DISCOURSE

DELIVERED AT THE FUNERAL

OF

JOHN MACLEAN, D.D., LL.D.,

TENTH PRESIDENT OF THE COLLEGE OF NEW JERSEY,

IN

THE SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,

PRINCETON, N. J.,

FRIDAY, AUGUST 13, 1886,

BY

JOHN T. DUFFIELD, D.D.

A MEMORIAL ADDRESS

DELIVERED IN

THE MARQUAND CHAPEL OF THE COLLEGE OF NEW JERSEY

ON

THE EVENING OF BACCALAUREATE SUNDAY,

JUNE 19, 1887,

BY

JAMES M. LUDLOW, D.D.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST OF THE TRUSTEES.

LJ4605
1854
J8

The Princeton Press.

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

The Rev. John Maclean, D.D., LL.D., Tenth President of the College of New Jersey, died at his residence in Princeton, N. J., on Tuesday, Aug. 10, 1886. The funeral services were held in the Second Presbyterian Church on Friday afternoon, Aug. 13, President Maclean having been connected with the Second Church since its organization. The exercises were conducted by the Pastor, the Rev. Lewis W. Mudge, D.D. The Rev. James O. Murray, D.D., LL.D., Dean of the Faculty of the College, offered the opening prayer. Select portions of Scripture were read by Prof. Henry C. Cameron, D.D. The funeral Discourse was delivered by Prof. John T. Duffield, D.D., followed by a brief Address by Prof. James C. Moffat, D.D. The closing prayer was offered by the Rev. Archibald Alexander Hodge, D.D., LL.D., and the benediction was pronounced by the Rev. David Magie, D.D., of Paterson, N. J. The following gentlemen were pall-bearers: Samuel H. Pennington, M.D., and the Rev. E. R. Craven, D.D., Trustees of the College, Prof. Wm. Henry Green, D.D., LL.D., of the Theological Seminary, Prof. J. S. Schanck, M.D., LL.D., of the College, the Rev Amzi L. Armstrong, and the Rev. J. A. Worden, D.D., of the Presbytery of New Brunswick, Mr. James Vandeventer of Princeton, and the Hon. Wm. J. Magie, Justice of the Supreme Court of New Jersey.

The Trustees of the College requested the Faculty to make arrangements for a Memorial service in the College Chapel on the evening of Baccalaureate Sunday. By invitation of the Faculty the Address was delivered by the Rev. James M. Ludlow, D.D., of East Orange, N. J.

DISCOURSE

OF

THE REV. JOHN T. DUFFIELD, D.D.,

Professor in the College of New Jersey.

DISCOURSE.

If this were an occasion for grieving my place would be with the mourners. On Tuesday morning last when with his immediate relatives and one of my colleagues I sat at the bedside of Dr. Maclean and felt that hand which so often had extended to me a warm greeting grow cold in my grasp and the pulses become fainter and fainter until the heart ceased to beat, I felt that I had lost my best earthly friend. I have received many blessings from our heavenly Father which call for thankfulness, but I feel that I have special reason for gratitude to God that for near fifty years of life's pilgrimage, it has been my privilege to enjoy the acquaintance, and for more than forty years the intimate personal friendship, of John Maclean. Were this an occasion for mourning I should not occupy the place I do to-day. But who does not feel that the circumstances under which we are assembled call not for grieving but thanksgiving—thanks, not that John Maclean is dead but that he lived; thanks, that in early

youth he became a follower of Christ and henceforth to its close his life was an epistle of godliness known and read of men; thanks, that he was so endowed by nature and by grace that upon all with whom he was associated his influence was a benediction; thanks, that he had granted to him not only wisdom but wisdom's "right-hand" blessing, "length of days;" thanks, that though "by reason of strength" his life was extended to more than fourscore years, that strength was *not* "labor and sorrow;" thanks, that with faculties unimpaired, in old age he brought forth fruit; thanks, that he passed through the valley of the shadow of death without fear of evil, that his end was peace and his death a victory.

When I look on this casket which contains all that was mortal of President Maclean, and think of the grand life that ended when he ceased to breathe, I feel that without anticipating the time when "this mortal shall put on immortality" we may appropriate the exclamation, "O grave! where is thy victory?"

Except in the prospect of the resurrection of those who sleep in Jesus, we seldom dare to utter this triumphant challenge of the apostle. Often the fatal summons comes to those who are in the morning of life, full of bright hopes and fond anticipations, the centre of a circle of loving

and admiring friends, at the age when life is sweetest, when the ties which bind to earth are strongest, when the youthful spirit bouyant with joy and joyous hopes was beginning to wonder why this world should ever have been called "a vale of tears"—at such a time has the summons come and given another illustration of the sad truth which youthful inexperience had begun to doubt—and as we committed to the tomb the remains of those thus prematurely smitten, we have felt that the grave had had a victory. Often has the fatal summons come to those in the prime of manhood, who had advanced on their career only to be stopped at the middle of the course, engaged in the battle of life only to fall when the battle was at its height—at a time when life's duties were most urgent, when loved ones were most dependent, when influence was most far-reaching and cherished schemes but half-completed—at such a time has the summons come reminding us that "man at his best state is vanity" —and, as we committed to the tomb the remains of those who were smitten so untimely, we felt that the grave had had the victory and that a broken shaft was the monument appropriate to their last resting place. But who would think of erecting a broken shaft over the grave of John Maclean? Thanks be to God, to-day we are permitted to carry to yonder cemetery the precious remains of one whose career

did not terminate until he had reached the goal, whose labors did not cease until he had accomplished the work that had been given him to do, whose life did not end until its full term was completed—to whom death came not as an abnormal untimely catastrophe, but the normal ending of a finished course, a transition from the sphere of service when the work prescribed was done, to the sphere of the faithful servant's reward. When we contemplate such a life and such a death as this, without anticipating the hour when this mortal shall put on immortality, we may triumphantly ask, "O grave! where is thy victory?" When grain ripe for the sickle is harvested and the wheat gathered into the garner, the preserver, not the destroyer, has the victory.

