of proselytism, which was then contrary to the laws of the realm; and no influence was left untried — no stone unturned — for the accomplishment of that object. In the dangers that threatened us, from the combination of so many and such formidable foes, it was deemed important by the mission, that two of its number proceed to Tehrân, and if possible avert the impending calamity. The speaker and Mr. Stocking were appointed for that purpose. I did not conceal, at the time, that the enterprise was to me the most unwelcome one of my life. Nor in all my missionary trials had I found my spirits so much inclined to flag as in that emergency. To leave our families several months, and traverse lofty mountains and dreary plains through deep snows in winter, were among the least disagreeable of our prospects. To encounter French political artifice, united with Jesuitic scheming, addressed to a corrupt Persian court, against us, was far enough from being hopeful in anticipation. Yet our departed brother, notwithstanding all that was gloomy in prospect, was still habitually cheerful during all our anxious journey to the capital; and though considerably my junior in years, and in missionary experience, I was unspeakably relieved and sustained by his kind efforts to assuage my own sad forebodings, in regard to the result of that journey. The secret of his confidence was, that he was a good man, full of faith. He trusted for the success of our cause, primarily, not in man, but in God. And the result proved that his confidence, which, in the circumstances, seemed almost like hoping against hope, was not mistaken.

Yet God wrought for our deliverance through human instrumentality. On reaching Tehrân, we found a kind, ready, and powerful friend in the Russian ambassador, Count Medem, a Protestant by religious profession, and much interested in the success of our mission, whose acquaintance Mr. Stocking had fortunately made, and whose confidence he had won, on his visit at the capital the previous winter. This noble, generous man made our cause his own, as soon as he was satisfied that we were falsely accused and wrongfully suffering men; and he soon dissipated our fears, being far more than a match, in his transcendent ability, his almost unbounded influence in Persia, and his stern support of right and justice, for all that French intrigue and Persian duplicity could attempt against the defenceless missionary.

By a peculiar Providence, the two distinguished diplomatists who then represented the Russian and French Governments at Tehrân, now represent the same governments at Washington, the capital of our own country. I venture to say, that neither of them has forgotten Mr. Stocking; and that their impression of him, however diverse the relations in which they then stood to him, is, that he was "a good man, full of the Holy Ghost and of faith," so far as merely secular men can appreciate that high character.

We set our faces toward Oroomiah with far lighter hearts than we had left our homes. But our trials were not yet over. We had severe cold, and terrible snow-storms to encounter on the road, in which we repeatedly came near losing our lives. In one instance a violent storm took us in the desert. The snow soon accumulated to the depth of nearly two feet. Not a track could be discovered; we had lost our road; a deep mist prevented our seeing more than a rod or two before us, and night itself was approaching. Our horses tired in our fruitless wanderings in the deep snow; the cold was so severe that our breath hung in icicles from our mustaches. We had thus only the dreary prospect of spending the night in the desert and in the storm, if we should survive it. But just as the darkness was closing upon us, we came upon a track! How welcome the sight! Following it, with all possible care

and speed, about a mile, we reached a secluded hamlet. That was a time to try men's faith. But during the whole, the hopefulness of our brother still triumphed. His faith in God was firm when and where faith was most needed. And such was ordinarily his temper of mind and heart in the most trying emergencies in the history of our mission.

His was not an inoperative faith, contenting itself to sit down and listlessly do nothing; it was vigorous and efficient, prompting him to the use of every available means — and the quick discovery of means that others would be slow to think of — to avert evil and gain advantage, in every way that hope would suggest and wisdom dictate; and having done all, he confidingly left the result with God. How many illustrations of this noble Christian and missionary trait can those of us who have been longest associated with him, readily call to mind!

Another conspicuous trait in his missionary character, was our brother's inventive tendency of mind in discovering new methods of doing good. He was ever inclined to press forward — to move on toward "the regions beyond." To this characteristic in him, we are indebted for the commencement of public preaching, on the part of members of our mission, in the Nestorian churches, as already mentioned. And to how many aggressive advances in our work, in its steady progress from year to year, can we all readily point, as indebted instrumentally to Mr. Stocking!

It would be strange if all the plans of one of his constitutional tendency, and his vigorous faith, were found equally feasible; but if we had reason to apprehend that a part of them might prove impracticable, still, how much we would all prefer that noble trait — an ardor for making progress — in the mind and the heart of a missionary, to the overcautious conservatism that is satisfied from year to year simply to perform its wonted gyrations, while moving in the same beaten circle.

