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Memorial Service



Rev. Maltbie Davenport Babcock, D.D.

Born August 2, 1822; Died May 12, 1901

Pastor of
Brown Memorial Presbyterian Church
Baltimore, Maryland
1887 - 1900

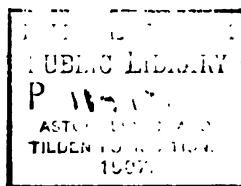
"That honored and beloved brother, who was a David for sweet song, a Paul for fiery zeal, an Apollos for eloquence, a Jonathan for friendship and a John for heavenly spirit, and whose sainted spirit went home the other day from Naples."

DR. E. C. RAY, AT GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

Music Hall, June Second, 1901

four P. M.

B. G. EICHELBERGER
308 N. CHARLES STREET
BALTIMORE



Order of Exercises

REV. JOHN TIMOTHY STONE, PASTOR BROWN MEMORIAL CHURCH, PRESIDING

Congregational Hymn

"CORONATION"

All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Oh, with that yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Invocation

REV. JOSEPH T. SMITH, D.D., LL.D.

Pastor Emeritus Central Presbyterian Church.

HOLY, holy, holy, art thou, Lord God Almighty, the whole earth is full of thy glory. Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty, for all that is in the heaven and in the earth is thine. Thine is the kingdom, O Lord, and thou art exalted as head over all.

Before the mountains were brought forth, or even thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting thou art God. Yesterday, to-day, and forever thou art the same; and with thee there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning. While all earthly things are passing away, like the shifting scenes of the stage, or the vanishing cloud-pictures of the sky, thou art ever the same, unchanged and unchanging. While earthly friends, and earthly possessions, and earthly hopes are passing away, thou art the ever-abiding portion of our souls. And we will ever rejoice in the Lord, and be joyful in the God of our salvation.

Our foundation is in the dust. We are dwellers in houses of clay. Our life is but a moment. The horizon of our vision is but a span. Who are we that we should seek to compass and comprehend the ways of him who knows the end from the beginning, and whose ways are not as our ways. Touching the Almighty, we cannot find him out. Oh! the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God; how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out. Thy way, O God, is in the sea, and thy paths in deep waters, and thy footsteps are not known.

We rejoice, our Father, that, while clouds and darkness veil thy face, there is a rainbow round about thy throne. Where we cannot know, we believe; where we cannot see, we trust; for we know that thou doest all things well. And from the dust of our lowest humiliation, and the depth of our greatest sorrow, we look up and say, It is my Father, and though he slay me, yet will I trust him.

We are assembled, our Father, under the shadow of a great grief. A brother, beloved as few mortal men have been loved, a minister of the sanctuary, of preëminent gifts and graces, has been suddenly, strangely, mysteriously taken away in the noon of his life and the full meridian of his usefulness, his life and his ministry broken off in the middle. What shall we say unto thee, O thou Preserver of men. We have wondered and wept apart; and here we are come together to share our mutual griefs, and seek thy face and favor. Under the dark shadow of this mystery of thy providence we would not murmur, we would not complain, we would not doubt. Our faith follows our departed brother as he leaves his earthly ministries and enters upon his more glorious ministries above. And we hear thy voice saying unto us, "The Lord hath need of him." We thank thee, kind Savior, for that precious word of promise, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." We will wait in the patience of hope for the coming of that day when we shall see light in thy light. Therefore, we would judge nothing before the time until the Lord come, who both will bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and will make manifest the counsels of the hearts, and then shall we have praise of God.

Be with us, our Father, in the solemn service of this hour. Blessed Savior, who didst mingle thy tears with those of the mourners at the

grave of Lazarus—blessed Comforter, whose office and joy it is to comfort the broken-hearted with the comforts of the Holy Ghost, come to us. O Thou, who givest thy people songs in the night, give us a song for this night of our sorrow. O Thou, who givest sufficient grace to thy people, give us grace “to lay our burden at thy feet, and bear a song away.” Touch the lips and touch the hearts of those who shall speak to us in thy name. Let thy benediction rest upon this multitude of mourners. Let it rest in double measure upon her who mourns with that peculiar sorrow with which the stranger may not intermeddle. Let it rest upon the households, churches, and cities that are draped in mourning. So shall the night of our sorrow be turned into the morning of the eternal day.

Our Father, which art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come, thy will be done in earth, as it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

Scripture Selection

REV. DONALD GUTHRIE, D.D.

Pastor First Presbyterian Church.

PSALM XXIII.

1 The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

2 He maketh me lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

3 He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

JOHN XIV

1 Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me.

2 In my father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

3 And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.

4 And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know.

5 Thomas saith unto him, Lord, we know not whither thou goest; and how can we know the way?

6 Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life.

Prayer

REV. JOHN LEE ALLISON.

Pastor Westminster Presbyterian Church.

AS WE bow before thee, Father in Heaven, our hearts are filled with a common sorrow. By a mysterious providence, the sainted spirit of one whom we dearly loved has gone to the eternal home. We bow humbly and submissively, O God, and can only say, Thy will be done. Thy cause is dependent on no one man, for thou art the Great Sovereign, who workest when, where and how thou pleasest, and yet a prince and a great man hath fallen in Israel.

When in the period of his greatest usefulness, thy servant was suddenly taken from us; do thou, our God, give us faith to believe that life's mysteries shall be explained, and that while we now "see through a glass darkly," shadows shall be lifted and we shall "see face to face." Until that time, Heavenly Father, give us faith to see thy goodness, love and wisdom, and wait patiently for the revelation of the Unseen. Almighty God, we thank thee for the life and influence of thy servants, who, though dead, yet speak unto us. Impress us, O God, with the power and permanency of human influence.

We bless thee for the manifestations of thy grace and power in the life of our dear brother. We rejoice in his attainments of mind and heart, his piety and patience, his depth of insight into human souls, and his reach of sympathy; his fiery zeal, fervent spirit, consecrated earnestness, his hope, faith, and love; we bless thee for his Christian character and splendid manhood.

