

asked to make one of the addresses, but felt that he would be unable to do so on account of the deep feeling that he had for Dr. Miller, and the sense of the loss he had sustained. We were fortunate in being able to have with us Rev. Chas. R. Erdman, D. D., who had known our pastor for so many years, and whose address was a most touching tribute. The benediction was pronounced by the Rev. R. G. Williams, a classmate, who came 350 miles to be present at the service, and when the committee found he was present, they asked him to take part in the service. Rev. John B. Rendall, D. D., of Chester Presbytery and now president of Lincoln University, an old-time friend of Dr. Miller, and one who has worked with him since the Bryn Mawr church was started, gave the invocation and was in charge of the service.

The funeral services were held on Wednesday, March 13th, at 2 o'clock, and the church was filled, there being present not only the members of our own congregation, but also representatives from Chester Presbytery, the trustees of the Presbyterian Hospital (where Dr. Miller had done faithful work for so many years), and

many friends from the vicinity who had known him well, including ministers and priests of other denominations.

The full membership of the Session and of the Board of Trustees acted as honorary pall-bearers, while the carriers were members of our church, namely :

George B. Wright, Alexander Cameron, James Blackley, George Purves, David Thompson, Adam J. McIntyre.

As the body was brought from the Manse to the church, the bell was tolled and the organist played as a voluntary Chopin's "Funeral March," and as the casket was taken up the aisle, Mrs. George W. Stewart sang "When Our Heads Are Bowed With Woe."

After the invocation had been given by Dr. Rendall, Rev. Charles A. Dickey, D. D., read an appropriate Scripture lesson, which was followed by the anthem, "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth," and a prayer by Dr. McIlvaine. The hymn, "Hark, Hark, My Soul," was sung, after which Dr. Erdman gave his touching tribute to the memory of the deceased. Another solo, "Sunset and Evening Star," was followed by the

benediction, pronounced by Mr. Williams, after which the casket was opened and an opportunity given for the friends who were present to take a last look at the face of him whom we loved so well. The interment was in Woodlands, and was private, Drs. Rendall and McIlvaine taking part in the short service.

**Address Delivered at the Funeral Services of the
Rev. William Hamilton Miller, D. D., at the
Presbyterian Church, Bryn Mawr, Pa., by
Professor Charles R. Erdman, of Princeton
Theological Seminary, Wednesday Afternoon,
March 13, 1907.**

IN connection with the comforting, appropriate and illuminating passages of Scripture which have been read, I would suggest as a possible summary of the message of this hour the words which are found in the seventh verse of the last chapter of the epistle to the Hebrews: "Remember them which had the rule over you, who have spoken unto you the word of God; and considering the issue of their life, imitate their faith. Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, today and forever." Thus the inspired writer spoke in reference to the pastors and teachers whose earthly work was ended and who had been called into the presence of their Lord. It is a word of exhortation, but also of encouragement. The exhortation is twofold, "Remember,

imitate ;” and the encouragement is found in the fact of the changelessness of Christ. It is a message which comes to us at this hour. We are to remember this beloved pastor ; we are to imitate his faith ; and we find our encouragement in the unchanging character of his Lord and ours.

“ Remember him ;” that is exactly what we are doing at this hour. It is inevitable that we should remember him now, and that his memory will long linger with us as an inspiration and a help. I would that someone, better equipped for the task, might even now be speaking in my place, to voice for you all that wealth of loving memory which is filling your every heart. Yet possibly in some faint degree I may be justified in speaking on this occasion because of my connection with the university by which Dr. Miller was graduated, and the Theological Seminary in which he received his training for the ministry. Then, too, it was my privilege to begin my ministerial life in a neighboring church, and as a young pastor to know the helpfulness of the generous sympathy extended to me by Dr. Miller. And, again, I may take the liberty of saying that I have been frequently welcomed by this church,

and have the honor of numbering among its members many true friends. It is, therefore, for me a pleasure and a privilege to call to mind this pastor and friend. I remember him as a man of intellectual power. There is a tradition at Princeton that among the graduates of that institution who in their student days were given the highest grades appears the name of Dr. Miller. The names as they have been reported to me are as follows: Aaron Burr, John K. Cowan, Theodore B. Pryor, William Hamilton Miller. There is no position within the gift of the church for which intellectual attainment is a qualification which Dr. Miller could not have filled. To some this statement may come with surprise. If so, it is only because of Dr. Miller's peculiar modesty. It is most refreshing in these days of self-advertisement and cheap reputations to find a man who so underrated his own ability and who so far imitated the humility of Christ.

Still more do we remember Dr. Miller's strength of affection. He had a genius for friendship. He was peculiarly popular with his classmates. By his friendly efforts the corporate life of the class has been maintained during these

thirty-six years since graduation, during which time Dr. Miller has acted as class secretary. During his pastorate he has always been a friend of the young and beloved by them quite as much as by those of older years who might have been supposed better able to appreciate his worth.

Yet, above these qualities of mind and heart, we shall always remember Dr. Miller as a man of Christian faith. His godliness and piety will linger longest in our memories. There is a word which has been used in connection with his character which we need not hesitate to employ. Again and again have we been told that Dr. Miller was "saintly." We will recall the fact that Paul designated all Christians as "saints." He wrote to the saints at Ephesus, at Philippi, at Colossae; yet I do not remember that Paul designated any one man as a "saint." He used the plural to indicate an ideal body of believers, sustaining an ideal relation to God. It may be proper, then, for us to use this word, as we sometimes do, of one who so fully realized this ideal. But what is the ideal of a "saint"? Primarily it indicates "separation," and denotes one separated for the service of God. The secondary

and inseparable meaning is that of "holiness" and indicates that purity of character which is in conformity with so high a calling. We, therefore, feel no hesitation today in describing this character as saintly, and in referring all these qualities to their source in a living, unshaken faith in Jesus Christ.

Such strength of mind and affection and faith prepared Dr. Miller for the great work which he has done here in your midst. Leaving the seminary in 1873, he came directly to Bryn Mawr and established this church, of which he has been the sole pastor. It will be his monument—not merely his building of stone, but the more permanent building, which is composed of the lives and souls of men who by his influence have been brought into living contact with Christ as Saviour and Lord. On seeking to sum up the characteristics of his pastoral life, I have ventured to select the following lines from the poet, Cowper :

“I would express him simple, grave, sincere ;
In doctrine incorrupt ; in language plain
And plain in manner ; much impressed
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,

And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
May feel it too ; affectionate in look
And tender in address, as well becomes
A messenger of grace to guilty men."

And also the following from Goldsmith :

" He ran his godly race
Nor e'er had changed or wished to change his place.
But in his duty prompt, at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all.
And as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds and led the way."

With such memories distinctly in mind, the exhortation of the hour is this: "Imitate his *faith*." We are not told to imitate his career ; it is given to but few to enjoy the privileges and rewards of the Christian pastor. Nor yet are we told to imitate his character. That would be impossible. Character is such a subtle and complex combination of qualities that the effort to imitate character is futile. We are told to imitate his *faith*. This we can do, for the apostle sums up the substance of his faith in these words, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, today and forever." We can find in Christ the explanation of these

problems and mysteries which continually confront and baffle us. We can find in Christ an object for our truest love and devotion. We can find in him a source of those qualities which combine to form true Christian character. In view of such a life, the exhortation is "imitate his faith."

