

same kind of emotions, only far stronger and holier. We are touched and we are elevated by its blending beauty and pathos. Who can tell what a single psalm like the Twenty-third or the One Hundred and Third, or what a single hymn like "Rock of Ages," or "Sun of my Soul," or "Lead, Kindly Light," when it has been once given to the world, will do to guide, elevate and comfort mankind? As little can we estimate the gracious issues of a pure, manly, gentle Christian life, such as that which we have been contemplating. It has left not only to his relatives, but to his fellow-students, and to all of us who were privileged to witness it, a very precious memory—one which will blend easily and naturally with all our best thoughts, and which will greatly strengthen our noblest purposes—a memory which will be long cherished in the college of which he was so real if also so modest an ornament, and which in years yet distant, and in spheres remote from this, will live in the hearts of many of you who were his fellow-students, and be an inspiration to the things pure, and gentle, and lovely, and of good report.

But I must close. I probably address some who are either not at all Christian, or not decidedly so. O that I could plead with you to give yourselves now to the service of God with the same earnestness and power with which, on his death-bed, the departed pleaded with some who were careless and wayward! When a soldier falls in the front ranks, another steps forward and takes his place. Is there not one here this evening, who has hitherto counted for nothing in the battle between truth and error, between sin and goodness, prepared to enrol himself under the banner