

it meant than thousands who use the phrase ignorantly and selfishly. The kingdom of God was not only real to him, but the greatest and all-embracing reality. The future consummation was certain. All the work in the hot sun was nothing but a condition. The fewness of the laborers and the vastness of the harvest were burned in upon his soul. He thought of all young lives given to this service as reaching man's highest possibilities. He was willing to take any place and any reward, though entering early and working late. Everything that touched the kingdom anywhere touched him.

Physically he was tall, straight as an arrow, and, when in health, moved quickly. His eye was especially bright, his face expressive, and his manners courteous enough to be called courtly. I never heard him say a bitter word of anybody. Charity and not criticism was the law of his lips. He was quiet and self-contained, yet responding most readily in conversation. He rather sought than gave advice. Modestly estimating the worth of his own work, he never paraded either attainments or honors, while yet sensitive to genuine appreciation. He was dowered with indomitable perseverance, and could carry forward a life purpose as silently as a deep river would flow. He loved books much, but men more and the kingdom most. He had the deepest sense of the merit and worth of his fellow-workers, and delighted in honoring them in every way possible. He was *hopeful*, pre-eminently, because he believed so profoundly. To the last day of his life this was evident. I cannot forget the glow with which he expressed the conviction that all was going well in the world despite all appearances to the contrary. His confidence was invincible, and certainly none knew the difficulties better than he. He was devoted to prayer. Almost every article closed with a call to prayer. His last look on retiring for the last time rested on the "Cycle" of prayer. The last publication to which he called my special attention was that number of the *Student Volunteer* which was wholly given up to prayer. The last book he was reading was Dr. Pierson's "New Acts of the Apostles," and his paper-knife laid in the chapter on prayer.

Dr. Happer's life was long. He died on October 27th (1894), having lived one week of his seventy-seventh year. Yet he never seemed conscious of being a member of a past generation. The work was so much to him that the "sunset hours" were felt to be the right ones for special diligence. There was just a gradual deepening in the intensity of the desire to be useful. He was nearly a complete exception to the general rule. Whittier wrote to Holmes: "The bright, beautiful ones who began life with us have all passed into the great shadows of silence." And Holmes answered to Whittier: "You and I are no longer on a raft, but on a spar. . . . At our age we must live chiefly in the past. We are lonely, very lonely, these last years." But loneliness I never saw in Dr. Happer's life or heard from his lips. The glow of something more than life's sunset was visible in his remarkable activity. It was the Chris-