And the encouragement is found in the fact that the object of this faith is unchanging. How great the changes which such a loss produce! How great a change for this church! Yet we are to remember that Jesus Christ is "standing amid the golden candlesticks and holding the stars in his right hand." He loves this church and will cherish and bless it in the future, even as in the past.

Then, too, what changes occur in the friendships which have brightened your lives! We are encouraged to believe that while these separations come with their unutterable sadness, the living Christ is unchanging in his affection and his love. Or if, upon some, this burden of bereavement presses with peculiar weight, we are to be encouraged and are not to sorrow as others who have no hope, for, as the message was read to us

today, "The Lord himself shall descend from Heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel and with the trump of God, and the dead in Christ shall rise first ; then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in clouds to meet the Lord in the air, and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore, comfort one another with these words."

Service in Memory
OF
Rev. William Hamilton Miller, D. D.
May 12, 1907, 8 p. m.

Hymn 533—*“How Firm a Foundation.”*

Scripture—I Cor. 13.

Prayer.

Hymn 545—*“I Bow My Forehead to the Dust.”*



**Brief Tributes from Departments of the Church's Work
as follows:**

The Women's Missionary Society,

Mrs. Henry O. Wilbur

The Church Missionary Society,

Miss Jane Stewart Wilson

The Trustees - - - Mr. Clarkson Clothier

The Bible School - - - Mr. Charles Wilson

The Session - - - Mr. John H. Converse

Memorial Address - Rev. Charles Wood, D. D.

Hymn 568—*“O Love That Will Not Let Me Go.”*

Benediction.

**A Tribute from the Woman's Home and Foreign
Missionary Society.**

BY HARRIET LAWRENCE WILBUR.

ALTHOUGH nine weeks have passed since, on the Lord's day morning, the wires in our homes rang the startling message, "Dr. Miller has gone," God's messenger had touched his heart and it was forever stilled, we cannot think of his face so full of love and tender thought as forever barred from our sight.

As in all other branches of our church work, so in the Women's Missionary Society he inspired us with a measure of his own spirit.

The joy expressed in his countenance over work accomplished was sufficient to spur us on to further endeavor, and his one word of commendation, "Faithful," has often proved the stimulus tired hearts and hands needed to give strength for more work. Especially during the eleven years, while his own sainted sister Miss Mary Miller was our treasurer, did we benefit by his superior knowledge and wise counsel. "*I will*

ask my brother" was a not infrequent reply to our questions and the answers returned were fingerboards directing us along our way. The writer recalls a conversation held with Dr. Miller some years since when he was asked, "Do you feel satisfied to have remained in Bryn Mawr when you so much wished to enter some foreign field as a missionary?" His face spoke more than his words as he replied, "I am more than satisfied." Our loss cannot be told even were there unlimited command of language; but we will keep in memory his love for all mission work and the remembrance shall certainly prove a power in our lives, borrowing the thought and words of another :

"Only a throb between him and his God :
One final heart beat, then swift surcease.
And this barrier passed,
He is now, at last,
With his God in the Home of Eternal Peace."

A Tribute from the Church Missionary Society.

BY JANE STEWART WILSON.

WHEN our Church Missionary Society was started in the year 1888, it is no broad statement to say that there was no one in the congregation more interested than our beloved pastor himself. The cause of missions had always been specially dear to him. When he left the seminary, it was his desire to go out to foreign fields rather than take a pastoral charge—and those who knew him well say it was with reluctance that he accepted the call to the Bryn Mawr church, unanimous though it was. He felt this call to go as a missionary, not only during his seminary life, but also after he had spent several years as pastor of our church. “The fields white to harvest” were always so real to him! His brother and cousin were out in Japan and he also wanted to join the missionary ranks. This makes us realize what a delight it was to him when the plan of

individual church work for individual missionaries was talked of in our church in June, 1888, when, after a sermon by Dr. Miller, a circular church letter was sent out asking for subscriptions to the amount of \$1250 per year for the support of a missionary in Japan, this missionary to be our own, although under the control of the board.

The response to this appeal was a subscription list of \$2500 per year, and the church therefore assumed the support of two foreign missionaries, Mr. Fulton in Japan and Dr. Wanless in India, the same men who are representing us today and who have in all these years been doing such faithful work in the cause of the Master. It seemed very fitting that Dr. Miller's church should be one of the first to take up this individual church work for individual missionaries, and just as we cannot measure what an uplift and inspiration Dr. Miller's earnest prayers and constant efforts were to our Church Missionary Society, neither can we fully know what joy it was to him to have working with him, as associate pastors for the Bryn Mawr church, such earnest men as our foreign and home missionaries are.

As it was through Dr. Miller's influence, and doubtless in answer to earnest prayers of his for missionary work that our Church Missionary Society had its inception, can we not all feel that this work so dear to his heart must go on?

Though our leader, with his inspiration, has been taken from us, the need continues the same, and we may if we will, by earnest prayers and liberal gifts, make this our Church Missionary Society a very lasting and wide-reaching memorial to our late beloved pastor, William Hamilton Miller, who loved the cause of missions so well.

A Tribute from the Board of Trustees.

BY CLARKSON CLOTHIER.

AS we assemble in this place where the memory of Dr. Miller is so precious, it is hard to realize that he has passed on to the Eternal City. His whole life was dedicated to the cause of his Master and to the people who worship in this church, and even now there is a living sense of his presence in these scenes that he dignified during his life.

Everything around us speaks of him, and in the hearts and lives of all who hear my voice there must be some influence, either great or small, that he had a part in creating. There comes to me a sacred memory of him as he administered the communion in the name of the Master he served so well, as he spoke the words of life to the people and as he ministered at weddings, baptisms and funerals, and in the close and sacred relation of personal advice in the spiritual affairs of life.

Dr. Miller was not alone the minister of this

church ; he was a noted and greatly loved figure in the life of this community, and beyond the confines of church and family he was the tried and trusted friend of all who came to him seeking instruction, consolation or advice.

To the young men, he was a tower of strength, and to all the members of the congregation a recognized influence for good. He has left behind him a work that is not completed, and the duty that is laid on us is to recognize the sacredness of that work and our obligation to him and the Great Master to whom he devoted his life, to take up the work as well as we can and press on with it.

Certainly the spirit of the servant of the Master, so strikingly illustrated in the life of Dr. Miller, should stimulate us to renewed and untiring efforts to forward the unfinished work he left behind. "The worker dies, the work goes on."

Beyond and separate from his work in the pulpit the influence of our departed friend in the community was perhaps his greatest crown.