John Maclean was born in Princeton, March 3d, 1800, in the brick house on the north side of Nassau street, immediately opposite the School of Science building. He was descended from an honorable ancestry both on his father's and mother's side, the genealogical record of each family extending back for centuries and including many distinguished names. His father, Professor John Maclean, M.D., was a native of Glasgow. At the early age of sixteen he was graduated at the University of that city with high honor and early attained distinction by original researches in Chemistry—a science then in its

infancy. After completing a course of Medical Lectures at Glasgow, he attended Lectures on his favorite studies—Chemistry and Surgery—at Edinburgh, London and Paris. He for a time engaged with much success in the practice of his profession in his native city, at the same time continuing his researches in Chemistry. Preferring our Republican form of government and believing that in the United States he would have a wider field of usefulness, he came to America, arriving in New York in April, 1795. At the ensuing meeting of the Board of Trustees he was elected Professor of Chemistry and Natural Philosophy. By his acceptance of this appointment Chemistry for the first time became one of the studies of an American College curriculum. In an account of a visit to Princeton in 1801, Dr. Archibald Alexander refers to Professor Maclean as "one of the most popular Professors who ever graced an American College." He was at home almost equally in all branches of science. In the diary of Yale's distinguished Professor of Chemistry, the late Benjamin Silliman, M.D., LL.D., there is the following record: "*Brief residence in Princeton.*—At this celebrated seat of learning an eminent gentleman, Dr. John Maclean, resided as Professor of Chemistry. I passed a few days with Dr. Maclean and obtained from him a general insight into my future occupation. I regard him as my earliest master

in Chemistry and Princeton as my starting point in that pursuit."

Professor Maclean was married in 1798 to Phoebe Bainbridge, daughter of Absalom Bainbridge, M.D. of New York City and sister of the distinguished naval hero, Commodore William Bainbridge. She was a lady of rare loveliness both of person and of character. Professor Silliman refers to her in his diary as "a lovely woman, who made my visits to the house very pleasant to me." John Maclean inherited in large measure his father's intellectual ability and his mother's loveliness of character. When but thirteen years of age he was admitted to the Freshman Class at the beginning of the Second Term, and was graduated with honor in 1816—the youngest member of his Class.

In the winter of 1814–15 a revival of religion occurred, in some respects the most memorable in the history of the College, resulting in the conversion of a large number of students, many of whom subsequently became eminent in the Church — Dr. Charles Hodge, Bishop Johns, Bishop McIlvaine, Dr. Wm. J. Armstrong, Dr. Ravaud K. Rodgers, Dr. Symmes C. Henry, Dr. Charles S. Stewart and others. John Maclean, then a Junior in College, did not manifest any interest on the subject of religion until one day a friend, Edward Allen, said to him, "Maclean, have you heard the news?" "What news?"

he asked. Allen replied, "Hodge and Vandyke have enlisted." He was for the moment startled by the statement as there was at that time in Princeton an officer engaged in obtaining recruits for the army. After a brief pause Allen added, "They have enlisted under the banner of King Jesus." Maclean replied, "Well, that was the best enlistment they could have made," and was about to leave the room. His friend requested him to remain and then spoke to him of the importance of personal religion and urged him to give the subject immediate attention. The result was the conviction that he ought to do so and he at once began the study of the Scriptures, with prayer that he might be enabled to make them the rule of his conduct. He was soon led to trust in Christ as his Saviour but did not make a public profession of his faith until after his graduation.

During the following year he was engaged as an Assistant Teacher in the Classical School which had recently been established at Lawrenceville by the Rev. Isaac V. Brown. In the fall of 1818 he entered the Theological Seminary and shortly after was elected Tutor in Greek in the College. On the resignation of Professor Vethake in 1821 he took charge of the Classes in Mathematics and the following year was appointed Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy. The same year he declined an invitation to the Professorship of Mathematics in

Dickinson College. In 1829 he was elected Vice-President of the College and Professor of the Ancient Languages. He had charge of both the Latin and Greek Departments until 1836, when the increase in the number of students rendered it necessary that the Professorship should be divided. Prof. James W. Alexander was accordingly appointed Professor of Latin and Dr. Maclean Professor of the Greek Language and Literature. At the meeting of the Board of Trustees in June, 1853, Dr. Carnahan presented his resignation of the Presidency. At the meeting of the Board in December, Dr. Maclean was elected President of the College and was inaugurated at the Commencement in 1854. In 1868, in pursuance of a purpose he had several years previously formed, he resigned the Presidency, having completed half a century in the service of the College.

The simple fact that Dr. Maclean should have filled in succession these different positions acceptably and successfully is evidence of his eminent and varied ability; yet of itself it would give a very inadequate impression of the extent and value of the services he rendered to the College of New Jersey. Without any disparagement to those associated with him in the instruction and government of the College it may be said that during almost the entire period of his official connexion with the College he was the

ruling spirit in the administration of its affairs. He was a born leader of men. He combined those qualities of mind and heart and character which win the esteem and confidence of others, and give to their possessor commanding influence. He was wise in counsel, prompt in decision, energetic in action, fertile in resource, tenacious in purpose and knowing no fear but the fear of God. He had in him much of the stuff that martyrs are made of and would have gone to the stake for a principle—at the same time was charitable toward those who differed from him, scrupulously considerate not only of the rights but the feelings of others, courteous not by rule but by instinct, of tender sympathy and generous impulses, a high-minded, honorable, Christian gentleman.

In 1828–9 the College passed through a crisis that for a time threatened its very existence. Owing to an unfortunate if not injudicious exercise of discipline in 1824—which it is proper to say was not approved of though acquiesced in by Dr. Carnahan who had recently entered on his duties as President—upwards of twenty students were removed or withdrawn from the Institution. The impression made on the public was unfavorable and the number of students still further declined, until in 1827 there were but seventy-five enrolled. As the College was almost entirely dependent on the receipts for tuition

and room-rent, it became greatly crippled financially. Hoping to increase thereby the number of students the charge for tuition was reduced. The result was a still further diminution of income and a reduction of salaries became necessary. Two of the three Professors resigned. One of them, the Professor of Ancient Languages, opened a Classical Academy, "The Edgehill School," in Princeton. Professor Maclean's talents, temperament and loyalty to his Alma Mater were just what was needed for such a crisis. Instead of yielding to the pressure of discouraging circumstances, he devised a scheme for not only filling the vacancies but increasing the Faculty, and this without increasing the current expenses. With characteristic magnanimity and a self-reliance which was justified by the results, he proposed to give up the Professorship which for seven years he had filled with ability and success and take charge of the Department of Ancient Languages; that Professor Vethake, who was then in Europe engaged in scientific studies, should be appointed to his former Professorship; that Albert B. Dod, who as Tutor in Mathematics gave promise of his subsequent brilliant professorial career, should be appointed Assistant Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, to take charge of the Department until the return of Professor Vethake; that the distinguished scientist Dr. John Torrey of

New York, should be appointed to give an annual course of Lectures at the College on Chemistry, and that an Instructor in French should be appointed. The scheme was approved by President Carnahan, was submitted by him to the Board of Trustees, and was adopted. As an evidence of their high appreciation of the abilities and services of Professor Maclean, the Trustees of their own motion, probably at the suggestion, certainly with the cordial approval, of President Carnahan appointed Professor Maclean Vice-President of the College.

