

**PROCEEDINGS IN THE WEST  
CHURCH ON OCCASION OF THE  
DECEASE OF CHARLES LOWELL,  
D.D. ITS SENIOR PASTOR**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649307180

Proceedings in the West Church on Occasion of the Decease of Charles Lowell, D.D. Its senior pastor by C. A. Bartol

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**C. A. BARTOL**

**PROCEEDINGS IN THE WEST  
CHURCH ON OCCASION OF THE  
DECEASE OF CHARLES LOWELL,  
D.D. ITS SENIOR PASTOR**



*Boston, Mass. -*  
Proceedings in the West Church

ON OCCASION OF THE

DECEASE OF CHARLES LOWELL, D.D.

ITS SENIOR PASTOR.

---

BOSTON:  
WALKER, WISE, AND COMPANY,

246, WASHINGTON STREET.

1861.

## INTRODUCTION.

---

On the afternoon of Sunday, the twentieth day of January, the members of the West-Boston Society, who had assembled for religious service, were unexpectedly informed from the pulpit that their senior pastor had deceased on that day, at the hour of their coming together for their morning devotions.

His death, although, perhaps, at any time to have been anticipated from long-declining health and recently increasing illness, came to them, as the death of the loved and venerated always comes, as a sudden and afflicting bereavement; and its touching and solemnizing influences, visible on every face and in every eye, gave peculiar pathos to the services which followed.

Its announcement, at any time or in any place, to so many whose hearts, for many long years, had been filled with gratitude, love, and veneration towards him, could not have failed to awaken deep emotion, and to call up many exciting remembrances; but there seemed to be a soothing beauty and harmony kindly ordained, that the hour of his departure, and the time and place of its communication to his people, should be those in which their hearts had so often mingled in the outpourings of his own in adoration and

praise, and in which they had been wont to listen to his earnest and affecting appeals to prepare them for the realms to which he had now ascended.

It was, indeed, a fitting close to a ministry so full of blessed influences, and enshrined in so many hallowed recollections, that the remembrance of his departure for heaven should be thus associated with the sacred place and hours, so dear to him, of his faithful devotion to his Master's cause.

At the conclusion of the services, the Standing Committee of the Society proceeded to make suitable arrangements for the funeral.

The family having complied with a request that it should take place at the church, and having designated the following Thursday as the day of interment, inquiry was made concerning the forms of procedure customary on such occasions; it being considered desirable to conform to them so far as might be consistent with the simplicity which the family and the people alike desired, and which it was felt that the deceased would have wished if himself directing them.

It being ascertained that the custom of draping the church in mourning had been uniform in this city, with one eminent exception (understood to be for reasons peculiar to that case), it was concluded to adhere to the usage, in solicitude to avoid the appearance of omitting any generally established tribute of respect for one so widely known and beloved, and that no opportunity should be lost of deepening the impression of the event upon the minds of the younger portion of the society; although some were reluctant, even in adherence to custom, thus to invest the thought of death, the departure from earth to heaven, with the habiliments of gloomy sorrow. The pulpit, and gallery of the choir in front of it, were, therefore, in simple mourning-drapery.

It was arranged, in concurrence with Dr. Bartol, that the pulpit-exercises on Thursday should commence at eleven o'clock, and consist of an introductory prayer, a hymn, reading of the Scriptures, an address and occasional prayer by Dr. Bartol, an anthem, concluding prayer, and benediction.

Rev. SAMUEL K. LOTHROP, D.D., Rev. WILLIAM JENKS, D.D., Rev. E. T. TAYLOR, GEORGE W. BLAGDEN, D.D., ROLLIN H. NEALE, D.D., of this city, GEORGE PUTNAM, D.D., of Roxbury, ANDREW P. PEABODY, D.D., of Harvard University, and JAMES WALKER, D.D., of Cambridge, were invited to assist as pall-bearers.

At the hour appointed, — the coffin being placed upon a bier in front of the pulpit, upon which a profusion of beautiful flowers had been scattered, — two of the female pupils of the Sunday school placed upon it a wreath and cross of flowers in token of their interest in the occasion.

Rev. JAMES WALKER, D.D., made the introductory prayer.