Everywhere men spoke well of him, both in and out of his denomination, and in these days such a tribute means more than mere words. He

combined in a remarkable degree the characteristics that go to make up the true man, and these evidences of his worth were not confined to any set of men or any locality. Wherever he was known he was loved, and as the sad word sped through the community that he was no more, men heard the news with a sense of personal bereavement that brought tears to the eyes of the strongest.

In all his characteristics there shone not only the godliness of his character, but also the gentlemanliness and the warm-heartedness that drew all alike to him. Truly the words of the great Bard of Avon might well apply to him, "His life was gentle, and the elements so mixed in him that nature might stand up and say to all the world, This was a man." The noble life on earth is ended; the eternal life has begun. Doubtless he has heard the words of the Great Master, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." The scales have fallen from his eyes. He sees, not through a glass darkly, but face to face; now he knows even as also he is known." Cherishing this remembrance of a noble life, and love for him

who walks no more among us, encouraged by his example and strengthened by his words, may we not in our own spheres do whatsoever our hand may find to do, and do it with all our might? May we consecrate ourselves anew to the work to which he devoted his whole life, and so build up a monument to him whose memory we meet here tonight to honor!

A Tribute from the Bible School.

BY CHARLES WILSON.

TO tell of Dr. Miller's connection with the Bible School and to do it within the five minutes assigned is a hard task for the simple reason that the story of his connection with the school really means the story of the school itself from its beginning.

An examination of the records of the school, as shown in the secretary's minutes, shows that our pastor was active in the work of the school from the first. Although he had a Bible class for sometime, his name does not appear actively in the minutes until December, 1876, when he was appointed to the committee in charge of the Christmas entertainment at a time when the enrollment showed a total of 79 teachers and scholars. Today our enrollment shows 250. Soon after this there is a memorandum that he was giving monthly talks on missionary subjects, the first one being on the work in the

Sandwich Island; he thus early showing his interest in foreign missions, and his determination to make our school a missionary school, an idea that he never lost sight of, the result being that we are now and have been for years supporting either wholly or entirely boys and girls in different schools both at home and abroad.

While to us it may seem that Dr. Miller had always been the superintendent of the school, such was not the case, as he was not elected superintendent until February 2, 1886, only resigning November 9, 1905, on account of his health. His active superintendency thus covered within a few months of twenty years, and he was then elected honorary superintendent of our school, the only one who has held such a position.

Dr. Miller's idea of a Sunday school was a broad gauge idea. He did not look upon it as a mere incidental of church work, but as the fountain head to be nourished and strengthened, and to it he devoted much time and care. Perhaps the editorial in the *Sunday School Times* of April 29th would express Dr. Miller's idea of

what the Sunday school really is ; that it is the “ church teaching,” and that its main work is the making of disciples or learners. To this Sunday school work our pastor was peculiarly fitted, being, as we all know, specially strong on the pastoral side of his work. He had a remarkable memory for both faces and names, and his many years' residence here enabled him to become acquainted with the young people in the vicinity, and through this and through his broad sympathy—that has already been mentioned by Mr. Converse and Mr. Clothier—many were brought into our schools from other sects. We have educated Methodists, Baptists, Episcopalians and those of other denominations, most of them joining their own congregation in their mature years.

Not only did the missionary side of the work appeal to him, but he always had a deep sympathy for boys, and he has been the means of leading in the right path many boys now grown to manhood who are scattered throughout the country and who respect and revere his memory. I cannot but touch upon this phase of work, a side that has been given a touching tribute in the

Memorial copy of our church paper by one of these boys now an elder of our own church. The work so ably and successfully done by Dr. Miller has fallen upon shoulders less capable, and we can only strive to go forward, doing the best we can, with Divine help and guidance.

A Tribute from the Session.

BY JOHN H. CONVERSE, LL. D.

I HAVE recently come into possession of a handbill, which reads as follows :

Divine service will be held in Temperance Hall, on the Lancaster turnpike (one-quarter mile east of Bryn Mawr), on Sabbath morning, August 25, 1872, at 10.45 A. M. Preaching by Rev. Gerald F. Dale, Jr., of the Presbyterian church, to be continued every Sabbath morning by the pastors of the various Presbyterian churches of Philadelphia and vicinity. A cordial invitation is hereby extended to all to be present and participate.

Bryn Mawr, August 17, 1872.

This was the beginning of the Bryn Mawr Presbyterian church.

On September 24, 1874, William Hamilton Miller, recently graduated from Princeton Theological Seminary, was ordained to the ministry, and installed as pastor of Bryn Mawr Presby-

terian church. The flock which he was thus called upon to shepherd was made up of persons of various denominations, Friends, Episcopalians, Methodists and others, but nothing in his ministrations, it is safe to say, ever offended the denominational feelings of any member of the flock.

The first elder was Mr. J. F. Seldomridge. Others who were subsequently chosen by the congregation in those first years were Mr. J. Collins Potts, Mr. Rudolph S. Walton, Mr. Samuel Reed, Dr. Geo. P. Sargent. All of these names are associated with the early history of the church. All have gone to their final reward.

At a later date, Mr. F. H. Andrews and Mr. William McCandlish were elected elders. In recent years, the board of elders has consisted of Messrs. Steen, Whitney, Wilson, McClintock, Wilbur and the present speaker. Mr. Whitney, by change of residence, has been compelled to withdraw from participation in the work.

The feeling which the elders of Bryn Mawr church have entertained toward their beloved pastor can only be likened to that of the disciples toward their living Lord. All have felt it to be

a great privilege to work with Dr. Miller in the interest of Christ's Kingdom and of this congregation. He was a beloved teacher, a wise leader and a most competent executive. In the management of the spiritual affairs of the church, he conferred with the members of his session, but did not dictate to them. He was singularly unassertive, and rejoiced to have their counsel and suggestions. Seldom or never did he appear to have any plans at variance with those of his associates. He welcomed suggestions from them, and by his wise methods was always able eventually to shape any operations so as to be safe and effective. If there ever were a case where it were competent for the minister to speak of the church as *his* church, such was certainly the case here. Bryn Mawr church and Dr. Miller were one and the same thing in the estimation of the public and in the hearts of his people. Many will remember that in his letter on the occasion of his twenty-fifth anniversary, he feelingly referred to his union with Bryn Mawr church as of a bridegroom with his bride. We know that his heart was bound up in the welfare of this people, and that truly they were the object

of his affections. So inseparably is he associated with this work that, although he has been removed from our earthly companionship, he will remain in our lives as a blessed influence. In Bryn Mawr church he was more than a personality; he was a spiritual influence. It is as yet impossible for us to realize that we shall see his face no more on earth, but we are confident that his spirit still remains here, and that so long as we may continue we shall never lose the blessed influence which he imparted in the thirty-three years of his association with us.

Dr. Miller was more than the pastor of this church; to a large extent he was the pastor of this community. Many, no matter of what denomination, looked to Dr. Miller as their friend, their spiritual guide and their comforter in trouble and affliction. In his unselfishness, he bore on his loving heart the interests of many, especially the poor, the suffering and the afflicted. "Until death do us part" might have been written on the pastoral compact which bound him to this people. In his letter dated September 24, 1899, he closes with a sentiment which we can all most affectionately endorse:

“ But whether we are led to sever our present relation or to continue united as pastor and people, I am well assured that the affection that binds our hearts together will abide forever.”