The reconstruction of the Faculty was received with general favor. The number of students immediately increased and was promptly followed by an increase of the Faculty. In 1830 Joseph Addison Alexander was appointed Assistant Professor of the Ancient Languages and Dr. Howell Lecturer on Anatomy and Physiology. In 1833, at the suggestion of Dr. Maclean, Joseph Henry was appointed Professor of Natural Philosophy and entered on that life-work which has made his name and that of the Institutions with which he has been connected, illustrious. In 1834, the scholarly and eloquent James W. Alexander, D.D., was appointed Professor of Belles Lettres and subsequently Professor of Belles Lettres and Latin. The same year Stephen Alexander was appointed Tutor in Mathematics—the beginning of his distinguished career as a Mathematician

and Astronomer. By these valuable accessions to the Faculty, the prosperity of the College was permanently secured. At the close of President Carnahan's administration in 1854, the number of students had increased to two hundred and forty-seven. In 1861 the number of students had increased to three hundred and fourteen, the graduating classes for several years numbering near ninety. By the outbreak of the war the number of students was reduced to two hundred and twelve, but at the close of President Maclean's administration in 1868 the number had increased to two hundred and fifty-four, and the accession the last year of his Administration was one hundred and seventeen, the largest, up to that period, in the history of the College.

President Maclean's administration marks a new era in the financial condition of the College. Efforts had previously been made to secure an Endowment Fund—in 1825 by the Alumni Association, in '30 by the Trustees, and again in '35 by the Alumni—but these efforts were almost wholly unsuccessful. In 1853, when President Carnahan presented his resignation, the permanent funds of the College did not exceed $15,000. At the close of President Maclean's administration in '68, the permanent funds amounted to a quarter of a million. The College had also received large gifts for grounds, buildings and special expenses—the ground for the Observatory with the

first payment for the building of $10,000 from Gen. N. N. Halsted, the ground for Dickinson Hall and $100,000 from Mr. John C. Green, the property of Doct. John N. Woodhull by bequest, contributions for the rebuilding of Nassau Hall after the fire of 1854 and for other special objects. Several bequests to the College made previous to 1868 were subsequently paid. Without including these bequests, the aggregate of gifts to the College during President Maclean's administration was about four hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The College is to be congratulated that these large gifts have been so far surpassed during the brilliant administration of his illustrious successor, but it is no extravagant eulogy to say, that on his retirement from the Presidency, of all the names enrolled on the General Catalogue of the College as Alumni, Professors, Trustees and Presidents, there is no one to whom the Institution is more largely indebted for its established prosperity than to John Maclean.

The personal relations of Dr. Maclean and his venerated predecessor were alike creditable to both these distinguished men. Though quite different in temperament and through almost the entire period of President Carnahan's administration sustaining to each other a somewhat delicate official relation, their intercourse was never marred by the slightest jealousy or other unpleasant feeling. With a high

appreciation of each other's ability and discretion, and with implicit confidence in each other's disinterested devotion to the interests of the college, they were confidential friends. No important action was taken by either without consultation with and the approval of the other. In his letter of resignation President Carnahan refers to his esteemed colleague who had been associated with him throughout his entire administration. "To his activity, zeal, and devotion to the interests of the College," he says, "I must be permitted to give my unqualified testimony." Subsequently as a member of the Board of Trustees, he cordially favored the appointment of Dr. Maclean as his successor. It was an interesting, and to President Maclean an especially gratifying, incident, that his first official act after his inauguration was the announcement that the Trustees had conferred the Degree of Doctor of Laws on the friend with whom he had been so long and intimately and pleasantly associated.

In regard to the choice of a successor to President Carnahan it may be proper to mention that in view of his world-wide reputation, his administrative ability and his high Christian character, some of the Trustees favored the election of Professor Henry, who in 1848 had resigned his Professorship at Princeton to accept the Secretaryship of the Smithsonian Institution. When the matter was proposed

to Professor Henry he was unwilling to be regarded as a candidate, and recommended the election of his friend Vice-President Maclean. He subsequently showed his esteem for Dr. Maclean by having him appointed one of the Regents of the Smithsonian Institution.

With no less truth than when the words were originally uttered, it may be said to-day, "a Prince and a great man has fallen in Israel." John Maclean was one of nature's noblemen, richly endowed with princely gifts and virtues. He was a great man intellectually. That abnormal development of healthy brain was the organ of an intellect exceptionally vigorous by nature, and strengthened and developed by faithful culture. He was a man of broad scholarship. Whilst making little pretension to what may be called the ornamental branches of a liberal education, he was proficient in the branches that are fundamental. Few Presidents of American Colleges have been ready as was he, in an emergency, to take charge of the instruction in most of the studies of the curriculum. Up to the close of life it was his daily habit to read the Scriptures in the original. He was one of that company of Christian scholars who, by their services in the Institutions of this place and their contributions to the old "Princeton Review," made the name of Princeton illustrious throughout evangelical Christendom.

In the discussion of the important questions which agitated the Presbyterian Church a half century ago, Dr. Maclean took a prominent part. He published a series of letters in "The Presbyterian," which were afterwards republished in pamphlet form, defending with marked ability the action of the Assembly of '37 on the questions at issue between the Old and New School branches of the Church. He represented the Presbytery of New Brunswick in the important Assembly of '38, when the division of the Church occurred, and was appointed to prepare a Circular Letter to Foreign Evangelical Churches, on the issues which led to the division. He was a member of the Assembly of 1843 and again of the Assembly of 1844, at both which important questions as to the functions of the office of Ruling Elder were decided—questions which for several years previous had been discussed in the religious periodicals and in the ecclesiastical courts. The eminent ability with which Dr. Maclean defended the views of the majority was recognized in each Assembly by his appointment to prepare a reply to the protest of the minority.

