

his heroic maintenance of his ideals, compelled those who penetrated the surface, who really knew him, to love and to honor him. And we have lost him, lost him at a time when he was just ready to give us the results of years of joyous and painstaking labor. That loss no man can measure. We are richer because he was of us, and poorer because he has gone.

One of the last beautiful things that he did,—an act which was characteristic of his personality,—was to insist that a friend, the color of whose skin was darker than his own, should see him on his sick bed. He feared that the refusal might be misunderstood. His sympathies were wide as the universe. His heart beat in unison with all who were oppressed. His voice was ever against injustice and forever for universal brotherhood. He chose to stand alone against all the world in behalf of a man or woman or child wronged. Principle was to him a living, vital reality. From it he never varied and never counted the cost. Yes, he was more than a scholar; he was a noble, true-hearted man. His faults were those of his superabundant vitality. That we can willingly forget in our joy that such a type of man could live and work and serve among us.