We praise thy name, O Lord, that while thy servant serves and worships in the higher realm, he lives yet among men to bless, inspire, and point the way to the Redeemer.

Do thou, gracious God, enable thy servants to so live that we may teach souls how to live holy and die happy.

We commend to thy tender care, O Lord, those most bereaved by this providence. Especially would we invoke thy presence and peace, as a comforting and sustaining God, in behalf of the sorrowing wife; help her to find in thee her consolation, and enjoy peace in trusting in the Lord.

All this we ask in the Savior's name. Amen.

Baritone Solo

B. MERRILL HOPKINSON, M.D.

(Music composed by Dr. Babcock, being written for Dr. Hopkinson in September, 1894.)

"He holds the Key of all unknown And I am glad; If other hands should hold the key, Or, if He trusted it to me, I might be sad.	I cannot read His future plans, But this I know, I have the smiling of His face, And all the refuge of His grace While here below.
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What if to-morrow's cares were here Without its rest? I'd rather He unlocked the day, And as its hours swing open, say "My will is best."	Enough, this covers all my needs, And so I rest. For what I cannot, He can see, And in His love, I e'er shall be Forever blest."
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Address

REV. JOHN TIMOTHY STONE.

"FOR WHERE your treasure is there will your heart be also." The heavenly world which is defined by eternity has become a very real place to some of us during the experiences of the last few days. We think of the Lord Jesus Christ with all his personality and with all his beautiful life as making real here on the earth the vast power of the kingdom of God. But we are all extremely human, and there is something in our lives which cannot comprehend even that which is linked to the divine in such wonderful relation; but when the life and heart of one incarnates, as far as the personal life can incarnate humanly speaking that which is beautiful and noble, we see something of that kingdom upon earth which brings us somewhat into that Kingdom of God which we cannot otherwise know. And thus we see the Kingdom of Heaven in a very real way. Such is the beautiful truth which God has made manifest during the days just past. I believe that Christ the Lord sees our recognized appreciation of himself in our love for the one who was a glory unto the name of Christ here, and who is a glory now to his name as he serveth him on high.

Upon the walls of the church in this city which he so faithfully served and loved, and which so loved him, is a beautiful ivy. Can you see the church to-day as you pass it? Every portion of the building

is covered with that vine, and it is reaching up to the very spire and seeks to cover the very slate thereon. It was his hand and the hand of his beloved wife that set out that vine. It is emblematic. He too reached up. He was never satisfied with that which was beneath the best. The vine not only reaches up but out. It is broad in its growth. So was he. His life and sympathies had a place for all. He covered the flaws and imperfections of others. But, more than this, his life was also a bright life. There was never a man, as far as we know, who he ever knew in whom he did not see something good and something inspiring. His was "the maximum life for the King."

We are here this afternoon even as one man united in paying loving tribute to his life, and what he has been to us. The spirit of this service is a spirit of gladness instead of a spirit of mourning. It is a spirit of "Coronation." He is now serving God in a greater sphere of usefulness than earth ever could afford. How many men there are who must die to know such esteem. But not he. He knew we loved him when he lived among us. We had the opportunity when he was here among us to love him and to let him know that we loved him. I can never forget the words he said to me when God called me to follow in the work he had laid down, "The people will love you, and they will show you that they love you." "They have loved me and have told me their love." He knew he was loved, and this bond of affection strengthened him in all his work. The great controlling power of his life, it seems to me, was his Christlike thoughtfulness. He had lost himself, with all the marvelous gifts of his personality, in thinking of other people. How many hundreds of notes have come, notes from all classes of people, saying he had helped them on life's way. "I am only a laboring man, but this man found time to write a note to me." Another was only a conductor on one of our street cars, or a policeman, yet he had time to thank him for his faithfulness and courtesy.

And now as we speak one with another in tribute to him, we must recognize that throughout this vast congregation there are heart ties and heart relationships which are sacred to our own individual memories. Glances which were eye to eye, emotions expressed man to man, and in these we recognize the place which this man had, and shall ever have. The silent loving tribute and testimony of each sad heart here to-day is the most wonderful expression of all. These influences shall

elevate human life universally as *we give* to others the inspiration we have received from him whom we have loved and love; of him whom we honor in the spirit and name of the Master whom he so loved and so humbly followed.

Mr. Stone then read the resolutions of the committee appointed at the meeting of the Brown Memorial Congregation held May 22, 1901:

"When the Brown Memorial Church was incorporated, Rev. John Sparhawk Jones, D.D., was one of the charter members. He was installed as pastor January 10, 1871. He resigned November 16, 1884.

Rev. Frank W. Gunsaulus, D.D., was installed May 25, 1885. He resigned May 10, 1887.

Rev. Maltbie D. Babcock, D.D., was elected September 28, 1887. He resigned January 17, 1900.

This church was greatly prospered under the ministrations of these men, so different in their characteristics, yet so eminent as preachers. When they were called from us and became pastors in Philadelphia, Chicago and New York, it was to enter into wider fields of usefulness, and to give greater numbers the benefits of those spirit-filled services which we had enjoyed.

The death of Dr. Babcock is to the Church in the United States a profound misfortune, to his friends it is a heart-known irreparable loss.

For nearly thirteen years he was our pastor. We, who know, bear witness to his virtues.

What he was as a preacher, the Christian world knows. What he was as a man, our hearts speak. His great success as a preacher was the direct result of his striking and Christ-like personality. He was always interesting, and helpful because he was always interested in the subject he presented and incarnated the same in his life deeds. The notable quality of his mind was its lucidity—always reasonable, always sound, earnest yet tactful. Its vivacity and freshness charmed, while its sincerity commanded attention. A standard-bearer has fallen, and the place cannot be filled. His consistent walk, his deep humility, his strong faith, his brightness, kindness and courtesy, all showed the manner of man that he was. He walked with the Master. His was the "maximum life for the King."