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

The golden evening brightens in the west ;
Soon, soon, to faithful warriors cometh rest ;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.

But lo, there breaks a yet more glorious day,
The saints, triumphant, rise in bright array ;
The King of Glory passes on his way. Allelujah !”

Memorial Address.

BY REV. CHARLES WOOD, D. D.

I AM permitted to take part in this service tonight because of the fact that I was Dr. Miller's classmate and life-long friend. "The poorest life," it is said, "is more eloquent than the most eloquent eulogy upon it." So rich was this life of which we are thinking tonight that anything that may be said about it may seem rather a limitation than an addition. You have heard from those specially qualified to speak of the varied forms of activity in which he was engaged. A stranger might suppose that this was all our friend did during his whole life, but to those of us who knew him well these tributes have been only suggestions.

Even if it were possible to have an accurate record of all he did in the three decades and more of his ministry, it would be far from adequate in summing up the results of his life, for what he was was far more to the Church of Christ, to the world and to his friends than

what he did. Character is as much greater and more important than conduct as a tree is greater and more significant than all the blossoms and fruit of any one year or of many years. Having full and abundant life in the tree, you are sure of the fruit at the proper time and in the proper way. No one who came into close contact with our friend ever doubted as to the outcome of his ministry. The divine life so filled his mind and heart, his body and soul, that for him to live was for Christ to live again on the earth.

In his sermons he preached Christ as many others have, but in his life he showed Christ as not many others have succeeded in doing, either so perfectly or so winsomely. A skeptic might easily close his ears to the sermons that were preached from this pulpit, but it was hard for anyone, however skeptical, to close his eyes to the life that was spent in this community.

What the church needs today, it has been said, is more illustration in the pulpit. This might possibly increase congregations temporarily, but what the church really needs for permanent growth and progress is more illustration in pulpit and pew alike of what Christianity is when

translated into life. This was Dr. Miller's supreme contribution to Christ's cause. He made the kingdom of Heaven, which is not meat and drink, not forms and observances, but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost, so visible that further explanation could add little to the reality or attractiveness of it.

“Through such souls alone
God, stooping, shows sufficient of his light
For us i' the dark to rise by.”

In that sufficient light many souls began to see that they might rise and then to believe in the possibility of rising. This was the effect he had on such souls far back in his college course at Princeton. It was always a mystery to those who looked only on the surface how it could be possible for young Miller to have so great an influence on such different classes of students. No one wondered that he was popular with the serious-minded and studious, for he was both serious-minded and studious himself in an unusual degree. He took his place, as has been said, among a half dozen of the best scholars Princeton has ever had. As a matter of course, the popularity of such a student with the professors would

be unbounded. When a rare scholar appears, every professor feels that at last his ideals are realized and his standards justified. "This is what I have always worked for," he says, "and this, in all probability, is largely the result of my work." All this is easy to understand, but could anything be more extraordinary than the popularity of this prize scholar with the idle and dissipated as well as with the industrious and the sedate? How could he endure them or they him? Such questions were never asked by those who knew him well and who understood the spirit of his ministry. He was drawn as Christ was—it was the Christ in him that was drawn—to the unattractive and the unpopular, to those who were without position or had lost the position they once had. The boundaries of Christ's sympathy, much to the surprised disapproval of his disciples, were never visible, and I have never known anyone who had found the limit of Dr. Miller's love. It was wide enough to include the boys of the schools of Syria, Brazil, Alaska and Italy, as well as the boys and men, both good and bad, of Princeton and Bryn Mawr. That is why he could endure the reprobates and

that is why they could endure him. They knew he loved them in spite of all their folly and shame.

Nor did they mistake his affection for them for approval of their lives. Some of them, at least, have confessed that it was in his sufficient light they began first to see the past in shame and the future in hope.

He was the same man here in Bryn Mawr for thirty-three years that he was in Princeton, only matured and ripened. You saw the full blown flower of the qualities which in his college course were in the bud. His conscientiousness even then was so marked that in all probability it was the first quality to impress new acquaintances. In all the years I knew him, I am sure I never once thought it possible that he could shirk his duty or skimp his work. Anything perfunctory or slipshod was altogether alien to him. He was so scrupulously conscientious that it made him always the most humble of men. He was so far from being what he felt he ought to be that he could call himself "the chief of sinners" without any thought of hyperbole.

Such conscientiousness is not infrequently as exacting with others as it is with itself. It insists

on the general adoption of its standards, and any failure is visited with censure and disapproval. Dr. Miller was a most severe judge of his own motives and conduct, but he refused absolutely to sit in judgment on his friends. He went so far often as to take it for granted that they were all he was not, and tried so hard to be, when in all probability, those of us who knew them well, saw that they were not worthy to unloose the latches of his shoes.

But while conscientiousness might have been the quality to impress an ordinary acquaintance, to those who knew him best unselfishness was even more characteristic. Most of us feel, I am sure, that we never have known a more unselfish man. Few of us expect ever to know one who is less selfish. This quality of unselfishness has not been given its proper place in our creeds and confessions. It has not been given the place that Christ assigned it. He made it fundamental. The man who lacks this lacks everything. Christ's Christian is the man who lives not for himself, but for others. He seeks not to be served, but to serve. He believes that giving is better than getting. This is the point of cleavage

between Christianity and the world, and I can hardly believe in our time any life had made this clearer than did Dr. Miller's. We point often and with reason to the missionary as a self-sacrificing man, but Dr. Miller was a missionary from the first and as ready as any martyr to take up his cross at any time without a murmur. We speak with reverent praise of the medieval saints, but if self-sacrifice, if Christlikeness is sainthood, was St. Francis of Assisi or St. Catharine of Sienna a more saintly person than our friend who would have shrunk with horror even from the title of saint? He never dreamed that in his uneventful career he was rendering to Christianity in general and to Protestantism, and Presbyterianism in particular, a service for which, if such were our custom, we should immediately canonize him. He has helped a great many people to see that saintliness is sincerity, self-sacrifice, fidelity; that it is compounded of all the ordinary Christian virtues.

Further than this, he has helped us to see that to be saints we have no need to cease to be either Protestants or Presbyterians. That it is not necessary for us to clothe ourselves in a

peculiar garb. That we are not called to turn our backs on our homes and families to go tramping the streets and highways of life, with only a staff in our hands, asking alms of all we meet for Christ's sake, but in the common costume of the time, amid those surroundings where God has placed us, however pleasing and beautiful, we may so eat and drink and do all that God gives us to do, that the glory of Christ, our friend and Saviour shall become more clearly visible to the world.

Our thoughts have turned irresistibly tonight to the long-time pastor of this church, but now, at the close of this memorial service, we cannot keep from us the remembrance of one whose last ministrations in Philadelphia centered here. On Easter Sunday, as on three previous services, Dr. John Watson preached in this pulpit with great power and persuasiveness. Through many years he had walked in the full glare of popularity since the appearance of his first charming story of clerical life in Scotland, which the thoughtful world will not willingly let die, but his head was never turned and his heart always beat true. Gifted in an extraordinary degree both as an

author, preacher and orator, he loved most to write and speak of those things that are highest and best and most enduring.

