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## CHAPTER VI.

FIRST SERMON IN CHRIST CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA, ON THE DEATH OF A PUPIL—  
VERSES OF COMPLIMENT BY THE STUDENTS AND FRIENDS—HOPKINSON, MAGAW,  
DUCHÉ, BARTON, AND JACKSON—HYMN BY DR. SMITH—SOCIETY FOR THE EDU-  
CATION OF POOR GERMAN PROTESTANTS—PARTICULARS ABOUT IT—DR. SMITH  
TO REV. HENRY MUHLENBERG—MUHLENBERG TO DR. SMITH—PETITIONS FROM  
NEW HANOVER—HENRY ANTES—DR. SMITH'S LETTER TO REV. MESSRS. REIGER  
AND STOY—ANSWER—LETTER FROM W. PARSONS TO DR. PETERS—LETTER  
FROM CHRISTOPHER SAUER—DR. SMITH A STATESMAN AND TRUE SON OF  
THE CHURCH.

THE affectionate interest taken by Dr. Smith in his pupils was manifested in many ways. We have an evidence of one of the ways in a sermon preached in Christ Church, Philadelphia, September, 1754, on the death of one of them, William Thomas Martin, a truly promising youth, who died at Philadelphia, August 28th, 1754, while a student in the Senior Philosophy Class of the College. He was the second son of the Hon. Josiah Martin, Esq., of Antigua, and cousin to Samuel Martin, Esq., member of Parliament for Camelford, Treasurer to the Princess Dowager of Wales, and Secretary of the Treasury. The sermon, which is preserved in Dr. Smith's printed sermons,\* gives evidence of those same oratorical powers seen in his later discourses. It produced a great impression, due, doubtless, in part, to a highly effective manner of delivery. It brought forth the following stanzas from the fellow-students and friends of Mr. Martin, which were sent to Dr. Smith in the graceful fashion of the day. As a record of this and of our early college literature, as much as for any poetical merit which the pieces have, we insert them :

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\* Vol. I., p. 5.

TO THE REV. MR. WILLIAM SMITH,

ON HEARING HIS SERMON UPON THE DEATH OF HIS HOPEFUL PUPIL,  
OUR DEAR FELLOW-STUDENT, MR. WILLIAM THOMAS MARTIN.

BY A FELLOW-STUDENT.

I call no aid, no muses to inspire,  
Or teach my breast to feel a poet's fire;  
Your soft expression of a grief sincere,  
Brings from my soul a sympathetic tear.  
Taught by your voice, my artless sorrows flow;  
I sigh in verse, am eloquent in woe,  
And loftier thoughts within my bosom glow.  
For when, in all the charms of language drest,  
A manly grief flows, genuine, from the breast,  
What gen'rous nature can escape the wounds,  
Or steel itself against the force of melting sounds?

O could I boast to move with equal art  
The human soul, or melt the stony heart;  
My long-lov'd friend should through my numbers shine,  
Some virtue lost be wept in every line;  
For virtues he had many—'Twas confest  
That native sense and sweetness fill'd his breast.  
But cooler reason checks the bold intent,  
And, to the task refusing her consent,  
This only truth permits me to disclose,  
That, in your own, you represent my woes;  
And sweeter than my song is your harmonious prose!

FRANCIS HOPKINSON.

COLLEGE OF PHILADELPHIA, September 5th, 1754.

BY A FELLOW-STUDENT.

And is your Martin gone? Is he no more,  
That living truth, that virtue seen before?  
Has endless night already hid the ray,  
The early promise of his glorious day?  
That grief, great *Mourner*, in such strains exprest,  
Shews he was deep implanted in your breast.

Yet hark! soft-whispering reason seems to say,  
Cease from your sorrows, wipe these tears away.  
He's gone, he's past the gloomy shades of night,  
Safe landed in th' eternal realms of light.  
Happy exchange! to part with all below,  
For worlds of bliss where joys unfading flow,  
And sainted souls with love and rapture glow.

SAMUEL MAGAW.

COLLEGE OF PHILADELPHIA, September 6th, 1754.

## BY A FELLOW-STUDENT.

While for a pupil lost your sorrow flows,  
 In all the harmony of finish'd prose ;  
 While melting crowds the pious accents hear,  
 Sigh to your sighs, and give you tear for tear ;  
 We, too, in humble verse, would treat the theme,  
 And join our griefs to swell the general stream.  
 For we remember well his matchless power,  
 To steal upon the heart and cheer the social hour.

