

For the Aegis & Intelligencer.

The Funeral Services of the Rev. Wm. Finney.

The sad and solemn services of last Sabbath will long be remembered. A very large assembly of people gathered at Churchville to follow to their last resting place the remains of the Rev. Wm. Finney. They witnessed them gently and slowly borne by his four sons and laid away in their narrow home, to gather strength and beauty for the coming of the Lord. Very appropriate remarks were made on the occasion by Rev. Messrs. Paxton, Dickey and Cross, and Rev. Messrs. Carter, Cook and Morrison took part in the services. The following is the address of the Rev. John R. Paxton, at the funeral services of the Rev. Wm. Finney, on Sabbath, August 3d, 1873:

We have just committed to its kindred dust a body in which for eighty-five years there labored a resplendent soul—a soul, I verily believe for which the blood of Christ and the love of God, and the communicating Spirit, had done as much, as fine and as perfect work as for any saint of this century. While he lived, none knew him but to love him—none named him but to praise. I cannot think he ever had an enemy; for he lived at peace with all men, and was, like his divine Master, the brother of every man. His heart was an open highway, along which any one could pass. He was the poor man's friend, the rich man's counselor. The unfortunate man found in him speedy relief—the stranger and the vagabond were never turned from his door. Every good cause he cherished and aided—he nursed the infancy and trained for careers of usefulness many, now strong and vigorous churches. He knew that ignorance is the mother of superstition and degraded lives. He knew that education is the handmaid of all true civilization, the best guardian of civil liberty, and the reward of a pure protestant Christianity; therefore, Mr. Finney was, during life, the promoter of education, the advocate and builder of school houses; the foe of ignorance, and the untiring friend of knowledge for the people.

We find for sixty years Mr. Finney lived, labored and preached for the two highest and best interests of the people of Harford county—the education of their hearts, which is religion—the education of their minds, which is knowledge; and not till the judgment day, not till we see him with the crown the Master shall give him and count its jewels, will we know the harvest of the seeds he sowed, the amount—the pre-eminence of the good he wrought; the power of his high character, and the unseen as well as seen fruits of his half-century labor in the vineyard of the Lord.

There is scarcely a man or woman in this church to-day, or in the county any where, but is bound to Mr. Finney by some one or many tender ties and holy memories. For sixty years he has been the spiritual centre in which lines in almost every family met—He has been the golden hub of the wheel of social and religious life hereabouts. Why the babe you left at home to-day be baptized—and you be married, and your grand-father be buried—say, and your great-grand-father too. Oh, there is scarcely a sacred memory in your life but he was bound up with it. At the bedside of your dying, his voice pointed to heaven—at the grave of your dead, his tears fell—at the tents of your happiness his presence cheered. In your trials he stood by you; in your sorrows he gave Christian sympathy, and from this pulpit, from his lips your ear first listened to the story of the cross. Oh, it is wonderful that any one man could come to be so interwoven with the life of a great community, and should live so long that to tell his life would be to write the history of a county for sixty years. Do you seek his monument? Do you ask what he did? Then look around you from the Susquehanna to the Gunpowder—from the Chesapeake to State Ridge. Is a good cause prospering? There he watched over its birth and fostered its growth three-score years ago. Are churches multiplying? Is public opinion on the side of right living and pure morals? Then remember when he came here and how his influence was always used and his labor directed. Oh! we have buried to-day the patriarch of all the churches in our midst; the friend, helper and teacher of them all. We have buried the body of one of the purest characters, tenderest hearts and loveliest souls God has enriched you with. His life was consistent, his mind polished, his manners sweet as the apostle John's and take him all in all—take him during his long and public life, he was an exquisite piece of the grace of God, a triumph of Christian faith, a proof of the power of God to make Christlike live out of sinful natures. When shall we see his like again? Like that prophet of God he leaves no successor so great and good as himself. There are no shoulders among us worthy of the mantle that now falls from his, as by the chariot of God, the lowman thereof, his redeemed spirit goes up to join the company around the throne.

Let us bow toward his grave. Let us embrace the cross whence came the inspiration and power of his life. Let us thank God for him with full hearts fervently and make this day sacred to his dear and blessed memory. Better—let us live as he lived, by the faith of Christ. Let us serve as he served the glory of God, so that when our summons comes to pass the line, to draw the black curtain that ushers us upon our eternal life, one of the sweetest anticipations of heaven will be the prospect of meeting there and renewing again, never to be broken, our intercourse and friendship with Rev. Wm. Finney.

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