Dr. Maclean's most notable contributions to the Review were two articles in '41, in reply to two Prize Essays that had recently been published in Great Britain and afterwards in this country with the sanction of the National Temperance Society, maintain-

ing the duty of total abstinence on the ground that the Scriptures condemned all use of intoxicating drinks and that the "wine" whose use was not forbidden in the Scriptures and which was used by the Saviour in instituting the Sacrament of the Supper was "the unfermented juice of the grape." No more exhaustive and conclusive argument in opposition to the doctrine of these Essays has ever been published. The articles attracted much attention both in this country and in Great Britain and secured for their author a high reputation for classical, biblical and patristic scholarship.

In 1873 he published in the Review a valuable exegetical article on the Harmony of the different accounts of Christ's Resurrection, in which he shows even in old age, familiarity with a somewhat abstruse branch of Mathematics—the Doctrine of Probabilities—proving thereby the credibility of the different narratives by their evidently undesigned agreement in so many different particulars.

The State of New Jersey is largely indebted to Dr. Maclean for her present Common School system. He was one of its earliest and ablest advocates. He read a paper on the subject before "the New Jersey Literary and Philosophical Society" in 1829, which was afterwards printed and widely circulated, and in 1833 published an article on "Common Schools" in the Princeton Review.

After his retirement from the Presidency, his life-work was fitly crowned by preparing for the press a History of the College from its origin to the close of President Carnahan's administration—the Preface containing many important facts in connexion with his own administration. The work is admirable for the exhaustive extent and minute accuracy of its information, gleaned from every available record and document and supplemented from the stores of his wonderful memory. It contains judicious discussions of questions pertaining to the instruction and government of the College, and interesting biographical sketches of that remarkable succession of distinguished men who had preceded him in the Presidency. Having completed this labor of love, with characteristic generosity he gave the manuscript to an Association which he had been instrumental in organizing, after his official connexion with the College had terminated, to aid worthy students in the College needing assistance.

President Maclean was a great man intellectually —he was greater morally—greater in the elements of a noble, manly, lovely character. It was for grandeur of soul, rather than of intellect, that he was spoken of as "a grand old man." He had an abnormally large brain, he had a larger heart. It was this large-heartedness that made him so loving and so lovable —it was this that so endeared him to his pupils and

to all with whom he was associated, that on the day when he resigned the seals of the Presidential Office, it was said by one not given to extravagant expression, that "John Maclean was the most loved man in America." The luxury he most indulged in was "the luxury of doing good." To promote the happiness of others was the ruling principle, the passion of his life. His ready sympathy and his generosity attracted to him those who were in trouble, and to the extent of his ability it was ever a pleasure to minister aid and comfort. He was "given to hospitality," not because it was a commanded duty but from the impulse of a generous nature, and his cordial welcome, his genial manner and his unaffected courtesy made every one, friend or stranger, who entered his hospitable mansion, feel at home. He was not only unselfish but self-sacrificing in efforts to promote the happiness and the welfare of others. He repeatedly had sick students brought to his house that he might be assured they would be properly cared for, and that he might personally minister to their comfort. A few years ago an incident accidentally came to my knowledge that until to-day I have not felt at liberty to mention publicly. I met him one day on the sidewalk near my house with a small package in his hand and walking rather briskly toward the railroad station. I asked, "which way are

you going?" With some hesitation, and blushing, as if he would have preferred that his object should not have been known, he replied, "I met on the street a few moments ago a colored man—a stranger—who appeared to be unwell. On inquiry I learned that he was in feeble health and was on his way from Trenton to New Brunswick, where he had friends. I asked him why he did not go in the cars? He said he had no money. I gave him enough to pay his fare and directed him to the station. After leaving him it crossed my mind that he had probably had nothing to eat since leaving Trenton and was faint from hunger, so I went to the baker's and bought a loaf of bread which I am taking to him,"—and he passed on on his errand of mercy. I thought of Him, who when on earth "went about doing good," who washed His disciples' feet, saying, "I have given you an example that ye should do as I have done to you," and when I saw the venerable Ex-President of the College becoming a poor colored man's servant, and this without solicitation—ministering personally to a stranger who had no other claim than that he was needy and friendless—I felt that it was the most Christ-like act I had ever witnessed. Yet this was characteristic of the man. Estimated by the divine standard, "he that would be great among you let him be your minister, and he that would be chief let him be the servant of all," John Maclean was the greatest man I ever knew.

Any portraiture of Dr. Maclean's character would be defective that did not give prominence to his piety. He was a truly great man because he was "a good man, full of faith and of the Holy Ghost." He was endowed by nature with the traits of a noble character, but these natural endowments would never have made him "the grand old man" he was, had they not been sanctified by grace. That rare combination in him of manliness and loveliness was an illustration of the spiritual meaning of the declaration of the Psalmist, "strength and beauty are in Thy sanctuary." From the time he "enlisted" in Christ's service, seventy years ago, until his earthly course on Tuesday last was finished, he was a loyal soldier, a good and faithful servant of Jesus Christ. His single aim in all things, was to know his Master's will and do it. He was not only a diligent student of God's Word but made that Word the rule of all his conduct and the glory of God the chief end of his life. Scrupulously faithful in the discharge of every personal and official duty, he was earnest and unwearied in effort for the spiritual welfare of others. As a member of the Faculty he was not only regular in attendance on all the ordinary religious exercises of the College but conducted a special half-hour service in one of the recitation rooms, four evenings of every week of term-time, for many years. When he became Pres-

ident, in addition to the accustomed Biblical instruction on the Sabbath he took charge of one exercise a week in religious instruction with each one of the Classes. In his Inaugural Address he emphasized the fact that the College of New Jersey was founded to promote *religion* as well as learning, and he was "instant in season and out of season" in labors and in prayers that this end might be fulfilled. Steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, his labor was not in vain in the Lord. From his election to the Vice-Presidency until the close of his official connexion with the College scarcely a Class was graduated that had not passed through a season of special religious interest and that did not contain a number who had been hopefully converted in College. His religious activity was not confined to the College. He was "ready unto every good word and work." He took an active interest in the welfare of our colored population and was their trusted counsellor, their steadfast friend and generous benefactor. It was mainly through his instrumentality that the Witherspoon St. Presbyterian Church was organized and their house of worship erected. Some forty years ago, when the interests of Presbyterianism in Princeton seemed to demand a second Church, at the solicitation of those immediately interested and with the cordial approval of his brethren, including the pas-

tor of the First Church, Dr. Maclean took charge of the enterprise. By his energy and liberality he contributed so largely to the success of the effort that for many years our Church was known as "Dr. Maclean's Church." After his withdrawal from the College until a few months ago when prevented by the infirmities of age, he was regular in his attendance on its services, was in proportion to his means probably the most generous contributor to its support, and by many a kind word and deed encouraged the Pastor in his labors. To this Church his death is an irreparable bereavement.