On that Easter Sunday, his last on earth, his vision was clear, and, as he spoke, you saw like the Apostle on Patmos, "The Holy City, New Jerusalem, descending out of Heaven" and the outlined shores of that land where Christ waits for his beloved. You were in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart at once into the sinless home to be forever with the Lord. In that delightful little book which Dr. Watson wrote some years ago, called "The Upper Room," the closing chapter is entitled "The Lord's Tryst." It is an exposition of the same text which he used here for his sermon on Easter Sunday morning, "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. 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." So the Lord makes his appointment with his disciples. Death is the "trysting place" of Christ and the soul, and there the other day the Master kept his appointment

with the servant who had so impressively and persuasively interpreted his mind to the church and to the world.

We follow with our prayers the ship that carries his body across the sea. We plead for comfort and strength for the wife who mourns in her great sorrow, but we think with joy of the spirit immortal admitted, with an abundant welcome, we doubt not, unto "The Upper Room" of the Father's house of many mansions.

AT a special meeting of the congregation, the following resolution was adopted by a standing vote :

“ The beloved pastor of Bryn Mawr Presbyterian Church, Rev. William Hamilton Miller, D. D., was called away from his earthly labors on Sunday morning, March 10, 1907. He became the spiritual shepherd of this flock in 1874, before he had completed his course at Princeton Theological Seminary. Sympathetic and helpful as a pastor, he gave comfort to those those who were in need of spiritual advice or temporal assistance. Earnest as a preacher, he lost no opportunity to urge upon his people the acceptance of Jesus Christ as their Lord and Saviour. Deeply interested in extending the blessings of Christianity to every nation, he inspired his people to work for the cause of missions. Earnestly devoted to the young, and especially to young men, he possessed a peculiar influence over them for good. Pure and saintly in his life, he was an enduring example, not only

to those who enjoyed his ministrations, but to the community in which he lived and to all who came into contact with him in the various activities in which he was constantly engaged. By reason of this tact and careful consideration for others throughout his connection with this church, harmony and concord ever marked the relations of pastor, session, trustees and people. He was the only minister who has had official charge of this church from its organization in 1874 to his death in 1907, and this was also the only charge over which he ministered."

At a joint meeting of the session and trustees of the Bryn Mawr Presbyterian Church, held on Friday, March 15th, it was unanimously resolved to place upon record the church's deep sense of gratitude to Him who doeth all things well for the long ministration of our beloved pastor and of the profound loss which it suffers by his death.

The Early Days of the Bryn Mawr Church.

BY JEANNETTE BLACK.

IT was the idea of Mr. J. F. Seldomridge, a gentleman who had come here from Philadelphia a little while before, to start a church just at this time (1873), and most of the work for it was done by him. We began with sixteen members, and the very first sermon was preached by Rev. Gerald F. Dale, a missionary to Syria, from the text found in Luke 12:32, 'Fear not, little flock.' The 'little flock' held their morning services in the old Temperance Hall—torn down some years ago—on Lancaster pike, near Buck lane.

"It was here that Dr. Miller preached his first sermon in Bryn Mawr. We could only have the hall in the morning, as a Union Sunday School was held there in the afternoon, and the Baptists had their evening service there. We had evening services a number of times in our home, and once, when Dr. Miller preached, we seated sixty persons here. Once we had evening

service in the dining room of Summit Grove House, and the room was full. Rev. Dr. Neill, an old gentleman, had charge of the church for six months, and he was asked to keep the position for a second six months, but it was then decided that he was not the man to build up the church and he was not asked to remain any longer.

“By this time it was decided to call a pastor, and a congregational meeting was held at our house. There were two persons to be voted upon, Mr. William Hamilton Miller and a Rev. Mr. Bliss from some point in the West. Everybody liked Mr. Miller, but he at that time wanted to go as a missionary, and there was much doubt as to his accepting such a call. The few who wanted Mr. Bliss had some reasons why they thought it best to call him. Our membership had increased by this time, and some of the newer people were induced to vote on that side. The vote was taken, and there was a tie. My father was asked to cast the deciding vote, which was given Mr. Miller, and the vote was then made unanimous, and the call was sent to him. There never could have been a unanimous vote for Mr. Bliss.

“ Those who voted for Mr. Miller were very honest in their choice, and also very decided, and the years proved that the choice was a wise one. He did not want to come to Bryn Mawr, nor, for some years, did he want to stay. His heart was set on being a missionary, but no one can doubt the missionary work he did here.

“ The Pennsylvania Railroad Company had bought some acres on the north side of the railroad, and was anxious to have improvements made there, and they signified their willingness to give the Presbyterians a lot if we would build there. The lot was in every way undesirable for a church. All thought so, but such a gift was a great help to so small a congregation. My father, who was one of the Board of Trustees, finally succeeded in getting the board to agree that they would not accept as a gift any lot they would be unwilling to buy. So the lot on which the chapel now stands was bought. Later on the lot for the Manse, and still later the church lot was added.

“ The chapel was built and Dr. Miller was ordained there and installed as pastor in September, 1874. In April, 1875, the chapel was

dedicated, I think, free of debt, but of that I am not quite certain, but the minutes of the congregational meetings would tell. There was one thing remarkable about the little church—Dr. Miller was here eight years without a death or a marriage among the ‘little flock.’ People came for a few years, then their health, business or something else took them away. They went, it seemed, everywhere, and thus the influence of our missionary pastor was scattered far and wide. And it seems, looking back through all the years, that Dr. Miller’s coming to Bryn Mawr was decided by a Higher Authority than the little congregational meeting held here so many years ago.”

Philadelphia, March 26, 1907.

AT the stated meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Presbyterian Hospital in Philadelphia, held on the 19th inst., expression was given to the sorrow of the board in the loss sustained by the hospital in the death of Dr. Miller, and the following minute was adopted and spread upon the records :

In Memoriam.

Rev. William Hamilton Miller, D. D.

With a deep sense of personal loss and a grateful memory of past services to the hospital, the Board of Trustees enters in its minutes this record of the death of its late member, the Rev. William Hamilton Miller, D. D.

He was ordained by the Presbytery of Chester on September 24, 1874, and installed as pastor of the Bryn Mawr church. He continued to serve that church until the day of his death. He was its first and only pastor, and it was his sole charge. Dr. Miller had been in failing health for

some years past, and passed away from heart failure on Sunday morning, March 10, 1907, at the Bryn Mawr parsonage.