Dr. Newman in a sermon on "The parting of friends" has said:

"Should you have known any one whose lot it has been, by writing or by word of mouth, in some degree to help you thus to act; if he has ever told you what you knew about yourselves, or what you did not know; has read to you your wants or feelings, and comforted you by the very reading; has made you feel that there was a higher life than this daily one, and a brighter world than what you see; or encouraged you, or sobered you, or opened a way to the enquiring, or soothed the perplexed; if what he has said or done has made you take interest in him, and feel well inclined towards him; remember such a one in time to come, though you hear him not."

Resolved, That this congregation will, as a memorial to Dr. Babcock, assist in the erection of a church on the corner of Madison and North Avenues, Baltimore, which shall bear his name.

(Signed) E. J. D. CROSS,
JOHN M. T. FINNEY,
FREDERICK A. HOFFMAN,
Committee.

As representative of numerous resolutions received from organizations in and out of the city, Mr. Stone read the following from the Young Men's Christian Association:

"The Board of Directors of the Young Men's Christian Association of Baltimore at this special meeting, desires to record its profound sorrow at the death of Rev. Maltbie D. Babcock, D.D., always an earnest helper and generous friend of our Association. We desire also to express our deep sympathy to the officers and members of the Brown Memorial Presbyterian Church, and to unite our testimony to that of the Christian churches and the whole city of Baltimore, to the splendid inspiration of the noble life so suddenly ended."

Congregational Hymn

The King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never,
I nothing lack if I am His
And he is mine forever.

Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

Thou spread'st a table in my sight,
Thy unction grace bestoweth,
And, Oh! what transport of delight,
From Thy pure chalice floweth.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd! may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house forever.

Address

PRESIDENT DANIEL C. GILMAN, LL.D., JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY.

ABOVE all the words that have reached us since the death of Dr. Babcock, of sorrow and surprise, of praise and admiration, and of pain amounting to anguish, we have heard the dominant note of affection, deep, wide-spread, uninterrupted and prolonged. It has come, in the purest tones, from young and old, from his own church and from other religious communions, from clergy and laity, from the chambers of sickness and the whirl of business. Perhaps in the most emphatic terms it has come from young men, who have felt at the beginning of their active lives the need of a counsellor, who have heard from him the words of enlightenment and faith, and who are grieving now that they shall see his face no more.

When Christian, on his pilgrimage from the city of Destruction to the Celestial City, escaped the snares of Vanity Fair, it was Hopeful who became his companion, and when they were entrapped in the dungeon of Doubting Castle, it was Hopeful who told Christian to pluck from his bosom the key called Promise, and thus get release from Giant Despair. To many young men tempted in Vanity Fair and to many a prisoner of Doubting Castle Dr. Babcock has been Hopeful, and he has brought deliverance and release.

I speak as a layman, living among young men of inquiring spirits. I am familiar with their temptations, their doubts, their longings, their virtues and their strength. For the students in the Johns Hopkins University, and not for them only, for hosts of others, the pastor of Brown Memorial was a friend, a counselor, a confessor and a guide, always wise, patient, sympathetic and inspiring.

It was not because he was an orator with a silver tongue nor

because he was a poet and musician, nor because he was a diligent student of the English Bible and a firm Defender of the Faith, not for any nor all these characteristics did they throng to hear him. In such aspects he was indeed attractive,—few are more so,—but the real attraction, the magnetism so commonly attributed to him, was the resultant of a brilliant mind united to a loving heart. Though he spoke with the tongues of men and of angels and had not the priceless quality of love, he would have been as sounding brass and tinkling cymbal, impressive and suggestive, doubtless, as the instruments of an orchestra, but without the power that comes from the sympathy and adaptation of a great loving heart.

The pursuits of a scholar do not tend to irreligion, though they develop his intellectual rather than his spiritual nature. In all his researches into the manifestations of the Infinite, in his study of historical and social forces, and especially in the quiet hours of introspection, he is conscious of a power not himself that makes for righteousness, he longs for clearer glimpses of the Invisible, he is ready to be taught by those who bear the unmistakable credentials that they have walked with God, he listens to the voice of faith and hope and prayer when it comes from an honest, thoughtful, lofty soul.

If I may choose another title from the religious classic already quoted, I would call Dr. Babcock "Great Heart." It was Great Heart who gave courage to Christiana and Mercy. It was Great Heart who led her sons, Samuel and Matthew—"The Boys," as Bunyan called them—from the mouth of the Pit. It was Great Heart who slew the Giant Maul "who did use to spoil young Pilgrims with sophistry." It was Great Heart who was often a "Conductor of Pilgrims through the town." It was Great Heart who demolished Doubting Castle. It was Great Heart who stood by Christiana and "Stand-Fast" and "Valiant-for-truth" when they waited on the banks of the River.

Such men are rare. Robertson of Brighton was one; William Adams of New York was another; Phillips Brooks was preëminent. They remind us of St. Paul, who could write to the Romans on theology, preach to the Athenians on religion, and impress upon the Church of Corinth the supreme importance of charity. Among such examples of the union of intellect, sensibilities, and will, stands our departed friend. For these qualities, young men listened to him; young

men loved him. Bright, playful, suggestive, thoughtful, studious, apt in diction, forcible in expression, direct, his greatest power was this,—that by gift, by instinct, by cultivation, or by opportunity—I know not by what process—he was able to reach the heart.

Such a man was ready for translation. He had given to this community the flower of his youth; in his maturity, he was called to the front in the metropolis; for future service he longed to see the Holy Land. He visited the sacred places of Bethlehem, Jerusalem, Gethsemane and Olivet. Then he turned his face homeward, and he was not, for God took him.

Address

REV. OLIVER HUCKEL, D.D.

Pastor Associate-Congregational Church.