We are immensely indebted to this trait, in our lamented brother, also in things having a less direct, but hardly less important, relation to our missionary work — particularly, in

expedients for the preservation of health. He was the first to plan an upper room on the terrace of his earth-built house, in the city, to save himself and family from the deadly damps and miasmas that stagnate and infect the air in the lower rooms, and render it so unhealthy, especially in summer. That expedient was eagerly adopted by all our mission, as soon as its practicability and value were tested; and how great have been the relief and benefit from that provision, to families residing in the city, during the last fourteen years! It may be doubted whether an individual of our number could long have survived an uninterrupted residence in those damp rooms, where the first members and families of our mission suffered so much.

After the death of Mrs. Grant, the care of her three orphan children was assumed by Mrs. Stocking. The little ones must occasionally be carried without the walls of the crowded city, in the heat of summer, to breathe the fresh air. Mr. Stocking had sometimes carried his own infant son on his saddle before him. But how were *four* children to be provided for? The inventive powers of our brother soon brought into existence the travelling baskets, in a single pair of which, slung across the back of a horse, with two compartments in each, the four little ones could be easily and agreeably deposited. And how available have those cheaply constructed baskets been found, from that day to this, for the use of children in the mission, on long journeys, as well as on short rides for health, in a country where wheel carriages are so little known!

We may not linger to multiply illustrations of the fruits of this trait in our lamented brother; but it is grateful to record the fact, in passing, that our delightful health-location, on Mount Seir, to which we are, as a mission, so greatly indebted, both as a permanent residence and a place of temporary resort, was first selected, for the latter purpose, by Mr. Stocking.

Another prominent trait in our brother's missionary character, was his eminently social habits, in his intercourse with the Nestorians. If you entered his study at any hour of the day, and found him there, (which was often *not* the case, in

his manifold tours and labors abroad,) you would hardly fail to find one or more Nestorians at his side — engaged in profitable conversation, or listening to wholesome instruction, or receiving sympathy and counsel in their trials. In this respect he seemed fully to adopt the admirable pastoral rule of Payson, " The man who wants to see me, is the man I want to see." The people never feared meeting a repulse, when they had occasion or inclination to visit him. And if you entered his dwelling at the hour of meals, you were hardly less sure to find Nestorians at his table. In the latter respect, no missionary ever carried out more fully the scriptural injunction, to be " given to hospitality." And how incalculable was the influence for good which such unlimited access to the missionary, and kind welcome in the study and at the family board, exerted, from year to year, on multitudes of the people, in opening their hearts to the influence and power of the truth, and securing for it a candid reception! Perhaps to no other single circumstance is it so much to be attributed, that Mr. Stocking was so generally and so eminently regarded, as a devoted friend of all classes of the Nestorians. " How he loved us," is now their common, pathetic exclamation.

During the severe labors imposed on the members of the mission, in the never to be forgotten revival of 1849, the energies of our brother, and of the speaker, had become exhausted. We needed change and recreation, and our associates recommended that we should make a journey to Mosul, from which place we had heard interesting reports of the springing up of the good seed, sown there long before, by our brethren of the mission to the mountain Nestorians, most of whom had found a grave in that remote city, and the rest had left the field.

On our journey to Mosul, taking the long and comparatively easy route by Saouj-boolak, on account of the still impassable snows on the more direct routes — and those leading through the districts of the mountain Nestorians — our health decidedly improved; though it was not entirely without apprehension, that we had undertaken that arduous enterprise primarily for the sake of health. As we sat one day under

the shade of our tent, to shield us a few hours from the burning sun, on the borders of the great Assyrian plain of Arbela, said Mr. Stocking to me, "We are going to the graves of our brethren; and who knows what is before us?" In looking back on the ultimate effect of that tour on his health, the apprehension thus intimated has seemed to me almost prophetical, though realized so long afterward.

