

**UNDER HIS WINGS: A
SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF
ROBERT LINDLEY MURRAY**

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Under His Wings: A Sketch of the Life of Robert Lindley Murray by Anonymous

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ANONYMOUS

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UNDER HIS WINGS.

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE

OF

ROBERT LINDLEY MURRAY.

"Happy the souls to Jesus joined,
And saved by grace alone ;
Walking in all his ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.
The church triumphant in thy love,
Their mighty joys we know ;
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below."

NEW YORK :
ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH & COMPANY,
770 BROADWAY.
1876.

TO

THE CHILDREN OF HIS LOVE,

FOR WHOM

HIS PRAYERS ASCENDED WITH EARNESTNESS AND FAITH,

This Book is Dedicated;

WITH THE DESIRE,

THAT THEY MAY KNOW THE GOD OF THEIR FATHER, AND REDEEMED
BY THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB, MAY SERVE HIM WITH A
PERFECT HEART AND A WILLING MIND,

AND

FIND IN LIFE, AND IN DEATH, A PERFECT SHELTER

"UNDER HIS WINGS."



CHAPTER I.

ONE life, only one;—and this of itself nothing, because lost in Christ. Its story can only be of thankfulness because upheld and sanctified in Him; and its narrative has no interest to others, except as it gives expression to the “old, old story” of His exceeding love; and yet it has its grandeur, because it portrays the life of one kept by the power of God. And this, if true to itself, would be the account of one early called by the Lord, who in simple-hearted dedication consecrated himself in loving allegiance to the Master, and manifested during his life the picture of the Christian gentleman.

In joy and in sorrow, an all-sufficient Saviour was ever near; and leaning on Him, he realized in a remarkable degree the fulfilment of the promise, “Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is staid on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee.”

“Safe in the arms of Jesus,”

He passed through life's pilgrimage, and now from “over the jasper sea,” comes with double force to

those still on this side of the river, the lines he loved in his humility to repeat :

“ O ! if there 's only one song I can sing,
When in His beauty I see the great King,
This shall my song in eternity be,
O ! what a wonder, that Jesus loves me ! ”

Robert Lindley Murray, son of Robert I. and Elizabeth Colden Murray, was born in New York, the 9th of 11th month, 1825.

His mother was the great-granddaughter of Cadwallader Colden, the last Colonial Governor of New York. His father was a prominent citizen of New York, actively interested in the philanthropic efforts of the day.

The following notice of this gentleman appeared in one of the city papers after his decease :

“ He was a man of strongly marked character, his intellect clear and vigorous, and his memory astonishing. He belonged to a class of men rapidly passing away—men of active benevolence, of conservative and firm patriotism, and intelligent devotion to the real necessities of his fellow-men. His loss cannot easily be repaired.”

The old homestead on Murray Hill, where Robert I. Murray was born, was the scene of many historic events, of which one only will be mentioned.

After losing the battle of Brooklyn Heights, Washington fell back on the country north of Harlem.

On the 15th of 9th month, 1776, Sir Wm. Howe, the Commander-in-Chief of the British forces, with Clinton and Tryon crossed Kip's Bay and occupied New York. Washington not being able to ascertain the intentions of the English with regard to the city, had dispatched Nathan Hale to find out what they were doing on Long Island, giving orders to Putnam, who occupied New York with a division of the patriot army, to remain where he was until further orders. But his videttes coming in with news that the British were crossing over, Putnam gave instant orders to march north, to rejoin Washington, by the Middle Road. Sir William Howe struck the King's Bridge Road and was hastening to intercept the flying rebels, which he could readily have done as he had some time the start of them.

Where the King's Bridge Road touched the hedges of the Murray gardens, stood the mistress of the mansion and her young daughters, waiting to welcome the gallant general. The lady was well-known to Sir William, although her Whig principles were not, and her courteous invitation to alight and partake of refreshments was received without a suspicion of the motive that suggested it. He thanked her graciously; but replied that he must hasten in pursuit of the rebel Putnam and his men. She represented to him the miserable condition of the patriot army, and the readiness with which he could