Dr. Miller was elected a trustee of this hospital in 1890. He brought to its service the same deep seriousness and conscientiousness, the same gentleness and sympathy, the same willingness to spend himself in serving which distinguished him in all the relations of life. Serving for several years as chairman of the Household Committee at a time of enlarging the scope and scale of our work, with its ensuing difficulties of administration, he entered into every detail with patience and infused into every department of the household the influence of his own spirit. The training school never had a more sympathetic and attentive head. Dr. Miller's capacity lay not so much in any special talent for administration as in his will to work, his good judgment, his patience, his spirit of conciliation. The full extent of his services cannot be recorded. To all that he said and did in committee and board, much would have to be added that came from personal contact with him of those engaged in the work of the hospital. As a member of the

board, Dr. Miller was regarded with universal confidence and he exerted a marked influence. Every member of the board recognized in him the beauty of holiness and found in him an appreciative and sympathetic friend. Even an official record of Dr. Miller's death would not be true to the feelings of the members of this board surviving him if it did not express their recognition of the loveliness of his character, if it did not glow with the warmth of personal affection for him.

Yours very respectfully,

WM. H. CASTLE,

Secretary pro tem.

William Hamilton Miller and His Boys. A Tribute.

BY DR. B. K. WILBUR.

ON Wednesday afternoon, March 13th, the sad rites of the Christian farewell were performed over the bier of one who, for a generation, went quietly about Bryn Mawr and its vicinity in the footsteps of Jesus Christ doing good. Wherever this man went a sense of the reality of God stole in; when he had gone some sweetness of heaven seemed to linger. Faces lighted with a more hopeful smile when he came, hearts gripped anew the better things of life with more faith in God and man when he tarried awhile. Such was William Hamilton Miller, for thirty-three years pastor of the Bryn Mawr Presbyterian Church, whose wide sympathies and unstinted love made his parish one whose bounds were limited neither by creed nor place.

To have known Dr. Miller for a decade of adult life was to have had the instruction of his deep learning and inspiration of true godliness.

To have been his friend through two decades of one's early life was to have drunk in some part of his strong faith and daily steadfastness ; but to have been one of Dr. Miller's boys through nearly thirty years of fellowship, this was indeed to have entered the inner circle of his life and to have seen the spirit unrestrained in all its purity and strength.

Dr. Miller's life was so broad it touched suffering and need in countless places. No real need ever had its appeal unheeded and no cry for help ever went unaided. A man who loved as sincerely and broadly as he did could not fail in a gentle courtesy to everyone. To all he answered the opportunity as occasion required, but it was an undisputed fact that to the boys, not only of his church, but of the community, yes, truly of the world, his love went out with especial tenderness, and it was the boys who crept nearest his heart. Largely through the medium of the Sunday School Missionary Society his boy love was sent almost around the world. In his busy life he found time to write to boys in Syria and Brazil, in Alaska and Venice, and all of these instinctively learned to call him "father."

Nor was it unnatural sentimentalism, but hero worship on the boys' part, a genuine paternal affection on his. Children always recognize the genuine by intuition — worship is natural to children and true godlikeness makes to them its strongest appeal. Doubtless Dr. Miller's boys did not analyze things just this way, but they revered and loved him, and found him their ideal of genuine goodness—an inspiration and a joy. And, too, they found Dr. Miller, when their first shyness had quickly gone, a boon companion in the best sense—a jolly, happy friend.

To many, Dr. Miller's fondness for boys and their adoration for him was not easily understood ; nor is that entirely strange ; one had to be a boy to understand it. It only required a little while with him for the new boy to join the ranks and become like the rest of us, an ardent admirer, and boys seemed to be able to take Dr. Miller at all angles and so to see him as he was.

Three boys riding back from swimming one early summer day were longing for a camping trip to the North woods. Well, why not? Who would take them? Why, Dr. Miller of course, and so these youngsters of fifteen presented the

brand new plan to the pastor as they would to another boy, and the pastor said why not, too. That was in 1885, and began that long series of famous camping trips, where Dr. Miller and three or four boys slipped away into the fragrant depths of the forests and learned to know each other. It is a terrible pity that so few ever had that privilege, for one cannot rough it with another very long without getting pretty clearly into the other's soul. But so it was that each year the camping trips bound more boys to the pastor's heart, and each year new boys spoke of him in deeper love.

There was but one thing better than those northern sojournings—it was the sanctum of his study. There in the quiet of the evening the dear pastor would take us, and there alone with him we would pour out our hearts to him—often to his surprise, sometimes to his grief, but ever to our help and comfort. If there is a place on earth nearer heaven than is that gabled room up near the roof of the Manse, boys do not know where it is.

The years slipped on, but still his boys sought that upper room for rest and help and

love. Gray hairs are with the brown now, the care lines have come to their faces, but still the boys came with the cares and perplexities of the fuller life, with discouragements of doubt, with the scars of sin, and still as of old was the love poured out for them and the comfort of heaven's eternal things brought near.

My memory drifts back twenty years and more, and face after face of boys whose lives he turned into channels of purity and faith rises to call him blessed. His boys—ah, indeed, who shall number them? who shall sum up the blessing his dear life poured into their heedless hearts? who shall say where and when he gathered them for his Master? No man may answer, but certain it is that in years to come his boys' boys shall love him too, and shall learn to know something of the great debt their fathers could not pay.

It is folly to say it is ended; it is wrong to say it is past—memories which are ever a power toward better things live, and love which helped to purer and better living can never die. Hearts may yearn for the old sweet fellowship, eyes shall long for this loved one in vain. Many, many times will his boys wish they might climb those

study stairs and find again that sweet fellowship, and many times will the loneliness come. The touch of the artist's hand remains on the clay and passes on to the perfect bronze. The influence of a saintly life endures, not for a generation, but for eternity. And so he lives in the lives of his boys, and so he will live until we have gone beyond and joined him there.

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BY REV. WM. IMBRIE, D. D.

WILLIAM HAMILTON MILLER was born in Philadelphia on the seventh day July, 1845, and in a home where God was honored in sincerity and truth. His father was a man of high intelligence, wide experience, great attractiveness, strict integrity and simple piety. His mother was one in whom strength and sweetness were woven together ; a woman strong in faith, rich in love, zealous of good works, constant in prayer. Both alike, too, were children of a godly ancestry. Thus, like the Apostle, he could say, "I thank God whom I serve from my forefathers in a pure conscience." What he himself was as a man that also he was even in boyhood. His life was simply the clear brook flowing from the crystal spring.

As a boy and a youth, he did not differ from his companions, saving that he was one of those to whom it is given to excel. But though in all his studies he was easily first, he was first without pride in his own heart or envy in the hearts

of others, for he had the winning grace of modesty and always counted others better than himself. In all things he was deeply conscientious, and conscience was to him the voice of God. Reverent also he was in thought and speech. So marked were these characteristics that no one could know him without observing them; but they were never obtrusive and never seemed to be things cultivated. Apparently they were as natural to him as it is to a tree to put forth leaves. As he grew somewhat older and came to lead at prayers in the household, his reading of the Scriptures was the reading of one who reads them in his closet, and his prayer was the prayer of one who, in the name of Christ, asks for what he wills.