We did go to the graves of our brethren, on the banks of the ancient Tigris, and hard by the ruins of old Nineveh, and with melancholy interest stood over them. But there was a relief in the sorrowful reminiscences connected with those scenes. The good seed which they had sown, consecrated by the death of so many of them, had sprung up, and there were hopeful indications of a rich and speedy harvest. Under these encouraging aspects, our lamented brother entered at once, with his characteristic ardor, on the proclamation of the Word. By the aid of the faithful native brother, Micha, and a few others, good congregations could often be assembled, during our ten days' stay at Mosul, to whom Mr. Stocking preached, with a pungency to which they were obviously quite unaccustomed, though he was obliged to speak through the medium of an interpreter. With a tact which none knew better than he how to use, on the night, or night but one, before our leaving, he managed to collect an assembly of at least fifty adults, — many of them papists, in the heart of that Eastern Rome, — to whom, after the manner of Paul, ready to depart on the morrow, he discoursed long and loud, deeply compassionating their condition as sheep without a shepherd, and leaving an impression on their minds which none who heard him would ever be likely to forget.

Our return from Mosul was very different from our journey to that city. It led us over the lofty and inconceivably rugged mountains, and through the deep and all but impassable gorges of Central Koordistan. The ordeal of that journey, under the most favorable circumstances possible, is one of the severest to which the energies of the human constitution, in the case of any but a native, can be subjected. Being among the mountain Nestorians, for the privilege of preaching Christ

to whom he had, many years, ardently longed, our brother was now almost constantly preaching the Word, with his characteristic fidelity, either in the public assembly, or to individuals by the way. And after an arduous day's journey — much of it performed by climbing up and descending steep, rocky precipices, on foot, when less ardent, but possibly in the long run, more prudent laborers, would have deemed themselves justified in devoting the short night to unbroken repose, he, full of the Holy Ghost and of faith, was usually engaged, until a late hour, in proclaiming Christ and Him crucified to the assembled audience, or in personal conversation, — the love of preaching being obviously a ruling passion with him, as really as it ever was in the soul of Whitfield.

The last day before we reached Gawar, passing over the roughest region on the formidable route, we were fifteen hours on our saddles and on our feet, and reached the hospitable dwelling of Deacon Tamo quite exhausted. A sprained ancle compelled the speaker to lie by two days in Gawar, which was a merciful Providence, giving opportunity to gain strength to one nearly prostrated. But our brother hastened onward the next morning, anxious to reach his beloved family from whom he had been so long separated, and being now within two days' travel of his home. In crossing the sluggish river Neeld, on the plain of Gawar, then swollen from the melting snow on the high, surrounding mountains, and spread out like a sea, his mule mired, and plunged him into the middle of the flood. The effort of crossing on foot, in his exhausted state, and then performing a long stage in his wet clothing, gave a terrible blow to his almost iron constitution, and contributed much to its prostration. From that day onward he was never a well man. The rheumatism, induced by these hardships and exposures, soon seized upon him with a giant grasp, and sometimes racked his strong frame with excruciating pain for weeks and months with little intermission. Reluctant to relax at all in his labors, he still toiled on, when less devoted men would have considered it duty to have ceased entirely from missionary effort.

The nature of Mr. Stocking's disease rendered it difficult for

him to ride on horseback; yet the superintendence of schools, scattered over a large region of country, required him to travel. And in addition to this, he still occasionally performed long journeys, in connection with commencing a station in Gawar, to which he was temporarily appointed, for his known competency and long cherished interest in the mountain field. We remember with what efficiency he still preached the gospel in many villages in the plain of Gawar, during visits there the two seasons following his first attack of rheumatism,—in the last instance having his family with him, and leisurely itinerating through nearly all the villages in course, over that large plain.

But the melancholy fact could not be concealed from himself, or others, that Mr. Stocking's health was now broken down. The strong man had overworked and nearly prostrated his system. The stout, hale frame had become almost a skeleton—the full, healthy countenance painfully emaciated. And to one to whom activity and hard labor were as his native element—nay, as life itself, it is not strange that his feelings should, after long bodily suffering, and desperate but fruitless efforts to rise above the power of invading disease, begin to sympathize with his physical ailments. It would have been very strange, had it been otherwise. That mind, constitutionally and religiously hopeful, and that heart, full of the Holy Ghost and of faith, at length began to yield to depression, and sometimes to deep melancholy, under the apprehension of being laid aside from labor—of becoming, as he feared, a useless incumbrance.

The great difficulty which he experienced in riding on a saddle, while suffering from frequent attacks of rheumatism, now rendered very acceptable to him the gift, by an English friend at Tabreez, of an old Russian drosky, in the hope that he might make his way about among the villages with less pain. But the rudeness of the vehicle, and the almost entire absence of practicable roads, made its hard motion little, if at all, more tolerable to the suffering invalid than riding on a saddle.