Rev. N. L. FROTHINGHAM, D.D., gave select readings from the Scriptures.

Rev. JOHN C. STOCKBRIDGE, D.D., read the hymn commencing, "While thee I seek, protecting Power."

Rev. C. A. BARTOL, D.D., delivered the address found in these pages, and followed it with an occasional prayer.

The anthem-chant — "The Lord is my shepherd" — was then sung by the choir.

Rev. SAMUEL BARRETT, D.D., made the concluding prayer.

Rev. EZRA S. GANNETT, D.D., pronounced the benediction.

At the conclusion of the services, to which the audience, entirely filling every part of the church, had listened in rapt attention, great numbers gathered around the bier to take their last look upon the earthly remains of one whom



many of them most affectionately loved, and all revered; and which were then taken to Mount Auburn, accompanied by numerous relatives and friends, including the officers and many members of the society.

On the morning of the following Sunday, Dr. Bartol delivered the sermon upon the life and character of Dr. Lowell herein printed.

In the afternoon, the services were confined to devotional exercises, and readings from the Scriptures, accompanied by the presentation of the Preamble and Resolutions which in these pages follow the Discourse. They had been prepared under instructions of the Standing Committee, to be offered to the society for adoption, in memorial of their love and veneration for their deceased pastor: and being read, and the motion to accept them having been seconded by Mr. WILLARD in the address which succeeds them, they were unanimously adopted,—the whole congregation rising in token of assent; while the anthem, "Gracious Spirit," was sung by the choir.

Address in the West Church,

AT THE

FUNERAL OF CHARLES LOWELL, D.D.,

ITS SENIOR PASTOR,

JANUARY 24, 1861.

*Cyrus Augustus*

BY C. A. BARTOL.

LAST Sunday morning, the bell here rang and tolled, as usual, for church. Beyond the cheerful solemnity of its summons to our accustomed worship, we could distinguish nothing peculiarly monitory in its sound. But it was the parting knell for a soul, to which all, from that echoing tower to this vocal desk, was familiar as a household scene. As the last vibrations in the belfry died away, the spirit of the good shepherd of this flock took its flight. It, too, was summoned to worship; not, as it was long wont, within these walls, but in a region too holy to need any temple therein. It was invited to engage in no seventh-day service, but in the songs of an eternal sabbath. Yet, though to an everlasting rest our friend arose, a mind touched with Christian thoughts will find pleasure in the fact, that he rose on the Resurrection-morning. Sudden and unexpected, but not unwelcome or unprepared for, was his call: and that call was but a translation; "I am going now" being, without sign of suffering, almost his only words. At the age of seventy-eight years and five months, the never-swerving pilgrim reached his goal. We of this religious

society came to the spot where he so loved to be; and we knew not that the communion of saints in heaven had been enriched for us, and that a fresh sanctity from his memory was ready to clothe with perpetual beauty these earthly courts. We returned to our thresholds, ignorant of the decree of a new consecration to all the abodes ever enjoying the privilege of his presence, and which henceforth the gracious image of an unseen guest must inhabit, and a bright cloud seem to overshadow.

This morning the bell has tolled again,—the first time for such a purpose,—and his children have brought what mortally remains of their father to our sanctuary, that the hoary majesty of death may lay down, at the very altar, the charge which, fifty-five years ago, the vigor of youth undertook. These reverent and loving children understand well that we all belong to their father's family. They are willing, in some sense, to share their dear and blessed parentage with us. They are sensible how large a part he is of us too, and we of him. They let us mingle our tears with theirs. They are sure that our affection and honor gather about what is signified by this coffin with all the height and tenderness of their own. Happy, thrice happy mourners in their relation to one so mourned,—happy in all their recollections of domestic joy, of the goodness to which they are kindred, and of the singular and inestimable measure in which he lived and rejoiced in his sons and daughters! Not forgotten by you or me the house from which they have borne this precious burden to the house of God.

The body of our venerated pastor *should* be buried from the place of prayer and praise, where, like the musing Psalmist, he was himself ever dwelling, and which he made the spiritual home of thousands that hung, from generation to generation, on the words of his lips. The All-seeing