When he was within a year or two of entering college, his eyes, which had served him so well, began to fail him, and for nearly three years he was forced to give up study. That was a hard test; but if, at times, there were signs of sadness that touched the hearts of those who loved him, there were no signs of petulance. At college his career fulfilled the hopes of all who knew him. He excelled in scholarship, he was beloved

and respected, and his deep and unfeigned piety grew deeper and deeper. It was true then, also, as it was true afterward, that he had a peculiar fondness for those younger than himself, and he drew them to him in responsive affection. Then followed the years in the theological seminary with their imperishable memories and friendships. For he had chosen for the work of his life the Ministry of Reconciliation, and, so far as is known, he had never thought of any other.

At the beginning of his pastorate, his mind was tinged with apprehension, for his serene spirit was troubled lest his duties should prove to be beyond his power of accomplishment. But with the passing years and the ever present love of his people, that early apprehension gradually faded away, leaving only an ever deepening sense of responsibility and a tender sympathy for all in the morning of life beginning the work of the pastorate.

Soon after he entered upon his pastorate our ways in life parted. From time to time letters passed between us, but we met only after long intervals of separation. To those who knew him as a pastor, there is little for anyone to tell, but

the talks we had together in his study when at last we met again will always remain with me a memory that is an inspiration. It was so clear that he was walking worthily of his high calling—his call to feed a flock of Christ.

There were the books which he was reading in his constant endeavor to bring forth out of the treasury things both old and new. There were the faces on the walls, the faces of so many who thought of him as a good pastor, and of whom he was ever thinking. There were the letters—so many of them ; messages from those who could not speak to him face to face, and to whom he wrote so willingly so many things with pen and ink. It was not his wont to say much of himself, and any confidence reposed in him was sacred ; but these things are certain.

He had no greater joy than to see his children walking in the truth. God was his witness how he prayed for them that their love might abound yet more and more, that they might approve the things that are excellent, that they might be as trees filled with all the fruits of righteousness which are through Jesus Christ ; and for every victory won, for every sacrifice made, for all

things true or honorable or just or pure or lovely or of good report done by them, he thanked God and took courage. He rejoiced with those who rejoiced, and he wept with those who wept. There was no child whose smile of joy did not bring a joy to him, or whose sadness did not make him sad. The perplexed, the disappointed, the anxious, the bereaved, the heavy laden and the broken hearted, were always on his heart, and it was a continual sorrow to him that there were those upon whom the light of the gospel of the glory of Christ had shined so long, but who had never confessed Christ before men. Thus he did the work of a Good Shepherd tending the flock, not of restraint, but willingly and according unto God, having the mind of Christ.

I have already said that it was not his custom to speak much of himself, but once when we were thinking of the future he said to me, "My prayer is that when my work is done the Lord will take me to himself." As I remember this, the words come into my mind, "If ye shall ask me anything in my name, that will I do."

He was grave, but with a gravity that had a sweet smile for the merriment of others ; gentle,

but with a gentleness that no one mistook for weakness; diligent and working while it was day, but ever counting it a part of his work to do a service. He was charitable in his judgments, though less charitable to himself than to others; faithful, but never stern. The law of kindness ruled his lips, for in his heart love reigned. And the open secret of it all was this: His life was hid with Christ in God.

Such a life as this, entering into that which is within the veil, is an anchor for the soul sure and steadfast. For to those who witness it, it is a profound reality, a thing which cannot be shaken—a granite cliff, and against this granite cliff the foaming waves of doubt and question break in spray. In him we ourselves have seen the heavenly life, the Life Eternal.

William Hamilton Miller.

BY ADRIAN H. JOLINE.

PRINCETON in 1867, although one of the oldest colleges in the country, was not by any means one of the largest. A gradual increase in the number of students was interrupted by the Civil War, which suddenly cut off the attendance from the Southern States. But a renewal of prosperity began two years after the close of the Rebellion, and at the beginning of the new era William Hamilton Miller was matriculated as a member of the sophomore class in August, 1867. In those days the college year began at that rather unseasonable time, and it was on a warm summer morning that the class of 1870 first became aware of the presence of the one who was destined to become the best beloved of its members. The influx of new sophomores was large, the incomers almost outnumbering those who had passed through freshman year. Miller, whose pet name of "Wallie" was bestowed upon him almost immediately, attracted the attention

of his classmates at the very outset of his course. Tall and straight, a little older than the majority of his fellows, with a dignified and kindly presence, he aroused interest and admiration. His calm, quiet demeanor and his modest, thoughtful face gave him a distinction which won respect while they did not repel. He was in no way characterized by boyishness, for he was a real man, possibly more mature in thought and character than his years warranted. From the earliest days of his life as a student he had a peculiar place in his class. Regard for his lofty character and admiration of his intellectual power were mingled with fondness and affection due to his gentle and winning personality. College students as well as men of riper years have a tendency to segregate themselves in cliques or small associations of intimates, which ordinarily assume the form of clubs or fraternities, and although at that time the modern clubs had not yet been organized and fraternities existed only in a secret and feeble way, Princeton was no exception to the rule. Miller belonged to no organization of that sort, but if the college law had allowed it he would surely have been a member of one of the societies, for he

had a few intimate friends belonging to that society whose consciences were perhaps not as delicate as his. With these friends he was thrown more closely than with the general body, and those privileged ones who remain recall with delight the evenings they used to spend in his cozy and attractive East College rooms. But he had the remarkable quality which made him a favorite with the "pollers" who were supposed to devote all their hours to their text books, the enthusiastic athletes, the sedate students "for the ministry," and even those who treated their college life more lightly and as a mere occasion for idle amusement. It is an amusing illustration of this fact that an association called "the Bibbies" was composed of "Billy Miller," "Billy Buck," the base ball hero of the day, and "Billy Gummere," who now worthily occupies the exalted office of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of New Jersey, all of these glorious spirits utterly different in their tastes and inclinations, but all alike in a certain innate nobility of temperament. This relation of Miller to his fellow Princetonians was not limited to his own class, but extended to all the other classes from 1867 to 1873. At

that time, when the entire student body numbered less than three hundred, there was a general acquaintance among all which is now impossible. No Princeton man of the years 1867-1870, grave or gay, serious or volatile, ever failed to speak of Wallie Miller except in terms of sincere appreciation of his noble qualities and lovable nature. His was a remarkable popularity, won by no arts or pretense, but solely by force of character united with a kind and genial disposition. His smile, not bestowed frequently or indiscriminately, was strangely winning. Men of a nature like his, serious and reflective, sometimes seem to be cold and lacking in sympathy, but in him all was tempered by a pleasant, delightful humor which softened the soberness and drew to him the admiring love of all who came within the sphere of his charming influence.