Compelled at last to give up the prominent department

which he had so long and laboriously superintended — the village schools — amounting, during the last years of his life, to sixty or seventy — Mr. Stocking, as naturally as properly, began to cast about in his mind, to find some other department, more suited to his enfeebled state of health, in which he might still be useful as a missionary, and avoid the painful necessity of leaving the field, even for a time. The persevering energy and hopefulness with which he sought this and that alternative, to that to him most unwelcome one — the necessity of visiting America, cannot have failed often to strike us as the desperate struggles of a strong mind and a great heart, reluctant to yield to the overpowering inroads of inveterate disease. And how affecting is it now, to call to mind those painful, unavailing struggles!

At length it became evident to our departed brother, as it had long been apprehended by his associates, that he must seek rest and recreation, for the improvement of his health, before he could be able effectively to prosecute missionary labor, even in a lighter department. And in accordance with the advice of his brethren, he resolved, a year ago last spring, to make a visit, with his beloved family, to America. Stern necessity alone could have induced him to come to that decision. Though he had been sixteen years in the field, and most arduously engaged all that period, so long as his health would allow him to toil, he had never dreamed of assuming, that it was time to seek a change by a visit to his native land. He had ever regarded himself as a soldier for life. But when the necessity was finally laid upon him, by the great Captain of the sacred host in which he served, he submissively yielded.

Mr. Stocking had accomplished a great work before he left us. I may truthfully, in this respect, apply to him the last clause of our text, and say, that through his faithful labors and his fervent prayers, under the divine blessing, "much people was added unto the Lord." And I know that I but utter the sentiments of all before me, when I say, that no member of our mission has ever labored harder to publish the truth of God to the Nestorians, and no one has proclaimed it more

extensively and more effectively, than our departed brother. He had a wonderful tact and power to reach, impress, and influence the native mind and heart; and that tact and power were never suffered to rust or lie dormant, while he had corporeal strength to exercise them.

When Mr. Stocking took his departure, a little more than a year ago, he had no idea of abandoning his field, should he be able to return. Far from feeling that he had accomplished enough, or much, his estimation of himself, and of his labors, was always very modest, — ever accounting himself but a very unprofitable servant. He had, however, some forebodings that he might never return; and dropped the suggestion to one or two of our number, not to be surprised, should we hear of his death at any time — an apprehension, painful as it was for us to entertain, which we could not wholly banish from our minds. His departure was affectingly solemn and afflictive to us, nor less so to multitudes of the Nestorians. Never, probably, did a missionary leave a people more extensively and heartily esteemed and beloved. And the sorrow and regret of many would have been wellnigh inconsolable, but for their fond hope of his not distant return. "You will remember us," said Deacon Isaac, a brother of the patriarch, who was one of the last to whom Mr. Stocking gave the parting hand. "If I forget you, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, and let my right hand forget her cunning," was the reply. "And you will come back, will you not?" continued the good deacon. "How should I not come back? Here are the graves of my children," responded our brother, and so bade them farewell.

Reaching Smyrna in September, after having enjoyed delightful visits at the several mission stations on the way, Mr. Stocking embarked, with his family, on the 23d of that month, and arrived at Boston towards the close of November. During the voyage, he was not benefited at all, as we had hoped might be the case, but rather grew worse, being a great sufferer all of the way. After resting a season among friends, he and his beloved companion cherished the hope that his symptoms were improving; but subsequently he wrote us,

that he was not quite so well, having suffered from over exertion. And our next tidings are the mournful and unexpected intelligence of his death, in New York, on the 30th of April, 1854, at the age of nearly forty-four years. We are as yet left with no other information on the subject, than the fact of his death, and the statement that "his end was peace." These are, indeed, the two great points in the solemn dispensation; his death, on the one hand, so sudden and so sorrowfully afflictive to us and the mourning Nestorians; and on the other hand, that his end was peace — so glorious, and so consoling to our and their hearts, stricken and bleeding under the chastening Providence.

We should have anticipated such a close, of such a life; for he was "a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith;" and through his faithful labors and hallowed influence, "much people had been added unto the Lord."