WOULD that I might say something worthy of the loving heart and the noble genius of our dear friend. But the best that I could say would only tell most inadequately how deeply we loved him and how thoroughly we admired him. We thank God for him, and for all the helpfulness and hopefulness that his life and words have meant to us.

There are a hundred things that I would like to say of him in heartfelt tribute,—of personal courtesies, and kindnesses and inspirations that revealed his great soul to me, but others have spoken and will speak of these things. And in the few words that it is my privilege to speak at this time, it has been suggested by the committee that it would be especially appropriate to say something of the unusual gifts that God gave Dr. Babcock in music, and poetry and literary expression.

What a many-sided man he was! Musician, poet, artist, athlete, preacher. Every phase of his versatile life was full of rich revelations of the full rounded man.

His music like his other gifts was a natural part of his life,—a divine gift. Whether it was college music or church music, it had the same touch of genius. The only too few musical compositions that he has left us are full of melody and harmony, full of a subtle quality and a noble distinction, and speak to us most pathetically of what we have lost in the sudden ending of this melodious life. There were great

musical possibilities shown by the hymn-tunes that he published, one in the Episcopal Hymnal, several in the new *In Excelsis*, and in other publications. Sweetness and strength are shown in these selections that Dr. Hopkinson interprets so beautifully at this memorial service.

Dr. Babcock enthusiastically loved the poets and felt that they were noble interpreters of God. I think that he read fully as much in poetry as in theology. He knew his Tennyson and his Browning well, but above all, he loved Wordsworth. We hear that he spent an evening on shipboard just before he was taken sick, in reading Wordsworth to his friends. It must have been delightful as we know from that rarely beautiful lecture on Wordsworth given in Baltimore a little more than a year ago. His own poetic gifts were of fine quality. The poems that he published are gems, full of quickening life and beauty. And some of them, like the verses "Be Strong!" so characteristic of his life, and "Emancipation," so prophetic of his death, we are sure will have an immortality in the anthologies and in the hearts of Christian people everywhere. There is a touch of Emerson and a touch of Browning in his verse, even more than there was of his favorite Wordsworth.

He loved all literature, and was most hospitable and modern in his literary tastes. He wrote for the public only too occasionally. Now and then an article full of pith and point, for the *Sunday School Times*, or for the Presbyterian young people's paper called *Forward*, or for the *Christian Endeavor World*. Sometimes he would write a series of letters from a vacation experience, and these were invariably most delightful reading.

There was a literary and scholastic tang to his speech in pulpit discourse, and yet it had the ease and freshness of colloquial familiarity. His language was a fine art in its studied simplicity and its determined directness. He made his sermons grip the soul, and never let go. He worked for this end. There was often in his speech the eclipses of colloquialism,—the thought would be completed by a gesture or a smile. Sometimes he took the current phrases and idiomatic turns of the day, and made them classic. It was not all finished or polished discourse, but it was all wonderfully effective. His words were incisive, clean-cut, emphatic, unforgettable.

Dr. Babcock loved words. He was an inimitable phrase maker. Some of his epigrams will certainly live. They are so pungent and

pointed. He loved to turn old phrases and texts around, and show them in fresh and surprising contrasts. He loved to analyze words, and from their etymology give them richer content. There was a cleverness, a dainty ingenuity in this, which some might think would detract from larger work. But we must remember that Michael Angelo carved cameos as well as his massive and matchless "Moses."

He loved picturesqueness in preaching. His sermon on "There go the Ships" is as beautiful in its way as the famous one by Dr. Henry van Dyke on the same theme.

As well as a memorial church, we must have a memorial volume of his sayings, his sermons, and his poems, or several volumes. Through these he will speak to us again in continual stimulus and inspiration.

This is true. His music, his poetry, his preaching were all equally full of what, to me, was his chief charm and his greatest power, which was, his own indefinable, magnetic, buoyant and magnificent personality. He showed in himself that a man could be really and fully religious, and even Christ-like, and yet be thoroughly up to the times, always cheery-hearted, wide-awake in every line of thought, and enjoying all the time the good and noble things of life. He enjoyed Art, and Music, and Literature, and Athletics, and Nature to the full, and proved that he was a better Christian for it all. He was a living exponent of a full-rounded Christianity.

The Baltimore pulpit for generations back has had in it men who knew how to use splendid English in enforcing the mighty truths of God. We do not forget these noble preachers who have left such golden traditions in our midst,—such men as Dr. Thomas Guard, Dr. Fuller, Thomas H. Stockton, Dr. Henry V. D. Johns, Dr. Duncan, Henry Otis Tiffany, Dr. Leyburn, Wayland D. Ball, Dr. Sparhawk Jones, and Dr. Gunsaulus, but Dr. Babcock stood among them or in their succession, with his own special gifts, worthy to be named in their worthy company, different from all of them, but in quickening power the equal of any of them.

When he went to New York, he came into comparison with some giants in the pulpit,—Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis at Plymouth, with Dr. Parkhurst, with Dr. Burrell at the Marble Collegiate, with Dr. Jefferson at the Broadway Tabernacle, with a dozen others,—all strong and superb preachers, following in the tradition of Beecher, John Hall,

Abbott, van Dyke, and Richard Salter Storrs. But Dr. Babcock held his own among them and was quickly recognized as their peer in brilliancy of thought, and wideness of intellectual and spiritual sympathy.

He fitted most perfectly into the noble traditions of the Brick Church. It had enjoyed Dr. van Dyke so long,—a pastor who united religion and literature and life so beautifully. Dr. Babcock again made the splendid combination and was a worthy successor.

I put Dr. Babcock in my thought alongside of two other preachers whom I have known and loved. They were each very different from the other.

One is Henry Ward Beecher, characterized by a massive personality, a myriad-mindedness, and a superb oratory that absolutely swayed men.