His last appearance in public was at the after-dinner meeting of the Alumni on the day before Commencement. It was the seventieth anniversary of his graduation. He was, and for many years had been, the President of the Alumni Association. The scene of thrilling interest occasioned by his presence will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. When he entered the hall leaning on the arm of his friend Dr. Schanck, the whole assembly rose and welcomed him with cheers which continued, increasing in volume and enthusiasm, until he was seated, the central figure on the platform. He was unable to respond, but a brief address which he had prepared was at his request read by Professor Cameron. He remained for a little time, and when he rose to retire the assembly again rose and remained stand-

ing in respectful silence until he had left the hall. Many eyes unused to weeping were wet with tears as they looked for the last time on his venerable form. Grateful as such an expression of the respect and affection of the Alumni must have been to him as his earthly career was drawing to its close, the main inducement to attend the meeting was not the ovation that awaited him. At the risk of hastening the end which he knew was near, he was present, that in his farewell address to the Alumni he might once more, and under circumstances calculated to make a deep and lasting impression, record the fact that the College of New Jersey was founded for the promotion of *religion* as well as learning, and to express the hope and prayer that the design of the pious founders of the Institution would ever be sacredly regarded by those to whom its interests might be entrusted.

Until near the very close of his life his faculties continued unimpaired. He looked forward to death and the life beyond with unclouded faith and a blessed hope. He had fought a good fight, he had finished his course, he had kept the faith, and he was "ready" for the time of his departure. His end was painless and peaceful. As an infant in a mother's arms he fell asleep and entered into rest. He is gone, but in many hearts until they cease to beat his memory will be precious.

God in His providence to-day is repeating the injunction of His word, "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright for the end of that man is peace." Though "dead he yet speaketh." Such a life and death as his is the unanswerable argument for the truth of our holy religion. It stands the test proposed by its blessed Founder—its divinity is demonstrated by such fruits.

That voice from heaven which the beloved disciple heard in the Apocalypse is saying again to us to-day, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord —they rest from their labors and their works do follow them."

Who will not join me in the prayer, "May my last end be like his?"

ADDRESS

OF

THE REV. JAMES M. LUDLOW, D.D.,

Pastor of the Munn Avenue Presbyterian Church, East Orange, N. J.

ADDRESS.

I appreciate very highly the honor of having been selected by my Alma Mater to voice the loving respect for the memory of Dr. Maclean which fills all our hearts. I appreciate also, and very keenly, the fact that I cannot do justice to the subject. Were this possible under any circumstances, the lateness of your invitation and the fact that Professor Duffield has already, upon the occasion of the funeral service, delivered an eulogy which was so complete as an analysis of the character and summary of the life of our beloved preceptor, would have made me hesitate to undertake the duty of to-night. I have, however, overcome this feeling by the thought that no one who knew Dr. Maclean will expect me to do justice to his memory, any more than a son is expected to do justice to the memory of his father, when, swayed by the tide of grateful recollections, he looks upon the dear face in the coffin, and says, "How I loved him!" But it is worth coming back to Princeton just to say that of Dr. Maclean.

And however inadequate my words may be in themselves, they gather incalculable meaning in that they will express the feeling of thousands of living graduates who received instruction from him, and who, from all parts of the world, from the highest council chambers of the nation, from the laboratories of science and the retreats of philosophy, from pulpits and court rooms, from all the paths of professional and commercial life, hail his name with loving recollections. The flowers of grateful tribute come in such profusion that no one can arrange them in a set speech. I bring a few; but our service, like Buddha's bowl, overflows with them.

The many relations which Dr. Maclean sustained to the community, as professor in various branches of literature and science, disciplinarian, writer, counsellor and ecclesiastic, made many impressions of him in many minds; but there was one impression which he made upon everybody:—he was great in his goodness. Whatever else I may have to say, with this I must begin, and to this I must revert; for his goodness gave quality to everything associated with him. It was to his other characteristics what a racial type is to the features; the common stamp upon them all. It was not merely, as has been said, the finest bloom of his manhood, but its very essence. If you read the formal tributes paid to his memory by various corporate bodies with which he was con-

nected, you will observe that they are climacteric in this regard. Thus the men of science represented by the Smithsonian Institute recognize his service "in the cause of culture, of *truth* and *righteousness*." The resolutions of the Board of Trustees of the College express appreciation of "his ability, learning, *benevolence*, *kindness* and *affection*." His moral qualities were to his other traits what the glow is to the various hues of the sunset, giving to each its glory.

But I must note some of the hues as well as the glory. Dr. Maclean was of marked individuality in many respects. His personal appearance was notable. Dore's delineation of Virgil guiding Dante through the shades of Inferno was not more unique than that tall, straight form, its angularity broken by flowing hair and long cloak, which our imagination still sees moving among the trees of the campus. Nature had endowed him with a rare physique. His muscles were iron and his nerves steel; a straight inheritance of the Maclean clan that swung the claymore on the Scottish border. And woe to the college athlete who, prowling after mischief across the border of propriety, felt his grip! Once, after he had turned his seventieth year, a stalwart law-breaker whom he had captured and brought to his office door, there escaped him. The venerable man looked for a moment at the vanishing form of the student, and then, gazing upon his own hands, as if loth to admit

the fact that their natural force was abated, with a sigh, said, "Well, I didn't think it!"

Perhaps Dr. Maclean never knew the sensation of physical fear. In the thickest of the melee between the ruffianism of town and college, by the lighted fuse which was to explode the walls of Old North, and in the secret caucus of disguised desperadoes, his form suddenly appeared, the impersonation of the Gaelic motto of the Macleans, "Dreum Rioghail do' chiosnuicht nach striochdeadh do Shluaigh,—a royal clan of bravery which never surrenders to a multitude."