Our feeble ranks are greatly weakened, by the fall of this valiant soldier of Jesus Christ. But it is God who has thus afflicted us, and we may not murmur, nor repine. Nor should we forget, that our unspeakable loss is his infinite and eternal gain. He has gone to his rest and reward, and, we cannot doubt, has received the enrapturing plaudit, from the lips of the blessed Saviour, whom he so ardently loved, and whose services here was his delight and his life, "well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." It is meet in our deep sorrow, that we at the same time be grateful to God, that he was spared so long, and was enabled to accomplish so much, and that the rest of us are still graciously spared. He is the first male member of the mission to the Nestorians of Persia, who has fallen, while connected with this mission, during the period of more than twenty years. The lamented Dr. Grant had, long before his death, been removed from this branch of the mission, and connected with the one to the mountain Nestorians, and he rested from his labors at Mosul. Mrs. Grant and Mrs. Stoddard are the only female members of our circle, who have died. The former sleeps peacefully in the city of Oroomiah, and the latter, no less peacefully, on the shore of the Euxine, at Trebizond.

Gone to be with Christ is our brother, and with the other dear sainted ones whom we have here known, and loved, and lamented, — to participate in the joy and the bliss of heaven, from which he and they will go no more out forever.

"A servant of the living God is dead!
His errand hath been well and early done,
And early hath he gone to his reward.
He shall come no more forth, but to his sleep
Hath silently lain down, and so shall rest.
Would you bewail our brother? He hath gone
To Abraham's bosom. He shall no more thirst,
Nor hunger; but forever in the eye,
Holy, and meek, of Jesus, he may look,
Unchided, and untempted, and unstained.
Would ye bewail our brother? He hath gone
To sit down with the prophets, by the clear
And crystal waters; and he hath gone to list
Isaiah's harp, and David's, and to walk
With Enoch and Elijah, and the host
Of the just men made perfect. He shall bow
At Gabriel's hallelujah, and unfold
The scroll of the apocalypse with John;
And talk of Christ with Mary; and go back
To the last supper, and the garden prayer,
With the beloved disciple. He shall hear
The story of the incarnation told
By Simeon, and the triune mystery
Burning upon the fervent lips of Paul.
He shall have wings of glory, and shall soar
To the remoter firmaments, and read
The order and the harmony of stars;
And in the might of knowledge, he shall bow
In the deep pauses of Archangel harps,
And, humble as the seraphim, shall cry,
Who, by his searching, finds thee out, O God?"

"There shall he meet his children who have gone
Before him; and as other years roll on,
And his loved flock go up to him, his hand
Again shall lead them gently to the Lamb,
And bring them to the living waters there.

"Is it so good to die? And shall we mourn
That he is taken early to his rest?
Tell me, — O mourner for the man of God, —
Shall we bewail our brother — that he died?"

It would have been grateful to speak of our departed friend more particularly, in the various relations which he sustained to us, as a generous, noble hearted associate, and faithful Christian brother, did our limits permit us to do so. How often have we all been relieved, strengthened, and comforted, in sorrow and in joy, by his cheering presence and untiring kindness! Can the speaker and his companion, ever forget his more than fraternal assiduity and tenderness, when, being at Gavalan with his family, he was the last of our circle to part with us, as we went on, and the first to meet us on our return, on that sorrowful journey towards Erzroom, that was so suddenly arrested by the death, and terminated in the funeral of our beloved Judith! Ah, how vividly still ring in our ears those suppressed groans and sobs of unutterable grief, and yearning sympathy, as he approached us, a little in advance of those lifeless remains, and took us from our saddles, prostrated with exhaustion and crushed with sorrow, helped us into his humble vehicle, and carried us to his temporary home in the house of Mar Yohannan! And such, O brother, was thy faithful sympathy, in all our previous sore bereavements!

Mr. Stocking's kindness and fidelity, as a friend and companion, were not limited to seasons of sore trials, and heart-rending exigencies. They were constitutional elements, and habitual traits, of his estimable character; and to you who knew him, they need only be mentioned.

It might be grateful, also, to speak of him as the affectionate husband, and the fond father. Who of us has not often heard him, in the warm simplicity of his open heart, avow his great indebtedness to such a wife as God, in his good Providence, had given him! But it were sacrilege for us to enter the sanctuary of that stricken family,

now clothed in deepest mourning, even for the purpose, as our feelings would prompt us, of eulogizing, in those hallowed relations, its departed, lamented head! Those riven hearts best know the loss of such a husband, and such a father.