The other is Phillips Brooks, who had a rich mystic spirituality, a rare philosophic and poetic utterance, a refined and exquisite diction like an Athenian of the days of Pericles, and an overwhelming torrent of eloquence. Dr. Babcock was very different from these, and yet he had rare and rich gifts of his own. His preaching was quickening conversation, divine colloquy, earnest and eloquent talking, rather than tempestuous eloquence or majestic oratory. But who shall say it was any the less effective? He had the superb power of spiritual stimulus. Scholar as he was, poet, musician, and orator,—his greatest gift was his unique and thrilling power of quickening the divine life. He was a religious tonic, a fresh breeze of hopefulness, a pungent awakener to present duty, an electric inspiration to diviner thought and to holier ambitions. And for all these noble gifts of his, we thank God!

He is not dead! Such souls can never die—
He breathes already a diviner air,
And those eternal visions vast and fair
Already stretch before his wondering eye.

He is not gone! His presence still is nigh,
And lives within our hearts with holiest prayer,
And sweetens all our lives like incense rare
That floats in fragrance to the throne on high.

May we not mourn—we that loved him so?
His hopes, were ours, his triumphs were our pride,
And how we gloried in his strong heart's blood!

Yes, mourn, but know that God has loved him, too,
No less than we. *And he is satisfied*
Before the vision of the face of God.

Congregational Hymn

Jerusalem, the golden, With milk and honey blest! Beneath thy contemplation Sink heart and voice oppressed: I know not, oh, I know not, What joys await me there, What radiance of glory, What bliss beyond compare.	They stand, these halls of Zion, All jubilant with song, And bright with many an angel, And all the martyr throng; The Prince is ever in them, The daylight is serene; The pastures of the blessed Are decked in glorious sheen.
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There is the throne of David;
And there from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast:
And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

Address

REV. CURTIS LEE LAWS.

Pastor First Baptist Church.

I AM reminded to-day of a scene which took place in Boston a few years ago. A great multitude filled Copley Square in front of Trinity Church. Upon a catafalque rested a casket, which contained the great manly figure of Phillips Brooks.

Every head was bared and bowed, and every heart sent up a silent loving tribute to that Great-heart among the sons of men. Those lips upon whose burning eloquence thousands of hungry souls had feasted were now cold in death, but that character, so guileless, so transparent, so Christ-like, was eloquent with an eloquence which words could not contain.

Another Great-heart among the sons of men, like unto Phillips Brooks in sincerity, and sympathy, and simplicity, has been translated

from earth to heaven, and it seems to me that the most appropriate text for this hour is the one first spoken of righteous Abel, "*He being dead, yet speaketh.*" There is a large blessedness and perennial joy in walking with those who have lived and labored, and suffered and conquered. Heart touches heart, personality moves personality, we are formed into the same image. Who among us will not be influenced during the rest of our lives by the sublime eloquence of the noble and beautiful life of our beloved Babcock?

Many have been the expressions of grief and wonder that the life of our brother closed just as he seemed to be entering upon the most splendid and brilliant part of his career. I wish that he might have lived to have wrought longer and therefore more effectually in the great metropolis, and yet I am sure that his life was a singularly complete one. How magnificently he lived and how gloriously he wrought during the score of years in which he publicly served his King! I wonder if many among us will really live more, if we pass the century mark, before we go to our graves?

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

If we accept this definition of life, no one will think of erecting a broken column over the grave of Dr. Babcock. * * * This life is but a segment of an infinite circle. Death is but a step in the infinite progression of the soul. It is like the going down of the sun here, to rise and shine upon fairer and brighter realms beyond.

Dr. Babcock was a great man in the sight of men. His brilliant and cultured mind, his noble and generous heart, his ready and helpful hand, his rare and radiant smile, commanded the respect and won the admiration of men. When his life story is read in the light of eternity it will be seen that Dr. Babcock was a great man also in the sight of the Lord, and I am sure that he entered into the presence of the King with great rejoicing.

If we could hear his voice to-day, he would tell us to cease our eulogy of him, and to give the praise for all that he was and for all that he did to the blessed King, whom he served so joyfully and so loyally.

Fellow soldiers, a noble comrade has fallen. The intensity and earnestness with which he fought the battle of life may well put many of us to shame. Never was there a knightlier soldier or a truer comrade. As we mourn his death, let us close up the serried ranks and march forth with renewed enthusiasm, in solid phalanx, against the powers of sin and darkness, and may the walls of opposition, hitherto seemingly impregnable, crumble to dust before the advancing host of our God's elect!

We cannot all be splendid leaders like our brother Babcock, but we can all be faithful soldiers in the ranks, and God will ever bless fidelity in service. I wonder if there is one here to-day who feels discouraged as he compares his poor endowment and his small accomplishment with the gifts and work of this peerless leader? May I say to that discouraged one what I believe Dr. Babcock would himself say if his voice could be heard here to-day:

"It was only a cup of water, with a gentle grace bestowed,
But it cheered a lonely traveler upon the dusty road;
For the day was long and dreary, and the resting places few,
And the sun had dried the streamlets, and drank up the sparkling dew;
None noticed the cup of water as a beautiful act of love,
Save the angels keeping the record, away in that land above;
But the record shall never perish, and the trifling deed shall live,
For heaven demands but little from those who have least to give!

"It isn't the world-praised wonders that are best in our Father's sight,
Nor the wreathes of fading laurels that garnish fame's dizzy height;
But the pitying love and kindness, the work of the warm caress,
The beautiful hope and patience and self-forgetfulness;
The trifle in secret given, the prayer in the quiet night,
And the little unnoticed nothings, are good in our Father's sight."

God be praised for his gift to the world—Maltbie Davenport Babcock. But God be praised still more for the Savior of our Brother Babcock, who longs to be the Savior of every person in this house. Let us honor the memory of this great Christian by following his Savior more closely and serving him more loyally.

