

**PHILLIPS BROOKS: A MEMORIAL  
SERMON PREACHED AT  
ST. JOHN'S MEMORIAL CHAPEL,  
SUNDAY, JANUARY 29, 1893**

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Phillips Brooks: A Memorial Sermon Preached at St. John's Memorial Chapel, sunday, january 29, 1893 by William Lawrence

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**WILLIAM LAWRENCE**

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SUNDAY, JANUARY 29, 1893**



Phillips Brooks

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A MEMORIAL SERMON

PREACHED AT

ST. JOHN'S MEMORIAL CHAPEL

Cambridge, Massachusetts

ON SUNDAY, JANUARY 29, 1893

BY

WILLIAM LAWRENCE



CAMBRIDGE  
PRIVATELY PRINTED  
1893



*The Author.*

CAMBRIDGE, February 3, 1893.

DEAR MR. LAWRENCE, — We, the members of the Committee of St. John's Memorial Chapel, desire to express to you our earnest hope that the beautiful tribute to Bishop Brooks's memory, pronounced by you last Sunday morning, may be preserved in permanent form. And we feel sure that we are only carrying out the wishes of the whole congregation in asking your leave to have the sermon printed for private distribution.

Very sincerely yours,

ARTHUR GILMAN,	CHARLES B. TOWER,
J. GARDNER WHITE,	H. E. SCUDDER,
RICHARD H. DANA,	WARREN K. BLODGETT, JR.,
J. M. WHITTEMORE, JR.,	DAVID G. HASKINS, JR.,
J. W. LOVERING,	

*Executive Committee.*

CAMBRIDGE, February 7, 1893.

DEAR MR. GILMAN, — Allow me to thank you and the other members of the Executive Committee for your gratifying letter.

The sermon was of such a personal nature that I hesitate to have it put into print. But since you kindly suggest that it shall be printed only for private distribution, I defer to your wish, especially if by so doing I may help any member of the congregation to a fuller appreciation of the saintly character of Phillips Brooks.

Yours with kind regards,

WILLIAM LAWRENCE.

To Mr. ARTHUR GILMAN and others.





## Memorial Sermon.

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*I will set up one shepherd over them, and he shall feed them, even my servant David ; he shall feed them, and he shall be their shepherd. — EZEK. xxxiv. 23.*

THERE is only one subject for us this morning. It has been a week of deep sorrow, but of effulgent glory. You do not ask or want me to set forth any analysis of the character of Phillips Brooks, or any key to the secret of his power, even if I were able. What position he is to take in the line of great preachers, we do not care to discuss. We have no desire to tell the public at large what we think of him. Others may have been able to express some tribute in the public prints, but to all newspapers my lips have been shut. There are tender chords that can be touched only in the company of friends or within the privacy of the church or the precincts of the university. To strike them sharply enough for the street or the market jars' the affections.

You know the difficulty of the task of even suggesting his traits of character. So much to say! We have been talking of him for a week now; and yet our words are so impotent as compared with what might be said if only we had the ability to express it. Like children picking flowers at the mountain's base, each of us has his lovely memory of the word of cheer, the inspiration of a sermon, or the companionship of a few hours; each one has caught something from that great spiritual personality. But we are still playing about the base. His spiritual altitude went above the clouds, and was hidden in the pure ether of heaven.

Yet we must speak; and you who are sympathetic will be partial if I seem to say nothing.

How his life has passed like a dream! The tall, awkward, bashful, cheery student of Harvard in the long-ago days of Presidents Sparks and Walker, studying by spurts, and yet ranking well up near the head of his class; marked for three things, — his purity of thought and life, the even temper of his disposition, and the ability even then to write long, flowing themes, teeming with thought and suggestion. Then the year as a teacher in the Boston Latin School, successful in winning

the love of a few of the best boys, but an utter failure in holding control of the average. Sharp discipline, not suasion and inspiration, were the school methods then. He was no disciplinarian; and under the old *régime* he had no opportunity to show his powers of suasion. Perhaps they were not yet developed.

Then those happy years in the seminary at Alexandria. There he studied, and unconsciously developed in intellectual strength and spiritual thought and expression. There he made his first efforts to break through his bashfulness in extempore address, in simple talk to the poor whites and negroes of Virginia, preaching, as he said in his humorous way, upon the subject "The Simplicity of the Gospel," a sermon which, as his friend told him, had neither simplicity nor much gospel. Two great influences he carried away from there, — one was the development of that earnest, evangelical spirit and missionary enthusiasm which went with him through life, which made his annual foreign missionary sermons epochs in the life of his parishes, and which led him to a deep sympathy for mission work in all its forms; and the other, the impress not so much of the learning nor of the theology as of the char-