We feel how imperfectly this very hasty sketch — or any sketch — can portray the missionary life and labors, and the character, of that man of God. His record is on high, and the day will reveal it. He was not perfect, and least of all so, in his own estimation. The chief of sinners, and the least of missionaries, was the rank he would ever claim for himself. But his robe of righteousness, and the celestial temper of his gospel panoply, were, like the goodness of Barnabas, of Christ's giving; and as such, we may acknowledge, admire, and honor them. He was a good man, full of the Holy Ghost and of faith. And we hazard nothing in pronouncing him one of the most competent, devoted, and successful missionaries, that the American churches have ever had in the field. When and how shall the melancholy breach, inflicted on our ranks by his death, be filled?

For us, his mourning fellow-laborers, it remains that we seek to be spiritually benefited by this afflictive visitation. How loud is the call—pealing over ocean and continent, that comes to us from our loved brother's grave, to be also ready! May it have the effect to lead us to set our own houses in order, and to quicken us to renewed fidelity in our Master's service; for would we die like the righteous, we must live like him.

Nor will we forget that deeply stricken widow, and those weeping orphan children. O desolate sister and fatherless ones, you shall have all that we can offer you — our warmest sympathies and our most fervent prayers, which you so much need and so justly claim! We know the deep loneliness and desolation you must feel, in that land far away, even in the crowded city and the busy mart, yea — and among affectionate kindred — in that land of comparative strangers! But

our God is the widow's God, and a father of the fatherless — nor least of all, such to the missionary widow and the missionary orphan. We will pray and trust, that He may graciously sustain, and greatly comfort, our deeply bereaved sister; and that the sympathizing Saviour may early adopt those orphans as his own dear children — and carry them as lambs in his arms, and fold them in his bosom. We will trust, that that dependent, stricken widow, returned from long and faithful toil, and manifold self-denials and trials, in the field of missionary conflict, to that land of plenty — of gospel light and of Christian love — only to lay her beloved husband in the grave — may not there be left to want or suffering; and that those missionary orphans may also find kind friends in every time of need. "I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." That stricken widow's three children in Persia, are safe in their little graves; and, as we trust, safe in heaven. But for the four who survive, how deep, how painful must be her solicitude! May the Lord keep, guide, and bless you all, ye afflicted ones!

Other surviving relatives of our lamented brother are also entitled to our warmest sympathy. To them, it must be a matter of heart-felt consolation, and of lively gratitude to God, even in their sorrows, that He gave to them such a boon, though called so early from them to serve him far away. It is an honor, and a high privilege, to those relatives, to have had, among the hosts of the God of missions, so able, so devoted, so successful a standard-bearer. May this bereavement tend but to interest them more deeply, and attach them more strongly, to that hallowed cause, on whose altar they have offered so precious a sacrifice, and to ripen them individually for the joys and the rest, on which their and our loved friend has entered.

For the sorrowing Nestorians let us also pray, that this bereaving stroke may be made a blessing to them. Multitudes among this people are very deeply moved by the solemn and unexpected Providence. Though our brother died far

away, they lament his death with an interest and depth of a personal bereavement. It was far enough from being affectation of sorrow, that the manly deacon Isaac wept for hours — walking his room and wringing his hands, on hearing the melancholy tidings; and that he was compelled, from deep gushings of sympathy, to close abruptly his prayer in the public assembly, on the following Sabbath, when he attempted to commend to God the desolate widow and the dependent orphans. Nor was it from affectation, or any light burden of grief, that funeral discourses were preached, by so many of our helpers, to native congregations, on that Sabbath, without any suggestion to that effect from the mission. Nor was it a vain ostentation of affection and sorrow, that led the sober, intelligent priest Eshoo to desire a copy of Mr. Stocking's daguerreotype likeness, to wear in his bosom till the day of his death!

The Nestorians justly feel, that they are bereaved of a faithful spiritual Shepherd — and that their loss is great — is irreparable. Let it then be our earnest prayer, that our Father in heaven, who is rich in mercy, and rich in grace, may greatly bless this bereavement to them, and cause it to work in them the peaceable fruits of righteousness — that the influence of the labors and prayers of our lamented brother may thus be increased by his death, and perpetuated from generation to generation.

And may we all, henceforth, live more for eternity and less for time, that when the Lord shall call us hence, our end may in like manner be peace.

Brother, thou art gone before us,
And thy saintly soul is flown,
Where tears are wiped from every eye,
And sorrow is unknown.
From the burden of the flesh,
And from sin and care released,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

And when the Lord shall summon us,
Whom thou has left behind,
May we, untainted by the world,
As sure a welcome find;
May each, like thee, depart in peace,
To be a glorious happy guest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.