Of the intellectual character of Dr. Maclean it is not easy to form an estimate. The circumstances of the College forced him to give instruction in so many departments that it would have been a marvel if he had found additional time to prove his genius in any. But so strong and facile was his mental energy that it developed a notable degree of talent for almost every subject that interested him. He was able to hold the different chairs in Princeton, not through your mere partiality; for, it is now known—what his modesty at the time concealed—that he received overtures from other colleges to fill similar professorships with them. Dr. Matthew B. Hope, than whom Princeton never had a shrewder judge of men, used to say that had Dr. Maclean given himself to any particular study in science,

philosophy or language, he would easily have attained celebrity in it. If we doubt this, we may find the reason for the failure of Dr. Maclean to become a master in specialty, not in the lack of special ability, but rather in the possession of certain other intellectual impulses which made his thoughts overflow any single channel. He saw too many things, if not at once, yet in quick succession, and was impatient of one-threaded continuity. There were too many windows in his mind to show a ray through the keyhole; yet the keyhole ray—as good Prof. Alexander used to show us in the laboratory—would reveal mysteries which wide windows could not. A specialist not only focuses mental light upon his theme; sometimes he must exclude light. If Dr. Maclean lacked any intellectual equipment, it was, perhaps, of the nature of adjustable shutters. His mind was like an ancient temple, open to the sky. He was, moreover, of that practical turn of talent which requires an idea to be run into definite shape, to become solidified in fact, in order to be long retained in interest. These, a wise critic observes, are the qualities of a born ruler, a commander of men, who catches ideas quickly, but needs power to execute them. Heinrich Heine called Bonaparte "a wide-eyed man" who could "see the whole things of the world, while we others can only see them one by one, and then only in shadow." But that "wide

eye" would have thoroughly penetrated no department of knowledge had circumstances settled him as a professor in the school of Brienne, instead of thrusting him out amid the whirl of "affairs." Carnot said that Bonaparte could not have made a scientific man. Perhaps the same was true of Dr. Maclean; if so, for the same reason.

But he could have commanded men. At first it seems an odd fancy, that of Dr. Maclean doffing the gown and donning the military cloak. But, having been once suggested, the fancy grows less fanciful. His face, while suffused with benignity, had the Cromwellian square brow, and straight Cæsar-lips formed for short crisp sentences. His frame was full of nervous impulse which could not endure the quiet of the study when there was need for a proctor's service out of doors. One can imagine that long white hair floating on the wind in a cavalry charge; though it is impossible to conceive of it flying before any enemy.

In council Dr. Maclean was eminently wise. One intimately associated with him in the government of the college says, that he saw almost intuitively what would prove in the long run the best policy, though he lacked—or disliked to use with the noble men associated with him—what we ordinarily call "policy," in leading others to second him. He did not seem to appreciate the adage, "The

longest way round is the shortest way home;" but struck out across fields on the straight line of definite statement of whatever was in his mind. He failed to accomplish many of his purposes because others did not appreciate them. Had he been in untrammeled authority many of the best things the college has done would have been done much sooner.

As an illustration of his astuteness in this respect, I may instance Dr. Maclean's relation to the Public School system of the State of New Jersey. In January, 1828, he delivered in the College chapel, before the New Jersey Literary and Philosophical Society, an address which he entitled "A Proposition for a Common School System." At the time the State appropriated annually $15,000 for educational purposes. With this sum, and without definite system, of course next to nothing was accomplished. Dr. Maclean urged that this appropriation should be used only as a sort of bounty to stimulate the various townships to raise money themselves; and that laws be enacted enabling the towns to tax themselves to any amount for this purpose, so that suitable buildings might be erected everywhere; the appointment of a Board of Education, with a Superintendent of Public Instruction; the founding of a State Normal School for the special training of teachers; etc. He insisted that the schools should be absolutely non-sectarian,—in his words, "There

should be in no case the least interference with the rights of conscience, and no scholar should be required to attend to any lesson relating to morals or religion, to which his parents may be opposed." Within the year after this address was delivered, the Legislature took the initiative of the present Common School system, which is built closely upon Dr. Maclean's idea; and the first township that availed itself of the new system did so in response to his personal appeal to its citizens. It is pleasant and significant to note that this important proposition regarding Public Schools came from the College devoted to higher learning; and that this appeal on behalf of the liberty of every citizen to have his children educated without religious bias that offended his conscience, was made in the chapel of Nassau Hall, a place supposed, in that day, to be consecrated to Presbyterian orthodoxy. Princeton has been accused of Puritanism; but it was evidently more of the Roger Williams type than that of the fathers about Massachusetts Bay.

Dr. Maclean possessed a rare faculty for measuring men, and was seldom deceived in an estimate of either ability or character. At a time when he himself constituted at least one-half of the Faculty, and when the state of the finances and repute of the college raised the question of abandoning the enterprise, Prof. Maclean saw that the institution would

be saved only by securing a corps of instructors whose recognized ability would make it worth saving. That "wide eye" of his detected the latent possibilities of such young men as Joseph Henry, Albert Dod, and John Torrey; and he secured them for Princeton. He thus attracted public attention to this place as a centre of scientific and literary, as well as theolo gical light. It has been well said that in view of his shrewd and accurate judgment, and his self-sacrificing devotion at the time of the prostration of the College, in the decade from 1822–32, the then young Prof. Maclean was the second founder of Nassau Hall; and the honors of the Presidency which afterward came to him, were given as much in grateful recognition of what he had already done, as in hope of his coming service.

There was something ominous in his estimate of the future careers of the young men whom he studied in the class room. As I think of my college mates in their present positions, some of honor and others of uselessness through indolence or dissipation, I recall a conversation which took place at the house of a trustee, a quarter of a century ago, in which Dr. Maclean acted informally as Class Prophet. His words have proved oracular. He knew us undergraduates as well as we knew one another. I have seen a letter written to him by an undergraduate, detailing the habits of certain students. On it

is written in the Dr.'s hand, "I suppose that I know these men better than my informant does." Many a student has repented the folly of imagining that he had deceived him, and of interpreting his leniency as blindness to faults. We remember how he used his spectacles for mirrors as well as lenses, and saw us in the class room when he was facing another direction; which thing is an allegory of the way he inspected our characters and lives when we were least suspicious of it. A thoroughly good man is gifted with a sort of moral clairvoyance. Some are as sensitive to the approach of a person of sinister motives as a photographer's plate is to whatever obstructs the light. Dr. Maclean's dislike for some persons was similar to that accredited to Gen'l Washington for a certain young officer. He would say nothing against him, except when he felt the hazards of the military service required that he should warn his fellow-officers,—"Put no trust in him in matters of emergency." The young man's name was Aaron Burr. A student might cloak himself in hypocrisy so as to escape detection by most others, but he could not indurate himself in his deception, so that the fine moral magnet in Dr. Maclean's nature would not feel him.

This leads me to speak more definitely of some of the moral traits of our preceptor.