Address

PRESIDENT JOHN F. GOUCHER, D.D., LL.D.
Woman's College, Baltimore.

THERE is not one in this vast audience who has not felt time and again that the departure of Dr. Babcock is a personal sorrow. In his many-sidedness, intensiveness, and genial personality he was much more than an ordinary man.

I have been asked to say a word concerning "His Relation to Student Life." I need not speak of him as sympathetic, nor of his influence as an inspiration, as up-lifting, broadening, strengthening. All this is recognized without stating. But three things may be noted as possessed by him to an exceptional degree. The first and second made the third possible, and the combination largely accounts for the hold he had upon students, and not on them only, for to a greater or less degree every intelligent person is appreciative of and responsive to them.

Dr. Babcock was a seer. I do not mean a seer of visions, nor that he had power to discern things concealed in the folds of the future, but better than this and more important than this, he was a seer of qualities and conditions, of realities and relationships. He had that rare power of spiritual insight that looked deeper than the surface, penetrated to the essence and communed with verities. Poetry, music, art, appealed to and found harmonious interpretation through his perceptive and responsive nature. He did not live a prisoner in a world of *things*, but open-eyed, open-eared, and open-hearted, he was a citizen of a world rich with suggestions of infinite variety and beauty. He did not associate with lawyers, physicians, bankers and mechanics as such, but with men and women, with whom vocation and avocation were variables. In his social and official relations he saw in each an heir to eternity, blood-bought and God-commissioned. He saw in each possibilities of increasing and almost limitless usefulness and enjoyment, and that whatever his daily task might be it was destiny-making for him. He saw below the crust of conventionality. He studied causes and relations in their adjustments and tendencies, and not only interpreted the characteristics of men, but aided them to understand and adjust themselves so as to modify their environment and gain increased efficiency. This insight gave him an at-homeness in the world of realities. Truth,

order, love, life, God, were ever present verities to him. In conversation as well as in discourse he was pithy, pungent, versatile, constructive, a teacher everywhere, continually distributing suggestions or interpretations which strengthened and quickened the student mind.

Dr. Babcock was thoroughly human, thoroughly manly. Nothing that was natural to man was foreign to him. He had his foibles, his weaknesses, his imperfections and limitations, and through these he sympathized with and interpreted others in less favorable environment. His sympathy was not blunted by the frequency of appeal, because it was functioned to effort and ideal. It never dissipated itself as a mere emotion, but sought expression in helpfulness, hence it became discriminative, strong and beneficent.

Acquirement of knowledge, intellectual pursuits, art, music, poetry, did not isolate him from the drudge or bungler. Every acquirement became part of his manhood. The more the periphery of his personality enlarged, the greater number of points he possessed for personal contact with his fellows. The prattling child in the nursery; the youth with marbles or bat, books or task; the man and woman burdened with toil, care, uncertainty, or sorrow; had in him a sympathetic and wise counselor, unobtrusive but suggestive. His interest and genuineness encouraged confidence. One who was burdened with desire did not have to travel to some distant or designated pay-station to find an avenue of approach to his heart or mind, but with a kind of wireless telegraphy he seemed in constant communication with every desire about him.

He knew scores, many scores of young people personally, the special work they were attempting, their difficulties and success, and gave them generous expression of his interest and appreciation. His genuine sympathy with everything human, his approachableness and insight caused him to be sought and appreciated by and influential with student life.

The third fact I would note is, Dr. Babcock was a specialist. The great principles of life, eternal and potential, wait for embodiment. They must have incarnation in human living. This is their essential equipment for efficiency. His spiritual insight and genuine, intense humanity formed a basis for his specialty, for he was a specialist in applied Christianity. Whatever he did, wherever he was, all his pur-

suits and all his intercourse were pervaded by the spirit of Christ. To exalt his Lord was his dominant and manifest purpose. Never compromised, never held in abeyance, it possessed him thoroughly, was so one with him that its manifestation was natural. Whoever met him was impressed, without apparent effort on his part, that he was a Christ-ruled man; and that this service was freedom, joyous, ennobling. Here, where he served his novitiate, and yonder, in New York, in that great church standing alongside the avenue known the world over for its fashion and frivolity, its selfishness and sordidness, he ministered with an elevation of thought and purity of life which proclaimed, "None of these *things* move me." Christ the Great Teacher lived in and wrought through him, and students as others were attracted to him whom to know is life.

We are here to express our affection for the man and our hearty appreciation of his worth. If either is genuine, it will find its abiding expression by our following him in so far as he followed his Lord.

Baritone Solo

B. MERRILL HOPKINSON, M.D.

(Music by Dr. Babcock; written for Dr. Hopkinson in August, 1898.)

Hark, hark my soul! Angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore;
How sweet the truth these blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.

Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Onward we go for still we hear them singing
Come weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;
And through the dark its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea:
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd turn their weary steps to Thee.

Rest comes at length, tho' life be long and dreary
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past,
Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,
And heav'n, the heart's true home, will come at last.

Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

Address

REV. ARTHUR CHILTON POWELL.

Rector of Grace Church.

