

[Reynolds, Elhanan Winchester]

Biographical Record

Rev. Elhanan Winchester Reynolds died in Milwaukie, Wisconsin, August 31, aged thirty-nine years. For three years past, his health had been very precarious, and for some months he had declined rapidly. His difficulty was consumption superinduced by asthma, a disease from which he was always more or less a sufferer. He entered the ministry twenty years ago, at the age of nineteen, a young man of evident parts, but at that time with no very happy faculty of commending himself to the public. He was first settled in Java, Erie County, New York. Subsequently in Sherman, New York; Norwich, Connecticut; Lynn, Massachusetts; Buffalo, Jamestown, Watertown and Lockport, New York. From the latter place he returned, after a brief pastorate, to his farm in Cuba, New York, a prematurely exhausted and dying man. Here he endeavored to establish a society, when so weak that, as he said, he was "fighting with death daily." His fast failing health admonished him that he must seek relief, if it were to be found at all, in the restoring climate of Minnesota, whither he went a few months since. But the disease appeared to have been too deeply seated; its progress was sure and steady; and he now sleeps in peace. He had no fear of death. His faith was never firmer than amid the gathering shadows of his last days. His trust in God was serene and strong. As one who falls into a gentle sleep, he passed away, the act seeming not "So much even as the lifting of a latch; Only a step into the open air, Out of a tent already luminous, With light than shone through its transparent walls."

Rev. E. W. Reynolds had developed from an awkward and rather unpromising youth of nineteen to a man of thirty-nine, of as many and rare accomplishments as we often meet in any one, reared under whatever advantages. As a preacher, he was strong and often brilliant; as a scholar, his explorations were extensive, and his acquisitions, the gold refined from innumerable heaps of dross, patiently searched out; and a writer, he was master of a style which would have been his passport to the first literary circles of America. He wrote several books, the most successful of which is the *Records of Bubbleton Parish*, a volume of great power and lively humor. He has left an honorable record which cannot but be helpful to all who give it an appropriate consideration. The denomination has met with a great loss in his death. It is a sad thing for a great cause to lose such a man, when cultivated minds and consecrated hearts are so necessary to it.

Mr. Reynolds has left a wife, with a family of children to mourn his departure.

*The Universalist Companion*, Boston MA, 1868, pp. 80-1