He was sincerity itself: not simple-minded, but single-minded; many sided as a crystal, but with each facet so truly cut that they all focused at the centre—in his heart. We may say that the lens of his soul was achromatic: it did not even ravel the edge of the light that came through it, but let it fall in pure white radiance upon everything. No man ever realized more fully Shakspeare's description,

> "His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
> His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
> His tears pure messengers, sent from his heart;
> His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth."

He prized the same sincerity in others. In dealing with students he was especially anxious that nothing, even in the severest discipline, should tempt them to dissimulation; to grow the moss in the clear crystal of the soul's sense of honor. An illustration of this occurs in his history of the College, where he condemns the action of the Faculty in requiring a student under censure for misconduct, before restoration to "admit that the discipline inflicted by the Faculty was just." Dr. Maclean objects that the Faculty might not be infallible in their judgment, and, therefore, must not ask from the student so much as a word which does not come spontaneously from his conscience.

This thorough sincerity was associated naturally with the keenest sense of honor. His soul was

chivalric. For example, however much he needed detailed information of the conduct of the students, he invariably refused to be assisted by any one who, in giving assistance, stooped from the highest dignity of self-respect, or strained the tie of courtesy which bound him to his fellow-students. I have seen an anonymous letter written to Dr. Maclean by an officious student, exposing the irregularities of some of his companions. The letter was preserved, perhaps for the purpose of identifying the hand-writing. Let us hope for the writer's sake that he was never discovered; for across the bottom of the page is written in good round letters, "A witness too cowardly to come to me, and give his name. (Signed,) John Maclean." With such white-livered reformers the President would have nothing to do.

Dr. Maclean was a philanthropist. Every grand and humane movement had his practical sympathy. But his philanthropy was of an unusual kind. There is a vague, vapory, world-embracing sentimentalism, that delivers orations, writes poetry and outlines schemes for the amelioration of the race, but does not see a next door neighbor's needs; a great mist that never condenses into the bright refreshing rain drops, but hangs above the parched field of human want, the sign to knowing ones of continued drought. Dr. Maclean's philanthropy was not of this sort, but of the divine kind spoken of in Scripture, which

" drops fatness upon the pastures of the wilderness." If he sat in the Board of Direction of the Colonization Society for sending negroes to Africa, he also saw to it that an old and decrepit colored man got his breakfast every morning from his table. To help the colored church in Princeton he involved himself in financial embarrassment. He was a patron of the American Bible Society; but he was also a Bible Society by himself, and had the Scriptures translated into German for distribution among the Germans of this neighborhood. He was a Tract Society also, for he paid for the publication of many tracts, and distributed them with his own hand. He was a member of the Prison Association; and frequently walked from Princeton to Trenton on Sabbath morning to preach to the convicts in the State Prison. He was a great advocate of making the College especially the nursery of young men for the ministry. But his charity was wider than his ecclesiastical interest, so he founded the Princeton Charitable Institution to help worthy young men without regard to the profession they might choose, and prevent any from being even tempted to enroll themselves for the ministry that thereby they might secure a liberal education. For a time he *was* this Charitable Institution, its brain and heart and purse, until those of greater means were stimulated by his self-denying example to become its

patrons. There was a wreath upon his coffin, sent from afar, every leaf of it an immortelle of some fadeless memory of his kindness, as many years ago four young men, strangers to Princeton, found Dr. Maclean's house their home, and himself a father.

Now we have the explanation of that saying of the elder Hodge, that Dr. Maclean was "the most loved man in America." He was loved by more people because he loved more people individually, and held them by gratitude for personal favors. I said to a prominent man a few days since, "You knew Dr. Maclean well?" "Yes," he replied, "very well. I knew him as a scholar; I knew him as a wise counsellor; but best of all I knew him by his goodness to me." I quote the words, not because they are peculiar, but because there are hundreds of persons who can say the same thing. He held multitudes not by any glamour of general reputation, by the fascination of glowing abilities, by the renown of public position; but each one by a separate thread of personal admiration and gratefulness. The motto of his life was the last sentence that fell from the lips of his dying mother. I have been allowed to read a letter written to his brother six or seven years ago. It was to be opened only after his decease; and left to his brother the charge of seeing that a certain student, if he had not completed his education at the time of the Doctor's death, should have

received several hundred dollars to defray his college expenses. He ends the letter, as I am permitted to quote, "You remember, the last words of our mother were, 'Be kind to everybody.'" Great heart! he was kind to everybody; and everybody loved him as naturally as everything reflects the sunshine.

One delicate feature of his kindliness I and every old graduate can witness to. He always tried to keep fresh the memory of his own feeling as a student. His venerable years, the dignity of the Presidency, the necessities of discipline, these could not prevent him from putting himself in the young man's place. By the way, that modern adage of charity, "Put yourself in his place," is far surpassed by an ancient one. St. Hildegarde used to say, "I put my soul within your soul." Old Dr. Maclean put his soul within the soul of the young man, if ever a man did. He felt for us as boys; he felt us; he felt himself in us. He saw more wisely than we, but he saw from the standpoint of our interest and our impulses. In cases of misconduct he saw clearly that the evil motive might have been little, and disorder been due to the drift of the circumstances of our college life, to thoughtlessness, or the mere impulse of fun. Even where real depravity may have been at the bottom of irregularities, he recognized the point where the wicked intent might have exhausted itself or been checked by its own

consequences, as an overflow of water is sometimes checked by its own deposit. He watched for the moment when the wayward purpose might be turned back to its legitimate channel. Hence his discipline, though often criticized by outsiders, generally proved the right thing for the subject of it. An illustration will show this. Many years ago two young men were playing cards after midnight. There was a knock at the door. The pack was hastily gathered up. A comrade glided behind the closet door. The occupant of the room became the picture of the consumer of the midnight tallow as he bent wearily over his books. The President entered. "You were playing cards, sir?" "No, sir," was the hesitating reply. The Doctor raised a coat from the table, and held in his hand the winning card in that game between himself and the student. His lantern as quickly revealed the abashed features of the man behind the closet door. My informant, the man behind the door, says that the fear of expulsion from college was nothing compared with the sense of shame that came upon him, as the Doctor looked from one to the other, and quietly said, "Good-night, gentlemen!" They were never summoned for discipline. "We didn't need it," says my friend, now one of the most useful and honored men in the land; "that look of Dr. Maclean, so righteous against our sin and so pitiful for our weakness, had in it more

disciplinary force than any formal punishment could have had; and Dr. Maclean knew it. He just left us hanging there in the contempt of our own thoughts. Though I hadn't lied, I went to my room with such a feeling that I vowed I would never play a game of cards again; and I don't believe my comrade ever told another lie so long as he lived." When I heard this story I could not help thinking of our Lord's reclaiming Peter with a look!

