

**THERE WAS A MAN SENT FROM  
GOD. THOMAS K. BEECHER:  
TEACHER OF THE PARK CHURCH  
AT ELMIRA, NEW YORK, 1854-  
1900**

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# **PARK CHURCH**

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There was a Man sent from God

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# THOMAS K. BEECHER

TEACHER OF THE PARK CHURCH AT ELMIRA,  
NEW YORK

1854-1900

PUBLISHED BY THE PARK CHURCH  
ELMIRA, N.Y.

1900  
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FROM MR. BEECHER'S JOURNAL.

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*Thursday, Dec. 13, 1849.*—1849 is almost gone. 1850 is close at hand. Just an even half-century seems no bad time for the beginning of my life's labor. I look forward to fifty years of good hard knocks given and taken in much love. Let's see : that would make me retire at seventy-six. Well, if I can keep a clear head and a pure heart so long, then do I long to live so long. If a second childhood awaits me, let me depart and be at rest sooner, sooner,—I care not how soon. . . . How valueless money is in my estimation! With me it shall never accumulate if by any means I can dispense it with any hope of benefit to man.



THE LAST DAYS.

On the evening of Wednesday, March 7, 1900, Mr. Beecher spoke to his people at the weekly meeting that was peculiarly his own. The gathering was uncommonly large, for Mr. Beecher was to give the first of five Lenten talks on "The Christian's Investment and Possible Dividends." As inevitably, when he spoke to intimate listeners, he was besieged at the close of the evening with questions; and, as always, he promised developments and explanations of his thought next time.

Two evenings later Mr. Beecher came into the teachers' meeting. He had been dining, in accordance with his Friday habit, at one of the homes that, through a friendship of generations, have called themselves his, and, in consequence, on his entrance, he found the teachers already seated. While the invariable stir of pleasure at the sight of him was passing through the little meeting, he humorously bewailed the scattered seats.

"I should not talk to these people if I were you, Mr. Eastman, spread all over the room like this," he said, and drew them to the front.

Saturday afternoon Mr. Beecher spent with an

ailing man. Sunday morning he was unusually late in leaving the church after service, so that the dispersing congregation and the arriving Sunday-school children met around him below the pulpit. A number of the children had a word with him; all of them saw him.

In the evening Mr. Beecher again came down from the hill to the service. At the close he stood with the congregation, singing,—

“How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,  
Is laid for your faith, in His excellent Word!”

And so standing and singing, his people saw him for the last time.

At his own door, a half-hour later, he was stricken with paralysis. The news of his illness broke upon the town next morning, and it became forthwith a town of watchers. Along the streets traversed by the members of his household on their way to and from the hill, the people who, their lives long, had watched him driving by, opened their windows and called out to know how he was. The anxiety for true reports of his condition was so great and so general, that people met in shops and in the streets with no other greeting than, “Have you heard from Mr. Beecher since we have?”

This love of him directed itself, as by instinct, into channels such as Mr. Beecher himself had