It was not many days before it was discovered that Wallie was the best equipped man in his class. He never made any "fuss," put on no "airs," always maintained his attitude of unpretentiousness, and never seemed to make the least effort to excel in any branch of study. He worked at his books, of course, but not ostenta-

tiously. His fellow students seldom saw him going through the process which is concisely described, in student vernacular, as "polling." With him there was no laborious seclusion of toil, but merely an even, regular devotion to the daily task. It always seemed as if he was undertaking no new investigation, but only reviving the recollection of what he had previously known and mastered. He comprehended the details of the course, not appearing to trust to mere memory, but understanding what was essential in each branch of study. In mathematics particularly he was always pre-eminent, and his knowledge, clear and accurate, was at the service of the less able or studious. One of his classmates well remembers a term when the regular professor of mathematics was disabled by illness, and the venerable Doctor Maclean, who was competent, or thought he was, to teach any and all branches of the curriculum, took charge of the subject of analytical geometry. Nobody but Miller ever worked out the problems, but when the time of examination arrived almost every one passed with flying colors, for Miller's problem book, filled with his neat and beautiful calligraphy, had been passed about among the

sophomores without favor or discrimination. He was no party to deception, but he gave his aid generously and innocently to his classmates in difficulties.

Very few of the class could follow or comprehend the queer lectures of that eminent astronomer, Doctor Stephen Alexander, who would interrupt a discourse on "natural philosophy," as it was called, by some irrelevant remarks about the moon; but Wallie followed him, serenely extracted from the Doctor's eloquence the essence of the matter, and his "notes" were always at the service of his classmates, who gave thanks for the boon and unblushingly availed of his labors.

One of his college friends remembers a characteristic incident in junior year. The text book had an analytical index which was exceedingly comprehensive. When the time came for examination most of the students cut out the index and carried it into the class room. Dear old Doctor Shields was the professor, and he said sweetly at the outset: "I will rely on you as gentlemen to avail of no adventitious assistance. I am not a spy." Thereupon he turned his back

upon the class. It was before the days of the honor system, which is so creditable to Princeton, and it is a matter of regret to know that all but two of the class immediately pulled out the index and availed of it. Miller was one of the two and justly had the first honor.

He never worked for grade ; the standing in class was utterly immaterial to him. He seemed to regard the ambition for it as a mere boyish contention for a worthless prize. Titles and honors were of little moment to him, for he understood their comparative unimportance. He was not given to essay writing or to forensic speaking. He had a certain distrust of his own ability, which often comes to men of thoughtful minds, who are concerned more about the welfare of their fellow men than about their own exhibition of skill and ability. His standard of taste was high, and he did not feel, in the modesty of his nature, that he could conform to it.

When the class was graduated, he was chosen as secretary, because everyone recognized the fact that he was the one man who could keep the class together. He was in a way the father of all the men of 1870. No one else was loved

so well. Whatever differences of opinion there may have been among the men of 1870, there was no difference on one subject: Wallie was the idol of everybody. At the class reunions he was loved and petted as no one else was. All knew his dear, unselfish qualities, and all paid to him the tribute of affectionate regard. He has a rare fame among his contemporaries. It is an enviable record, and it is unrivaled in Princeton history.

Read before the Chester Presbytery at its regular meeting held in Great Valley Church, June 25, 1907, by J. B. Kendall, Chairman of Presbytery's Committee to prepare a minute on the death of Rev. William Hamilton Miller, D. D.

REV. WILLIAM HAMILTON MILLER, D. D., entered the portals of the new Jerusalem from the Bryn Mawr manse, March 10, 1907, nearly sixty-two years of life on the earth.

Never were covenant conditions and promises more signally illustrated than in this child of the covenant. Both father and mother were of the household of faith, the father being for years an elder of the Walnut Street Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia.

Mr. Miller, the father, was Chief Engineer of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and no corporation ever had more efficient and conscientious service. A prominent public official upon whose probity

and integrity there never was the shadow of a question. In his home life he was an ideal husband and father, and in his church relations he was an honored and trusted counselor and a consistent servant of Jesus Christ. The mother was one of the gentle queens who adorned her home with piety and beautified it with the graces of the Spirit.

Under these refining influences, William Hamilton Miller grew up to young manhood. Like Samuel of old, just when he realized conversion would be difficult to say. Like the Saviour himself, it can be said, "He grew in stature and in favor both with God and with man."

He went to Princeton College and graduated in the class of 1870, at the age of twenty-five. It is only the simple truth to say that he was the best beloved man in his class, and, wider than that, in the college. He shunned prominence and applause and yet he was the uncrowned leader.

Without a tinge of Pharisaism, he was yet so pure of heart that profanity or coarseness of

speech fled from his approach. He was not only pure of heart himself, but his very presence was purifying all about him. Always keeping on the outer edge of any gathered group, before he could help himself he was the center of a charmed circle.

No man had a larger or more generous sympathy. The left hand never knew what the right was doing. The silent winged ravens were always flying from his door to some other in need of succor.

As a scholar, he was one of the best who ever went from Princeton's walls. His recitations were classics; chaste and luminous flowed the words from his lips. Knowledge found no rusty bars and belts to unfasten in order to find entrance into his mind, and knowledge issued from his mind with charming grace and simplicity of expression. It is no wonder the boys loved and were proud of Wallie Miller, as they fondly called him.

In 1870 he graduated from college and went to Princeton Seminary. The theological course showed the same loving and lovable man, the

same generous and sympathetic heart and the same splendid scholarship.

We now come to him as our co-presbyter. A little group of sixteen Presbyterians in Bryn Mawr in 1873 were ready for organization as a church. The ark of God first found rest in Christian homes, and soon a little modest green-stone church was built, and, in the providence of God, Dr. Miller was called as the pastor. The flock has never known the voice of any other shepherd. He has known them by name and they have followed his voice. From the little group of less than a score, the church has grown to be one of our largest in point of numbers, and its benevolences the largest of all. The number of missionaries, foreign and home, and students in mission schools sustained by this church, has made it a great mission center of influence. As he tried to hide himself in college and seminary, so he tried to hide himself in the ministry, but in the language of Scripture "he could not be hid." Calls were suppressed by him and yet they came, and the appeal was largely to his missionary instincts. Perhaps the first and hardest struggle

was to the foreign mission field itself. The united demand of his church, his community and his Presbytery barely restrained his eager feet.

Home mission calls to the Indians and to the Negroes were pressed on his conscience. The important church of Boundary Avenue, Baltimore, would hardly take the answer "No." And other appeals were never allowed to take official form. It seems as if God intended him just for Bryn Mawr, and no man more thoroughly impressed himself on a church than did Dr. Miller.

Whenever he came to Presbytery, and spoke or made a report, every one listened to every word. His interests lay not in polemics, but in irenics. He heard and believed the angelic annunciation, "Peace on earth, good will toward men." His ministry was one of the kind to hasten the millennium. His last Sabbath's ministry was a holy, hallowed communion service, February 3d, in the morning. In the evening, Dr. Grenfell, the great apostle of Labrador, spoke in his church, and the building was crowded to

its utmost capacity. The pastor's face was radiant with joy and sympathy. His introduction of Dr. Grenfell was exquisite in its appropriateness and rich in benediction. A fitter day and occasion the Father in Heaven could not have chosen for that last lingering smile of the face and for the last glowing loving words.

About one month later, as the hour of Sabbath service was approaching, instead of going to the ministry of the church he had loved and served for thirty-three years, he went to the larger ministry of the church above.