Dr. Maclean had the rare faculty of administering discipline in such a way as not to alienate the offender. They came to love him best who had reason to fear him most. He was so manifestly just that he gripped the delinquent by his conscience, and then embraced him with his love. There is something not only Christian, but peculiarly Christ-like, in that. A student who had been rusticated says that he spent the weeks chiefly in fishing and thinking what a good man Dr. Maclean was. Some of us old fellows who shouted loudest a year ago when that venerable form was lifted for the last time to the platform at Alumni dinner,—who shouted first and cried afterward,—put a meaning into our action which nobody but Dr. Maclean and ourselves knew. There were secrets between us which he was too good ever to tell, and which, perhaps, we were ashamed to. His full biography will never be written. Its materials would have to be gathered from

too many hearts. For it we must wait until we are together in that clear revelatory light of heaven, where our sins are so thoroughly cleansed in the blood of the Lamb, and our preceptor's praise so thoroughly merged in the praise of His Master, that we shall be willing to have it all come out.

Of his relation to the Faculty of the College, it is not my place to speak. I talk of him only from the standpoint of a student's memories. The fragrance of the thousand loving thoughts which fill the hearts of these noble men who were with him in the Faculty must be caught in the phial of other words than mine. But I may say that two of the professors have to-day used in my hearing the same expression, "Dr. Maclean was the best friend I ever had."

His relation to the College after his resignation as President, as described to me, is a most beautiful illustration of his great heartedness. When he resigned, he resigned altogether; demitting everything except his love and loyalty, which he could not demit, for they were parts of his life. From President he became in an instant only patron. Things were to be different,—as it was intended his distinguished successor should make them different,—but Dr. Maclean would not criticise. He saw his own image and superscription no longer upon the coin that was issued, but, for its gold's sake, he valued the coin not a grain less;—and we will keep the old coin always in circulation with the new. It takes

more than ordinary generosity to relinquish the reins of control, all at once; for the fingers become shaped to them. Moses could sing a song as he turned over affairs to Joshua, who should lead the people into a land, he himself could not enter. So Dr. Maclean's last years were a song of praise for the prosperity he was privileged to look upon. I am permitted to lay upon his memory a beautiful tribute —the most delicate of my offerings. It is a sentence from the pen of Dr. McCosh:—

"Dr. Maclean's whole conduct towards me was ever delicately kind; and my wish for myself is that I may receive half the kindly affection which he did from his pupils on his retiring from his work in this College."

I had marked as a separate head to speak upon, Dr. Maclean's religious character. But have I not been talking of his religious character in all I have said? He put his religion into everything he did. All his graces came from the one pervading grace of the Divine Spirit. But allow me to refer to his conversion. He always had an intellectual faith in Christ. His childhood home, like a tent in the ancient camp of Israel, opened toward the Tabernacle of God's covenant, and he was as familiar with religious truths as the Israelites were with the smoke of the altar that canopied the sacred structure. The occasion of his definite thoughtfulness upon the subject of his personal relation to God Dr. Duffield has

already related. He did not make a public confession of his faith until two years after his undoubted conversion. We have here an illustration of Dr. Maclean's susceptibility to quick and deep religious feeling, and, at the same time, the caution and patience with which he examined his own emotions, to see if they were grounded in as deep conviction of substantiable truth. The feeling which came so easily to his eyes and lips was no surface sentiment, but experience which, like the water of a mountain lake, had worked its way up through many hidden veins of profoundest thought. His religious life was not a series of impulses, but a steady flow, like that of a river, deep in its experience, wide in its charity, all agleam with beauty, and bearing beneficence to everything that came in contact with it; a life which in all its vicissitudes, sought God's glory as constantly as the stream in its windings seeks the sea; a life that now is lost in the glory that it sought!

But I must stop. One lesson only I press out from these many memories of Dr. Maclean; one gleam comes back from that glory into which he has entered, to guide us thither. It is this thought—the *greatness of goodness.*

In the early barbarism of the race men revered physical prowess. Pagan civilization esteemed intellectual culture. Christianity has crowned character. But how easy the relapse to Paganism, to Barbar-

ism, as in France from character to culture, and from culture to the "rehabilitation of the flesh!" It is a significant thing that a great literary institution like this puts its freshest laurel around the brow of goodness. Integrity makes a man an integer, without which, whatever may be his genius or scholarship he is but a fraction. To exalt one without virtue, as Carlyle puts it, only to enlarge his denominator and belittle himself. We may go further, and doubt if even the intellect can be trained to see far on straight lines of truth if there be not back of it the purpose of moral rectitude. One of the ancients said, "The soul of the good is pure unmixed light; the soul of the evil-disposed a dark vapor through which nothing appears undimmed or undistorted." This is on the line of Jesus' words, "The pure in heart shall see God;" and in proportion to purity only can we see the truth as it lies in the direction of God. Behold Horace Bushnell, wrestling with the problem of life and destiny, and finding no solution: then falling back upon this,—"One thing I do know, that right is right;" and getting upon his knees he vows to do the right. Then, says his biographer, "he rose with a star upon his brow."

It is only the good that the world cares to remember. A young man not knowing the world, says, "I will perpetuate my memory by the glow of my ability." But nothing so soon fades from sight as mere useless ability, the flare of genius. Even

Pharos, the wonder of the world, went out when they forgot to bring fuel. Another says, "I will do something that men will not forget. I will build my monument of deeds." But nature itself seems jealous men who make monuments to themselves. Desert sands obliterate stately cities, and the silent passing of the centuries rubs down the pyramids. It has been observed, however, that the most abiding evidences of man's occupancy of the earth are wells. Those dug by unknown herdsmen in prehistoric times are flowing yet, as Jacob's well invites the villager of Nablous, and those of Abraham and Isaac draw the Bedawin and his herds to Beersheeba. Open a vein of beneficence, and mother earth will keep it flowing for the nourishment of her children. So a good deed opens the heart of the Eternal, who is Love. His nature, and that means all nature, is on our side. He who inscribes himself in the Divine remembrance need not fear to be forgotten of men. The Psalmist says, "I have seen the wicked in great power, spreading himself like a green bay tree. Yet he passed away, and lo! he was not; yea I sought him, but he could not be found. Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace."—Literally, "Futurity belongeth to that man of peace." The good never die. So our service to-night is not a mere memorial of a good life that is spent. It is the salutation of a good man who has passed just beyond our sight.