EVERY man's life work is the product of his ability multiplied by his opportunity. Both must be in perfect proportion to have a perfect result. We can conceive of a man who has great genius, but to whom little chance to use it is granted; and hence his work will be small. And on the other hand, we can think of the man who has great opportunity but limited ability. His life work, too, will be very little. But where we find great ability combined with great opportunity, there is real greatness of life. He whose memory we honor to-day had great ability and great opportunity in wonderful combination. God gave him many talents—almost as many as man can possess. That was his divine birthright. Then God gave him many opportunities—many more than come to most men. With marvelous skill did Dr. Babcock combine his abilities and his opportunities, until the result, even in early manhood, was remarkable, and until that result went on increasing year by year, so that men began to wonder what was impossible for him to accomplish. No one domain seemed to contain him. True, he was preëminently the Preacher of Righteousness; but he was also the Poet, the Musician, the Naturalist, the Student, and the Traveler. Having elected to save the souls of men, he seemed just as powerful to enrich their minds and charm their hearts. Now all this was very dangerous. Many other men have had great abilities only to waste them; and great opportunities, only to miss them. Two things saved him whom we honor: a sublime love for God, and a sublime love for man. God was his Father; man was his brother. In his service of God and man he displayed his abilities and found his opportunities. Other men have chosen lower fields for great activities. He chose the highest; hence the greatness of the results he achieved. He did his work as though the best he had, of time and talent, was none too good for the high and holy service in which he was engaged. That splendid consecration of his best self to his best work made him the power for good he was here and elsewhere; and will make the impress of his marvelous personality potent for years to come in all the lives which came under his influence. For, like his Master, he

was no respecter of persons. The rich and the poor were dear to him. Old age and youth found in him a loyal friend and a loving companion.

Some men allow their profession to master them. But not so with him. He mastered his profession. The ministry was to him God's best agency for good, both to others and to himself. But because the ministry is the highest calling known among men, it is the most difficult to fill. The higher the post, the greater the peril, always. And this sacred profession demands gifts and graces not usually combined, but without which no minister can wholly succeed. He must not only preach, he must also practice. Of all professional men the minister must embody his teaching in his character and illustrate it in his conduct. Then he must unite humility with bravery, gentleness with firmness, self-control with self-assertion. More than most men's the life of the minister is both private and public. It is ever under the eye of God and it is ever before the eye of man.

In a marked degree did Dr. Babcock attain and discharge an ideal ministry among men. Its shortness only emphasizes its perfectness. Its termination only proves its completeness. An hundred years could have added little, save in practical results, to its beauty and its dignity. No one will ever forget him who once knew him. No one will ever cease to miss him who once loved him. The majesty of his life is with us. The mystery of his death is with God. This world is, and ever will be, the brighter and the better because he once lived in it; aye, because his pure, choice, brave spirit still lives and serves somewhere in the Father's universe. We cannot think that life is ended; we cannot image that soul as dead; we cannot picture that personality as lost. Our hopes join hands with our faith and point upward to a sphere where the good and the great, of all ages and of all races, are still doing the will of their Father, whom they now know and now love better far than they did here below.

May I be pardoned a personal allusion. Dr. Babcock and I came to Baltimore at about the same time. Side by side, though in different parts of the Master's great vineyard, we labored together for almost twelve years. Our lines of work never crossed. They always ran parallel. Often in the same homes, often at the same board, often in each other's houses, we learned to respect and honor each other's convictions, and yet loyally to do our own work in our own way. We

loved the same Master. We sought the same results. A common cause made us one. Two convictions impressed themselves with increasing force upon me as I studied his life. First, he was supremely a man of God. What the inner life of his soul was no one may know. We see the artist's workmanship, we do not see his work. We felt, instinctively, when we met Dr. Babcock that his life was hid in Christ with God. All his ideals, aims, aspirations, were godly. They were not of the earth earthy, but of the heavens heavenly. In the privacy of his own study and the secrecy of his own soul we knew "he walked with God," and that "God was in all his thoughts." A man of faith, a man of prayer, a man of trust—all this we felt he was when he met us on the street, or when he entered our homes, just as much as when he entered his pulpit. The power of love, the garb of holiness, the spirit of holiness—these were evident to all men, and these made him the strong prophet of God he was to many souls, because they knew he was speaking out of his own experience and telling the story of his own life.

Secondly, we all discerned in him a man of men. Not merely that he was a manly man, but that his manliness delighted in the companionship of men. There was nothing of the recluse about him. He never could have become a monk. He loved his fellows. He craved their love. His life was hid in man's life as well as in Christ's. There was nothing he would not do for man; no toil, no thought, no help he would not extend. He lived to make men better and brighter. Verily he has his reward, even here below, as you and I, and thousands elsewhere, rise up to call him blessed; aye, to feel ourselves blessed through him.

For as long as life shall last you and I will feel the power of that potent personality. Those of you who were privileged to look up into his face and to hear his words in the house of God where he so sweetly and so strongly told you the Good News of God as proclaimed by Jesus Christ, will never fail to feel him near as you picture his beautiful face and manly form standing once more in its accustomed place. And those of us who were wont to meet him on the street or in the home will seem to feel him near as we do our work in which he was interested, or abide in the houses which he loved. Unless he has ceased to be what he was, we are sure he still cares as much for us as when here on earth; and that he awaits us beyond with the same eagerness with

which he was wont to greet us here. That warm grasp, that bright smile, that noble presence—these still linger behind, though he has passed beyond the vale. In the blest Communion of Saints he still is ours, and we still are his.

May you and I, and all whom he held dear anywhere, be found worthy to be “numbered with God’s saints in glory everlasting” on that great day when he shall choose “His Jewels” for his Eternal Crown.

Address

PRESIDENT FRANCIS L. PATTON, D.D., LL.D.

Princeton University.

MY DEAR FRIENDS, I came here to listen and not to speak, but I have been asked to say something in the spirit of the tribute of this afternoon on Dr. Babcock as a college preacher. Dr. Babcock was a great college preacher. There are not many great preachers, and there are fewer great college preachers. Of the many who preach to students, there are few who can get the ear of a university audience. Those who do speak sometimes make mistakes. Dr. Babcock never made mistakes. These are some of the mistakes that college preachers usually make: They sometimes think that college students are very fond of the classics, and so they fill their sermons with Latin and Greek phrases. Dr. Babcock never did that. They sometimes think that college students are very wicked and that a great opportunity is given them to denounce such evils. Dr. Babcock never did that. Some ministers think that the university atmosphere is very literary; and so their sermons are mosaics of literary quotations. Dr. Babcock never made that mistake. They think that university men are peculiarly liable to skepticism, and they take the opportunity to refute Herbert Spencer and to denounce the whole system of philosophy. Dr. Babcock was not a philosopher. He did not pretend to be a philosopher. He did not think his reputation would suffer if he did not show himself fully acquainted with all philosophy and all science.