Ah, much lov'd friend, too soon thy beauties fade !  
 Too soon we count thee with the silent dead !  
 Thou, late the fairest plant in virtue's plain,  
 The brightest youth in wisdom's rising train ;  
 By genius great, by liberal arts adorn'd,  
 By strangers seen and lov'd, by strangers mourned ;  
 Blest in a tender brother's friendly breast ;  
 And in paternal fondness doubly blest !  
 Art thou now sunk in death's tremendous gloom,  
 Wrapt in the awful horrors of a tomb ?  
 Ah me ! how vain all sublunary joy !  
 Woes following woes, our warmest hopes destroy !  
 But hark !—some voice celestial strikes mine ear,  
 And bids the muse her plaintive strains forbear.  
 " Weep not, fond youths,"—it cries, or seems to cry,—  
 " He lives, your Martin lives, and treads the sky ;  
 From care, from toil, from sickness snatch'd away,  
 He shines amid the blaze of heaven's eternal day."

JACOB DUCHE.

COLLEGE OF PHILADELPHIA, September 7th, 1754.

## BY A FRIEND.

Check, mournful preacher ! check thy streaming woe,  
 Pierce not our souls with grief too great to know ;  
 He joys above whom we lament below.  
 Snatch'd from our follies here, he wing'd his way,  
 To sing hosannas in the realms of day.  
 With him the fight of life and death is o'er,  
 And agonizing throes shall pain no more ;  
 No more shall fell disease, with wasteful rage,  
 Blast the fair blossoms of his tender age ;  
 Transplanted now, he blooms a heav'nly flow'r,  
 Where spring eternal decks yon amaranthine bower.  
 Thy pious sorrows, Smith, to future days,  
 Shall bear his image, and transmit his praise.

Still, still I feel what thy Discourse imprest,  
 When pity thro' d, congenial, in each breast ;  
 When deep distress came thrilling from thy tongue,  
 And sympathizing crowds attentive hung.  
 To mourn for thy lov'd pupil all approv'd ;  
 On such a theme 'twas virtue to be mov'd.  
 Whoe'er these tender pages shall explore,  
 Must learn those griefs the pulpit taught before.

THOMAS BARTON.

COLLEGE OF PHILADELPHIA, September 7th, 1754.

BY ONE OF THE TUTORS.

O Death ! could manly courage quell thy power,  
 Or rosy health protect the fatal hour ;  
 Could tears prevail, or healing arts withstand  
 Th' unsparing ravage of thy wasteful hand ;  
 Then Martin still had liv'd a father's boast,  
 Nor had a mother's fondest hopes been lost ;  
 Then, Smith, thy darling youth, thy justest pride,  
 With virtue's first examples long had vi'd.

But he is blest where joys immortal flow ;  
 Cease, tears, to stream ! be dumb the voice of woe !  
 Releas'd from vice, in early bloom set free  
 From the dire rocks of this tempestuous sea,  
 The youthful saint, in heaven's ambrosial vales,  
 With glory crown'd, etherial life inhales.  
 No more let grief repine, or wish his stay,  
 In this dark gloom, this twilight of our day.  
 Rather we'll hail him fled from night's domain,  
 Array'd in light to tread the azure plain.  
 There science dwells :—before the mental eye  
 Nature's stupendous works unfolded lie ;  
 There wisdom, goodness, power diffusive shine,  
 And fire the glowing breast with love divine.

PAUL JACKSON.

COLLEGE OF PHILADELPHIA, September 7th, 1754.

Dr. Smith had some poetical talent. One evidence of it was a hymn composed by him, and sung at the church after his discourse. It is thus :

Father of all ! still wise and good  
 Whether thou giv'st or tak'st away ;  
 Before thy throne devoutly bow'd  
 We hail thy providential sway !

Save us from Fortune's hollow smile,  
That lures the guardless soul to rest ;  
A round of pleasure is but toil,  
And who could bear a constant feast ?

Sometimes thy chast'ning hand employ  
Gently to rouse us, not to pain !  
Sometimes let sorrow prove our joy,  
And scatter folly's noisy train !

Oft let us drop a pensive tear,  
O'er this much suffering scene of man ;  
Acute to feel what others bear,  
And wise our own defects to scan.

Teach us, while woes and deaths are nigh,  
To think on thee, and weigh our dust.  
Well may we mark the hours that fly  
And still find leisure to be just.