He was a master of the art of speech, still he was never nursing his literary dignity. His thoughts were clothed always in clinging drapery; but it was always easily fitting. He had a marvelous synthesis of intellect and will, and a concentration of energy which was

controlling. He knew how to bring his thoughts home to his audience. He was short, epigrammatic, sparing of words. Young himself, knowing young men, feeling what they felt, acquainted with their phraseology, their terminology, even their slang, he was always sure of a response from a college audience. He thought in illustrations. His conversation rang with metaphors all the time. I can well understand how students loved to hear him. The student only wants one to suggest a thought. He does not care to have it beaten out. Dr. Babcock knew this, and for this reason his message was heard and pondered. What made him a power with academic audiences and a power with all audiences I understand. One is able also to understand the peculiar hold he had upon this city. And no tribute could show this, it seems to me, so impressively as this splendid audience gathered here this afternoon to do honor to his memory.

A great void is felt among the public men of our day. A great vacancy is left in the American pulpit, and we may well ask ourselves how it can be filled. There is something after all more worth living for than power, than wealth, than honor, than fame; it is the power to lift men; and he had this power. He could speak to those audiences of college men who felt that the lips of the great orators were sealed forever, and tell them there was an ideal worth living for. That is the life that he would point men to. And as we think of the grief-stricken congregations in this city and in the city of New York, we grieve with them for we can understand how they feel. All we who love him will cherish and hold sacred his memory until the shadows fly away, and thus we will hold the thread of his discourse till we meet again.

Address

RABBI ADOLPH GUTTMACHER, PH.D.

Madison Avenue Temple.

THIS large assemblage, representing our entire community, without distinction of class or creed, is its own spokesman on this occasion. The significant feature of this commemoration is the breadth of it; not merely the breadth of that personal field of endowment and achievement to which we pay homage, but the breadth of the sentiment that pays the homage. For that sentiment embraces our civic life.

Baltimore is within these walls. Here are gathered educators, jurists, artists, merchants, and artisans, and yet our sentiment is one. We mourn the loss of one who, in the service of man, used his great powers of heart and mind.

I will not speak of Dr. Babcock's extraordinary mental resources, nor of the poetic cast of his mind, nor of his love of music, but of the one trait of his character that "makes the whole world kin." Dr. Babcock's thoughts swept freely over the field of humanity, his heart embraced the confessors of all religions, his soul warmed up for the welfare of all nationalities, his hand grasped in brotherly love the hands of many, although not belonging to his organized church society.

In Lessing's famous dramatic poem, "Nathan the Wise," we find a conversation between a Jew and a Christian, where the latter praises the good and noble qualities of Nathan. The Jew in answer says to the Christian, "That which makes Nathan in thine eyes a Christian, makes him in mine an Israelite." The humanity, goodness and kindness of Dr. Babcock and his love for mankind, make him to you a Christian, and to me an Israelite. He had the true conception of religion which rises above the prejudice of sect and creed and seeks fellowship with all children of God. Religious bigotry and fanaticism he labeled as unchristian.

A few years ago, when Russia drove from their homes hundred thousands of Jews, many sought shelter in this our beloved land of liberty. The exiles came here broken in spirit, starving and penniless. It was then that Dr. Babcock, unsolicited, raised his voice in behalf of the hapless victims of man's inhumanity and collected in his church a goodly sum for his unfortunate brethren, the persecuted Russian Jews.

Sabbath after Sabbath his message of love, of hope and of confidence attracted many who were not affiliated with his church, helping and cheering many an one who had lost his way in the world.

May his be the reward which we believe to be prepared by our Heavenly Father in the realms of the spirit life for all those who delighted in goodness and rejoiced in creating happiness around them, as our friend assuredly did, and may our Merciful Father support and comfort the hearts that mourn for him. Blessed be God for the life of such a man, and for the fragrance of his memory. In the words of the Rabbi's, "May the memory of this righteous one be a blessing forever."

Congregational Hymn

For all Thy saints, who from their labors rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesus, be forever blessed. Hallelujah!

Oh! may Thy soldiers faithful, true and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold. Hallelujah!

Oh! blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine. Hallelujah!

But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day:
The saints triumphant rise in bright array:
The King of glory passes on his way. Hallelujah!

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Hallelujah!

Mr. Stone then said that the touching resolutions from the Brick Church, New York, which were read at the morning service in Brown Memorial Church, expressed their common sympathy with us in this service. He also stated that Dr. Babcock's wish had always been that the congregation should be seated and quietly receive the Benediction. In accord therewith, after the singing of the closing Hymn the Benediction was pronounced.

Benediction

REV. CARL W. SCOVEL.

Pastor of the "Babcock Memorial Church."

AND NOW may the God of peace, who brought again from the dead the great Shepherd of the sheep, with the blood of the everlasting covenant, even our Lord Jesus, make you also perfect in every good thing to do his will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ, to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen.

Committee of Arrangements

JAMES A. GARY,
JOHN B. RAMSEY,
HORACE BURROUGH,
BENJAMIN LACY,
DANIEL W. HOPPER,
D. C. AMMIDON,
REV. JOHN TIMOTHY STONE,
DANIEL C. GILMAN,
WILLIAM H. MORRISS.

Music Committee

R. LEROY HASLUP,
B. MERRILL HOPKINSON, M.D.,
HAROLD RANDOLPH,
EDWIN L. TURNBULL.

Accompanists

R. LEROY HASLUP,
HAROLD RANDOLPH.

Preceptor, B. MERRILL HOPKINSON, M.D.

ASSISTED BY A BRASS QUARTETTE

Committee on Ushering

MR. R. S. BLACKWELL,
Assisted by fifty young men of Brown Memorial Church.